

# **The Haunting of the Desert Rose**

by

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# Prologue

She didn't know why she could see herself lying there on the bed. Why was she floating above her body? What happened? The last thing she remembered was telling Scott she wasn't in the mood to have another foursome with him and his two friends, John and Steve. It was bad enough the guys didn't pay for the last time they all fucked her. Every orifice filled with stiff cock, and she enjoyed it. But not enough to give a freebie.

Strange thing was, that had been hours ago. She lay there on the bed in the darkened room clad in only a black g-string. Around her neck, she saw the red marks. Glancing down to her naked, perky breasts – firm and perfect due to extensive cosmetic surgery – she saw she didn't move. Nor was she breathing.

“Fuck!” she whispered as she realized why she floated above her body.

She was dead.

# Chapter One

"Hello, Karloff Paranormal Investigations, where the strange are our usual. Can I help you?" Carla answered the phone in her typical fashion.

"I'm not really sure you can. The cops don't want to be bothered with the likes of me. But, I don't have anywhere else to turn to." The woman on the line spoke nervously.

"Well, we specialize in the strange, so we've basically heard it all before." Carla only worked as a secretary for Karloff Paranormal Investigations, but she knew enough to know that nothing was taboo. And in the wilds of Las Vegas, the motto was "anything goes."

"One of my girls here at the Desert Rose Ranch was murdered about a month ago. I was the one who found her. She was strangled. The cops have no clues as to who did it. They don't even have the murder weapon."

"Okay," Carla encouraged the woman to continue. She already had an idea of why the police failed to help this woman when she mentioned the Desert Rose Ranch. The dead woman must have been a prostitute.

"Since then, strange things have been happening."

"Like what?"

"Some of our patrons have claimed to being...handled by an unseen source. I don't know how else to put it."

*Okay, that was original.* "You mean, you think the ghost of this murdered woman

is giving pleasure to the men visiting your establishment?"

"Exactly. Do you think Karloff Paranormal Investigations can help?" She really sounded desperate.

"I'll talk to the boss and he'll be in contact with you."

"Thank you so much."

The woman gave Carla her name, address, and number. She hoped Max knew someone to help Madame Russo and her prostitute poltergeist.

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"Got an interesting one for you tonight, Max," Carla said once Max picked up his cell phone.

"What is it this time? Some nightclub claiming a few vampires are sucking dry the patrons?" He laughed because he took that last job for himself, and it turned out some weirdo cult believed they were vampires. Nothing like wannabe vampires. *If they only knew the truth.*

"Well, this one is a bit different. Madame Russo claims she thinks the spirit of a murdered prostitute is haunting her establishment, The Desert Rose Ranch."

"Madame Russo, eh? Seems like that name is familiar. Got any back history on this murder?" He ran his hand through his long dark hair as he stepped out onto the patio of his home.

"Yeah, I looked it up for you. Apparently, a prostitute by the name of Viola was found strangled in her room a month ago. No murder weapon was found, and no suspects were ever charged. You know how thorough those forensics guys are, so it all seems pretty strange."

Gazing out into the darkness, Max could see the glow of the Vegas lights shimmering on the horizon. At midnight, the town buzzed with activity. In fact, it

seemed the place came alive at night. A perfect location for one such as him. "OK, give me Madame Russo's information and I'll talk to her. I have the perfect person to take this case."

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Gabriel Fredricks drove through the neon-lighted streets of Las Vegas. It was so bright down by the casinos, it was impossible to tell it was one in the morning. The streets were busy with all sorts of activity, and mostly illegal activity, to be sure.

Driving his Ford F150 out of Sin City, he turned onto the road for Nye County, the center of Nevada prostitution. The outside counties took advantage of the legalized prostitution in Nevada, but it was still illegal to practice within the Las Vegas city limits. In turn, these outlying establishments cashed in on the Nevada laws and made a fortune.

About an hour later, Gabe parked his truck at the Desert Rose Ranch just outside Pahrump. It was called a ranch, but they did not specialize in any kind of livestock other than women. There were several ranches in the area like this one. It was simply a large hotel structure with a main lobby and rows of individual bungalows for the ladies to entertain their clients.

He wasn't too familiar with this particular establishment, but he had sampled some of the other ranches when he first came to Vegas. Something about the thought of legalized prostitution was a temptation he had to try, but that was at least ten years ago. He never had the motivation to return since.

Shortly after coming to Vegas, he met a beautiful woman, a showgirl at the Sands. Christy had legs a mile long and a body that could keep him content forever. He asked her to marry him and they had taken a quick trip to the Chapel of Love to make it official. Unfortunately, he found out shortly after that she messed around on the side

with one of the dealers at the Sands. Her cheating was bad enough, but she told him it was extra shows keeping her out late at night. *Yeah, extra private shows.* So, he divorced her in Reno and chalked it up to a life lesson learned. A painful lesson at that.

He spent the next eight years casually dating women, but none touched his heart. Too badly scarred, he guessed. He didn't feel like he missed out on much, though. His work kept him pretty busy.

Ever since he was a child, his family knew he was different. He could sense things. His mother always said he had an imaginary friend, but he knew better. It wasn't imaginary – it was a ghost.

Charlie had died and seemed lost. When Gabe had been playing outside in the backyard of his parents' small rancher home in the suburbs of Atlanta, Charlie appeared. Dressed in the uniform of a Confederate soldier, Charlie had told Gabe of his wife and two small children he lost and couldn't find. Poor Charlie. He had no idea he was dead. From then on, Gabe would come out and play with Charlie. One day, he finally showed Charlie a book on the Civil War. He took it pretty hard at first, but then realized why he couldn't find his family. It was as though the whole thing began to make sense to the ghost. Gabe never saw Charlie again after that day. He hoped the man found his family on the other side.

"Mr. Fredricks?" A pretty woman in her mid-forties dressed in a tight black dress met him in the lobby.

The place was tastefully decorated in a Western motif, from the Santa Fe throw rugs, to the dark wood paneling, to the stylized leather couches in the lobby. Further out back, through glass doors, was a spa and pool area. It all looked perfectly normal, like a fashionable, posh resort.

"Yes. And you must be Madame Russo?" He shook her offered hand. She was a

very striking woman with emerald green eyes, dark auburn hair, and a luscious, curvy figure. His cock twitched looking at her set of perfectly sized breasts. *Damn, those must be worth a pretty penny.*

She laughed as though sensing his thoughts. "Yes, I'm pleased to meet you. Max from Karloff Paranormal Investigations told me you were coming." There was a suggestive undertone to her last words.

He cleared his throat and tried to focus on something less tempting than those tits straining against the fabric of her dress. *Yeah, stare at the picture of Roy Rogers and Trigger hanging on the wall.* "Max told me you had a murder here in one of the bungalows."

She instantly turned serious. "Viola. She was one of our finest girls, and made us a lot of money. Men requested her all the time."

"How did the other girls treat her?"

"Everyone gets along around here. At these ranches, the girls become family because for many of them, it is the only family they know."

"Who were her last clients before she was found?"

"See now, that's the strange thing. She didn't have any that night."

Maybe this wasn't going to be as easy as he thought.

They sat down on one of the leather sofas in the lobby. He noted there wasn't much activity going on except back in the spa area where two couples were chatting over drinks. The women were completely naked, and he realized they all must be playing strip poker. One of the two men threw down a card and the girls giggled as one bent down to lick the nipple of the other girl.

*Damn.* Now his cock was getting so hard, it hurt. Thank goodness he was sitting.

"So, when did these hauntings begin?" *Back to business, Gabe.*

“Not long after she died. About a few days, I guess. We had a new girl move into Viola’s bungalow, but demanded to be moved only hours later. Said something was teasing her pussy. Scared her out of her mind.”

Gabe nodded as he took out a notepad and pen. Jotting down a few notes, he asked, “Has anyone been in the room after that?”

“No, no one wants to chance it. I don’t even want to go in there. The aura around the room just gives me the creeps.”

“But Max said the ghost was targeting your male clients.”

She shifted uncomfortably on the couch. “She moves about the entire ranch. She usually goes to her favorite spots like the sauna or the pool house.”

“Pool house?”

“It is the area we set aside for those who like to practice more extreme sexual fantasies. Viola was a Switch.” At his quizzical look, she clarified, “A Switch is someone who can be either Dominant or submissive, depending on the client.”

“Oh,” he nodded. He thought for a moment then asked, “Is that where most of these hauntings are happening?”

She nodded. “Would you like to see it?”

“Yep, might as well.”

“Be prepared.” She rose and started toward the pool area.

Damn, what did a ghost sucking cock feel like anyway? Looked like he was about to find out.

## Chapter Two

Gabe followed Madame Russo out the glass doors leading to the pool. They passed the couples playing strip poker, which seemed to have taken a turn to porno-poker. Or maybe, poke-her. The men were fucking the two women. One man had his cock up one woman's ass while she licked the pussy of the other woman. Meanwhile, the other man was plunging his cock into the second woman's mouth. All were moaning and seemed to be having quite a good time.

Gabe realized he needed to get laid, and soon.

"If you solve our little problem, I'm sure we would be happy to live out that fantasy with you, Mr. Fredricks." Madame Russo had stopped to watch him gawk at the foursome.

He turned away and stepped beside her. "That's okay. One woman is enough for me."

"Looking for a volunteer?" A sweet sexy voice asked from behind him.

Gabe turned to come face to face with a gorgeous blonde goddess, all tan, lean, and perfect in her little yellow bikini. He knew his jaw must have dropped to the ground for a moment.

"Uh, not really," he stammered, looking into those strange catlike amber eyes.

"Too bad, honey. I'd love to feel that cock in my pussy." She leaned in and pressed her hand over his erection. "Oh, yeah, bet you're a good fuck."

"Mr. Fredricks, this is Candy, one of our girls."

"That's right, all sweet and tasty. Wanna sample?" She dipped her other hand down into her suit and into her cleft. Lifting out her hand, she lifted her fingertips to his nose. "Smell how sweet I am for you."

He caught her hands and pushed her away. As tempting as she was, he was there on business. "I'm sorry, Miss Candy, but I'm a bit busy right now. Maybe later." *Definitely later*, he thought. That juice he sniffed was like exotic perfume. Heady as hell and downright tempting.

"Later then," she said with a smile and walked off.

"This way," Madame Russo said, breaking his concentration on the fleshy exit of the temptress, Candy.

She looked good in a thong bikini. *Bet she looked just as hot naked as well.*

The pool house was hardly what he expected. He thought it was a storage shed for pool supplies, but it wasn't. It was a huge structure, completely enclosed. Entering, Gabe was hit with the smell of incense. *What was that? Jasmine?* There wasn't anyone there at the moment. All that he could see were the odds and ends to various bondage play.

Just as he was getting the lay of the area, he felt her presence.

Madame Russo must have felt it, too. She shifted nervously from one foot to the other, and her face reflected her fear.

Gabe turned to her. "You know, I can look around here on my own. I'll call when I need you."

Without a word, she nodded and quickly left the pool house.

As the door shut behind her, Gabe felt Viola's presence increasing. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. Chills shimmied along every nerve ending as her

body began to form. Madame Russo never mentioned experiencing a vision of Viola, but Gabe wasn't surprised at seeing her. With his special gift, seeing ghosts was an everyday occurrence.

Her body came into vision clad in only a black thong, a young woman with olive skin and raven black hair falling freely down her back and curling just above her buttocks. He wouldn't have thought she was a ghost at first. However, the telltale transparency of her form was ever present. She walked across the floor toward him, her firm breasts perfectly shaped and tipped with dark, pert nipples, she smiled, but said nothing. Her brown eyes were a dark chocolate color, tempting and sweet.

He felt his body react to her lithe, sexy body and her seductive smile. His cock pulsed to life once again. Keeping this up, he'd be a victim of blue-balls in no time.

She moved closer and he felt the air temperature dip at her nearness. He whispered her name, "Viola."

Her smile faded and she stood motionless. Then, she spoke with a slight Mexican accent, "You see me?"

He nodded and said, "I'm here to help you."

"No one can help me. I'm dead."

"Why do you haunt, then? Why do you taunt men?"

She laughed softly, her full lips curving into a smile. "Because I like doing it. Why should I stop now that I'm dead?"

"But why didn't you move on from this world?"

Suddenly, sadness touched her eyes. "Someone killed me."

"Do you know who did it?" Obviously, she didn't, but if he could get her talking about that night, maybe he could get a few clues to follow.

"No, I can't remember anything."

“Look, I want to help you, Viola. Anything you can remember from that night, even things that happened earlier that day, would be a big help. There may be a clue in there somewhere to help us solve this crime.”

“Who are you anyway? Some sort of detective?”

Gabe rubbed the back of his neck in an attempt to calm his building excitement. *Damn, she was a fine looking woman.* Even though she was a ghost, he reacted to her feminine beauty. “My name is Gabe Fredricks, and I’m a paranormal investigator and medium.”

“A medium as in, you see dead people?” she asked with a small giggle.

“Yep, all the time.” *Well, at least she had a sense of humor.*

She turned and glided away slowly. “I’ll try to remember to help you, Gabe.” Glancing back at him, she said, “But I ask one thing first.”

“What?”

“Let me taste you.”

Somehow, he knew that was what was coming. “Uh, I think for us to work together in solving this, we shouldn’t indulge in sex at the moment.”

“Why?”

He started pacing. How could he convince her he couldn’t think straight when looking at her. “I’m not sure I can’t keep it professional if you...you...”

“Give you head?” she asked.

*Fuck, she was way too tempting.* “Yeah, well...yeah.”

“But I want you to fuck my mouth, Gabe.” She stepped in front of him and pressed her hand to his pants. He felt her grip his cock through the fabric. *Damn, for being newly dead, she knew how to get what she wanted.* “Gabe,” she whispered, “you’re so hard for me already.”

All he could do was moan at the wonderful sensations she created. She continued to stroke his cock, and he just stood there to enjoy it.

She unzipped his pants and they fell to his ankles. Then, his boxers followed, leaving his cock free. She dropped to her knees while continuing to pleasure him with her hands. He closed his eyes and gave in to her expert touch.

“I bet you taste heavenly. You’re so fucking sexy and you have a nice big cock. If I had known all mediums were hung so well, I’d have fucked more of them.”

Her warm tongue flicked over the tip, tasting the drop of moisture gathered there. “Mmm, so delicious,” she cooed before taking him into her mouth.

If he hadn’t known she was a ghost, he wouldn’t have questioned the sensations. The air crackled with heat, her mouth so invitingly hot and wet. Her tongue licked him as she sucked his cock.

He dipped his hands into her luscious hair, feeling the soft thick texture between his fingertips. Urging her further, he leaned back his head and groaned aloud. With one of her hands, she cupped his balls, massaging and manipulating. He drew closer to the edge and there wouldn’t be any way for him to avoid it. Her hot mouth, her erotic tongue dancing over his sensitive flesh, and the need to come were all too overwhelming. She was an expert in her field, and he wasn’t immune to her charms. Ghostly presence or fleshy reality, Viola was a tempting enchantress.

She moaned around his cock, and he guided her head forward and back, meeting his thrusts. Then, his control broke as he began to come. His jism shot into her mouth and she continued to milk him with her fingers and mouth. He held onto her hair while he spilled into her, grunting with each wave of his own orgasm.

As his body eased the pressure within, he became more conscious of what he had just done. *This was definitely a new experience.* He had seen plenty of ghosts and specters,

talked to them as well, but he never let one jack him off.

It was the best blowjob he ever had.

## Chapter Three

After zipping back up, Gabe sat down in a nearby chair. It was more like a bench though, set along the one wall by the pool house door. He watched her lick her lips as she remained on her knees.

Dabbing the corners of her mouth, she smiled in contentment. "You taste wonderful, Gabe the medium."

"Well, you know how to make a man forget himself."

"Not bad for a ghost whore, you mean," she said in a serious tone, the smile gone from her face.

"I didn't call you that, Viola."

"I know." She paused a moment then asked, "Do you want to help me?"

"Yes." He rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Tell me who you talked to that last day? Don't leave out anyone."

She sat and thought for a few moments. "I talked to a friend of mine, Scott. He is a regular of mine. Lately, he had wanted to experiment more. The last time, he brought by two friends of his, John and Steve, for a foursome. Scott called me that day to ask to do it again."

"When was that? What time?"

"I guess it was about five o'clock in the evening."

"Did you agree to it?"

"No. He never paid me for the last time. Not in full anyway. He owed me three hundred still."

He nodded. "So, you told him 'no.' How did he react to that? Was he mad?"

"Well, he became a real asshole, but then, he always was one."

Leaning forward, Gabe clasped his hands between his knees. "Was he more so after you turned him down?"

"Not really. He said he'd pay me soon then hung up."

"Okay, so, do you have full names for these clients?"

"Just ask Madame Russo. She keeps all our records. I never saw anyone off the books."

They continued to talk about her clients in the last days before her death. Oddly enough, she seemed comfortable talking about it. "I still can't believe someone killed me. It seems so unreal."

"How did you get along with everyone here at the ranch? Any enemies?"

"Everyone is like family, some closer than others."

"Who were some of your closer friends?"

"You don't think —"

"I'm just trying to get a picture of your life here."

"Oh," she said sinking down to the floor. "Madame Russo, Candy, and a few others; we're all friends here...family, really."

"Okay." He watched her fade with each passing second and felt her weakness throughout him. "Go rest, Viola. I'm going to do some digging and I'll come by tomorrow."

Before her image completely faded away, she said in a sad voice, "I'll be here, Gabe. I have nowhere else to go."

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“Carla, I got to talk to Max about this case,” Gabe said into his cell phone as he drove back toward Vegas at three in the morning.

“Anything I can help you with, Gabe?” Carla asked.

“Will you get me a copy of the coroner’s reports and any forensic reports on Viola’s murder?”

“Hmm, on a first name basis, are we?” Amusement touched her voice.

“Ha. Ha. Now, can you get me that info?”

“Sure thing, Gabe. It’ll be here waiting for you. Max is on a job, but I expect him back in the office soon.”

There was no question as to why Max Karloff kept his office open all night long. Gabe knew why all too well.

Gabe met Max about two years ago at a casino playing blackjack. They had struck up a conversation and it turned to the paranormal. Gabe usually didn’t like telling people he was a medium, mainly because it earned him strange reactions. Max, however, didn’t seem phased at all. It was a nice change.

Later that night while the two visited a popular strip club, Max revealed his secret. It wasn’t done purposely, but as a believer of the strange and unusual, Gabe knew what Max truly was. The lengthening of his fangs went unchecked and unnoticed in the dark club.

Gabe smuggled his new friend out of the club before anyone got a good look. Max was intoxicated and a vampire in such a state wasn’t in complete control. Gabe became his evening meal.

Embarrassed later, Max offered an apology for his behavior by hiring the psychic into his company of paranormal investigators. After a few jobs, Gabe found his talents

were useful for the first time in years.

Arriving at the office about forty minutes later, Gabe took the elevator to the sixteenth floor where Carla – who was still a knockout at fifty with pale blonde hair swept up into a neat twist – greeted him. In a smart navy skirt and white silk blouse, she reflected the classy establishment.

She handed him a few files as he strode into the office. “Hi, Gabe, you’re sexy as ever, I see.”

“You’re pretty hot yourself, cupcake. What’s a beauty like you hiding away in an office? You should be on stage in a chorus line showing off those legs.” He smiled at her, humor touching his eyes.

“Yep, still the charmer.” She walked to Max’s office and opened the door. “You can use his office while you wait. He should be here any minute.”

“Thanks, cupcake.”

She closed the door behind him, and Gabe sat down in one of the leather chairs facing Max’s desk. The room was dark due to the numerous books lining the shelves build into the walls. There must have been a fortune of books there, all accumulated over the years.

Settling in the green leather chair, Gabe flipped on the desk light and opened one of the folders Carla had handed him.

Max walked into the office a few minutes later, just as Gabe was reading the coroner’s report.

“Find out anything at the Ranch?” Max asked getting straight to business.

“Well, these hauntings are legit. Viola haunts the place just like Madame Russo described.”

A small smile played at Max’s lips. “So, you find that out firsthand, Gabe?”

He sighed. "You're as bad as Carla. Let's just say I understand what's going on out there."

"Were you able to talk to her or did she just service you and float away?"

Gabe cocked a brow. "I did get to talk to her and got a few possibilities for suspects. Nothing very promising, but they're worth looking into."

"Did she remember anything? Does she know her killer?"

Gabe shook his head. "No, she said she couldn't remember. She didn't even have a clue until after she was dead."

"Hmm. Sounds like she was drugged."

"My first thought, too." Looking down at the coroner's report, he said, "According to this, she was found strangled with an unknown weapon, possibly a silk tie. Red silk fibers were found in the wound, but no red silk was found at the scene."

"I imagine that place is full of red silk."

Gabe nodded and continued, "Yeah, hard to track one piece down there. But, I'll look around." He glanced down at the report again, "Also, there was an unusually high amount of Ecstasy in her bloodstream. The levels she had in her blood probably knocked her out good for the killer to come in and complete the task. Even if she was awake, she wouldn't remember anyway."

"The forensic guys would have checked all the girls for that and probably came up empty."

Gabe looked back up at Max leaning over his desk. With short black hair and dark brown eyes, he was a menacing looking man. Women found him attractive, and Gabe always found himself pale in comparison with his gray-streaked hair and hazel eyes. Sure, women were never a problem, but Max was more appealing. Maybe it was that dangerous aura he emitted that drew females like honey.

"Any theories?" Gabe asked.

"Well, I'm thinking it was an angry client."

"I'm going to check out three of her clients in the morning. They were supposed to have a foursome the night she died, but she turned them down."

"Sounds like a good start."

## Chapter Four

After meeting with Max, Gabe went home to catch a few hours of sleep at his small apartment on the outskirts of the city.

At ten in the morning, he walked into the Golden Nugget casino. Lights flashed everywhere as slot machines clanked and buzzed while gamblers won or lost money. Over by the game tables, blackjack and craps attracted many players to gamble away their paychecks.

Gabe stopped one of the waitresses and asked for Scott Redford. The girl, in her early twenties with raven hair and a trim figure, directed him to the blackjack tables where Scott was pit boss.

The man was fit looking and immaculately dressed in a dark suit, white shirt, and a red silk tie. The tie caught Gabe's attention immediately. Would the murderer be so cocky as to wear the murder weapon to work like a badge of honor?

"Mr. Redford?" Gabe asked as he approached.

"Yeah, and you are?"

"I'm Gabe Fredricks. I'm investigating the murder of Viola, a woman you had a relationship with in the past."

The man's face scrunched into a scowl. "Too bad she's dead."

"You wouldn't happen to know anything you'd like to share?"

"Like what? I used to be a client of hers for a while. Even brought some of my

friends, dealers from here, to go have some fun on occasion. No one was as good as Viola for a good group fuck."

"Do you go elsewhere now for your...entertainment?"

"Yeah, Candy is pretty good too. Not as good as Viola was, but close. Tight pussy and asshole, and she gives head all the while. The bitch is a goddess."

"So, losing Viola doesn't seem to affect you too much."

"Well, she was good, but liked to give me a hard time about payment. Always claiming I didn't pay her enough."

"And where were you the night she died?" Gabe asked, eyeing the silk tie.

"I was with the guys. When she turned us down, we went out to a strip joint, Lady Chatterley's. We were there until about three a.m." Then, realization swept over his features. "You don't think I did it, do you?" Scott asked anxiously.

"Well, how about you get me verification of your whereabouts that night, eyewitnesses who saw you with your two friends at Lady Chatterley's? Also, you could give me that tie."

He grasped his tie. "Huh? Why do you want my tie? I need one on the floor."

Gabe slipped off his and handed it to Scott. "Here, it's a trade. Look, if you want me to believe that crappy story, you gotta work with me. Give me your tie and maybe it will clear your name."

Scott slipped off the tie and handed it to Gabe. Taking Gabe's tie, he said, "Man, I hope you find whoever killed Viola. Candy is good, but Viola was better."

Later, Gabe left the casino after talking to the two dealers who went out with Scott the night of Viola's death. They all were at Lady Chatterley's. They even got the names of the strippers they partied with later after the place closed. Gabe had the feeling it was legit, but the tie would prove his suspicions officially. Gut feeling was

hard to explain in a report.

Only, who did that leave? Madame Russo? Another client? One of the ranch girls? The more he thought on it, the more he had a feeling the ranch 'family' was a mere joke. It was time to make another visit the Desert Rose.

That morning, he dropped off the red tie at forensics for testing and waited around for the results. The only DNA that came back was that of Scott Redford. Oddly enough, the man had a criminal history of sexual assault. Somehow, Gabe wasn't surprised. He guessed once the man was turned in, he turned to prostitutes for his more kinkier tastes in sex.

The negative DNA test only confirmed his suspicion. Scott was probably innocent. At least, of murder.

At the Desert Rose, Madame Russo was unavailable, but Candy seemed to be right there to help him out.

"So, Gabe the babe, looking for some fun today or are you still wanting to poke around in the pool house?" Dressed in a see-through white lace bodysuit, she looked drop-dead gorgeous. Strappy white high heels made her already shapely legs appear longer and he could see the darker curls of her feminine nest at the apex of her thighs. His mouth watered just to taste her sweet nectar.

"Well, I wouldn't mind getting to know you better, Candy. Unfortunately, I'm not here for pleasure at the moment."

"There is always time for pleasure," she said, brushing her body against his. Her soft curves tantalized even through the heavier fabric of his sport jacket and pants.

She cupped his balls through his pants with one hand, and he thought he'd come undone right there. Stroking his growing length, she moaned while still rubbing her body slowly against his. "Oh, yes, baby, you're so hard. I bet you'd fuck me so good.

Don't you want to come inside me and feel my wet heat around your big cock? I know I'd love to taste you as you come in my mouth too."

He was a man, and as such, he had weaknesses. One of which was a beautiful woman handling his balls in such a way that only fucking her would ease the ache. This was more than he could stand. "Candy, wanna go somewhere a bit more private, honey?" Gabe croaked.

"Oh yeah, follow me."

She turned and led him outside to one of the bungalows. Once inside, she closed the door. He stood there gazing about the room decorated in silks – reds, greens, yellows, violets. The effect gave the room a soft, exotic look that was inviting and tempting.

Before he could focus on any theories, she began stripping off his clothes. As horny as he was, he didn't give a shit about anything but the woman making him rock hard. Standing there naked in front of her was intoxicating like a night bender of vodka lemon drops. You get fucked up real quick.

She led him over to her bed and he lay down on a downy soft quilt of jewel toned green satin. She walked across the room and dimmed the lights then flipped on the stereo, and a melodious voice sung "Blue Hawaii." Even decades later, Elvis still had a way to turn a mood to seduction. She stripped away her lace bodysuit in beat to the hula tempo, swaying her hips in sensual motions. Looking like Jennifer Aniston, only not so painfully skinny, Candy was in her element as she seduced him with the slow undulation of her body.

Once naked, she continued to move to the beat as she climbed onto the bed and straddled his thighs. His cock was standing at attention, saluting her tempting dance, and she smiled when she touched his shaft with her violet-painted fingernails. Running

her nails over the heated skin of his cock, she laughed low and seductive. "Seems like he likes what you see. Does he want me to care for him, Gabe?"

She continued her tantalizing caresses over his engorged penis, and he gasped a raspy, "Yes."

Grasping him in her hand, she moved over him up and down, while cupping his balls with her other hand. He was completely at her mercy. Relaxing his head into the soft satin pillow, he allowed his body to be bewitched by Candy's expert hands. When she moved, he groaned, but she rewarded him with the soft feel of her firm breasts against the top of his thighs. The moist heat of her tongue touched the end of his cock. He jumped, and she giggled before taking his length into her mouth.

He grasped her head, guiding her to take him deeper into her mouth while she sucked harder and swirled her tongue over his sensitive head. He opened his eyes and gazed transfixed at the ceiling, noting the large mirror there. He could see every part of her working his cock. She was so fucking luscious and she was going to make him blow his load in no time. No, he wanted to sink into that pussy before spending the rest of his strength.

He nudged at her head with his hand and breathed huskily, "Candy, baby, let me fuck you."

She moaned around his cock before she released him. He groaned inwardly at the sudden loss of warm heat, but it would soon be replaced.

"Oh yes, Gabe, fuck me. Fuck me again and again."

That was enough. He flipped her over on her stomach. No time for fancy maneuvers. He positioned himself between her legs and hiked up her hips. There he tested her folds, slick with moisture and ready for his touch. She gasped at his touch when his finger grazed over the hard nub of her clit. Her little noises of pleasure were

too much; he grasped her hips and plunged into her wet slit. She called out at his entrance and he didn't take it slow. He just had a need to fuck her, and fuck her hard and fast.

Pounding into her body, Gabe lost all consciousness of his surroundings. She was hot and receptive, and she kept on with those pleasure noises. The thought that he caused them was incredibly arousing. Her heated sheath fit around him perfectly and he needed more. He needed deeper. He could feel her walls close around his cock as she screamed with release. Her muscles milked his length and he exploded. Hot semen spurting into her core over and over. He called out in a primal voice like an ape with his mate. It wasn't love, it wasn't any illusion of any tender emotion. It was spurred by pure, animalistic need.

Once he spilled into her and his body eased from the build up of tension, he slid out of her canal and lay on the bed amid the ruffled bedcovers.

She stayed in the doggie position on her knees and peered around to him. "Gabe, you're a good fuck, and our night has only begun."

## Chapter Five

Gabe had a night with the temptress Candy. Sweeter than any Godiva chocolate truffle and smoother than heated caramel dribbled over tantalizing ice cream. A definite tasty treat he couldn't get enough of.

The night had progressed to the use of various sweet confections eaten off each other's bodies. He especially enjoyed licking strawberry sauce from her breasts right on down to her precious pussy. Her juices mixed with the delectable sauce, making it an aphrodisiac to his tongue. He couldn't plunge up inside her canal far enough to slurp every last drop.

When she climbed on top of him and lowered herself over his pulsing cock, he thought there would be no way he could hold out very long. The combination of her sensual movement up and down, taking him into her heated sheath, and watching her enjoy his size by the look on her face and her fingers pinching her nipples to taut points was almost too much. She bounced faster and he couldn't control his own reaction, coming into her in frenzied waves of lust. She joined him at the edge and screamed out with each contraction. She squeezed his cock as he sprayed semen in rhythmic spurts.

He didn't think he could come so many times in one night, but she worked his body into a satisfied contentment.

As he lay under the green covers of her bed, Candy's body pressed against his backside, he noticed a pair of handcuffs dangling from the bedposts. It was then he

remembered why he was there in the first place.

“Candy, what kind of relationship did you have with Viola? Did you both get along?” He had his suspicions, and unfortunately, he hated where his conclusions led.

“Viola? Still working, Gabe?”

“Well, I did originally come here to ask some questions.”

She sighed and curled in close to his back, her ample breasts pressed closely into his skin. “Viola was my friend. I loved her, more than she knew.”

“Go on.”

“I wanted her as my lover. She was so sexy and I wanted her.” She paused then asked softly, “Would it excite you if I told you I was bi? I like to suck cock and lick pussy.”

He couldn’t deny that it held a certain appeal. “So, did you ever become her lover?”

“She needed a bit of coercing, but yes; I did taste her sweet juice. We sometimes entertained men by fucking each other.”

“Coercing? What do you mean by that?”

“I shouldn’t tell you this, but she would take some drugs beforehand. You know...”

“Ecstasy?”

“Yeah, that was her favorite. She liked the happiness it gave her. Unfortunately, she wouldn’t remember a lot of what she did while she was high.”

“Do you do Ecstasy?”

“Sometimes. It is hard to get away from in this business. We’d both take it and then have fun together.”

That explained why Viola couldn’t remember her killer. Her system had high

levels of Ecstasy, so she naturally would carry that black out time over when she died.

“Would you like to watch me fuck another woman, Gabe? Lick her pussy as she came on my face.”

“Maybe later.” He hated to ask this next question. “Were you with her the day she died and did some Ecstasy?”

Silence. The room was eerie after all the moaning and screaming they had done for the past few hours.

“Yes, Gabe. I was there. She had already taken the stuff when I saw her.”

“Then what?”

“She wanted to try something new.”

He turned over in the bed to gaze into her eyes. “Tell me, what was it?”

“She wanted to try asphyxia,” she stammered.

He propped up in the bed, looking down at her. “Asphyxia? Holy shit.”

“Yeah, we were both high and kind of out of it.”

“And things went beyond control?”

“Pretty much. I don’t remember a lot of it. I do remember her ordering me to strangle her with one of my silk scarves while I licked her. It wasn’t an easy position. I couldn’t see her face as she came. She even helped me tighten the scarf as she came. Then, she stopped moving. I mean, still as death. That was when I realized she was dead.”

“Why didn’t you call for help? An ambulance?”

“The drugs. I wasn’t thinking straight. Believe me, ever since that night, all I could do was think about what I should’ve done. It was an accident.”

He sighed. It wasn’t as he thought. He thought it was an act of vengeance. Instead, it was an accident caused by too many drugs. Hell, Viola even helped tighten

the noose.

What the hell could he do to help Viola find rest and keep Candy out of jail?

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“Max, you got to help me on this one. It was an accident. How can Candy stand in a court and be taken at her word? Just being a prostitute is going to convict her, let alone a druggie prostitute.”

Gabe sat once again in Max’s office. He tried not to let his own emotions take precedence in this case, but after the wild night of sex, it was hard not to. It wasn’t like he fancied himself in love with Candy, but he didn’t want to see her life ruined over an accident.

“I can smell sex all over you, Gabe,” Max quipped as he leaned back in his chair. “You got personally involved here.”

“Sorry, Max. It was unavoidable.” At Max’s lifted eyebrow, Gabe continued, “You try resisting a beautiful woman’s come-ons. It was too much for me.”

Max nodded, a smile crossing his lips. “Understood. It’s only natural for you to want to fuck a willing woman, especially one who uses sex as a way of life.”

“So, what about the situation? Viola was drugged and helped in her own murder. Can we help out Candy on this one?”

“Her best bet is to go to the cops and talk to them. I’ll talk to the D.A. and maybe we can help her out.”

“Thanks,” Gabe breathed.

“And what of the ghostly Viola? How can we help her and stop these hauntings?”

“I plan on going back there and having a talk with her. Maybe if she faces Candy and remembers some of that night, she’ll feel able to pass on.”

"Is it that easy? I'm not up on that kind of thing."

"I've seen it before. Once the dead comes to an inner peace with things, they are given a chance to move on to their next existence. Had a boyhood ghost have that happen. He searched for his family for a century. He finally realized he was dead and his family wasn't alive anymore. I never saw him again after that."

"Okay, sounds like a plan then. While you go try and exorcize Viola's ghost, I'll talk to the D.A. After you have that little meeting, bring Candy in for questioning and such. We may be able to get this as reckless endangerment or something like that." Max stood and rounded the desk, placing a hand on Gabe's shoulder. "And once this is over, I expect a bit of payment from you in regard to my appealing to the D.A. since this has become personal for you"

"I kind of figured that."

## Chapter Six

Arriving back at the Desert Rose Ranch after a few hours sleep, Gabe called on Candy and told her his plans. She was surprisingly receptive to going to the police with her story, but reluctant to confront Viola's ghost. Figuring Madame Russo never claimed to actually *see* Viola, he wondered if Candy would be able to.

They entered the pool house and immediately Gabe felt Viola's presence. The tiny hairs on his arms stood up and his skin rippled with goose bumps. Stealing a glance at Candy, dressed in a simple T-shirt and cut off denim shorts, she rubbed her arms and looked nervously around the room. She felt Viola too.

"Have you ever seen a ghost?" she asked, her voice shaky.

"Yeah, frequently. No matter how many times I come in contact with one, it is always kind of spooky."

"Well, I'm spooked right now."

Viola came into view, and Gabe knew Candy saw her. She gasped softly as the ghost came closer. He couldn't get over how beautiful she was, her dark exotic looks and bare body were just too much to bear. Images of Candy and Viola rolling around in bed together were very appealing.

Her apparition floated closer, a smile playing at her lips. "So, came with some company this time?"

"Viola, honey?" Candy seemed very disturbed, shivering visibly.

"Sweet Candy Kiss, how I've missed you," Viola said as she touched Candy's

face. It was tender and heartfelt. They were truly lovers.

Gabe cleared his throat. "Viola, we're here to try and set things straight." She gazed at him intently and he continued, "Try to remember back to that night. You remember being with Candy and making any requests?"

She floated there still as she thought back. Shaking her head, she denied any knowledge.

"Remember, I came to see you, but you had taken a dose of Ecstasy before then."

Finally Viola nodded. "Oh yeah, I remember a bit of that."

"Well, you made a special request that night."

Dawning knowledge flashed across her features. "Oh, dear God," she whispered. She turned to Candy and a tear ran down her cheek. "I'm so sorry, sweetie. I never imagined that would happen."

Yes, they got carried away. The hold on the scarf around Viola's neck was tight for too long, choking her to death. Then the dose of drugs in her system would've assisted in control over the scarf. She died having an orgasm at the ministrations of her lover. *What a way to go.*

A bright light from above illuminated the room in a soft, pure glow. It was time for Viola to cross over to the other side.

"You need to go," Gabe said as Viola sobbed with her lover.

"I wish...I wish I could have a body for just a short while so I may feel you again," she cried to Candy.

As if by magic, or whatever powers that be, Viola's hands became solid, her naked body no longer transparent. Her wish had been heard all because those words were spoken out of love.

He watched the women touch each other in gentle caresses, realizing the grand

gift they were given. Viola leaned into Candy and kissed her tenderly, wrapping her in her arms. Candy responded instantly and melted into the body of her lover.

Breaking the kiss, each had tears in their eyes. A voice, low and melodious seemed to call from the light.

“I have to go, Candy Kiss. Don’t forget me, okay?”

“Never. I’m sorry about what happened. I—?”

“Shhh,” Viola placed her fingers over Candy’s lips. “Don’t speak of it. It was an accident.”

“Viola, my dearest,” the voice called to her. Then, a man—blond and draped like a Greek god—strolled from the light. “Come, we have much to do.”

Viola glanced and him then back to her lover. “Seems I have a male escort waiting for me.”

Candy laughed as she released her friend and backed away, tears still running down her face. “Go show him a good time.”

Viola laughed through her tears and said, “I know how to treat a man.” Then looking up at Gabe, she added, “And treat him good too. He’s a good one.”

Candy glanced over to him, and he felt a jolt of warmth course through his body.

“I promise I’ll keep him happy.”

“Go on, Viola, he’s waiting for you,” Gabe said indicating the blond angel.

“I love you, Candy.”

“I love you, too, Viola.”

Turning toward the angel, Viola took his offered hand and stepped up to him. Gabe and Candy watched her and the angel walk toward the light and then fade out of sight.

The room became eerily dark once the light died away. The only sound present

was the faint breathing of Candy and her snuffles.

Gabe led her out of the pool house where the buxom Madame Russo and Max waited to meet with them. It looked like Max was taken with the woman and Gabe could almost read the vampire's thoughts of sex.

"Candy," Max started, "I talked to the D.A. We agreed you wouldn't be charged with murder if we can prove it was an accident. With Viola's blood level of Ecstasy, it is hard to prove she had any control over her own actions. I promise to help you out as best I can." A small smile graced his lips, and Gabe knew the price for helping Max. Somehow, her giving him blood was very distasteful. He would rather give it to Max himself than let the vampire have her.

"Thank you, Mr...?"

"Karloff...Max Karloff," he offered with his hand.

She took it and said, "Oh, well, thank you, Mr. Karloff. I don't know how to repay you."

"I'm sure we can come to an understanding," he quipped.

"We'll talk about that later," Gabe added, encircling Candy's shoulders with his arm in a protective gesture.

"Of course," Max said with a low chuckle. "But, right now," he said turning to Madame Russo, "I'm wanting to taste this fine woman."

Gabe watched them walk off together. He planted a kiss on Candy's temple and whispered, "Don't get alone with him."

"What do you mean?"

"Trust me, you don't want to know."