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Yuletide Spirit

JESSICA COULTER SMITH

Sugarplum: Yuletide Spirit

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Jessica Coulter Smith

The last gift Jenna expected on Christmas was two lovers who make her explore her sexuality.

Jenna Monterey has inherited a plantation home that has seen better days. When she hires a restoration crew, she didn't expect to be drawn to their lead team member. But there's just something about Jake that makes Jenna weak in the knees. She starts to have erotic dreams about Jake and someone named Matt, a man she's never met before, dreams that leave her trembling with desire. Are they an omen of what's to come? Or does she really just need to get laid?

Chapter One

Jenna eyed the house with trepidation. Having inherited the crumbling pile, she felt obligated to check it out before selling the place. Orphaned at birth, Jenna was adopted by Silas Monterey. She'd been fortunate to lead a life of privilege and had a trust fund that guaranteed she wouldn't want for money. But looking at the giant house before her, she wasn't sure her bank account could handle a complete restoration.

Windmere Plantation had been in the Monterey family for four hundred years, and it showed. The paint was peeling, having turned yellow with age. The mosaic tiled porch, which she was sure had been added later, and the paint on the massive columns had cracked in several places. Silas had never brought her here, and now she understood why.

At least the windows are intact, she thought with a grimace.

Squaring her shoulders, she inserted the key into the lock and pushed the door open, cringing at the loud creak that echoed throughout the house. It was dark and dusty inside. The dank smell of stale air and moisture assailed her. She wrinkled her nose and shut the door, plunging herself into darkness, the windows so filthy that no light could penetrate the gloom.

She looked at the floor, wanting to set her heavy bag down, but didn't dare. It was obvious she needed a cleaning crew to come immediately. There was no way she was going to tackle the monstrous job herself. Besides, she'd probably break her nails and ruin her French manicure.

Before she could leave, a cold chill swept over her and she heard a man laugh softly in her ear. With a gasp, she spun around, but no one was there. Her heart

thundered in her chest as her eyes searched the inky blackness. After a moment, she decided it must have been her imagination.

Opening the front door, she slipped back outside and locked it. She wasn't about to stay in the house before it was cleaned and the linens were washed. For that matter, she'd probably have to buy new mattresses. No telling what kind of creatures had made nests in them.

This was definitely *not* how she had intended to spend her holiday. While it was her first Christmas without Silas, she'd wanted to spend it someplace warm -- the Bahamas maybe. Instead, she was stuck trying to fix an old house she had absolutely no interest in, other than to sell it.

After heaving her bag back into her trunk, she got behind the wheel and drove to the closest hotel. First thing in the morning, she would call someone to scrub the house from top to bottom. Once it was clean, she'd have a better idea of what she would need to restore before she could sell the crumbling pile. In its present state, she doubted she could get so much as a hundred dollars for the place. Hell, she probably couldn't give it away for free!

* * *

Entering the lobby of the plush hotel, she walked up to the desk and rang the bell.

An elderly man walked slowly from the back office and smiled at her. "What may I do for you, young lady?"

"I'd like a room. I'm not sure how long I'll need it though."

"Certainly." He tapped away on the computer keyboard. "May I see your driver's license and credit card?"

She handed both to him.

He stared at her driver's license with interest. "Monterey. Are you related to Silas Monterey?"

"You knew him?"

"Very well. Everyone knows Mr. Monterey and Windmere."

"That's why I'm here. Windmere. Father left it to me and I came to assess its value."

"Value?" He looked startled. "You aren't selling it, are you?"

"Well, yes."

"You might have a problem with that."

"Why?" she asked with a frown.

"Because it's haunted."

Jenna threw back her head and laughed. "Surely you don't believe in ghosts!"

"Everyone in Winchester believes in the ghost of Windmere. Why do you think your father never stayed there?"

She shrugged. "He preferred the city."

The old man shook his head. After ringing up her room and handing her license and card back to her, he gave her a room key. "You'll believe in ghosts too once you stay in the house."

Jenna fought the urge to roll her eyes. Thanking him for helping her, she grabbed her bag and headed for the elevator.

* * *

Later that night, as Jenna tossed and turned, Matthew appeared beside her bed. His ghostly presence dropped the temperature in the room, but she continued to sleep, unaware of what was happening. Matthew reached for the covers and gently pulled them down to the end of the bed.

He grinned as he eyed his prize. He'd been a ghost for so long that he'd learned how to make himself appear human, had learned to touch and be touched. It had come in handy whenever females stayed at Windmere, but this one... there was something about Jenna that was different. He wanted her more than he'd wanted any other woman.

As he caressed her, she moaned and lifted her hips. Her silent entreaty made his eyes darken with desire. He wanted her, and he *would* have her.

"Do you want me, sweet Jenna?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes," she panted.

Her panties slid down her legs and fell to the floor. Ghostly hands spread her legs, opening her pussy to his questing tongue. Matthew stroked her clit with his tongue, drawing one moan after another from her. He licked, teased, and nipped the hard nub, making her hotter and wetter. When he couldn't stand it another moment, he kissed his way up her body until his cock rested against her pussy.

"Is this what you want, Jenna?" he asked softly.

"Yes, please."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Make love to me."

Oh how easy that would be, but Matthew knew he couldn't allow himself to love her. Relieving decades of sexual frustration was one thing, but handing over his heart wouldn't happen.

With one long, slow thrust, he entered her. He knew it wouldn't be long before she found her release. Her pussy was so wet his cock was soaked in the hot juices.

He pushed her nightgown down over her breasts, freeing them. As he slid into her wet heat over and over, he captured a nipple in his mouth and sucked it gently. When Jenna arched off the bed, he allowed himself to let go. It took only a moment before he came deep inside of her, taking her with him for the ride. Her pussy convulsed around his cock, making the experience even more enjoyable.

When he was done, he kissed her cheek and whispered in her ear, "I'll be seeing you soon."

Chapter Two

The next morning, Jenna was mortified to see her state of undress. She remembered the erotic dream that had felt so real and wondered if she'd been doing all of the work. She'd masturbated before, but she'd been aware of it at the time. Knowing she had lost control in her sleep made her feel a little bit odd. *Maybe I really do need to get laid.*

An hour later, Jenna scowled at the phone. She'd called three different cleaning companies within a three-city range and still hadn't found anyone willing to tackle Windmere. They'd either heard it was haunted or didn't want to take on a project that big. There was only one left. Crossing her fingers, she dialed the number.

"Express Clean," answered a woman with a no-nonsense voice.

"Hi. Are you taking on new projects?" *Please say yes!*

"How big is the project?"

"It's an old plantation house that probably hasn't been cleaned in the last decade."

"Where's the plantation?"

"It's Windmere in Winchester." Silence reigned on the other end. "Hello?"

"You know that place is haunted, right?"

"So I've been told." She wanted to growl in frustration.

"The only way I'm going to convince a crew to go out there is if I pay them extra."

Between the whole haunted house thing, and it being so close to the holidays, she'd figured it was going to cost her dearly. At this point, she didn't care as long as the job was done and done quickly.

"Fine. How much will it cost?"

"Ten thousand."

Her mouth dropped open at the astronomical fee, but she really didn't have a choice if she wanted the house to be livable.

"Okay. How soon can they come out?"

"If you can meet them at the house in half an hour, they can start today. But I have to warn you, it's probably going to take at least three days."

"I'll be there."

The phone disconnected and Jenna grabbed her purse, making sure she had her room key.

On the way to Windmere, she stopped by the bank to withdraw the ten thousand she'd promised to pay. The lady hadn't specified a check or cash, so she figured cash was a safer bet. The men wouldn't step foot near haunted Windmere unless they were paid up front.

* * *

As soon as she stepped out of her car at Windmere, a four-door truck pulled up behind her.

Five men climbed out, all of them wearing jeans and button-down shirts with "Express Cleaning" screen-printed across the back.

"I'm Jake Randall," the tallest and most handsome of them said. "I'm in charge of the crew and part owner in the company. If you'll show me what needs to be done, I'll get them started."

She held out her hand. "Jenna Monterey. Thank you for coming out on such short notice. You have no idea how much I appreciate it."

"Considering what you're paying for the job, I have an idea."

Jenna stepped up on the porch and unlocked the door. Once again, the door opened with a loud creak.

"If you want, we can oil the hinges for you."

"That would be great," she said with a smile.

Walking into the front entry, she looked around. It still looked as horrible as it had the previous day. The lower level looked like a dungeon.

"I guess the first thing we need to do is clean the windows so we can see what we're doing," Jake said with a grin.

"After that, the floor definitely needs a good scrubbing. Honestly, everything does. I have a feeling I won't be able to salvage the sofas, chairs, or mattresses."

He nodded. "I'm sure mice have been nesting in some of them. If we notice anything, we'll set it aside and you can tell us if you want it thrown out. You might want to get a roll-off dumpster delivered."

"I'll check on that first thing when I get back to the hotel."

"Let me get the crew in here and we'll get started. With any luck, we can get the windows done and maybe the front entry floor. It depends on how many layers of dirt we have to chisel off."

"Do you think you'll get through the rest of the downstairs tomorrow?"

"If we can get to work early, we might be able to do it."

"How early is early?"

"Is seven okay?"

She nodded, but inwardly she groaned. She was *not* a morning person. The lady she'd talked to hadn't said she had to stay, but it seemed like a good idea. The men were so skittish about being at Windmere, she wanted to make sure they stayed to complete the job.

"If you trust us to be alone, you could go shopping for dishes and stuff tomorrow while we work. We're bonded and insured."

"That's a wonderful idea. And trust me, there isn't much to steal in this pile. Besides, you seem like a trustworthy guy." If they were fine being alone, she was okay

leaving them at Windmere. The last thing she wanted to do was stick around the dirty, dusty mansion.

"You'd be surprised at the hidden treasures in there."

Jenna watched Jake walk out to his truck, her eyes unable to look away from his great ass. Licking her lips, she decided that on a scale of one to ten, he was definitely a solid ten.

If she weren't on the heavy side, she'd flirt with him and see if it went anywhere. But being right at five feet and around a hundred and fifty pounds, she was plump enough that most men weren't interested.

Closing the door behind her, she headed back to the hotel.

* * *

That night, she dreamed of Jake and a blond-haired blue-eyed man who could have passed for an angel. His tall, muscular frame dwarfed her, making her feel small and dainty. When he held his hand out to her, she stepped closer, placing her hand in his. With a glance over her shoulder, she saw Jake watching them intently.

He pulled her tight against him and wrapped his arms around her. She felt safe and secure, and loved. She'd never met a man like him before. When his head lowered to hers, she rose on her tiptoes to meet him halfway, Jake momentarily forgotten.

His lips were warm and firm, gently brushing over hers. Heat curled through her and she wrapped her arms around his neck. Her fingers played with his shoulder-length hair.

Lifting her off the floor, he deepened the kiss, his tongue tangling with hers. She moaned, wanting more. She felt Jake's presence behind her before his hand caressed her hip. His chest pressed against her back made her heart race.

He broke the kiss and smiled at her. "So beautiful."

"No I'm not."

"Yes, you are," he insisted.

She blushed and smiled at him shyly.

A jingling noise pulled her from her delicious dream and she glared at her cell phone. Shutting off the alarm, she closed her eyes, hoping to return to the best dream she'd ever had.

Chapter Three

Jenna waited on the porch for the cleaning crew. It was ten 'til seven. She'd stopped and bought coffee for them on the way to the house, and one for herself. There was no way she was going to be alert without a ton of caffeine in her system.

When she saw the familiar truck coming down the drive, she sighed in relief. She hated being outside in the cold, but she didn't like being in the house while it was still filthy. There still wasn't a single place for her to sit. The roll-off dumpster would arrive the next morning. She would be glad to get rid of the moth-eaten, rodent-infested furniture.

Jake had assured her they would finish the job by the next night. She'd ordered mattresses and other necessities that would arrive after lunch the following day. Maybe by then, the evil spirits would be gone from the house. New furnishing went a long way, but she doubted that would be enough to make the house feel welcoming. Being alone in the giant mausoleum wouldn't be fun.

* * *

As she wandered through the house, she felt a cold chill when she climbed the stairs. Shivering, she glanced behind her and gasped. Just two steps down, a man stared at her. He was so tall that he was on eye level with her. What frightened her most was that she could see through him, and he looked exactly like the man from her dream.

"I don't believe in ghosts." She wasn't sure if she was talking to him or convincing herself.

He smiled at her right before he disappeared.

A shiver raked her body and it had nothing to do with the cold temperature. She'd never believed in the supernatural, but she had no choice but to believe she'd just seen a ghost. With shaky steps, she climbed the stairs to her room, hoping the man wouldn't return for the night.

When she reached her bedroom, she locked the door, and then promptly shook her head at her folly. If a ghost wanted in the room, he certainly wouldn't need to come through an unlocked door. He'd probably just walk through the wall, or materialize out of nowhere.

She opened her suitcase and pulled out her nightgown and toiletries. Slipping into the bathroom, she ran a bath, hoping to soak away her troubles. She'd known the house would be hard to sell before, but now it would be impossible. Everyone had told her it was haunted, and now that she knew it really was, things were different.

Undressing, she stepped into the tub and sank into the water up to her neck, sighing in pleasure. The bathroom, modernized at some point, had a large tub that gave her enough room to stretch out. Not that she needed a long bathtub, but having a wide one was pleasant.

Closing her eyes, she stayed in the tub until the water became chilly. When she opened her eyes, she saw the ghost watching her and she shrieked, grabbing a towel to cover herself.

He smirked and winked at her.

If she hadn't been so horrified that a ghost had been ogling her, his attention would have flattered her. It had been a long time since she'd had sex, unless her dreams counted. Having a man look at her with interest was a boost to her ego.

* * *

That night, she felt someone stroke her hair and she sat up in bed, looking around in the inky black bedroom. "Who's there?"

"Who do you think?" Matthew asked.

"Wh... what do you want?"

His hand stroked down her arm, leaving goose bumps in its wake. "What do you think?"

"But you can't... I mean, you're a ghost so..."

"Oh, I assure you I can."

"But why would you want to?" she blurted.

He materialized so she could see him lounging in the bed beside her. "Why wouldn't I?"

"Because I'm fat."

He scowled at her. "No, you aren't. You're perfect."

Her mouth dropped open. Was he crazy? Then again, she was the one talking to a ghost. Maybe *she* was crazy.

"You can't mean that," she finally said.

He moved so fast, she couldn't avoid him. Covering her body with his, he pinned her to the mattress. His hand cupped her breast and he pressed his hard cock against her. "I assure you, I mean it."

Her eyes widened in surprise. As she felt his cock throbbing against her, she closed her eyes and bit her lip, fighting the urge to lift her hips in invitation. Her pussy was already growing wet and she cursed her body. She shouldn't be responding to a ghost, and yet her body had a mind of its own.

"No, we can't."

"But we already have."

Her eyes flew open. "What do you mean we already have?"

"You didn't really think a dream could make you come like that, did you?"

She gasped. "That was you in my hotel room?"

He pressed his cock against her again. "Yes, it was. Now let me pleasure you again."

"I shouldn't..."

"But you will."

Humiliated, she realized he was right. That night had been the best sex she'd ever had. Knowing she could have an encore was too good to pass up.

Spreading her legs in silent invitation, she watched as his clothes disappeared, leaving him naked on top of her.

"How did you do that?" she asked.

"Ghost, remember? There are a lot of things I can do."

She blushed. "I remember."

He chuckled and leaned down to kiss her, his tongue delving between her lips to stroke the inside of her mouth. He gave her a long, wet kiss, and his hand slid down her body to the hem of her nightgown, slowly raising it. When her panties were exposed, he pushed them down to her knees.

Jenna knew he wanted her, and she wanted him too. As he entered her, one inch at a time, she gasped at the sheer pleasure of his cock filling her. He pumped into her, and she tried to lift her hips to meet his strokes, but he pressed a hand down on her hip, holding her in place.

Having him hold her down made her want him even more. He thrust into her harder and faster, and she knew she was close to coming apart.

"Oh. Oh. I'm going to come."

He slammed into her hard, sending her over the edge, tumbling into mindless pleasure. As her pussy squeezed his cock, she felt him come deep inside her.

"That. Was. Amazing," she panted.

"I'm not done with you yet."

"You've fucked me at least twice now and I don't know what to call you."

"I'm Matthew Windmere, the original owner of the house."

She did a mental calculation and realized he was over three centuries old. "Well, you look good for your age," she joked.

He kissed her jaw, her neck, and finally her mouth, before flipping her over onto her stomach. His fingers caressed the cleft of her ass. "Have you ever been fucked here?"

She tensed. "No."

"I promise you'll enjoy it."

* * *

Spreading the juices from her pussy onto his cock, he eased into her, filling her. He drove into her hard, entering her as far as he could go. He felt her ass clench around him, and he grinned in satisfaction. He'd chosen wisely by waiting for her. Matthew might have fucked many Monterey brides over the years, but she was the best by far. And while she wasn't a bride, she wasn't a Monterey by blood either. He would have preferred his home to pass to the male descendants in the Windmere line, but he'd left it to his niece, who hadn't had children of her own and had left it to her Monterey relatives.

"I'm glad you came here," he whispered in her ear. "You're the best fuck I've had in centuries, if not ever."

Thrilled at his words, she pushed back against him, wanting him to take her faster, harder. When she felt his fingers stroke her clit, she cried out, her orgasm making her see stars.

"That's it, come for me." He continued to fuck her hard and fast, enjoying the feel of her, never wanting the pleasure to end. "If I could have one wish come true, it would be to live again and be with you forever."

Spent, she knew she wouldn't come again, but she enjoyed the ripples of pleasure his cock was creating. He felt so damn good. "If you're this wonderful all the time, I'd like that too," she said.

He drove into her one last time, coming deep inside of her.

When he withdrew, he gathered her in his arms. With her snuggled against his chest, he closed his eyes and kissed her neck. "You're mine," he whispered.

"For as long as I'm here," she murmured, already half-asleep.

His eyes opened. He knew that he couldn't let her leave. Once she was sleeping soundly, he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the basement. Opening a secret

door, he laid her down, chaining her to the bed. There was no way he would allow her leave. Not now, not ever.

Chapter Four

Matthew watched as Jenna woke the next morning, looking around in confusion.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"You're in my special room," Matthew answered.

"Special room?" She tugged on the chains holding her in place.

"You're not leaving me."

"I'll stay. Unchain me and I swear I'll stay."

"I can't take your word for it." He leaned over her and his cock brushed against her. "Besides, you know you want me. Don't you?"

"Yes. You know I do."

He chuckled and thrust into her in one, long stroke. "You're right, you'll stay."

"Please, Matthew. Don't make this about me staying."

He saw the tears gathered in her eyes, but didn't stop. As he fucked her, he felt her pussy get wetter and wetter, and he knew he'd won. She was completely at his mercy, just the way he liked. There was no doubt that she was his.

Matthew had watched her from the moment she'd come to town, had infiltrated her dreams and seen her desires, her needs. She was easy to please, and he took great satisfaction in knowing that she wanted him -- almost as much as he wanted her.

After he came inside of her, he kissed her shoulder and lay beside her.

She asked, "How did this room get clean without my knowing it existed?"

"I made a deal with the foreman."

"A deal?" she asked, fear tingeing her voice.

"Don't worry, it's one you'll like." He caressed her breast, making her nipple peak. "I'm going to unchain you, but you're not going to escape so don't even try."

Unfastening the chains, he helped her stand and walked across the room. Shackles were in the floor and hanging from the ceiling. Snapping them around her ankles and wrists, leaving her spread-eagle, he caressed her back and her ass.

A moment later, the door across the room opened with a creak and Jake stepped inside.

"I see you started without me," he said to Matthew.

"Jake, please help me," Jenna begged.

"I'm going to help you all right, help you come."

She shivered and her nipples hardened.

Jake stood in front of her and slowly undressed, staring into her eyes. As he dropped his pants to the floor, her gaze immediately went to his cock. Hard, long and thick. She licked her lips.

With a tug on the chain holding her shackles in place, Jake bent her over so her face was level with his cock and her ass was sticking out. Pressing his cock between her lips, he groaned in pleasure. "That's it, baby, suck me."

Her tongue glided over Jake and she sucked him hard. Matthew smacked her round cheeks with a paddle, and she gasped in surprise. No one had ever spanked her before. Matthew spanked her again and again until her ass was rosy. Then he pressed his cock against her and slowly entered her anus while she fucked Jake with her mouth.

With both cocks pounding into her, she cried out around the cock filling her mouth. Matthew felt her ass squeeze his cock as she came, sending him over the edge. A moment later, Jake's cock spurted come down her throat.

Jake smiled when she swallowed it and caressed her hair. "Such a good girl."

"Don't you want to stay with us?" Matthew murmured as he trailed kisses down her back.

"Yes, oh God yes."

Releasing her from her shackles, Jake lifted her into his arms and carried her upstairs, taking the stairs two at a time. Laying her in the bed, he curled up beside her, pulling her into his arms. Matthew lay on the other side of her, stroking her arm.

A contented smile curved her lips, as she lay sandwiched between her two lovers. "Merry Christmas," she said to both of them, thinking they were the best gift she could have ever received.

"Merry Christmas," Jake said as he kissed her shoulder.

A moment later, she was asleep,

* * *

The next morning, Jenna stretched and realized she was still sandwiched between her two lovers. With a smile, she realized her body ached a little, but in a good way, fucked more thoroughly than she'd ever been.

Watching her men sleep, she realized they'd become an important part of her life overnight. She couldn't imagine leaving them now. While it was too soon to say she loved them, she didn't doubt she could in the near future. They'd taken their pleasure, but they'd also given her pleasure, mind-blowing pleasure.

Reaching out to run her fingers through Matthew's hair, she pulled back when she saw his eyes open. "I didn't think ghosts slept."

He smiled. "We don't, not really. We have downtime, but it isn't the same as sleep. Besides, I didn't want to leave you."

Jake's arm tightened around her waist. "He was probably afraid we'd have fun without him," he whispered in her ear.

Matthew snorted. "Please. I know you're going to fuck her when I'm not around and I'm fine with that. It was her first night with us and I just didn't want to leave."

Jake nuzzled her hair and kissed her neck.

"Jake... I can't. I'm too sore."

He sighed and snuggled her closer. "That's fine, sweetheart."

"Really? You aren't angry with me?"

He turned her to face him and caressed her cheek. "How could I be mad at you? It isn't your fault you're sore, if it's anyone's fault, it's mine and Matthew's."

She kissed his jaw, thankful he wouldn't ask her to do more than cuddle.

Matthew caressed her ass. "Are you sore here too?"

She sighed and nodded. "I know you're disappointed, but I can't help it."

He kissed her back, his hand massaging her hip. "I know." He looked over her at Jake. "If you don't need me, I think I'll disappear for a while."

Jake snorted. "Funny. No, we don't need you."

He nodded and vanished as quickly as he'd appeared the day before.

Jenna snuggled even closer to Jake until it felt like they were one person. "I didn't think you'd want me when I first saw you."

"Why is that?" he asked, rubbing her back in slow, lazy circles.

"Because I'm fat and you're... well, let's face it, you're hot."

He tipped her chin up so she had to look him in the eye. "Sweetheart, you're far from fat. You're curvy, and delicious. And don't ever think otherwise."

With a smile, she closed her eyes and burrowed her face against his chest, happier than she'd ever been. This was the best Christmas ever.

Chapter Five

The next day, Jenna was cooking breakfast when she felt Jake's arms encircle her waist, pulling her back against him.

"Still sore?" he asked, kissing her neck.

"A little, but not too much."

With a grin, he turned off the stove and lifted her onto the counter. Bunching her nightgown around her waist, he plunged his cock into her, groaning with satisfaction.

"You're so wet," he said, kissing her lips.

"You always make me wet."

"And Matthew," he said.

She looked around, wondering if the ghost was lurking, listening to their conversation. "I won't lie. He turns me on, but..."

"But?"

"But not like you do," she whispered softly.

Desire lit Jake's eyes and he began thrusting into her with slow, easy strokes, making her moan in delight. He pulled her closer, angling her hips so he could enter her deeper.

"Jake... Faster."

With a grin, he thrust faster and harder, until she was panting. When she bit her lip and her pussy convulsed around his cock as she found her release, he plunged into her again, coming deep inside of her.

Remaining embedded in her pussy, he kissed her again, his lips searing hers in a hot, wet kiss. His tongue delved into her mouth, and he fisted her hair, holding her in place.

When he broke the kiss, he smiled at her. "I can't seem to get enough of you."

"I can't get enough of you either, but if you don't start wearing a condom you're going to end up being a daddy. I'm not on the pill."

He nuzzled her neck and whispered in her ear, "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, but having a baby with you doesn't bother me in the slightest."

Smiling, she brought his head down for another kiss. A week ago, she'd have said she wouldn't find a man interested in having sex with her, and now two of the hottest men on earth wanted to fuck her on a regular basis, even if one of them did happen to be a ghost.

Jessica Coulter Smith

Jessica Coulter Smith currently lives in Tennessee with her family and a house full of pets, after having lived in several places from the East Coast to the West Coast. When she isn't writing, you can find her either curled up with a book or out shopping. She's particularly fond of bookstores and Starbucks!

Her writing career began in high school when she submitted *My World is Tumbling Down* to a poetry contest, not only receiving a publication offer, but also an award. Since then, she has published a half-dozen or more poems, six novels, and several short stories. At any given time, she has five or more works-in-progress at various stages of completion.

Prior to writing, she worked for a counseling center; in information systems for a debt collector; and has worked at more than one college. After handling everything from patient evaluations to department accreditation, she decided to sit down at the computer again and attempt writing novels (from young adult to erotica).

You can check out what she's up to at her website www.jessicacoultersmith.webs.com. She's also on Facebook (when she has time to login). She loves to hear from her readers and you can get in touch with her using JessicaCoulterSmith@yahoo.com.