

WHAT TO EXPECT® WHEN YOU'RE EXPECTING

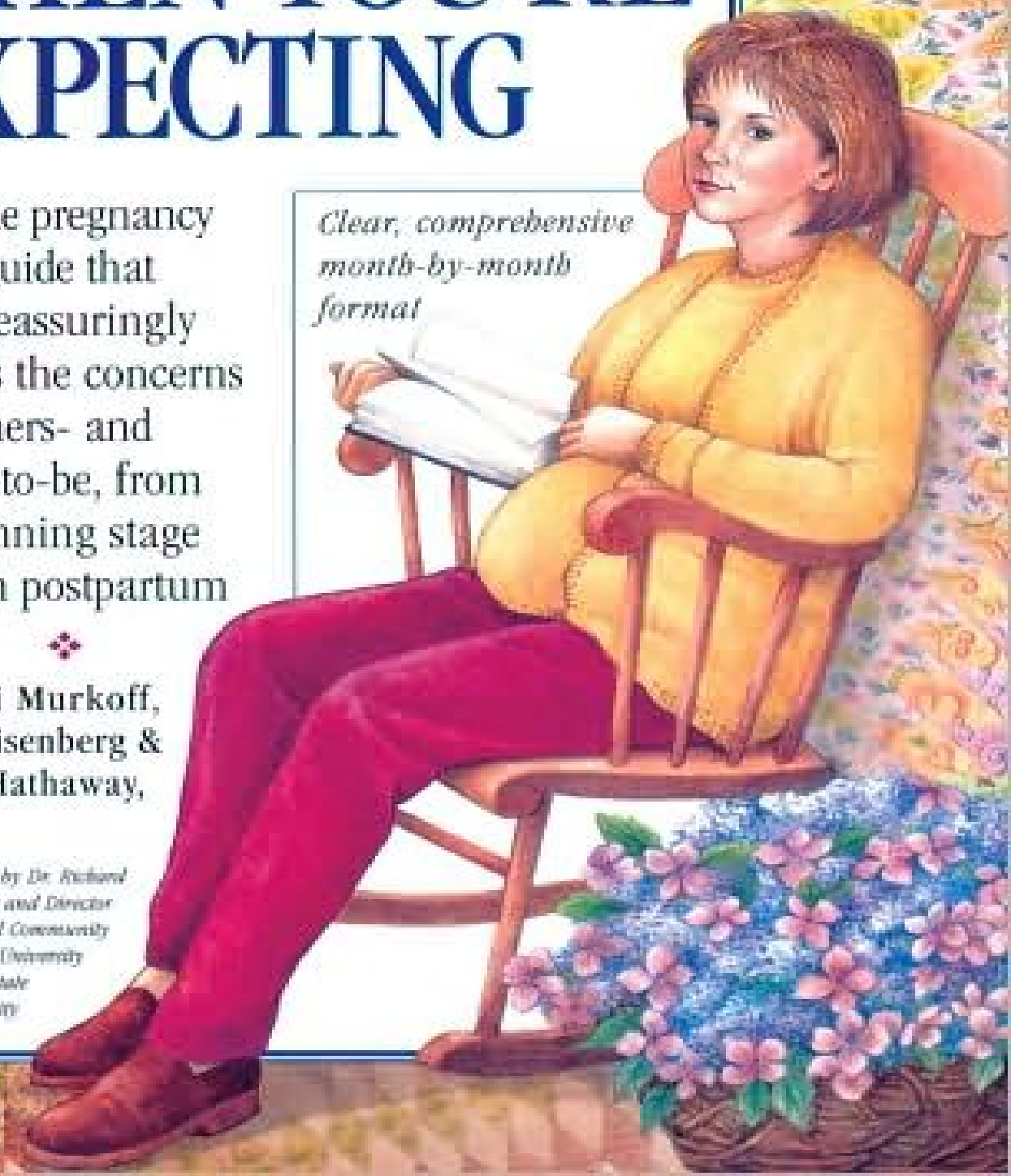
OVER 14 MILLION
NEW
3-EDITION
COMPLETELY
REVISED &
UPDATED
COPIES SOLD

The pregnancy guide that reassuringly answers the concerns of mothers- and fathers-to-be, from the planning stage through postpartum

*Clear, comprehensive
month-by-month
format*

By Heidi Murkoff,
Arlene Eisenberg &
Sande Hathaway,
B.S.N.

*With a foreword by Dr. Richard
Sabry, Professor and Director
of Academic and Community
Obstetrics, State University
of New York Upstate
Medical University*



Aspen Mountain Press
www.aspenmountainpress.com

Copyright ©2011 by Aspen Mountain Press

First published in 2011, 2011

NOTICE: This work is copyrighted. It is licensed only for use by the original purchaser. Making copies of this work or distributing it to any unauthorized person by any means, including without limit email, floppy disk, file transfer, paper print out, or any other method constitutes a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines or imprisonment.

CONTENTS

[Warning](#)

[1](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Epilogue](#)

* * * *

Steam Toys
Destiny Blaine
Aspen Mountain Press

Warning

This e-book contains adult language and scenes. This story is meant only for adults as defined by the laws of the country where you made your purchase. Store your e-books carefully where they cannot be accessed by younger readers.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Steam Toys

Copyright Destiny Blaine, 2011

This e-Book is a work of fiction. While references may be made to actual places or events, the names, characters, incidents, and locations within are from the author's imagination and are not a resemblance to actual living or dead persons, businesses, or events. Any similarity is coincidental.

Aspen Mountain Press

PO Box 473543

Aurora CO 80047-3543

www.AspenMountainPress.com

Published by Aspen Mountain Press January, 2011

www.AspenMountainPress.com

This book is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution via any means is illegal and a violation of International Copyright Law, subject to criminal prosecution and upon conviction fines and/or imprisonment. The e-Book cannot be legally loaned or given to others. No part of this e-Book can be shared or reproduced without the express permission of the publisher.

ISBN: 978-1-60168-388-5

Released in the United States of America

Editor: Celina Summers

Cover artist: Amanda Kelsey

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Prologue

Las Vegas, 2010

Heidi Labeidi, the controversial proprietor of The Love Parlor, a popular gentleman's club on the outskirts of Las Vegas, was reported missing yesterday morning at five o'clock.

Miss Labeidi's bar manager, Stan Graves, returned from a two-week European holiday and discovered disgruntled staff members and inner company chaos. According to Graves, Miss Labeidi had been acting 'somewhat peculiar' in recent months, spending less time at The Love Parlor and relying on her staff to make deposits and handle customer relations.

Graves became concerned after he discovered Miss Labeidi had not visited the gentleman's club in over a week. Mr. Graves stopped by Miss Labeidi's luxurious loft in Las Vegas, let himself in, collected over a week's worth of mail and discovered her cat near death.

According to Graves, Miss Labeidi has few enemies but has been noted for her exorbitant spending habits. She's a suspected drug user and frequents the casinos whenever she isn't working. Graves said recent mysterious behavior concerned several of the women working for The Love Parlor. Employees contributed Miss Labeidi's recent mood swings to menopause, stating Miss Labeidi's change of life experiences were often intolerable.

Based on findings at Miss Labeidi's home, police are treating this as a missing persons case and remain optimistic. Those with information on Miss Labeidi's last known whereabouts are asked to contact the authorities as soon as possible.

* * * *

Heidi eyed the open newspaper spread across her antique dining room table. Oh what she'd give to get her hands on Stan Graves! Stan not only arranged her disappearance, but he'd taken over her club, her home and even had the audacity to place Rocks, her beloved Persian cat, at the foot of her bed while he romanced one hopeful starlet after another.

To add insult to serious injury, 'those girls' who'd reportedly mentioned her mood swings—which she'd never had—were now laid up in her king-sized bed fucking the man she'd once loved.

Heidi plotted her revenge. Retribution tasted bitter until a woman had the chance to dish up a hearty serving for the man most deserving of a provoked woman's retaliation. Heidi would carefully plan a counterblow and when Stan least expected avengement, she'd propel some fundamental disgrace his way and watch the light dim from Stan's smug face!

No one—not even Stan Graves—had the power to destroy what she'd worked years to build. If Stan wanted to see a real change of life, he didn't have to go to all this trouble. Heidi would've gladly knocked Stan back down to nothing where he belonged.

Heidi narrowed her gaze on the article again. The audacity of those *Las Vegas Tribune* reporters! How could they do this and get by with it? To think the last thing anyone in Las Vegas would remember about her was that she was going through the change of life. Bah!

She'd let them see a new woman. Yes indeed, she'd show them what happened to those who messed with Heidi Labeidi. She'd show them all right, just as soon as she figured out how to let folks know she was still among the living.

That presented a slight problem. Technically, she was now considered a ghost and death wasn't easy to overcome.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

Las Vegas 2040

Edward Brady had accomplished perfection. He stood opposite his latest creation with a smile on his face and a stiff one in his pants. He might as well get a rise after creating a masterpiece for adult stimulation. He rarely enjoyed an erection any other time.

Edward's state-of-the-art sex chair was like nothing else he'd previously designed. Built for pleasure and efficiency, his steam-powered sex machine had made its first public debut the previous week.

An exhibitor at the Las Vegas Adult Toy Convention, Edward introduced his explicit furniture to an impressed crowd. His pieces were well received. Consumers went wild, inquiring about availability and pricing. Edward was the convention's star, noted for being an innovative scientist with a naughty mind and destined for greatness.

Women had swarmed his booth, draping their voluptuous bodies around his. Some of them slid their numbers in his pocket while others stood off to the side, shyly observing his sex chair with stars in their eyes and moistened lips. The crowd's support and enthusiasm was precisely what he'd needed.

His partners had been standing by, waiting for some kind of sign, a green light to begin production. They received their signal.

Every major network and some of the largest media conglomerates in the world, waited and watched. Edward Brady was already a household name.

Edward had one major regret—he had hoped to see his contraption in full operation prior to the convention but he hadn't gotten around to hiring a call girl to help him out. Now he was beginning to wonder. Would he have the opportunity to use his own products before others took his toys into their homes and tried them out in the comfort and privacy of their own bedrooms?

He was the inventor, the mastermind behind ground-breaking stimulation products. One would think he knew first-hand how consumers responded to his furniture and gadgets.

At the conference, a few volunteers hopped on the equipment long enough to see if they found the contraption comfortable enough for personal use but a public sex show was strictly prohibited. What a shame. He'd hoped he might have a few volunteers stay after the main exhibit halls closed but security was tight and Edward left the convention feeling as if he missed out on a more appropriate grand finale.

Edward studied the chunks of square coals tossed under the ultimate sex seat. His gaze darted between the first stationary version he'd produced and the bars supporting one of his mobile locomotive units. He wondered then how he'd want his woman positioned if he in fact, had a woman. Would he want her spread out before him, attached to one of the leading-edge floor models? No, he would much rather watch the ultimate of sex shows as the avant-garde contraption carried a willing lady over a circular track created for continual titillation.

Edward focused on one of the first adult toy designs his company manufactured. He'd come a long way since he'd contrived those initial products. In the early days, he thought the see-saw affect of the dildo glider unit couldn't be trumped. Now, Edward would much rather watch a fervid woman splay her legs over the hinged toys attached to the pleasure track. Any woman could perch on her knees and slide back and forth awaiting penetration but it took a true goddess to manage the arousing affects of his latest discovery.

He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to envision an attractive participant who'd enjoy his playthings most. When he couldn't imagine anyone vividly enough, he opened his eyes. "Oh well, beautiful minds rarely experience carnal pleasures."

He gaped at the leather support carriage and considered the triangular center. Far be it for anyone to ever say he hadn't created toys for the exhibitionist. If someone wanted to be a grandstander, they could entertain the best of perverts with the elevated supports and an open stage.

Edward would love to have a bird's eye view. He finally pictured a busty brunette, stretching her legs and accepting the first toy, moaning and arching for the first orgasm only to lose it right when least expected. And then another intrusive object would swirl around her opening, jerking inside her, only to sliver down a metal shaft and allow yet another toy to take its position.

The whole time, the gorgeous test subject would be strapped in place, five feet off the ground, waiting and wondering what the sensual train held in store next. Edward resigned himself to face the facts. Few women knocked on his door and fewer still would volunteer to display themselves for his private viewing.

Trust had to be established. Most women didn't just strip down to nothing, hop on a ladder, climb onto the dangling monkey bars connected to the swinging harness and take their explicit seat. For starters, those under them had an exceptional view of all body parts. Then there were other valid concerns. Once a woman strapped herself in the chair she was pretty much stuck there until the pleasure train coal compartment was either removed from the tracks or the conductor ran out of coal.

Those in Las Vegas who'd heard the rumors would realize chances were slim he'd ever run out of coal. Edward's family, after they'd learned of Edward's inventions, had bought out the remaining mining operations in the States. His family had a lot of faith in Edward's abilities and Edward had access to plenty of coal.

Returning to the trial run, Edward knelt next to the rails supporting the poles. He stared up at the full body harness.

Wow, so this is the scenic view those operating the pleasure train will soon have.

Edward poured water over the coals in the first cart. He studied the main constraints, a body suit with a lovely black collar, one the average Dom would certainly admire. The straps dangled from the rig. Slowly, the bars rowed into place and the harness above swayed. Perfect, he thought, checking the numerous toys housed in their independent boxcars below. He

fiddled with the dildos and vibrators fastened to interchangeable rotating springs. Once he confirmed their intended functionality, he stood back and watched.

In a matter of minutes, the small independent enclosures followed the outfit as the love train moved around the oval track. The small boxcar in front of the passenger compartment found momentum once the coals thoroughly heated.

Fully powered by steam, the toys wiggled under the bodysuit, shifting one at a time. Designed to halt every sixty seconds, the *shoo-shoo* noise compared to the sound of a locomotive only it was much quieter, less likely to disturb others with the annoying clamor of a fuller *choo-choo* sound released by its much larger transportation counterpart.

While in a full rotation, also considered a cycle, toys were released and inserted between the limb sleeves, running complete phases just as its inventor had hoped. During the first stage, a small toy emerged and the stimulation of the user would potentially begin in the initial rotation.

The first object was used to arouse, created to massage around the opening of a vagina. As the erotic happenstance continued, other mechanisms came into play. Another vibrator would later be enjoyed at various speeds and angles with the final phase introducing an eleven-inch dildo. The last gadget was a special little number, designed to twirl, jerk and practically hop inside the recipient's opening. Once there, it would lock in place and remain until the lead cart ran out of coal or someone took mercy on the individual experiencing the ultimate simultaneous pleasure.

Unfortunately, everything was open to speculation. Even the test runs couldn't guarantee perfect end results but Edward was confident.

The whispering of steam wreaked havoc on Edward's balls. He'd give anything to see a woman moving over him then. Her legs would spread and her pussy lips would glisten. He'd watch her facial expressions when ecstasy took hold and he'd covet her cries, moan even if she required his full participation.

At this rate, he'd take his hand to his cock and give her a becoming show too. The ability to enhance pleasure and revel in the limited time spent with such a magnificent piece of machinery was for the greater good.

"Beautiful," he bellowed, marveling in his expertise and feeling satisfied the product worked well at full capacity. Clapping his hands, Edward walked toward another area of the loft. He suddenly had an idea for a state-of-the-art adult gizmo.

The familiar sound of bumps and jars associated with the erotic rig and small coal compartment filled the hallway. Edward muttered to himself, jotting down simple notes for his latest gadget design—a wind-up dildo with a vibrating silent alarm perfect for those in the BDSM community.

He could almost see the Doms flocking to the adult stores to make their purchase. They'd inform their submissives of their recent buy, show them the little timer and swear to make them wear the trinket in public if they stepped out of line. "Ah, 's magnificent," he whispered.

Edward tapped the end of his pen against his bottom lip, drifting into deep concentration. He needed to incorporate several ideas if he expected his partners to come off the money for a new production factory.

Customers would expect their novelty items to deliver extraordinary pleasure but the select target market would count on availability. Edward and his partners would need to handle the demand. An assembly line was absolutely necessary along with trial products thoroughly tested for durability. They needed satisfaction guaranteed, literally.

If Edward's exotic furniture pieces didn't rake in a fortune, the hand-held devices should. Powerful men showed remarkable interest in some of Edward's discoveries. Doms training subs and domestic slaves offered their input and early market analysis suggested Edward's product line would command a handsome price.

Edward scribbled out a few final notes and then stalled. He bent his ear when he heard the swish-swoosh sound and then what sounded like a crowbar clanking against one of the interior metal slides, put in place to

hold the track together. *Great*, he mused, jotting down a few anticipated dimensions for a new steam wand.

A broken ka-boom made his head jerk. He hit the lamp overhead and then vacated his small desk area. The last thing he needed was a catastrophe on the tracks. With his investors demanding product delivery and the final budget meeting only days away, Edward wasn't in the mood to fix another shattered cart or untangle yet another harness. Besides he was in the midst of a personal celebration—counting cash, planning for retirement, thinking about stock options, envisioning his twenty million dollar oceanfront estate and *Oh. My. God.*

He stopped and closed his eyes. Oh, he just couldn't bear it. Without a doubt, he faced another glitch.

The scratchy static of fastening tape alerted him to a major interruption, a malfunction in the equipment. He'd promised his partners their sexual gratification furniture line was not only perfected but guaranteed for up to a thousand uses. This particular invention had been a breakthrough really. No one sold anything like it on the market.

A scraping noise assured him something was definitely wrong. A dragging vibration resonated throughout the room, becoming louder and louder until the faint similarity of fingernails scratching across a chalkboard came to mind.

Edward was familiar with his equipment. He could detect a problem in his sleep and not only was he about to face a damaged piece of extravagant equipment, but something else too. There was another first taunting his eardrums.

Fabric rubbing together didn't happen in trial runs in the privacy of his home. The friction between buckles fastening and nylon brushing against molded material alerted Edward that he was not alone.

An intruder had entered his home.

Hooks snapped and the pleasure train began another steady rotation. The quiet *shoo-shoo* whispered around the corner. Edward's breath caught in his lungs. This only happened at the conventions. At the demonstrations, women stood in line for hours just so they could climb aboard one of the most provocative seats in the house.

Edward's palms were clammy. All he had to do was walk around the partition and take a peek at his design. There was a reasonable explanation. Maybe a partner had let himself in, perhaps toting along one of their significant others in hopes they could give their loved one an erotic trip around the world of pleasure Edward created.

Maybe that would make sense if anyone *could* enter his compound. He had more locks and security than Fort Knox.

Edward was becoming a mad scientist. He longed for a volunteer, an assistant who would perform the dutiful task of trying out his merchandise. Then, maybe his imagination wouldn't get the best of him.

A low guttural moan filled the room.

A waft of an enticing womanly fragrance filled the air. Soft whimpering soon followed. A couple of choice words and Edward was certain he had company. Someone had breached his security and a stranger, a female nonetheless, was in his lab!

Edward marched around the corner. His jaw dropped when he saw a beautiful image reflecting from the large picture window overlooking the city. He stretched his neck and peered around the low wall, eyeing the track and the seat that should've housed the woman in the reflection. The chair swayed back and forth but no one was there.

He backed away from the divided area housing his equipment and blinked several times, certain his imagination was running wild and quite positive he was delusional. He was overworked and had spent too much time in his lab teetering along the certifiable line of madness. Logical reasoning explained everything else.

"Edward," a voice called out. "Edward, darling, come closer."

Edward froze. The audio hallucinations faded in the background and Edward focused on the familiar mechanisms of his Las Vegas flat—the soft hum of the heating and cooling unit, the annoying clang of coins he'd left in his pocket when he tossed his jacket in the dryer, and the *whoosh-whoosh* sound from the unit above when his neighbor, Mrs. Foray, flushed her commode.

Then the unthinkable occurred. The contraption halted. A new rhythm was set when a rubber cock idled on its still podium awaiting the jolting call to duty. Edward knew his machine well. The quick hitch made a louder sound, a more profound noise when an occupant sat in the love chair maneuvering around the track.

Seconds later, soft cries of pleasure echoed around him. Edward choked on expectation, practically believing he stood inches away from the very woman he imagined in the glass reflection. If imagery painted such a glorious picture, wouldn't the real thing be more enticing, far more seductive, than anything he'd ever seen in his life? Of course, but he could only see her in the window!

His gaze returned to the reflection. Beyond the glass, the Las Vegas high rises towered over the busy streets. Fountains danced to mesmerizing waltzes and a new casino shot off the first round of fireworks decorating the summer sky. But that's not what held his attention. The parting of naturally spread legs grabbed him and refused to let him go. What he'd give to stand in front of the image and discover the woman there wasn't a dream, but had come to him as a test subject, waiting to ride out the first of many artificially inspired orgasms.

Edward cleared his throat and processed the possibility. Could he have inherited groupies from the convention? Was it possible some of the women he'd met at the demonstration followed him home in hopes of having a more intimate experience with one of his toys? And if so, what did that mean? Would he finally have sex with a respectable slut, a woman who knew what her intentions were and didn't mind to voice those needs, challenge someone to bring those desires to life?

He'd place his money on vivid illusions and auditory hallucinations. A safe bet, he thought, considering he looked around the partition and found no one staring back at him. He was overworked, so tired in fact, he imagined a ghost.

Truckers often saw large black dogs with red eyes when they traveled on the interstate for too long. Some told of two-headed creatures the size of ponies. Edward hadn't experienced the black dog, but then again he wasn't a truck driver. He was a scientist, an inventor of stimulating toys and furniture. He didn't see dark four-legged beasts. Oh no, he had a trained mind, a newfangled imagination.

Edward saw a two-legged model with flaming red hair and other noticeable features. He rubbed his eyes and squinted at the reflection again.

Shit! She was still there.

He was acquainted with the zipline sound of products moving on pipe-like podiums, but he wasn't accustomed to hearing the soft pleas, the groveling of a woman. When the toys he designed were appropriately secured—in their intended places—for pleasurable intentions, they buzzed and hummed a little differently. *Case in point*, he thought, paying attention to the varying muffled zinging. It was crucial now. He had to see for himself, take time for a closer inspection.

Edward took a deep breath and traipsed back around the corner, fully expecting to be disappointed as he had been moments before, certain the pronounced silhouette he'd watched was nothing more than an illusion. His head immediately jerked toward the upper end of the tracks. Secured in a leather harness was quite possibly one of the most beautiful women Edward had ever seen.

Unable to speak for fear she might disappear, Edward remained committed to his belief. The woman was a figment of his imagination and he'd seen her somewhere before, years and years ago. He remembered watching a show—*The Missing Link*—about a wealthy madam who'd disappeared. Her body had never been found but she was presumed dead. He remembered her because rumor had it, she'd once lived in the very loft where he resided.

Now, it was starting to make sense. He was staring at a blasted ghost.

"Oh God, Edward!" she screamed. "You're such a fucking dream!"

He was thinking along the same lines. Only a ghost wouldn't have been responsive to this sort of stimulation. He could see the damp moisture between her legs, the glistening texture of her pussy lips.

Edward raised his gaze and studied her hard nipples. Tiny, well-shaped beads extended. His balls throbbed with a slow burn, a cautious awakening of lust rarely stirred in a man who seldom found himself in the company of a woman.

The woman's curls cascaded over thin ivory shoulders. Her slender body possessed gentle curves in just the right places which included a shapely bottom and long legs—now opening and closing, fighting for the relief his toy would soon bring.

"Oh Edward," she mumbled, biting down on her finger and riding the train toward another sub-station.

His heart slammed against his chest, tapping out a broken rhythm. His mind's eye created a fool's paradise. He not only saw a woman using his sex train for personal gratification, but he also heard her torn cries. He saw the way her body responded, watched—because he couldn't turn away—while she took one orgasm and held her breath, awaiting one more.

Another stop came and went. A dildo retracted, returning to a circular platform. The next toy was inserted, an ultra-smooth dancing dildo so long, he had originally wondered if any of the convention goers would wince when they viewed the object.

The crowd reception had been shocking. Women cheered and men, those of whom had first worn wicked smiles when they'd coaxed their women into viewing the machine, placed folded hands in front of their tented pants. Perhaps they expected an immediate comparison. The vast majority didn't have a preacher's prayer of measuring up. Edward stood taller. He may have

been the exception there. He was blessed, or perhaps cursed, in that department.

His focus returned to his guest. Then again, maybe he had it right the first time. She sure looked content up there.

The large simulated cock locked in place, wedging its way into the woman's pussy. She threw her head back and grunted with the impalement, dropping her hands over her luscious full breasts around the same time.

When the cart swung around the widest corner, her legs spread more, deliberately allowing for a curious spectator's viewing. Edward had dreamt of a moment like this.

Her knees fell to the side and his gaze remained between her legs. The dildo worked in and out of her body with fast, steady beats, following a pre-determined tempo gauged by the recipient's body heat.

Apparently, the woman wasn't opposed. She bit on her lip and looked down the length of her body as if captivated by the continual penetration.

"Faster." She raised her gaze to meet Edward's. "Please, Master," she emphasized, practically purring.

Edward chuckled. If she only knew how much steam his creation would soon release.

Designed to tantalize and tease a woman for up to a full hour, Edward set his timed trial demonstrations for ten minutes. His newcomer would have more than her fill by the time the buzzer sounded.

He took a seat on the end of his work bench and watched the entire show, certain if he glanced away the incredible beauty would disintegrate into thin air as if she were nothing more than destined to evaporate with the steam.

On the final trip around the tracks, an unexpected occurrence shocked him. The woman broke free of the harness and stood before him with outstretched arms.

"What the hell have you done?" he asked, sprinting to the front cart and disengaging the automatic locks so he could shut down operations.

"You're a genius, if I do say so myself," she said, dabbing a bead of sweat away from her brow while moistening her lips and looking right at his cock. "Then again, I haven't had sex in a few decades. I guess beggars can't be selective."

He rubbed the swell of his jaw. Was someone playing a trick on him, perhaps another inventor he'd met at the convention?

Edward pushed his glasses up, situating the spectacles on the bridge of his nose. "Who are you?"

"It's hardly proper for a woman to introduce herself without her clothes. Even back in my glory days at The Love Parlor, I made sure I always greeted my clientele fully clothed and dressed to charm a man right out of his pants."

"I don't have a problem losing mine," he grumbled, quite sincere after what he'd witnessed.

She patted his face. "I'm sure that's true. I've had my eye on you, Mr. Brady. If you didn't have such a good strong arm, I'd highly recommend The Love Parlor. My old place is only about a thirty minute drive outside of Las Vegas. I could take you there."

"I believe I'll pass," he mumbled.

"I don't blame you," she noted, checking out his ass. "I tell you what. Let me just grab something to wear and I'll be back in a flash. Then, we can talk business. Sound good?"

She didn't wait for a reply. Instead she disappeared down the hallway. A few minutes later, she stood at the first landing overlooking the dining room, the area Edward used to display his inventions. "Are you coming?"

Edward cleared his throat. He was afraid to follow her, afraid if he allowed her to make too much of an impression, she might vanish.

God, he was so pathetic! He'd obviously just met a ghost and here he was scared to move, terrified if he did, she'd disappear and he wouldn't have the opportunity to get to know her better. And just how chummy could someone be with a damned ghost?

"I'll be right there," he said softly, treading the same path she'd walked. He took the circular stairway and climbed the stairs one at a time. He even paused when he reached the upper loft, thinking if he stood there for another minute or so, the whole ghost thing would be over and he could return to work.

"Edward! I'm waiting!"

Great. Not only did he have a ghost in house, he had a demanding, feisty blast from the past with a mighty big mouth.

He entered his master bedroom. Much to his astonishment, the large walk-in closet housed a female's wardrobe. Apparently the woman had moved right in without seeking permission. She strutted across the carpet unashamed of her gloriously nude body. She zipped in and out of the walk-in. Tossing her garments on the bed, she stood back to consider which suit matched the high-heeled shoes she kept moving next to one outfit and then another.

"Ladies who hope to make an impression choose their shoes first," she explained. "Then they choose what they'd like to wear."

"Where are my clothes?"

"Oh don't worry," she said, tapping his arm in passing. "I haven't burned your things."

"Thanks," he replied. "I think."

"Don't look so surprised," she commented, strolling over to the large walnut armoire. "The real estate agent told you when you made the purchase that strange and unusual things were known to happen here."

"You're Heidi Labeidi, aren't you?" he asked, watching the way she gracefully stepped into a light colored thong.

"Don't ask stupid questions, Edward," she said, bending over and slapping her ass. Releasing a girlish giggle, she sashayed across the room again.

Edward took a minute to study the features of the woman who was obviously proud of her assets. She dipped one leg into her pants and then another, jumped a little so her hips could glide right into place and then muttered, "I think I've put on a few pounds."

Edward's mouth watered. After watching her breasts bounce, he imagined the weight she referred to with distaste landed in her chest. He was rock hard and defying an erection wasn't an option.

When the average woman wanted to draw a man's eye, she typically knew how. This one didn't have any problem holding his attention.

"What should I call you?" he asked, making a last effort to gain confirmation of who wandered into his apartment.

"Heidi," she replied, foregoing the red blouse and shrugging into the double-breasted jacket. "Then again, I've been called just about everything—Madam, slut, whore—I answer to them all."

She grabbed a few bracelets from a dressing table Edward had never spotted in his bedroom before and then faced him. "What do you think?" she asked, running her palms across her breasts. She planted her hands on her waist. "Do I look like the kind of roommate you can tolerate?"

Edward's gaze fixated on her tits. He was a man. She was a woman. And he was horny. What did she expect?

"What a naughty boy you are, Edward. You hide behind these saucy developments of yours but you don't use them, do you?" She looked out the picture window. "I plan to change that. You work so hard to bring others satisfaction, Edward, but from what I've watched, you rarely enjoy any yourself. We have to do something about that."

He had a few things in mind.

"So what do you say you take me out to dinner? Let's get to know one another."

"Dinner?"

"We're going to be living together, aren't we?"

"I haven't decided," he answered her, rubbing his hand across the back of his neck.

Heidi stroked his cheek. "Oh my darling boy, I should've told you from the start. You don't have a decision in the matter. This is my home and I don't have the first inclination to leave."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

Three Hours Later

"They think you're crazy now, don't they?" Heidi asked, using her long fingernails to rake breadcrumbs off the blue linen tablecloth.

Edward couldn't take his eyes off her. In fact, he'd barely heard what she said until the waiter returned. "Is everything all right, Mr. Brady?"

"Yes, fine. Thank you," he replied, hoping to dismiss the young man right away.

The waiter made a pointed indication toward the untouched plate directly across from Edward's. "Will your guest be joining you later for dinner?"

Edward met her gaze. Heidi shrugged. "Up to you, sugar. I spent my entire life being every man's dirty little secret. No reason for you to be the exception. As a reminder, no one else can see me."

"That will be all," Edward deadpanned, reaching across the table.

The waiter took a moment to stare down at the open space separating the dinner plates. Edward watched Heidi, faintly aware of the man towering over them. "Yes?" he asked, looking up abruptly.

The waiter studied the empty chair across from Edward and then shrugged. He walked away moments later shaking his head and mumbling, "Money and madness go hand in hand in Las Vegas."

Heidi squeezed his fingers. "You're a thoughtful man, Edward, but trust me when I tell you: I've ruined many a man's reputation. You're considered a genius in this town. You don't want this city to turn its back on you right now. You're on the verge of something great and I want to come along for the ride." She slid her arm under the table and touched his knee. "And I want a lot of rides with you, Edward."

His damn prick was ready to negotiate the terms.

"You do?" Edward asked, engaging himself in what must've looked like an odd one-sided conversation. By the time he realized what he was doing, half the restaurant's customers were turning around, staring at him with marked curiosity.

Heidi tilted her head toward some of the patrons. "You're seated at a table for two. You requested a couple of wine glasses. Two meals have been served. This seat is vacant and you're holding a hand that doesn't exist." She looked down at their entwined fingers. "Your thumb is jerking as if you're massaging my wrist. You don't think this is newsworthy for the Las Vegas Lifestyle Magazine?"

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Edward admitted. "If I can see you, then they must."

"No, Edward," she said, standing.

He stood too as a polite gesture.

"I don't exist in your world. You're the only one who can see me."

"Then I'm one lucky guy."

Heidi held her shoulders back. A quick tilt of her head sent ringlets tumbling across her shoulders. "That depends on who you ask at the moment. In public situations like this, I recommend that you listen and let me do the talking. Some here are ruthless snakes when it comes to tearing down a man's reputation, especially one like yours. They'll be anxious to poke fun at the crazy man, the man who inevitably will catch the adoring eyes of their women because of his deep pockets."

"What's that mean, exactly?"

"You're about to make millions, the kind of money this city hasn't seen since the days of Howard Hughes, and you're acting as crazy as Hughes himself."

"I'm not hungry," he told her, feeling like he'd known her at another point and time in his life. "I want to take you home and—"

"And what, Edward? Get to know me?"

"Yes."

She took a deep breath. "Oh for heaven's sake, sit down and finish your meal and then meet me at the curb. As long as you're looking at me like I'm dessert, there's no way you'll enjoy your dinner. Besides, you're drawing too much attention."

"I would think someone in your line of work craves center stage," he pointed out, snapping at her.

Heidi leaned forward. "Careful, Edward, the patrons *are* staring now."

"I don't care," he said, tossing his napkin down and following her through the restaurant. "You think I don't know what this is about?"

"I doubt it," she answered, never breaking her stride. "If you had any idea what I want from you, I don't think you'd risk your reputation and follow a ghost out of the hottest dining spot in the city."

"What do you mean by that? What do you want from me?"

She stopped and turned around. With her hands on her hips, she replied, "Right now, I'd love to fuck you. I'd like to toss those geeky glasses aside, grab hold of that meaty cock I've watched you playing with at night and right here, right now, I'd love to feel your dick pounding inside me."

"Well, gosh," he said, quite uncomfortable. He glanced over his shoulder in an effort to make sure no one heard her, especially the part about his self-indulgent private activities.

"Remember, they can't hear me. You can, but they can't."

"I see."

"No," she said, stalking the main entrance. "I don't think you do. I've been without a man since 2010, Edward. Haven't had an orgasm to speak of until today and now, you're looking at me like I'm the only woman in the world so as you might have guessed, I'm aroused, wet and quite ready to grovel for cock."

"I understand."

She stopped, put her hands on her hips and turned around. "Let me ask you something. Have you ever had a woman pursue *you*?"

He was offended. "Are you trying to suggest I would have to pay for sex?"

The whole dining room rippled with muffled sounds. Men leaned in to their women in an obvious effort to protect them from hearing a clearly disturbed man ranting about an inappropriate topic for fine dining conversations. Women gasped, placing their dainty hands over their mouths like the thought of something so crude was enough to send them into cardiac arrest.

Edward caught Heidi by her upper arm. "Don't turn your back to me, please. Do you honestly think you can tempt a man with the promise of sex —"

"I never promised, Edward," Heidi stated calmly.

"Yes you did. You said..." he stalled. "You said that..."

"Go on. Don't let me stop you. I'm sure everyone here is interested to know what I said verbatim. Don't leave out the part where you use two hands rather than one when you're all worked up and raring to go."

Edward took a deep breath. "I'm going to finish my dinner."

"That's a fine idea, Edward."

"You're coming with me."

"No, but make sure you order dessert. I have a feeling you need something sweet."

Edward ground his teeth together. When Heidi refused to follow him, he said, "What am I supposed to do now, order a rich slice of banana cream pie and imagine the flavor of the filling somehow compares to your dripping wet—"

"Oh my heavens!" A lady adorned in jewels dropped her fork. The echo of an eating utensil falling against the gold-encrusted china plate alerted Edward to the obvious.

He and Heidi had the floor.

Heidi rolled her eyes. "That just kills me," she said, tilting her head in the direction of the classy gorgeous blonde and an aging gentleman with salt and pepper hair.

"What?" Edward asked, looking at the couple.

"See that fellow over there acting like your little outburst was the rudest thing he'd ever heard suggested in a public establishment?"

"Yeah."

"The blonde he's with used to work for me at The Love Parlor. He was one of her regulars."

Edward glanced at them again. "You mean that woman was a whore?"

"Edward, shh!"

It was too late. The blonde who'd tried to play off the disgust she apparently held for Edward shot him a cold glare hot enough to engage the fires of hell. He felt the burn from the stare all the way at the base of his spine.

"Edward, we've caused enough commotion," Heidi warned. "I'll be outside."

He placed his hand on her forearm. "Heidi, wait here. Walk out with me."

Heidi glanced over his shoulder. "Do you know how many of these men knew me way back when? Saying my name in this circle probably wasn't the smartest play you've made today."

"I'll settle my bill and we'll leave together in a minute."

She shrugged. "I don't know if you have that long. Old man Jackson looks like he's ready to toss you out on your ass. You offended his young bride and now she's sitting over there dabbing the corners of her eyes."

"You're the one who said she was a whore."

"You're the only one they can hear, all right?"

Edward pursed his lips.

"I'll be in the car," she said, starting off again.

"Walk me back to the table and then we'll go," he instructed, placing his hand at the small of her back.

"And where will we go, Edward? Will you go down on me in the car?" She grabbed him by the waist and drew him to her. With her lips brushing past his, she whispered, "Will you let me go down on you right here?"

Edward's body went rigid. He became aware of his actions. His arms were forward and he was pressing down on Heidi's shoulders, the shoulders she said no one there saw except him. He clenched his fists and dropped his hands to his sides.

"Can I give you a blow job and let the whole world watch? Isn't that what you want, Edward? Something to signify to your waiting public that you aren't just a nerdy scientist but you're also a very sexual creature, a man's man, and a woman's loverboy, that's it isn't it? You long for a woman like me on your arm and you want the show, don't you?"

He swallowed hard when his cock responded. Perhaps she was right. Maybe after all the hype about his products, he wanted someone to buy into the fact

that he was the kind of lover who designed these toys and gadgets for a need he recognized because he'd experienced it first-hand.

Heidi glanced down, rolled her eyes and pointed to his tented pants. "See, *that's* my point. Men don't care. They'll drop 'em wherever they're told and regardless of an audience. Oh and by the way, getting off with a ghost isn't what it's cracked up to be. The ramifications of ejaculating with the wind can get a little messy, if you know what I mean."

"I wasn't going to fuck you here," he said tightly, right as they passed the *maitre d'*.

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Brady," the older gentleman said, casting a condescending warning finger to his lips. The *maitre d'* then strolled to a nearby corner and retrieved a cell phone. Undoubtedly, he was calling someone to ask for advice on how to handle the delicate matter he and Heidi had created. At the same time, he struck a pose and winked at Edward.

"Fabulous," Heidi moaned. "Now you have the *maitre d* thinking you'll swing his way."

"I'm not a swinger."

A couple approached from behind Edward. The man cleared his throat while his partner looked Edward up and down. "What a disappointment."

Heidi studied her nails. She hadn't budged. "I'm beginning to get bored, Edward. I don't like boredom. An idle mind has nothing better to do than contemplate trouble."

"I'd like to finish my dinner."

"I'd like to fuck," she said, moistening her lips. "Since you mentioned it and acted quite interested in doing so earlier. And since everyone in this restaurant seems to have the same general idea."

Edward's cock twitched and if he were any other person on the face of the earth, he might have taken her up on the offer just to see if he could actually feel anything when he was with her. He shivered. The anticipation was too much. He knew the answer to his lurid question. He'd felt her palm in his only minutes before. If he fucked her, she'd be as real to him as she was right then.

"So do you want to or were you just teasing?" he asked, copping a smile.

"I'm not a tease."

"Well?" he challenged. "Do you want to?"

"What?"

"Fuck."

"I thought you'd never ask," she said, looping her arm in his. Her hot breath went to his ear and she said, "You'd better not skip out on your tab."

Edward tossed his head back. "I have the strangest feeling the staff and management are ready to see me leave."

"You think?" she asked, shooting him a devilish grin.

"I do," he said, kissing the top of her forehead before picking up a brisk step. He and Heidi were going to have one fine time. Afterwards, he'd figure out a way to get rid of her. He was a smart man. A ghost couldn't be that hard to evict from his property. He'd figure something out. He shot her a grin and she shot one right back.

Of course, there really wasn't any need to make a hasty decision.

* * * *

They rode down the Las Vegas Strip hand in hand. Heidi sat on one side of the car and Edward practically clung to the other.

"You haven't slept with a lot of women, have you Edward?" she asked, unbuttoning her jacket and sliding her arms free at the same time.

He moistened his lips. "I don't have time for a woman."

"Hmm," she whispered, propping her head on the leather seat and wiggling out of her dress pants.

"What are you doing?" he squealed, eying the driver now looking in his rearview mirror.

"Everything all right back there, Mr. Brady?"

"Yes," he snapped, hitting the button for the partition glass. The divider window separated him from the driver. "Thanks to you, everyone will think I'm crazy!"

She grabbed his belt and immediately pulled free the leather strap. A wave of her hand and she had his snap popped and zipper down. "I'm not making anyone think anything."

"Yes, you are," he said, moaning when she tugged him free of his shorts.

"No," she retorted. "You're doing a fine job of that all on your own, Edward. You didn't need my help."

"Stop," he said, grabbing her hands and holding her.

"Why?" she asked. "We don't have an audience now. Seems a shame we should waste the drive back to the loft, don't you think?"

"Why are you doing this?"

She lowered her head and licked the top of his cock. "Because I can and because I'm damn good at it."

Edward leaned back and let her have him. Her hot mouth enveloped his cock and his hips shot off the seat.

"Relax," she mumbled, tapping his balls. "I've given head a few times in my life."

She raked her fingers across his thigh and in a matter of seconds, she was bobbing over his cock. "Damn," he crooned. "I thought you might have been out of practice."

She stopped and looked at him. For a few unspoken moments, they were held captive by one another's eyes. She crawled up his belly and gave him a hot kiss, leading the way with her inspiring little tongue. When she finished delivering quite possibly the most sensual kiss Edward recalled, she reached down the length of his body and pumped his cock, staring into his eyes as she fondled him.

A few seconds after the hand-job, she tucked him in his pants and redressed quietly. He stared at her in disbelief. "You are most definitely a tease."

"No, Edward. I'm not," she assured him, adjusting her simple sleeves.

"Then do you mind telling me why you didn't finish what you started?"

"Of course not," she said, crossing one long leg over the other. "Lesson number one is just for you, Edward. You may have a whore in your lap, with your cock in her cheek, but you never, ever make the implication you believe she's old, used and cheap."

"I made you feel that way?"

She tilted her head down and with wide eyes, she confirmed it. "Yes you did, Edward."

"You're the one who said you'd given head a few times. Not me."

She smiled, placed her hands in her lap and looked straight ahead. When they pulled into the parking lot of the towers where Edward lived, she said, "And you suggested I may have been out of practice which was a direct slam to my age."

"It wasn't."

"It was, Edward," she said, pushing her hair over her shoulders. She tilted her head toward the driver approaching them. "Try not to act like a scorned lover when you get out of the car. Remember, he can't see me. I've learned from experience those employees closest to you are the first to run their mouths when things begin to spiral out of control. The last thing you need is your driver telling a reporter you've lost it."

The limousine driver opened the door. Edward stepped out. He was brewing. Not only did he have a hard-on, he had a complicated woman to credit and blame. Not only did he have someone to blame, he couldn't publicly point an accusing finger her way.

"Did you have a nice dinner, sir?" the driver asked, trying to make small talk while Edward retrieved his wallet.

"We did," he reported. "Thank you."

The driver accepted his tip and arched a brow. "Did you meet friends while you were out?"

Heidi studied her fingernails. "You didn't listen."

"How the hell was I supposed to listen when I'm standing here with blue balls?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" the driver fired back.

Heidi yawned. "Since your dick seems to be the only thing you can think with, see if it can help you worm your way out of this. I'm waiting upstairs."

She was gone in a flash and Edward wished he could disappear just as rapidly.

"Sir, are you feeling okay?"

"No, Truman," Edward replied. "I'm not. I apologize for the outburst. I'm hearing voices tonight."

Truman frowned. "Sir, I'd strongly advise against telling anyone else about voices. You know how people like to talk."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

"Are you out of your mind?" Barron Capwell bellowed when he called Edward the next morning.

"What time is it?" Edward asked, rolling over to study the spectacular woman sleeping next to him.

"It's five-thirty in the fucking morning, Edward!" Barron screamed. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Give me a second." Edward sat up in bed and tried to think. The last thing he remembered was coming inside and calling out for Heidi. He couldn't find her but he heard her warning loud and clear. When ghosts sulked they disappeared and apparently Heidi pouted until he fell asleep. "I don't follow you, Barron. Did I miss a meeting or something?"

"No, fuck no!" Barron yelled. "And I don't know if you'll ever have the joy of bringing all of us together again after your stunt last night."

"What stunt?" he asked, towering over Heidi and brushing her soft hair away from her face.

"You propositioned your driver?"

"I did?" he asked, moving away from the bed and trying to give Barron his undivided attention. "When?"

"Oh for crying out loud!" Barron continued to rant. "You told him you weren't listening to him because you had blue balls. You had a fucking erection, from what he told the reporters and you told him you were hearing voices!"

"Shit!" Edward exclaimed.

Heidi stirred, "Edward."

"Just a minute," he said, addressing Heidi.

"Is someone there?" Barron asked.

"A friend."

Barron chuckled. "A man or a woman?"

"Grief Barron, what do you think?"

"A man or a woman?" he asked, persistent.

"A woman, happy?"

"No, put her on. Let me speak to her and this can all be resolved."

Edward stared at Heidi. "He wants to speak to you."

"Who?"

"Barron Capwell."

"Who is Barron Capwell?"

"One of my partners."

"I can't speak to him. Why is this so hard for you to comprehend?"

"Barron, we'll have to call you back."

"Oh no you don't," Barron said. "If you have a woman there, then damn it to hell, I want to speak to her right this minute. Your name is being dragged through the mud. At least let me talk to a woman who presumably spent the night in your bed last night."

"Barron?"

"What's the big fucking deal?" he asked, cursing all the more. "I hear her in the background."

"You do?"

"He does?" Heidi asked, apparently able to hear his fit from where she sat.

"Yes. I hear her."

Edward mouthed, "How is that possible?"

She shrugged and reached for the phone. Edward grabbed it from her. After fumbling with the handset, he found the speaker option and hit the button.

"Edward, you have ten seconds to get her on the damn line."

"Hello, I'm here," Heidi said.

"Shy little thing, aren't you?"

"Yes, well, I try to keep a low profile."

"Glad you do. Edward was in the papers last night. I need your name and how we can get in touch with you."

She pursed her lips and looked at Edward.

Edward shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't give you that information."

"Why not?"

"I just can't," Heidi deadpanned. "I'm uh ... married. That's it. Married."

"Married, huh?" Barron asked, obviously not buying a word of it. "Who to?"

"I can't tell you."

"If you have a husband at home, then why are you in my buddy's bed at six o'clock in the morning?"

"He's away."

"Away."

"Yes," Heidi said, looking beautifully bored. "On business."

Edward leaned over and kissed her lips. Shocked, or at least she looked surprised, Heidi touched her lips and smiled. "I'll let you talk back to Edward."

"Okay, you do that."

Edward sighed. "Barron, I can't talk about this right now."

"Not a problem. I'm in your parking lot. I'll be up in a minute."

* * * *

"How could he hear you?" Edward demanded.

"I don't know."

"You must have some idea."

"Edward, I don't."

"He's on his way up to meet you."

"I heard," she said. "What will we tell him?"

"How the hell should I know?" Edward stormed into the closet and rummaged through her things. He finally found his own belongings again and then quickly dressed in a pair of faded jeans and a white UNLV sweatshirt. Shaking his finger, he said, "And don't you dare pull that disappearing act on me right now. Are we clear?"

"Sure, I respond well to angry men making unruly demands at unreasonable hours of the morning."

"Do me a favor and get dressed."

"You want me to meet him?"

"You don't know Barron. He won't go away. He'll camp out here for days until he talks to you."

"He has a foul mouth."

"That's not the only thing foul about him."

"He's a ladies' man, I take it?"

Edward frowned. "Just put something on and make sure you don't dress too provocatively. The goal is to introduce the two of you and then send him on his merry way."

"He wants me for an alibi. He needs me to help save your now tarnished reputation."

"Damn it, you think I don't know that?"

"Well, how do you propose I take care of this, sweets?" she asked, draping her arms around his shoulders when he sat on the bed.

"I don't know, Heidi," he answered her, running his hand through his hair. He looked in the mirror and saw her there behind him. She massaged his back, working out the knots and kinks and really getting into the full impact of the massage.

"Look at us," she said, breathing in his ear. "We're quite a pair, aren't we?"

"If you say so," he responded, watching her tousle his black wavy hair. "I need a haircut."

"Edward," she said, ducking under his arm and wrapping her body around his middle. "You're changing the subject."

"I have a lot on my mind."

"You and I look like a couple," she said, landing across his lap. "Look in the mirror and tell me you see what I see."

"We are not a couple." Refusing to glance at their reflections again, Edward remembered the first time he spotted her in the window of his living room. Looking at anything glass had proven disastrous where Heidi was concerned.

"We could be," she said, fingering the ridge of his cock. "A couple that is."

"No, Heidi, it's not happening," he said, grabbing her hands. He tried to get up but she wouldn't move. Finally, she left him no other choice. He dumped her on the floor.

"Ouch!"

He stared down the bridge of his nose and said, "Do you not understand where you've complicated my life?"

She knelt in front of him. "No, Edward, I didn't do that. You did. First, you all but invited me into your life. I was here, remember. I lived in the shadows and watched you focus on your work for months." She nuzzled his concealed cock with her cheek. "I listened to your whimpers when you filled your palm with hot semen at night and I tolerated—yes, it was an effort—those ongoing replays of certain films just so you could get an erection."

He snarled. "You've been spying on me?"

"Technically, no, because I live here," she corrected him.

"I live here."

"I never sold out! I was the original owner and I planned to die here."

"And congratulations, you accomplished precisely what you set out to do."

She shrugged. "Not quite. You still see me. That means something, Edward. I think we're meant to be. We're supposed to be together."

The doorbell rang and Edward grabbed her by the arm, dragging her alongside him. "Wait! What are you doing? I need to get dressed!"

"No, we need to find out once and for all if I'm the only one who can see you. If Barron heard you on the phone then I'll bet he can see you too and if he can, then he will help us get all our problems sorted out."

"What problems?" she asked smugly. "Now, you're sounding like one part of a happy couple."

"I'm not," he assured her. "And Barron will help us sort out the issues you've created since you stormed into my life."

Heidi yanked her arm free and stared at the bulge in his pants. "The only problem I've seen since I showed myself is about six inches of pure sexual frustration. I have a way to heal you, by the way."

Edward glared at her. A slow smile claimed her cheeks and she waggled her brows. "Okay so maybe I'm off an inch."

He grabbed her hand and placed it against the ridge of his cock. "Feel again, sweetheart. If that's six or seven inches, then maybe I can convince you to unravel the whole thing so I can stick you with five or six more."

"You're a bastard, Edward."

"And you're a tease. We each have our faults."

She swayed up the steps and stopped halfway along the way. "I'm going to change. Then, if I'm in an affable mood, I'll come back and meet your friend."

The doorbell rang again and was followed by simultaneous knocks. "No funny stuff, Heidi."

"I wouldn't dream of it, Edward. Besides, I'm anxious to meet another man who can actually see me. Maybe the next one will know what to do with a woman who hasn't had sex in over thirty years."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

Heidi may have been a ghost but she wasn't a *dead* ghost. She had feelings and very real emotions. At the moment, she was certain of it because she was filled with rage.

While Edward slept, Heidi rejuvenated herself and maybe she spent too much time with Edward's playthings and overdosed on steam. She'd used Edward's inventions for a few hours which only confirmed what she'd suspected. She was able to function if she was fully empowered by Edward's inventions. It was a remarkable discovery.

Through Edward, she'd gained a second chance at life.

She marched to the closet and thumbed through her clothes. In her former profession, men had handled her with care. She'd made sure she chose her jobs carefully and only romanced men worthy of her time. Okay so Stan Graves may have been the exception but he was young, hung and a hell of a good time in bed. A woman had the right to her obsessions and Heidi never hid or denied her dick-addiction.

Heidi shared a sensational sex life with Stan and since she'd been dead, she'd been in a constant state of arousal. Well, not exactly. When Stan was still living at the loft, fucking those damn floozies in her bed, she'd been angered to the point she detested sex and why wouldn't she? After what Stan did to her, she felt dead inside. And to make matters worse, death struck from the inside out.

Besides, there wasn't anyone around to drag into her bed. Stan couldn't see her and if he could, she damn sure wouldn't have let him lay the first hand on her. He'd killed her, for crying out loud.

The thought of murder jolted her back to the last conversation she'd overheard prior to Stan liquidating her assets. He'd met with a group of businessmen in the loft, discussing a new invention, something so powerful it could wake the dead.

One of the men at the meeting suggested an up and coming inventor should be apprised of Stan's new real estate listing. Those in attendance agreed Stan's marvelous home was a perfect location for someone on their board. It was then suggested that one of the partners mention to someone—apparently Edward—that he make the purchase when the loft was listed for sale.

Days later, Edward bought the property. One of his partners had manipulated the sale. Heidi felt uneasy about it. Without a doubt, Stan was up to something. Her former lover's smug expression when he told one of the partners to 'leave everything to him' because he knew how to 'get rid' of problems alarmed her.

Heidi pursed her lips. She remembered hearing about a young investor, Barron Capwell. Was that why he could hear her on the phone? No, that was ridiculous. Stan had dropped a lot of names while he lived there. She couldn't assume everyone he ever mentioned could see her.

But why had Barron's name stuck with her? And why did she have such a strong feeling Edward was in danger? Did his partners want him disposed of or did Stan have plans to harm this Barron fellow?

Heidi stilled with the thought and closed her eyes, reliving the day she died.

The sun was out. She'd had breakfast in bed that day and thought it was a perfect day for shopping. She'd loaded up Rocks in his carry-all and headed out early, ready to hit the Strip and shop until she dropped. She made it through the first few stores when Stan called her complaining about his delayed flight. She'd been emphatic.

What a mistake.

He said he'd let himself in and was waiting in bed with a treat, a surprise, implying he was ready to give her what she'd longed for—a threesome. Heidi had been dying to get her hands on Marc something or another since she'd hired him at The Love Parlor. If memory served her correctly, Stan insinuated Marc was on his way.

She'd raced home.

She'd been so convinced Stan went out of his way to please her before he left town. Stan told her to stop and pick up the most expensive bottle of champagne she could find. Later, he drank the champagne in celebration of the murder he'd orchestrated and carried out without a hitch.

Heidi clenched her fists. Yes indeed, Stan had been waiting all right. He was there with three girls from the club and she caught him with his pecker in some twit's ass the second she walked in the door.

She shuddered. The memory still made her furious.

Deserting her haunting past, she selected a short black skirt and shrugged on a white tank. Aligning the hem of her shirt with her skirt, she studied herself in the mirror and turned to check out her ass.

One thing about it, she still had the body. She wheeled around and studied her reflection. She was a little pale, but she expected as much. Dying was hard on a gal's complexion. At least she still looked thirty.

She pursed her lips with another memory. To this day, it still bugged the hell out of her that the twenty-something year old bimbos on her payroll tried to make the press think her problems were stress related. Menopause, hell.

At least she didn't have to worry about going through the change *now*.

After a twirl around the room she went to her dressing table and brushed her hair. A few hundred strokes and her hair held a silky sheen. She applied some light rose blush and decided a little color was all she needed. A woman without her shoes didn't need makeup and she wanted to look barefoot and appealing to the guest in waiting, perhaps project the girl-next-door look.

She just about made it out of the room when a long slender box caught her eye. "What's this?" she asked aloud, since she was so used to talking to herself when she lived the mundane life as an invisible supernatural.

Heidi removed the cardboard flap and eyed the simple looking piece. A glass funnel-like tube had a screen located over a small drawer, presumably a coal compartment. The glass sides were rounded out to minimize combustion and a wide mouth at the top was trimmed in dark walnut wood.

"Steam Pleasure," she read.

Why hadn't she seen this gizmo before? She sat on the bed and followed the instructions. A flat surface was required so she scooted over to the side of the mattress and used the nightstand. Her mind was already churning with possibilities.

"Place the two included coals in the bottom of the container. Use the dropper included to drip the desired amount of water over the coals. Wait until the coals heat and secure them with the screen included."

Easy enough. She retrieved a cup of H₂O and went back to her instructions.

"You're ready to begin."

"Begin what?" she wondered. Most of Edward's bootie toys were self explanatory. She could probably take a wild guess at this but what did the device do exactly?

She searched for other instructions and when she didn't find them, thought, *what the heck?* The fellow downstairs was a potential nerd and he and Edward were most likely chatting about whatever companion nerds discussed.

Heidi undressed. The steam pleasure toy stood about two feet tall and Heidi wasn't quite sure where the more comfortable position might be found so she knelt beside the flat base which wasn't an easy task on a narrow nightstand. After she'd hopped on the furniture and prepared the coals, she waited until the glass tubing felt warm to the touch. Then, she parted her legs and hovered over the opening.

"Hmm," she whimpered almost immediately. "Wow."

The steady heat rose in a spiral pattern from the central portion of the container. She closed her eyes and let the warmth wash over her.

"This is intoxicating," she whispered, trying not to grip the object between her legs.

"Sweet," she continued, lowering herself over the gadget. The way the heat and moisture whipped around the glass made her crazy. She gripped the nearby bedpost and tried to keep her balance. She was angled in a perfect position for clit exposure and the heat licked at her pussy.

"Oh my God," she said softly, wishing she had an extra finger so she could play with herself. On second thought, she didn't need anything more than this.

The generation of steam hit full capacity and the forceful impact of water shot between her legs and clobbered her all at one time, providing a puff of stimulation. "Oh shit!" she screamed, rocking to and fro, gripping the reason for her excitement. "Ah, ah, ah!"

After one orgasm shook her silly, another came in right behind it and then another. Her pussy lips were sensitized. She imagined the sweetest mouth in the world pleasuring her, bringing her to another orgasm, and to her surprise, the only man she pictured was Edward.

A round of applause alerted her to her audience. She opened her eyes and blinked when she noted more than her share of enthusiasm. Two handsome men, both with their hands in front of their cocks, stood inside the bedroom.

"Now I see why you didn't want me to meet her."

Heidi stared at Barron. She rolled her tongue over her bottom lip and twirled her nipples between her fingers and thumbs, feeling her hands roaming over her points but unable to stop. Aroused, all she could think about was fucking one or both of them. She breathed a heavy sigh of relief, too. Apparently, her suspicions were right. The more steam she used, the more likely she was to be seen by those who were still among the living.

Edward pursed his lips and tilted his head toward her and then back at Barron. "Heidi, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"What I have to say is for you," she purred. "Thank you, Edward. Thank you so much for creating such a magnificent little trinket."

"That's not what I meant, Heidi."

"What's wrong, Edward?" Barron asked, stepping closer to Heidi. "You act like you've seen a ghost."

Heidi snickered, but she stopped with the exhibitionism. Poor Edward wouldn't be able to take it if his friend enjoyed her one-woman show. She swung her leg over the wide seal around the steam blower and fell against the bed.

Barron's moist lips parted. "So Heidi, dare I ask what you do for a living?" His hot gaze spilled over her body like drawn butter.

Heidi snatched her clothes from the bed and dressed in front of him. She zipped the sides of her skirt until the material hugged her hips. Then, she slipped her arms through the tiny openings of the barely-there shirt. "You might say I'm rather familiar with the sex industry."

"You don't say," Barron replied, placing his hands behind his hips. He focused on her breasts before studying her crotch.

Heidi appreciated men like Barron. They were the guys who not only let a gal know they wanted to sample their next meal, but they had a good idea of what to do with a woman once they stuck their fingers in the pudding.

Heidi had past experiences with men like Barron. So the events were a little blurry and her recollection somewhat dated, but history had proven, at least to her, men like Barron knew women like her. They understood what a woman needed, what she wanted and God yeah, what she craved.

Barron took an easy tour of her body and she returned the favor. He wasn't anything like Edward. He wore a ridiculous flat hat with a band around the

center, goggle-style sunglasses and a fitted muscle T-shirt. The white sleeveless shirt was considered a wife-beater.

Back in the day, The Love Parlor strictly prohibited guys dressed like Barron from entering their upper scale establishment. Her girls used to love those guys though. The good old boys from Pahrump often picked up her gals for weekend getaways. They were the bad boys who never paid for sex. Heck, her girls would've paid them, had a fee been required.

Come to think of it, even back then Heidi rarely saw a fellow who looked like Barron. His dark hair was neatly trimmed right above the ears and his circle beard suited him. If he would take off the shades, she was betting on dark hooded eyes with a slightly discolored shade under the lower lids.

Maybe she'd just take a look.

She walked over to the bed and removed his glasses, admiring the fact she could reach out and touch another man, particularly one like Barron. He was rough stock, the good stuff real men were made of and he knew it.

He snatched her wrist and pulled her to his lap. "Wanted to check out my eyes, did you?"

They gazed at one another for a moment. Just as suspected. Bad boys never slept so they all had those same damn bedroom eyes.

"I like to see who I'm looking at."

"I'll just bet you do," he said, gaping at strategic body parts. "Five thousand to one says I know precisely what you're hoping you'll see when you take a closer look at a fellow. Want to take that wager?" He chuckled and then flexed his muscles, snatched his glasses from her fingertips and used both hands to reposition the stylish goggles on his face.

"Don't tempt me, Barron. I've been properly aroused." She started for the door, but before she got away, he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her back. She landed on his lap and his hand plopped down on her knee.

"Some friend you are," she observed.

"You're worried about him?" Barron shot Edward a glance. He bowed his head and nipped her ear. "Edward doesn't care about a piece of pussy, darlin'."

She studied him for a minute. Did she want to slap him now or wait until later? The idea of smacking flesh sent her into a tailspin. It had been decades since she'd had a good spanking. She was tempted to bend over, hike up her skirt and plead for one then.

Barron looked like the kind of guy who didn't mind to get a little kinky. He kept moistening his lips and his fingers made her shiver when he crawled up her inner thigh. "So where'd you and Edward meet?"

"He didn't tell you?"

"No," Barron responded, suddenly interested in the walk-in closet. "Wait a minute," he said, releasing her. He strolled across the room. "Well I'll be damned. Is she living here?"

Edward stuffed his hands in his pockets. "Sure looks that way, doesn't it?"

"Man, I apologize. Hell, I thought she was just some whore you brought home to try out your products."

"Thanks," Heidi said.

His eyes raked over her again. "You walk the walk, baby."

"Yes, and believe me, I can fuck and buck too but that doesn't mean I'm a whore." *Anymore*, she added to herself and only after Edward shot her an empty glare.

Barron filled his pockets this time, playing with a handful of what she presumed as either change or keys. Whatever racket he made, he certainly caught her eye and she couldn't help but notice the large bulge there on display. He let his glasses drift down his nose. "Like what you see, do you?"

"I like men, Barron."

He chuckled. Slapping Edward on the back, he said, "You have a live one there, don't you?"

Edward cleared his throat. "I don't know if I'd actually call her a *live* one."

Barron frowned. "If you say so. Hell, I guess she doesn't move fast enough for those machines you have down there, huh?"

"Want to test that theory?" she challenged him.

"No way," he declined her offer. "If you think I'm going to watch a toy do a man's job, you have me mixed up with the wrong man." He gave Edward the thumb.

"Knock it off, Barron," Edward warned.

"No problem. If she's your woman, I'll try to respect that."

Edward acted nervous. He grumbled something she couldn't make out.

Heidi saw a chance and took it. "Am I your woman, Edward?"

Barron, who'd started to leave, copped a grin. "Yeah, Edward, *is* she your woman? If you aren't going to lay claims there, I'd like to lay pipe and keep her out all night."

Heidi wrinkled her nose. Guys like Barron looked good enough to eat and then they said the crudest things and a woman choked on the same bone she'd been dying to taste.

"Well?" Barron asked. "Is she or isn't she?"

"I'd like to hear that myself," Heidi admitted.

"It's complicated," Edward said. "We haven't known one another that long."

Heidi grated back curse words. She'd been there for over a year, watching over him like a protective lover, enjoying his victories, feeling for him in his disappointments, and there he was acting like he'd only known her for a minute. Then again, she had taken her own sweet time materializing in front of him. She couldn't expect him to feel anything substantial for her. She certainly couldn't expect him to love her.

"I'm waiting, Edward," she said, taking a seductive step his way, placing her hands on her hips and eyeing his cock like maybe a little sexual stimulation would help him make the verbal confession.

"Fuck, Heidi."

She stared too long, apparently. Taking a deep breath, she went for it. "Now there's a wonderful proposition. What do you say the three of us climb in bed and make the most of our day?"

Barron's jaw dropped. "Is she for real?"

Edward directed him toward the door. "No, Barron. Trust me when I say. Heidi Labeidi is not for real. She's a figment of your imagination *and mine.*"

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

Once they were downstairs, Barron said, "I've never seen a woman like that."

"Did you fail to hear the name I just said?" Edward asked.

"Heidi Labeidi. What about her?" Barron asked.

"The woman upstairs is Heidi."

"Labeidi?"

"Yes," Edward confirmed, pointing toward the kitchen.

Barron looked at him blankly. "Surely you aren't suggesting that the Heidi upstairs is the same Heidi Labeidi this town made into a martyr some thirty years ago."

"One and the same," Edward informed him.

"That's impossible, Edward. First of all, the woman would be in her fifties or sixties by now. Heck, maybe even in her seventies. If you listen to the old-timers around here, a lot of the gamblers believe she's ten feet under in a cemetery missing a tombstone or lying in one of those shallow desert graves."

"I can assure you she's not in a shallow grave. Believe me. I have a walk-in closet full of designer clothes and two-hundred dollar shoes to prove differently."

Barron narrowed his gaze. "You're telling me the gal upstairs is *the* Heidi Labeidi that went missing over thirty years ago?"

"Yes."

Barron shook his head. "She's running some kind of scam on you. If she were Heidi Labeidi, she wouldn't have an ass like that, unless I missed a dimple or two."

Finally, Edward's patience wore thin. He took Barron by the shoulders and stared him in the eye. "The woman upstairs in my room right now is Heidi Labeidi. She is the former owner of The Love Parlor and she's come back from the dead to haunt the hell out of me. Worse—and you'll love this—no one can see her except me and now you."

The color drained from Barron's face. He walked over to the large picture windows and stared out over the city. "That's impossible."

"Have I ever lied to you?"

Barron continued to study the city below them. "Why isn't she old?" He gasped all of a sudden and then wheeled around to face Edward. He extended his arms and studied his hands. He slapped himself in the face a few times. "Oh hell, fuck my life. Damn. When did this happen?"

Edward let him carry on.

"Edward? Do something!" He walked over to a mirror located above the credenza. He cupped his chin and tilted his head from side to side. "How? Tell me how? Did someone kill me or what?"

Edward sighed. As much as he'd like to play along, he didn't have time for Barron. "You aren't dead, Barron."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive," Edward assured him.

Barron squared his shoulders. Using his forefinger and thumb to mimic a gun, he released his thumb-trigger and said, "You good-looking devil you, it'll take more than a dead broad to lead you to the grave." He faced Edward. "There for a minute I thought this was going to play out like a Bruce Willis movie."

Edward arched a brow and yawned. Yes, he could see where Barron would feel as if his life were very similar to an actor's.

"She's a feisty broad, Edward. Maybe you should check out her story."

Edward revisited the night before. "I took her out to dinner last night."

"See there," Barron pointed out. "How could you take a ghost out in public?"

"She set me up so I'd believe her," Edward said. "Everyone in the damn place thought I was nuts. She came on to me and then backed off and watched me make a dead-level idiot out of myself. She ordered food and then her plate went untouched. And the waiter even asked me if anyone would be joining me."

"Maybe they were in on it?"

"No, you don't understand. That stuff with my limo driver? She instigated the whole thing."

Barron rubbed the side of his jaw. "If I'm not dead and you're not dead, then how can we see her?"

"I'm not sure. You don't know how relieved I am to know you can see her too. There for a while, I was beginning to think I'm crazy."

Barron stroked his three-day growth of beard. "That's still out for debate. I'm not sure she's dead."

"She is ... dead that is."

Barron's mouth twisted. He looked like he was resisting the urge to laugh in Edward's face. "And you're basing this on what, one evening out on the town where everyone pretended they didn't see her?"

"She didn't arrange that, Barron. It's true. She's a ghost. No one sees her but me and you."

Barron looked like he continued processing. Finally, he shook his head. "Edward, good God, what kind of drugs are you on?"

"I'm not on drugs. I'm not delusional. She is a ghost."

"Damn, that must be some mighty sweet pussy."

"I don't understand," Edward said.

"She's probably some hooker who needed a place to stay. She showed up on your door and figures she hit pay dirt. Bet you anything she was at the convention. How much you want on it?"

"I don't want your money."

"Yeah, but you want her, don't you?"

"My feelings for her have nothing to do with what I'm telling you."

"You've been locked behind these damn walls for a solid year. Maybe you're so hungry for a woman, you'll believe anything she tells you. Maybe, she's been watching you, trying to figure out how she can come into your life and not only win you over but become your everything and maybe, just, maybe, she's found a permanent place in your life by making you feel like she needs you and you need her.... "Barron paused and paid closer attention to Edward when he sat down at the computer. "What are you doing?"

"Come here and look at this," he said, conducting a search. In a matter of seconds, he found what he expected. "Tell me what you see."

"Good God, she does resemble her."

Heidi entered the room. "I am the former madam of The Love Parlor. And I can prove it."

Edward shrugged. "I don't need any proof. It's all right here." The Heidi in his living room and the woman staring back at him from the computer were without question, one in the same.

"I'm not that easy," Barron said, adjusting things in his pants in a crude manly fashion. "I'd like to see some evidence."

"You're definitely easy, Barron," she assured him, patting his cheek. "In fact, you're playing right into my hand because I need you and Edward to take me to The Love Parlor. If I can get in there, I can show you plenty of proof."

"First, you're going to clear Edward's name."

"How?"

Barron frowned. "I haven't figured that out yet."

"I have a plan," Heidi said. "But it's risky."

"I'm listening."

"I don't need you to listen, Barron," she promised. "I need you to fuck me. Are you up for that?"

Edward's balls tightened. If Heidi thought he'd let her bring Barron into their home and fuck him silly while he watched, she could think again.

Their home? He gasped. What the hell was that? *Their home?*

Heidi smoothed her palms over her skirt. "First, I think it's only fair I tell you. The two of you are going to die unless you make me happy."

"What?" Edward asked.

"It's true," she said. "There's a hit on both of you. It's why you can see me and no one else can. I'm the only thing standing in the way of your life and your unfortunate demise."

Edward gasped. "Don't you think you should've told me that when you first materialized here?"

"No, Edward. It never occurred to me."

"It never occurred to you?" Edward raged.

"I'm dying?" Barron asked. "When? How? Where?"

"There's a hit on you," Heidi told them again. "That's all I know right now."

"And how do you know this?" Barron asked, panicked.

"It's a gut feeling," she assured them.

"Perfect," Edward grumbled. "I'm relying on a ghost's gut instinct. Fabulous."

"I don't have enemies," Barron said, still frantic. "Why would anyone want to kill me?"

Edward narrowed his gaze. "Considering the women you prefer—those with husbands—do you want me to start a list?"

"I believe it's one of your partners," Heidi told them.

Immediately the two men glared at one another.

Heidi shook her head. "No, no, that's not what I meant. You aren't going to harm one another, but there is something going on and we're running out of time."

"When did you figure this out?"

Heidi tousled Edward's hair and studied Barron. "I've known. I wasn't sure about Barron until I saw him. But I'm sure now. He isn't the type to pull a gun. He wouldn't want to get his hands dirty. But you and Barron will be murdered unless we can stop it."

"And how do you think we're going to do that?"

"Take me to The Love Parlor. Let me confront Stan Graves. Then, I'll help you."

"Stan Graves is an old man now, Heidi," Edward pointed out.

"No," she said. "He was in his twenties when we met. He's not old enough for what I have in store."

"Isn't he still the owner of The Love Parlor?" Barron asked.

Edward could see the fury in Heidi's expression. He hesitated to confirm or deny anything about Graves. He didn't want to hurt Heidi.

She pursed her lips. "Is he, Edward?"

"I don't frequent establishments like that."

"Maybe you should," she said, approaching him. "Maybe if you visited a whore house, you'd know how to make the right lady your whore."

His cock twitched when she touched his arm. There was something about Heidi that made him want, made him need and ache.

"Gentleman, I need a recharge. When I'm finished using Edward's train, see if you can't help a lady out."

Barron studied her. Edward saw the interest shining in his eyes. He was intrigued enough to take Heidi to bed, with or without him.

When she disappeared around the corner to prepare for Edward's train, he shot Barron a stern glare. "Don't try anything funny."

"I'm not worried about me. I'm worried about you."

"Why's that?"

Barron reached in his back pocket and brought out a folded newspaper. "Here, read this."

Edward's entire episode with his limo driver unfolded in a detailed article. Quotes regarding Edward's peculiar evening out followed with respectable

Las Vegas citizens speaking out about his behavior. Edward ran his hand through his hair. "Shit, this is bad."

"Yeah," Barron said. "And you want to know what's worse?"

Edward shook his head. He knew what Barron was going to say.

"I think our partners are perturbed. They want us out. And we're relying on a dead madam to clear our good names and save our lives at the same time. If this backfires, the press will have a field day."

"If it backfires, we're doomed," Edward said.

"I'm not worried about being doomed. I'm worried about being damned. If we put our faith in the wrong person, we're as good as dead."

Edward held his breath. He didn't like depending on anyone. He had always been a man who'd survived on tangible facts. He liked proof and relied on logic. Now, he had to take a leap of faith, and he was damn nervous. But at least he wasn't alone.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

Heidi pinched her nipples and tossed her head back. She was already riding for that inebriating high when Barron and Edward joined her.

"Hi," she said, exasperated, parting her legs and letting them have a bird's eye view of another dildo insertion. The third toy danced at her opening. A little attachment rubbed her clit and she shot off like a rocket, reaching for that exuberating fling—the one that made her crazy, the one that made her high. Ah yes, she was an adrenaline junkie.

If Edward had placed her there, she imagined he might have tied her hands but he hadn't so she had full use of her limbs. She balanced herself in the harness, pressing her palms to her knees, and allowing them to see her.

"Feel me, Edward?" she purred, teasing him when he looked as if he'd had enough.

"I feel ya, baby," Barron answered when Edward didn't.

Poor Edward looked speechless.

"Good God, is this why I haven't seen you in the past week?" Barron asked, stepping closer and smacking her ass when the contraption swung by his head.

She had him pegged for a swatter, a guy who'd make her bottom burn. And sure enough, he wasn't going to let her down.

"Edward," she moaned, pinching her nipples again. "Tell me what kind of woman you like in your bed."

Barron rubbed his thumb over his bottom lip. "You want me to tell you?"

"No," she grunted, accepting a larger toy and jerking when the vibrator hummed between her pussy lips. "Edward."

Edward cleared his throat. "I like a lady who—"

"Edward, you take a lady to dinner. I want to know what you can do for a woman when she lands in your bed."

Barron faced him. "I'd kind of like to hear this myself given your current reputation."

Edward's face turned red. Poor guy had a difficult time expressing himself.

"I'd rather show you."

"Ah, God!" she screamed, an orgasm rushing over her as the dancing dildo hit its mark.

Barron's jaw dropped. "Shit, look at that!" he pointed at Heidi's vagina. She knew what he saw. She'd watched herself have sex in mirrors before. She'd watched her pussy lips flare around plenty of toys and she had a tight opening, the kind of puss that made a man like Barron harder with anticipation.

He crossed the tracks and looked up when the harness swung in front of him. "How do I cut this thing off?" he asked Edward.

She grinned at Barron. "You ... have ... to wait." Her shoulders slumped and she rode out another climax, this time hanging on to the leather cords above her, stretching with them, bracing against them, taking and accepting the wider impalement. Lust burned at her entrance. Heat rushed over her. She wanted a man's cock. She wanted him filling her, stroking her, and oh yes! Loving her!

"Edward," she cooed. "Edward, come with me."

He looked at her blankly.

"I didn't stutter," she said. "Come. With. Me."

Barron looked at Edward and then gifted her with a devilish grin. "I'll come with you, Heidi."

"I know you will," she said, smiling. "But I long to see Edward. I want him to take his cock out so we can watch."

"I'm not interested in Edward," Barron told her. "If I pull for pleasure, I'll yank my own chain with you, baby."

"Creepy," she whispered, enchanted anyway.

"And you love it," Barron told her.

"I love Edward."

Edward stared right through her then.

"Don't act so surprised. You're the reason I have a second chance at life. You're the reason I'm ... fuck!" She couldn't finish what she wanted to say. She crossed over the last threshold and when she reached the substation, one dildo dropped and the ultra stimulator inched between her lips. The mega-vibrator locked between her legs and really went to work, jerking and hopping, wiggling around her opening and then thrusting inside her, pounding between her legs and fucking her like a man should.

"Wow," Barron said. "I saw that thing at the convention." He watched a minute. "Ten thousand says women make their husbands and boyfriends line up to pay for that thing."

Edward grinned. Heidi locked eyes with him. She knew the truth about that dildo. Edward realized she knew the truth.

She'd watched him measure himself and she'd been there when he'd taken the tape and wrapped it around his width. The dildo between her legs was a cloned cock and all the more reason she enjoyed the grand finale.

"Ah, Edward," she sang. "Right there. Ah yes. Fuck me, Edward."

He looked at her with wide eyes. Barron watched him watching her. "You gonna leave her up there in the sky when she's crying out *your name*, buddy?"

"No," he said, stalking the front coal car and throwing a lever to halt the circular motion.

"What are you doing, Edward?" she asked, coming down from another wonderful orgasm.

"I'm doing what I should've done the first day I saw you."

"What?" she screeched when he pulled her into his arms.

"I'm going to bend you over and spank that pretty ass of yours. Then? I'm going to fuck you until I can't fuck you. When I'm done? I'm going to let Barron take my place. Maybe by the time the two of us are through with you, you won't be so eager to charm a man right out of his pants."

His lips landed against hers and he kissed her. He didn't take her easy, but she didn't want easy loving. She wanted wild and rough. She wanted the Edward she'd watched in the depths of a dark night. She wanted his hands all over her. She needed him thrusting between her folds, finding that place, that one little place only a skilled, attentive lover understood how to find.

She longed for Edward, the raw man. She yearned for Edward, the seducer, the man who had one hell of a dirty and capable mind, that's the Edward she wanted. She wanted him to be a nasty boy, a vile lover who made her weak in the knees and then kept her on them for greater deeds.

Her eyes met Barron's. She knew what she had in Barron. Now, she wanted to see how far she could push Edward because she was willing to make a wager. If she pushed Edward's buttons, if she led him astray, then somehow, he'd never let her go. In fact, he'd probably beg her to stay. She was about to find out if she had a sure thing.

The time had come. Without a lot of provocation, Barron and Edward would too. And she had a feeling they would explode without any problem.

* * * *

Heidi waited for them on the expansive terrace. Modeled after one of the outdoor terraces from the largest suite in Las Vegas, the hot tub was big enough for a party. She wondered if she were submerged in the tub, would she evaporate and never return again or would her limited powers—the endowment of capable living—prohibit the indulgence? Could she wait for the men she longed to have in the hot tub? Could she sink under the bubbles and seduce them into joining her?

Heidi thought about the good old days when she and Stan lived there together. They used to entertain some of their clients there. They invited the girls from the club and turned their extravagant dinners into sex parties. Heidi couldn't remember orgies, per se, but she'd watched plenty of public sex acts. Now, she wanted to be the seducer, and the seduced.

The men joined her. Wearing white terrycloth towels, Barron handed her a glass of wine. "I can't," she said, taking the glass and placing it on the bar.

"But you could take the glass?" Edward asked, arching a brow.

"I can do a lot of things here that I can't do anywhere else."

"Why?"

Barron studied her. She felt his eyes all the way to her soul. He wanted to see what she wasn't revealing, hear what she refused to say and that, alone, frightened her.

Heidi glanced at Edward. He sank into the water and rested his neck on the headrest. "Oh this is heaven. Join me, Heidi?"

She walked over to the tub and sat next to Edward's head. His hand propelled across the water and he shifted. "Stand up," he said, guttural and demanding.

"Why?"

"Do it, Heidi," Barron told her in a dark, raspy voice.

She stood behind Edward's head and he dipped his fingers under her skirt. His eyes were darker than usual, filled with uncertainty and lust. Was it possible that Edward was guarding his heart?

His fingers traced her opening. He dragged them through her slit and he jerked. "So hot and pretty, aren't you?"

She grinned. "Edward, you don't have to coax the kitty."

He stood. His eyes were hooded, hidden. He grabbed her around the nape and wielded her forward, bracketing his arms around her waist. "Would you prefer I pound the pussy?"

She gasped. She didn't know whether to laugh or scream, but something told her he was serious. His eyes held a deadly stare, one that she'd never seen before and she'd watched Edward a lot.

"What's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me is that I don't like being played."

"I haven't played you."

"Yes you have," Barron said, straddling a bar stool. "You knew Stan Graves had the first right of refusal on some of the furniture Edward designed, didn't you?"

"No," she replied. So the thought had occurred to her but only after she'd been living with Edward for a while and only because she couldn't shake the feeling that someone wanted to harm Edward. Stan was the likely choice. He wouldn't have sold her place to Edward if Edward didn't have something Stan wanted. "Okay, so it dawned on me that the biggest proprietor in the sex business would want to buy what Edward designs. It's possible that Stan was savvy enough to cut a deal with your partners."

Barron took a drink of his cocktail. "I find that hard to believe," he said, slamming his glass against the bar.

"Me too," Edward said, studying her lips.

She felt his breath against her skin. The ridges of his cock pressed against her middle and he held her there against him, unashamed, one hundred percent rock hard male.

"What do you want from us, Heidi?"

"I want to clear my name. I want people to know I didn't kill myself."

Barron slurped his drink again. "She wants those who remember her to know she didn't go on some kind of menopausal tyrant and act irrationally. She endured a humiliating death."

"You're damn right I did," she snapped, jerking away from Edward's arms. "How would you like it if some woman did the same thing to you as Stan did to me?"

"What did he do exactly, Heidi?" Barron asked.

"He brought me here and humiliated me in front of my girls, women I'd hired when no one else in Vegas wanted a dried up whore. Women who I took under my wing and nurtured when they had nowhere else to stay. Then, after he embarrassed me, he took a gun to my head, kissed me goodbye in the vilest manner imaginable and pulled the trigger."

Barron set his glass on the bar and deserted the drink. "He did that to you?"

"Yes," she replied, the bitterness burning her throat. "And then he turned up a glass of the champagne I'd purchased and celebrated my death. That's what he did."

Edward touched her cheek. "It's over now."

"No, Edward. It will never be over until he's dead and buried in the same place where he buried me. Then, it will be over."

Barron squeezed her hand. "Have you thought about how you want us to approach him?"

"I'm not approaching him," Edward deadpanned.

"You will," she assured him.

Barron arched a brow. "Why do we have to contact him? What makes you so sure he won't come to us?"

She took a step toward Barron and looped her arms around his neck. "You never know what tomorrow holds, Barron. When he's ready to meet you, it will happen and not a minute before. That's the way Stan operates. When he strikes, you'll never see him coming."

Barron grabbed her around the waist and closed the distance between them, grinding against her. "He's not the only one." He nipped at her ear and rid her of the clothes a ghostly woman certainly didn't need. Nicking the small hairs on her nape, he reached around her torso and squeezed her breasts. "Feels nice, doesn't it, Heidi?"

Edward stepped in front of her. She resisted the urge to look down. In that moment, she had the power to seduce Edward with more than sex.

Her eyes were on his. They were locked in some kind of fixed trance, one she refused to break.

His moist lips parted but he never stared below her angled chin, the one she held higher when Barron gripped her hair and clutched her head against his shoulder.

Barron's hands were like the hands of a criminal. He took what he wanted, robbed what he needed and roughly demanded more.

Edward continued to watch them together, finally gazing down at the way their bodies moved together. "Are you happy, Heidi?"

"Yes," she crooned.

Barron's fingers raked over her nipples and Edward touched her lips. "Sweet Heidi."

"She's not sweet, Edward," Barron told him. "She's a woman with a purpose."

"I'd rather have a woman with a purpose than a woman with substance," Edward admitted, showing her his lust, rubbing against her and letting her know his wants, his desires.

"I love you, Edward," she said, motioning him forward.

"Love and sex don't mix," Barron said, breathing in her ear. "What we're about to do to you is anything but love, Heidi."

It was good versus evil then and Heidi knew it. She was sandwiched between one man who'd love her and one who'd only fuck her. Both men offered tremendous appeal from their rock hard bodies, to their rigid cocks and damning lips, Heidi understood what they held in store.

Barron didn't have the ability to love—at least not yet—but she couldn't help but feel something in his touch. When he moved against her with urgency, when he ground against her bottom with clammy hands sliding nervously up and down her torso, his rigid body said more than his lips ever would. He was mesmerized, completely entranced by the undeniable chemistry between them and ... well, at least the man had excellent taste in women.

Barron placed his hands in the small of her back as Edward caught her. Barron's hands smoothed over her globes and he bit at her shoulder, nipping the flesh until she was certain if she'd been alive, blood would've seeped from her skin.

He fisted his cock and dragged the head of his penis down the seam of her ass. "You've been taken here, haven't you Heidi?"

She moaned.

"I didn't hear you," Barron said, slapping her ass.

"Yes."

"Did you like it, Heidi?" Edward asked gruffly.

She stared at Edward. She saw his hunger and possessive nature. "I liked it a lot."

Edward pinched her nipples. He lowered his head and lapped at the right one, raising his gaze to capture hers. "Beg for your spanking, lover," he whispered, squeezing one of her breasts while tweaking the other nipple.

"I'll beg. I'll barter. I'll grovel."

"Barter?" Barron asked.

"Yes, I'll trade a spanking for a blow job."

Barron hissed. "Since when does a woman barter?"

"In matters of sex," Heidi assured him. "I'll trade favors all night long."

Barron grinned. "Then you've got the right men. And you don't have to worry. We'll never run out of things to exchange."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Seven

They fooled around on the terrace and then took her inside. Everywhere their lips would fit, they'd kissed.

Heidi felt like she'd absorbed more smooches in the past hour than she'd ever received in her lifetime. Just when she thought it was over, Edward slipped between her legs and tongued his way into her slick passage, sipping and slurping, wiggling his tongue between her folds until she was crazy, lost, and oh so addicted.

She rode out one orgasm and grasped onto another. Edward wasn't a selfish lover and wasn't as greedy as Barron.

When Edward placed her on her knees, turned on his back and wiggled between her legs, she saw the positioning from a mile away. Seconds later, she fell to her stomach, practically smothering Edward's face.

He moaned, used two fingers to spread her lips and then indulged in a feast, licking his way inside her while Heidi took advantage of placement, struggling to pull Barron's thick crest between her lips.

Once he shifted, she had a good grip and Barron wasn't about to hold back. He thrust between her cheeks, stroking her face and letting her feel him all the way to her throat.

She still wanted a spanking. Arching her back, Barron reached across her hips. He smacked her behind and she choked out her muffled cries, stilled by the dick sliding across her tongue. Barron must've appreciated the vibrations against his shaft. He smacked her ass again and this time she bucked, the burn too hot to resist.

Edward secured her with his arm and brought her closer, lapping and feeding, feasting on her until she was ready to fly and quite eager to sing.

"More," she gasped.

Barron buried his hand in her hair and tangled the locks around his fingers. "Keep doing that and you'll get a mouthful."

Edward's probing fingers lodged inside her, spreading her. He inched back and then surged forward, plunging his tongue between her folds, too. Then, he did it again. Oh, she was crazy. She teetered on the wings of madness.

She wanted to fly. She needed to soar. Hell and damnation, she longed for so much more.

Barron held her away from his cock. "Tell me what you need, Heidi. Talk to me, baby."

"Cock," she blurted out.

"Such a shy little thing," Barron said, winking.

"The truth will set you free," she told him, grinding against his chin.

Barron pulled her in his arms and kissed her. When their kiss broke, he said. "Darlin', in this town, the rules don't apply here. In Sin City, the truth will bring you far more trouble than a lie."

* * * *

Edward stretched out on the bed. Heidi came over him. Seductively she crawled up the mattress, brushing her lips across the tip of his cock and gliding over him like a silk scarf. She barely let him touch her and he was eager to touch, itching to hold her, brand her as his own.

He'd waited for her. Since the moment he first saw her, her name had been on his lips. Something else had occurred to him too, something he wasn't sure he'd ever admit because he was a private person, but he had a feeling Heidi had been with him since the day he moved into the loft. He'd felt her presence, sensed her in all the ways that mattered.

He'd taken his hand to his cock more times in the past year than he had in over a decade. The images were always the same. He imagined a woman with milky skin riding him, moving over him like rain, making him crazy,

making him want, satisfying him until the next time when he felt the presence of a strong force, a force so incredibly real to him, that he remained in a constant state of arousal.

Heidi mounted him. Her slick heat enveloped his cock and he was hers.

Her pussy rubbed against his shaft. He gripped her hips and moved with her, sliding her up and down. "Feel me, Heidi."

Her gaze held at their connection. When she looked at him again, she didn't say anything but he knew. He'd wanted to make sure but he knew: a woman like Heidi felt him all the way to her soul. Whether he had her a minute, an hour or a decade, she would always belong to him.

While entranced by her eyes, he became aware of Barron behind her. She flinched. The area of space he occupied was snug, tight. Her body hugged him now, practically clenched around him.

One thrust matched another. Barron slid in and claimed his spot. Barron's cautious strokes followed Edward's more deliberate moves, and they fucked her until she creamed around them, screaming for more, begging for less, but giving herself to them in a way only a real woman could.

Edward couldn't live without Heidi. She'd given him purpose. She'd shown him a new life. Through her, he'd found a love that had apparently always been there, and whatever it took, he'd fight to keep her right there, in his arms.

Barron collapsed on her back and slowly withdrew. "Everybody all right?"

Edward snickered. He was about to ask the same thing. He felt like they'd endured battle.

Heidi placed her hands under her chin and rested them on his chest never turning to look at Barron when he left the bed.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm good."

"You're telling me," Edward said, smiling. "You're the best thing I've ever had in this bed."

Heidi blinked. "Let me remind you that you haven't spent the night away from home since you moved in here and I don't recall any gal slipping under the sheets with you."

"You're wrong. I slept next to a beautiful woman just last night as a matter of fact."

A comfortable silence lingered. "Edward?"

"What is it?"

"Do you really think I'm beautiful?"

"When you were living, didn't anyone ever tell you that?"

She grinned. "I guess I may have heard it some but whores don't receive a lot of compliments unless they're sex related, you know?"

Edward took a deep breath. "Heidi, were you as promiscuous as some of the girls you hired?"

"Would it bother you if I told you the truth?"

"I want the truth or I wouldn't have asked you."

"I've had a lot of sex, Edward."

"I couldn't tell," he said, grinning.

"Want me to convince you?"

"Would you?"

"It would be my pleasure," she said, reaching between his legs.

He closed his eyes and said, "If this is what it feels like to have a dead woman touch you, I may just take my own life tonight."

She stopped stroking him. "There's something I need to tell you."

"I'm a dead man already, right?" Edward asked, coming to terms with the fact he might not live another hour if a man like Stan Graves wanted him dead.

"Not you."

"Barron?"

Her eyes watered. "I don't know how to stop it."

"You have to tell me how to stop it, Heidi. I know you're lonely. I know you're confused. It would be frustrating to be trapped between your world and this one, the one you aren't ready to leave behind, but Barron still has a chance."

"Yes, but the odds aren't in his favor, Edward."

"Are they in mine?"

She gave him a tug. "Right now? I'd give you ten to one."

He snickered. "Is that for life?"

"Yeah," she said, lowering her lips to his. "Because I'd bargain with the devil to save you."

Edward hoped it wouldn't take that because the devil would arrive. How Heidi handled him would likely determine all their fates, but he wasn't worried about himself necessarily. He was concerned about Barron, even jealous. If Barron died and Heidi met him in the afterlife, would she disappear from his life? Would they find their place together in another world and leave him behind?

Heidi straddled his hips and he entered her. Taking her hard and fast, he fucked her. She looked like a seductress, biting down on her forefinger and then raking her fingers over those delectable nipples. But more than anything else, she appeared frightened. She looked terrified of the things to come and at the same time, she looked pleased too, like she'd carefully orchestrated whatever it was waiting for them on the other side of the hour.

"Fuck me, Edward."

He flipped her over and tucked her under his body. He entered her savagely, clasping her hands and shoving them above her head. He ravaged her body and stole her lips. He fucked her like he'd never fuck another and her body accepted him.

Edward wanted to live within her. He wanted to be a permanent part of her existence because if he loved her enough, if he wanted her more than he wanted anything else, then maybe, just maybe, logical reasoning would work in love like it did in science.

Only time would tell. And Edward feared there was very little time remaining.

* * * *

"Heidi, Stan Graves is coming here to see Edward," Barron said, slipping between the sheets about an hour later.

Heidi had been in a deep sleep. She rolled over and stared at Barron. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"No," Barron said, stretching out beside her and stroking her stomach. "He called Edward this morning and said he wanted to take a look at some equipment. He wants Edward to design some furniture for The Love Parlor."

Heidi shook her head. "No, that's not true. He may be telling Edward that but Stan is a tight ass. He'd never pay Edward's price. If he went around you

and Edward, it's because he has something he can hold over one of your partners."

Barron blinked. "Like a visit to The Love Parlor?"

"Exactly," she said, closing her eyes. She remembered the last day she and Stan were together. He was cruel, manipulative and very convincing. He was an arrogant SOB who knew long before he pulled the trigger he'd get away with murder.

Heidi swallowed. "He's coming here to kill you—or maybe even Edward."

"Graves? Edward hasn't even met the man and I barely know him."

"He wouldn't pay for Edward's designs but if he were impressed, he'd barter for them. He's made a kill here before and Stan has a big mouth. Somewhere, someone knows his secrets. Maybe one of your partners paid him or maybe they offered to give Stan something in return if he came in and did a neat job. He knows how to kill and get away with it, Barron. He's familiar with the layout of this building. He lived here, in this very unit. We need to take him by surprise."

Barron frowned. "Graves won't expect me," he said, brushing her hair away from her cheek. His hand drifted down her chest and he squeezed her breast. "He won't expect you either."

"He won't be able to see me," she said, pushing his hand lower.

Barron grinned. "You dirty girl, you."

"You have no idea, Barron. I'm aroused around the clock."

"Edward is a lucky son-of-a-bitch," he said, fingering her cunt.

Heidi let him paw her, indulging in the sensational feeling of having a man's fingers tremble inside her pussy. While lying in Barron's arms, she thought of all the ways she could hurt Stan.

Revenge was coming. Her day of reckoning had arrived. Retribution was only a couple of hours away.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Eight

Edward walked through the foyer. He'd heard the bell but waited to see how persistent his guests were and he found out rather quickly. The man on the other side of the wall had very little patience.

The bell buzzed again. Their visitor knocked a few times and then called out, "Is anyone home or not?"

Edward swung open the door. "Right on time. You must be Stan Graves," he said, eyeing his two arm ornaments.

"Brought you a treat, Brady," he said in a raspy voice.

"Did you?"

"A surprise," he said, slapping his back. "This here is Shelby and over here is Margo. They work for me out at The Love Parlor. I thought since we never have the pleasure of your company out there, I'd bring a little sweet temptation to your door."

"A housewarming present?" Edward asked, dismissing the girls.

"Something like that," Stan grated out, stuffing a cigar between his lips. "So where are these furniture pieces I'm hearing about?"

Edward glanced at the women. "Ladies, if you'll wait upstairs."

Graves shook his head. "I didn't say I'd let you keep the babes. Bang 'em, sure. But longer than a couple of hours and we start running a tab, you get me?"

"Yeah," Edward said, not getting him at all.

"You feel me, brother, don't 'cha?" he asked, slapping his jaws.

What a wise guy wannabe. If Edward owned a gun, he'd probably put the old guy out of his misery. He'd risen to the top of Las Vegas with one of the most profitable brothels in Nevada. His brothel was the closest to Las Vegas. Sure, the guy made good on a dirty deal. He killed someone and took what he wanted, but he still wasn't confident he'd earned that respect guys like Stan Graves longed to have. "I don't have all day," he said in that throaty voice. "Show me the pretties."

Edward grinned, waved his arm in front of Stan's body and said, "Right this way."

"Girls," Stan said, moving the cigar to the corner of his mouth.

The little obedient bunnies followed Stan through the hallway. Edward was so excited about what he was about to see, he almost came in his pants. Thanks to Barron and Heidi putting their heads together, and a little test run on the video recorder, they'd figured out what Heidi needed in order for a man to see her.

She had to be fully empowered—steam empowered—and Heidi owned plenty of steam. She'd been on the train for the last hour. The rage Stan stirred inside her provided better stimulation than artificial toys, and according to Heidi, was even better than sex, though Edward would have to see that for himself.

Stan rounded the corner and stopped short. Edward and Heidi locked gazes. She acted like she didn't see Stan and Stan acted like he didn't see her.

Stan loosened his tie. "So this is it?"

"Oh, Edward, Oh! I'm coming! Edward!"

Stan removed his jacket. "You uh..."

"Edward, help! Hot! Fucking hot!"

"Is something wrong, Graves?"

Stan looked at Barron who stood in the middle of the tracks shoveling coal. His gaze drifted up and he matched Heidi's wicked grin.

"Hello, Stan," she said, once the tracks slowed.

Barron hit the lever and she dangled above Stan, her body fully exposed. An aging fellow like Graves should've taken notice, should've been aroused, but he wasn't. He was petrified and the uneasiness marked its spot with beads of sweat dotting his brow.

He cleared his throat and looked accusingly at Edward and Barron. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"Joke?" Edward asked. "You don't like the machine?"

"I don't like her on the machine," he said, pointing toward Heidi.

"Who?" Barron asked, dropping the shovel.

"Her!" Stan yelled, pointing.

Barron lifted his hands, palms up. "Her, who?"

Heidi grinned. "They can't see me, lover."

Stan growled. "Then why did he say something about a demonstration?"

Edward grinned. "A ghost lives here."

"A ghost?"

"Yes. You're probably being taunted by her now." Edward chuckled. "She's a friendly ghost."

"I'll bet," Stan grumbled.

"Friendly to those who appreciate a good woman," Heidi said, swinging free of her harness and prancing right by him.

He fingered his cigar and studied her ass. "Your ghost has a great lookin' ass."

"A young ass too, Graves."

"The hell you are," he bit out.

"I beg your pardon?" Barron asked, stepping away from the tracks.

He snickered. "Your ghost is a little testy today."

Heidi leaned over Stan's back. "Want to know why I'm testy, Stan?"

He froze. His shoulders squared. The man looked downright pale.

"That's what I thought. I was young. I was happy. I was in love. And you killed me!"

"Can, uh, you fellows hear what she's saying?"

Barron shook his head and arched a brow. "Why? Is she scaring you or something?"

Edward crossed his arms and glared at Graves. "Barron and I will go entertain your guests if you'd like to have a moment alone with the resident ghost."

"Yeah, uh, why don't you do that? I believe a minute will be plenty and I'll be done here."

"Sure," Edward said, rushing around the corner and slamming the door to the media room.

Barron slipped in a moment later. There, in the middle of the screen, the entire Heidi and Stan story unfolded for a captive audience.

Stan stalked her. Heidi didn't budge except when she sashayed over to the settee to pluck her robe from the furniture. She shrugged the silk over her

shoulders and left the robe open down the middle. She wanted to taunt him and by the looks of things, she was breaking him.

"I know where you buried me."

Stan narrowed his gaze on her breasts. "What was that?"

"The stupid fuck still thinks she's sexy as hell," Barron said, watching the big screen.

"She is sexy as all hell," Edward pointed out, turning up the volume.

"I said I know where my body is buried."

Stan ran his splayed fingers through his hair. "What is all this, Heidi? Hmm?"

"I can't rest in peace."

"Peace? Fuck peace! You didn't have a moment's peace when you were alive and now you want to talk about having it in the afterlife?"

"You came here to kill Edward. I heard you tell him you had a treat, a surprise for him. You'll have to go through me to do it."

He chuckled. "If you think you can stop me now when you couldn't stop me thirty years ago, you're one crazy bitch."

"Am I?"

"His partners aren't happy. He's a liability. They want him extinguished."

"And you're a hit man now?"

"I do clean work," he reminded her.

"How could I forget?"

He chuckled. "What do you want, Heidi? What can I give you now that I didn't give you back then? Want a good fuck for the road? Is that what you want?"

She dropped her hands protectively in front of her body. "From you? No. I had that this morning from Barron and Edward. Besides, old men with bimbos half their age are anything but sexy."

"You expect me to believe you're fucking the Vegas nerds?"

She took a step forward and opened her robe. "Look at me, Stan. Do I look like a sated woman to you?" She grinned. "Amazing what a young man can do for a woman my age. Two of them? Well, as you know from experience, there's nothing quite like double stuffing."

"Huh, I bet they get a kick out of forking a corpse."

He reached out and touched her breast. She flinched and then slapped him. "Are you happy now? Do I feel real to you, you fucking son-of-a-bitch?"

He snarled. "I knew I should've burned your body. I knew it! Instead, I let that damn bimbo from the club talk me into burying you on property. They wanted their damn swimming pool and thought it would be cool to have you buried nearby, kind of like a symbolic meaning."

"And what would that be, Stan? Hmm? Don't drown yourself in love because if you find the wrong lover, he'll swim and you'll sink?"

He gritted his teeth. "Actually, the memorial was along the lines of Heidi Labeidi's Love Parlor. She lived here. She loved here. And she died here. God rest her soul because no one else wanted it. Her body was the only thing she had, an outer shell to a cold hearted woman."

"You mother fucker!" she said, propelling her arm back.

Stan caught her in mid-air. "You do feel real. How could that be?"

"Love set me free, Stan."

He chuckled. "It killed you too, didn't it?"

"You killed me."

"Don't take it so personally. You had something I wanted."

"The club?"

"The club, the money, this place," he said, grinning wider. "You were a wealthy babe, Heidi, and I got tired of fucking the golden pussy. Ya know?"

"I would've given you everything."

"You gave me nothing. I took what I wanted."

She pursed her lips and looked over his shoulder. "Did you get that, boys?"

"Every last word," Edward said, exiting the media room.

A few blue suits trailed behind Edward. Stan looked like he'd seen a ghost when they cuffed him but he wasn't the one who looked most surprised. The two gals from the club stared at Heidi like they'd just met Elvis.

"You owned The Love Parlor?" one of them asked.

"It was mine and now," she turned to Edward and Barron. "The Love Parlor belongs to Edward and Barron."

"You can't give us the club," Edward said.

"Why the hell not?" Barron asked, grumbling under his breath and eyeing the two buxom beauties.

Heidi touched his face. "It's the only thing that makes sense. As long as I have your creations nearby, I can survive and if you take your designs to The Love Parlor, I'll be able to help you sell to a wide and diverse market while running my business the way I always wanted to run it."

"You said it right there. Your business. The Love Parlor is yours, not mine and Barron's, but yours."

"Yes, but a dead woman can't own property."

"She can't leave it to heirs either, especially thirty years after the fact."

"Stranger things have happened, Edward."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Epilogue

Heidi Labeidi, the original proprietor of the Love Parlor, a popular gentleman's club on the outskirts of Las Vegas, was discovered at her former home last week when Stan Graves met with Edward Brady, the highly acclaimed inventor, to discuss innovative purchases for The Love Parlor.

Stan Graves, formerly Miss Labeidi's bar manager and lover, is being held without bond in a Las Vegas jail where he will stand trial for a number of charges. While murder charges are pending, it's undetermined whether or not Graves can be tried for murder. The Las Vegas Police Department has discovered strong evidence which is suggestive of murder and an outright attempt to hide a body. They're also aware of strong evidence to the contrary.

In other news today, Barron Capwell is suing the former employees of The Love Parlor on behalf of Heidi Labeidi stating their malicious attempts to make Miss Labeidi appear unstable prevented police from a thorough investigation during the thirty year period locals were unable to locate Miss Labeidi.

Capwell stated that on behalf of Miss Labeidi, he wanted those in the Las Vegas area to know Heidi Labeidi was in her twenties when she disappeared from her Las Vegas home over thirty years ago and was in no way menopausal. The courts are reviewing Capwell's various strange and unusual claims.

And finally, out in Pahrump, Nevada, The Love Parlor has once again become the best little whorehouse on the outskirts of Vegas. Edward Brady, the renowned designer of popular adult sex products, has moved his lab to Pahrump and Heidi Labeidi is often spotted testing his products.

Today, a monument was placed in honor of Heidi Labeidi's beloved cat, Rocks. The pussy cat now stands guard poolside overlooking the east lawn of The Love Parlor property.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

We hope you enjoyed *Steam Toys*, a steampunk erotic romance by Destiny Blaine! For other great erotic tales from Destiny, check out her selections like *Domination Plantation* or *Cowboys for Christmas* available at www.aspenmountainpress.com/.

For more information about Destiny and her work, you might want to join our fabulous and friendly readers' community loop at www.ampcommunity@yahoogroups.com. And keep an eye out for her upcoming releases in 2011, including

Visit www.aspenmountainpress.com for information on additional titles by this and other authors.