



Copyright © 2007, Melinda Barron

Published October 2007

by

Resplendence Publishing, LLC

Edgewater, Florida

All rights reserved

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places, or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

Chapter One

"You could sue him, you know."

Quinn Nicholas pushed on her end of the mattress and sighed. God bless Dev. She loved him, really she did. But now was not the time.

"Dev. Do me a favor. Let's get this huge thing you bought up the stairs and then we'll discuss legal advice."

"I'm just saying..."

From beside her, a second deep male voice rang out.

"*Merde!* It's slipping, Dev. Pull, *ya bioque*, pull."

Quinn fought back a laugh.

"I'm the idiot?" Dev's voice was angry.

The mattress slipped further down and Quinn's laughter died. "Dev! You're going to crush us. Pull!"

"Take it back, Fletch."

"*Embrasse mon techeue*," Fletch said, his Cajun accent strong. "Jus' move ya' ass!"

"We'll see who's kissing whose ass later," Dev said, pulling on the mattress.

They made it up a few more steps and Quinn thanked the stars above they'd already set up the frame for this huge bed and moved the two box springs, which held up the California King bed Fletch and Dev had just bought for their bedroom. The springs hadn't been hard to move up the stairs. The top mattress, however, was huge, and unwieldy, and was proving difficult.

She peered around the edge to see how much further they had to go and sighed—at least ten more steps until the second floor, then another flight until the third.

"We're going to have to take a break on the second," she said, panting with exertion.

"No way," Dev said. "If we stop we won't start again. We need to get this done."

"Slave driver," she whispered under her breath. She sighed with relief when Dev pulled the mattress onto the landing and the three of them paused to take a breath.

"OK. Maybe just a second or two," Dev said, leaning against the wall.

Quinn swallowed a smile and wiped her brow with the back of her hand.

"I've got to hand it to you two. You know how to take a girl's mind off her work troubles."

"That *salaud* you work for don't know his ass from his lips," Fletch said. "If he was smart, you'd be the new anchor at WXBJ, no' that bimbo, Stephanie Marks."

She shook her head in exasperation. "Well, Stephanie's a perfect size two, and I'm not, am I? He gave me some excuse about me being too valuable a reporter to put behind an anchor desk, which is a load of crap. You're right, Fletch, he's a bastard."

"Sue them," Dev said, standing up and pulling his end of the mattress toward the stairs.

Quinn and Fletch both let out weary breaths.

"That was a short break," Fletch said.

"It won't take long if we just get our asses in gear," Dev said. "Now push."

Ten minutes later, they arrived in the master bedroom, which took up almost the entire third floor of the house. They placed the cumbersome mattress on the box springs and the three of them collapsed on top of it, Quinn in the middle, their chests all heaving as they fought to get their breathing back under control.

After a few minutes, Dev pushed himself up on his elbows and stared down at Quinn.

"So, are you going to sue?"

"For what? Being passed over for a job? That would pretty much make me unemployable in this town, and I love New Orleans. I don't want to leave."

"She's right," Fletch said. "I say we contact my Aunt Margrette, she's a voodoo priestess."

"Have you lost your mind?" Dev shook his head and stared at his lover.

"No," Fletch said, standing and heading toward the bathroom.

Quinn laughed as Dev stood and stalked after him. She could hear their voices carry across the room as they argued the pros and cons of a voodoo priestess and whether she could actually help with her problems.

She lay back down on the mattress and sighed. She'd lived in New Orleans for three years now, and she'd loved every minute of it. She'd been very lucky to find a room to rent with the handsome men who were now arguing twenty feet away from her.

Memories of their first day together flooded through her mind. When she'd first been hired at WXBJ, she knew she wouldn't make enough money to buy a house, or rent a fancy apartment. So she'd asked the real estate agent if she could suggest a place in the Quarter.

The agent had done her one better, and suggested she rent a room from Devlin St. Giles, and his lover, Fletcher Covair. The two men bought and flipped houses, the money used to support their true passion: ghost hunting.

The realtor had called, made the appointment, and driven Quinn over there. She would never forget her first sighting of them, both of them strong and muscular, both dark headed and brown-eyed, and both extremely handsome.

But that was where the similarities had ended.

Devlin was practical, a real thinker who never made a move without wondering where it would lead and how things would end up. Fletch, on the other hand, was a laid-back Cajun who liked to do things on the spur of the moment.

She had liked them both immediately and signed a lease right on the spot for their second-floor bedroom. Since then, the three of them had become the best of friends, something her parents hadn't understood or approved of.

The only thing missing from their lives together was sex.

She moaned as she imagined the three of them in this huge bed, kissing and touching and making love. She'd been having these thoughts more and more often of late, and knew it wasn't a good thing.

Dev and Fletch were in love, and there was no way she was going to come in between them or propose that the three of them engage in a *ménage aux trois*. Besides, they both played for the same team, and Quinn didn't have the equipment they liked.

She sat back up just as they came out of the bathroom, still arguing about the pros and cons of visiting Fletch's aunt.

"No voodoo," she said. "I appreciate the thought, but no."

Fletch's shoulders slumped, then his face brightened. He put his fingers together to where they were close, but not touching. "Just a little?"

"No," she said, her heart beating faster as they sat on either side of her.

She put her head on Fletch's shoulder and took Dev's hand as he tickled her knee.

"I still say you should sue," Dev said. "You have seniority over the woman they moved into the anchor spot. It's discrimination because of your..."

His voice trailed off and Quinn sighed.

"Because of my size? Yes, you're right, it is. She's a perfect size two and I'm a perfect size fourteen." She held up one hand before they could interject. "I know I'm not fat, but I also know

that I'm not thin enough to be the anchor. And if I sue, then I get a bad reputation in the television world, and it's a small world as the old saying goes."

"There's gotta be somethin' you can do," Fletch said. He leaned down and kissed her forehead, and she wanted to make a suggestion about what they could do. Instead she sighed and shifted her head to Dev's shoulder. He kissed her forehead, too.

"I'm thinking it would be a good night to drink. I'm also thinking it would be a good night to work on my resume."

The men stood, almost as one, and pulled her to her feet. Their closeness amazed her; sometimes it seemed as if they could almost read each other's minds.

Dev turned her toward him and cupped her face in his hands. He kissed her lips lightly and Quinn's eyes bulged. She wanted to scream at him not to do that, that it would take them places they probably shouldn't go. But it felt so good.

When his lips left hers, Fletch tipped her head back and took Dev's place.

What was going on here?

Sure, they'd kissed her before, but never like this. And never in their bedroom, with the huge, comfy bed they'd just moved upstairs waiting to be initiated into the world of carnal love.

Don't go there, Quinn, don't go there. They're just trying to make you feel better.

"Maybe we should—" Dev's voice was interrupted by a shout from the staircase.

"We're coming up."

"Shit," Dev said at the same time Fletch said, "*merde*."

The three of them moved apart as Martin Vandreen, a friend of theirs and fellow ghost hunter, appeared in the doorway.

"Hi. I'm inviting myself to dinner so we can discuss our Halloween hunt."

She had to laugh. Martin was sweet, and very fun to be around. He was also a medium who had accompanied the guys on several of their ghost hunts. She knew they'd already discussed what they had planned for Halloween and what he really wanted was a free dinner—in the shape of Fletch's jambalaya.

"Yeah, I figured you'd be here," Fletch said. "Mooch."

Martin laughed. "Proud of it. So, let's eat. I'm starved."

He bounded back down the stairs and Quinn let out an exasperated breath of air.

"No ghost talk at the table," she said, looking at her two friends. "You know I don't believe in that crap."

“One day that will change,” Dev said. “And that day may come a lot sooner than you think.”

The early morning sun drifted through the gauzy curtains in Quinn’s bedroom. She lay in the middle of the bed, her eyes focused on the ceiling. She hadn’t slept very well the previous night, her thoughts drifting between the crappy situation at work and the strange happenings between herself and her roommates.

Had she given off some sort of sexual vibes that they had picked up on? That could be the only true reason for the kiss... or rather, kisses?

Had they merely felt sorry for her and kissed her in an attempt to make her feel better?

If so, it had worked. The touch of their lips had seared her all the way down to her toes. She’d wanted to suggest that the three of them test out their new bed, but she knew that would have been the wrong thing to do.

They had just felt sorry for her, for the things going on in her life. That’s why they’d kissed her. It’s not like they hadn’t done it before.

But last night had been different; their kisses were passionate yet tender. And they certainly hadn’t felt platonic.

The smell of coffee drifted up the stairs and she sighed. Fletch was the cook in the household and she was sure breakfast would be tasty. He knew her favorite was what he called his *breakfast temptation*: a mixture of herbs and eggs mixed with rice and a special spicy sauce only Fletch could create.

She sniffed and immediately recognized the smell of the sauce mixed in with the coffee. Her eyebrows furrowed. The smell was close. The kitchen was on the first floor, and the delicious aroma wafted toward her from just outside the door.

She sat upright as the door swung open. Fletch carried a tray heaped with food while Dev balanced a coffee carafe and a plate of beignets on another.

“Morning, Boo,” Fletch said. “Time to eat.”

“You don’t have to baby me, you know.” She watched as Fletch rounded the bed and set the tray on the nightstand. Dev deposited the other tray on the opposite nightstand. Both sat down, squeezing her in between them.

Quinn shivered when Dev caressed her arm and Fletch leaned over and kissed her cheek.

“We want you in a good mood for our proposal,” Dev said with a smile.

He turned and poured large cups of *café au lait*, handed them out, and took a sip. His eyebrows went up and she knew Dev was waiting for her to ask about the proposal.

"OK, I'll bite," she said, taking a sip of her own coffee. The proximity of these two delicious men was driving her crazy. One thing was for sure: something was going to have to give around here, because she wasn't sure she could take much more of this.

"You're going with us," Fletch said.

"Where?" She turned to him, and as the silence grew, understanding dawned. "Oh no, I'm not. Call me a chicken if you want, but I'm not spending Halloween in a haunted plantation house."

"Oh yes, you are," Dev said. "You've got plenty of vacation time built up. A few days without you at the office will convince them of how valuable you are. They'll beg you to stay. And they'll reconsider their decision."

"No, they won't," she said. "They'll just find someone to replace me."

"Nobody could replace you," Fletch said. He reached behind him and grabbed the plate filled with eggs, sausage and bacon. she pulled her legs up toward her chest to make room on the bed for the plate. Dev placed the beignets next to it, taking one and devouring it in two bites.

Quinn stared at the powdered sugar left on his lips and fought the temptation to lean over and lick it off.

She picked up her own treat and took a bite. Powdered sugar dusted the T-shirt she'd slept in. "I'm not going."

"Listen to us, Boo. We know what we're talking about," Fletch said. "We had a nice long discussion about it last night."

Yeah, after you made love and left me horny.

"Fletch, Dev. I appreciate it, but—"

"We're not taking no for an answer," Fletch said. "You eat your eggs while Dev tells you the story of this house. It's a beauty. We've stayed there before, but not on Halloween. It's gonna be fun."

Dev licked the sugar off his fingers and took another sip of coffee.

"So, the house was built in 1805 outside Baton Rouge by a man named Gerard Facet. He and his wife had come from Paris to build their sugar plantation. Soon after they arrived, their family started to grow. They had seven children, Marie, Charlot, Aramis, Alison, Thierry, Daphne, and Delphie."

Fletch reached for a beignet and nodded at his lover. "All of the children except for Alison and Delphie died, and died young. Some sort of fever took them all. Very sad."

"So, we're going to a house full of haunted babies?"

"Oh no," Fletch said. "The babes moved on long ago. The house is haunted by Alison, who would have inherited it if she'd lived past the age of twenty-five."

"Gee, thanks for the uplifting tale, guys." She swallowed a bite of eggs and took another.

"Just listen," Fletch said.

Dev chased his own bite of eggs with a swig of coffee.

"So, Gerard had no male heirs. The house would be Alison's, but she would need a husband to help her run it. Gerard chose a man named Amedee Badeaux, a younger son from a neighboring plantation. Alison was not happy with his choice because she was in love with a man named Cyrille Trotter, who worked for her father."

Despite her dislike of haunted houses, she nodded. "Go on."

"Well, in those days a daughter did as she was told—for the most part, anyway. Alison and Amedee wed in 1829. Her father built them a 'small' house on the grounds, near the cane fields. The house has ten bedrooms, four living areas, a kitchen, and now has three bathrooms added. The couple lived there for a few years."

"And Alison continued to meet her lover while living in that house with her husband, right?"

"You're so smart," Fletch said.

Quinn smirked at him. "So, Amedee killed his wife and her lover?"

Dev nodded. "On Halloween night, 1832. He caught them making love in Cyrille's house. He killed Cyrille and set his house on fire. Then, he made Alison watch as it burned before he dragged her back to their house and killed her."

"Horrid," she said, dropping her fork on her plate. "So, she haunts the house?"

"Yes," Dev said. "But there's more. Amedee married Alison's sister, Delphie."

"Are you serious?" Quinn shook her head. "The man murdered her sister and she married him?"

"Well, they considered it justified," Fletch said. "She was cheating on her husband. And old Gerard, he still needed an heir. Plus, Amedee needed to be compensated for being made a laughing stock."

"He was a murderer!"

"Different times, Boo," Fletch said.

"Can I finish?" Dev asked.

She turned to Dev and nodded. "Sorry."

"So, on Halloween 1833, good old Amedee was found at the bottom of the stairs with a broken neck. Delphie swore she saw Alison push him down the stairs."

She wiped her mouth with a napkin. "And you want us to stay there?"

"Oh yes," Dev said. "The house was closed up for quite a while before changing hands several times. The current owners, the Forshees, bought it for back taxes. They say Alison is quiet for most of the year, except for October. She always makes her presence known, and it's not always pleasant."

"The Forshees usually close it down for two weeks around Halloween, and then everything is fine until next year. This year, they want us to try and make contact with Alison."

"They want you to send her toward the light?"

Dev smiled. "No. She's too good for business. They want us to get some sort of concrete evidence that she exists; photos, readings—basically anything that will verify the haunting. We're having a séance on Halloween night."

Quinn nodded and took a slow sip of her coffee. "So, you want us to spend Halloween with a murdering ghost?"

Fletch laughed. "She hasn't killed anyone since Amedee, and you can't say he didn't deserve it."

"Good point."

"It's gonna be fun," Fletch said. "You know you wanna go."

"I don't know, guys. I mean, I understand your fascination with the paranormal, but I don't share it. You know that."

They scooted closer to her and Quinn felt her clit twitch in pleasure.

"Look at it this way, Boo," Fletch said, gently rubbing her arm. "It's a few days of vacation, a few days away from the city. A few days of clean air and free time to relax or do some reading."

Do some fucking, maybe?

Her thoughts grew increasingly desperate as Fletch continued to stroke her arm.

Stop that, stop that! Don't touch me like that. I might jump you both.

"Plus, you can take your laptop and send out resumes," Dev said, his finger tracing her other arm. "You need this time. You know you do. Just say yes and we'll be on our way."

She took a bite of her sausage, chewing thoughtfully. A picture of her boss Mark's face as he told her she'd never make it as an anchor popped into her brain. Maybe Dev and Fletch were right. If she left for a while, they'd see how much she did around there. How popular she was with the viewers. The idea just might work.

She nodded, coming to a decision. "Fine, I'll do it. But, one floating candlestick and I'm out of there. I mean it!"

They laughed and Dev poured more coffee into the cups. They clinked them together and both took a sip.

Quinn whipped her head back and forth between them. "I mean it. Tell me you understand when I say I mean it."

The men stood and picked up the dishes and trays, heading back toward the door.

"Hey, answer me!" At the doorway, they both blew her a kiss and stepped outside.

Chapter Two

Rachel Forshee pointed toward a large oak tree fifty feet from the back porch of the plantation house. "Last night, Alison made a move toward the main house. But, she turned back at that tree right there."

Quinn plastered a fake smile on her face. "Did you see her?" She turned toward Dev and Fletch, and her face twisted into a grimace.

"No. But several of the guests reported a white figure dancing around the trees right at dusk."

"Really? And they didn't consider the possibility it could be Spanish moss dancing in the wind?"

Dev stepped forward and put his hand on Quinn's arm, gently pushing her backwards.

"Did anyone happen to take a photo? Have a digital camera, or a cell phone? Although, black and white film works the best for capturing ghostly images."

Rachel's smile dropped. "No. No photos. But I'm sure you can take care of that." Her smile reappeared and she bounded off the stairs.

"Come on. I'll show you Alison's house. It's been closed since October first and we think that's why she's venturing toward the main house. She's lonely."

Quinn rolled her eyes and Fletch shook his finger at her and mouthed, "Behave, *chér*."

She nodded, but it would be a tough thing to do. She had no interest in the paranormal, and they knew it. Still, talking about ghosts was a great way to take her mind off the two hours she'd spent sandwiched between the two of them in Dev's pickup as they drove from New Orleans to Alison's.

Each brush of a thigh, each knowing smile, had almost driven her nuts. She'd wanted to beg them to pull over so they could have a quickie in the bed of the truck. Sometimes, from the looks they gave her, it was almost as if they knew what she was thinking.

She knew her nipples had been hard, and still were. Worse yet, she knew her panties were wet. It was a terrible thing to know she was so attracted to two men who felt nothing more for her than deep friendship.

Alison's House was about 1,500 feet from the main house, set back in a copse of trees. The two-story house stood out amid the greenery, gleaming with a coat of fresh, white paint. Four large columns supporting the upstairs porch, giving the home a majestic feel.

Quinn sized it up as they drew closer. It was early in the afternoon and it didn't look too spooky. She said as much to Rachel.

"Oh, it's a great house," she said softly. "Very popular with our guests. It's just around the time of her death that Alison makes things unpleasant. Other times during the year she does things like tickle guests, or move furniture around. Cold spots. Nothing too spooky."

"Does she provide turn-down service?" Quinn gave Rachel an innocent look, and the older woman laughed.

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"No. I'm a reporter, trained to look at the facts. I'm afraid tickling guests, moving furniture, and cold spots don't give me much to work with."

Rachel's smile softened. "Then it's a good thing you're here in October. Because Alison does much more than that, as I've said."

Quinn eyed Dev and Fletch, who stood on the porch, waiting for the ladies. They both had amused expressions on their faces. Dev's eyes twinkled as Quinn drew near.

"She's a skeptic, Rachel. Do you think we can turn her?"

"Oh, I think we can," the woman replied. She opened the door and stepped aside as her guests walked inside.

Quinn moved through the large door and stopped, her breath catching in her throat. She'd never been in a plantation house until today. The larger house was magnificent, but the smaller one was even more so. Stunning area rugs and runners protected gleaming hard wood floors, while silk-covered cushions adorned the antique wood furniture and provided guests with a comfortable place to rest. The drop leaf tables looked as if they'd just been polished, and sitting near the open floor to ceiling windows was a chair unlike anything Quinn had ever seen.

She crossed to it and circled it, riveted by its beauty.

"You and Alison are going to get along just fine," Rachel said. "That's her favorite piece of furniture. We've tried to move it out, but it always ends up back in the same spot. The upholsterer had to come out here to finish his work because Alison wouldn't let us take it from the house."

Quinn continued to circle. "What is it?"

"It's called a confidante," Rachel said. "Four seats in a circle, separated by arms that rise up and taper to meet in the center. It's a beautiful piece."

"It's extraordinary," Quinn said. "I've seen a double seated chair, where they sit side by side so they're facing each other, but I've never seen a piece like this before."

"I'm glad you like it," Rachel said. They stood for a few more minutes, and then Dev cleared his throat.

"Perhaps you could show us our rooms?"

Quinn vaguely heard the woman say she'd prepared two rooms upstairs, right next to each other with a shared bathroom down the hallway. She stayed in place until Fletch called out her name.

"Com' on, Boo, let's go see our home for the next few days."

She nodded and moved toward him. When she stepped away from the chair a feeling of cold invaded her body. The Arctic chill was so sharp, so invasive, that she shivered and moved faster across the room.

At the doorway, Fletch put his arm around her and kissed her forehead.

"Something hauntin' ya?"

"No. I'm fine."

"You sure? Looked to me like you were bewitched for a minute or two."

She pushed away from him. "Stop trying to scare me."

His laughter followed her as she headed for the stairs. She pushed her inexplicable attraction to the chair aside, along with the cold she'd just felt. It was no more than two weeks worth of talk making her react to a supposedly haunted house; nothing more at work than the power of suggestion.

She turned her thoughts to Mark. He'd been horribly upset with her for taking two weeks of vacation but she'd refused to back down. She needed this time to think. She'd done quite a bit of it at home, while Dev and Fletch had worked. Now, in the country, she was going to put her thoughts together and come to a decision about what to do, while Dev and Fletch hunted for their ghost.

Chapter Three

If she'd been impressed by the downstairs, she was more so by the upstairs. Long, grand hallways were decorated with drop-leaf tables and carpet runners in shades of deep, rich red. Portraits lined the walls and Quinn longed to stop and examine them, but knew there was no time now. She would have to come back later.

"This is your room, Quinn," Rachel said. "The windows and balcony face the gardens. I thought you might enjoy the view."

She opened the door and Quinn's mouth dropped to the floor. The room looked as if it were fit for royalty. A large tester bed, covered in a deep green satin spread, occupied the middle of the floor. Matching, gauzy curtains hung from each bedpost. Numerous antiques filled the room, and the French doors opened onto a patio that ran the entire length of the top floor.

"Wow. That sounds really lame, but *wow*."

She turned toward Dev and Fletch, who stood in the doorway, smiling. She returned their smile, then walked toward the French doors.

"This was Alison's room," Rachel said softly. "It connects with the room next door, which belonged to Amedee. His room is larger, so I put the two of you in there, Dev. I hope that's satisfactory? If I need to open another, well, I thought, you know, that you two..."

Rachel blushed and Dev smiled.

"It's perfect," Dev replied. "Absolutely perfect."

The sound of his voice sent a shiver up Quinn's spine. Perfect because they belonged to the ghost? Or perfect because they were close to each other?

She straightened her back. *Don't go there, Quinn.*

"How do you know this was Alison's room? Did she leave a map, or lead someone here?"

"She left diaries," Rachel said. "I have them at the main house if you'd like to see them."

"We'd love to see them," Fletch said with a nod. "They may give us good information. Can we get 'em today?"

"Of course," Rachel said. "Dinner is at seven. I'll have the diaries ready for you then. Oh, and Alison's portrait is right across the hall if you want to see it. We have Amedee's and Delphie's

hanging up there as well. Delphie was Alison's sister and Amedee's widow."

"We'd like to see a family tree, also," Dev said. "For research purposes."

"Of course," Rachel replied. "Alison never had a child, despite the fact she and Amedee were married for three years. Delphie was pregnant at the time of Amedee's death, but the child also died. She had several children with her next husband, though."

"Is there anyone left from the Badeaux family?" Dev leaned against the doorjamb.

"No, not that I know of," Rachel said. "The house has passed from hand to hand, as you know. No one has ever claimed to be a member of the family."

Dev and Fletch nodded, then Rachel cleared her throat. "Let me show you your room, then I'll need to go up and see to dinner."

Rachel stepped back through the door and Quinn turned toward the gardens.

"You comin'?" Fletch asked.

"No. I'll check it out later. I just want to get my bearings."

"Then come next door later. We'll show you our equipment and discuss the plan of attack."

Fletch left without getting an answer. Quinn swallowed a question about which "equipment" she would get to see. Then she turned, slowly taking in the paintings of horses and southern ladies in hoop dresses which decorated the walls. Moving on, she examined the mirrors and then turned toward the bed.

No feeling of cold invaded her bones as she ran her hand down one wooden post. Probably, the feelings she'd experienced downstairs were produced from the anticipation of being in a "haunted house." Surely if Alison were haunting the house, her spirit would be felt in her bedroom.

She jumped up onto the high bed and bounced a few times. "Are you here, Alison? Come on out and greet me."

Quinn's laugh broke the resulting silence.

"Haunted indeed." She leaned back on the bed and stretched. "Well, at least it's a few days of vacation."

Chapter Four

"What exactly does this do?" Quinn held up a hand-held device that featured several buttons and toggle switches. At the top was a scale of numbers from zero to one hundred, in increments of five.

"That's an EMF meter," Dev said. "It measures electromagnetic fields, which some people believe a ghost can disturb when they try to manifest."

"I see. And this?" She held up a thermometer. "You need this to tell you it's cold?"

Fletch snatched it out of her hand. "You giving out negative energy, Boo."

"Sorry. I just wonder if this really works." She spread her hands out to indicate the numerous items spread on the table.

"We'll see tonight, after it's dark," Dev replied. "We got a few hours before dinner. We're going to explore. Want to go with us?"

Quinn shook her head and yawned. "I'd rather take a nap and explore tomorrow. Or, maybe tonight Alison can take me for a tour."

Dev put his hand behind her neck and lowered his lips to hers gently. "We'll turn you into a believer yet."

She pulled back and looked into his eyes, which twinkled with delight. Then, she turned to Fletch, who kissed her forehead. The two men picked up several pieces of equipment she didn't recognize and left the room.

Quinn ran her tongue over her lips, the imprint of Dev's lips making her tingle. She needed to talk to them about the kissing. It was fine for them; they had each other to relieve tension. But each time they'd kissed her lately the tension had become stronger and stronger. And frankly, Quinn wasn't sure she could take much more without ripping off their clothes and having her way with them.

She left their room and paused in the hallway to examine the portrait of Alison and Amedee. Alison was petite and blond, her blue eye sparking with mischief. Amedee looked strong and handsome, his hand resting on Alison's shoulder, his dark eyes almost seductive. Delphie looked much like her sister, except she didn't look as soft and sweet. Her hair was also

more strawberry blond than her sister's sunny blonde.

"You don't look unhappy, Alison, and he looks pretty sexy," Quinn said. "What forced you into another man's arms?"

She stared at the portrait as if she expected it to answer her. Then she let out a huff of disgust.

"I'm losing it." She went to her room, slipped off her shoes, climbed into the bed, and burrowed beneath the satiny covers. Her eyes closed immediately and then flew back open.

"Um, Alison. If we're going to play tonight I need some rest. Why don't you take a nap yourself?" Then she laughed, and fell asleep.

"Oh, oh, Amedee, my love. Yes. There. Oh."

Quinn sat up in bed. Light still drifted through the French doors, so she knew she hadn't slept long. The soft moans of a woman in the throes of passion filled the room.

"Yes. Amedee. Faster, my love. Oh..."

Quinn reached behind her and pulled a pillow to her chest. "Fletch? Dev?"

A man's voice joined the woman's, his moans and grunts deep and pleasurable.

"So wet for me, Alison. So very wet and open."

Quinn squeezed her eyes shut and shook her head. *Alison and Amedee? I thought she hated him.*

"Amedee. I'm going to spend. I'm going to, ah..."

"Dev? Fletch? Is this a joke?"

The moans increased, then suddenly stopped. The man chuckled, and the woman giggled.

"You're late," he said, his voice deep with desire. "We started without you. But we have all night to play. Undress and join us, my love."

"Join us? Dev! This is not funny." Quinn jumped from the bed and headed for the hallway. She yanked the door open and stepped outside into the empty space.

"Son of a... Dev!" She stepped back into the room and stopped short. The room was cold. Freezing cold. And a woman stood in the center, staring at the bed. Quinn stopped dead in her tracks and stared. This woman wasn't Alison. The painting of Alison had shown a petite blond woman. This woman was petite, true, but her hair was flaming red. And she was angry. It poured off her floating form in waves.

"Alison?" The form turned toward her and Quinn backed toward the doorway.

She couldn't make out a face, but the second the apparition turned toward where Quinn stood, opened its mouth, and screamed. Quinn scrambled out the door and ran straight into Fletch's chest.

"Boo. What's—"

"In there." She pointed toward the door but Dev was already inside. Fletch gently set her aside and followed him in.

"There's nothing in here, Quinn," Dev said. "What made you scream?"

"I didn't. That, that... *thing* did."

Fletch turned in a circle, ending up in the same spot with his eyes trained on Quinn. "Boo, there's no *thing*."

"There was! I heard two people making love, and then another person came in and then a woman appeared and screamed. It was a woman. She screamed."

"Calm down, calm down." Dev took Quinn's face in his hand and tilted her face toward his. "It's okay."

"No. She stood right here." Quinn pulled away and stormed to the center of the room. She planted her feet where the floating form had stood.

"Boo, we get no reading."

"I don't care, Fletch. I know what I saw."

Dev stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her back into his chest. "We have about an hour before dinner. Let's go sit in the other bedroom and talk about what you saw."

"You don't believe me," Quinn said softly.

"Of course we do, Quinn," Dev said, his voice deep in her ear. Quinn closed her eyes, then shivered when Dev's lips touched her neck. He kissed her gently, his lips caressing her heated skin.

"Dev. What are you...?"

"Hush, Boo," Fletch said, stepping in front of them and taking Quinn's hands in his own. *Bébé, détendent.* Just relax."

He caressed her forehead, moving tracing his fingers down her hairline as Dev continued to kiss her neck. Then, he leaned over and claimed her lips.

Quinn reeled from the sensations; Dev's warm lips trailed over her neck and Fletch's lips skimmed over her own. When his tongue snaked out she moaned, her lips parting. He licked her

upper lip, then probed deeper, his tongue dancing around her own while Dev held her close to him.

When Fletch ended the kiss, he traced his thumb over her mouth.

"What's happening?" She could barely hear her own voice.

"What should have happened years ago," Dev said. "We just didn't know how to approach the subject. We want you, Quinn. We want the three of us to be together."

Quinn's head spun. How could this happen? Did they feel sorry for her since she couldn't find a date, so they thought they had to make her feel like they wanted her?

"You don't have to do this," Quinn said. "I know you both prefer men."

"Boo," Fletch said. "It has nothing to do with males or females. Dev and I are together because we love each other."

"And we love you, too," Dev said. "We've wanted to tell you, but we weren't sure how you'd react."

Quinn's heart went into overdrive. How should she react? Was there some sort of set protocol when your male roommates told you they wanted to have sex with you? And what made them think she'd just accept it? Of course she wanted to, her taut nipples and wet center proved that.

But what would happen to their happy little family? How would things change? Right now things were good. But what would happen once they were back in New Orleans? Would they kick her out of the house? Would they just want her to visit their bedroom every once in a while? Or did they just want her because she had a womb?

That idea slammed into her so quickly it made her knees weak.

"You're thinking too much," Dev said. "If we have issues to discuss, then we need to do it now. Don't hold it in."

"You two have obviously already discussed it," Quinn said, wincing at the hurt tone of her voice.

"I told you, you *bioque*," Fletch said. "We shouldn't have kept her in the dark."

"Don't blame him," Quinn said. "Dev didn't keep this little secret on his own."

She pushed away from them. "It's dinnertime and I'm hungry. I've just seen my first ghost and I have *two* fools who think I should just fall into bed with them."

"It's not like we just met," Dev said. "We—"

Quinn held up her hand. "Feed me first. Then we'll talk."

Chapter Five

"There's the crypt," Fletch said, sprinting across the grass toward the family cemetery.

Rachel had told them at dinner that Alison and the rest of her family were buried on the plantation land instead of residing in a public City of the Dead.

"You're quiet," Dev said. "Have we shocked you?"

"You're kidding, right? My roommates, whom I totally adore, tell me they want to have sex with me and then ask if I'm shocked. Imagine that."

"We wanted to approach the subject earlier, but we weren't sure how to do it," Dev said, a sheepish look on his face. "We were worried about driving you away. Neither of us could stand it if we lost you."

"That goes for me, too," she assured him. "Still, I feel a little blindsided."

And very tempted, which scares me.

Dev nodded, and shifted the items in his arms. After dinner, they'd decided to walk to the cemetery, which was a little more than a mile from the house. Rachel had fixed them a basket with fruit and cookies for dessert, and given them an old quilt to take along so they could sit under the "many, many trees that decorate the plantation and enjoy the sunset."

Dev opened the gate to the cemetery and ushered Quinn inside. Fletch was already walking around the crypts, running his hands along dates and names and stopping at times to take photos.

"Here she is," he said after a few moments, motioning them toward a corner. "Alison, over here all by her lonesome."

Quinn walked toward the crypt, a strange feeling of excitement filling her belly. The stone monument showed the wear of the ages, but it looked as if Rachel and her husband had come out to the cemetery to clean off the crypts, and to mow and weed the grass.

"She was so young," Fletch said. "Barely twenty-five when she died. And her sister didn't even have the decency to put Amedee in the same crypt. He's all the way over there."

He pointed toward the gate of the cemetery.

"Well, I guess she thought Alison wouldn't want to be next to her killer," Quinn said.

She moaned softly, and then a full-body shake took over, rocking her from the tops of her ears to the tips of her toes.

"Boo?" Fletch's voice sounded far away as Quinn wrapped her arms around her chest and moved away from the crypt. "Boo? What's wrong?"

"Cold. So cold."

Dev stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her. "She's freezing. Let's step outside the gate."

Each man took a hand and propelled Quinn toward the opening of the cemetery. As they neared it, the gate slammed shut. All three took a step back and stared.

Quinn's teeth started to chatter and Fletch pulled her into his arms as Dev pulled on the gate. It wouldn't budge. Mist appeared around their legs, moving higher and Quinn's shivers turned into a full body shake.

"Dev? Fletch? What's happening?"

The men looked around, their eyes widening as they searched the mist.

"Do you see a shape, a form?" Dev asked.

"None. But this is hurtin' our Quinn. She's ice cold."

"Son of a ... Lift her over the fence, Fletch."

Fletch made a move toward the fence, which was about four feet high. He lifted his arms to place Quinn on the other side then let out a yelp of pain and fell backward, Quinn landing on top of him.

"Fletch! Quinn!" Dev dropped the blanket and basket he'd been carrying and stepped forward. Fletch let out a howl of agony, and pushed Quinn away from him.

"Try and jump it," he said, his voice sounding strangled.

Quinn, her body still shivering, goose pimples now evident on her arms and chest, crawled toward the fence. She could hear the men talking behind her and turned.

"Go!" Dev yelled, pointing toward the fence. "It's directed at you. Once you're gone, it might stop. Go!"

She grabbed the fence, which felt ice cold in her hands, and pulled herself up to her knees. Once she was on her feet, she stood quickly and made to lift her leg over the fence. She felt arms wrap around her waist and pull her backwards.

"Dev! Please." The force was pulling her back into the graveyard. Quinn kept a hold on the fence, trying to break away from the invisible entity that had control over her. Her breathing

quickened, to a desperate pant as she fought back tears of panic.

Why weren't Dev and Fletch helping her? She turned her head to see the two men on the ground, barely visible through the mist.

"Stop it! Stop it! Alison, please!"

The pressure around her waist lessened and a woman's soft cries filled the empty space.

"Alison?" Quinn's chest heaved. The mist started to disappear and seconds later, Quinn felt the pull on her body lessen. She stood upright and leaned against the fence. She looked toward Dev and Fletch and gasped.

A feminine figure appeared near the crypt. She floated above the ground, the mist hovering around her feet. Her dress was white, lacy and full. Her blond hair hung straight around her shoulders, and the look on her face was one of extreme sadness. Quinn knew from the portraits it was Alison. Her mind had trouble wrapping itself around what she was seeing, but she knew it was Alison, or her double.

She started to speak, French words spilling out of her mouth quickly. Quinn shook her head. "I can't, wait..."

"Vous devez aider mon Amedee. Économisez-lui de la sorcière. S'il vous plaît! Je vous sollicite! Elle le blesse. S'il vous plaît, aidez-le."

"Fletch?" He stood, nearby, his eyes wide with excitement and wonder.

"Alison?" he asked softly.

The figure turned its sad eyes toward Fletch. The man stared until Dev yelled, "Fletch! What did she say?"

Fletch shook his head and squeezed his eyes shut. "A witch is hurting Amedee. She wants us to help him."

"Um, Alison," Fletch cleared his voice. *"Qui est la sorcière, Alison? Who is the witch?"*

The figure wavered as the mist grew dimmer. *"Delphie. Elle l'a asservi, maintenant lui dans les chaînes. Aidez-le."*

"Delphie."

Chapter Six

"Over here," Dev said, heading toward a copse of trees. "This looks good. We can sit and talk away from the house and the graveyard."

Quinn stared at him and shook her head. Her hands were still shaking but Dev and Fletch were full of energy, bursting to talk about what had just happened.

"I'm confused," she said as Dev spread the blanket on the ground and dropped the basket along the edge. The sun was rapidly sinking toward the horizon's edge, and it would be dark soon. The cooling night air seemed as hot as a summer day after the icy confines of the graveyard, and Alison's visit. "If Alison is at the graveyard, then who is at the house? Or is she in both places?"

"Look who believes in ghosts now," Dev said, a smile on his face.

Quinn crossed her arms over her chest and shook her head angrily. "Two floating figures in one day. I should be heading back to New Orleans. But I'm not, so just answer me."

He laughed. "I would say Delphie is the ghost at the house. Perhaps she is only active in October because that is when she worked her evil plan to make Amedee kill Alison and Cyrille. It was the only way she could have him all to herself."

Fletch sat down across from Dev and they patted the spot between them. When Quinn didn't move, Dev opened the picnic basket.

"Let's see, we have cheese, crackers, fruit and some water. Thirsty?" He held a bottle out to Quinn.

"How are you so calm right now? We just saw a woman that's been dead for almost two hundred years."

"Don't fache yourself, Boo. Come and sit."

"I'm not angry. I'm—I'm freaked out and, and... shit! This was supposed to be relaxing. We've been here less than ten hours. I've seen two ghosts, one of whom attacked me in a cemetery, and the two men I care about most in the world tell me they want to fuck me."

"We love it when you talk dirty," Dev said, wiggling his eyebrows. "Come and sit."

"Or better yet, come and lay," Fletch said. "We're all alone out here. No ghosts. Just the three of us."

"No ghosts? What do you call what just happened in the cemetery?"

"Alison won't bother us," Dev said. "Sit. Let's talk about what happened this afternoon. You say Alison and Amedee were making love, and someone joined them?"

"We've already gone over this. I'm confused, though, how Alison could be vilified for all these years, and yet turn out to be..."

"The good girl?" Dev's voice was full of amusement. "Do you remember the saying, 'history is written by the victors'? If Alison and Delphie were fighting over Amedee, Delphie won because Alison was dead. Delphie was left to tell the story anyway she liked."

"Does that mean Amedee didn't kill Alison? Or Cyrille?" Quinn sat down between Dev and Fletch, then shifted nervously when both of them slide closer to her, pressing their bodies together.

"Don't know," Fletch said, moving Quinn's hair away from her neck and trailing kisses over her skin.

Quinn hissed in delight when Dev followed his lead on the other side of her neck.

"Then I guess we need to ask her," Quinn said. "Maybe we should go back to the cemetery and..."

Dev took her chin in his fingers and turned her toward him.

"Hush, Quinn." He lowered his lips onto hers, capturing them in a gentle slide that made both of them groan in pleasure.

His tongue pressured her lips to part, and when she acquiesced, she felt the wonderful glide of him over her teeth and into her mouth. At the same time, Fletch's hand slipped under her shirt, his hand gently caressing her stomach before moving upward to capture her breast. He tenderly squeezed, seeking out her satin-clad nipple and pinching it gently.

Quinn pulled back from the kiss, her senses reeling from sensation. "Wait. I'm not ready for this."

"Yes you are, Boo," Fletch said. "We know you want it as much as we do."

He lifted his face toward them. Dev leaned down and their lips met in front of Quinn's face. She smiled as she watched them kiss. Their lips, so familiar with each other, were moving sensuously over each other's mouths.

When their tongues darted out and touched she groaned, and the groan grew louder when their tongues turned to her, each one of them claiming a side of her mouth and licking her lips until they met in the center.

Quinn puckered her lips in imitation of their own, loving the fact they were kissing her at the same time.

When Dev pulled Fletch toward him for a bruising kiss, Quinn sighed.

"What happens after?"

"We cuddle," Fletch said, taking hold of her T-shirt and lifting it up her body. "We like to cuddle."

"Fletch more so than me," Dev said, his fingers going to work on Quinn's jean buttons.

"But, that's a great start to the after."

When Fletch pulled the shirt over her head, and his fingers began to expertly unclasp her bra, she shivered.

"You know what I mean. Afterward... when we're back home, I don't think I can stay in my room while you two..."

Dev sat back on the balls of his feet, his face set in hard, angry lines.

"Is that what you think? That we want you for only this week? How could you think so little of us?"

"Dev," Fletch said, his fingers working her bra straps from her shoulders. Quinn moved her hands in front of her chest to hold the clothing in place. "I told you we should have said something earlier."

"We shopped for the bed together," Dev said. "How could you not think...?"

"Because you're gay, and I'm a female."

"Sex isn't about male or female," Dev said, reaching out to caress Quinn's arms. "It's about loving someone." He moved his hands up and tugged on the bra.

"Let go, Boo," Fletch whispered in her ear as he sat behind her and pulled her into the V of his legs. He leaned back until she was lying on top of his lower body.

Dev pulled the bra away from her and tossed it aside.

"Yum," he said softly. Then he lowered his head and captured a taunt nipple in his mouth. Quinn shivered in Fletch's arms as Dev suckled her.

"Relax," Fletch said. "Let us do all the work."

"But what about..."

"We've got baggies," Fletch said. "Don't worry. Just relax and enjoy."

Quinn stared up at the darkening sky as Dev's skilled lips moved from one nipple to the other. His hands massaged her expertly, moving over her torso and down her sides before gliding

back up and pushing her breasts together.

"You're so beautiful," he said, his voice deep with desire.

"Right," she said, shaking her head. "That's why I'm an anchor right now."

"Anchor or no, we know beauty when we see it, and it's with us right now." Fletch's hands were massaged her scalp, his fingers drawing through her hair and sending tingles of desire throughout her body.

Dev murmured his agreement as he kissed his way down her stomach, stopping at her bellybutton to tickle her innie with his tongue. When he reached her undone jeans, he looked up at her with a lascivious grin. He hooked his fingers in the waistband and began to tug them down.

"Lift your hips, Boo," Fletch said softly.

"Am I going to be the only one naked?" Quinn was comfortable with her body, but she didn't want to be the only one sitting out in the open *au natural*.

"For the time being," Dev said. "Right now it's about you. So just relax, like Fletch says."

Quinn tried to follow their advice as Dev pulled her jeans and panties down her legs. Her heart beat wildly as his fingers traced back up her calves and around her knees. When he got to her thighs, she clasped them together.

"Stop that," Dev said. "Open wide for me."

Quinn started to shake her head, but Fletch sat up and moved his hands from her hair to her breasts, thoroughly distracting her. His fingers tweaked her hardened nubs until she relaxed into him, her body like warm jelly.

She was vaguely aware of Dev's fingers pushing her thighs apart and skimming upward until he came to the apex.

"Look at this pretty pussy, Fletch. I think I'll have a taste."

Dev dipped his head between her thighs and ran his tongue along her slit. Quinn shivered and bucked her hips up into face. Her movements met with murmurs of approval from both men, and Dev's tongue flicked out and parted her lips, dipping inside with a soft groan.

"She's so wet," he said, "and she tastes so very sweet." His tongue ran up and down her folds, and Quinn, her head now resting on Fletch's thigh, twisted back and forth under his ministrations.

"Dev, oh Dev, oh, oh... yeah... So good."

His tongue circled her clit then pulled the pulsing nod into his mouth, sucking it in deeply and running his tongue back and forth over the sensitive tip.

"I, oh..." Quinn wasn't sure what to do with her hands. She wanted to caress Dev's head as he drove her insane with his tongue, but she also wanted to caress Fletch, who continued to stroke her breasts.

So, she did both. She put one hand on Dev's head, and the second on Fletch's hand. Fletch interlaced their fingers and guided her fingers to a nipple, which they twisted and turned together.

"Good girl, you come for us." Fletch's hands kneaded her breasts harder and Quinn knew she was right on the edge.

Dev increased the pressure on her clit and she bucked her hips in appreciation.

"I'm, oh, Dev, oh." Her orgasm rocketed through her core. White-hot bolts of sensation shot through her body as Dev continued to lick, his muffled words of appreciation driving her over the edge again.

"Oh my lord. Oh..."

Dev lifted his head and smacked his lips. "Delicious."

"Share with me," Fletch said, his breathing rapid.

Quinn moaned out her disappointment when Dev rose up on his knees. That disappointment quickly turned to delight as Dev pulled Fletch's mouth into his for a demanding kiss. She watched them in wonder as their tongues danced around each other, then sighed when they pulled apart.

"You're right," Fletch said, licking his lips. "Delicious."

They kissed again before Dev leaned down and claimed Quinn's lips. She could taste her tangy juices on his tongue and it sent a thrill through her body. She'd never tasted anything like that before, and to do it with her two favorite men was beyond fantastic.

Dev stood and hastily removed his clothes. Fletch lifted her with gentle hands and laid her head down on the pillowed blanket, then standing to take his own clothes off. Quinn watched them in wonder. Both men were hard, both wonderfully long and thick.

She bit her lip as images of the two of them taking her flashed through her mind. When they were both naked, they stepped toward each other, their hands wrapping around the other's cocks.

They stroked and kissed as Quinn watched in wonder. Their tender, sensual movements had her pussy aching with need for one—no—both of them.

After a few moments, Fletch leaned down and picked up a small foil package. Their lips

met again as he quickly wrapped a condom around Dev's cock. When his cock was sheathed, Dev stepped back and then looked down at Quinn, a predatory gleam on his face.

"Do you want me, Quinn? Do you want us?"

"Yes. Oh my lord, yes."

Dev dropped to his knees. He lifted Quinn's hips and settled them on his thighs so his cock was right at her opening. He grasped his hardness and ran it along her dripping pussy.

"Now. Please."

"Fuck her, Dev. Put that hard cock in her soft slit."

Dev growled deeply, then pushed himself inside Quinn. He stopped partway in, and Quinn's pussy clenched around his length, a wonderful sense of fullness invading her body.

"More. I want all of it." Was that her talking? She hadn't thought herself capable of speech. Her body was on fire, tendrils of pleasure snaking out to every nerve ending.

Dev plunged forward to the hilt and Fletch groaned. "Yeah, fuck her."

Each stroke brought more heat to her aching pussy and made her clit throb. Fletch leaned down to capture Quinn's nipple in his mouth, trailing a hand down her body until he found her pussy, dipping one finger into her slippery juices while Dev continued to pump.

"Oh fuck!" Quinn's senses went into overload as Fletch's fingers found her clit and tormented the aching bud. He rolled it under his thumb and the added sensation was too much. The orgasm rocketed through her, the inner muscles of her tight sheath clamping down on Dev's cock. He groaned in sublime pleasure and pumped her harder, the sound of their bodies slamming together echoed through the otherwise quiet night as Dev followed her into the stratosphere.

When they'd both come back down, Quinn heard Fletch's murmured words of encouragement to the both of them.

"So beautiful." His voice filled with dark passion, he stood and grasped his cock, moving toward Dev and offering it to him.

When Dev opened his mouth and swallowed the head, Quinn gasped with delight.

Dev wrapped his hands around the base of Fletch's cock and sucked greedily. He was still buried inside Quinn, but she could feel him softening, leaving her. She scrambled up on her knees and moved toward them, her eyes fastened on the scene before her.

When she was in reach, Dev pulled his mouth back and offered her Fletch's cock. Dev cradled her neck, kneading his fingers along her slick flesh as she swallowed the swollen head.

"He tastes wonderful, doesn't he, sweet Quinn."

"So good," she said, licking the head before she pulled him back inside. After a few moments, she pulled back and watched as Dev took her place.

Fletch put one hand on each of their heads, his fingers caressing them with increasing pressure as Dev and Quinn took turns pulling him inside their mouths. Fletch's groans filled the air and Quinn marveled at what she was doing. She'd wanted this for so long, but had never thought it would happen. And now, in the middle of a haunted plantation, her dreams were coming true.

"*Je viens*," Fletch said. "I can't wait no more." He took a step back and grasped his cock, pumping it rapidly. When his orgasm hit, he aimed the stream at Quinn's swollen breasts. Dev's hands went to work immediately, massaging the warm liquid into her skin.

"Oh, fuck." Fletch gasped out the last of his pleasure as Dev's head dipped to Quinn's breasts and began to lick, sucking in each of her nipples with ravenous intent.

Fletch watched, transfixed. "I like that. Oh yeah, *amoureux*, lick her clean."

He dropped to his knees and kissed Quinn quickly. She gasped when he pulled Dev's head up and gave him a bruising kiss, pushing the other man's head back until they were both groaning.

When the kiss broke with a pop, Quinn sighed.

"What time is it?"

"Close to eleven," Dev said. "We'll rest here for a while, then go back to the house and see if we can rouse the ghost around midnight. Then we'll know if Delphie is as talkative as her sister."

They lay down with Quinn in the middle, Dev at her backside and Fletch at her front.

"So," Quinn said. "Do you think Alison, Amedee and Cyrille were, um, doing the nasty?"

"Yeah," Fletch answered. "I do."

"It makes sense," Dev said. "You saw them making love, and inviting someone to join, and the screaming ghost was Delphie, I'd make a bet, which means they weren't inviting her. And there was only one other person in the mix."

Dev's hand rested on her hip and Fletch's on her arm. She felt warm and well loved. Her eyes drifted shut, then immediately popped back open.

"So, it's Delphie..."

"Hush, Boo. We rest now and work after midnight, the witching hour."

Chapter Seven

Quinn stepped inside the bedroom and stopped. She half-expected the same scene she'd witnessed that afternoon to play itself out again. But no one was there. Fletch and Dev rummaged through their room next door, gathering equipment to use in Alison's room.

Quinn's room was quiet, with no sounds of lovemaking or screaming ghosts to greet her. She cleared her throat and whispered, "Delphie?"

The silence remained, so she tried a different tactic.

"Amedee?"

She remembered Alison's words in the graveyard: *Help my Amedee. He's being hurt by the witch.*

It brought many questions to the forefront. First, was Delphie a witch, or did she practice voodoo? In Louisiana, voodoo made more sense.

"Delphie. Did you kill your sister and Cyrille?" When the words popped out of her mouth, Quinn shook her head.

"I'm losing it. I'm talking to thin air."

"Maybe not," Dev said, coming in behind her. He leaned over and kissed her, then moved toward the bed. Pausing, he turned to her. "Hold this for me, please."

"What is this?" She examined the item. It looked like a wind chime, with several pieces of heavy metal fastened to chains, which extended from a circular piece of metal.

"It's a ghost catcher," he said. "I'm going to hang it from the ceiling. The general idea is, if we fall asleep, the changes in the room that the ghost brings will make the pieces bang together and wake us up, so we can see what's happening."

Fletch came in carrying a small ladder.

"Found it downstairs," he said, leaning over to kiss Quinn.

"I could get used to this," she said when he moved away.

"Hope so," Dev said. "That big bed we bought was for the three of us, you know."

"Yes, I know that now. I just wish you would have told me first."

"What's the fun in that?" Fletch asked, even as he turned to Dev and said, "Told ya so."

"Yes, you've already said that. Can we get to work, please?"

They hung the ghost catcher in the middle of the room.

"OK. Time for bed," Dev said.

"What?" Quinn turned to him. "Aren't we going to stay up and see what happens?"

"The ghosts are in this room," Dev replied. "You've already proven that. They may not come back tonight, but maybe, just maybe, the three of us getting into bed together will set Delphie off again. You said she was screaming when she saw Alison, Amedee and Cyrille together."

"We don't know it was Cyrille," Alison said. "Maybe she was screaming because they started without her. Maybe the third person in the equation was Delphie."

"Doubt it," Fletch said.

"Well, if Delphie is the ghost in the house, why would she show me Alison and Amedee making love? I personally think she would stay quiet. The more noise she makes the more she increases the chances of the owners bringing in a priest to purify the house and drive her away."

"True," Dev said. "But did you ever think maybe it was Amedee showing you the scene this afternoon? Alison tells us Delphie has control over him. Maybe he is here, too. Maybe he is the one who makes the mischief in October, near the anniversary of his death. Maybe he has more power at that time."

"Do you think?"

"It makes sense," Dev said. "He would want people to know the truth."

"Let's talk it out," Fletch said. "We know Amedee killed Cyrille."

The strands on the ghost catcher stirred and they all three turned toward it.

Quinn took a step toward Dev, who pulled her against him protectively. They silently watched the chimes, which moved softly.

"Keep talking, Fletch," Dev said, his voice low. "Someone's listening."

"So," Fletch continues. "After the murder..."

The strands moved violently, the sound competing with Fletch as he continued to talk.

"...Amedee, he brings Alison back here and kills her."

A violent wind swept through the room. The lights blinked on and off, then went off completely, leaving them in darkness. Almost simultaneously, Fletch and Dev turned on the flashlights they carried in their pockets and Quinn gasped as a large glass vase sitting on the dresser lifted into the air and sailed toward Fletch's head. The man ducked seconds before it hit,

and the glass smashed into the wall, shattering into little pieces.

"Okay," Fletch said, holding up his hands. "Let's try this, you *fils de putain*. You didn't kill Alison, Delphie did."

The wind died down and Quinn released a pent-up breath. "It's true."

"He wants us to believe it's true," Dev said. "We have no proof of anything except for the story that's been passed down through history, that Amedee killed Cyrille and Alison, and then died the following Halloween."

The ghost catcher moved again, this time more slowly.

"He's losing energy," Dev said. "He's angry because we're blaming him for Alison's death, but he doesn't have the energy to fight us on it. First Alison comes to us this afternoon, now this. We need to find out what really happened."

"Martin's going to be here the day after tomorrow, on Halloween," Quinn said. "We can ask during the séance—oh my lord! Did those words just come out of my mouth?"

Both men laughed and Dev pulled her closer to him. "They did."

"But we can't get a straight story out of Amedee or Delphie," Dev said. "We should talk with Alison. We should have the séance at the family cemetery."

"Alison talked to us without a medium," Quinn said.

"Yes, but her outburst weakened her, just as Amedee's weakened him tonight. If we use a medium, we might be able to talk with her longer."

Quinn leaned back into Dev's chest. He tightened his arms around her and she sighed.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, if Alison is at the graveyard, and Amedee is at the house, where is Delphie? Or Cyrille? I saw her this afternoon, but Cyrille has yet to make an appearance."

"Not yet, but he may. Alison lost energy this afternoon, pretty quickly," Dev said. "Martin will help her focus, and help me make contact, but we need him before Halloween. We'll call him first thing in the morning and ask him to come up tomorrow night."

"And then?" Quinn hugged her arms to her chest. The air was warmer, but she knew Amedee was still there.

"We go to the City of the Dead and see if Alison is at home," Fletch said. "Until then, we sleep."

Quinn shook her head. "In here?"

"Oh yeah, Boo," Fletch laughed. "This is where the action is. Don't worry. We'll protect

you.”

“Are we going to, well, you know?”

Dev laughed and pulled her closer. “She wants a repeat of earlier, lover.”

“That would make three of us,” Fletch said. “But work first, play later.”

“Like in the morning,” Dev said, his tongue tracking over Quinn’s neck. She shivered in his arms.

“Perfect way to start the day,” Fletch said with a nod.

Quinn couldn’t agree more.

Chapter Eight

It was a beautiful dream, one she'd had so many times before. Only this time she knew it wasn't a dream. Fingers glided over her clit. More than one set. She wiggled further down into the mattress and moaned.

"Good morning, Boo," Fletch's voice was full of desire.

"Yes, good morning." Dev's voice chimed in, the sound as smooth as chocolate.

Quinn squeezed her eyes tighter, afraid to open them for fear the dream would end. She groaned as one set of fingers dripped down her wet slit to her opening.

"Spread your legs," Dev said as Fletch pulled one of them over his hips. Dev's fingers slipped into her wetness, sliding down and probing for entrance.

"She's wet for us, Fletch."

Quinn wanted to scream. She was pretty sure she'd been wet most of the night. When they'd gone to bed, with Quinn lying in between the two of them, they'd each kissed her passionately and she'd been almost embarrassed at her body's reaction, the fact she'd begged for sex.

"Not the right time," Dev had said.

"Yeah," Fletch had said, licking her nipple. "We wait until tomorrow and make it even sweeter."

Then, they leaned across her and kissed each other good night. Quinn would never tire of the sight of them kissing, no matter if it was sweet and tender, as she'd seen many times at their home, or rough and hard, as she'd seen last night.

The love they felt for each other showed with each kiss, and last night had been no different. Now, as they trailed their fingers through her wetness she couldn't believe her dreams were becoming reality.

"Make me come before I wake up," she whispered, moving her hips to give Dev better access. "I'm afraid you'll disappear once my eyes are open."

Their shared laughter sent chills up her spine.

"You want to come, Boo?" Fletch said, whispering against her ear. "What else would you

like to do? Tell us.”

“Um...” she bit her lip and gasped as Dev’s fingers slipped inside her. “Fuck?”

“Is that a question, or a desire?” Dev began to gently slide his finger in and out of her slick center.

“A desire.” She gasped as Fletch gently squeezed her clit. Their fingers moved slowly, teasing her with their tender strokes.

“Well,” Dev said. “The next question would be how you would like it?”

Quinn’s eyes popped open and she stared first at Dev, and then at Quinn.

“Um, the usual way?”

They both laughed again.

“Boo, there is no usual way. That’s the fun of sex. Use that creative mind of yours. Then tell us how you’d like it.”

He leaned down and claimed her lips, his warm and wet over her own. He teased her with his tongue before pulling back.

Quinn thought she would go crazy as they continued to stroke her, applying hard pressure that had her moaning and bucking her hips before backing off and teasing her, making her beg for more.

She delved deep into her mind, trying to decide what would constitute using her imagination. Not simple screwing, that was for sure. Something different, something that would make them both sit up and take notice.

She giggled nervously as she thought about when her fascination with Dev and Fletch had first started. It was the time she’d seen them kiss, very soon after she’d moved into their house. She’d watched them as their lips met, wondering what would come next, wondering what it would be like to... Bingo!

Their fingers continued to dance around her pussy and she sighed.

“I want to watch,” she whispered as Fletch took her clit between his thumb and forefinger and gently squeezed.

“Excuse me?” Dev’s fingers stopped the exquisite pumping they’d been doing for the last few minutes.

“I want to watch the two of you make love.”

She propped herself up on her elbows and bit her lower lip, lifting her eyebrows up and down.

"You asked what I wanted, and that's it."

They both shook their heads before removing their fingers from her pussy.

"No, make me come, first." She hated the pleading tone in her voice, but her pussy was on fire, throbbing from the attention they'd both been giving her.

"Don't think so," Fletch said. "That comes after."

He nodded at Dev, who left the bed quickly and went into the other room.

Quinn's heart started to beat faster. She wasn't sure how that was possible, because for the last five minutes, she'd thought it would jump out of her chest and run away. But somehow she knew they were going to add their one little twist to her request.

"Um, is something wrong? I mean if me watching is too..."

Dev walked back into the room and threw something at Fletch, who caught it and moved toward the top of the bed.

"Sit up, Boo," he whispered. "Put your back against the headboard like a good little girl."

Her stomach did somersaults, but she did as he asked. Dev crossed to the opposite side of the bed and sat down, taking her hand in his lap. Fletch took the other hand and after a few moments of silence, they nodded at each other.

"What the fuck..." Quinn gasped as they wrapped a length of material around each of her wrists, then stretched her arms out to the posts of the tester bed.

"Wait, wait." She could hear the panic in her own voice. No one had ever tied her up before and she was more than a little nervous. "This wasn't part of the deal."

"Relax, Quinn," Dev said. "It's only ties from our robes. You said you wanted to watch, which is a wonderfully erotic idea. But, we wanted to up the stakes, just a bit."

"You watch and squirm," Fletch said. "By the time we come, all it'll take is one little stroke on your pretty little clit and you'll think it's the Fourth of July tomorrow instead of Halloween."

Quinn pulled against her bonds, then whimpered when Dev and Fletch stripped, then knelt at the end of bed, facing each other.

Their hands began to explore, moving slowly over skin, each one of them whispering words of approval for Quinn's benefit.

Quinn's clit twitched when Dev leaned over and licked Fletch's nipple. The other man threw back his head as he buried his hands in Dev's hair.

"That's it, *amoureux*. Oh yeah."

Fletch cradled Dev's head in his hands as the other man moved his lips from nipple to nipple. Quinn fought against her bonds and felt her own nipples peak out almost painfully.

She wanted to touch, to run her hands through Dev's hair as he sucked on Fletch's chest, wanted to take one nipple while he took the other.

"Untie me," she hissed. "Now."

"You wanted to watch," Dev murmured as he trailed his hand down Fletch's chest and stomach. "You just enjoy yourself."

He clasped the other man's cock in his hands and began to pump.

"Fuck yeah," Fletch said. "Harder. Oh, yeah, harder. Yeah, pump me. Let our pretty little Quinn see my cock grow in your hands."

Her whimper turned into a whine. "Please!"

In response, Fletch took Dev's cock in his hands and stroked it. Soon, they moved in tandem, their hands sliding up and down each other's cocks in long, delicious strokes.

Quinn's chest heaved with exertion as she watched them caress each other.

"I need to fuck," she said. "Please, please."

"Not yet," Fletch said. "First, you'll watch Dev fuck me. Then, I'll fuck you."

Fletch turned and ran his tongue down Quinn's thigh. She shivered as hot tendrils of desire shot to her core.

"Fletch, Dev. Please." She pulled on her ropes and Fletch laughed softly.

"Tell me, little miss anchor woman. If you were to describe this scene, how would you do it?"

Fletch knelt on all fours, his head close to Quinn's pussy. She could feel his hot breath on her wet flesh.

"You're killing me."

"Well, that wouldn't do anything for your ratings, now would it?" Fletch shot her a mischievous look. "Describe it."

Dev knelt behind Fletch, his fingers disappearing between the other man's legs, causing Fletch's look to change to one of pure need.

Quinn watched as Dev wet his fingers in his mouth, and put them between Fletch's upturned buttocks.

"Do it, Quinn," Fletch said. He groaned as Dev pushed his fingers inside him. "Let's hear it. Film at eleven."

"Oh," Quinn threw her head back and hissed deeply. She looked back in time to see Dev grasp Fletch's hips and thrust forward.

"Fuck ya," Fletch said, squeezing his eyes shut in pleasure. "Give it to me hard."

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room.

Quinn cleared her throat, her eyes locked on Fletch's face.

"This morning, the most beautiful sight appeared before a guest at Alison's Plantation House near Baton Rouge."

"Yeah," Fletch said. "More, both of you. Give me more."

Quinn pulled against her bonds. "They say finding true love is like finding two puzzle pieces that fit perfectly together."

Fletch's tongue snaked up and down Quinn's quivering thighs as Dev continued to fuck him in long, sure strokes.

"But there was... there was... um." Quinn swallowed hard. She could feel her orgasm hovering just out of reach. All it would take would be one flick of Fletch's tongue and she would come. She would take a trip to the moon and back, shoot off like a rocket.

"But there was no puzzle about the love going round... round the room at Alison's House. There was never a more beautiful sight than two people..."

"Three people..." Dev growled out. "Three."

"...Three people showing their adoration by joining their bodies together in an explosion of passion."

"I can't... I can't hold ..." Dev growled and his thrusts picked up in speed.

"Oh yeah," Fletch said. He flicked his tongue over Quinn's clit and she came, pulling against her bonds and screaming.

"Fletch! Dev! Oh please, fuck me!"

Dev groaned out the last of his orgasm and stood quickly.

"Condom!" Fletch roared. "Now!"

"Just fuck me. Please! I know you're both clean."

"No," Fletch said. "Birth control, Boo."

Quinn hissed as Dev sheathed Fletch's cock. In sure, swift movements, Fletch lifted Quinn's thighs onto his own and tunneled deep inside her pussy.

"So wet," he said. He set up a steady rhythm, pumping in time with the moans and groans that escaped both of their lips.

“Stay with me, *amoureux*. Don’t leave me.”

Dev came up behind Fletch and took his hips in hand again, guiding him as he slide in and out of Quinn.

The view was too much. Quinn pressed herself up, her arms feeling as if they would pull out of their sockets when she slipped down further into the bed.

She came with a fury she’d never felt before, tendrils of bliss shooting to all points of her body. She felt Fletch swell and give a few final thrusts, bellowing out his climax as Dev’s hands dipped down to his balls and gently caressed them.

After a few moments, Dev left the bed to undo Quinn’s ties, and Fletch left for the bathroom. He came back minutes later with a warm cloth, which he used to bathe Quinn’s hypersensitive flesh.

She burrowed deep into the covers and sighed in contentment.

“In this reporter’s opinion, there’s nothing quite like shared love, which leaves everyone feeling dizzy and content.”

“Very content,” Dev said, lying down next to her. He kissed Quinn’s forehead, then softly busied her lips.

Fletch did the same thing on the other side of her body.

They put their heads on her shoulders. Several minutes of silence ensued, then Quinn gasped.

“You know what? What if Alison was watching? Or Amedee? Or, worse yet, Delphie?”

“Nobody seemed to mind,” Dev said.

“I think the scene you saw yesterday showed us why,” Fletch said. “Alison and Amedee making love, and asking Cyrille to join them. They were taking part in a *ménage a trios*, and I’m sure it wasn’t the first time.”

“Do you think that’s why she appeared to us?”

“Yes,” Dev said, lifting his eyes to Quinn. “She sensed the same love in us that she had with them.”

Quinn returned his smile, then closed her eyes. Had Alison sensed what Quinn had not? It seemed likely. She felt sleep rise up to take her as thoughts of work drifted through her mind. She may not have come to a decision about her job, but this vacation has given her something far more precious.

The love of the two men she cared about most in the world.

Her eyes popped open, uncertainty eating at her once more. Did they love her, or was this just a holiday thing for them? She knew, though, that her fears were for naught. They loved her as much as she loved them, and they'd find a way to make things work.

With her job, and with their love.

Chapter Nine

"How's your French?" Quinn worked to keep up with Martin as they walked toward the graveyard.

"Not bad," he said. "I'm sure Alison and I will have a nice chat before the day is over."

Somehow she'd expected tonight, Halloween night, to be creepier. Martin hadn't been able to make it yesterday, so they were doing everything tonight. The séance was scheduled for eleven forty-five. Rachel, her husband Dean, and several other hotel guests were scheduled to attend.

But no matter what scary things happened, the house would always be something special to Quinn. Last night the three of them had gone from room to room, with Dev and Fletch waving around equipment and saying that they were "getting no readings."

It was as if Amedee had disappeared. And there were no signs whatsoever of Delphie. When they'd finally fallen into bed, at three in the morning, they'd kissed and cuddled, the two men stroking her until she'd climaxed with a scream. When she'd tried to return the favor, they'd stopped her, saying that for the night, their pleasure came from watching her orgasm.

They'd woken early the next morning to Rachel yelling that she was leaving breakfast in the kitchen. The rest of the day had been spent much as the previous night, with Dev and Fletch getting more and more discouraged that they were getting no readings.

Now, Quinn watched Dev and Fletch, who walked just ahead, their heads together in deep conversation. It was close to dusk, and Quinn was more than a little nervous about going back to the graveyard. And it wasn't even Halloween yet.

"Do ghosts get mad?" When Martin laughed, Quinn felt the hackles on her neck go up.

"Sometimes," he said. "And some ghosts can be mean and do things that hurt people. But for the most part they're lost souls trying to find their way to the next level. Some of them are happy to be where they're at, living next to their loved ones and watching what comes next.

"Well, if watching from the sidelines is what comes next, I'd rather move on and see what's on the other side," Quinn said.

They were nearing the cemetery. The moon was out, but not yet high in the sky. There

was no mist along the ground, but Quinn still felt butterflies take flight in her stomach.

"You don't know that," Martin said. "Now that the three of you have come to your senses, you might want to stick around until they join you in the afterlife. That is if you go first. Or vice-versa. If one of them goes first they might want to stick around and watch the other two."

Quinn stopped dead in her tracks. She put her hand on Martin's arm and turned him toward her.

"Excuse me?"

"Oh please. You don't have to be a medium to see that the three of you love each other. You've been too stubborn to notice. Until now."

Quinn's face heated and she knew that she was blushing, profusely.

"You can tell..."

"I bet it was good," Martin said. He kissed her cheek and then turned toward the iron cemetery gate.

"Well, here we are. Oh, I can feel her already and she's dying to talk." He laughed. "Get it? Dying to talk?"

His laughter drifted behind him as he walked through the gate and Quinn stared after him.

"You've got a sick sense of humor," she called out.

Fletcher came up and held out his hand. "You comin'?"

The memory of Alison's cold touch on her skin made her palms sweat. But she was a modern woman. She was a reporter who wasn't afraid of anything. She nodded and took Fletcher's hand.

They walked toward Martin and Dev, who stood at Alison's grave. Dev held a small tape recorder, and when they joined them, Quinn could see that Martin's lips were already moving.

She'd expected something creepier. Even in the waning sunlight, the graveyard seemed serene and non-threatening. Not at all like their first experience.

Quinn watched Martin carefully. His eyes were closed, his hands hanging loosely at his sides. She smiled as she watched him, realizing she'd missed out on a very good story. This would be a perfect item to put on the news. Of course she still could. She just knew that she wouldn't be doing it at WXBJ.

There was no way she was going back there. She'd worked hard for them, and she couldn't forgive them for judging her solely on the fact that she didn't have a playmate's looks.

Their decision on the anchor job showed that they didn't care about her talents. And she wanted more than that from a job.

When they got back to New Orleans she would take a few of the interviews she'd been offered before leaving. And she'd have a fantastic story to take with her. Of course she'd have to bring a film crew down to take some footage, but this story would play well with audiences, who loved all things supernatural. And it would help Rachel's business.

"What should we..."

"Shush, Boo," Fletch said softly. "Martin works alone, and in silence usually. During the séance tonight, he'll put on a little show. But right now, just watch and wait."

Quinn nodded and watched as Martin stood, his lips moving slowly, his eyes closed. From time to time, a small smile would appear on his face and he would nod.

The sky was totally dark and the moon moving toward its zenith when Martin stepped back from Alison's grave.

"Well? What did she say?" Quinn took a step toward him, but he held up his hand.

"Give me a minute." He took several deep breaths, his eyes closed and his fingers pressed together. Then, he exhaled loudly and sighed.

"What you figured is right. Amedee and Cyrille were already lovers when he married Alison, and they became a threesome. They were all very happy with the situation. Then Delphie found out. She'd wanted to marry Amedee, and was very jealous of her sister.

"She walked in on them making love," Quinn said.

"Yes," Martin confirmed what Quinn's vision had told her. "It was Halloween night, 1832. Delphie attacked them; she used a knife to kill Cyrille instantly. Then turned the knife on Alison and killed her before Amedee could stop her."

"Well how did she...?"

"No questions, Quinn," Martin said. "Just let me talk."

She nodded sheepishly.

"Alison said her last thoughts were for Amedee, whom she'd grown to love deeply. She's sure that's why she never left. She heard Delphie tell Amedee that unless he married her, she'd tell everyone that he killed his wife and her lover."

Quinn opened her mouth, but closed it quickly when Martin grinned at her, his eyebrows upraised.

"Now, that's exactly what she told everyone anyway, but she didn't tell that story until

after Amedee was dead. As for Alison, she doesn't know what happened after that first night. When she was buried, she found herself stuck in the cemetery. She hasn't been able to leave since. We'll have to ask Amedee for the rest of the story tonight."

Quinn leaned toward Martin and he laughed.

"Okay. Ask your questions."

"Was Delphie a witch? Was she into voodoo?"

"Alison referred to her as a witch, but I think it was more of a 'my sister is a witch,' than 'my sister is a *witch*.'"

"What about voodoo?" Fletch asked.

"Alison said there was a voodoo lady nearby. She doesn't know if Delphie contacted the woman or not."

"Martin, you've been in the house. Do you think Delphie is there?"

"No." Martin shook his head. "I truly feel that Delphie was an evil force, but she's not haunting the house."

"But who's doing the evil things on Halloween?"

"Amedee," Dev said. "He's angry. Somehow Delphie tied his spirit to the house, whether she used voodoo or the power of persuasion, I don't know. Maybe she told Amedee that Alison would suffer if his spirit left. Or maybe she did contact the voodoo lady. We'll ask him in about, oh, half an hour."

He looked at his watch and nodded. "We need to go back to the house. It's getting close to ten and I want to start the séance by eleven-thirty."

Chapter Ten

True to Dev's promise, Martin put on quite a show for the séance. Quinn tried to hide her grin as he swung his arms wide, indicating the many candles that lit the living space of Alison's House. He was telling the crowd the story of Alison and Amedee, of their ill-fated marriage and how things we thought were true, were actually false.

Quinn noticed he'd omitted the fact that Cyrille and Amedee were lovers before the marriage. Instead, he'd presented Cyrille as a person who was "in the wrong place at the wrong time." She made a mental note to see if he'd cooked up that story while talking with Alison.

The oversight made her frown. People saw lovers as a man and a woman. Although things had changed somewhat, society still frowned on changes in the formula. Would her relationship with Dev and Fletch be that way? Would they be forced to keep their true situation under wraps? How would people react if the relationship extended past this weekend?

She wanted it to go on. She wasn't sure if she could stand it if she was forced back to the second floor, listening to Dev and Fletch share their love while she was on the outside, coming in at odd times to relieve their boredom. She didn't think they would do that, they said they wouldn't, but there was a nagging doubt in the back of her mind.

She needed to talk with them about it. Tonight.

"Quinn," Martin said loudly. "Will you take your place at the table between Fletch and Dev, please?"

She nodded, embarrassed to be caught daydreaming instead of listening to Martin's instructions. When she was seated, both men took one of her hands and squeezed gently. She responded with a squeeze of her own.

"I don't want anyone to be frightened," Martin said to the group of about ten people who were standing around the room. Rachel and Dean sat at the table with them, both looking more than a little bit nervous.

"Now," Martin said. "If someone is frightened, or wants to leave, I ask that you do so quietly. My contact with the spirit could be tenuous, and any sudden movements could scare him away."

The people all nodded and Martin continued. "I also ask for silence. Please refrain from yelling out questions or thoughts."

Quinn swallowed a laugh. She figured the last part was directed at her.

Martin closed his eyes and the room fell silent. He took several deep breaths and Quinn again admired his showmanship.

Then, he sucked in a deep breath, and exhaled, the word, "Amedee," coming out with his breath. "If you are present, come to us. Speak with us. Allow your name to be cleared of the deeds done by your former wife."

There was no answer and Quinn wondered if Amedee would appear, or if he would stay silent.

"Amedee," Martin repeated. "Don't be afraid. Let us help you."

The candlelight flickered and a few of the people gathered gasped.

"Calm," Martin said. "We need calm."

The words were barely out of his mouth when a vase sitting on the sideboard lifted and flew through the air, slamming into the far wall. Next, a large glass bowl and a candlestick went airborne. The flame on the candle went out as it flew across the room.

"Sortez de ma maison. Vous n'avez aucun droit! Sortez."

The voice demanding that they leave the house was a woman's, and Quinn shuddered. She'd heard that voice before.

"It's Delphie."

"But it wasn't Delphie we talked with the other night," Dev said. "It was Amedee."

Martin cleared his throat and the room fell silent.

"Delphie? *Vous n'êtes pas désiré ici. Continuez sur le prochain avion.* You are not wanted here. You must leave."

Quinn almost laughed out loud. Telling this woman that she wasn't wanted here, and needed to move on, was like telling a child they couldn't have a toy as they stood in the middle of a toy shop.

"Keep calling for Amedee," Quinn said softly. "I think he's afraid of her, even in death. He has to know that she has no power over him."

Martin nodded, and closed his eyes. "Amedee. Show us that you're stronger than this woman. Don't let her control you any longer."

Delphie screamed when Martin repeated his entreaty in French. The room grew ice cold,

and another glass bowl flew through the air, narrowly missing a female member of the audience.

"She's going to destroy all my crystal," Rachel said with a sob. "Stop her."

"If you want me to stop, I will," Martin said. "But you'll never learn the truth that way."

Rachel looked at Dean, who nodded. Then she cleared her throat. "Fine. Continue."

"If anyone wants to leave, now's the time to do it," Martin said.

Three spectators left and after the door was closed, Martin again asked for Amedee to come forth.

Silence filled the room. Martin told Amedee, in French, and then in English, that he'd spoken with Alison that night.

"*Alison.*" The word came out on a sob. "*Mon Alison. Ou est-elle ?*"

"We can help you find her," Martin said. "But you have to break away from Delphie."

"*C'est tissé un charme autour de moi. Je ne peux pas me casser librement. Je veux mon Alison tellement mal. Et mon Cyrille.*"

It was the first time Cyrille's name had been mentioned and Quinn felt a lump grow in her throat. Amedee's voice was full of sorrow.

"There is no spell around you, Amedee," Martin said. "All you have—"

A woman's scream rent the air and Martin flew backward, his chair tipping over and hitting hard against the floor. Martin threw up his arms against the invisible force as Dev and Fletch stood and ran toward him. Both of them tried to grasp his arms, but were pushed backwards.

Martin made a gurgling noise and Quinn felt her blood run cold. Delphie was going to kill him. She would make sure that anyone that tried to release Amedee from his self-inflicted bonds would be punished. She couldn't let that happen.

The room was in chaos now, people standing in small groups, clutched together as they watched the fight.

Quinn stood and screamed out Amedee's name.

"She took everything away from you, Amedee. Don't let her continue. Fight her. Stop her!"

"Fletch! Tell him that Alison is waiting for him. All he has to do is fight. All he has to do is break away from Delphie."

Fletch repeated the words in French. He and Dev continued to fight the invisible force assaulting Martin, but Amedee heard what was said. His voice screamed out, and Dev and Fletch fell back. Martin was freed from the entity that attacked him, and a woman's voice shrieked in

fear and pain.

“Sorcière! Vous m'avez maintenu parti trop pour désirer ardemment de mon Alison. Allez à l'enfer. Vous n'avez plus la commande de moi.”

Amedee wished her to hell, his voice filled with pain and hatred as he took back the control he'd unknowingly given her.

Delphie screamed once more, and then the room grew silent. The candlelight flickered, and the cold remained, but no words were spoken, no shrieks uttered.

“Amedee?” Martin sat up, his hands going to his throat. His harsh breathing calmed as the seconds passed. Finally, he asked for Amedee again.

The air grew warmer, but no answer came.

“Are they gone?” Rachel asked.

“I don't feel anything,” Martin said. “It could be all it took for Amedee to break free was for him to realize that Delphie had no control over him. He told her that she'd kept Alison from him for too long. That he wanted her, and Cyrille.”

Rachel's eyes widened and she bit her lip. “So much for my wonderful haunting story. The three of them were in love?”

“Yes,” Dev said. “They were in love. And the power of fear kept Amedee away from the woman, and the man, that he loved. Hopefully we've broken that power tonight.”

Chapter Eleven

Quinn, Dev, Fletch, and Martin stood beside Alison's grave.

"Is she here?" Quinn turned to Martin, who closed his eyes and then shook his head.

"She's gone. I felt nothing at the house, and I feel nothing here. I can't tell you where they've gone; I only know that I can't feel them anymore."

A wonderful feeling of contentment filled Quinn's heart. "They're together, then. It was so easy."

"Says the woman who didn't have ghostly talons at her throat," Martin said, anger in his voice.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way."

"Never mind," Martin responded. "I'm going to bed. I'll see you guys in the morning."

He turned and stalked off and Dev laughed.

"Don't worry, Quinn, he'll be right as rain in the morning."

They turned and joined hands as they began to walk back to the house.

"So, in the process of proving there were ghosts here, we drove them away," Dev said. "I hope this doesn't hurt our business."

"Won't," Fletch answered. "Some people want the ghosts gone. Don't know if Rachel is one of those people, though."

Quinn laughed. "I don't think so, but she'll find a way to use this as a marketing tool, I'll guarantee it."

They walked in silence for a bit before Quinn cleared her throat.

"So, we go back to New Orleans tomorrow. What happens then?"

"Well," Dev said. "There's more room in my closet for your clothes. Fletch is a clothes horse, as you know."

"Am not," Fletch said in a huff. "You got as many as I do."

"Doubt it," Dev replied.

"So, you want me to move into your room?"

"We do," Dev said. "I thought we'd made that clear. We bought that huge bed and

everything.”

They stopped on the porch of the house. “What happens when people ask about us?”

“We tell them the truth,” Fletch said. “Unless you’re afraid it will hurt your public image, *chér*.”

Quinn shook her head. “You know. I don’t care if it does. I’ve decided to go for some interviews, see what’s out there. I don’t care what people think. I just want to be with you two.”

Her eyes sparkled with tears. Dev leaned down and claimed her lips, his own soft and sweet against hers. When Fletch took his place, his own lips were demanding yet tender.

“So, it’s the three of us?”

“Yes it is,” Dev answered. “And I think we need to go upstairs and make use of that wonderful bed.”

They stepped inside and stopped dead in their tracks. They could hear female laughter, soft and sensual coming from upstairs.

Fletch took off at a run, with Dev close behind him. They flung open the door to Alison’s room and stepped inside. Moans of pleasure filled the room and Quinn covered her mouth with her hand to stifle a gasp. Alison, Amedee and a third man, whom she guessed was Cyrille, were on the bed, or more likely floating above the bed, lying in each other’s arms.

Alison laughed, and the moans deepened. Dev pushed Fletch and Quinn back toward the door.

“Looks like that bed is occupied. I suggest we go next door.”

“Or back to the tree in the clearing for a little early morning romp,” Quinn said. “I bet I can beat you there.”

“What do’ the winner get,” Fletch asked.

“To be on top,” Quinn replied, taking off for the stairs. She laughed as she heard Dev and Fletch’s footsteps come down the stairs after her. She planned on beating them to the tree. And she planned on staying with her men as long as possible.

Their nights would be filled with three, as would their days. And Quinn would be sure that nothing came between them, in life, or in death.

The End