

M. V.
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A man with a beard and a tattoo on his left shoulder is showering. He has his eyes closed and his hands are on his head. Water is spraying from a showerhead above him. In the background, behind a glass shower door, a dark, multi-limbed monster with glowing red eyes is visible. The background also features green wavy lines and green dots.

The
UNREQUITTED

The Unrequited

M.V. Gaius

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Prologue

August 6th 1808

Antoine Laveau was drenched sweat. The oppressive summer heat had been steadily increasing all day and now that it was approaching late afternoon the full blast of the Louisiana sun baked everything in sight. The air, thick and still as hot molasses, was deathly silent. No sound could be heard over the steady monotonous hum of cicadas buzzing loudly over the steady din of human activity below. Looking down from the top floor of his plantation at the party below he grinned as he felt that this must have been how his distant aristocratic relatives must have lived back in France before the revolution. Those were glorious days for his noble family before it all ended in the bloody harvest of their heads by the dreaded remorseless Guillotine. That however was mercifully in the old world past. Here in America, far from the turbulent world of Europe, a man like him could live like a king and the Laveaus certainly did not hide their aristocratic origins or extravagant tastes.

Smiling smugly at the fete in progress, Antoine cut a fine figure of a man of privilege. Only twenty seven, his wavy dark hair and extravagant, if wilted and damp, clothing shouted his status loud and clear. He was a true prince of the Old South, a young man with the world at his command. Thousands of dark hands toiled at his command, and the fine silk frock coat, ruffled imported French shirt and mother of pearl buttons, all gloriously white for the happy occasion, had him look the part. Even more grand than his person was the home playing host to the occasion, Magnolia Grove.

Magnolia Grove was just one of a series of grand manor houses Antoine's family owned up and down the lower Mississippi, but she was truly the Grande Dame of them all. Her three stories of pure white marble rising from the endless flat delta looked completely out of place when first seen from a distance, resembling a fully intact greek temple emerging from the formless infinite spreading green of the flat country engulfing it. Forty five enormous grand Corinthian style columns encircled the house and created three separate wrap around porches on all three floors. As a boy, many a choking and

sweltering summer evening was spent on these upper verandas in hopes of catching a breeze from the river. Being the highest spot for miles, often an evening cross breeze coming off of the Mississippi, or a cool gust of air rushing up from the ocean would bring much welcome relief from the stifling cauldron that was southern Louisiana in summer.

It was for just such a hope of relief from the endless hellish swamp heat that Antoine had ascended to the top floor in the first place. The porch was just one of the highlights of the home, but it was one of his favorites. With twelve bedrooms, a full ball room, a dining room meant to seat thirty five comfortably and endless parlors, this palace was built for entertaining on a truly royal scale. Grinning as he imagined his bright and wealthy future, his stomach fluttered knowing that it was soon to be all his, his father having gifted it to he and his new wife as a wedding present the night before. Today though, grand and palatial as Magnolia Grove was, even it was being pushed to its limits. Entering hour six was the celebration of the century and the house and grounds were packed with well wishers for his long awaited for wedding day.

Giving the estate its name were twenty stately Magnolia trees lining the driveway from the main road to the front of the house each well over a hundred years old. Antoine had many fond recollections of those trees from his youth; from playing in their large branches in the summer heat to enjoying the Christmas wreathes the slaves fashioned out of their large waxy evergreen leaves in winter. Today however they were all especially spectacular as the heat of late summer brought their large fragrant flowers to full and glorious bloom, the wafting perfume of sweet Magnolia scenting everything on the property. Hanging like a covering of soft spun silk over the trees were long ropy tendrils of Spanish Moss, each normally swaying to the slightest puff of wind . Today however the moss hung straight and still since not a breath of air was to be felt.

His smile turned to a slight frown as he looked down at the guests and knew he had to return to the party and the stifling humidity. Standing on the upper veranda of the palatial manor house the discomfort of the hellish heat and the uncomfortable feeling of his

sopping clinging thick silk shirt plastered onto his body made him briefly wish they had decided to have this party in October. No matter, he thought, the sooner the better. The quicker this charade could end the sooner he could go back to his old life.

All spread out on the acre long lawn in front of the house, the social event of the season was taking place and to his great delight it was all for his benefit. No expense had been spared to put on a party that would go down in the history of Orleans Parish for decades. Today was a true celebration and the culmination of years of planning and scheming that would have made the Medici's proud. Today was the day that his marriage to Martina del Rosa, the only daughter of the richest planter in all of the south and the only family whose blood was even bluer than his, was finally celebrated.

It had taken exactly eighteen months to reach this spot and never before in all of his life had Antoine been happier to have an ordeal come to an end. For one and a half years he had lived a charade, a fraud, a complete farce as he hid his true nature. Hidden away from view was the shallow reckless youth he had been (and still was). He concealed it behind a self constructed mask of respectability, gallantry and piety that had fooled everyone. The Del Rosa family, whose wealth was only surpassed by their religious fervor, demanded that any potential suitor for their only daughter had to be beyond reproach. So Antoine, with significant prodding by his Lady Macbeth-like mother, had learned to play his part and performed spectacularly. Sighing as he saw the lawn filled with every social climbing bastard in Orleans Parish he prepared to go back down and rejoin his guests. As he started to leave he jumped at the feel of two soft hands gripping his shoulder from the back.

"Oh Antoine, just look, look at the crowd that has come out for you and Martina today! Why I don't think I have ever seen so many people in this house ever, nor have I ever seen it look more lovely!" his mother sighed into his ear. Seeing the same sight as he, she had to be proud as this wedding was her victory as much as it was his.

Their family roots in Louisiana ran very deep as they were one of the first settlers to exploit this colony when they had immigrated from their home country of France nearly one hundred years earlier. With

land insanely cheap and few Indians to worry about, the Laveau's had done extremely well. Owning tens of thousands of acres of land, and dozens of working plantations, an army of slaves toiled at their command bringing them a constant stream of wealth. Cotton, tobacco and sugar were the pillars upon which their empire was built and the family's future never looked brighter. With the newly formed town of New Orleans only a few miles to the south and already booming in the shipping trade, they were set to rapidly increase their already considerable fortune.

To Margarite Laveau, Antoine's mother, this was not enough. She not only wanted to have her family be rich but she wanted it to be outright Imperial in its wealth and power. Her plans and schemes to increase their fortunes had started several years earlier through her keen feminine observations. At a lavish gentry garden party she noticed that the lovely, and even richer, Martina del Rosa was obviously admiring her son and this observation sent her mind into devious overdrive. The joining of their two families would create a family dynasty that none could ever surpass and it became her compulsive mission to see this union come to fruition. Their wedding today was her ultimate victory and she basked in the glow of her ultimate victory.

Martina's admiration was well placed as Antoine was extremely handsome; tall, well built and very masculine. He had turned many a girl's head and Martina's was no exception. He definitely had a way with women, as few girls escaped his attentions if he focused on them. His prodigious libido had created a very long trail of broken hearts in almost every fine home on the bayou, and quite a few slave cabins, from New Orleans all the way up river to Baton Rouge. His appetite was a complicating matter to his mother's plans no doubt, but it is a foolish mother who does not know her own son. Knowing that his endless lust was only matched by his equally infinite greed, she successfully convinced him to keep his penis temporarily tucked away in his well tailored silk pants. Well, until the wedding at least.

The Del Rosa's were in fact much wealthier than the Laveaus, with scores of plantations as well as mines and shipping companies at their command. They too had aristocratic origins, albeit from Spain,

but nonetheless, they definitely had a tinge of purple in their blood. Imagining the status of her family immensely empowered by a fusion of the two fortunes, she worked her magic and convinced her son to pitch his woo and play the saint. She knew he was a hopeless womanizer, but he was smart enough to restrain himself at least until the wedding. Then all bets would be off, and it would be too late for the del Rosa's to object, as divorce was unheard of. Yes, her ultimate goal was so close she could almost taste it, and if she could just keep Antoine on the straight and narrow until the first child the prize would be theirs. Seeing the distant look on his face, and knowing his mind better than he did, she did have one worry and her name was Justine.

Smiling, she massaged her son's sweaty neck as she purred. "Just a few more months son and you can see her again."

Stiffening at her words, he snapped back. "See WHO mother?"

"Please son, you are such a fool. Do you not think a mother knows these things? My own breasts nursed you as a baby and my womb grew you inside me. I know you better than you know yourself boy. I know all about your Copper Colored love Goddess in New Orleans, and like I said, once you sire a child with Martina you can go back to her all you like."

Antoine grimaced but nodded, angry that he was unable to keep any secrets from his mother. He could not argue with her though, as she was absolutely right, Justine was on his mind. Once that rich bitch Martina was shackled to him in the bonds of motherhood he would return to his beloved Justine just as soon as the midwife cut the umbilical cord.

Justine was his Placee (or "other wife") and she was like many former slaves caught in the trap of perpetual sexual servitude. Having a dark beauty on the side was a very common practice among men of his class, a sign of prestige and Antoine took full advantage of this ancient tradition. He, like so many of his contemporaries, had a separate home in the French Quarter built especially for their dalliances and his thoughts constantly were flooded with his memories of their time together. Her smooth flawless

brown skin, aching round womanly hips and full luscious breasts, combined with her obvious enthusiasm in the arts of love made Justine the perfect belly warmer for his prodigious appetites. Having snatched her away from a slave auction when she was only fifteen he had spent considerable time and money crafting her into the perfect lover to satisfy his lusts. Taught to read and write, unheard of for a slave at that time, he wanted someone to talk to as well as bed. Being apart from her gorgeous body these last eighteen months had been torment but his mouth salivated at the thought of once again feeling her long ebony legs wrapping around his ass as he plunged into her. Yes, their reunion would be most momentous.

Martina, his bride, was attractive enough with her dark Spanish good looks and full womanly figure, but he could tell already she was going to be a lousy lover. It might take months just to consummate their marriage as he doubted whether she had even seen a naked man before, much less knew what to do with one once he was in her bed. He knew that to fill her womb with a child was going to be a tedious unsatisfying chore. No matter, he thought, their union was based on greed not lust. Lust he reserved for his sable Goddess Justine alone and the sooner he planted his seed in Martina, the sooner he could return to his lover.

As he pondered this future coupling he grinned as he thought of the irony. His father several years earlier had built this enormous house right on the edge of tiny village of New Orleans, and often he would bring Justine from the town to the country for a weekend of sexual bliss when the family was at one of the numerous other estates. Now that he knew that this palace was to be his sole property, he knew he would be taking many visits to New Orleans, both for business and for other activities. Antoine, unbeknownst to anyone, had already christened this house for years with Justine, as it sat empty most of the time. Alone the two had used the chateau as their own pleasure palace away from prying eyes and all sexual restraint. "How delicious" Antoine chuckled to himself, imaging finally blowing the cobwebs free from his new wife's legs in the same bed where he and Justine had so often engaged in their own horizontal activities.

“What is delicious?” his mother asked to which Antoine remained silent. Pausing, she continued “Son, I think we should return to the party now. People are already asking where you are and besides, they are about to start bringing out the gifts.” She grinned as she saw her son perk up at the word “gifts”. He was such a shallow boy, greedy in the extreme, but she knew that this would get him to come back downstairs. Sure enough, within minutes the two were descending the long curving staircase into the foyer and out the front door to the lawn.

“There is the lucky man!” cried Sebastion Cavolet, a neighbor and rival planter who was seething in jealousy. “Come, we have a special table set for you and Martina and the toasts are just about to start.”

Forcing a smile on his face he joined his new wife at the head table on the lawn as the first of a seemingly endless number of long rambling speeches began. Knowing that their union was going to create such a financial powerhouse, the brown nosing and pangyratic groveling that took place bordered on nauseating. Finally, a tall older house slave began to bring forth the wedding presents and the couple reveled in the loot that rapidly began to accumulate. There were silver services imported from England, and fine silks shipped from China that began to lay upon the table in a growing pile of treasure. Each family in attendance, wanting to outdo the other as well as ingratiate themselves with the powerful new couple, spent thousands of dollars on their gifts.

As the presents accumulated and the champagne flowed and the orchestra played all had a marvelous time, none having ever attended a more lavish spectacle in their lives. Martina, her heart filled with love for her new husband looked over at him in awe. She felt so fortunate. So many of the beaux she had had in the past were mousy girly men, or such obvious fortune hunters, she had dismissed them all. Now sitting beside her was the man of her dreams and looking at his profile, and studying his thick wavy black hair and impeccable style, she saw a golden future before her. Even the weather was now cooperating as it began to grow dark and the slaves lit torches in the garden, the cooler evening breeze refreshing

them all. As she sat lost in her own thoughts, one of the house slaves stepped forward.

“Pardon me Mistress Martina and Master Antoine, but there is one last gift for you. It must be extremely valuable as the rider gave me strict instructions to present it last.” Handing a small ivory box to Martina and an envelope to Antoine he continued. “I was told that you should both open them together.

Martina giggled like a schoolgirl, intrigued at this mystery and salivating at the prospects. Fumbling with the box, she looked over to Antoine and said “Dear Heart, you open yours first. I am very curious as to what new bounty awaits inside these packages after we have been so blessed all day.”

Antoine smiled as he tore open the envelope, his mouth salivating in expectation of finding a deed to some new property, or perhaps even better, cash. Instead he found a note which he instantly began to read.

Dear Joues de Miele,

Reading the first line, Antoine’s blood froze. This term, Joues de Miele, which means Honey Cheeks in English, was only used by one other person on earth when referring to him, Justine. Reading on quickly, his fear grew steadily with each word.

I return to you that which is not mine. Your wife deserves to have this gift as do you. May your lives together reap the harvest that your hand and tongue hath sown.

Your unrequited love,

Justine

As he finished reading the short ominous words, the shrill shrieking scream of his wife pierced the air. Martina, having just finished opening the box was hysterical, her face pure white, her eyes opened wide in horror. Tossing the box to the table, the macabre contents spilled out on the surface. There in a pool of blood lay the disembodied left hand of Justine, the ring Antoine had given her years earlier as a symbol of their love still tightly bound on her lifeless finger.

Chapter 1

June 16th, 2014 New Orleans Louisiana

Wet. Everything was soaking wet. From the stucco facades of the town homes on Saint Anne Street to the T-Shirts of the already drunk tourists wandering the Bourbon Street in the late afternoon, the whole city was dripping. Despite only being mid June it was already obvious that this summer, like every one before, was going to be a scorcher, the daily Thunderstorm appearing right on time at four pm signaling another long hot season ahead. Brief in its fury, the rain passed almost as soon as it began but at least briefly dropped the temperature. Now having stopped, the cobblestones of French Quarter glistened from the water on its surface and reflected back the neon lights of the bars throughout the city, all preparing for happy hour that was soon to begin. The stifling oppression, like a scalding hot wool blanket sadly rapidly returned as steam rose from the puddles on the street. Now the heat was worse being both hot and wet.

Stepping out of his apartment stairwell onto Saint Anne street, August Le Blanc, (Gus to his friends) began his slow nightly saunter up towards Bourbon Street. Rumpled and messy, Gus always had the look of someone who had just woken up, his whole demeanor and appearance exuding a certain sexy casualness. Wearing one of his trademark loud and garish Hawaiian shirts, fully open as always to expose his well chiseled furry chest, he yawned and stretched as he stepped out onto the street, his afternoon nap having fully refreshed him. Completing his outfit he donned his ancient and ripped tan cargo shorts and flip flops, looking very much the part of a typical French Quarter bohemian resident.

Breathing in deeply, he smiled as the odors of the city rushed into his nostrils. The perfume of New Orleans is an complex blended stew of delicious cajun food, stale beer and pungent ubiquitous mold from the perpetually rain soaked city. Oddly both intoxicating, delicious and repulsive all at the same time, the smell is not for all tastes. To Gus however the scent smelled like heaven as he truly loved the city and the unorthodox lifestyle it provided him.

Rapidly approaching his mid thirties, Gus was incorrigible, fully devoted to the free lifestyle the French Quarter encouraged and the endless stream of easy pussy it allowed him to enjoy. Fully enjoying the erotic delights that his perpetual adolescence provided, his good looks, relative wealth and the infinite supply of drunken female tourists kept him quite satisfied. Where some of his friends, and all of his sisters, now had children, mortgages and a host of other “adult” problems, he avoided such things like the plague. Owning his own video game design company, run out of his apartment, the money it provided and the odd hours he kept left him much time to thoroughly enjoy himself. Tonight he intended on doing just that.

Walking down Saint Anne street he smiled as he saw the neon sign of “Zeke’s Bar and Grill” reflecting off of the puddles on the street. Deliciously seedy, the bar looked as if it could collapse at any second but was his prime hangout and shockingly always packed. Tucked onto a side street just off Bourbon Street, Zeke’s was not on the normal tourist circuit, but did a brisk business, mostly of locals. Walking inside, Gus’s face brightened as the regulars all announced his arrival.

“GUS!!!” the patrons cheered as he walked inside.

“Hey guys!” he replied with a smile as he sat down on his regular stool and Zeke poured him his usual, bourbon straight up.

“Hey man!” Zeke said with a smile as he passed Gus the drink. Looking up at the clock on the wall he added “You are early.”

“That I am Zeke, that I am. I had a good day today and what better place to come celebrate than this place, the most celebratory spot on earth.”

Zeke’s was a good place to celebrate as it was a virtual temple to bad taste, so over the top and horrific in its lack of style or organization it was a masterpiece. The long and ancient oak bar was slanted at an angle having been warped during the flooding of Katrina. The practical effect of this, which the ever optimistic Zeke took as a sign of good fortune, was that drinks could be passed to patrons at the far end of the bar just by placing them on the lacquered surface, the glass slowly sliding down the bar by the force

of gravity. Several small tables with mismatched chairs were placed around the room and in the back was a moldy, cracked pool table, its green felt pockmarked by rips and tears on the surface.

“Commanders Palace” this was not.

All along the walls, which were a puckered and peeling white stucco, hung every holiday decoration known to man. Behind the bar was a tiny tinsel Christmas Tree, perpetually lit and covered in fake snow. “Happy Easter” announced a sign above the small black and white TV, festooned with bunnies and colorful eggs. Hanging from the low ceiling were various strands of colorful lights and garland; a third being orange jack-o-lanterns, a third green shamrocks announcing Saint Patrick’s Day and another third mysteriously wishing some boy Joel Stern a “Happy Bar Mitzvah”. Scattered throughout the rest of the tiny bar were menorahs for Hanukkah, Pilgrim salt and pepper shakers for Thanksgiving on each table, and patriotic bunting announcing “Happy Independence Day” over the doors to the restrooms.

Grinning, Zeke looked at his friend and winked. “Well you know me, I do like to create a festive atmosphere.” Topping off his drink, Gus smiled and knocked it back fast slamming the glass hard down on the bar, obviously indicating a desire for another.

Zeke, like his bar, was also a monument to bad taste. Completely bald, no inch of his body below his neck was not covered in either tattoos or piercings. Huge and imposing at six foot six and three hundred pounds, he was a French Quarter institution. Like his bar, Zeke chose to decorate his body in the same haphazard manner as he did his business. On his chest was tattooed a beautiful lifelike image of Bettie Page that contrasted sharply with the “Thug Life” gothic script carved into his neck. No irony was intended by the small Teddy Bear placed next to a flaming skull with a snake exiting its eyes inked beside the full image of Our Lady of Guadalupe artistically rendered on his biceps. Gus never had the heart to tell his friend that the Japanese script that was rendered on the back of his bald skull did not say “Enlightened One” like he was told, but actually said “Enormous Dumbass”. Obviously he had been a victim of a tattoo artist with a sense of humor.

Sitting at the bar were three of Gus's lifelong friends: Doug Schone, Skeeter Banks and Snook Jones, and from the glassy eyed stares on their faces, obviously their happy hour had started much earlier. All three had grown up with Gus and had remained in the quarter after high school graduation. Other's had gone to college or the military and now years later had homes and children, but not these three. Hopeless stoner fuck ups twenty years ago, now as they approached their mid thirties they still were fuck ups. They had always looked up to Gus as kids, and now that he was successful and wealthy as an adult they still did.

Smacking a hundred dollar bill on the bar Gus smiled. "Zeke, a round of drinks for everyone!"

"Yes sir!" Zeke said smiling back as the three friends at the bar cheered while their drinks were poured.

"Gentleman!" Gus announced as he raised his glass. "I propose a toast to the glorious country of Japan; land of sushi, Manga and freaky freaky tastes."

"Amen to that!" Zeke replied, remembering his stint in the Navy and his stationing at Yokosuka during the seventies.

Continuing, Gus said "And the country where my new game "Zombie Strippers Apocalypse 4" just was launched and already is a big hit after just one day. I just got the first sales reports back this morning and the numbers are phenomenal."

Cheers went up from his three friends as they eagerly tossed back their drinks.

"I am surprised there was ever even a Zombie Stripper Apocalypse 3?" a sultry female voice asked from the back of the empty room, her voice dripping with a deep sensual New Orleans accent.

Turning towards the voice Gus smiled. There, walking across the floor towards the bar was Zeke's waitress, Jasmine Dupree. Tall, busty and with incredible long silky legs she radiated erotic appeal and always created quite a stir when she sashayed into a room. Many a late night she stopped by Gus's apartment for a booty call after her shift. Those were always his favorite evenings. Watching

her walk towards him, Gus hoped that tonight would be just such a night and he felt his mouth salivate at the prospect. Never one to have a steady girlfriend, he had to admit that if he were to ever take the plunge it would be with Jasmine. The feel of his tongue dancing over her gorgeous ebony body or the sight of her full chocolate breasts bouncing in his face as she rode him all night were two of his favorite things in the world.

“Never doubt the power of Zombie Tits my dear!” he replied as he blew her a air kiss. Now that Jasmine was standing beside his stool she felt her body grow flushed as he reached out touched her arm. She was certainly no fool and knew what he was like but had to admit that no man ever satisfied her more than he did. A gentle and giving lover, another huge part of his appeal to her was the fact he had absolutely no expectations or demands. Having been involved with overly possessive, jealous or demanding men in the past, Gus was different. Always pleasantly surprised by her sudden late night visits, he was the ultimate in low maintenance “boyfriend”. If she could keep her jealousy in check, as he definitely had a wandering eye and a restless penis, he was nearly perfect. That and the fact that no man, black or white, ever worshipped her body with his level of enthusiasm kept her coming back to his apartment time after time.

“You boys are so predictable.” She said with a wry grin and she leaned against him and flirtily cupped her breasts in her hands.

“Wave a pair of these around a you guys are all leaping about like a bunch of starving little puppies willing to do anything for a treat.”

Winking to Zeke and his buddies, Gus turned back to Jasmine and wrapped his arm around her waist while kissing her neck.

“Absolutely, works on me every time!” Nuzzling his face against her left boob he smiled. “In fact, I used these particular fine specimens as the inspiration for Zombie Stripper number two.”

Watching on with a look of amusement on his face was Zeke. Much older than both Gus or Jasmine, he genuinely liked them both. To Jasmine he was very protective, being almost a surrogate father to her as much as a boss. As they all chatted a commercial started playing on the small television set.

“Corruption. Scandal. Theft. Our current Governor Smith has them all and has made this state a laughing stock to the nation. If you are tired of living in the most scandal plagued state in America, then vote for Pete Landrieu, Candidate for Governor.” Stepping forward into the picture came a tall man in a dark suit carrying a mop. *“It is time we clean up this state! I am Pete Landrieu and I approve this message.”*

Pointing at the screen Zeke asked “Hey Gus, when your brother-in-law becomes Governor, how are you going to stay out of the news.”

“What?” cried Skeeter, now shaken out of his drunken stupor by this sudden news. “Your brother is going to be governor? I didn’t realize you had a brother, only sisters.”

“Brother-in-law MORON!” Doug piped up. “Don’t you fucking listen?”

“So, which sister married that guy?” Skeeter asked as he pointed at the flickering image. “I bet it was Sandy. God was she a fucking hottie, remember guys?”

“No, my guess is it is definitely Carmella, I bet it was her.” Snook interrupted. “Remember that time she lost her top at Lake Pontchartrain. GOD the image of those mammoth tits haunt me to this day.”

Groans of approval instantly erupted from all three friends mouths as memories of Gus’s sisters flooded into their minds. Having all known him since Grade school, they each had spent a lot of time over at his house as kids. Since Gus was the youngest of nine and the only boy in a house full of hot girls, once puberty hit; Doug, Skeeter and Snook were constant guests at his home.

“Jesus guys, those are my SISTERS you are perving on!” Gus exclaimed, half irritated and half amused.

Jasmine, listening to this conversation nodded her head and asked. “God Gus, how many sisters do you have?”

“Eight. I was the youngest of nine kids. Obviously my parents were good Catholics!”

“So you were the baby boy in a house full of women.” Jasmine said with a wry smirk on her mouth. “This explains a LOT!”

Winking back, Gus nodded before turning back to his friends at the bar. "And by the way guys, it is Margaret who is married to the future governor, if he wins of course."

Laughing, Doug poked Gus in the shoulder and said "Assuming they keep your crazy shenanigans hidden until after the election of course."

Smiling, Gus nodded. He was definitely the black sheep of the family and knew it caused his sister no shortage of angst worrying about the potential for him to embarrass her and ruin Pete's chances of winning the election. Despite thinking she worried too much he knew his behavior was a concern so in general he was trying to lay low and be good until after the election.

"Hey, I am not THAT bad!" Gus protested to his friends increasing razzing. "I mean, I have my own company and.."

"Are you kidding?" Skeeter interrupted. "A company that makes money off of pornographic and ultra violent video games and hires cheap programmers in Kazakhstan for low wages? Yeah, I am sure that won't cause ANY problems." He grinned while raising his eyebrows. "I have no doubt that such great game titles as "Zombie Hooker Apocalypse" and "Pimp that HO" will make for great campaign commercials."

"Not to mention the fact that he is usually drunk or high every night." Doug added. "I wonder how BONGZILLA would look on TV? It might be hard to explain how an adult man smokes weed out of a plastic toy monster every night."

"Yeah, you got "Billy Carter" written all over you boy! No doubt you will be a constant worry to your brother-in-law when he is elected. You are a scandal factory just ready to blow up, what with your whoring around, weed and porn game company!" Zeke said, piling on with the others.

Listening on in good natured fun, Gus now was growing slightly irritated. He knew his faults better than anyone, but he certainly did not need his FRIENDS now ragging on him too. Holding his hand up, he called the group to attention.

“Now, you guys have been pretty harsh in your assessment of my character flaws, but like I said to my sister, Pierre has nothing to worry about from me. Sure...I fully admit I am an oversexed stoner slacker, but, this is Louisiana is it not? Hell, this state was built on excess! Pete and Margaret worry way too much about my behavior and how it might affect his election chances. He is definitely a shoo-in to win, with or without factoring me in the equation. I will quote the great former governor of this state, Edwin Edwards, who said in this state the only way you can lose an election due to scandal is to get caught in bed with a dead girl or a live boy.”

Laughing, his friends went back to their drinks and Zeke returned to his barkeep duties. Tapping Gus on his shoulder, Jasmine smiled.

“Yeah babe, our deal might also be a bit hard to explain in the papers too. Most guys your age have a house, a wife and children and not a sexy black fuck buddy on the side. Somehow I doubt I will be invited to the inaugural ball.”

Wincing at her words, he kissed her. Having their relationship defined so starkly sounded harsh, and although they were not traditional boyfriend/girlfriend, he could tell from her sarcasm that she was slightly sad by their more untraditional relationship. Wrapping his arms around her waist he sighed as he ran her fingers over the small of her back. Smelling her perfume and again being hypnotized by her gorgeous body, he wanted her badly. Despite having bedded scores of women, none ever got his motor going like her.

“You are much more than that to me!” he cried. Seeing her eyes brighten, he grew hopeful. “Sooooooooooo, do want to come by tonight after your shift? I can think of nothing better than a lovely late night drop in from you to top off my good day.”

“I don’t know babe. I am already pretty tired, and having been on my feet all day, I really just want to go home, take a long soak in my bath and read myself to sleep. Visits to you..” she continued as she lightly kissing his nose and stroked his goatee “are always fun, but not particularly relaxing.”

Pushing her down onto a vacant bar stool he pulled her left foot up into his lap and slipped her flip flop off onto the floor. Lightly running his forefinger down the center of her sole, he grinned as he saw her eyes close in bliss and a small gasp erupt from her mouth. He knew her body so well, and he knew that she was a sucker for a good foot massage which he was more than happy to provide. Raising his eyebrow he spoke.

“Tell you what Jasmine. If you come by for a visit tonight, I will take care of these babies and have you squealing in delight.” Leaning in to whisper in her ear he continued “And if you are good, I might even work my charms on some other delicious areas of your body.” Smirking, Jasmine looked unconvinced until he added “And in the morning, I will get up early and prepare some of my world famous crepes for breakfast. So, what do you say, are you up for a little spoiling tonight? God knows I want that more than anything!”

“Crepes Suzette?” she asked with a wink.

Laughing he nodded. “I should probably be offended that it is my cooking that you want rather than my body, but yes, Crepes Suzette.”

Leaning back to whisper into his ear she said “Are you going to be alone?” She knew Gus well and knew that the likelihood of him bringing some naïve and impressionable young woman back to his apartment was always a high probability.

Feigning shock he pressed his hand to his chest and mocked outrage. “Of course! You know me!”

Kissing his nose again she smiled. “Yes, I do know you and that is why I had to ask. Well, I just might take you up on your offer Babe. Let me see how I feel at the end of my shift.” Rising from the bar stool, she turned and walked over to a table of patrons that had just walked in. His mouth already salivating as visions of her naked body flashed in his mind, Gus drooled as he watched her achingly beautiful ass sashay away, delightfully presented in the tiny purple satin shorts that Zeke had provided for a uniform. Now knowing that he might be having a visit from Jasmine later, he turned back to join

his friends in conversation, his desire to woo a new conquest on hold.

As the evening progressed Zeke's filled up with regulars and Jasmine was quite busy. Still sitting at the bar with his friends, Gus was feeling the effects of his drinks as he and Snook had yet another endless "Daphne vs. Velma" debates as to which Scooby Doo female character would be the hottest in bed. Doug, listening on in amusement suddenly spoke to the crowd of friends.

"Say Gus, I just had a great idea. I say to complete the celebration of your success, we go back to your place, pull Bongzilla out of the closet and call Captain Tony for some takeout."

Snook and Skeeter instantly perked up. Their interest was not caused by a sudden desire for Moo Shoo Pork. "Take Out" from "Captain Tony" was not an order of home delivered seafood. Captain Tony was a six foot six, dread locked Jamaican dealer, who with one email would home deliver the best Mexican Weed money could buy straight to your door.

Hearing this, Gus smiled. "Well boys, I don't know about you, but I think that sounds like a fine idea. Tonight seems like a good night for some home delivered Vanilla Kush." Whipping out his iphone, he pulled down his contact list and made the call. Getting voicemail, he grinned as this was standard operating procedure.

"Captain Tony!" Gus spoke into his phone. "Gus here. I think my lawn needs watering. Can you bring by some VK fertilizer asap. Thanks, bye."

Winking to his friends he continued. "All set! Let me pay you loser's tab and let's go back to my place." Smacking another hundred dollar bill on the bar, he smiled at Zeke who appreciated the tip as the four of them got up to leave. Looking back into the crowded room, he tried to look for Jasmine but the bar was now so filled with thirsty patrons he could not see her.

Hours later Jasmine was sitting on a bar stool counting her tips. Grinning, she unfolded out the bills as she deposited her earnings to her purse. It had been a good night, over three hundred in tips, and despite the burning in her calves and feet, she was pleased. Saying

goodnight to Zeke who was busily cleaning the bar she walked out onto the still wet cobblestones of the quarter. Already past three AM, it was still hot and as she began to walk home she paused. Restless, and with her feet throbbing, the thought of some late night loving and foot rub from Gus seemed to be just what the doctor ordered. Looking into her purse, she pulled out the key to his apartment and began to walk down Saint Anne street.

Reaching his apartment building she looked up and saw the light was still on. Smirking, she wondered if Gus was alone. Walking up the crookedy stairs of walk up, reaching the top and standing in front of his door the unmistakable scent of weed could be smelled. Putting the key into the lock she walked in.

“Well well well!” she laughed as she saw the startled faces of Gus’s friends, all sitting around in the living room playing a video game and passing around Bongzilla. The loud yipping and rapid clicking of paws on the wood floor announced the entrance of the true lady of the house, Angeline Jolie, Gus’s loud red Pomeranian.

Jumping desperately up on Jasmine’s legs the hyper excited dog was pleased to greet Jasmine. A huge dog lover herself, she instantly scooped up the tiny canine in her arms and laughed as Angeline proceeded to lick her face.

“There is the rival for my affections, the true woman in Gus’s life.”

Looking over at the three obviously baked guys sitting on the couch she smirked. “So boys, what have you been up to tonight?”

Stuttering they appeared embarrassed to be discovered by a beautiful woman sitting around playing video games in the middle of the night. Staring over at the screen, the pixelated tits of a busty Zombie paused in freeze frame she smirked.

“Nice! You guys ever think that maybe you should go after a REAL pair once in a while.”

As she was speaking, Gus walked out of the kitchen with a tray of Chimichangas and grinned. Seeing Jasmine standing in his living room he knew now how the evening was going to end, and it meant

that his other house guests were now going to be immediately evicted.

“All right guys, everyone OUT! My evening just got dramatically upgraded!” Gus yelled playfully as he entered the room. Wrapping his arm around Jasmine’s waist he kissed her deeply as Angeline joined in and licked her cheek as she wriggled in her arms. Reaching down to his coffee table he picked up the plastic monster and handed it to Jasmine.

“Care to partake?”

Winking as she took the bong in her hand she fired it up and took a long drag. Clapping his hands loudly, his friends groaned as he barked. “Out OUT OUT!!!”

Reluctantly the baked entourage crawled off of the couch on wobbly legs and stumbled out into the hall of the apartment building. They knew that now that Jasmine had shown up their evening of weed and video games was over and it was time to go home, but despite their disappointment they certainly understood. If any of them had a hottie like her coming by for a late night visit they would certainly do the same. Now alone, Gus turned to Jasmine sitting on his couch and walked over and sat down. Taking her feet into his hand he took her shoes off and let them drop to the floor. Lifting her bare left foot to his lips he lovingly kissed the top of her toes, the soft silky feel of her flesh already making him hard.

“Now” Gus slyly said with a twinkle in his eyes. “I think someone needs a little spoiling tonight.”

As he kissed the soft sore flesh of her foot, Angeline whimpered and pawed at his face, desperate for attention from her master.

“I think your “girlfriend” is getting jealous!” Jasmine said as she playfully petted both the dog and Gus’s head.

“Well, you know how you girls are.” Gus said as he placed a piece of cheese from the coffee table onto the floor and thus distracted his hyper pomeranian. Jumping down to ravage the treat, she was growling in delight as she attacked the cheese. Back on the couch,

as Gus rubbed his thumbs in small circles over her soles Jasmine purred.

“It’s funny Gus, I almost went home after work rather than come over here. Now I am glad I made the decision I did.”

Kneeling on the floor he began to suck each toe into his mouth as his hands began massaging her aching burning calves. “Well, I am going to make sure that you truly are happy you stopped by.”

Feeling his masterful hands on her body, and his hot delectable mouth worshipping her toes, Jasmine instantly grew wet. Pulling her toes from his mouth she smiled at the disappointed look on his face. It instantly vanished when she ran her feet down his bare chest and began to remove his shirt with her toes. Seeing his tattoo of Scooby Doo come into view as his shirt dropped to the floor she smiled. He was such a man-child, but God did she get her wet. Running her left foot down his stomach, she paused as she came to his shorts which already were straining under his enormous bulge. Playing with the zipper with her big toe she said “I think we should take this show into the bedroom eh?”

Now throbbing, Gus said nothing as he scooped her up from the couch and carried her into his bedroom. Gently laying her onto his bed he salivated at the sight of her. Given the thin t-shirt of her uniform her arousal was obvious as her nipples were quite erect, poking delightfully against the delicate cotton. Sitting up in the bed, she laughed as she pulled her shirt up over her head and her large delicious breasts plopped into view. Seeing the bulge now begin to move in his shorts she reached out her foot and began stroking him through the khaki material.

“Looks kind of tight Gus, perhaps you should take those off before you pinch something.”

Instantly he stripped, dropping his shorts and boxers to the floor as he stood naked before her. Purring, she playfully dangled his balls on the top of her foot.

“You are such a little foot slut!” she giggled as he panted. Slipping her satin shorts and soaked panties off she kicked the off to the floor and lay back on the bed. Moaning in anticipation, she knew this was

just what the doctor ordered. No man ever loved her body like Gus did, and as she saw him kneel on the floor and pull her thighs to the edge of the bed, her pussy gushed. Rubbing her hands through his unkempt hair she sighed as she felt him slowly lick and kiss his way up her inner thigh.

Gus was hard as nails as his lips and tongue danced over her hot flesh. Soft and sweet her warm coco skin was like a narcotic to him, his whole being wanting nothing more than to pleasure his sweet princess all night. Placing his salivating mouth at the base of her pussy, the enticing aroma of her arousal got him even harder. Snaking out his tongue he took the first of thousands of long lingering licks up her slit as he felt her shudder under his oral ministrations. Looking up at her face from in-between her thighs, his goatee glistening with her nectar he winked.

“It’s a good thing for you that the Vanilla Kush I smoked tonight gave me a major case of the munchies!”

Sighing as she locked her ankles behind his upper back, Jasmine groaned as Gus began to slowly coax out the first of many orgasms from her body. Laying back on the mattress, her mouth opened slightly as she began to moan, stroking the top of his head with her right hand as she tweaked her nipple with her left. She was in no hurry and completely relaxed. Of all of the men she had ever been with in her life, only this man could play her body like an organ, and to her constant surprise seemed in no rush to get to his own pleasure, deriving great satisfaction from worshipping her. Stroking his hair in her hand she shuddered and smiled.

“Gus, you are one amazing guy!” she whispered as he smiled and dove back down between her legs.

Chapter 2

Giggling and wet, Jasmine slowly awoke as her face was continuously licked. It was morning now, early morning and sunlight had just begun to stream into Gus's bedroom. Opening her eyes she laughed as she saw that the mystery kisses were not coming from her boy-toy, but from Angeline. Panting and pawing at her face, the small friendly dog loved when Jasmine came to visit and always woke her with a shower of wet dog kisses.

Opening her eyes fully she sat up and stretched as she petted Angeline. "Well girl, you are just as good a licker as your master I see." Rolling over onto her back, the dog pawed the air, trying to entice the bedroom guest to rub her stomach. "You are such a slut." Jasmine said with a giggle as she stroked the soft white underbelly of the Pomeranian.

Gus had already gotten up earlier and as Jasmine reviewed the events of the evening alone in his large empty bed she sighed. Her whole body still tingled, having been slavishly worshipped by her lover all night. Completely and totally satisfied, she had lost count of the orgasms he had licked from her body the night before and between his attention to her pussy and his excellent foot and leg massage, she felt completely and totally restored. Blushing she realized that she had fallen asleep before she could return any loving on Gus.

"Well Angeline, I think I have some work to do" she said as she rough housed with the excitable dog. "I owe your master a proper Good Morning blowjob" she said with a smile as she licked her lips anticipating the pleasure she was going to bestow. Swinging her feet over the side of the bed she began to stand. As she put on Gus's abandoned Hawaiian Shirt from the night before she sniffed the air. Her smile grew even wider as the unmistakable odor of sizzling sausage wafted up the steps from the kitchen below. Angeline, smelling it first and not wanting to miss out on such a delectable feast, instantly jumped off of the bed and ran to the closed door. Her paws clicked wildly on the bare wood floor as she scratched and whined desperately at the door.

“Good idea girl. Let’s have breakfast first before we continue any festivities.” Rubbing Angeline’s head quickly as she whimpered and panted she added “I think I will need some protein for what I am going to do to your master.” Opening the door Angeline bolted down the stairs in a furry red blur.

Walking into his large living room Jasmine plopped down on the couch. Looking around the room she smiled as she saw the interior in the pale light of dawn. It was truly a bachelor pad. Wires hung everywhere as Gus ran his entire software business out of his roomy apartment. Despite being an extraordinarily large and beautiful apartment for the French Quarter, the place cried out for a female touch.

All of the furniture looked as if it was picked up at Goodwill with none of it matching. Adding to the slacker doofus mystique, Gus’s choice of “decoration” pushed the boundaries of bad taste. Hanging over the enormous flat screen TV was a giant poster of a half naked woman in a sleeveless T-shirt who obviously had been enhanced by silicone right beside another poster of Scooby Doo. His coffee table was littered with empty pizza boxes and turned over cartons of Chinese take out. In the center, holding court in the field of garbage stood BONGZILLA. A foot tall, the plastic Godzilla toy had been modified to have the bowl implanted in its mouth with a hose extending from his tail. The front of Bongzilla’s face was blackened by obvious frequent use and the night before he had been quite active.

Gus, despite having more money than almost anyone she knew, did not put on any airs and was obviously not a materialist. His apartment, although spacious and luxurious, looked more like a dorm room of a horny teenaged boy than the home of a thirty something successful computer software entrepreneur. Hearing Gus singing in the kitchen over the splattering and sizzling of the sausages cooking on the stove, she grinned. Angeline was already with him inside, no doubt begging for treats unashamedly. Opening her mouth to call out to him, her whole body froze as the front door suddenly flew open.

Standing in the doorway was Margaret Landrieu, Gus's older sister, and from the scowl on her face it was obvious she was not happy to find a visitor in her brother's home. Especially if that visitor was a half naked black hottie named Jasmine.

Crossing her arms across her chest, she was the polar opposite of her brother Gus. Stylish and perfectly coiffed, everything about her screamed luxury and a certain self-conscious social climbing graspieness. Her clothes were exquisitely tailored, a very tasteful tweed skirt topped off by a white and obviously expensive silk blouse. Large thick pearls were festooned around her neck and eye poppingly expensive Jimmy Choos shod her feet. Topping off the effect that she wanted to convey, her spiky stylish haircut screamed wealth and power and instantly announced that she was a force to be reckoned with. She would no doubt be a formidable First Lady of Louisiana, once her husband won the election.

"Pardon me." She smirked as she walked boldly into the room. "I should have anticipated my brother might be "entertaining"." Looking Jasmine up and down she smiled. "My poor silly baby brother is such a generous spirit. Lord knows how many guests he has entertained just like you, especially at such an early hour." She said as her tone dripped in icy snarkiness.

Feeling suddenly very self conscious as she sat nearly naked on his couch, her glorious nudity only barely covered by the oversized hawaiian shirt, Jasmine opened her mouth to call out for Gus when he suddenly walked into the room.

Stark naked and with a large throbbing erection, Gus proudly walked into the living room both of his hands full with plates of crepes and sausages.

"Ready to gobble on some delicious sausage Babe!!" he joked as he playfully swung his cock back and forth as he entered.

"Nice Gus, REAL CLASS ACT!!!" Margaret yelled as her nude brother burst into the living room.

"JESUS!!!" Gus yelled as he instantly dropped one of the plates to the ground while he covered his cock with the other. Seeing this car wreck unfold, Jasmine could not help but laugh as Angeline

scampered into the room to reap the harvest of this breakfast disaster.

His face red both from anger and embarrassment Gus yelled “What in the fuck are YOU doing here!!!”

“It is quite obvious you forgot our date.” Margaret said. “Remember, I said I was going to pick you up Saturday morning early to go see that house you are going to buy.”

His face blank the realization hit him. “I thought it was Friday!”

“Friday was yesterday Babe.” Jasmine called out in a giggle from the couch. “Today is Saturday. Now, what is this about you buying a house? I thought you liked the quarter.”

Interrupting in a huffy irritated tone Margaret snapped. “Oh, he likes it too much I think. Luckily my baby brother has a big sister to look out for his interests. The absolute deal of a lifetime has fallen into my lap and Gus here absolutely will need to buy this house. This is a steal of a lifetime and it is only because the agent wants to get on Pete’s good side that I have first dibs.” Looking over at her brother, still standing naked in the hall with a plate over his crotch she smiled. “Gus, I am double parked, so get cleaned up and meet me downstairs in fifteen minutes. I will call the agent and tell her we are running late.”

As she spoke, Angeline finished eating her sausage and sat at Gus’s feet growling at the unexpected houseguest. Turning abruptly, Margaret snarled at the dog and opened the door. “Fifteen minutes Gus. Do NOT be late!” Slamming the door behind her, Angeline barked uncontrollably as Jasmine looked over at Gus in astonishment.

“I don’t think your dog likes your sister. I can’t blame her, as I don’t either. Why do you let her talk to you that way?”

Blushing, Gus put down the plate he held over his goods and looked down at his dick, now dripping with cheese and eggs. “Well, Margaret has had a hard life. She sounds harsh but she means well. After our parents died she really worked hard to support my other sisters and I think that that experience made her a bit too driven and

overly focused. Despite her brusque attitude she really is a good person. I owe her quite a lot, I really do.”

Winking as she saw him standing now fully naked before her, Jasmine rose from the couch and walked over into the hallway moved both by lust but also by the tender words he had for his sister. Grabbing a handful of his ass as she crouched down before him, she playfully snaked out her tongue and licked a glob of cheese off of his cockhead. Sighing as he felt her velvety lips tease his glans, he whimpered when she suddenly stood back up.

“Such a shame. I had a whole morning of fun planned for little Gussie here.” Gripping his balls in her hand she added “I guess that will have to wait.”

Grabbing her waist he pulled her up to him and began kissing her neck. “Oh babe, PLEASE!!!! You got me really worked up last night.” Smelling her musky scent and feeling her curvy body against his naked flesh he instantly grew hard again. “I want you bad!”

Winking Jasmine pushed him away, snickering as she felt his re-hardened cock brush against her hand. “No time babe, no time. You mustn’t keep big Sis waiting.” Kissing him deeply, she grinned. “You better hit the showers. You got ME all over your face.”

Twisting his mouth into a wry smile Gus asked “Care to join me?”

“I don’t think so as that would not lead to getting clean, only more dirty. Plus, Big Sis said you only had fifteen minutes, but...If you are good, and keep all that delicious spunk locked away today, I may come by for a special visit tonight after my shift and give you a blowjob that will curl your hair.”

Gus’s eyes brightened at this news. “Sure you don’t want to come with me to check out this house? I doubt anything will come of it, but I promised Margaret I would keep an open mind. She really wants to settle me down and I guess she figures a house will do it.”

“That and getting you a proper wife. I have no doubt that is next on her agenda.” Jasmine said sarcastically. “No, I think I will let this be a family affair only. I could tell Margaret hates me and I really don’t think I would add anything to your fun filled day. Plus, Zeke wants

me to come in and work the day shift today for lunch so I need to go in early.”

Frowning slightly in disappointment Gus nodded and padded back to his bathroom to take a shower. Looking back he said “Sorry I could not fix you a proper breakfast. After I leave could you take Angeline out to pee before you head out?”

“Sure thing Babe.” She said as she watched his perfectly rippled ass walk away from her down the hall. Hearing the water turn on for the shower she sat back down on the couch and began petting Angeline. “Looks like it is just us this morning. I don’t know about you, but I am hungry?”

With her tail wagging uncontrollably, Angeline jumped down and ran frantically towards the kitchen, the hunt for more sausage now in high gear.

Chapter 3

Twenty minutes later Margaret fumed as she saw her brother casually wander down the steps of his townhouse. Looking like a beach bum as always, she could only shake her head. Whatever was she going to do with him. She loved her brother, and it was obvious that he was smart and successful, but to her his life seemed completely out of control. The quintessential bohemian he was everything she was not. He was messy, easy and relaxed while she was organized, perfectly styled and driven. Opening the door to her new black Mercedes, Gus laughed as he stepped in, his hair still dripping wet from his hasty shower.

“New car sis?”

Looking him up and down, her eyes fell on his flip flops and she exhaled loudly. “Do you NEVER wear shoes?”

“Well, I had to get ready quick as you know. I, well, I was not expecting you today.”

“That was quite obvious.” She smirked as she thought about his naked entrance. “I assume you are going to let your guest can see her way out? I hope you took an inventory of everything just in case she decides to pick off some of your expensive equipment while she is alone.”

“Don’t start!” Gus snapped as he sat down. Instantly Margaret put the car in gear and began driving down the narrow streets of the French Quarter. Fuming in silence at her not so subtle attack on Jasmine, after a few minutes he asked “So, where is this magical “house” anyway? I hope you realize that there is no fucking way you are getting me to move out to some suburban nightmare like you and Pierre live in. I won’t do it.”

Patting his bare knee Margaret smiled. “Calm down little brother calm down. I know there is no way I could get you to move out of the city. No, this house I am sure you are going to jump on. I saw the outside myself already and I am still amazed at the price. Hell, if Pete wasn’t running for Governor I would snatch this up myself to flip, but those days are behind me now.”

Suspicious, Gus saw that they were driving out Saint Charles street and wondered where on earth they could be going. This area was notoriously overpriced as a place where the truly old and big money of the Big Easy lived and highly unlikely to have anything in his price range. As the huge tree lined avenues opened up from the smaller congested inner city, the houses grew more and more grand as they traveled into the heart of the Garden District. Passing Commander's Palace, when Margaret flicked her turn signal on and started to turn down Chestnut Street his curiosity could no longer be contained.

"Come on Sis!" he cried. "I don't know how much money you think I have, but there is no fucking way I could possibly afford to live in this neighborhood!" Looking out the window of his sister's car he rolled his eyes as they drove past one palatial house after another. As one of the largest and only examples of original antebellum plantation houses in the South, this section of the Garden District was truly a gem. On both sides of the beautiful Magnolia lined street enormous Victorian and Greek Columned mansions stood guard, each having been built between one hundred and almost two hundred years ago. Like an 19th century version of Malibu or the Hamptons, rich planters spared no expense outdoing one another in constructing these monstrosities and the efforts of their desire to oneup each other were just as impressive now as it was when they were originally built.

Grinning in silence Margaret slowed the car and came to a stop. "Oh Ye of little faith!" she smirked. "How does 250 sound?"

"Down?"

"No, TOTAL. Two hundred and fifty thousand cash and the house is yours."

Gus now smirked. Margaret had to be out of her mind as there was no way that could be right. Each one of these homes would list for at least three million, and that would be for the smaller ones. Looking around, he looked for a cabin or a carriage house, something that would sell for such a low price. Seeing nothing but giant palatial houses he grew angry.

"If this is a big joke I am going to be really pissed Sis. Trust me, I had quite an enjoyable morning in progress that better not have

been interrupted for some kind of wild goose chase.” Glancing around once more and spotting no likely candidate for that price he added “Alright, I give. Where is this incredible deal of a lifetime.”

Pointing straight ahead Gus followed his sister’s finger and laughed. There in front of them both was 431 Chestnut Street the Grand Dame of the tony neighborhood, and the original plantation house upon which all of the land was subdivided, Magnolia Grove. His mouth falling open, Gus was speechless as he took in the enormity of the property. Huge and imposing in white marble, it was obvious that the place was ancient, all of the other homes surrounding it looking like servants to the queen of a house. Ivy now choked the columns, and the front gardens were unkempt and overgrown with bushes and shrubs, but the prior glories were obvious.

Standing in front, pacing nervously was Jill Meyers the real estate agent and as she recognized Margaret’s car an obvious look of relief washed over her extremely botoxed face. Turning to Gus in triumph, Margaret beamed. “So, your big sis did ok eh?”

“Holy Mother Mary!” Gus cried as he continued to look on in astonishment. This was not a home but an estate and his original thoughts of just humoring his sister now evaporated as he instantly envisioned himself in this house. “It’s incredible Sis, just incredible!” he continued to exclaim as he got out of the car and walked towards the house. Now close up it was even more imposing as the three floors, wrap around porches and giant twelve foot iron gates gave the whole building an almost castle like feel.

“Margaret!!” Jill cried as they approached and she shot out her hand. She, like his sister, was well over fifty but not deciding to age gracefully, desperately clinging to the remains of her youth with her too short leather skirt and far too high stilettos. “This must be your brother” she added as she gripped his hand surprisingly hard. “Quite handsome!” she winked. “Just like you said.”

“Don’t believe everything my sister has said about me” Gus joked as he shook her hand. “This place is amazing! I am simply floored, and... although this is probably rude, I have to ask what is wrong

with it. I mean, this mansion should be on the National Historic Register, not being sold for such an unbelievable bargain price.”

Grimacing at his words she forced on a fake smile as she needed to close this deal quickly. “Well Gus, this is truly a once a lifetime opportunity but is definitely a very weird situation. This plantation house has been in the very same family for well over two hundred years and that in and of itself is highly unusual. All of the Garden District came from the property of Magnolia Grove and over the years the Laveau family parceled out the property to other wealthy home owners like themselves, especially after the civil war made such huge estates no longer practical.”

“Hear that Gus!” Margaret exclaimed. “This place is a historic gem. I know how much you enjoy history and knowing that one of the original old families of Louisiana owned this place made me instantly intrigued.”

“Yes I can see that Sis but still... Why sell this priceless mansion for such a crazy price.” Looking over at Margaret he could feel the heat from her eyes boring into his face as she grew angry. Convinced her idiot brother was blowing the deal of a lifetime it took all of her willpower not to reach over and smack his mouth closed. Realizing this, Gus continued. “I know I am not negotiating properly by bringing this up, and certainly I am very interested, but before I uproot myself and move into this palace, I need to know what is wrong with it. People do not throw away millions of dollars for no reason. It may be the deal of a lifetime but if there is a radon problem or the house is about to be condemned or collapse I would like to know what I am getting into in advance.”

The agent sighed as she realized this was going to be more complicated to explain. “When Old Mrs. Laveau passed away a few weeks ago at 100 with no children, her will was the legal mess of all times!” Looking over at Margaret she smiled. “God knows, if it had not been for Pete and his law firm the estate would have never been sorted out. Anyway...Mrs. Laveau had one living heir, a great nephew in New York. The guy has tons of money already and with the rest of the Laveau’s inheritance that pile just got a lot bigger. Trust me, when this house was mentioned to him he was absolutely

insistent that it be liquidated immediately for a cash only transaction and without him ever taking title. I begged him to take the time necessary to sell this properly but he was absolutely insistent.”

“What is the rush? I mean, he must know that by placing those restrictions he was just screwing himself.” Gus asked incredulously.

“I know, that is what I told him since I was put in charge of liquidating the property.” Wrestling with the padlock on the iron gate she shrugged her shoulders. “The crazy little bastard did not even want to come and look at the property! Honestly Gus I have no idea why he is so weird on the subject, but as the only heir it is his to dispose of however he sees fit. If he wants to throw away a gem for pennies, well...in my honest opinion if I were you I would just take this giant gift and keep my mouth shut. The new owner was quite adamant and specific in his instructions. This property must be out of his possession by the end of the week or else he is going to have it torn down. Frankly, I think the guy is nuts, but rich lunacy can be quite profitable to those around it.”

Gus nodded but still was unsettled. It made no sense and part of him said there had to be a big catch to all this, but hey, maybe Jill and his Sister were right. Maybe this was just one of those fortuitous once in a lifetime freak accidents that can pay off big, like discovering oil in your backyard or investing in Apple Computer in the seventies. As the chains to the fence fell away and the iron gates swung open, his apprehension evaporated as they entered the large front garden. Instantly the overwhelming scents of Magnolia, Roses and Jasmine flooded his nostrils as they all walked through the overgrown lawn towards the front door. Looking around as they approached the house it was obvious that the place had seen better times, but with a little work and money this could truly be magnificent.

Two towering magnolia trees flanked the stairs to the lower porch and their great ancient branches created a natural cool canopy to the front of the house, the only surviving trees from the original plantation. The grounds were obviously unkept but evidence of hundreds of years of cultivation abounded. Overgrown rose bushes, tulips, forsythia and blooming jasmine choked the grounds and created a lush cool oasis in the middle of an already steamy New

Orleans summer morning. At the center of the driveway stood a giant green statue in the center of a long inoperable fountain. Decades of neglect had turned the warm bronze a thick green, but the beauty of the original craftsmanship was still there.

Stepping up onto the porch, Gus slightly jumped up and down on the stairs to test to structural integrity. Surprisingly, despite the age of the structure, the fundamental foundations seemed quite strong. Long spreading branches of ivy crawled up the columns of marble and pulling a branch away from the stone he was glad to see that roots had not damaged the stone. Looking at the porch he was enthralled as it was enormous, wrapping all the way around the house. Well over a hundred people could comfortably sit just on the first floor alone, and with two other porches above this was like having several outdoor living rooms built in. Constructed centuries before air conditioning, this house was built for entertaining and the porches were widely used in the oppressive bayou heat. Faded white wicker furniture dotted the porch with long tendrils of ferns hanging down from at least twenty plants dangling above each grouping.

“Christ this is more like a hotel than a private home!” Gus exclaimed, his mind already seeing the potential to turn this into a B&B if he decided to not use this as his primary home.

“It could quite easily. The house has over eleven bedrooms.” Jill said as she fiddled with the lock on the giant double oak doors. “I have to admit, I am quite curious to see inside. No one outside the Laveau family and a few servants have been in this house for over fifty years.”

The heavy click of the brass lock echoed in the still heat as the agent pushed open the door. To the surprise of all three, once the doors were opened a blast of cool air washed over them all. Walking inside, Jill flipped on the light switch and they all gasped.

“Holy GOD!” Margaret exclaimed as she caught sight of the eight hundred pound crystal chandelier illuminating the main hall. All around the grand entrance the house dripped in over the top baroque luxury. Directly in the front view of the three visitors an enormous red carpeted staircase led to a wide landing on the

second floor. Thick oriental carpeting lay at their feet covering black and white marble tiles and mahogany side tables scattered alongside the walls. The overall décor and style of the interior was definitely heavy, bordering on oppressive, quite befitting of a typical Victorian manor house when the last renovation was completed. Countless cherubs were carved into the plaster ceiling, all hovering over two enormous life sized oil paintings of the Laveau family hanging on the walls. Showcasing the whole room were two brass statues of winged angels holding matching golden converted gas lamps at the base of the stairs. Looking on in absolute wonder at the dazzling entry hall, Gus already could easily envision Scarlett O'Hara herself descending that staircase to bid goodbye to Rhett Butler.

"Frankly my dear I don't give a damn!" he chuckled under his breath as he surveyed the room of treasures. The air was surprisingly cool, despite the summer heat and even odder completely still and silent. No sound could be heard but the loud ticking of a Grandfather Clock disturbed the deafening silence of the room. Looking over at Margaret and Gus, Jill smiled as she could tell from their reaction they were in stunned awe.

"As you can see, the place is extraordinary!" Jill beamed as she herself was surprised at the beauty of the interior. As they all surveyed the room eventually all eyes focused on the top of the stairs. There at the top of the landing was a nine foot round stained glass window that was the focal point for people entering the house. Despite the relative darkness of the room, the bright colors cast from the window bathed the entire hall in a dazzling array of hues of purple, green and red, the image of a magnolia tree formed by the colored glass.

"Beautiful, simply beautiful!" Margaret exclaimed as she poked Gus's arm. "See Gus, aren't you glad you came today?"

He nodded as he pulled back a sliding pocket door and looked into one of many parlors in the house. It, like the entrance hall, was ornate in the extreme with similar angelic figures hovering on ceiling and a smaller, but still impressive, crystal chandelier in the center. Green silk wallpaper still hung on the wall and despite being well over a hundred years old it had lost none of its original luster. In the

center of the room was a loveseat with two matching chairs that formed a perfect sitting group for an afternoon tea while on shelves circling the room were packed with twenty or more glass figurines of dogs, all made of blue and white china.

"I bet Angeline would love this room!" Gus snickered as he saw all the small dog figurines.

"Well, that might be a bit destructive as you know she is a jumper." Margaret laughed as they both crossed over to the other side of the entrance hall.

Margaret now slid back the pocket door and literally gasped as she saw the interior revealed. She had found the dining room and it was breath taking. The room was formed into a long oval, banked by windows that would normally flood the space with light had they not been choked and overgrown with so much vegetation. Running through the center of the room was a long mahogany table that could easily seat twenty. On the buffet was a silver service of trays, candle sticks and serving dishes, all black and tarnished but obviously impressive.

"Jesus, this is like a museum!" Gus exclaimed as he looked inside. "If I do buy this place I am going to have to spend almost as much money as the purchase price just on furniture." Smiling as he looked over at his sister, his mind already seeing himself the owner, he said "I don't think my futons, bean bag chairs and band posters would do this place justice."

Overhearing this, Jill spoke up. "Well you won't have to. As one of the conditions of closing such a quick cash only sale, everything inside the house goes with the deal. The owner wants nothing from the estate."

"Holy SHIT!" Margaret uncharacteristically cursed, covering her mouth in embarrassment after her outburst.

"My thoughts exactly!" Jill winked. "I literally begged the guy to allow me to put the items up for auction at least but he was adamant. Everything has to go by the end of the week or it will be destroyed."

Gus's face could not hide his excitement now, his mouth curled into a huge smile as he felt he literally felt like he had won the lottery. Although no expert on antiques, he knew enough from what he had seen so far to know that the contents of the house alone were worth way more than the relatively paltry purchase price. He knew now for sure he was going to buy the house but like a kid on Christmas morning he wanted to explore the rest of his prize as soon as possible.

Walking through the rest of the downstairs Gus and Margaret continued to be amazed by the size and grandeur of the interior. The kitchen was huge, more appropriate for a restaurant than for the needs of a single man, but the appliances all still worked despite being decades out of date. Wandering the maze of small parlors and sitting rooms, when they finally reached the library, still stocked with hundreds of old volumes of books and centered by an enormous black ornately carved partners desk in the center of the room, Gus audibly sighed. Working from home for his business he could think of no better place to set up his office.

"Just how big is this house?" Gus asked.

"8500 square feet" Jill replied adding "But despite the size, the way it was designed really does cut down on cooling bills. As you can see, despite it being summer, the temperature in here is quite pleasant." Both Gus and Margaret nodded as they agreed, the house surprisingly cool given the season. Walking back into the entrance hall, Jill pointed up through the stairwell to the ceiling two stories up. "The cupola on the top floor floods the whole house with cool breezes when the vents are open and was sort of a early nineteenth century central air conditioning system." Seeing them both eye the stairs she added "So, do you want to go see upstairs?"

Reaching the top landing the stairs opened up into a large open upper hallway that could easily double as an additional living room. Along one side of the wall stood six doors leading to large bedrooms matched by five on the other side. Walking through each of the fully furnished rooms, Gus was amazed that each had its own private bath. "This really could be a hotel!" he whispered to Margaret as they peered into one of the enormous bathrooms, each containing large

claw footed tubs in the center of the black and white tiles. Reaching the end of the right side of the hall, he crooked his head in confusion.

There where a door to a twelfth bedroom should be was a fully plastered wall. Giving the space an eery appearance were hundreds of rosaries hanging from nails on the wall, the beads and crosses covering the surface completely. The three stood in silence as they stared at the macabre display, Jill's heart rate increasing as she knew this looked creepy and might spook her potential buyer away and thus blow her substantial commission. If she sold the house she was going to receive a fifty percent take on the sale but if it was torn down she would get nothing so she was quite nervous at this unexpected turn on the tour. Breaking the tension, Gus exclaimed "Well, I think the interior decoration up here may need a bit a re-work. I feel like I am back at St. Louis Cathedral as an altar boy with Father Vic!"

"Yes..." Jill exhaled deeply. "Old Mrs. Laveau was quite religious and as seems obvious by this, possibly getting a bit senile. No problem though, you surely can change anything you want in the house once you buy it." Looking at her watch she smiled. "Look Gus, I don't mean to push you, but as you can see this is truly the deal of a lifetime. Not to go all Glen Gary Glen Ross on you, but do we have a deal or do we not?"

All eyes turned to Gus and he smiled. Taking out his checkbook he wrote out the full amount out of his main account which had well over six hundred thousand dollars. It was a big purchase but, he knew he would never see a more lopsided deal in his life and he feared he would regret missing out if he did not act. Handing her the check, Jill exhaled in relief as he cried "We have a deal!"

Now that the deal was made, Jill and his sister considerably relaxed and walked downstairs while he continued to explore upstairs. Checking each bedroom again he was giddy as he could not believe he had just purchased such a mansion, fully expecting to just go on this trip to humor his sister not to become the owner of a vast estate. Entering the last room beside the wall of rosaries, he saw an enormous oak bed against the wall bathed in the warm morning light streaming in from outside. Imagining himself christening the bed with

a delicious romp with Jasmine he grinned to himself. "You are going to soon see things Old Mrs. Laveau could only dream of!" he whispered as he turned to leave. Shuddering slightly as he felt a sudden cold chill he paused as a movement in the mirror caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. Snapping his neck quickly to look he saw nothing and stopped. Thinking it must be a shadow cast from one of the trees outside, he started out the door when he stopped again, his ears picking up a barely audible whisper.

"Oui"

"Hello?" he called out into the empty room. "Is anyone here?"

Greeted with stony silence, the sounds of Jill and his sister came floating up from the kitchen. Thinking it an echo he went downstairs.

Back in Margaret's car, the two drove the short distance to Commander's Palace for lunch. Dropping the keys into the valet's hand she smiled as Gerard, the long time Maitre D recognized her and escorted she and brother to her regular table. Looking down at the rumpled and extremely casually dressed Gus his disdain could barely be concealed, but knowing that the future First Lady of the state was a regular patron, he hid his natural contempt. Now with two full bloody marys on the table, Margaret lifted her glass.

"To my baby brother, the new home owner!" Clinking her glass with his Gus nodded as he gulped down his drink.

"You are welcome." She smirked.

"What?"

"You are welcome!"

"Oh, right. Thanks Sis, I really appreciate it." Looking down at the table, his heart filled with emotion he remembered all of the tremendous sacrifices she had made for he and his other sisters growing up. It was hard after their parents died and Margaret had to grow up fast. Gus was especially moved that even now, decades later, it was obvious she still was looking out after little brother.

"You are a good big Sister Margaret." he smiled as he grabbed her hand and they took another drink. Seeing the shrimp cocktail arriving Margaret threw up her hands in glee as they both dove into the plate.

No food on earth was better than that made at Commanders Palace and today was definitely a day to celebrate.

Looking over at Gus devouring his appetizer Margaret asked. "So Gus, what are you doing next Tuesday?"

Looking up in confusion he shrugged as she continued. "Well, if you are free, I have a young beautiful assistant who just is dying to meet you. She not only is very pretty but smart as a whip and I just know you two will instantly hit it off."

Smiling smugly Gus laughed. "So... First you plan to get your little hipster doofus brother into a house, check, and now it is time to marry him off to a respectable woman, double check. You are nothing if not consistent!"

Smiling back at him as she dug into her salad she said "Being your big sister is a full time job!"

Chapter 4

“So, are you excited?” Jasmine asked as she had to shout over the wind rushing into the car. Gus turned and smiled, still unbelieving that now, just four days after humoring his sister he was the owner of one of the largest and oldest plantation manor houses in the country. He had originally had no intention of buying anything that day, just going along to placate Margaret, but it was such a deal and the house was so beautiful he had to act. It all has happened so fast it still seemed like a dream and looking over at Jasmine he could not wait to see her reaction to his new home. He hoped it would be positive since she said she thought he had lost his mind to buy a house for cash and told him so quite strongly.

Standing on Jasmine’s lap was Angeline, tail wagging furiously, tongue dangling out of her mouth as the wind whipped her long red fur. She loved taking long rides in Gus’s old 1972 red MG convertible, and today being a special day, he thought it best to drive her to her new home in style. Following the moving van, Gus felt butterflies growing in his stomach as he drove into the Garden District as he could see Jasmine’s face grow perplexed.

“This is very mysterious Gus” she shouted as the homes grew larger and more grand and the streets grew wider and greener. “Unless you have a shitload more money than I think you do, there is no WAY you bought one of these homes!”

Laughing, he said “Well Babe, I am comfortable but certainly not this kind of rich. I told you it was the deal of a lifetime and I can’t wait until you see it.” As the van in front flashed on its turn signal and drove onto Chestnut Street Angeline grew more excited. The fresh air and green lawns seemed to excite her more and more and she vigorously sniffed the air for the flood of smells bombarding her senses. Reaching down and petting his dog he added “I know Angeline here is going to love the yard. So much more room to run around outside than down in the quarter.”

Seeing the van stop, Gus slowed the car and parked on the street. Jasmine looked around in astonishment as this was the pinnacle of the high rent district, each home on this street worth millions. Most

impressive of all was the large White House at the end of the street and as she saw the movers begin to take furniture through the iron gate she gasped.

“HOLY FUCK!” she yelled as she slapped Gus’s arm. “How much did you pay for this place? This is amazing!!!”

“Not as much as you would think.”

As they got out of the car Jasmine put Angeline on the ground and they began to walk up the sidewalk to the gate. Barking wildly, the small dog sniffed the air desperately and strained at the end of her leash as she pulled in every direction. “I think your dog is going to be a problem in this neighborhood” Jasmine said as the high pitched yelps grew more desperate and shattered the relative silence of the street. Reaching the front gate, Angeline immediately squatted down on a patch of green grass and peed.

“Well, I think she just gave her seal of approval!” Gus said with a snicker as he saw her mark her territory. Reaching out for the gate, both he and Jasmine turned towards a voice coming from the house next door.

“Hello! HELLO!!!”

Turning towards the voice Gus saw an elegant older woman standing on her porch watching the activity. Dripping in pearls, she was the quintessential grand Dame of old New Orleans; hair teased up high and slightly bluish in color, a perfectly tailored teal dress, her appearance and demeanor screaming old money. “Hello there! Pardon me for interrupting, but do you know when Mr. Laveau is coming?” The voice belonged to Maxine Clark whose almost equally enormous house was right next door. Nosey and inquisitive, she had watched the activity next door all week, her curiosity growing exponentially each day. Eighty five years old, she had lived on Chestnut street for nearly fifty years and had not had a single new neighbor in all that time, homes in the garden district tending to be held in the same family for generations. Mrs. Laveau, having just died at one hundred had been the only person who had lived in that house since she bought the adjacent one and she was very curious about her new neighbor.

“Mr. Laveau?” Jasmine whispered.

“She must think that the old ladies nephew is moving in.” Gus whispered back.

Passing the dog leash back to Jasmine, Gus stepped into her yard and held out his hand. “Sorry, no Mr. Laveau here. My name is Gus Le Blanc and I just bought this house. Pleasure to meet you neighbor.”

Peering him up and down Maxine could barely conceal the disappointed look on her face. Gus, dressed down as usual, looked more like a maintenance man than the owner of Magnolia Grove and as she looked down at his flip flops, ratty looking board shorts and open hawaiian shirt she internally shuddered. “Well, there goes the neighborhood” she thought to herself as she timidly held out her hand to shake his. Forcing a smile on her face she said “Glad to meet you Gus, welcome to Chestnut Street. I am Maxine Clark.” Looking over at Jasmine, dressed in very short shorts and an overly tight “Zekes” t-shirt which clearly showed her nipples, and clearly black, a slight sneer came across her face. Burnout hipsters were one issue, but having coloreds living next door was quite another thing entirely. Growing alarmed and irritated she stopped fretting as a smile flashed on her face. The situation was obvious as she reflected and realizing her error she became relieved.

“I see you brought your maid with you. That is very good Mr. Le Blanc since a fine old house like Magnolia Grove will require quite a bit of service. I was good friends with Mrs. Laveau, the last owner, and she had several people on staff to help her manage. I am more than willing to contact them for...”

“Oh, I am so sorry Mrs. Clark.” Gus interrupted, a sneer now fully formed on his face. “This is not my maid, but my wife. Yeah, the little missus and I just fell in love with this place the second we saw it. We can’t wait to fill up all eleven of those bedrooms with youngins you know!” he added with a wink. Gripping Jasmine’s waist he pulled her tight to his chest and planted a long lingering kiss on her lips. “It certainly will be fun trying to at least!”

“Oh, uh, well” Maxine stuttered. “I see. Well, if there is anything I can do, please let me know.” She abruptly said as she hastily retreated back into her house.

Barely suppressing a laugh, Jasmine whispered into Gus’s ear. “You are a bad bad man! Somehow I don’t think you are going to be invited over for tea at the Clark’s anytime soon.”

“You know, it is 2014 now, not 1953! That shit just burns me up!” he snapped as she stroked his neck.

“It’s 2014 down in the quarter, I think it is different up here in the district. But anyway, what is all this bullshit about me being your wife! Hell, I am not even your girlfriend!!!” Turning away from him she wiggled her glorious ass in the air. “You got to earn that honor boy!”

“Well Babe, I look forward to trying.” He answered as he licked his lips.

Looking down at Angeline, who was squatting and depositing a large smelly editorial comment on Mrs. Clark’s lawn they both laughed as they walked back to Magnolia Grove. Angeline, barking excitedly pawed at the gate and burst into the yard as the door swung open.

“Good God Gus!” Jasmine exclaimed as she took in the enormity of the garden. Seeing the overgrown flowering bushes, the circular driveway and the tarnished bronze statue in the fountain she was amazed. “This is not just a house, but an estate.” Glancing back at Gus she added “Again, I have to ask, just how rich are you?”

“Not THAT rich I can assure you.” Gus answered.

Beaming in pride at her words the two stepped up onto the porch. Now at the front door, Angeline suddenly fell silent and lay down flat, her legs spread out behind her.

“Not ready to go inside yet?” Gus said as he bent down and petted her. Surprisingly, her whole demeanor had changed. Just seconds earlier she had been a bundle of boundless energy, barking and leaping in the garden, and now she was rooted down hard on the porch, not wanting to move an inch. The only other time he saw her like this was at the approach of a thunderstorm, or when he needed

to take her to the vet, and looking up into the sky he noticed that not a cloud could be seen for miles. "You feel a storm coming girl?"

Whimpering slightly, she slightly shook as Jasmine reached down and pulled her up into her arms. "You know how we girls are?" she said. Handing the dog to Gus she joked "Since I know that it is really SHE who is the true woman in your life, she wants to be carried over the threshold of her new home."

Opening the door, Angeline seemed to calm in his arms, still panting quite heavily but no longer shivering. Watching Jasmine's face as they entered the hallway Gus could not help but be giddy as he observed her growing astonishment as they strode into the main entrance hall.

"WOW!" she exclaimed as her eyes slowly scanned the hallway. "Spying the Magnolia stained glass window at the top of the stairs she sighed. "Beautiful, simply beautiful!"

Putting Angeline down, Gus began to tour Jasmine around the house. Each room they entered seeming to elicit more exclamations of approval. "Jesus Gus, you got a tremendous deal here. I simply can't believe it." Putting her head down, she sheepishly admitted. "You know, when you first texted me that you bought this house, and for cash no less, I thought for sure you had lost your mind. Now seeing it, I totally understand."

As they strode into the kitchen, the dog right on their heels, not wanting to get too far away from her master, Jasmine pinched Gus's ass. "So... I think you still owe me a breakfast, since the last one was so rudely interrupted by your sister."

Winking at her he replied "And I think you owe me something too!"

Hearing this, Jasmine licked her lips and whispered into his ear. "Oh, I always pay of my debts. Maybe later you can add more credits to your account."

"You got yourself a deal babe." He replied. As he leaned into kiss her one of the movers walked into the kitchen.

"Mr. Le Blanc, we got everything put away like you asked. Is there anything else you need?"

“Wi-Fi working?” Gus asked.

“Finally!” the workman replied. “That was a bitch to install let me tell you. I had to put up a few boosters throughout, but I hid them well. Obviously they did not foresee wi-fi back in the 1800s when they constructed a house out of marble. Not easy to work around at all.”

Reaching into his wallet Gus took out three fifty dollar bills and handed it to the workman. “Be sure to give the other guys their tip too.”

“Thank you Mr. Le Blanc, Thank you!!!” he exclaimed as he went to go get the other guys and get ready to leave. Exiting the kitchen, Gus and Jasmine were alone again.

“Well Well, MR. LE BLANC!” Jasmine teased. “It seems that now that you own a big house you are Mr. Le Blanc now, and not old Gus from the quarter.”

Smiling Gus shook his head and cupped her waist as they walked back into the entry hall. Ignoring her comment he said “ I haven’t even shown you the upstairs yet.” As they walked, the dog never left their side. Panting nervously, she was right on Gus’s heels and several times almost tripped them both. Now standing back at the foot of the stairs Jasmine paused.

“I think we need to memorialize this moment.” Taking out her cellphone, she directed Gus to hold Angeline and stand at the bottom of the stairs. “There, let me get a good picture.” As she held up the phone she exhaled. “DAMN IT! I am out of juice. My phone is totally dead.”

“Here, come over and stand with us and I will take a selfie. I wanted you in the picture anyway.” Joined by Jasmine, Gus took his phone out of one of his multiple pockets in his shorts and groaned. “FUCK! Isn’t that just the luck. I am out of juice too! I could have sworn I charged this up this morning before we drove over here.”

“Maybe you surfed too much porn on that thing.” She joked as she poked his arms.

Laughing back he winked and said “Well, as compelling as “Amazing Anal Asians” is, I usually surf my porn on my HD monitor. Tits just

look too small on the phone.”

“You didn’t say that when I sent you that dirty pic a few weeks ago.”

“Tits you know are always better than tits you don’t.”

“Speaking of tits” Jasmine cooed as she reached out for Gus’s crotch. “What say you and me go finish that business we started a few days ago. Zeke, for once, gave me the whole night off and I can think of no better way to give you a proper house warming than a nice long blowjob.”

“I love you babe!” Gus gushed as he kissed her deeply.

“No you don’t” she winked. “But as a fake boyfriend, you are perfect. If you were my real boyfriend I would have to put you on a short leash and you would not like that one bit.”

Now turning to the stairs, Gus and Jasmine started to climb towards the stained glass at the summit. Gus was anxious to show off the rest of his house and even more enthused about breaking in the bedroom properly. For the first time since they entered the house however, Angeline did not follow. Reaching the top landing, Gus looked back down the stairs and called out.

“Come on girl, come on. Don’t you want to see your new bed?”

The dog was uncharacteristically silent and very still. Crouched on all fours, her muscles as tight as an overly wound clock, she just growled slightly as she stared up at the landing.

“I don’t think she wants to follow.” Jasmine said as she pulled Gus forward. “Don’t worry, you know how Poms are. She just needs to get used to the place.”

“Yeah, I guess you are right. Her reaction is not at all what I was expecting. She might be overwhelmed by all the new sights and smells.”

Leaving the dog on the first floor they finished walking upstairs. Showing her each room Jasmine maintained her glee at the sheer enormity of the place and the amazing furnishings and décor that came with it. Reaching the wall of rosaries however Jasmine jumped back.

“What the hell is this?”

“Yeah, crazy isn’t it? I think the old lady was obviously losing it.”

“Very creepy Gus!” she added as she walked closer to inspect. Hundreds of rosaries of all sizes and colors were hanging on the wall, covering every square inch of the surface. Looking carefully she could see that some of the objects were very old while others looked brand new, the price tag from the online religious store still hanging off one of the crucifixes. The beads were thick against the wall and lifting up one of the rosaries deep in the pile Jasmine could see that the nail was old and rusted obviously having been placed there decades ago.

“This was not a recent development Gus. See, you can tell that some of these rosaries have been here quite some time. Look, the paint on the wall is a completely different color than the rest of the hall.”

“Interesting...Kind of weird eh?” Gus smiled. “Honestly, I kind of like it. It has a kind of kitschy avant guard feel to it, and it is so out of character with the rest of the house. I think I am going to keep it. Plus, it reminds me of my days as an altar boy with Father Vic.”

Jasmine suddenly shuddered as a cold chill ran up her spine. Her stomach churned slightly as the uncanny display set her on edge, but she quickly shook it off. “So, did old Father Vic give you a working over as an altar boy?” Jasmine joked. Gus frowned as he did not appreciate that joke and pulled her away from the wall as he proceeded to show her the other rooms.

As they walked down the hall they both heard the click click click of tiny dog nails on the hard wood behind them. Looking back, Gus smiled as she saw Angeline timidly turn onto the upper hall. “There we go!” he called. “Come on girl, come on.”

Angeline ran quickly by the rosary wall, her tail firmly between her legs as she rushed to Gus’s leg and shook wildly. Picking her up in her arms Jasmine looked into Gus’s eyes. “See, she doesn’t like that wall either.”

Opening the door to his bedroom, he heard Jasmine sigh as she looked inside. "Beautiful, simply beautiful!" she exclaimed as she peered into the large room. Large floor to ceiling windows banked one side of the room while an enormous king sized bed anchored a left wall. To the left a door led into an equally large bathroom with a clawfooted tub standing on the black and white tiles. Putting Angeline down on the floor Jasmine spun around and grabbed Gus by the neck of his shirt.

"I think we need to break this puppy in right now!"

Grinning wildly, Gus nodded as he walked over to the windows and prepared to open them. Outside a large fully leafed magnolia tree gently swayed in the breeze as the room overlooked a side garden as well as Maxine Clark's house. "I say we give old Mrs. Clark something to gossip about when she hears how vocal you can get."

"Babe, don't open the window. It is so hot outside, I don't want to let out the air conditioning."

"You know, that is funny, but I don't think I turned it on yet but it is downright chilly in here."

Smoothing her forearms which were quite chilled, she purred. "Well, I say we heat this fucker up!" Now sitting on the bed she reached slipped off her flip flops and reached out to Gus flexing her toes. Reaching his shorts, she gripped the top clasp and expertly unbuttoned it as she pulled his pants down with her feet. Seeing his boxers already tenting from his erection she smiled. "Well, it seems like someone is raring to go." Lifting her foot up to his shirt, she pulled it away from his chest as she ran her left foot up his bare stomach. "Shouldn't you be on your knees now boy? I think you need to show your new "wife" some proper respect."

Quickly stripping off the rest of his clothes, Gus stood completely naked (and ridiculously hard) before her. Kneeling down beside the bed he grabbed her left ankle and pulled it to his lips, kissing it lightly as he slowly started moving down to her foot. Hearing her appreciative moans, he smiled as he saw her pull off her t-shirt and her gorgeous full breasts plopped into view. Laying back on the bed she sighed as Gus began kissing his way up her calves to her thigh.

Reaching her shorts, he gripped the zipper with his teeth and pulled it down. "These have got to go!" he snickered as he pulled them off and tossed them onto the floor. As he gripped her panties with his teeth, the cold wet nose of Angeline suddenly brushed up against his cheek.

"Hey Girl!" he smiled as he looked into the soft brown eyes of his dog. "I am afraid Daddy is a bit busy right now. Go on, get under the bed." Seeing her not move he continued to goad her. "Go on Angeline, get under the bed. Be a good girl and get under the bed." Still quiet, she reached out and licked his face while Jasmine laughed.

"You know Gus, I always knew you wanted a threesome, but somehow I don't think this was what you had in mind."

Irritated, Gus stood up and scooped Angeline up and took her to the bedroom door. "Sorry girl, Daddy needs some private time" he said as he gently lowered her to the floor and closed the door. Turning back to the bed, his cock grew harder as he saw Jasmine now writhing her hips as she teased her own inner thigh with her right hand.

"Yeah baby!!!" he cried as he dove onto the bed and quickly scooped his hands under her ass. Instantly he stripped her sopping wet panties off and tossed them into the pile of other clothing on the floor revealing her glorious pussy to his hungry eyes. Kneeling on the bed he throbbed as Jasmine lay spread and naked before him, lifting her hips up off the bed as she began to writhe. She was so beautiful and without a doubt the sexiest woman he had ever been with. He wanted her so bad, his cock aching for her touch since being interrupted a few days earlier. Grabbing her left ankle again he traced his tongue down the inside of her leg on the way to her mound as she teased his arm with her toes. Reaching his Scooby Doo tattoo she smiled as he kissed further and further up her inner thigh.

"I think someone wants his Scooby Snack."

As his lips and tongue tickled her pubis bone, Jasmine threw her head back and moaned. No man ever ate her out better than Gus,

and as he began slowly circling and teasing her mound with his tongue she gripped his neck hard and pulled him tightly into her lap.

A few minutes later both of them were drenched in sweat as Jasmine pushed Gus away from her pussy and they both lay back on the bed. Looking up at the ceiling she said nothing but wallowed in the glow of her powerful orgasm. Reaching down she gripped Gus's cock and saw it was just as hard as it had been twenty minutes earlier. "Remember, I owe YOU a blowjob from earlier this week, and after that spectacular performance, I think I need to make it spectacular." She smiled as she sat up on the bed, playfully leaning over and kissing the glans of his penis. Looking over to his nightstand she winked. "Did you bring the fun kit?"

Gus smiled as he nodded and Jasmine reached over and opened the drawer, pressing her curvy delicious body against his as her breasts dangled over his mouth. Inside were condoms and lube, a bullet vibrator, blindfold and other various sex toys, but her eyes lit up when she spied what she was searching for. Lifting them up into the air she laughed.

"Here we go, just what the doctor ordered."

Looking up from the bed Gus smiled even wider now as his eyes focused on the four pairs of handcuffs dangling from her fingers. He and Jasmine both were quite adventurous in bed and it was now quite apparent he was going to be in for the ride of his life. Straddling his stomach, he sighed as he felt her warm wet honey cave drip onto his stomach as she leaned over his face and kept her nipples right out of reach of his lips.

"So Gus, are you ready for your reward? You got me so worked up the other night at your apartment, I was really looking forward to seeing all your spunk rush out at once. Shame we were interrupted." Reaching back and stroking his cock she continued. "Yeah, but somebody here seems ready for some loving." Feeling him throb in her palm she continued "But I think I will have to restrain you, I have big plans for this!"

Releasing his dick, she leaned forward and took his left wrist and handcuffed it to one of the heavy oak posters on the bed grinning as

she saw how perfectly the cuff fit around the pole. "Oh yes, yes, yes, this bed will do quite nicely!!!" she added as she proceeded to chain him down completely spread-eagle. Once secure, she sat on the end of the bed and looked up at Gus, already writhing in his bondage and dry humping the air.

Running her toes up his legs she laughed as she saw him twitch and jump as they tickled his flesh. "So, were you a good boy or a bad boy while you waited for us to get back together?"

Confused, Gus shrugged as he did not know what she was talking about. Gripping his testicles with her feet she grinned. "Don't you remember me asking you to keep your spunk all locked up for me?" Dangling his balls between her toes she shook her head and laughed. "Tsk Tsk Tsk Gus, you have been quite naughty! These are not full at all!!!! Obviously you have been spraying down some tramp, or even coating your hand with that seed of yours."

Gus laughed nervously as he tested the strength of the cuffs and the bed poster. He knew what was coming as she had tied him up many times before and they both loved it, although sometimes she drove him almost mad with her body before letting him shoot. No woman could tease him better than Jasmine as she was the master, knowing how to play his body like a musical instrument he resigned himself to a long frustrating tease. Opening his mouth to protest, his lips were closed by her toes.

"No sense lying to me Gus!" she smirked as she felt her own juices still dripping from his goatee on her toes. Gripping his package with her hands she added "Never lie to a woman who has your balls under her control. No, we are going to have to get these all nice and full again, bulging and desperate for release." Sitting up, she lay across his body as she took a long lingering lick up his shaft. Lowering her glorious ass onto his mouth she said "Good for you I have the whole day off. We have nothing but time."

Sighing Gus reached up and met her pussy as she lowered it onto his face, reveling in the fresh coating of her honey that dripped onto his eager tongue. "Mmmmmmmmmmm, very nice." She cooed. Slowly

licking his cockhead she added "Show me you are deserving of a big release."

Out in the hall as the sounds of moans and sighs grew louder behind the locked door, Angeline shivered. Curled up into a tight ball of fur, she pressed her tiny body against the wall as she stared intensely at the wall of rosaries. Growling slightly, her whole body shuddered as she tried to muster the courage to run past. Hours later, her master and his girlfriend still hard at work at their romp, she finally ran by the wall yelping as she scampered downstairs.

Chapter 5

Laying in a sweaty heap on the bed, Jasmine slowly awoke as the delicious smell of sausages again wafted up from the kitchen. Smiling, she sighed as her whole body tingled, the effects of a long day (and night) of raucous sex with Gus pulsed in her body. She had worked him over good the day before, spending hours bringing him to the edge of orgasm before backing off at the last minute. All the while she played his cock like a flute while she put him to work, writhing her pussy over his never tiring mouth until she had lost count of how many orgasms he had lovingly extracted out of her body. She had rewarded him though, first by riding him for hours (the cockring in the fun drawer coming in quite handy) before finally releasing him in a shower that would shame “Old Faithful” in its spectacular velocity. She ached but it was a good ache as she slowly woke up, her sleep always so much deeper after exhausting her body on her lover.

Feeling a tug on the silk sheets they slowly started pulling off of her naked body as she laughed. “Honestly Gus, I would think after the huge load you shot last night you would be satisfied already. I can’t possibly..” Her words were interrupted as the sheet was suddenly and violently ripped off of her body and deposited on the floor.

“HOLY FUCK!!!!” she screamed as she sat up naked on the bed. Looking around the room, she saw she was alone and trembled. Her mind raced as she tried to guess who or what had ripped the sheet off. “Gus! GUS!!!!” she yelled.

“Yeah Babe!” came his reply from downstairs. “You up finally? Good timing. Breakfast is almost ready.”

Her mind racing to make sense of what just happened, seeing the open bedroom door she exhaled. “Angeline!!! It must have been Angeline!” she said to herself as she suddenly relaxed. “God that dog scared the shit out of me.” Rising from the bed she picked up Gus’s shirt and put it on as she padded out the door and down the stairs. Reaching the kitchen, she giggled as there he stood, naked as usual, a frying pan in one hand and a spatula in the other, cooking away.

“Hey Babe!” he smiled as he looked over his shoulder. “I made sausage, and after last night, we both know how much you LOVE sausage!” Sitting at his feet was Angeline, perched back on her haunches and teetering in the air she was intensely staring up at Gus waiting for him to toss her another treat.

Looking over at Angeline, Jasmine grinned. “You gave me quite a fright girl!” Gus turned around when she entered the room as her plate was ready, heaped full of breakfast. Looking as delicious himself, Jasmine shook her head as she saw that once again he was sporting a full erection.

“Jesus Gus, are you still horny? I feel I failed in my mission then.”

Passing her the plate he kissed her and said “Hey, I can’t help it. Having a hot woman like you up in my bed just gets little Gus here quite active.” Sitting down at the table, he poured them both coffee and they began to eat. “Perhaps after we eat, I can, uh, eat again.” He winked.

Giggling, Jasmine sighed as she took a big sip of coffee and felt her face flush. Frankly, despite the soreness between her legs the idea was definitely appealing. Watching her naked handsome lover boy walk forward she grew wet as he spoke.

“What did you mean by saying Angeline gave you a fright.”

“The little devil pulled off my covers this morning right when I was waking up. At first I thought it was you coming back for round 20 of our erotic marathon, but when the covers got yanked off so fast, and I saw you were not around, it scared me.”

Petting his dog, Gus smiled as he passed her a bit of sausage.

“Here is a treat for exposing Jasmine’s beautiful ass. Obviously you have good taste just like your daddy and just can’t get enough.”

Wagging and whining uncontrollably, Angeline put her paws up on his naked thigh and threw her head back, begging for more table scraps. Scratching her neck Gus said “Funny, she must have been quite fast up there. She has been with me most of the morning, the smell of sausage always rooting her right at my side when I cook.” Looking back up at Jasmine he added “She must have wanted to wake you up to come join us for my expertly cooked breakfast.”

“Well next time you should be gentler!” Jasmine joked as she tossed a piece of her egg onto the floor for Angeline to rapidly devour.

Looking around the kitchen, she smiled as the warm summer sun lit up the high ceiling and bright yellow walls perfectly. The place really was a showplace and looking at the old gas stove, tall glass doored cabinets (full of exquisite china) and the enormous built in marble counter she sighed. “You really have a fantastic house here Gus. I am very happy for you. All these antique furnishings and appliances really give this place a level of charm you just don’t see in a new house.” Spying the antique crank style phone mounted the wall she added “I mean, just look at that phone there. They do not make things like that anymore.”

Looking back at the phone Gus smiled. “Yeah I know. I really had no intention on buying this place when my sister dragged me over here and I found out it was such a deal and then they threw in all the furnishings and fixtures for free I could not pass it up. I still have to pinch myself that it really is mine.”

Studying the antique phone Jasmine asked “Do you know if that still works?”

“Wouldn’t know. I don’t even have a landline, only cellular service. I cut the cord years ago.”

Smiling she stroked up his leg higher with her toes. “You are such a high tech geek. A sexy geek but still a geek. It is kind of ironic you are living in essentially a low tech museum.”

“That’s what I thought too, but I really think I am going to like it here.” Winking at her as he felt his erection return from her continuous teasing of her toes he said “Especially after the house warming you just gave me.”

Giggling Jasmine ran her foot up higher now, rapidly approaching his inner thigh as he sat open legged opposite her at the kitchen table. She knew she was driving him crazy and loved every second. Pausing her ascent to his crotch she said sarcastically “You know Gus, you should have a REAL house warming party, you know, one with people and snacks and everything. This place is so amazing, you could easily fit three hundred people in here..”

“Well, it would be hard to top your house warming, but that is an excellent idea Babe.” Thinking about the prospects of having a place where all of his friends could actually fit inside he grinned. “I would love to have Zeke and the whole gang come too but he never closes that bar.”

“Ah, then this idea is even more perfect. Actually, this coming Saturday he has to close for the night as the city is finally repairing the water main and they have to shut the water off. I know all of the regulars will be looking for a place to go and what better place than here. What do you say? Want to have the blowout of all blowouts and give your uptight neighbor something to turn her blue hair even bluer?”

Leaning across the table Gus kissed her and nodded. “Absolutely!... On one condition though. You have to help me with the party. I have never had more than a few guys over to smoke weed and eat pizza for my entertaining experience, and I know I don’t know what the fuck I am doing if I am going to have a real party. I think a feminine touch might come in handy.”

Jasmine smiled. She was flattered that he asked for her help and actually kind of excited. She loved entertaining, and having a giant house like this as a canvas, she was looking forward to putting on a real soiree. Looking up into his eyes she smirked and put on a fake pout on her face. “Convince me.”

Suddenly rushing around the table Gus scooped her up into his arms. Despite being a computer nerd, he worked out constantly and his large biceps easily could lift her up like a inconsequential paper doll. Carrying her into the front parlor, she giggled uncontrollably as he tickled her sides and he nibbled on her earlobe. Despite their long romp the night before he was obviously still horny and the sight of his glorious naked body, and strong erection pressing against her ass that dangled in his arms, she was wet as a hurricane. Tossing her down onto the couch, with one hand Gus quickly stripped off shirt she was wearing and dropped to his knees on the floor.

“I think I have JUST the pitch to make.” He said as he grinned up at her from between her legs and began kissing her inner thigh.

Moaning softly Jasmine sank back into the velvet couch as her arousal began to peak. Gripping the back of his neck with her nails she began panting as her orgasm slowly came to a boil. Right as her toes curled and she emitted a huge groan Angeline began barking out in the main hall.

“Hello... Knock, Knock...Gus are you here?” Margaret called out as she pensively walked into the parlor. Seeing her brother, naked and kneeling in between the legs of an equally naked black girl on the couch, all of the oxygen in her body expelled at once.

“Oh! Uh, sorry, I thought, OH!” she stammered as she turned away towards the hall.

Gus, his face red with anger and his goatee coated and dripping with Jasmine’s honey shot up and spun towards the door. “DON’T YOU EVER FUCKING KNOCK!!!!!”

Now out in the hall, Margaret’s face turned bright red. “I-I-I am so sorry Gus. I tried to call but you wouldn’t answer and when I drove by I saw the door was open I just thought it would be OK to come in.”

Scrambling for Gus’s shirt, Jasmine quickly covered up as Gus grabbed a pillow off of the couch to cover his hard and dripping cock as he sat down angrily on the couch, his sister yet again acting as a foil to his romantic escapades. Despite her humiliation at being caught in mid shudder of an orgasm, Jasmine could not help laughing at the ridiculous situation and her amusement seemed to defuse some of the tension. Now covered she faced the open doorway.

“Come on in Margaret!” she called out as Gus looked over at her with a shocked look on his face. “There is nothing going on you haven’t seen already.”

Smiling and suppressing an outburst of laughter herself, Margaret sheepishly entered. “I really am sorry Gus, but you really should answer your phone!”

“Look Sis, I have been here all morning..”

“Obviously!” she smirked

“Morning!” He continued irritatedly “And trust me, my cell phone has not rung once. See, let me show you.” Reaching down to the coffee table he picked it up and his face grew angrier. “Fuck! What the hell is going on with this. My battery is dead AGAIN, and I charged it all night.”

“Anyway brother, I know you live in a better neighborhood now, but you also shouldn’t leave your door wide open. That kind of invites people in.”

His face now confused and angry, he did not respond as he knew he had locked the front door and assumed that his sister was just being her normal overbearing self. “What do you want?” he asked coldly.

“Well, I did want to see if you got all settled in...” Looking over at him covering his nakedness on the couch, and the obviously well fucked and totally satisfied look on the semi-nude Jasmine’s face she smirked. “And it is obvious that you have. I also was had a lunch date with, uh, well that friend I was telling you I wanted you to meet and thought I would stop by and see if you could join us.”

“Friend?” Jasmine smirked back, knowing all about his sister’s plans to set Gus up with one of her employees. “A special friend?” she added, knowing that this would make Margaret very uncomfortable.

“Oh, uh no, just a friend, you know, it’s a work thing.”

“Oh, I thought you were trying to get Gus here a girlfriend. God knows he needs one.” Jasmine added, knowing that this would confuse Margaret.

“But, I well I” Margaret stammered as Jasmine stood up and stretched, her long luscious legs now standing on tip toes as she held her arms over her head.

Bending down to kiss Gus, Jasmine started walking towards the hall. Looking Margaret dead in the eyes she said “You thought I was his girlfriend... HA! Hardly! I am just the hot chick your brother fucks on a semi-regular basis.” Smiling as Margaret blushed she added. “But of course, YOU know that already. If your brother were to be my boyfriend I would have to put him on a much shorter leash.” Winking back over her shoulder at the very amused Gus on the couch she

added "Sorry to eat and run, but I need to hit the showers. Zeke wants me to work the afternoon shift and it is already getting late." Turning to Margaret she winked. "Have fun at your lunch."

Watching Jasmine walk up the stairs Margaret grinned as she could certainly see why her brother was attracted as she was obviously stunning. Her mind never settled however, she already switched over her plans to set him up with her assistant. Walking back into the room, she sat down on a high back chair and looked at Gus on the couch.

"Hey look, I really do apologize for interrupting things here. It was an honest mistake."

Still fuming but now calming down slightly Gus grunted. "Are you purposely trying to ruin my sex life Sis! Amazingly you have managed to walk in at the wrong time on me twice in the same week."

"What would have old Father Vic say about your behavior?"

Margaret chuckled as she shook her head. Noticing him sitting rock still on the couch clutching the pillow over his dick she stood in the doorway and smiled. Hearing the water running from the bathroom upstairs from Jasmine's shower, she started wandering towards the kitchen. Turning back she said "I will wait outside in your back yard while you go get cleaned up. Think you might wear pants for a change?"

Watching his sister go through the big french doors to the back porch Gus sighed. Margaret had many fine qualities but being overly shy or exceedingly deferential was not one of them. To her, he was still her little brother who she could boss around at will and whose life it was her responsibility to straighten out. To him too she would always be his big sister and he instantly flipped into the little brother role whenever she was around. Although he knew he should not act differently, being a successful adult man, it came so naturally as to be automatic behavior.

Irritated, he knew his sister was bossy and he should grow a spine and tell her to get lost but he did not. Despite her overbearing ways, he loved her and knew she was only trying to look out for his best

interest. Since Jasmine was leaving anyway, the afternoon was spoiled so he might as well humor her and go to lunch. Once he at least met with this girl he would be able to get out of Margaret's crosshairs and she could focus her attention and love on one of his other unfortunate sisters. Once she had an idea in her head she would never let it go until it either the idea succeeded or she moved on to another subject. Knowing that he would never escape until she played this out he sighed again and walked upstairs.

Greeting him as he walked naked into his bedroom, Jasmine was just putting her top on when he entered, her hair still wet from the shower. "So... Is Big Sis still here or did I scare her off?"

Looking down at the floor Gus said "She is still here. She, uh..."

"Desperately wants to set you up with someone more 'appropriate', right?" Jasmine curtly replied, her face twisted into a frown.

"No, that is not it at all, she just wants to have me meet a friend of..."

"Look Gus, you certainly do not have to explain your activity schedule to me. I am NOT your girlfriend and you are definitely not my boyfriend so I have no claim on your time." Her face brightening into a smile as she saw his face wince when she spoke. Lightening her tone she added. "I know what your sister is up to, and honestly, I don't mind. She obviously loves you and still sees it her duty to keep you straight." Grinning her eyes dropped and fixed on his crotch. Reaching down and caressing his half erect cock she purred. "It looks like once again good old Sis interrupted us and I owe you a nice blowjob. So...if I stop by tonight after my shift, will you be alone? I may want to pay off my debt."

"Of course I will be alone, especially if I know you are coming by."

"Yeah, sure you will! Unless of course that "friend" of your sister's is a hottie." Giggling, she spun around she shook her ass in the air. "Of course, no uptight white girl could possibly have a more delicious booty than this! So I am sure you will be alone if you don't want to miss out." Turning back around she kissed him deeply and gripped his ass as he reached for her, his arousal now quite evident and throbbing.

“No No boy. Sis is waiting... AGAIN! Save that for later. Now, go get cleaned up” she winked as she playful spanked his left ass cheek. “It appears I got you dirty again.”

Winking back he turned to go into the bathroom. “Hey, do you need me to take you back home?” he called back as he turned on the faucet.

“Don’t worry about me. I will just take the trolley back to the quarter.” Watching her wave goodbye and walk out into the hall Gus could already feel his mouth start to salivate as he imagined the horizontal fun they would have later that night as they finished what he had started.

Out in the back garden, as she waited on her brother, Margaret could not get over how overgrown, yet still beautiful, the grounds were. Obviously Mrs. Laveau had not been in the backyard of her house for years and nature had completely reclaimed the once beautiful grounds. The curving stone footpaths were now covered in thick moss and the small bronze fountain in the center of the garden was completely inoperable. Choked with weeds that had taken root in its basin the thick leaves prevented any water flow from circulating. Several large magnolia trees were in full bloom and their heavy sweet perfume hung heavy in the air, just like the thick ropes of spanish moss that covered seemingly everything in sight.

Her mind never still, Margaret could already imagine how beautiful the garden could be if restored to its former glory. Between the ivy, kudzu and the endless spanish moss also grew jasmine, rose and hundreds of other flowering bushes. Pockets of bright color in a sea of endless green. Looking back at the house she looked at her watch and wondered if Gus was ready. Seeing the manor from the back it was still beautiful but now she noticed something quite strange. Neither she nor her brother had gone out back before the purchase, everything happening so quickly, but for the first time she noticed something quite odd..

The house was completely symmetrical (as all homes built at that time were) with the exception of the second floor which was slightly off. The first and third floors had eight perfectly aligned windows

spaced evenly apart with three doors (also equally spaced) exiting out onto identical wrap around porches. The second floor was different however only having seven windows. The far right of the building was blank where a window should be. The front of the house, as well as the sides, were all perfectly symmetrical but here in the back this one area to the right was out of synch with the rest of the architecture. Peering with some difficulty through the thick foliage it even appeared that the marble was slightly different looking, lighter in color where the window should be. The discolored marble definitely gave the impression that the change was made after the home was built and that a window had been covered up after the fact.

Anal retentive in the extreme, this minor architectural flaw in an otherwise spectacular house seemed to bug Margaret excessively and she already envisioned pestering poor Gus on getting it fixed. As she stepped forward to go back inside the house she paused and turned to walk through the thick undergrowth. That flaw in the window already was gnawing on her and pushing her way through the overgrown garden she wanted to look up at the second floor better. Her path hard to make through the thick vines and branches she stopped cold when she heard the clinking of glass. Spinning around, she saw she had run into a leafless dead crepe myrtle tree growing under the right corner of the house.

“What the hell?” she exclaimed as she observed that hanging from every branch were bottles, hundreds and hundreds of bottles. They were quite a sight, all dazzling in multicolored hues in the late morning sun. Looking closely at one dangling in her hand she observed that they were not all the same. Some bottles were quite new, such as the diet coke bottle she held in her hand, while others were very old, like a green thick jug hanging from another branch. Each were tied by twine to a branch and she had never seen anything like it in her life. Muttering under her breath she smiled “Well, I guess the old lady really was losing it after all.” Deciding that Gus was probably finished bathing now she started back inside but as she looked back at the bottle tree she did find it odd that it lined up perfectly with the part of the house that was “out of synch”.

Finishing his shower, Gus stepped out of the tub and jumped when he glanced up at the mirror over the sink. The hot steam from his shower had completely fogged up the mirror, and he saw writing on the condensation. He was startled at first, but seeing the heart shape that had been drawn on the glass he realized that Jasmine must have left him a message, having traced it on the mirror after she had had her bath. Inside the heart was a phrase Gus did not immediately recognize, but he knew enough French to understand the words. Smiling as he read it, he hated to wipe it away but he needed to shave.

“Je Te aime, Jouis di Miele” he repeated as he traced his finger over the words. Smiling he took out a towel and dried off the mirror.

Hurriedly he finished up and got dressed and rushed down the stairs. The sooner he humored his sister and got the lunch over the sooner she would get off his back. Knowing she would insist, Gus put on a white dress shirt, black dress slacks and nice shoes and socks. Normally always casual, he knew better than to dress like a bum today. Reaching the foyer he saw Margaret and said “Did Jasmine leave?”

“I guess so, I was outside.” Smiling as she saw her brother she added “My, you clean up well! I am sure you are going to sweep Sarah off of her feet.”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself Sis” He barked. “I am going along with you to lunch to shut you up but that is it. Trust me, you don’t want your assistant dating me anyway.”

Walking outside Margaret smiled. “Just keep an open that is all I ask.” Unlocking her Mercedes she got into the driver side. “You are getting older Gus and you need to start thinking about settling down. You can’t really expect to spend the rest of your life chasing girls and hooking up with...”

“Sluts like Jasmine!” Gus snapped. “Look Sis, I know you mean well, and I am going along with meeting your friend as a favor to you, but don’t start bad mouthing my friends.”

Her face now in a frown, she winced at his words but did not respond. Driving the rest of the way to Commander’s Palace in

silence, once they pulled into the parking lot her face softened. "Ok Gus, we are here. All I want you to do is meet her and if you hit it off great, if not, well no harm no foul. Deal?"

Smirking he shook his Sister's hand and said "Deal!"

Walking into the restaurant he spied an attractive blonde sitting alone at a center table. As she noticed he and Margaret approaching, she smiled and stood up, nervously smoothing over her formless dress. She obviously had a good figure, hidden though it was under a black high necked dress and for a moment Gus thought maybe having this "date" had possibility. His hopes were dashed before his unquenchable erotic appetite could grow too large after he a large silver crucifix hanging around her neck. Sighing to himself, he whispered to Margaret. "Is that her?"

"Yes. See, told you you would not be disappointed."

"Yeah, she is a hottie, but a bit prim for my tastes. I mean what is with the black dress and cross?" He continued in a soft voice.

"Well, her mother told me she was originally going to be a nun before she went off to college and decided to study interior decorating instead. Be nice to her please. Her parents are big contributors to Pete."

Laughing to himself he thought. "A NUN!" Looking back at Margaret he mouthed "You Owe Me BIG!!!" before they all sat down.

Chapter 6

“God Damn it SAM, or whatever the fuck your name really is. This piece of shit wifi system your company set up in my new house SUCKS!” Gus screamed into his cellphone to the tech from Bangalore. Irritated that yet again his phone started to die as it perpetually lost charge, he plugged it into the charger cord and kept yelling. “And another thing. What the fuck is going on with these routers that cause all of my batteries to keep dying? Hello... Hello..HELLO... OH FUCK IT!!!”

Slamming his phone down on his desk he looked down at the screen and scowled. Once again, like it had doing all week, it was black. Only the slight red flash at the bottom remained indicating that the battery was now almost completely dead. Sitting down in his office chair he sighed as Angeline came over and put her paw on his leg. Petting her he calmed down and said “Sorry for yelling girl, but this is starting to affect Daddy’s work.”

It was true, it was. Everything had been a dream with the house but this was a major issue. For someone else it may not have been such a big deal to have their mobile devices constantly drained of juice and their wifi erratic, but for someone who made their living on the internet, this was a killer. That morning he had been on a long overdue call with his programming team in Kazakhstan and the call dropped off right in mid-sentence. Despite repeated tries he never was able to reconnect and the rest of their conference had to take place over email. The constant computer problems he was having kept him perpetually pissed off and only the frequent late night visits from Jasmine kept him off the edge. Normally Gus was very even keeled but his calm demeanor cracked when all his electronic devices declared war on him simultaneously.

Seeing his phone finally get charged up enough to receive, he answered it quickly when it rang. “Serge? Serge? is that you?”

“No Mr. Le Blanc” spoke the heavily accented Indian voice on the other line. “I am so sorry for your inconvenience I have contacted one of our local technicians and he assures me that he and his team

will be over to fix your problem by the end of the day. You should be up and running by late afternoon we promise.”

Shocked that the tech actually called back, Gus’s mood brightened. “Thank you “Sam”, I look forward to getting this resolved.” Hanging up the phone, he smiled. At least there was going to be a resolution to his computer problems which as a good thing but given that it was already mid-morning he realized that the whole day was shot.

Walking out of his large office he approached the staircase to go upstairs. If he could not work at least he could work out, and having just gotten his home gym set up in one of the bedrooms upstairs the day before, Gus was anxious to try it out.

“Come on girl!” he called to Angeline who crouched at the foot of the stairs growling.

Staring up the staircase, the red fur on her back stood up bushy as she stood fixed to the ground in terror.

“What is with you?” he sighed as he saw her shaking and growling. It was obvious that his dog was not taking to the new house readily as this pattern had repeated all week. Angeline, a friendly and happy dog normally had been a nervous wreck since they moved in.

Always right on his heels, she did not like to be away from him ever. It became almost dangerous to walk around inside as she was constantly almost tripping him as she hung close to his legs. Only when he wanted to go upstairs did she stop and he knew that if he did not pick her up and take her she would howl and bark incessantly until he did.

Scooping her up into his arms he began walking upstairs as she shook and whined. “You are quite the queen aren’t you?” he joked as he ran his hand over her shaking head. When they reached the landing and passed the wall of rosaries, he put her down on the ground and she scampered rapidly into the open door of his new home gym. Tail down and whimpering, once inside the room she sat in a corner and shook.

“Angeline, what is it baby? What has you so spooked?” he said soothingly as he took off his shirt to get ready to work out. Grinning, an idea popped into his head and he walked across the hall to his

bedroom and returned with his hands behind his back. Squeaking the toy once, Angeline's ears perked up and as he tossed the rubber squeaky toy at her feet she happily attacked. Hearing her playing like she used to he smiled as he climbed onto the brand new elliptical machine.

Gus prided himself on his physique and much of his lazy success with women was due to his well sculpted body that he worked on frequently at the gym. Now that he had a big house, he could finally create his own personal home gym and as he looked around at the large sunny room he had chosen to use for that purpose he was pleased. Against one wall he had his weight bench installed next to a long row of weights. In addition to his elliptical machine he also had a stationary bike and a treadmill. Best of all was the large flat screen HD television he had installed against a mirrored wall. Turning it on and firing up one of his favorite adult movies, "Amazing Anal Asians", he snickered.

"Definitely takes the boredom out of working out!" he laughed as he began to synchronize his steps with the action on the screen. An hour into his routine, sweat was pouring off of his body as he reached a new milestone on his brand new machine he kept going. The tech was not due to come until afternoon, so he thought he might as well be productive while he waited.

He was very pleased with his new setup. The erotic images flashing on the screen made this the most enjoyable time he had ever had during a workout ever. "Better than Sportscenter at the Y eh Angeline?" he called out as he watched her continue to bite the rubber toy. Feeling his muscles ache and seeing the miles tick by on the readout, he knew with his new ability to watch whatever porn he wanted to as he worked out would soon put him into the best shape of his life. With no one else in the house he had no compunction blasting the video at full blast, the moans and panting of the actresses on screen still almost drowned out by the increasingly frantic squeaking of the toy pig Angeline was gnawing on. Suddenly the squeaking stopped.

It took a few minutes before Gus noticed the change, but a sudden drop in temperature caused him to shiver despite the buckets of

sweat pouring off of his body. Looking over at his dog he stopped running as it was obvious she was distressed.

Her fur standing on end Angeline stared intensely at the open door behind him. Growling and crying she shook as she pointed towards the hall. His body too suddenly started shaking as he felt a cold chill run up his spine as a cold wind blew into the room. As he got ready to get off the machine and pet his dog, Gus glanced at one of the mirrors on the wall that faced out into the hall behind him.

“HOLY FUCK!” he screamed as he jumped off of the elliptical. Out of the corner of his eye in the mirror he thought he saw a thick black mist in the hall. His mind instantly thinking his house was on fire he spun around and ran out of the room towards the supposed fire. Now standing in the empty hall with his pulse pounding, he saw nothing. His heart racing, both from his intense routine but mostly from the thought his house was on fire. Confused and sniffing the air for smoke he jumped as he felt something brush against his ass.

“JESUS!” he jumped as he thought he felt a pair of icy fingers stroke his left cheek. Spinning around and looking frantically down the hall he saw nothing. Now turning back he found himself looking straight ahead at the wall of rosaries. Another shiver ran down his spine as he watched the light from the large hall stained glass window dance across the thousands of beads and cast a dazzling display on the floor.

Sniffing the air again for any sign of smoke the sound of his front doorbell ringing caused him to jump again. Looking back at Angeline, who now seemed less stressed, he laughed as it appeared that the crisis was all a figment of his imagination.

“Girl, your canine paranoia is starting to work on ME!” he cried as he walked over to the landing. Walking down the stairs he opened the front door.

“Package for Mrs. Laveau.” The UPS driver said as he passed the brown box to Gus and asked him to sign.

“Uh, she doesn’t live here anymore.” Gus replied as he took the box in his hands.

“Sign here please.” The driver continued, purposefully ignoring this new tidbit of relevant information. Constantly monitored for efficiency he had one goal on his mind and that was to get a signature and get back on his way. The fact that Mrs. Laveau did not live there anymore was not something that concerned him.

Signing the paper, Gus opened his mouth to repeat his statement but was rebuffed when the driver quickly bounded down the stairs and out into his truck. Standing alone on the porch he looked down at the box. He did have a morbid curiosity as it is not every day that one gets a package meant for a dead woman and he considered opening it. As he pondered his options, the silence was broken by the voice of Maxine Clark from next door.

“Good Morning Mr. Le Blanc.”

Looking up and seeing his blue haired old money neighbor Gus smiled. Waving back he returned her greeting. Although she had made a bad impression on him when he moved in, he decided to try and be nice. He knew he would be living here for a long time and he might as well be nice.

“Good Morning Mrs. Clark.” He replied with a wave as he turned to go inside.

Sensing he was about to leave, Mrs. Clark spoke up louder. “I see old Mrs. Laveau got one last package delivery. Bless her heart, I doubt she knew it would be the last.” She smiled as she continued. “I bet the poor old Monks at Saint Benedict’s won’t know what to do when they have to stop sending their monthly rosary. I suppose she must have ordered this one right before she passed.” Stopping before he went inside, his curiosity was piqued and he paused.

“Monthly Rosary?” he said as he walked to the edge of his enormous porch and smiled as he looked over at his neighbor. The contrast between the two of them could not have possibly been more extreme. Maxine Clark looked impeccable as always, her hair done up in a tight beehive hairdo and glinting slightly violet in the morning sun. The color of her hair almost matched the hue of her linen dress tastefully topped off by a set of impossibly large pearls. He by contrast was wearing only tennis shoes, loose shorts and nothing

else. With his whole body dripping in sweat he looked more like her gardener than her neighbor.

With a slight twinkle in her eye, Maxine looked Gus up and down and smiled. Although well over eighty she had to admit that her new neighbor was quite handsome, especially in his half naked state. Having been a widow for twenty years and despite having not felt the touch of a man for decades she still had eyes and they were enjoying the sight.

“Yes dear. Every month to the day for years, decades even. In fact, possibly even longer I am not sure. I only lived next door for fifty years.” She replied with a laugh. “Quite an interesting old gal she was.” Looking towards his open door she continued “So...are you and the Missus settling in ok?”

“The Missus?” Gus replied and then smiled as he remembered. “Oh, that... I do owe you an apology Mrs. Clark.”

“Maxine, please”

“Maxine. No, I am not married. That was just a, uh, a friend of mine. I fear I played a little joke on you pretending she was my wife.”

“OH?” she replied as she raised her eyebrow. “Well, I never do understand young people these days.” Pointing at the box in his hands she asked “So, are you going to add Mrs. Laveau’s rosary to the wall with all of the others?”

“The wall, oh yes, of course! The wall!” Stroking his goatee he asked “Very odd I think. I haven’t done anything with that wall yet, but it is quite odd. I have to admit that I am quite curious about Mrs. Laveau. Did you know her well?”

Now that they were in a conversation, Maxine smiled. She, like he, wanted good relations with her new neighbor and despite his joke on her at their first meeting, he seemed generally nice. “Dear, where are my manners. Why don’t you join me in a cup of coffee and I will tell you all about her.”

Blushing slightly as he covered his chest he said “I would love to, but, maybe I should go get..”

“Nonsense deary!” she laughed. “I have four boys, all about your age, and you have nothing I have not seen before.” Winking she shocked him when she added “Plus, you would not begrudge an old lady a little peek at such a fine handsome young man now would you?”

Winking back, Gus instantly un-tensed. Obviously his new neighbor had a sense of humor he had not expected, and even a devilish side. Glad for the invitation he walked over and joined her on her porch.

“Mable!” Maxine called out loudly as she escorted him to a small table. “Bring out a big pitcher of Mimosas”. Patting his bare knee she added. “It is far too hot for coffee this morning, and I say that any day that starts with champagne is a good day in my book.”

Smiling broadly Gus replied “I could not agree more.”

After Maxine’s uniformed maid Mable brought out the drinks, looking quite surprised at seeing a half naked white boy sitting on the front porch, she went back inside. Mable, dressed immaculately in a freshly pressed white uniform looked almost as old as Mrs. Clark. Slightly stooped and a bit on the heavy side, her hair was silver and her facial expression did not betray her amusement which were quite apparent in her dark eyes. Noticing her maid’s amusement, Maxine giggled as she went inside.

“No doubt you will be the talk of the day with my help!” she smiled as she raised her glass in a toast. Clinking his glass back, Gus could not wait to hear about the prior owner.

“So, how long have you lived here, Mrs. Clark”

“Maxine dear, Maxine. Oh, Ed..” crossing herself she continued “God rest his soul. Ed and I moved here back in 59, or was it 60. Anyway, it was a long time ago. It is funny, Mrs. Laveau seemed so old to us both back then and now here I am an old lady myself. She was always old, but a very great lady, very religious. I used to take her to Mass every day in lent and every Sunday.”

“I guess that explains the Rosaries. From the looks of the number of them she must have several thousand there. Do you know how long she collected them?”

“Oh, I asked her about that once and she bit my head off. It was odd, but she was the sweetest most polite woman I had ever known, a true genteel lady of the old school tradition, but when I asked her about her wall of rosaries she shot me an icy stare that would have iced over the pavement on an August afternoon. After that, I never brought it up again.”

“That is odd.”

“Definitely very odd. In fact, the only other time it ever came up was back during the storm.”

“Storm, uh, you mean Katrina?”

“Yes, during Katrina. I begged Mrs. Laveau to evacuate with the rest of the street but she would not budge. Mable and I even went over their personally to take her with us, but she would not leave under any circumstances. She said she had to protect the gate. I thought she had gone off a bit then, but she just sat in front of her wall of rosaries and prayed and prayed. Finally, we gave up and left but as it turned out, she was wiser than we were.”

“OH?”

“Yes, as it turns out, this part of New Orleans was largely spared. Odd really as I thought for sure that once the levees broke we would be wiped out. Oh, it was so scary watching that coverage on the television from Baton Rouge, but we didn’t even lose a single shingle from our house.”

“Yea. I was lucky too.” Gus replied. “I was still down in the quarter back then and, other than losing power for a month, everything worked out ok. I guess the people who originally built New Orleans knew where to put their houses.”

“Absolutely!” Maxine exclaimed. “And your house, Magnolia Grove, was here BEFORE New Orleans even existed. Lordy knows how many hurricanes she has seen. It was really amazing, even that old bottle tree in your backyard survived the storm.”

“Yes, I was going to ask you about that. What is that all about?” Gus asked, his questions only growing with their conversation. “That is one of the weirdest things I have ever seen.”

“That might be a better question for Mable..” she winked as her maid came out onto the porch. As she filled their glasses, Maxine asked “So Mable, our young new neighbor here wants to know about the bottle tree in his backyard.”

“Oh that!” she smiled. “Good Gris Gris, very good Gris Gris.”

“Gris Gris?”

“Amulet for protection dear.” Maxine said as she grinned. “Mable, like me, is very old school. The bottles are supposed to keep evil spirits away.”

“Kind of like the rosaries then?” Gus asked in increasing curiosity. “I wonder why Mrs. Laveau thought she needed so much protection?”

“Lordy, dat been going on a long time at Magnolia Grove.” Mable interrupted. “My mother, grandmother and even my great grandmother all worked for the Laveaus and they used to talk Magnolia Grove constantly when I was just a little bitty girl. They used to always say that the Laveaus were a fine fine family, definitely very Christian, but were probably the most superstitious folk they had ever met, black or white.”

“Interesting, really really interesting.” Gus exclaimed as he looked at the unopened box on the table. Turning to Maxine he asked “I wonder if I should send this to her nephew in New York then? Given that it obviously is part of a family tradi..”

“That little bastard!” Maxine exclaimed before quickly covering her mouth from her outburst. “Pardon my salty language but the less we say about him the better. He did not even come to his Great Aunt’s funeral and was so anxious to get rid of this house that he let it go for no...” Realizing the harshness of her words she added apologetically “But of course, if he hadn’t sold Magnolia Grove we would not have ever met now would we, so perhaps it was for the best.”

Mable, listening intently suddenly spoke up, her deep Louisiana accent sounding oddly pleading. “If I were you son I would put that rosary right on the wall with all of the others. The Laveaus might have been rich and crazy, but they were not stupid. Maybe there is a reason they did this ritual for so long. Who knows what bad juju

might be bottled up in that house but I would be careful not to poke it. You sure don't want to go messing around with something beyond..." Realizing she was saying too much she stopped as the look of horror on Maxine's face told her she had said too much. Turning suddenly towards the door she sputtered "Well... let me go and clean up these dishes. Excuse me."

Pulling the box forward Gus grinned. "Well... now I have a real mystery on my hands." Grinning after he took a long swig of his drink he said "I guess the price of the house makes sense now."

"Yes..perhaps." Maxine said her face twisted in a scowl of annoyance. "We all learned something today."

"Oh?"

"Yes, for one, I never knew Mable's family worked for the Laveaus before today." Looking back at her front door to make sure she was gone she continued "Funny... The woman has loyally worked for me for almost fifty years and she has never mentioned this fact until just the last five minutes."

"Stranger still, if you don't mind me saying, but.. well, I wonder why she came to work for you instead of them? I mean, with her whole family working for the Laveaus I would have thought that.."

Downing her drink, Maxine grinned. "No doubt It must have been my magnetic personality. Today has been quite illuminating. VERY ILLUMINATING. Not only did she not want to work for the Laveaus but she refused to set foot in the house. Once about twenty years ago I asked her to take over a package that had been mis-delivered here and she went crazy when I made the request. She actually threatened to quit rather than set foot in that house and actually broke down into tears. I thought for a second she was going to quit on me and to this day it is the only cross words we have ever had."

Gus said nothing but in the pit of his stomach he felt a rumble. He was not frightened by this information but actually excited. Always a fan of the paranormal and never one to miss "Ghost Adventures" on TV, this story added a new layer of intrigue to his home although he did not believe in any of it. Sensing his mind churning, Maxine spoke.

"I hope Mabel did not spook you. You know how help can be. I certainly would not want to have to break in a new neighbor if you decide to move."

"No, not at all. It actually makes me like the house even more. I find this quite interesting actually, quite interesting indeed." Shaking the box, he joked "Maybe Mable is right, maybe I should add this to the collection."

As he pondered this development and continued chatting with Maxine, out of the corner of his eye he saw the Bayou Computer Services van pull up in front of his house. Knowing that the techs had arrived he said "Sorry to drink and run neighbor, but the guys are here to finally fix my wifi."

"Wi what?" she answered, her face betraying her complete ignorance of the subject. "Must be a computer thing. You young people are so clever these days."

"It is, but no doubt you are much better without it." Finishing his drink he shook her hand and scampered across her lawn to meet the technicians. Watching his tight ass and well sculpted legs as they ran off Maxine sighed.

Thinking suddenly naughty thoughts she had not thought in years she downed her mimosa and called out "MABLE!!! Please come out here. We have much to discuss."

Meeting the workman and guiding him into the foyer he described the problem and for the rest of the afternoon his house was filled with electricians and computer technicians. The high nerd quota in his home that day he was sure would repel girls for weeks, but after several hours and much swearing it appeared the problem was fixed and the wifi was working perfectly. Handing him the workorder to sign, the chief tech spoke.

"Mr. Leblanc.. It appears you have a high level of subfrequency electronic interference in this house. Maybe it is the marble, or perhaps you have some underground wiring issues but I think we have it fixed. We upped the amps and installed five routers, ten boosters and twenty repeaters all over the place. Trust me, you are more wired up the AT&T right now!"

Thanking them, Gus looked down at his iPad and saw for the first time the signal was strong and all the bars were full.

“Great! Now, do you think this will keep all my mobile devices from draining so fast?”

“Maybe, I don’t know. Honestly this place was a challenge. You have some wacky electrical shit going on in here, but I think we have it well in hand now. You might want to check out your second floor though, there is some truly batshit nutty things going on in the ether up there.”

Giving each worker a fifty, they all left quite happy. Angeline had been quite animated all day with all of the work going on in the house, barking incessantly and constantly licking whoever was low enough for her to reach. Now that it was quiet again she once more glued herself to Gus’s left leg. Picking up the box that had been delivered earlier he took it into his office and opened it.

Inside was a rather ornate rosary with red and purple glass prayer beads and a small silver cross. There was no note attached but the return address stated “St. Benedict’s Monastery - Pelow LA, under the authority of the Bishop of St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans LA.” Holding the object in his hand, he looked down at his dog who had her ears down and was slightly whimpering.

“Don’t get upset girl. I think we will fulfill old Mrs. Laveau’s last wish and add this to her wall. I bet that will make you feel much better, what do you say?” Scratching her neck, she perked up and started panting, instantly cheering up. Walking out of his office the dog reluctantly followed him out into the hall and to his great surprise, and for the first time all week, she walked by herself up the stairs.

Now with both of them standing in front of the wall of rosaries, Angeline cowered behind his leg as he walked up close to inspect. Seeing an exposed rusted nailhead unstrung, he hung the beads before standing back and crossing his arms. Calling out loud, half in jest, he said “OK Mrs. Laveau. I hope you like where I placed it.”

Chapter 7

“So Babe” Gus whispered “Je l’aime vos joues douces trop” as he slowly ran his tongue up and over Jasmine’s bare ass. He loved waking up with her in his bed, and this morning was no different as she had stopped by the night before and they had had a vigorous session of lovemaking late into the night.

“Wha-what?” she spoke with a lazy yawn, cooing lightly as she felt his strong hands teasing her waist as he lovingly worshipped her backside. Reaching her hand back she ran her fingers through his hair and sighed.

“Gus I have to tell you, no man pleases my body more than you do. You are a master with your tongue.” Smiling she continued “Now, what did you say? It sounds French to me and I don’t know French.”

Kneeling at the foot of his bed Gus laughed as he pulled her foot up from the mattress and began to kiss each of her toes. “You are so coy Girl. Obviously you know French! Your note the other day was quite sweet.”

Pulling her foot from his mouth she sat up and turned to face him. “What note? I did not write you a note!” Pouting sarcastically she flicked his erection with her big right toe and said “Perhaps that Nun your sister is trying to fix you up with is already swept away by your...” running her toe down his throbbing cock she smirked as she added for emphasis “considerable charms.”

“Ok Jasmine, I understand.” Gus replied as he kissed her ankle. “Somethings are better left unsaid. Still, I thought it was very sweet and quite unexpected to see such sentiments written in my mirror.”

Confused by this statement Jasmine started to speak but was gently pushed back on the bed as Gus moved forward. Before she could comment he was already half way up her inner thigh and she was becoming quite distracted. When she felt the honey start to boil in her lady parts she sighed as he began blanketing her pussy with rapid butterfly kisses and whatever questions she may have had melted along with her resistance. As his wet hot tongue teased her equally moist hot flesh she quickly succumbed and her mind rapidly

wandered to other more pressing thoughts. An hour later, her body still tingling from countless more orgasms teased from her body from her attentive lover, Jasmine slowly woke up to the smell once again of Gus's famous breakfast.

Hearing the sound of rustling downstairs and the happy barking of Angeline from the kitchen she slowly woke up. No doubt the dog was enthralled by sausages doled out by her master and the familiar smell of sizzling sausages being prepared made her smile. As she yawned and stretched she again felt a slight tug on the sheets.

"Angeline, Don't you do it!" she laughed as the sheet was suddenly violently ripped off and deposited on the floor. Smiling as she sat up in the bed, the sound of Angeline whining downstairs sent a chill down her spine. Seeing the sheet crumpled in the floor and now fully awake she realized it could not possibly have been the dog who pulled off the sheets. Coming to this realization, her mind buzzed as she groped for some logical explanation.

"If it wasn't the dog then who the fuck pulled the sheets off." She said to herself as she scooted back up the bed her body becoming gripped with fear. Her blood ice cold she gripped herself, suddenly feeling even more naked than usual as the room seemed to chill. Looking down at her arm she saw the hairs standing up straight as her whole body broke out in goosebumps. Looking slowly and reluctantly around the room she shivered as she felt for certain that someone, or even worse, something was in the room with her. Her ears desperately scanned the room for any noise but other than the noise coming from downstairs it was silent.

"GUS!!!!!" she cried, her mouth barely able to open as her teeth chattered.

"Come on down and get your sausage babe!!" he playfully called back. "And maybe I will give you a special sausage later!!" he added with a laugh.

"GUS!!! Please come up here NOW!!!" she yelled.

"Sure thing babe, I just need to.."

"NOW!!!!!!!"

Running up the stairs, Gus burst into the room with a confused look on his face. Naked too except for an apron, he stared at Jasmine crouched at the head of the bed. The desperate tone in her voice alarmed him so when she said now he jumped, turned off the stove and ran upstairs.

“What’s wrong? What is it??” he cried as it was obvious she was terrified.

“Something pulled the sheet off me! GUS, SOMETHING PULLED MY SHEET OFF AND IT WAS NOT ANGELINE!!!”

“Come on babe, surely you are...”

“No, something is fucked up in here. This happened the other day too. When it happened earlier I thought for sure it was Angeline but now I don’t know.”

“It must have been her.” Gus said, his face trying to convey friendliness to calm her down. “She must have come up to wake you to bring you down to breakfast and then as soon as she pulled the sheet off she ran back down to have another treat.” He added as he got into his bed. “God knows she is pretty fast on her feet when pork is at stake.” Holding her tight, he was surprised to feel her shivering so hard. Feeling her nails digging into his back as she pressed her body against his he knew that whatever did happen obviously had totally unnerved her.

Now feeling safe in his arms she sighed as she began to calm, the weird feeling of being watched now passed. “Yea... I guess you are right.” She said as she sighed in relief. Hearing the click click click of Angeline’s nails on the wooden floor she laughed as the dog jumped in the bed to join them. Holding the smiling dog’s head in her hand she added “What are you trying to do to me Angeline? Are you trying to give me a heart attack.” Hearing this the little dog jumped up and stood on her thigh and licked her face instantly making Jasmine feel much better.

Observing Jasmine’s change in demeanor Gus smiled. “See, she just wanted to make sure you did not miss out on my famous breakfast.” Leaning over her, he pushed her back onto the large pillow and bent down to take her nipple in his mouth. “Now, perhaps I

will give you my special sausage FIRST before I go finish the regular batch.”

Rolling her eyes she pulled her leg up and placed her foot onto his chest. “Are you ALWAYS horny? Jesus Christ Gus, I just thought I was under some sort of paranormal attack and the only bone you are thinking about is the one you obviously want to plunge into me!”

Laughing, Gus leaned back and stood up. “Well, you have my number. Look babe, I am sorry, but your body drives me nuts so I have to act!”

Seeing his obvious erection tenting the apron she smirked. “Sorry Gus, but the only sausage I am going to gobble today is the one you are cooking . Besides, have you forgotten? You are having fifty people coming over for a party tonight. That was the reason I came over!

Smirking, he turned and waved his bare ass in the air. “And here it was and I thought it was just for my body. OK, you win. As much as it pains me I will go back down and finish cooking. Why don’t you come down and we can eat.” Smiling, Jasmine stood up and put on Gus’s discarded shirt and followed him downstairs.

Twenty minutes later Jasmine was enjoying her second cup of coffee as she was admiring Gus’s fine sculpted naked ass as he washed up the dishes. “So, are you going to see that Nun again?”

“Sarah?”

“Yea, Sister Sarah. So, are you going to see her again? I know that your sister wants you to date her, much more than ME!.” She laughed.

Wincing Gus flinched at her words. Despite having a most casual relationship with Jasmine, he still felt oddly guilty when directly talking about the other women he dated. It was true, his sister was advocating for Sarah and despite his first impression of her being a prude they hit it off well at the lunch and he wanted to see her again. Stuttering like a man caught in a lie he said “Well... I am taking her to dinner Tuesday, but don’t..”

“Look Gus, don’t think I am jealous. I ain’t your girlfriend.” Winking slyly she continued. “I think it is sweet really that you are showing this fine upstanding Christian girl the ropes as a favor to your sister. I bet dear old Sister Sarah will never want to go back to the nunnery after she gets the full Gus treatment.”

Smirking as he turned to speak he said “Trust me, Sarah’s got nothing on you babe.” Looking up to the ceiling he smiled. “Although, the rack on that babe could definitely stiffen the Pope’s robes!”

“PIG!” she laughed. Looking at the clock on the wall she smiled. “You know, it is already nine thirty and in less than ten hours this place is going to be packed! Don’t you think we should get started getting the food ready for the party?”

Grinning Gus nodded and suddenly his phone rang as if staged. Answering it, he spoke into the receiver as Jasmine listened. Only hearing one side, she was quite curious as she heard him say “Yes..., Yes..., I see..., OK..., Just come in when you get here, the door will be open.”

“Well... Who was that?”

“The caterer. They are sending their crew over at noon.”

“CREW?! How many people did you hire?”

“Five” he chuckled as Jasmine again rolled her eyes.

“Then why did you want me go come over early?” she asked. “I forget sometimes just how much money you have, but really! If you are having this catered, then why I am here NOW?”

Walking over to her sitting at the kitchen table his eyes twinkled as he took her hand. Lifting her up from her chair he ran his hand up the back of her thigh and grabbed her left ass cheek. Whispering into her ear he hissed “For this!”

Jasmine giggled as she felt herself being led once again towards the stairs. “Are you never satisfied? Is all you want from me is to be just a good fuck partner?”

Looking back he slyly grinned. “Well, I thought we could have lunch too!”

Jasmine laughed and shook her head as they walked back upstairs.
“Pig!!!!”

The rest of the day ended up much more pleasant than she had imagined. After yet another vigorous romp with Gus, the two showered together and spent the rest of the afternoon together topping off with a lunch at Commanders Palace. Arriving back at Magnolia Grove during the late afternoon, both were pleased with the job the caterers had done. The smell of shrimp, barbecue and endless platters of jumbalaya assaulted their senses as they wandered inside. Seeing the huge array of food and drink that had been prepared Jasmine gasped.

“Wow! This is far more than the chips and dip I was going to prepare.”

Pinching her ass he whispered into her ear. “And it certainly was a much more entertaining day for us don’t you think?” Looking back at him she smiled and nodded as they had both had a great time all day.

Being June, it was light well into the night, the sun only finally setting around 9:30 pm as the party spun on. The house was literally packed as all of Gus’s friends had shown up, plus quite a few people he did not know. All of his old buddies were quite curious to see the monster house he had purchased. The looks of astonishment on his old friends as they walked into the palatial surroundings were increasingly humorous as each guest arrived. The wine flowed and endless plates of food were devoured until the wee hours of the morning when finally, little by little, the crowd began to disperse. By three am, only the truest of the true were left, the caterers having been released to return in the morning to clean up.

On the couch, looking as slack as always, were Doug, Skeeter and Snook and all looked especially baked at this hour. Doug’s eyes were barely open as he held bongzilla to his mouth and inhaled deeply, each having given the device quite the workout since they arrived. On the floor and sleeping deeply was Angeline, her belly full from being given snacks all night, her canine excitement at all of the guests having worn her out. In the kitchen, Zeke, in a rare relaxed

moment away from work was engaged in a heavy conversation with Gus and looked slightly confused by being a guest rather than a host. He was far more used to giving drinks rather than getting them since he had not had a proper day off from the bar in nearly a decade. In the kitchen with him was Jasmine, looking dazzling and very sexy in a short leather mini-skirt and tight t-shirt enjoying the talk with Captain Tony and his date Marie Duchamp.

Captain Tony had lived up to his dapper reputation this evening looking like he just wandered off the command deck of a cruise ship. With his spotless white pants, double breasted blue sport-coat, bright pink ascot and white gold brocaded captain's hat, barely able to contain his prodigious mane of dreadlocks, he was stunning. His girlfriend was equally stunning with even longer dreads than he had and looking incredibly hot in a long form hugging thin hot yellow cotton sundress. All were slightly drunk or high and having a great time when Marie brought the conversation to screeching halt when she spoke.

"So Gus man, whatcha going to do about all these spirits in your house?" she spoke in her thick Jamaican accent.

Feeling Jasmine grip his arm tight Gus shrugged. "What spirits?"

"You are very funny boy! You know what I am talking about, I know you do. This house is thick in spirits, they are everywhere. Surely after being here for a few weeks you have seen at least a few of them."

His arm now in pain from Jasmine's firm grip ripping into his biceps, Gus gulped. "Well...I don't know, I don't think so. I mean come on Marie, you don't really believe all of this nonsense do you?"

"Ghosts!" Doug exclaimed as he came into the kitchen for a beer and walked in on the conversation. "Is this house haunted Gus? Frankly, given its age and history I would not at all be surprised." His heavy lids now opened wider he added "COOL!!!"

"OK, that's it!" Jasmine yelled as she let loose of Gus. "I am out of here."

“Oh come on babe..” he said soothingly but she would have none of it. As they talked, Snook and Skeeter joined Doug in the kitchen and the ghost talk amped up.

“So Marie..” Skeeter asked. “Do you have the gift?”

“You know it man!” she smiled as her eyes twinkled. “All da women in my family had the gift. My GramMa always told me it was both a blessing and a curse and now that I am older I know what she meant. Sometimes we go to an old house or place like this one and the residuals were so loud it is hard to concentrate. This place is chocked full, but luckily I aint seen no true ghosts or, God forbid, Duppies!”

“Ok Ok, what the fuck is all this? Residuals? Duppies?” Jasmine cried as she grew increasingly alarmed.

“Girl, don’t you worry about a thing. I think all that is here are Residuals.” Marie explained matter of factly.

Snook, hearing this, spoke up, his natural curiosity piqued. “OK, I give. I watch all those Ghost Hunter shows and I have never heard of residuals or Duppies, what are they?”

Smiling, Marie sighed. There was so much ignorance of the supernatural in the world now and the sudden popularity of paranormal shows on TV had actually made people more ignorant.

“Residuals are not really spirits per se, but more like a recording of a past traumatic event. You see them a lot in old houses like this, the tragedies of the past all imprinting on the walls.”

“OK, but what the fuck is a Duppy?” Doug cried out.

“You don’t want to know. They aint residuals I can tells you. They is an evil spirit. That bottle tree in the back most likely will keep their evil asses away.”

Hearing Captain Tony’s girlfriend speak so casually about spirits and ghosts had Jasmine totally spooked now and she shuddered as an icy tingle went up her spine. Now all of the weird events of the past week made sense as she reviewed the odd behavior of Angeline as well as the sheet being pulled off of the bed. “Wait, don’t tell me, I don’t want to know.” Looking at her watch and seeing the late hour

she began to walk to the front door. Following behind was Gus who did not want her to leave. Grabbing her elbow he spoke.

“Babe, come on. Don’t leave now! All that ghost talk, you know it is just bullshit. I hope that is not why you are leaving.”

Kissing him on the lips she smiled as she stroked his cheek. “Well, it is past three AM and I really do need to go home.” Smirking as she saw him put on his sad puppy dog face and grab her ass she continued. “No, as compelling as the idea of another lovely morning of your talented tongue and delicious sausages is... I really need to go.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah.”

“And it is not all this ghost talk right?”

“No, not at all.” Jasmine lied as she yawned. “I really have to be getting home.”

“You Ok to drive?”

Winking she ran her finger down his bare hairy chest showing under his open Hawaiian shirt. “Much more OK that YOU dear. I saw you hitting Bongzilla pretty hard all night and since I live five miles away, if you were to drive me it would be dawn before I got home.”

Laughing Gus kissed her goodnight and walked her out to her car. Walking back into his enormous house he smiled as he heard the party still in full swing but was disappointed about missing out on another planned morning romp with Jasmine. As he strolled back into the kitchen he laughed as he immediately knew the night was going to take an interesting turn. Noticing every cabinet open and Doug, Skeeter and Snook rifling through his pantry he laughed.

“So guys, I have to ask. What in the FUCK are you looking for?”

Pushing open the side door Captain Tony cried. “Got the candles!”

“Ok, what is all this?” Gus asked.

Behind him in the parlor he heard Marie call out as she finished rolling up his oriental carpet. “I hope you don’t mind but the guys

strong armed me into channeling. I promise we will clean up afterwards.”

“Channeling?”

“Yeah Mon, my girl is the best. We all is curious about what she be talking about and, well, I hope you don’t mind but she agreed to channel the spirits living in this house.”

Gus smirked as he crossed his hands in front of his chest. “Well, maybe it is the vanilla kush talking” he said as he snatched Bongzilla from Snook’s hand and took a long drag. “And it is excellent as always I must add.”

Hearing this Captain Tony smiled and bowed. “I definitely brought the good stuff for your house warming.”

“But honestly, do you guys really believe all this stuff? I mean, channeling. What does that entail?”

Walking back into the kitchen Marie spoke. “My gift is I can channel the spirits or residuals in a place. If I channel a residual I am actually able to go back and experience the event through the eyes of the dead.”

“GOT IT!!” Doug yelled out as he held up a blue canister of Morton’s salt.

“Salt?” Gus asked as he saw the can.

“Yes, salt. “ Marie said. “When I enter my trance, I need to do it from inside a sacred circle of salt and candles. The circle protects me when I am at my most vulnerable when I go under.”

Gus flinched as he felt the large ebony hands of Captain Tony grip his shoulder. “Oh this is going to be a treat Mon. My girl is amazing. Trust me, at the end of this you will not regret it as you will no doubt never have seen anything like it in your life. Don’t you want to know about the spirits in your house?”

Smiling as he passed the bong to Captain Tony he nodded. “OK, but just don’t mark up my floors. I just had them refinished.”

Chapter 8

Driving through the quiet streets of New Orleans, Jasmine still was shaking. Not a superstitious person by nature she did have sense enough not to fuck with things beyond this world and what she knew was going to go down she wanted no part of. This repulsion instinct was quite powerful so once it was obvious that some sort of crazy voodoo ceremony was going to commence, she knew she had to leave. It was not just that though. She had already decided to go home before Marie mentioned the spirits because she was utterly exhausted. Having had quite a few margaritas all night and having been up since early morning all she wanted to do was take a nice long shower and fall into her big soft bed. It was rare to see the quarter quiet, but as she looked down at her car clock she saw it it was just after three am.

Entering her tiny apartment she quickly stripped off her clothes. Holding her blouse up to her face she grimaced as she noticed it along with the rest of her clothes all reeked of weed.

“Damn you Bongzilla!” she laughed as she tossed her skirt and blouse in the hamper. “Off to the cleaners for you.”

Walking into her bathroom she dropped her bra on the floor as she kicked off her panties. Turning on the water she pulled back the curtain and set foot into her tub. Sighing deeply she smiled as the warm water hit her face and she began to soap up her legs.

Turning back towards the water to begin and soap up her front her eyes popped open as she felt something brush against her back. Whipping her head back to see what touched her she saw nothing but noticed the steam grew thicker as the temperature in the bathroom got much colder. Thinking her mind was just playing tricks on her, brought on no doubt by an evening of drinking and then ending with all of the conversation about ghosts she resumed sudsing up.

Hearing the click click click of the shower curtain sliding down the rod made her freeze. Total and unrelenting terror now surged through her body as she sensed something was now in the shower with her and she was paralyzed in fear. Her breathing growing rapid

and shallow she wanted to turn and see what was behind her but was too terrified to move. Unable to resist she finally whipped her head around and stared at the back wall of the shower. It was empty. Seeing this her body relaxed as the hot water beat on her back.

“I must be losing it!” she laughed. Appearing to still be alone with her left hand she reached out and touched the back wall. Turning now to resume her bath she screamed as she was shocked to feel two invisible hands grip her shoulders and throw her down hard into the bottom of the tub. “What the fuck! WHAT THE FUCK!!! WHAT THE FUCK!!!!” she yelled as she slipped and fell, her rational mind not able to comprehend what was happening. Still seeing nothing in the shower she definitely felt the distinct grip of icy hands on her shoulder. Laying in the bottom of the tub she began to truly panic when she tried to get up and felt her body being held down by the unseen force.

Desperately struggling to pull herself up the entity kept pushing her back down as soon as she started to sit up. Her eyes now completely wide with terror her screams got even louder as she watched in horror as the hot water faucet slowly began turning to the right. Now with the water growing hotter and hotter and rapidly beginning to scald her naked body she began shrieking and crying uncontrollably. “Dear God no, NO! PLEASE HELP ME, SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!”

Back at Gus’s house the few remaining guests had gathered into the front parlor where Marie now sat cross legged inside a circle of salt on the bare wooden floor. All of the lights in the house were off and the pitch black room was only illuminated by the four candles that were placed around her on the floor. Outside the circle sat Gus, Snook, Skeeter, Doug and Captain Tony; the rest of the guests having gone home hours earlier with Zeke leaving right after Jasmine had. Hearing the large grandfather clock in the foyer strike the half hour Marie announced it was time to begin. In a hushed and reverential tone she began to speak.

“Now, once I go into my trance I will no longer be on this plane of existence so no one is either to enter the circle nor am I to be allowed to leave the circle until I emerge. I may be in that state for

just a few minutes or maybe even up to an hour but under no circumstances is anyone to touch me while I am under the spirit.”

Captain Tony spoke next. “This is real important guys. You can ask her any question you want while she is in her trance but DO NOT TOUCH HER.”

“When you say you are not going to be on this plane of existence, what exactly does that mean?” Gus asked with his eyebrow crooked up. He was curious about this ceremony but a big part of him wasn’t buying any of it. It all seemed like such complete bullshit but part of him was intrigued and wanted to see things play out. The wall of rosaries and the bottle tree out back, along with the odd behavior of both the Laveau family but also of Maxine’s maid did plant a small seed of doubt in his brain so he was curious about the house. Priding himself on being open minded Gus joined the rest of his guests all seated on the floor around Marie.

With no fanfare Captain Tony took off his hat and shook his thick long dreadlocks free as he prepared to assist. Holding his palms up to the ceiling he spoke: “Oh Great Goddess Ezilie, beautiful deity of love and night. Protect your servant Marie as she begins her journey to the other side.” Pounding the floor in a steady hypnotic beat, Angeline now awakened from her snack induced coma. Silently looking at the crowd on the floor she quietly whined, knowing something was different. Her fur standing up straight, she knew something big was happening but was surprisingly quiet, sensing that she too needed to pay attention to Marie just like the others.

Snook, Skeeter and Doug all were not only baked but enraptured by the scene but Gus still was quite skeptical. His skepticism evaporated however when Marie suddenly yelled out in a thick Spanish accent.

“I will have that darky beaten to death I will. As Mary, Joseph and Jesus as my witnesses I will have my servants scourge her black body to a pulp!!!”

Seeing Marie yell like this was unnerving as this was irrefutable evidence that she was either the next Meryl Streep or truly was under the influence of another personality. Although outwardly she

looked pretty much the same as did before; her hair still done up in the long beautiful dreadlocks she wore, her skin just as cocoa colored and smooth as it was when she walked into the house earlier, her whole demeanor and most definitely her voice had completely changed. Gone was her signature thick Jamaican accent replaced by an equally thick and slightly archaic Spanish one. Her physical appearance was slightly different too. Marie was a beautiful woman but definitely very casual in the way she held herself. Normally her posture was slumped and her whole body was normally quite relaxed and loose. She often had the appearance of someone who had just emerged from a sauna or a hot tub; her carriage screaming her inner state of being relaxed, casual and free.

Now however she looked quite different. Her whole body seemed tense as if every muscle was held together by a tight wire. Sitting up on her knees, she demurely placed her hands on her lap and held her neck and chin up in the air in a definite haughty and condescending way. She was definitely a different person with a radically different personality.

The other guys were spellbound by the performance and all looked freaked out by the display so they said nothing. Captain Tony however continued to pound out his beat on the floor as he spoke. "Who are you?" he bellowed to his girlfriend.

"Me Señor? I am Señorita Martina del Rosa, I mean, oh.." Giggling she blushed and then continued. "I mean I am Señora Martina Laveau! It shall take me a while to get used to my new married name."

"OH? Was today your wedding day?"

"It was kind of you to ask señor, yes it was. Did you come to the reception? I apologize for not recognizing you but we had many many guests today."

Wanting to know what she had originally yelled out, Gus spoke up. "Who do you want beaten dear Lady? What have they done to provoke such harsh punishment?"

Looking over at Gus, Captain Tony smiled as it was obvious to him that Gus understood how this game works and was getting right into

the paranormal groove.

Marie's face darkened as her eyes squinted into Gus's direction. "Justine!!!! That is who! Not only did she have relations with my husband as his whore but she used devilry to curse this holy day! She won't enjoy it though." She smirked. "When I am finished with her she will wish that she had finished the job she started on her hand."

Opening his mouth to ask another question Gus paused as Marie turned towards the door. Obviously she saw something as her face lightened. "Husband, my dear dear husband!" Rising from the floor she stood rigid and straight in the circle. With her eyes now completely white as they rolled back in her head she started to shake.

"What is happening to her?" Snook asked, his eyes as large as saucers at Marie's actions.

"Oh my girl is into it now! She is almost totally retro-possessed, I can always tell." Pointing at his girlfriend he continued "Once her eyes start to do that, she is close." Captain Tony smiled and took pride in watching his girlfriend begin to foam at the mouth and shudder as she went deeper into her trance.

"Retro-possess? What does that mean?" Gus whispered loudly.

"When she goes through this process she possesses the ghost instead of the other way around. Marie is actually going back to the moment in time when the spirit she is in contact lived. Momentarily she is able to rip through the thin veil of this world that separates it from the next. When that happens she temporarily becomes the person she is channeling. She sees what they see, hears what they hear, experiencing the actions of their own time. It's amazing man, amazing, but very dangerous. Again though, I must stress, do not touch her no matter what."

Marie stopped interacting with the Captain Tony and the others as she felt herself slipping away deeper into her trance. With an internal wind blowing over her face she grabbed her stomach as it churned. Channeling always was difficult and affected her stomach first as the sensation of transitioning was similar to the feeling one gets riding a

roller coaster. Slipping through the veil, her pupils fluttered wildly under her eyelids as the present melted away and she was transported into the past.

Opening her eyes she squinted as the room she saw was dazzling with the hundreds of candles flickering from the crystal chandelier. In her mind's eye it was no longer 2014 but the early nineteenth century and although the room was the same the furnishings were completely different and ornate. Looking around she caught her reflection in a mirror and was slightly taken aback. Gone were the long dreadlocks on her head replaced by silky straight dark hair hanging loose around her shoulders. Instead of her form hugging yellow dress she was wearing a painfully ornate, and quite uncomfortable silk white wedding gown adorning her much shorter body. Marie's eyes suddenly lit up when she saw the huge pearl necklace hanging around her neck. Now absorbing Martina's personality into her psyche her pulse rose as the image of the Justine's disembodied black hand burned into her mind as she absorbed her memories.

The house was empty and hearing footsteps she turned towards the open door leading into the hall. There standing in the doorway was the vision of her new husband Antoine. Dashing and handsome, his tailored and matching white silk suit made quite an impression. Seeing the look of obvious lust in his eyes as he entered the room she felt her panties grow moist, his raw sexual energy throbbing in the semi-dark room like a beacon.

"So dear wife!" he smirked as he cupped her waist. "Tonight is our finally our rendezvous with cupid's grove at last."

Marie was now completely in her trance, the retro-possession complete. Her mouth opening, the words she spoke came from her body but were not her own. "Yes my darling but.., but Justine. How can you be so calm! That whore ruined our glorious wedding reception and shamed us before the whole parish with her devilry."

Lifting her chin up to meet his he kissed her forehead. "Nonsense my dear, nonsense. I am sure our guests all understand since they all have slaves just like we do and they certainly know what that

means. These darkys, they.. they are little better than beasts! Who can know why they do what they do, but be aware, Justine's day of reckoning will come soon." Running his hand over his new wife's ass through her thick silk dress he whispered into her ear. "Now, do you really want to spend our wedding night discussing some silly slave girl or would you rather we run through cupid's grove together in marital bliss?"

Her face blushing she felt her nipples grow hard under his touch. Despite being a black woman seeing this through a white woman's eyes, his insane racist sentiment had no impact on her arousal. She WAS Martina now and this was her husband. At that moment she wanted nothing more than for him to ravage her body all night.

"Yes my dear, of course." She giggled as she stroked his chest through his coat. "No silly darcy is going to ruin my night of passion with you. No, she will get hers! I want you to skin her alive and then sell her downriver. No fast death for her NO. I want her to work to death on one of our sugar cane plantations, but only after a proper and through scourging by our overseer."

Laughing Antonine stroked her cheek. "My, my, my! You are far more cold blooded than your warm Spanish eyes would indicate." Leaning over her ear he whispered what he was going to do to her once they got up to their new room.

Martina did not know how to react as she was unknown by man but her body ached for him, nature knowing her needs more than she did. Back in the present, Marie began to spit and sputter as her deepest level of her trance began to weaken. It was incredibly difficult to maintain a full immersion for more than just a few minutes and the physical strain caused her body to begin to give out. Seeing the change in her motions Captain Tony spoke.

"It looks like she is coming out of it now. Man, this was a deep one. My girl got Mamba roots in her blood going back generations so this comes natural to her. I have seen her work many times but I aint never seen her go this deep before." Gus, Skeeter, Snook and Doug said nothing as Captain Tony spoke but sat stonily silent and open mouthed as they watched. The whole ceremony had been very

strange and none of them had ever seen a Voodoo ceremony before. Although Gus was not a believer, he had to admit that something sure seemed to be going on in his house as he intensely watched his guest. Marie's eyes were still completely white, her pupils rolled far back in her head as her demeanor was definitely different than it had been earlier. Seeing her eyes close and start to flutter, he watched her stand and look towards the empty dark hall.

All eyes now turned to look at the darkened hallway. Continuing to speak in her Spanish accent she smiled and put her face down, a girlish giggle erupting from her mouth. "Oh Antoine!" Waving an invisible fan with one hand she lifted her head and closed her eyes as it looked as though she was listening to someone whispering into her ear.

"What is it Martina? What do you see?" Captain Tony called out as he continued to beat out his relentless rhythm on the floor .

Her eyes now opened and turned down as she shyly replied. "I see the most handsome man on earth right here in front of me. As The Lord as my witness I do." Turning towards the open doorway she continued "And he is obviously anxious to begin our honeymoon. Now, if I may ask your indulgence, but my husband and I desire to retire for the evening."

Watching closely he gasped as he saw her start to step out of the circle towards the door to the hallway. His normal calm voice now dripping in panic Captain Tony yelled. "Marie, MARIE!!! The circle!!!!"

Snook reflexively reached out to grab her as she started to exit before Captain Tony snapped. "Don't touch her!!!" Helplessly they all watched as she strolled out into the hall and began to climb the steps, her giggles and whispers indicating her continuing conversation with an unseen entity. Following closely behind her, all grabbed a candle and walked upstairs behind her. All that is but Angeline who now hid underneath the couch and whined. When the group reached the top step and she turned to stare at the wall of rosaries Gus felt his blood run cold.

Marie was still under her trance but it was weakening. Beside her was Antoine whose face beamed as they stood before a large

mahogany door. "Here we go love" he spoke softly as he stepped forward and placed his hand on the large brass doorknob. "Let us go inside now so we can properly consummate our love." Turning the knob he pushed open the door and they both stared inside.

Marie's eyes now opened very wide, her pupils opening up in abject horror as her face froze at some indescribable terrible sight.

Crossing herself repeatedly she shrieked "Oh sweet Jesus NO! Holy Mary mother of God, pray for us sinners! NO! NO!! It cannot be!!!!"

Screaming an unearthly howl from the pit of her stomach she gripped her chest and began to pant, her heart racing so fast felt as though it would explode out of her body.

Watching helplessly in horror Captain Tony and the others watched in horror as his girlfriend dropped to the floor and began weeping uncontrollably, her hand clutching her chest wildly as she continued to scream. "NO, DEAR SAINTS IN HEAVEN PROTECT US! NO!!!!" Seeing her eyes again roll back up in her head her mouth began to foam as her body went limp. Rushing forward he scooped her up into his arms and his own voice began to quiver as he moaned. Her body was ice cold and felt lifeless.

Screaming at the top of his lungs he yelled out "FOR FUCK'S SAKE SOMEONE CALL 911!!!"

Back in Jasmine's apartment the water suddenly shut off and the force holding her down instantly dissipated. Leaping out of the tub as the icy grip released she curled up on the cold tile floor and cried, her thoughts jumbled as she tried to come to grips with what had just happened. Her whole bathroom was filled with thick steam from the hot water and her poor exposed naked body radiated in pain from the effects of being pelted with the scalding water. Looking frantically around the room for any sign of her invisible attacker her eyes settled on her mirror and she gasped. There in the condensation were clearly written the words "He's MINE!"

Chapter 9

Now midmorning, Gus was exhausted as he yawned and blearily drove down the shady avenues of the Garden district back to his home. It had been a long evening already before the Voodoo ceremony but the unexpected middle of the night trip to the emergency room had made it even longer. Captain Tony was quite upset as for a moment he, as well as all of the others present, had feared that Marie had died of heart failure. She had looked almost dead when she collapsed in front of the wall of rosaries and had stopped breathing. Snook, surprising everyone gave her mouth to mouth and now that she was in the hospital it was clear she was going to be alright. He and everyone else had stayed with Tony all night to make sure Marie was going to be ok. To the great relief of everyone the Doctor said she would recover.

So much had happened so fast he had not had any time to really process what had happened. What had Marie seen when she looked at the wall of rosaries? What had caused her to collapse? Whatever it was, bullshit or not, it certainly had a dramatic effect on her. He had hoped to ask her but when she did finally regain consciousness she remembered nothing and was totally shocked to find herself waking up in a hospital room surrounded by Captain Tony and his stoner friends. Finally around ten am, safe in the knowledge that she was going to be alright he and the others went home.

Pulling into the driveway of his house he was shocked to see two men in dark suits and sunglasses sitting on his porch. Getting out of his MG he irritably asked "Can I help you gentlemen?"

"Are you August Le Blanc?" the first man asked as he looked disapprovingly down at Gus walking up to the porch. He truly looked like a mess, his hair all matted and eyes very red. The combination of being up all night along with the considerable amount of weed he had smoked the night before still clung to body and rumpled clothes.

"Yes, I am Gus. Now, what do you want?"

"We have been sent by the future governor to bring you back to his house. He needs to talk to you immediately."

“Who are you guys?”

“We work for Pete Landrieu’s campaign and I know you would not want to do anything to mess things up for your brother in law now would you? The election is just a few months away and we are, well, what you would call “fixers””

Shaking his head he had to laugh. “So, I suppose you have been assigned by my sister to “fix” me eh? Well, that is a tall order. Look, I am exhausted and I really need to crash and do not have time to meet with him this morning.” Now very annoyed he continued, being sure to emphasize his brother in law’s real name just to irritate the two men. “Tell PIERRE that I will talk to him later.”

Grabbing each of his arms the two men gently blocked Gus and prevented him from opening the door. “I am afraid we are going to have to insist sir.”

“JESUS FUCKING CHRIST what is this!” Gus yelled as he pulled free. Seeing the humorless looks on their faces he knew they would never leave until they brought him back. Desperately wanting sleep, he knew that the best course of action was to cooperate so he relaxed. “Alright already, lets get this over with.”

The two men smiled and escorted him down to a large black cadillac escalade parked on the street. Sitting down in the back seat he fumed. His brother in law Pete was a powerful man already and once he was elected Governor he was sure he would not get any better. Used to getting his way he knew better than to resist as he knew there would be shit to pay from his sister. “So, what terrible thing has caused my dear brother in law to have to sick his goons on me this morning? You could at least have given me a few minutes to clean up!” he asked as the car sped off towards the future Governor’s house. The two men said nothing but smiled silently as they drove out of the city.

Now out in the country the land opened up as they drove across the bridge into Saint Bernard’s parish. Gone were the packed rows of houses of the city as suburbs turned inevitably into large farms along the Mississippi. Turning onto a small dirt road the dust cloud kicked into a puff of red up as they began the journey up the long driveway

to Pete and Margaret's house. Pete had done exceptionally well before he entered politics, turning his considerable family fortune into a massive empire. The next tick box on his "to do" list was the governorship. Seeing the large imposing red brick mansion at the end of the road Gus sighed. He had no idea why he was essentially being kidnapped here, and despite his general desire to make his sister happy he was very annoyed at being called to the woodshed, especially given that he could not think of anything he had done wrong.

Pulling up to the circular driveway he grinned as he realized that his new house was possibly even bigger than this one and he knew that would grate on Pete. Seeing his brother in law standing on the front porch and waving he braced himself to be nice. They had never really gotten along that well in the past and now that he was a politician it was even worse. He had always thought his brother in law was a pompous overbearing asshole and Pete thought he was a hopeless slacker stoner. Sadly for both of them, there was just enough truth in both theories to keep both stereotypes alive.

"Gus!" Pete exclaimed as one of the drivers opened the back door. "So glad you could meet me this morning."

Stepping out of the car Gus growled "It's not like I really had much of a choice now is it? Is this the kind of police state you plan on running when you win?"

"Funny!" Pete smirked as he lightly smacked Gus's left cheek. "Always such a funny funny man." Looking Gus up and down he smiled. The contrast between the two men could not be more severe. Pete looked imposing, neat and very handsome in his blue seersucker suit and matching silver hair. He looked the very definition of an old school southern politician and as he got a whiff of his sloppy red eyed weed soaked brother in law his disdain could hardly be hidden. "Coffee Gus? You certainly look like you could use a cup, or maybe even two."

"Sure, why the fuck not!" Gus laughed as he followed Pete inside. The foyer of his house was as impressive as the outside with oil paintings of all of the Landrieus hanging on the wall going back to

the 1700s. As they walked across the black and white marble floor a uniformed butler approached.

“Sammy, could you bring a pot of coffee to my office. I need to have a little chat with my brother in law here.”

“Yes sir Mr. Landrieu, right away.” He said as he scurried off to the kitchen.

Following Pete into his private office Gus grew increasingly angry. His fatigue from the night before weighing heavy on him he just wanted to hear whatever sermon he had to suffer through and get home. Thinking silently to himself he thought “What we put up with for family!” Flopping down in a red leather chair in front of Pete’s elaborately carved black oak desk he provocatively kicked his flip flops off and put his feet up on the surface.

“So brother, to what do I owe this summons to your lair!”

Now that they were alone Pete dropped his fake friendly tone and switched into his district attorney voice. “Quite a little party you had at your place last night. Such a blow out!” he smiled as he clasped his hands in front of his face. “I mean what house warming party would be complete without having the girlfriend of a notorious drug dealer overdosing in your living room right?”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Nobody overdosed in my house!”

“Oh? Perhaps my sources are incorrect. Did you or did you not have a Tony Clarke, AKA Captain Tony as a guest at your house last night?”

Gus’s face dropped as he nodded. “Yes, I did, but what business is it of..”

“And did not his girlfriend” Pete interrupted as he shuffled some papers in front of him as he read the name. “A one Marie Duchamp not have to go by ambulance at approximately 4 am to Tulane Medical Center.”

Sitting silently Gus nodded again, amazed that his brother in law had all of this information.

“Yes, quite some colorful characters you are friends with. A notorious drug dealer with several warrants out for his arrest and his Voodoo priestess girlfriend. She too has a few warrants. Louisiana takes a dim view of animal sacrifices you know.”

“Hey! How the fuck do you know these things anyway? Where are we living now, RUSSIA?”

“Now now, don’t get your panties in a bunch. I know things, trust me I know a lot of things. It is my job to know things and spending all those grunt years at the DA’s office has paid off well now. I am fortunate as to have lots of friends. Luckily for me, and for you and your friends, I still have quite a few buddies at the police department and they filled me in on your escapades. Thank GOD the press did not hear about it, or one of Governor Smith’s goons.”

Sitting up straight, Gus glared at his brother in law. “What do you want Pete. I know you think Marie overdosed but she did not, she just, well, she had an episode.”

“Right, an episode. Well, I might have some idea what might have brought on an episode like that. Anyway, I will be brief. I know you don’t like me that much, and that is ok, I don’t particularly like you, but we both love your sister. Now, I don’t make many demands Gus, I really don’t but I am in the political fight of my life right now. The election is just a little over four months away and Governor Smith has his attack dogs out looking for blood. As the “law and order” and “family values” candidate I certainly can’t have my brother in law caught up in some kind of drug crazed party can I?”

Gus said nothing but listened as Pete continued. “Now, all I want you to do is to lay low until after the election, that’s all. Do you think you can handle that?”

Still silent, Gus fumed as Pete continued. “In fact, Margaret tells me you hit it off with Sarah so maybe you could use this opportunity to clean up your act. Get your life on the right track. Do you think you could do that? Sarah is a great girl, quite attractive actually and her father is a huge contributor to my campaign. I would consider it a big personal favor if you would go out with her but only if you promise to be on our best behavior. This is not a booty call.”

Pete looked intensely into Gus's eyes for any kind of sign he was agreeable but only got back an icy red eyed stare. Upping the ante he added "Look, I know you and I live different lives. You have this whole bohemian thing going on, and I can appreciate that, but for the good of the family just try and keep your dick in your pants and the orgies to a minimum until November, OK? You will see that if you play ball with me I can play ball with you."

"Right. Look Pete, I certainly wish you well in your campaign and am more than willing to do whatever I can to help you win election but honestly, I did not do anything wrong here. I know it can be painted badly in the press, but you can't expect me to live under a rock for the next four months. You don't have to threaten me or offer me goodies to get me to do the right thing but I am certainly not going to live like a monk!"

"Well, I can respect that Gus, I really can. I like a man with convictions and believes what he believes and sticks to his guns. Quite admirable, quite admirable... Yet I wonder. I wonder if your friends would feel the same way you do?"

Gus's brow now raised suspiciously. He smelled a rat and it was making him angry. Tersely he said "What are you getting at?"

"Well I know you are rich and successful with that zombie titty game series you wrote so you think you don't need anything from anyone. I wonder if perhaps your friends might think differently. I bet most of them might need the help of a guy like me more than you would. For example, I am sure that your friend Zeke would like help on the upcoming health department raid planned for his bar. Or your friend Captain Tony, no doubt he would like to have his outstanding warrants ignored rather than vigorously prosecuted. Even that waitress you are seeing, what was her name, Jocelyn, Josten?"

His face furrowed in a deep scowl he said "You must mean Jasmine."

"Right, Jasmine. You know, I heard just the other day that her mother runs an unlicensed daycare center in Baton Rouge. Amazing isn't it? You think you know people. Surely she must know that that could lead to some major legal problems, problems that can be made

better or worse depending on your connections.” Grinning he added “Yes, I am sure your friends might take a much different attitude to having a future governor as a relative than you do.”

Realizing he was being threatened Gus bit his tongue as he slumped into his chair. He knew he was licked and it was pointless to resist, he was going to have to be his brother in law’s bitch for the duration. It was one thing to take a risk for yourself but quite another to have your friends threatened. Realizing that what Pete was asking for was not really that outrageous, and it was obvious that he was going to do whatever it took to make sure he got his way, he nodded. “OK Pete, message received. You certainly don’t have to go all Don Corleone on me to get me to play straight and take out a contributors daughter. I will lay low and play the good boy for a few months but you have to promise to watch out for my friends. I don’t want you fucking me on this.”

“Of course! I am definitely a man of my word.” Pete grinned as he flashed his telegenic smile. “Plus, I think you are going to really get along with Sarah. Her dad is rich and she is quite the looker and...” looking him up and down again he shrugged “she certainly seemed to have been taken by you after just one lunch. Just keep her entertained until November, that is all I ask. Keep your nose clean, stay out of the press and go out with a hot rich chick. MAN, I must be some sort of MONSTER to make such crazy demands” he added sarcastically.

This last comment made Gus smile as it certainly did not seem like a heavy lift. He truly did want his brother in law to win the election, more for his sister than him per se, but he was naturally rebellious and knowing he is not allowed to do something instantly makes him want to do that exact thing. Looking at the clock he saw that it was almost noon and he was completely exhausted. “Can you get your goons, I mean, assistants to take me back home now? I think you made your point.”

Smiling as the butler came in with the coffee Pete nodded and whispered something to the servant who placed his tray down and left the room. Lifting his cup, Pete said “Well, finish your coffee and I will have my guys drive you home. I am glad we had this little chat, I

think we really understand each other a lot better now. I will let Sarah's father know that you will be calling her soon." After downing his coffee Gus was back in the van and on his way back to his house. Approaching one pm it was very hard to stay awake on the drive as his whole body ached for sleep now having been awake for well over twenty four hours. Pulling back into his driveway he walked up to the door and went inside.

"Well, this is a surprise!" he cried as the house was spotless. When he had left suddenly in the night it was still a wreck, from the dirty dishes in the sink to the used ashtrays, spilled food and salt circle that had been drawn on the floor. "I guess the caterers came back early to clean up."

Surprised that his always excitable dog had not rushed to meet him he called out. "Angeline! Angeline!" Walking into kitchen he smiled as he saw that not only had all of the dishes been cleaned and put away, the floors had been washed and all of the appliances gleamed in the early afternoon sun. Hearing a small whimper from the small mud room off to the side of the kitchen he opened the door and saw a flash of red blur as his dog scampered up the steps to rush into his arms.

"Hey girl!" he said as he scooped her up into his arms and held her tight to his chest. The small dog shook and cried as it was obvious she was quite upset, the petting she was getting slightly starting to settle her down. "Why on earth were you hiding in there?" Yawning he started walking out into the hall and up the stairs. Carrying Angeline in his arms she sighed and panted happily until they reached the upper landing. Seeing the wall of rosaries, she struggled violently and Gus had to put her down.

"Alright already!!!" he exclaimed as he put her down on the floor and she ran down the hall and into his bedroom, immediately burrowing herself under the bed. Remembering the events of the prior night, he could not help but look over at the wall and wonder. Something was definitely going on with this wall as not only did it freak out his dog out it seemingly almost gave one of his friends a heart attack. Looking intensely at the thousands of sparkling beads he noticed that five or six rosaries had fallen onto the floor and shattered.

Looking back at the others still nailed to the wall he figured these had obviously been knocked off the night before when Marie had her attack. Picking them up off of the floor they not only were broken but could not be repaired, the prayer beads completely shattered and the crucifix bent back upon itself into a knot.

“Sorry Mrs. Laveau!” he called out in jest as he placed the broken beads in his pocket and walked down the hall into his room. Looking at his enormous bed Gus sighed as his whole body ached. Stripping down to his shorts he placed his cellphone on his nightstand and smiled as he saw a text message he assumed was from Jasmine.

Again written in French were the words “Good Night Sweet Cheeks”. Smiling at the message Gus fell onto the bed and pulled up the sheets, almost instantly falling asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Across town Jasmine knocked on the locked door of Zeke’s Bar and Grille, hoping that he was inside. Seeing her standing alone Zeke walked over and opened the door.

“Hey Babe, I didn’t think you were working tonight.” Zeke said.

“I’m not, but I thought, well, do you mind if I just come in for a minute?”

“Of course not! Please, come on in.” he grinned, always happy to see his Jasmine. Although he was her boss in a way he treated her like a surrogate daughter being that his own daughter was roughly her age. Seeing her sitting at the bar he could tell that something was wrong. Jasmine always looked amazing, never a hair out of place always perfect. He used to tell her that she could have been a model if she had wanted to, and this was not just some cheesy line to get into her pants as he really believed it. This early afternoon however she looked like a mess. Her hair was ratty and uncombed and for the only time he could ever remember she was obviously not wearing makeup. With the dark circles under her eyes he could tell she had been up all night.

Stepping behind the bar he poured her an Amaretto, a drink he knew she loved and passed her the glass. “Here Jasmine, drink this. It will definitely take the edge off.” Seeing her down the drink in one gulp

and then push her empty back in a silent bid for another he smiled. "Quite a late night last night eh? That Gus sure knows how to throw one hell of a party."

"Do you believe in the supernatural?" she asked, her large brown eyes looking quite sincere.

"Now what on earth provoked that! You still aren't spooked by all that ghost talk last night are you?"

"Well, not exactly" she said meekly as she started drinking her next drink slower.

"Frankly the whole thing is bullshit I think. In fact, Gus and the rest of them were all about to do some sort of mumbo jumbo Voodoo deal right after you left but I did not stay for it. You know, I am old now! I guess I can't party with you youngins like I used to." He laughed as he poured himself a drink and sat down beside her. Reaching for her hand he grabbed it and asked "So come on, tell old Uncle Zeke. What is going on with you? It is quite obvious that you did not get any sleep last night so what is the deal. I can't believe some old ghost stories a bunch of stoners were swapping upset you so much that..."

Interrupting him she blurted out "I think I was attacked last night, and what is freaking me the fuck out is,... I think I was attacked by a ghost."

"What? Attacked! Have you called the police?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not want to end up in the Louisiana State Mental institution that's why."

"Ok, OK, slow down." His face now growing red Zeke walked over and relocked the front door and pulled down the shade. "Were you hurt? What happened? Did this happen at the party? I swear if one of those dipshits hurt you I will personally rip off their heads and shit down their necks."

“No, it happened at my apartment when I got home from Gus’s party. It happened in the, in the...” Suddenly overcome with emotion she lay her head down on the bar and started to weep.

“I am calling the fucking cops right now. This is bullshit man, total bullshit! I will personally find the fucker who broke into your apartment and beat him to death myself.” Suddenly choked up himself, the huge monster of a man pushed back a tear as he patted her back. In a low whisper he struggled to speak his next question out loud. “You weren’t ra, I mean he did not take...” Struggling to say the unthinkable he balled up his fist and cried “Oh fuck it , this rat bastard did not rape you did he?”

“No.”

“Did he hit you? What did he take? What did he look like?”

Her eyes red both with tears and fatigue she closed them and cried. “I am telling you, he, or it did not look like anything. Whatever attacked me was invisible and it happened in the shower.”

Now Zeke frowned. He was definitely not a fan of bullshit and this story seemed piled high with it. An attack in the shower by an invisible attacker. This was crazy but it was obvious that something happened. Smiling he patted her hand. “Hey Jasmine look, we all had quite a bit to drink last night and that, coupled with some primo weed and all of those ghost stories at the end of the night might have caused you to...”

“Imagine all this? Yes, I have thought of that. All night I have been going over it and over it in my mind and I simply don’t know. I have gotten no sleep at all and just spent the whole night and all morning walking through the quarter, too afraid to go back to my own home.” Now starting to sit up straight her tone grew angrier as she added “You are the first person I have told about this and obviously you think I am a liar!”

“No no” he interrupted. “I don’t think you are a liar but you need to tell me exactly what happened, verbatim. You must be leaving something out or something. There has to be a logical explanation for all of this.”

For the next few minutes Jasmine relayed her story and her whole body shook as she relived it. She added that after she saw the words in the mirror she knows she must have passed out from fright since she woke up about an hour later still naked on the bathroom floor but the writing and the steam were gone. As soon as she woke up she got dressed as quickly as possible and ran out of her apartment, spending the whole night wandering the streets until she came into his bar.

“Wow! That sounds scary as shit.” Zeke replied sympathetically. “But if you want my honest opinion, I think there might be a logical explanation for all of this.”

“Oh?” she replied, suddenly feeling much better now that she at least got to tell someone about her ordeal. Listening to Zeke, who due to his multiple tattoos, military background and linebacker build seemed the type of man who feared nothing, she began to feel safe and calm down.

“Well, I know we all had quite a bit to drink last night which might be a factor here. Hell, I was pretty fucking lit when I stumbled home myself. My bet is you must have slipped in the shower and hit your head on the side of the tub. Being drunk and tired and it being quite late at night, and then adding a knock to your head, and I would not be a bit surprised to think you could imagine almost anything.”

Leaning in he grinned as he continued “The mind is an amazing organ. Hell, once back in Nam during my tour my buddies and I had been drinking on point and I accidentally smashed my head against support beam to our dugout. Man, the next thing I knew I was shooting my M16 wildly into the empty jungle at what I could have sworn was a full battalion of Viet-Cong charging right at me. Luckily it was not our own troops and the only thing I fought off that night was a herd of very unlucky water buffalo. I was damn lucky I did not get court martialed for that!”

Sighing deeply this story seemed to soothe Jasmine who immediately downed the rest of her drink. Looking up into the kind eyes of Zeke she said pleadingly “You think? You really think it is

possible that I just imagined it? I wish I could believe you but it seemed so fucking real.”

Putting his huge arm around her shoulder he grinned. “I have no doubt darling, but that must be what happened. Doesn’t it seem more likely that that was what happened and not some goofball ghost? Now, you are not physically hurt are you?”

“No, just a little tenderness on my stomach from the hot water, and my head still hurts a little from the bump on the floor, but other than that I seem fine.”

“I tell you what, you can stay with my old lady and I tonight if you want, or I can go back and check the house out with you and you can stay there. I am sure once you see things in the harsh light of day it will be a lot less scary.” Taking her amaretto glass away he replaced it with a mug and filled it with coffee. “I think a whole lot of this and a big dish of jumbalaya and you will feel just fine.”

“You would go back with me? Would you stay with me until I felt safe?”

“You bet girl.” Winking he turned to go get them both lunch. Smirking in jest he said “You know, when I fantasized about you asking me back to your apartment, somehow it was always under a radically different scenario than this.”

His joke cheering her up her old spunk began to return. Winking back she snapped “Pig! What about your wife?”

“We can ask her to join in!” He laughed as she rolled her eyes. Seeing her start to return to normal he said “That’s my girl.”

A couple of hours later and several steaming and delicious bowls of jumbalaya later and Zeke was walking Jasmine back to her apartment. Being close he looked over and saw the tension in her face as they climbed the steps to her flat.

“Take deep breaths girl, it is going to be alright!”

Forcing a smile on her face she opened the door and they both entered. On the surface everything seemed in order just like she left it at four am. Her bedroom looked like a bomb had gone off, her clothes scattered everywhere but this was not unusual. Her blood

ran cold as she saw the door still wide open to her bathroom, the light still on.

Walking into the bathroom, Zeke looked around before looking back at her and smiling. Staring down into the tub he spied a small sliver of soap. Reaching down he picked it up and turned around to speak.

"I bet this is the problem right here. These little fuckers are very slippery and here it was right in the tub."

Seeing the soap for the first time all day Jasmine started to relax.

"God do feel like a total fool. Jesus what a moron. I am so sorry to drag you all the way over here on our day off. It just seemed so real, I still am freaked out."

Smiling warmly he dropped the sliver into the trash can. "Thrift is going to kill you girl. Buy yourself some new soap."

Walking tentatively into bathroom Jasmine wrapped her arms around his oil drum sized chest. "You are a good man Zeke. Thanks for putting up with my paranormal drama today."

"Think nothing of it" he added as they both walked back out into her small living room. Looking down at the coffee table he saw her purse was still where she had obviously tossed it the night before. Pointing at it he smirked. "Obviously you were quite freaked out. You have worked for me for five years and I have NEVER seen you go anywhere without your purse."

Laughing, she sat down on the couch and opened up her leather bag. "No kidding, or my phone either! I think today was the longest I have ever gone without either." Her relief was short lived as she began to rifle more and more violently through her bag.

"FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!" she yelled as she dumped her purse out on the couch.

"Now what?" He asked as he saw her growing more frantic.

"My phone is gone! JESUS this has been one fucked up day!!!"

"Calm down, calm down! It must be here somewhere."

"Its not here, this is where I ALWAYS keep it."

"Now think, where did you have it last?"

Rolling her eyes, she dropped to her knees and began looking under the couch. “Why do people always ask that question. If I knew that it would not be lost.”

Shaking his head he had to sigh. He loved Jasmine like a daughter and just like his actual daughter she was just as crazed when she loses something. Growing more irritated she began tossing pillows around the room and digging down into the couch.

“Can I make a suggestion?” He said with a smirk on his face as Jasmine got up on the couch. Seeing her nod he continued. “I bet you left it over at Gus’s house. I saw you using it last night and you must have dropped it. Why don’t you call over there and ask him if he has seen it.”

“It is going to be kind of hard to call him without my phone. I don’t have a landline.”

Now rolling his eyes he sighed. “You kids are too much. My daughter does not have a landline either. I have always told her to because, hey, what happens in situations like this now?”

Grinning Jasmine said “Thanks Dad! So, can I borrow your phone to call Gus?”

With the afternoon wearing on, the large grandfather clock in Gus’s foyer rang out three o’clock as both he and Angeline slept soundly on his bed, the tiny dog emerging from under the bed to snuggle up next to her master in the covers. The loud ringing of his doorbell woke them both.

“What the fu...” he said as he yawned and looked over at the clock on his nightstand. Seeing the time he lay back on the mattress and sighed as his dog began to rustle. Petting Angeline as he sat up he laughed. “It looks like I was just not meant to get any sleep today! That was only two hours.” Standing up and pulling on his boxers he stumbled down the stairs to the front door. Opening it he was surprised to see three young women in blue uniforms staring back at him with a slight look of surprise on their faces.

“Mr. Le Blanc?”

“Yes”

"I apologize we are late. We are the cleanup crew from the caterers. The job we had this morning took a lot longer than we expected so we are really late. We are really sorry to have kept you waiting but we promise we will get your house all cleaned up before you know it. Do you mind if we come in."

His eyes still half closed in sleep Gus nodded and stood behind the door as the three women stepped inside. The leader of the group could not help but get a good long look at him in his nearly naked state as he stretched his arms up behind his neck. Seeing his well chiseled chest she grinned as she thought this job was going to come with an extra visual perk.

"Say Mr. Le Blanc" she added in a shameless flirty tone "I heard from the waitstaff that you gave quite the blowout last night. I bet it was a fun party and no doubt we will have lots to clean up."

His eyes still closed he smiled as they entered.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed as she looked into the main parlor. "I am so sorry Mr. Le Blanc. I just feel terrible. Obviously you already cleaned up this place yourself, it is spotless! Anything we would do would just make it dirtier. I will make sure you get a full refund on the cleaning services you bought."

The words soaking into his sleep deprived ears Gus now popped open his eyes as his mind made sense of what he was hearing.

"Wait a minute! You weren't here earlier? You did not clean up already?"

Blushing she said "No, like I said. We were running very late."

"Well I certainly did not clean up anything and the house was a complete wreck last night. If you did not clean up who did? You must have had another group come in."

"Not to argue sir, but really, we did not do this."

"Well, whoever did did a great job." Reaching into a side table he pulled out his wallet and took out three crisp one hundred dollar bills and gave them to the cleaning leader. Winking as he saw her lusty stare at his body he smiled. "You guys earned your tip. Now, if you don't mind, I really need to hit the hay."

Now with an unexpected tip the girls grinned as they took the money and left. Turning back to the main staircase he called to Angeline who was yawning and stretching on the top step. "So baby, did YOU clean up the house? No? Well if it wasn't you who was it? They must had another crew at the caterers, no wonder you were scared." Walking up the stairs he scooped up the exhausted dog and they both went back to bed. Looking over at his nightstand he saw that his cell phone was flashing indicating he had a text. Looking down at the screen he saw it was from Jasmine and read the text.

"It was me."

Scrunching his face up in a confused look he texted back "What was?" before he lay back down on his thick, cool and very inviting pillow. Right as he started to drift off his cellphone rang and he saw it was from Zeke.

Normally he would have let it go to voicemail, but getting a call from him was highly unusual. Answering the phone he said "Zeke?"

"No Babe, its not Zeke its me."

"Jasmine?"

"Yeah, look, is my phone over there? I can't find it and I think I may have left it at your house last night."

A chill suddenly went up Gus's spine as he said "Well..if you don't have your phone someone does because I have gotten several texts from you all day!"

Chapter 10

Captain Tony shifted again in the incredibly uncomfortable metal chair in his girlfriend's hospital room. He had been there all day and now that she was finally awake they were just waiting for the final paperwork to be delivered so he could take her home. It had been an exhausting ordeal and he reveled in finally being able to go to bed and finally get some sleep. Marie was groggy and fog headed but at least was sitting up in the bed for the first time all day. Looking at her face Tony thought she looked exhausted. Heavy bags hung under her eyes and new flecks of grey speckled her cheeks. Seeing this he could swear she looked like she had aged ten years since yesterday. Reaching out from his chair he grabbed her hand and squeezed it hard.

"Almost ready to go home Boo?"

Still weak from her ordeal Marie smiled and squeezed his hand back. Since waking up in the hospital her memory of the night before had been a total blank. Unable to speak for most of the day, she had been too weak to even hold her head up much less speak. Now that it was the next afternoon she finally felt her body begin to rebound. With her voice cracking and gravely, she whispered out loud.

"I love you Boo. I am definitely ready to go home!"

Hearing her speak Tony pressed the nurses call button repeatedly. Turning back to his girlfriend he said. "Oh thank GOD! Babe you had me scared. You have never gone under that deep before. I thought for a while last night I had lost you."

Smiling she again squeezed his hand and nodded. It was true, this was definitely the worst channeling session she had ever performed in her life and as she grew more and more awake she realized just how close to death she had actually come. It was not unusual at all for her to pass out or hyperventilate during a session but this was very different. Magnolia Grove was the most supernaturally active house she had ever been in and her whole body ached from the experience, like a runner recuperating the day after competing in a marathon.

Sitting up straight in bed she said “We need to get Gus have that place cleansed immediately. He can’t live there like that. There are way too many powerful spirits loose in that house and I think it is only going to get worse.”

“Is that who you were channeling? One of the spirits loose in the house?”

“No, that lady was just a residual. Her spirit has long sense passed on to the other side. No, there are some serious Duppy’s in that house. VERY serious. I know Gus is your friend so maybe you can convince him to allow me to conduct a proper cleansing ritual.”

“I don’t know how he will react to that.”

“Well, he seemed pretty open last night.” She replied.

“Yes, but having a playful little séance type activity at a house party is one thing. Having a full blown voodoo ritual performed in your house, with all that entails, is quite another.”

Seeing her grow agitated he patted her arm. “Now Boo, you need to settle down. You had quite a spell last night so you need to recover. You are in no condition to perform a cleansing ritual now anyway.”

“I know I did but we really need to warn Gus, I don’t think he understands the danger he is in. My memory of what happened is still quite foggy but my sense of dread is very strong and I am never wrong about that. There is something very very wrong at Magnolia Grove and I am going to help do something about it.” Starting to get out of bed, she swung her bare feet over the bed and asked Tony to hand her her dress.

“Boo, I don’t know if this is such a good idea. Can’t this wait? That house has been there forever and surely there is nothing going on now that hasn’t been going on for years. Can’t we talk to Gus after you get better? I don’t want you going back in that house and getting worn down again by all that spirit activity. Neither your heart nor mine can take it.”

Looking across the room at a mirror above a small chest of drawers Marie shook her head loose through the neck of her dress and tried to straighten her hair. She would not listen to Tony’s concerns and

she was determined to go straight home and get ready for the cleansing ceremony. Smoothing the bright yellow fabric down over her body she saw that it was wrinkled and dirty but at least it meant she could leave and it was certainly more stylish than the blue hospital gown she had been wearing since being brought in. As she started to turn back towards Tony, out of the corner of her eye she saw something reflected in the mirror and she paused. Gazing more intensely she felt her heart rate raise as she saw a black mist starting to form in the glass.

Snapping her head back to look behind her she saw nothing, but when she looked into the mirror she could see the apparition clearly. From the looks of her boyfriend obviously he could not see it, but she was used to that. Being clairvoyant has its advantages and disadvantages and one of the biggest was the fact that normally she could see things that no one else could. Staring intensely into the reflection, with each second that passed it became clearer as it started to take shape. Captain Tony saw nothing, but to Marie's great horror the mist in the mirror grew larger and thicker and appeared to be standing right beside him. Feeling the temperature of the room drop, along with her stomach, she could not take her eyes off the form manifesting before her eyes. Preparing to turn and confront the spirit she suddenly froze as the image changed.

"Boo, are you ok?" Tony asked as he saw his girlfriend staring intensely into the mirror with a blank and terrified gaze.

As she opened her mouth to speak suddenly her face froze in horror as her eyes grew wide. Shrieking just as loud as she had the night before she collapsed on the hard cold floor.

"MARIE!!! MY GOD, MARIE!!" Captain Tony frantically yelled as he saw his girlfriend collapse. Rushing over to her he knelt down and stared into her eyes which now began to roll back into her head. Pushing the call button he screamed for the nurse.

Marie began to slowly slip away as the room began melting before her eyes. Over the shoulder of her boyfriend the black mist began massing and started to hover right above her face. Sensing her body being entered by an unseen force, she tried to resist but it was futile,

the force was too strong. Struggling to stand one last time before she was engulfed the mist quickly lowered itself onto her face and entered her nostrils.

Experiencing the same falling sensation as she had the night before, Marie was transported yet again to another time and place. Now completely under the power of the entity she sat up and looked down at her body. She was naked now, only it was not her body she was looking at but that of a nineteen year old beautiful black girl. Running her hand up her left hip she giggled at the sensation of her skin that was as smooth and blemish free as a super model. Breathing the hot night air in deeply she sighed as she looked over and admired her own reflection in a golden mirror across the room. She was simply gorgeous.

Glancing around the room it too had changed as she had. No longer was she recovering in a white sterile hospital bed but was completely naked and lounging on an ornate soft silky duvee with matching red silk curtains and only flickering candles for light. Hearing the door of this new room open she smiled as the sight of a painfully handsome white man in a long purple robe stood in the doorway. Opening her mouth, she was no longer Marie, her being completely dominated by the new entity inside her.

“Bonsoir Jouis de Miel” she cooed as she sat up on the bed and seductively rocked her breasts back and forth. “Is that any way to greet your sable Goddess?”

Open mouthed the man walked into the room, his erection clearly obvious as he was naked beneath the robe. His dark hair glistened in the candlelight and his eyes were lust filled and obviously concentrating all of his energy on her. Reaching the end of the bed she lifted her bare foot up and placed it on his stomach.

“As I said, is this any way to greet your sable Goddess, SLAVE?”

The man smiled and dropped to his knees, pressing his hot lips against the ball of her left foot as he gently lifted her foot to his mouth. Ripping her foot away she smirked. “No no my delicious slave, you have not earned my body yet. You must do this properly,

now STRIP! Strip naked as the day you were born. I wish to inspect my property.”

Untying his robe he slipped it off onto the floor and looked back at her longingly. Smiling as she saw his firm muscular young chest come into view she crawled up to the end of bed and glanced down at his cock throbbing in the dim golden light. “Good slave, GOOD. Obviously you are capable of learning. Now stand up so your Goddess can view her purchase.”

Jumping up on his feet he grimaced as it was obvious he was embarrassed to be on such an open display. Reaching over to the nightstand she lifted up a small leather riding crop and stood up on the bare wood floor. Placing the tip on his chest she barked “Hands on your head Antoine.” Complying he closed his eyes as he felt her run the crop down his chest and flick the end of his penis.

“Good boy, very good. Oh what your servants would make of you now! Such a big man, king of the world, owner of hundreds of my kinsman and now my complete and total property.”

“Please Justine, PLEASE!” he begged as he felt her hard nipples scrape across his back as she ran her fingers down his back to his ass

Gripping his left ass cheek she giggled. “Yes, there they are. My Joues de Miel.” Walking back to the end of the bed she sat down and stared icily at Antoine. “You may resume kneeling now.”

Dropping to his knees instantly he began to shake uncontrollably. He had to have her, to kiss her flesh, to taste her honey as nothing else in the world mattered. Seeing her hold her foot out straight into the air he did not have to be ordered to do what he knew she wanted him to do. Gently pulling her foot to his mouth he covered the top of it with kisses as he began licking his way down to her toes.

Laughing as she watched him worship her foot and being tickled by his tongue Justine said “Yes my poor poor honey cheeks. You want me so bad. Well, if you show your worthiness I will allow you to worship my pussy you crave so much You may think you own my body slave, but I own your soul.”

Saying nothing Antoine groaned as he ran his tongue lovingly over her toes. Sucking her pinky toe into his mouth he looked up into her face for a sign of approval. The best he got was a glare of mild amusement. Justine gently stroked the top of his head with the riding crop as she lay back on the bed and allowed him to kiss and suck every inch of both of her feet. Sighing as she felt his lust radiating off of his body, she smirked as she looked down and saw him kissing his way up her instep.

“You need to use your talents better boy.” She commanded as she got up off of the bed. Patting the mattress she said “Go get your shackles and chain yourself face up on the mattress. I am going to use your mouth for my pleasure slave and I am going to use it until I am completely and totally satisfied.”

Leaping up off of the floor he flew to a sideboard and returned with his chains. Cuffing his ankles to the bottom bedposts, Justine grinned as she teased his cock with the tip of her crop. Once his left wrist was chained, she crawled up his grabbed his right wrist. Licking her lips she dangled her diamond hard nipples just out of the reach of his desperate mouth. Slamming the shackle closed she straddled his stomach and laughed as his hard cock smacked against her ass.

“So desperate and needy.” She smiled as she slowly dragged her ass up his shaft. Reaching back behind her she raked her nails over his helpless balls as Antoine yelped in pain. Gripping them hard in her hand she laughed. “These are the source of your slavery boy. These are the font of your downfall!” Winking she turned and faced the foot board.

Lightly running her tongue around the crown of his penis, his pitiful whimpers made her giggle. Leaning back she slowly lowered her ass down onto his face, her yawning open pink pussy dripping with arousal. Seeing her glorious honey cave descend onto his mouth he whimpered in joy, her sweet pussy tasting like the ripest sugary peach on one of his plantations. Feeling the first long lick of his eager tongue swirl up her snatch Justine moaned as the first of hundreds of orgasms began to bubble up from her body.

Back at Gus's house Jasmine yelled into Zeke's phone. "Jesus Gus, what are you talking about. I have not sent you any texts. Someone must have stolen my phone."

"Now don't jump to conclusions Babe. It must have been some kind of misunderstanding. Let me look for your phone and I will call you back.. OR even better." He paused as an idea entered his head.

"Why don't I call your phone. Do you normally have your ringer on?"

"Yes"

"Good. This is a mongo house and it might be hard to find a small phone in all this space. If you have your ringer on, and assuming it is here, it will make it much easier to find."

"Good idea Gus! Why didn't I think of that. Look, call me back as soon as you find it. I am fucking freaking out here. As you know I have some quite private pictures on that phone that I would not want to see splashed all over the internet. Oh Jesus, please call me as..."

"Yes, trust me Jasmine, I know how you are about your phone. As soon as I find it I will call you." Pausing he added "And now that I know you have some special goodies on that phone I am even more motivated to search for it."

Hanging up he shook his head as he felt a tiny furry head lay down on his right thigh. Looking down he smiled as he saw his dog go to sleep using his body as a pillow. "I agree with you Angeline. That is definitely the right idea, but first let us see if we can find Jasmine's phone. Who knows, if I find it she might come over and "reward" me!!!" he winked as he hit her contact number.

Pushing the sleepy dog off of his lap he stepped off of the bed and listened to his phone start to dial. Walking out into the hall he did not expect for his plan to work but to his surprise the tell-tale xylophone style ringtone began buzzing. Listening carefully it was much louder than he would have expected since he assumed it was downstairs. Walking towards the landing the sound kept getting louder until he stopped right in front of the rosary wall. Looking at the thick curtain of beads he could see several of them vibrating and the ring grew louder. In complete astonishment he dug his hand into the covering of rosaries and found Jasmine's phone tucked neatly in the loops of

some of the icons at the bottom of the heap. Pulling it out his eyes grew wide as he recognized her hot pink leopard print iphone cover immediately.

“Now how in the fuck did this get in there?” he asked as he heard the tinkling of glass beads shattering as several rosaries dropped to the floor when he pulled out the phone. His mind reeling by this bizarre discovery, Gus picked up his own iphone and called Zeke’s phone. Browsing through her picture folder he saw a packet labeled “private”. Clicking on it his eyes opened wide as he laid eyes on the digitized tits of Jasmine staring back up at him.

After only one ring Jasmine picked up. “Did you find it? Please dear God tell me you found it!”

“I did Babe. I have it right here in my hand.”

“Thank you Jesus THANK YOU!!!”

“Don’t thank Jesus Babe, it was I who found it.” He laughed as he heard her sigh in relief on the other end of the call. Continuing to flip through her private folder he stopped he grinned as her glorious private pictures were revealed. “Do you want me to bring it over?”

Her voice now light and smooth, Jasmine exhaled loudly. “No need for that, I can come over and get it. Are you going to be home tonight?”

“Mmmmm, I like the sound of this already. Yes, I am going to be home. I really need to get some sleep so I am not leaving the house again today.”

“Perfect!” she cooed into the phone. “And Gus...I think you might have earned a special reward being my savior.”

“DAYUM!!!” he laughed. “Now I am definitely glad you left your phone over here.”

“Where was it by the way?”

Looking up at the rosary wall and then down at the phone Gus paused. He could not explain this situation to himself much less Jasmine and knowing how she already was kind of spooked about his house he did not want to give her any reason not to want to visit.

“Oh, in the couch dear. It must have dropped out of your purse when you were sitting on the couch.”

“Typical. Well, thanks a million for finding it. I am sure you will appreciate my gesture of gratitude later tonight.”

Smiling Gus spoke. “Sounds delicious. My mouth is watering already. By the way, you really should password protect your phone you know.” Looking down at a snap of her in a see through purple teddy he added “This picture of you in the Teddy I am sure would be quite a hit on www.hotgirls.com!”

“You found my pictures!” she laughed. “Pig! Although there is nothing in that folder you haven’t seen already, or even better, will see later!”

Feeling his cock jump at her words he smiled and hung up the phone and went back to bed.

Back at the hospital Captain Tony and two nurses looked down at Marie in a combination of amazement and horror. Still on the floor, she writhed and panted as her whole body shook uncontrollably. Screaming at the top of her lungs she repeatedly yelled “Yes my slave, YES!!! Worship your Goddess!” as her body convulsed into a seemingly unending stream of orgasms.

Looking over at her partner the head nurse lightly whispered “I think we may need to call the psychiatric unit in on this case.”

Chapter 11

As evening fell over the crescent city, Doug, Snook and Skeeter wandered down their familiar cobblestone path of the French Quarter to Zeke's. Having slept all day after the eventful evening the night before they all were anxious to go to their favorite watering hole and compare notes with each other. Gus's party had been a blast and even the crazy Voodoo ceremony had been fun up until the point where Marie looked like she was having a heart attack. Spending the wee hours of the morning in the emergency room of Tulane Medical Center however turned out to be the ultimate buzzkill. After it appeared Marie would be alright they all went back to their respective homes, too tired to discuss what they had just witnessed. Now however was different and they were quite awake.

Entering the bar, Zeke warmly welcomed them as he was busy stringing up a set of Kwanzaa lights he had just received via UPS.

"Hey Guys! The usual?"

"You know it Zeke!" Doug answered for them all as three drafts were poured and passed their way. Looking around the bar, it looked completely empty.

"Kind of slow tonight isn't it?" Snook asked as Zeke shrugged.

"Fairly typical for a Sunday night in summer. Who the fuck wants to deal with this heat and humidity at this time of year." Zeke replied as his face lit up when the lightset turned on. Seeing the glowing lights he was pleased. "Perfect, I think these go well with the Saint Patricks Day decorations quite well don't you think?"

Shaking his head at witnessing yet another decoration added to the bar Skeeter said "You missed it last night man, you and Jasmine both. You two should have stayed longer at Gus's party. We have one crazy mother fucking story to tell you about."

Looking around the bar Doug asked "Where is Jasmine anyway?"

"I gave her the night off. She was exhausted."

"I bet she was not as exhausted as us. We did not get home until almost 10 am this morning."

“Jesus, why? That seems late even for YOU guys!” Zeke exclaimed.

Drinking his beer down quickly Doug began telling the story of what happened after Zeke had left. Hearing the story of the ritual, Marie’s trance and the incident in front of the rosary wall Zeke looked unimpressed.

“Look guys, that is definitely an interesting story and sounds pretty cool, but you don’t honestly believe in ghosts do you? You know the whole thing is either bullshit or self induced hysteria, right? Hell I just had a similar conversation with Jasmine this morning so it seems everyone has ghosts on the brain today! After a night of good weed and lots of booze you can think you see anything. I don’t buy any of it.”

Grinning, Doug nodded his head as he triumphantly pulled out his cellphone. “You are a hard man Zeke and I know you are a basic cynic about pretty much everything, but I think I might just have the evidence here in my photo stream that will change your tune.”

Crossing his tree trunk like arms over his chest Zeke smirked. “I doubt it, but hey, I don’t mind seeing your little picture show.”

“Pictures? What pictures did you take?” Snook asked as Skeeter nodded. They had been there with him and were amazed by what they had witnessed but neither of them had seen anything concrete enough to convince Zeke of anything.

“Oh I took a lot of pictures. I really did not expect to capture anything weird but once Marie started foaming at the mouth and her eyes rolled back in her head I thought it would definitely be worth snapping that scene. After all, you don’t see that kind of thing every day. I will say up front right now, what I caught on film last night I did not notice at the time so I have no idea what caused it. Once you see what I got though, even you Zeke will have to admit, it is pretty fucking creepy.”

Snook and Skeeter now looked quite intrigued and leaned forward as Doug started his slideshow on his phone. Rolling his eyes, Zeke muttered “this is all crap” under his breath but was a good sport and being kind of curious he watched too.

The first shot was a snap of Marie sitting alone inside the circle of salt with everyone sitting around her. She had not begun channeling yet but already the screen was filled with orbs of all sizes floating in the background. Some of the orbs were tiny, like someone had fired up a bubble machine while others were the size of a beach ball. “So” Doug smiled “What do you say about this?”

“You are going to have to do better than this Doug. This just looks like a bunch of fucking dust floating around to me.” Zeke said dismissively as the others studied the photo very carefully.

Flipping through a few more shots of orbs, he paused at a closeup he took of Marie when she was well into her trance. On the screen a long string of glowing goo appeared to be emerging from her mouth and forming into a mass that was floating in mid-air. Seeing this Snook yelled out.

“Holy fuck man, I don’t remember that happening at all. What is that shit coming out of her mouth.”

“Ectoplasm” Doug answered. “After I saw these pictures I did a little research on the internet and that is quite common during seances. Sometimes it is visible with the naked eye but most of the time it is not. Supposedly it is usually a sign of a high level of spirit activity going on in the environment and this is a particularly good example of it. I may post this to one of the blogs I saw when I was...”

Interrupting Zeke burst out laughing. “Which site? WWW.BADFLASHSETTING.COM? This is complete horseshit. Obviously your flash reflected off some dust and created this effect. This is not surprising at all, just a defect of your camera man.” Smiling sarcastically he continued “So, when do we get to the pictures of the Yetis and Unicorns?”

“OK Zeke, you are obviously one tough customer.” Doug said as he took his phone back. Flipping through the photo stream he smiled when he came to the one he wanted. Placing the phone down on the bar he announced “So tough guy, I want to hear your explanation of THIS picture!”

Hearing Doug’s words, Snook and Skeeter gathered around to look, their curiosity burning to see the pic. Seeing the snap they all looked

disappointed as from first glance there appeared to be nothing unusual about the picture at all. The scene captured was another shot of Marie in the center of the circle with all of the other guys sitting around her. Nothing else particularly seemed unusual, no orbs, no ectoplasm, no black mist, nothing.

“OK Doug, I give. What is so spooky about this picture? This is actually the most boring shot of the bunch. Frankly, it is also probably the worst as the flash gave Skeeter red eyes, and all we can see of Snook is his ass crack while he bends over to get his drink.” The other guys seemed disappointed, having readied themselves to be impressed.

“I have to agree with Zeke on this one Doug.” Skeeter laughed. “What is spooky about this shot?”

“Look at the doorway going into the main parlor in the back of the shot and tell me what you see.”

Studying the picture with them he smiled as he heard Snook and Skeeter pull back and gasp. Looking up at his face they both simultaneously said “What in the fuck is that!!”

Looking at the shot they all saw the room as described by Zeke but in the background in the corner of an arched doorway was a wispy black figure that was easy to miss if you just glanced casually at the picture. Most creepy of all the mass appeared to be just barely peeking around the corner of the door in a willful desire to stay hidden. From the size and shape of the black mass it was obvious it was the same size and shape a person would be and once your attention was drawn to it you could never miss it again.

“Well, you really can’t tell if that is a person or not.” Zeke exclaimed, his tone definitely deflated in cockiness from before. “It must be some kind of trick of the light, or maybe car lights reflecting on a painting or something.”

“Go ahead, blow it up. Frankly I did not notice the figure at first but once I did it freaked me the fuck out.”

Motioning with his fingers Zeke enlarged the pixels until the screen was filled with the image of the dark form. Looking at it closely he

gasped and jumped back. It was definitely human, and not a trick of the light, but it was out of focus. It definitely was a young woman, and from he could ascertain, it appeared to be a quite attractive young black girl but it was hard to tell. As opposed to everything else in the picture the features on the mass were all swirling and blurry, as if they were viewing it through water.

“Well? Explain that!” Doug cried.

“Holy fuck that is creepy! It is definitely looks like a person. I know we were all there and there was no one else in the house at that time!” Snook exclaimed as he bent over the phone.

Momentarily speechless Zeke shook his head. “Come on guys, is this some kind of fucking joke. It must have been Jasmine.”

“It doesn’t look like Jasmine does it?” Doug asked. “Look how blurry that thing is compared to everything else.”

“Well, it must have been her. She must have been moving when you took the shot.”

“Look Zeke, you know it was not Jasmine as she left the party before you did, and as you can see you aren’t in this picture.” Skeeter shot back as he looked at the enlarged image himself.

“Look, if it wasn’t Jasmine, and no one else was in the house then who was it?” Zeke asked, his normal cynical shell slightly cracking under this new evidence.

“A ghost.” Replied Doug.

Back at Magnolia Grove, Gus was dead to the world as he slept deeply in his large soft bed. Having been up for well over twenty four hours he was exhausted and now hours after he fell asleep he still not moving at all.

Suddenly and very softly and slowly his top sheet began to slowly drag down his body. Gus made no motion or disturbance as the silky fabric pulled down his body as he was in a very deep sleep. Angeline too was sleeping deeply under the bed so did not sense any change, although she did curl up into a tight ball as the temperature in the room began to drop. Rolling over onto his back Gus started to snore.

After a few minutes a gentle tug started pulling on the pant legs of his boxers. Slowly, inch by inch his shorts were pulled down his legs, and when they reached his ankles they flung into the air. Gus still made no motion but a smile began to form on his mouth as he started enjoying the most erotic dream of his life.

In his dream Gus was laying face up on a large four poster oak bed. The room was dark with the exception of a few flickering candles on the side table. As he tried to sit up he realized his ankles and wrists were shackled to the bedposts. Becoming alarmed, the door to the bedroom opened and the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen walked inside.

She was gloriously naked, her warm cocoa skin shimmering in the flickering candlelight, her full breasts and wide hips instantly beckoning his lips to worship. Her long kinky black hair hung low on her back and she smirked as she saw him displayed so helplessly before him. Walking into the room her hips seductively swayed back and forth and he could feel his cock almost burst out of his skin at the sight of her. Despite being chained and helpless, he had no fear as he knew he wanted to be restrained. He wanted to feel her dark exotic lips on his flesh teasing and tormenting him for hours, forcing him to service her, enslaving his body and soul to her. Somehow he was aware that this was a game they had played thousands of times before and now that she was bending over the edge of the bottom of the bed he knew that no woman had ever or could ever satisfy him or excite him more than this delicious Goddess before him.

Crawling up onto the bed she sat between his legs and dragged her right big toe up his inner thigh. Seeing him struggle to get loose, driven more by a desire to get to her than to get away the dark Goddess grew wet. Reaching his helpless and exposed balls, she slowly drew circles over each testicle as she cooed.

“ I love you Joues de Miel”

“I love you Justine.”

Now awake from her long desired nap, Jasmine sat in the trolley car and watched as the dark streets of New Orleans zipped by. Grinning to herself she saw the Garden District come up and she rang the bell

for the driver to stop. Walking off of the trolley she slowly started strolling up Chestnut street towards his house. The air was so thick with heat and humidity, despite the late hour it was still oppressively hot. Wiping her brow she breathed in deep as she walked, enjoying the intoxicating smells of the Garden District, a potent mixture of Honeysuckle, Rose and Gardenia perfuming the air. Smelling the sweet scent of Magnolia now growing strong she smiled as she knew she was close. Turning a corner her eyes beheld Magnolia Grove in all its beauty at the end of the street, looking like a grand princess holding court with her ladies in waiting. In the slight bluish tint of the full moon it looked so inviting, and thinking of the surprise she had planned for Gus she felt her nipples grow hard.

Biting her lip she reached into her purse and pulled out the spare key Gus had given her. "Get ready for a nice treat Gus!" she whispered to herself as she tip toed up the steps and quietly opened the front door.

The house was completely still and the moonlight shining through the stained glass at the top of the landing looked beautiful. Hearing the click click click of Angeline's nails on the wooden floor, she smirked as she saw the dog peek around the top bannister and, recognizing her, put her ears down and start wagging her tail.

Walking up the steps, she bent down and patted her head. "Some guard dog you are! Although I suppose your daddy would not want to be guarded from what I have planned for him." Tiptoeing down the hall, she stood outside the cracked door of his bedroom and stripped off her clothes. Shimmying her already moist panties down her long legs she suppressed a giggle as she pushed the door open. As her eyes adjusted to the dim light she grew even wetter at the sight that opened up before her eyes. Gus was still asleep on the bed but was completely naked, his arms and legs spread out wide. Completely naked and with an impressive hard on, it was obvious that he was in the midst of one hell of a erotic dream. Writhing his hips against the mattress tiny moans emitted from his mouth as he ground his hard cock into the air.

Licking her lips, Jasmine snuck inside and knelt between his legs. Snaking her tongue out of her mouth she placed the tip at the base

of his cock and slowly licked her way up to the head. Feeling real lips on his flesh, Gus woke and looking down between his legs he smiled.

“Well, this is a pleasant way to wake up!”

Placing a big wet kiss on his throbbing red cockhead she winked. “It seems you got a head start. So bad boy, what were you dreaming about?”

Gus said nothing but winked as she crawled her way up his chest and kissed his neck. Wriggling up his chest she now knelt over his face and she slowly stroked his hair. Lowering her body down onto his open mouth she said “You will have to tell me if your dream pussy tasted as good as this one does.”

Chapter 12

As dawn broke over New Orleans, the large pink clouds of early morning rushed through the skies as a hot wind blew steadily from the south. All over the bayou the moist warm sea breeze heated up the city up like boiling cauldron. Steam rose from the slick wet cobblestones of the French Quarter as the rain had briefly cooled things down overnight. This slight respite from the sauna like weather was rapidly evaporating under the blazing morning sun as it rose higher in the sky. Sitting uncomfortably on a cold hard metal chair in the very air-conditioned psych ward of Tulane Medical Center, Marie Duchamp grew increasingly irritated as the attending nurse took her vital signs as she shivered.

Calling out to an assistant the nurse said "Ok, blood pressure normal, check." Before slipping off the sleeve of the monitoring device from Marie's arm she looked down at her patient.

"OK Ms. Duchamp, the attending Doctor will be in in just a few minutes to ask you some questions and I think you will be out of here soon."

"Look Bitch I am not crazy! You need to let me out of here right now before I call my lawyer. Get my boyfriend RIGHT NOW!" Marie growled as the nurse turned towards the door.

The nurse had seen this many times before. Looking over at her patient she knew this was a fairly routine situation and her patient would be released in just a few minutes. Seeing her long dreadlocks she smirked as she thought to herself "Probably shouldn't have dropped all that acid last night and then you would not be in here. LSD seems so like psychosis if you don't perform a blood test."

The nurse had seen Marie raving the day before and the contrast to her state now could not have been more dramatic. The contrast was so stark her thought that this episode had been drug induced seemed perfectly reasonable. Before she had seemed possessed, almost a perfect candidate for committal as a multiple personality disorder patient. Today she seemed as cold stone sober as a nun. How many people had she seen this happen to before and yet it was so avoidable. The fastest way to find yourself under a twenty four

hour automatic detainment for observation is to have a drug induced breakdown in public in a hospital. Fearing lawsuits, once this was observed they were legally bound to act.

“You will be out very soon Ma’am. All you have to do is have a quick interview with the resident psychiatrist and answer a couple of questions and you can be on your way.”

Marie, hearing this shook with rage and tried to stand, only be prevented by the restraining straps on her chair. Sighing she sat back down and closed her eyes, focusing on getting out of there as soon as possible.

“See, you are as good as home already.” The nurse winked as she went out the door.

Sitting for five minutes, which seemed like five hours, she bit her tongue and forced a fake smile on her face when Dr. Schwartz came into the room. Looking barely old enough to vote, much less be a doctor, she sighed as he came into the room and looked at her chart.

“So, Ms.....” he paused while he read her chart and then stopped, remembering his training. “Yes, why don’t I ask YOU. Can you tell me your name?”

“My name is Marie Duchamp”

“Good, Good!” Dr. Schwartz answered as he checked a box on her chart. “And if you don’t mind answering a few more questions...”

“Yes, let me guess. The year is 2014 and the President is Barack Obama, right? Do I pass? Can I get out of here now.”

Smiling, Dr. Schwartz leaned down and undid the fastener on the restraints and Marie lifted her wrists up and scratched her nose furiously. Obviously whatever episode she had had the night before was not psychosis. Her answers to the questions eliminated any legal threshold they had to keep her and as he turned to update her chart he said that she could go. Turning back to speak to her he only saw a blur as she burst out the door.

Furiously racing down the hall into the lobby when Captain Tony saw her burst through the door, her eyes blazing and hair flying, he was both relieved and slightly unnerved.

“You OK Boo? I was worried about you!” he said as she stormed into the room. Normally quite reserved and calm, Marie looked like she could spit nails.

“Get the car” she responded flatly and coldly. Knowing better than to argue with her when she was like this, Tony ran out the visitors entrance to retrieve his vehicle. Standing alone on the sidewalk while she waited, Marie felt her head grow light again as another vision was preparing to show itself. Mustering all her strength she fought the sensations and was able to stop it before it began. In all of the years she had had her gift and performed channeling ceremonies, she had never had the experience she had had over the past two days. Normally once in her trance she would glimpse the other side for just a second, perhaps a minute at best and then collapse in exhaustion. This time it was much much different. Far from being brief, she found she could not stop the visions as they kept coming and not from just one spirit source but several. Reliving the humiliation of being in the nuthouse, she fumed as Captain Tony pulled up in his car.

Seeing him arrive she did have to smile as he pulled up and received countless double takes. His car fit his persona perfectly. In keeping with naval attire his 1974 cadillac looked more like a small boat than a large car. White as ivory with a red leather interior as he pulled up with the top down he definitely was creating a stir.

“Boo, let’s get out of here!” he said as he flashed his pearly white teeth in the morning sun. “I am ready to take you home. After what you have been through, you need to rest.”

Stepping into the passenger seat she sat down and said “Before we go home, we need to take a trip.”

Pulling out of the parking lot and out onto the street he asked “Sure thing, were to?”

“My mother’s house.”

Uncharacteristically Tony’s award winning smile disappeared. “Dear God why? That is at least two hours away.”

“Yes, I know, but I need her help. Last night was the first time the spirits ever got into me and would not let go. Hell, I still keep flashing into a trance as they are quite strong. She or my grandmother are the only two people I know that will be able to tell me what to do about this.”

Grimacing, Tony nodded and headed north out of the city. The drive to Marie’s family’s house would be very long as they lived far out in the Bayou seventy five miles north of New Orleans. He did not look forward to the trip, but as he looked over at his girlfriend and saw the look of concern on her face he knew she wanted to go and perhaps they could help.

Pulling out onto the main highway the suburbs melted away as the landscape was replaced by endless swamp and Spanish Moss encrusted trees. Having the top down made the drive more enjoyable and looking over at Marie he could see she was starting to untense.

Placing his hand on her bare knee Captain Tony smiled and said “You have me real worried at the hospital Boo. Once you went into that last trance and they threw you into the psych ward I was afraid you would not come out. I raised such hell they threatened to arrest me if I did not leave.”

Smiling back at him she said “I know. I was in and out of that trance the whole time that was happening and it was very frustrating. I knew when they asked me the three questions and I got them all wrong I was going to be locked up, but know this, they can only hold you for twenty four hours.”

“Three questions? What three questions.”

“They can only hold you for psychiatric evaluation if you answer three questions wrong; who is the President of the United States, what year is it and what is your name.”

Laughing Tony’s curiosity was piqued. “Just out of curiosity, how did you answer.”

“For the President I said Thomas Jefferson, for the year I said 1808 and for my name I said Martina Laveau.”

“That answer will get you in the nuthouse in no time!” Tony chuckled. “Was that the woman you channeled at Gus’s house.”

“She was, but then when we were at the hospital I sensed, I saw, it is all so fuzzy, but I remember seeing another vision. This one was much stronger and deeper and was not a remnant but an active spirit. I sense she is dangerous and I think Gus may be in danger. This is beyond my skills, hence the reason for the trip to the Bayou.”

“Understood love” Tony replied. “But after you talk to your Mom, I want to get you home and put you in bed for a few days. You really did scare me back there and ghosts or no ghosts I am not going to jeopardize your health.”

“Ok but..”

“Ok but NOTHING! I will put up with a lot, but I am not going to have you put at foolish risk again!” Tony barked, his sunny demeanor turning stern.

Seeing his protective attitude towards her so forcefully expressed Marie flushed with love. Holding her hand out to his head she curled a finger around one of his dreadlocks and whispered into his ear. “I love you Boo, I really do.”

Back in the French Quarter, in a filthy, pizza box strewn, beer soaked apartment Doug was lounging in his barcalounger on his laptop. With a cup of coffee in one hand and enjoying his third cigarette of the day in the other, he was in in his normal early morning routine. Today however the pattern was slightly different. Rather than spending the pre-dawn hours surfing for porn like usual, today he was on the internet looking at page after page of ghost photos. Starting his search out of curiosity because of the photo he took he was shocked to find so much bandwidth devoted to the subject. Looking at the picture on his phone and then back at his computer screen he kept comparing his photo to the “so-called” most authentic ghost pictures of all time on the internet. Looking at his phone and then at the grainy, blotchy images on the screen he became increasingly convinced that what he had captured was the real thing and definitely surpassed everything out there.

“Jesus, if all of these orbs and misty images count as “evidence” I got the holy grail here!”

Stumbling onto the Southern Louisiana Occult Paranormal Psychical Investigators (Sloppi) he mused. Reading their website and seeing their requests for evidence and the place to upload pictures he mused. “Well, why not?” he laughed as he attached the jpg and hit upload. Seeing the bar glow and fill, he grinned as the file transfer was completed. Satisfied, he clicked on his browser screen and opened up www.lactatatingmadness.com and sighed. “Now everything is back to normal.”

Completely on the opposite end of the taste and socioeconomic spectrum the phone at the Landrieu’s home rang. Margaret, always an early riser smiled as the voice of Letucia Vallandingham spoke on the other end. Her voice oozing old money she asked if she could join her for lunch that day. Always happy to hear from one of her husbands largest (and wealthiest) supporters she eagerly agreed. The two wealthy women made the sort of nonsensical idle chit chat so common with those of her class and the call was about to end when Letucia suddenly turned serious and spoke.

“Margaret darling, if you do not mind but might I ask you a personal question?”

“Certainly, of course. We are old dear friends you can always ask me anything.”

“I must ask that you keep this confidential’ Letucia continued. “Sarah would kill me if she knew I was talking to you about this.”

“Sarah... I mean, OK, you know you can trust me.” Margaret answered nervously, wondering what on earth she could be getting ready to say.

“My daughter is such a shy ninny, and, well, I will just come out with it. She is very taken with your brother. It is all “Gus this and Gus that” around the house these days. Ever since that lunch you had where she met your brother she can talk about nothing else. Such a clean well mannered good Catholic man, I don’t mind saying that her father and I definitely approve.”

Now Margaret grew even more worried. She knew her brother well and “clean well mannered Catholic” were not terms that she would normally associate with him. He was a dog, a well meaning dog but a dog just the same but thinking back on that day, she knew he was being his extra charming self. Obviously in his zeal he had swept poor Sarah off her feet. She had secretly hoped that she could get these two together but now that it was obvious that Sarah was smitten, she worried that her brother’s normal libidinous appetites would cause she and her husband a world of grief. Nodding politely she continued to listen.

“My husband and I are having a big soiree this weekend and I know Sarah would love to have him attend. Now she is far too embarrassed and shy to ask him, so... could you..”

Laughing Margaret exclaimed. “Of COURSE!” Lying she added “Gus is quite shy himself, and did not want to appear to forward. I am positive he will love to attend.”

Finishing up the conversation and getting the details once the line went dead she immediately dialed Gus.

Back at Magnolia Grove Jasmine fluttered her eyes open as the bright sun streamed in through the window and shone in her eyes. Smiling she looked over at Gus, snoozing away, completely naked beside her. Giggling as she ran her fingers over his Scooby Doo tattoo she saw the marks of her nails and teeth all over his body. They had had a quite eventful evening, her reward for him saving her cellphone being presented multiple times all night to both their mutual satisfaction. Stretching her long chocolate legs out on the edge of the bed she wriggled her toes as her pussy still tingled from the long tongue lashing he gave it for hours. Cuddling up next to him she kissed his mouth and smiled as her scent and juices were soaked onto his face. Seeing him stir, she crawled down to the bottom of bed and slowly spread his legs as she began to kiss her way up his leg. Reaching his cock, which already was responding to her touch even though he was still asleep she felt him start to moan.

Slowly opening his eyes, he gazed down his body and smiled as he saw Jasmine lick her lips as she hovered over his very erect penis.

“Well now... This is a WONDERFUL way to be woken up.”

Sitting up partially on his elbows he threw his head back in ecstasy as she began to slowly lick a tiny circle around his purple cockhead. His sighs turned to groans when he heard his phone ring. By the third ring, which he fully intended on ignoring, Jasmine stopped her loving treat and sat up. Seeing her large breasts jiggling he grew even harder as she smirked.

“You probably should get that. You know, it is quite early and it might be some kind of emergency.”

Irritated he moaned as he picked up his phone and saw that it was his sister. Frowning he answered “Margaret, God knows you have the most spectacularly bad timing!!! This had better be good!”

“What are you talking about?” Margaret said on the line.

Watching Jasmine roll her eyes and pull back from his crotch, Gus grimaced as he answered “Never mind. So, what do you want Margaret?”

“Are you in town next Saturday?”

“Yes.. why?” he answered as he tried to wave his hands and get Jasmine’s attention who was now off the bed and pulling her shorts up.

“Great!” she answered. “You are going to the Vallandingham’s estate for a party. You must be quite the charmer, Sarah is quite smitten with you.”

“Sarah? Oh, well look I said I would...”

“No arguments Gus, you are going. Now this is no ordinary party, it is the prime social event of the year. Do you still have a white dinner jacket?”

Hearing Gus call out the name Sarah, Jasmine rolled her eyes again as she pulled her t-shirt over her spectacular breasts. Ignoring Gus’s increasingly frantic gestures as he sat naked on the bed and talked to his sister, she blew him an air kiss and walked downstairs.

Hearing the one sided conversation of Gus trying to weasel his way off the phone she suppressed a laugh as she waved and walked out

the door. Seeing Angeline in the hall, yawning as she passed, she stooped down to pet her as she went downstairs.

Following after her, naked and throbbing as he continued to talk to his sister on the phone, Gus was quite the sight. As Jasmine stood at the top of the stairs and playfully ran her hand down his chest she mouthed "I will call you later". Seeing this he sighed, knowing he was stuck.

As Jasmine disappeared out the front door, Margaret finished her long drone Gus spoke. "Well Sis, of course I will help you out, but honestly, you owe me BIG, AGAIN!!!"

Thirty minutes later Jasmine exited the trolley and walked up the steps up to her apartment. She had smiled the whole way home, the taste of Gus still on her lips, the feel of his cock still throbbing in her body. Stripping down as she entered her home, she walked into her bathroom to shower. Entering, her mood changed instantly and suddenly she felt very unsettled.

This was the room where she had the incident the day before, and now in the bright sunshine of late morning it seemed far less threatening but something still did not seem right. Glancing quickly over her shoulder she definitely had the sensation that she was being watched. Shaking her head she sighed. "I must be cracking up! Come on Jasmine, snap out of it!"

Seeing the room empty she smirked and returned to the sink. Holding her toothbrush under the stream of water, as she stood up straight to brush her teeth her body broke out in innumerable goosebumps as she caught sight of her own reflection. Looking closely at her face in the mirror, she felt odd and started to shiver. It was definitely her face but it oddly looked different. Shivering wildly she felt the temperature in the room plummet as she noticed that her reflection oddly seemed out of synch, her movements not duplicating in the mirror.. Staring intensely into the glass, suddenly her large brown eyes bugged out of her face and her shivers turned into wild convulsions. Now her reflection scowled menacingly back at her, definitely with an expression completely different from her own.

“Don’t you ever see him again! HE IS MINE!” the image screamed as Jasmine collapsed to the floor from sheer terror.

Chapter 13

“Holy Mother Mary! Ed, come in here and look at this!” Lorraine Clearwater yelled from the living room of their tiny ranch house in Saint Bernard parish.

“What is it dear?” .

“Only the best spirit photo I have ever seen! You must come see this. Someone uploaded it to our website early this morning.”

Ed slowly rose from his brown vinyl lounge chair in their wood paneled den and began shuffling towards the living room. His pace was slow as he walked through stacks of collectibles over the thick orange shag carpet that had remained in their home since the Ford administration. He and his wife Lorraine were the sole proprietors of the Southern Louisiana Occult Paranormal Psychical Investigations company and he knew from the tone in his wife’s voice that something big had caught her eye so he should get up from watching the game. He and Lorraine had been at this business for decades and for something to incite his wife to this level of excitement was unusual.

Their house was a virtual museum to the paranormal and it was stuffed to the rafters with hundreds of the items they had collected from the numerous cases they had worked on over the years. Now both in their eighties they were just as active now as they had been fifty years earlier although they were a bit slower than they used to be. Back when they started their operation they were alone in the field, but now, to Ed’s disgust and horror, the television was jammed with countless inaccurate shows on the subject. Suspicious of anything submitted to their website as being fake he groaned as he walked into the living room to see his wife.

Lorraine was definitely more technically savvy of the two of them but the bar was set low. “So dear” Ed croaked as he cleared his throat and entered the room. “What new fakery are you going to show me today.”

“I don’t think this is fake dear. Quite the contrary, of all of the photos of spirits I have seen over the years this is without a doubt the best

one yet.”

Seeing his tiny wife hunched over her computer he smiled. The blue light from the screen flickered through her equally blue hair piled high on her head in the same beehive hairdo she had had since they were dating. He certainly admired her willingness to try new things. He was very old school and had just warmed up to faxes when email came and then was surpassed by texting and instant messenger and a whole alphabet soup of technological advances he could barely comprehend. Even his field had become overrun by high tech gadgetry, with evp records and electromagnetic field detectors. In his day he still preferred the old ways, his tape recorder, his old kodak camera and his instincts.

Reaching her desk he sighed “Let me be the judge of...” Seeing the image on the screen he had to pause as it was phenomenal, a true fully formed apparition caught on film. Continuing he could only add “WOW! Darling, can you make that image bigger on the machine?”

“You mean the computer dear?” she said with a smirk, always chiding her technophobic husband and trying to gently nudge him into the twenty first century.

“Yes the COMPUTER!” he snapped. Seeing the image enlarged he moved in closely to inspect the pixels bit by bit. He was an expert at spotting forgeries and fakes and this had none of the tell-tale characteristics. Looking back at his wife who was smiling broadly and nodding, he asked “Where was this taken? We simply have to get over there and do a full scale investigation.”

“That dear is the best part. Now sit down as I do not want this to come as too much of a shock. You know, your ticker is not what it used to be.”

“Very funny Lorraine” he protested but did sit. “Ok, I give. Where is it?”

“This my dear is Magnolia Grove!”

“WHAT!!! Not the..”

“The very one, he stated it in his submission.”

“But, but, oh my... We, how...” Ed stuttered, his hands shaking at the prospects of finally being able to investigate the infamous plantation house Magnolia Grove. For long time residents of New Orleans and the surrounding parishes Magnolia Grove was legendary. Having been in the same family for over two hundred years all sorts of legends had built up like the silt constantly adding to the bayou. For their purposes, whispers and dark rumors had swirled around the enormous mansion for decades that whet their paranormal appetites.

“Yes, and we are going to meet him for lunch down in Quarter this afternoon. Once I saw the picture I knew we would have to investigate so I went ahead and asked to take him to lunch. He was thrilled, and as it turns out, he has actually read several of our books. Crazy isn’t it, he turns out to be a total fan! We are as good as in.”

Meanwhile down in the quarter Zeke was just opening up the bar. Flipping on the neon OPEN sign in the window he smiled as he turned on the lights inside and the new glowing poinsettia he had just received started to twinkle. “Perfect! Just PERFECT!” he said out loud as the new decorations melted into the hodge podge of the rest of the décor. Looking down at his watch he saw that it was eleven thirty and was surprised that Jasmine had not come in yet. She was never late and if she ever was sick, which was rare, she always called.

Back at Jasmine’s apartment she just started to wake up. Her back hurting from the fall to the hard tile floor, her thoughts were racing a mile a minute as the memory of what had just happened rushed in. Sitting up straight she held her head as she stood and glanced at the mirror. Her whole body was covered in chills as she looked at her own reflection in the glass.

She could not help but tremble as she carefully studied her reflection as she brushed her teeth, watching every movement carefully to make sure it mirrored her own. Her rational brain could not comprehend what she thought she had witnessed but her instincts were on high alert. Afraid that her own reflection would transform and threaten her again she quickly brushed her teeth and took the fastest shower in her life. Still not sure if what had happened was a

dream or real, she was still petrified, either at some entity attacking her in her own home or a growing fear she was losing her mind. Literally running into her bedroom from the shower she got dressed in record time and ran out the door to work.

Hearing Jasmine rush in the front door Zeke called out from the kitchen. "Morning Sleepy head! Big night last night?"

Jasmine said nothing as she quietly started setting up chairs around the tables and generally straightening up. Coming out to investigate Zeke could tell from Jasmine's posture that something was terribly terribly wrong. Her hair was a mess and still wet. Her clothes were wrinkled and she did not have on any jewelry, which was a first. Normally she always was perfectly put together but today she had the look of a person who had just escaped a burning building.

"You OK girl?" he called out as he came out of the kitchen. Hearing his voice Jasmine dropped the metal napkin holder in her hand and jumped.

"Jesus Zeke, you scared me!"

Walking out into the dining room he frowned. "Really Jasmine, are you OK? You do not seem right today."

"I am not right Zeke. I am definitely not right I, I think I might be losing my mind."

"What happened?"

"I had another incident in my apartment. Either I have a ghost stalker or I need to go to the loony bin, but either way, I am definitely not right. I am scared to go home now!"

"Look Jasmine, there must be a logical explanation for this. You don't really believe in ghosts now do you?"

Seeing her now begin to cry, Zeke took her by the shoulder and held her close to his enormous chest. "It is going to be OK, really it is. What did you eat last night?"

Her eyes streaming in tears she pushed her face into his shirt. "I am so scared Zeke, I don't know what to do. This is not undigested gumbo, this was real!"

“Yes Yes, of course.” He soothed. Feeling her sobs “Look, why don’t you stay with me and my old lady for a few days. Just until whatever this is is, uh, out of your system. I can’t help but think that these illusions will pass in time.”

Looking up into his enormous round face Jasmine smiled. “Really? You would do that for me?”

“Of course!” he smiled. “You know you are more like a daughter to me than just an employee. It is obvious you are upset and while you work through whatever this issue is, you can stay with me and my old lady.”

Breathing deeply Jasmine collapsed into his chest, relieved she would not have to spend another night alone in her apartment. She still did not fully understand what had happened, but she knew she was scared. As they stood alone the bell over the front door rang as the door swung open. Standing alone was Doug and for the first time ever Jasmine and Zeke saw that he was wearing a white dress shirt, black slacks and dress shoes.

“Well well now, what is all this!” Zeke asked as Doug walked inside. Looking down at his watch he smiled. “This is early for you Doug. Where are your buddies?”

“Flying solo today Zeke.” He said as he sat down at a table. “I am actually meeting some people here for lunch.”

Jasmine, now recovered and smoothing out her shirt smirked.

“Food? You came here for food?” Looking over at Zeke she smiled.

“This is a first!” Looking back at Doug she remarked “This must be some important people for you to have dressed up. In all of the years I have known you this is the first time I think I have ever seen you in a collared shirt.”

“Hilarious!” Doug laughed. “Yes, these are important people. Ed and Lorraine Clearwater are meeting me here for lunch. They want to discuss the pictures I took at Gus’s house the other night.”

Seeing Jasmine tense up, Zeke rolled his eyes. “What? Not more Ghost bullshit! Who the hell are these people.”

“Ed and Lorraine Clearwater are the original researchers in the field of the paranormal. They are actually very famous, I am surprised you have not heard of them.”

Zeke remained stone faced but Jasmine’s eyes grew wide. She definitely had heard of them, having seen them interviewed on Dr. Phil’s Halloween special a few years earlier. They had written many books on the subject, and had even been called in as experts in a couple of more famous hauntings that she had seen documented on television. Her spine feeling a chill, she spoke.

“Why are they meeting you? What pictures are you talking about?”

“I took some amazing shots of something at Gus’s house. Frankly it looks like a ghost to me and I uploaded them to their website. It was just a lark, but I thought they might be interested. I was completely shocked when Lorraine almost instantly replied back and wanted to meet with me personally.”

“Well then, if we are going to have some celebrities in the house, I better use the good dishes.” Zeke laughed as he went back into the kitchen. Jasmine on the other hand was frozen still.

“Let me see the picture you uploaded.”

Handing his phone to Jasmine he watched her face drop as she studied the image. Sitting down on a chair she held her hand over her mouth as she stared intensely at the screen. It was definitely something he captured in the shot, and looking at it, she felt chills running up and down her spine. When Zeke came back out of the kitchen he saw Jasmine and saw the fear in her eyes. Looking over at her knowingly he spoke.

“You know, this probably explains everything Jasmine. All this goofy ghost crap started since Gus’s party so everyone’s mind has been on edge. The mind is an amazing thing you know, once a seed has been planted with an idea it can sprout into a full blown hallucination later.”

Shaking her head she heard his words but could not take her eyes off of the phone. As she kept staring the bell rang again as Ed and Lorraine walked into the bar.

Back at Magnolia Grove Gus was walking into his exercise room to start his morning workout. Disappointed at having another romantic tryst interrupted by his sister, he had some excess erotic energy to work off. Firing up his flat screen as he climbed onto the elliptical and began cycling through his porn collection. Seeing Angeline curled up in a ball and sleeping he said.

“So Angeline, do you want to watch “MILF attack” or “Anal Invasion” today?”

Seeing his dog yawn he laughed. “MILF attack it is then.”

Twenty minutes into his routine, he was really starting to run fast now and build up quite a load of sweat. Spurred on by the images of multiple beautiful 40 plus women floating across the screen he was very pleased with his setup. On the flatscreen two very curvy brunettes had a hapless and impressively endowed twenty something tied to a workout bench and were both teasing the shit out of his dick. The man in the film was begging helplessly for relief as the two women laughed at his predicament and continuously ran their large breasts up and down his shaft. Watching intensely, Gus felt himself grow very hard as he ran, the addition of porn to his exercise routine definitely making it a more pleasant experience. He was a huge fan of bondage and S&M videos and “MILF Attack” was one of his favorites. Watching intensely as his cock grew and the sweat poured off of his body, right when the poor boy was about to spew the screen went black.

Smacking his remote down on the elliptical Gus yelled out in frustration. “GOD DAMNIT!”

Hearing this, Angeline lazily yawned and sat up, aroused by Gus’s outburst. Stretching and wagging her tail as Gus fiddled with the television, the dog suddenly turned to stare at the open door, just like she had a week earlier. This time however, Gus quickly spun around and caught sight of a dark object flash pass by the door. Hearing the creaking of the floorboards, the distinct sound of footsteps were heard in the house.

“Jasmine? Is that you?” he nervously called out, hearing only silence in return. Gulping hard, even though he was a skeptic about the

paranormal, he knew this was creepy and the weird incidents in his new home was starting to build up. Walking out into the empty hallway, he stood at the top of the landing and listened intently. Hearing a light clanging in the kitchen he called out again “Jasmine, really, is that you? If it is, let me know, because you are really scaring the fuck out of Angeline and I.”

Hearing the sound of the sizzling of grease on the oven and the smell of bacon starting to creep up the stairs he slightly relaxed, doubtful that either an intruder or a ghost would break into his house and prepare him breakfast. “Seriously Jasmine, I do appreciate you coming back to make breakfast, but why are you so quiet?”

Still hearing nothing, he smiled back at his dog who was still cowering in the exercise room. “Well Angeline, it appears Jasmine wants to treat us to breakfast this morning. Would you like that?”

Strangely the dog sat completely still. Normally the word “breakfast” or the smell of cooking bacon would have sent her into a fury but today she was still as a statue. Her fur was still standing up and she emitted a constant rolling growl. Picking her up he felt her shiver in his arms as they both walked downstairs.

Talking as he walked into the kitchen he said “I do appreciate you coming back. I had hoped we would be able to spend the whole day together, especially since it got off to such a good start. I tried to get off the phone with Sis but..” . Entering the room he stopped talking in mid sentence as he saw he was alone, only the sizzling and spitting of the bacon on the stove making any noise at all.

Chapter 14

Captain Tony was wishing he had not just had the car washed as the backroads to Marie's mother's house grew worse and worse. The red clay of the unpaved road through the swampland was very wet from the rains overnight and splattering mud all over everything as he drove. No matter how hard he tried it to avoid it, it seemed he hit every muddy pothole in Louisiana on the trip through the backwoods. All were totally ruining the detailing job he had just had given the car a few days earlier and he got progressively pissed with every splat of mud on his whitewalls. This stretch of road was definitely the worst part of the trip and although he had taken her up to see her mom many times he never liked the drive. She and Marie's grandmother lived way the fuck out, truly in the middle of nowhere. Although her home was less than one hundred miles from the center of the city, because fifty of those miles were unpaved dirt trails or muddy causeways through marshy swamps, a normal two hour trip would sometimes take all day.

The weather was at least nice enough for the drive he thought and despite it being oppressively hot, Tony had the top down and the A/C blasting. Occasionally reaching over and stroking Marie's leg, he tried his best to comfort her as it had been a long night. Being locked up in the psych ward is definitely no picnic but he was proud that she was so moved by her experience as to want to help his friend Gus.

Having to drive under thirty five miles per hour as the roads got worse and worse going so slow was taxing Tony's patience as he normally had a lead foot. Growing increasingly irritated like a dog chained to a short tether, he was tense and the car was silent. Suddenly the relative tranquility of the ride was shattered when without warning Marie started shrieking at the top of her lungs.

"Ayiii!!! The Pain Mamma THE PAIN!!! SACRE MERDE THE PAIN!!!" Her face now was violently twisted into a knot and her eyes were shut tight as Marie began writhing on the seat grabbing her stomach and panting wildly.

"JESUS! Marie! What is it! WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG!!!" Tony screamed as he tried to look for a place to pull over. This leg of the

trip was exceptionally desolate and on either side of the car for miles in all directions nothing could be seen but endless bayou and Spanish Moss draped cypress trees. Because the road was on a causeway he could not pull over and he desperately looked ahead for a place to stop. Seeing a break in the swamp coming up he floored the car. Driving off of the causeway onto the small island, he saw an old abandoned gas station and feed store. Although he knew there were no people there to help, he at least could pull over. Jerking to a full halt onto the gravel of parking lot of the long abandoned store, he grabbed Marie and pulled her up out of the floor of his car. Looking into her eyes he felt his stomach drop.

Only the whites could be seen as her pupils had rolled all the way back into her head again. Her skin was hot to the touch, almost like fire, and her expression chilled him to the bone. Although outwardly she still looked like Marie, it was obvious that she was channeling now, her whole facial structure and body morphing into other shapes. Looking down at her trim stomach he screamed as he saw it begin to bulge and pulse, growing as she screamed in agony and gripped his forearm in a death grip.

“My baby, my baby, don’t make me give you my baby!!! The price is too high, it is TOO HIGH!!!”

Shaking in fear, Captain Tony did not know what to do. Looking down at his cellphone he saw that no signal was detected as he was miles from the nearest tower. Shaking his girlfriend wildly he felt her incredibly tense body collapse in his grip.

Back in the French Quarter the ringing of the bell when the door opened, caused everyone to turn towards the door. Walking inside the empty bar were Ed and Lorraine, and seeing Doug sitting at a table showing pictures on his phone to Jasmine they smiled.

“Mr. Schone I presume?”

“Yes, and you two must be Ed and Lorraine Clearwater. I recognize you from TV!”

Zeke, although a skeptic about everything they represented, was genuinely star struck and already calculating the potential PR benefit

of having two celebrities, albeit low rent ones, photographed in his bar. Rushing over he asked them what they wanted to drink.

“Well my good man” Ed smiled as he looked Zeke’s amazing tattoos over. “How about a bourbon. My wife here likes Brandy Alexanders. Do you think you can make one of those?”

“Absolutely Mr. Clearwater. Absolutely! For your Bourbon, would you like a mixer or chaser of some kind?”

Winking, Ed said “How about just more bourbon!”

“A man after my own heart!” Laughing and instantly at ease, Zeke went back to fetch the drinks, first stopping at his office to pick up his bartender’s guide to look up how to make a Brandy Alexander. Zeke’s was many things, but a Brandy Alexander type of place it was not.

“And who might you be young lady?” Lorraine asked as she extended out her hand. Jasmine smiled as Lorraine’s warm grandmotherly demeanor, coupled with her painfully out of date clothes and fifties style beehive hair style gave her both a kindly look but also an oddly authoritative one. She definitely looked like a paranormal investigator although an old school one. Taking her hand she shook it but then stood up, her Zeke’s T-Shirt now revealed.

“Oh, I am nobody really. Just the waitress. I should go get you your menu...”

“Now is that anyway to talk? I was a waitress myself for years, probably way before you were even born my dear. You should never say you are “just a waitress”. It is a very noble profession and I loved it.” Closing her eyes as she continued to hold her hand Lorraine smirked. “As I suspected!” Popping her eyes open she smiled and looked at Jasmine.

“I think you are far more involved in this situation than even Doug here is, so please stay and talk to us.”

“Oh, really, I can’t, I have to...”

Pulling her hand a little harder Jasmine was forced to sit back down as Lorraine continued talking. “I really must insist. You see, I am a clairvoyant, mostly through my sense of touch.” Winking knowingly at

Jasmine she added “And I know you are QUITE involved with Magnolia Grove.” Giggling as she closed her eyes again and saw more visions she repeated “Yes, quite involved. Ed and I would definitely like to talk to you as well.”

Seeing Zeke approaching with the drinks Lorraine turned to him and asked “You don’t mind if we interview Jasmine here do you?”

Placing the drinks on the table he said “No, of course not. Not a problem at all.”

Pulling her hand away from Lorraine’s, Jasmine was startled. “How did you know my name was Jasmine?”

Winking over at Ed, Lorraine answered. “Lucky guess I suppose.”

“Ok, but really. I don’t know anything about all of this. I was not even there when this picture was taken.”

“No dear.” Ed interrupted as he took Lorraine’s hand off of Jasmine’s. “But you have been at the home many times, much more than anyone else. I am sure you might have a lot to add to the investigation.”

“How do you know these things!” Jasmine yelled as she stood up. Her nerves were already shot from the incident in the bathroom. Having two strangers now come in and suddenly know everything about her made her even more nervous.

“Zeke!” Lorraine called out. “This Brandy Alexander is fantastic by the way. Could you bring one for Jasmine?”

Smiling from behind the bar he motioned his thumbs up sign as Lorraine turned back to face Jasmine. “The drink will definitely calm your nerves dear. It is obviously very fortuitous that your friend Doug uploaded that picture this morning. Ed and I get thousands of submissions and most of them are well...”

“FAKE!” Ed barked out. “But this picture is the real thing, and once I found out it was from Magnolia Grove, well, we just dropped everything and decided to take up this case.”

Starting to shiver Jasmine stood up again. “I can’t I just really can’t. All of this ghost talk scares the crap out of me..., I really can’t take

it.” Tense as she sat at the edge of her chair she stood up and pointed over at Doug as she said “Look, it was Doug who sent the picture and it is Gus’s house. I am sure if you contact him he will take you on a tour and Doug loves this kind of stuff. They are the guys who you need to talk to. As for me, well... I am out. COUNT ME OUT! I do not want to be involved at all!”

Lorraine’s face fell and a look of sadness washed over her expression. “It is too late for that dear. Sadly, you are involved. Very very involved.” Her face growing serious she stared into Jasmine’s eyes and added “I am sure you don’t want any more visitors in your bathroom now do you?”

Hearing her words Jasmine’s eyes grew wide and she gasped. Her mind racing with a million thoughts as she sat down.

Back at Magnolia Grove Gus was laughing as he continued to walk through his house. “Jasmine! OK come out, jokes over. You certainly did not just come back in here to make me breakfast and leave did you?” Hearing nothing but silence he shrugged his shoulders and went back into the kitchen. Scooping the bacon and eggs from the pan onto a fresh plate he sat down and began to eat. Tossing a scrap of bacon onto the floor for Angeline, he called out again.

“OK Jasmine, if you are still here, I am going to go ahead and eat. Thanks for the breakfast!!” Smiling he added “This is your last chance to come out. If this was a joke to spook me it is not working!”

When his phone rang at that very moment, ironically he jumped out of his chair. Grinning at being startled he picked it up and answered. “Jasmine?”

“No, it’s Margaret.” His sister’s voice answered on the line. “Can you be ready for me in forty five minutes. I need you to go somewhere with me today.”

“What, who, Jesus... When do you NOT call.” Preemptively sighing in defeat he asked “Where do you want me to go?”

“Rubenstein’s. I have a fitting set up for you at one. Afterwards I thought we could grab an early dinner.”

“Rubensteins! Why are you taking me there. I know this deal with Sarah’s family next week is all high society and what not, but believe it or not I do own a tux and I will dress appropriately. Honestly Sis, sometimes...”

“Let me be the judge of what is appropriate or not. Now, hurry up and be ready for me in forty five minutes. Mr. Rubenstein himself is going to help out personally, and trust me, he does not help individual customers usually.”

Smirking, Gus said “I guess he does when one of them happens to be the future governor’s wife.”

“No doubt that helps dear.” Margaret continued. “So, get ready OK. I want to make sure you look great for the party.”

His tone irritated he snapped “I guess you don’t trust me to dress appropriately for Pete’s big contributor buddies. I guess you think your little brother is a doofus and does not know how to clean up properly!”

“Of course I don’t trust you!” she laughed. “Look, just be ready ok? I want you to look nice and, well, let me just be your pushy big sister OK?”

“You forgot bitchy!” he laughed but agreed. Shaking his head he threw another piece of bacon down to the floor that Angeline greedily devoured. Hanging up, he switched over to the text app and typed out a message.

“Thx for the bfast Jasmine. Wish you had hung around and shared. I might have wanted to have YOU as a snack afterwards >;>.”

Gobbling down the rest of his breakfast he dropped the dish off in the sink and ran upstairs to shower and get ready.

Out in the endless bayou of southern Louisiana Captain Tony was in a panic. Miles from anything resembling civilization, no cellphone service and with his girlfriend undergoing some sort of weird paranormal attack, he was at his wits end. Holding Marie’s hand, he winced as she dug her sharp nails into his hand. Laying on top of her in the car, he used his weight to hold her down from the frantic convulsions. Whispering into her ear, he continued repeating “Come

back to me Love, come back.” Slowly but relentlessly her wild thrashing subsided and her screams of anguish began to settle. Finally after five minutes, she fell limp and Tony collapsed in exhaustion on top of her.

As the mid summer sun beat down into the car and both were covered in sweat, Marie woke up. Seeing her boyfriend laying on top of her in the front seat of the car and with her left leg draped over the back of the front seat and her right jammed through the steering wheel, she was shocked.

“Hey Babe! I always enjoy a quickie, but somehow it seems out of place out here.”

Looking down at her and seeing her eyes had returned to normal, Tony sat up and looked towards the sky. “Thank you Jesus, THANK YOU!” Caressing her face, tears welled in his eyes. “Boo, you scared the living fuck out of me. What the hell just happened?”

Scooting herself back up on the seat and straightening out her dress her eyes grew wide as her mind cleared. “Tony, I have got to get to my Mom’s right away. I obviously have been cursed here or something. I have never had a channel go on and on like this one. Something is really really wrong.”

“Can you remember what you saw?”

“A little... I was in some house, it looked like an old style home down in the quarter I think. It obviously was a long time ago as I remember it being at night and only lit by candlelight.”

“Was this more of the same vision you had at Gus’s house?”

“I don’t think so. This was different. I was in bed” holding up her hand in front of her face she added “and I was black woman this time. I don’t remember much but there was another black woman in the room with me and I was, oh...” Wincing in pain she grabbed her stomach “I was giving birth. GOD, the pain. It was so real.”

“It was freaky Marie. It all makes sense though based on what you said. It was crazy, your dress, it inflated off of your body, like you were growing. You actually looked pregnant there for a minute. Your whole body started to change right before my eyes and I have never

seen anything like that ever before.” Pausing as he cleared his throat he emphatically added “And I don’t want to see it again. Whatever this thing that is happening to you is, we need your Mom to fix it. She is a powerful woman and I am sure she can tell us what to do.”

Now drenched in sweat and extremely scared for Marie’s health, he put the car into gear and rapidly peeled out of the gravel lot. The next twenty minutes went by quickly as Tony pushed the old cadillac to the edge of its mechanical endurance as he flew down the dirt covered causeways in the swamp. Finally nearing late afternoon he saw the large Duchamp house come into view across a wide field of tall green sawgrass.

The Duchamp family had lived on this land for generations. In the center of their land the original wooden shack that had been built by her great great great grandfather was long gone, replaced by something far more grand. After being freed from slavery, over the years the family home had been transformed from a lowly shack into an impressive two story seven bedroom mansion. Since the Duchamps had long been heralded as Voodoo priests and priestesses, from all over the Parish the constant demand for love potions and various spells and healing powders kept the family quite well compensated. Marie was the youngest of eight siblings but was one of the only ones who had not pursued initiation into becoming a full Mambo Priestess.

Pulling up out front of the house, Marie’s mother came out onto the porch and waved. “Lordy Lord, Marie! What an unexpected treat.”

As soon as Tony helped her out of the car however, her mother’s happy tone grew grim. One look at her daughter and she knew something was terribly wrong. Embued with a strong psychic sense, Marie’s aura was not the normal hue of orange or yellow but jet black. This obviously was a severe situation and indicated some sort of paranormal attack on her daughter and in a panicked tone she asked “Tony, what happened?”

“Where to begin! Here, let’s go inside and we can tell you the whole story. Mamma, we are in real trouble here.”

Cupping her daughter's face in her hand and looking down at her exhausted face she nodded. "Yes, that is quite obvious. Put her upstairs in the guest room and I will go start supper."

Stepping out of the shower and putting on his clothes, Gus quickly walked downstairs when he heard Margaret enter.

"Yoo-Hoo Gus, are you ready yet?"

"I really am beginning to regret giving you that spare key." He replied as he walked into the foyer.

Smirking as she looked up at her brother she shook her head. He was wearing his standard uniform; flip flops, cargo shorts, hawaiian shirt and looked rumpled as always. "You are going to be quite the challenge for Mr. Rubenstein I can see. Well, we will get you cleaned up in no time."

"Christ Sis, don't you ever have anything good to say?"

Angeline yawning as she trotted down the stairs slightly growled when she saw Margaret. Seeing this, Margaret laughed and said "And if you don't watch it little dog, I will have you sent to the groomers."

Reaching down to pet her Gus snapped "Let's just limit your creative impulses to me OK." Smirking, Margaret nodded and the two walked out the front door to her waiting car.

Back at Zeke's Jasmine grew increasingly alarmed as Ed and Lorraine spoke.

"Yes, it will be a real privilege to investigate Magnolia Grove, although it will be dangerous. We might have to call in a priest to help."

"Dangerous? What do you mean dangerous?" Jasmine gasped as her body began to shiver.

Turning to her and trying to calm her in a soothing tone, Lorraine spoke. "Well my dear, this is the Holy Grail of haunted houses. So many investigators would give their right arm to check this house out, what with it's long history and all.."

“What history?” Doug interrupted, visibly shaking in excitement. “This is way cool, what kind of freaky stuff has gone on there?”

“Well...” Ed paused as he looked over at Lorraine. “The house is cursed, BIG TIME. Being in the same family for over two hundred years no one has ever been allowed inside to fully check it out, but the stories and bloodshed linked to the home are legendary. Didn’t your friend know any of this before he bought it?”

“No, I don’t think he did.” Doug answered. “What kind of bloodshed? Now you have me very intrigued.”

“It all went back to some kind of incident in the early 1800s. No one quite knows exactly what happened, but the legend is the original owner, Antoine Laveau had some sort of love triangle with one of his slaves and she cursed the family and the house. Due to the prominence of the family there are no “official” records of what happened, but the number of tragic deaths associated with the house over the years is too large to discount. Supposedly the Laveaus were able to make some kind of arrangement with the evil spirits tormenting the family, but only if they stayed in the house. Up until your friend bought the house, the home had always been in the family and supposedly the spirits were appeased. Now that the chain is broken however, who knows what will happen.”

Her hand trembling Jasmine nervously twisted her hair in her hands as she listened. “Wh-what kind of tragic deaths are you talking about?”

Lorraine, gulping hard, grabbed her hand and tried to calm her down. Hesitant to speak, she knew that if the truth were known this poor girl would freak. “Don’t you worry dear, we are here to help. Now, perhaps we should meet this Gus and see if he will let us into the house.”

Chapter 15

Out in the backwoods of Louisiana, Marie was fast asleep in her childhood bed as Camille brought a glass of iced tea out into the living room to a visibly shaken Tony.

“So boy, just what kind of bullshit you got my daughter into now eh?” she snapped as she handed him the tall cool glass.

“I don’t know what happened Mamma.” He replied, referring to her as Mamma like everyone else in the parish did. “This all was a big mistake. It was just a joke that went too far.”

“Joke? What Joke boy!” she growled as she sat down. Camille Duchamp was imposing as she stood over him with her arms crossed across her chest. Despite being only five foot two and almost as wide as she was tall, she was a striking figure and inspired real respect and worry in Tony. A powerful Mambo Priestess in Voodoo, few if any crossed her, and Tony had always been very intimidated by her. Knowing that she seriously disapproved of what he did for a living, and now that her daughter was obviously stricken he stuttered and stammered under her icy stare.

“You two been fucking with the dead haven’t you?” she glowered as she sat down. “I done warned her and warned her not to mess with things she doesn’t know anything about. Her problem is she knows just enough to be dangerous but not enough to be effective. So, tell Mamma everything. Where did this happen? She obviously was trying to speak to the dead but bit off more than she could chew. Don’t make things worse on everyone by lying about it.”

Gulping hard, Tony began to speak.

“It all happened at a friend’s house of mine. Frankly, it was just a lark, and we didn’t even really mean to do it. It, it just kind of came up at a party and for God’s sake I wish we had never messed around.”

“No doubt. So...who was the friend and where did this happen? This ain’t no ordinary spirit that got onto her. This is something far worse, so tell me everything.” Beading her eyes close together she leaned forward and stared into his eyes in an icy stare. “And don’t you

fucking dare leave anything out! You two done fucked up enough already, don't make it worse by lying."

"I am not going to lie." Tony said as he nodded. "There did not seem to be anything weird about the house at all really. Just a big old house up in the garden district that belongs to a friend of mine. He just bought it and we were all sitting around talking at a party and the subject of..."

"Garden district?" she interrupted, her face growing ashen. "This house would not happen to have a name would it? Like one of those old plantation houses from olden times?"

"Yes it does. Magnolia Grove. It's funny but from the outside it looked.."

"OH JESUS JESUS JESUS!!!" Camile shrieked as her worst fears were confirmed. "You two done fucked up big now!"

Back in the quarter Jasmine drunk down her second Brandy Alexander quickly as she listened intently to Lorraine and Ed. Doug was obviously morbidly fascinated about hearing of murders and death surrounding the house, and if they had been forthcoming with information she would probably have been less nervous. The fact that they seemed pensive at his questions and purposefully evasive only made her anxiety level grow higher. Each time he or Zeke asked questions they were gently rebuffed but both Ed and Lorraine kept coming back to her.

"Do you want to try him again dear?" Lorraine asked as Jasmine once again pulled out her cellphone.

"Sure, but it sure is odd. He always has his phone on him and no matter how many times I try to call or text the call keeps getting dropped."

Lorraine's slightly concerned glance over at Ed caused Jasmine to feel slightly sick. Obviously her inability to get Gus on the phone told them something sinister, but what.

"Look Jasmine, maybe the reception is bad in here. Why don't you try calling him on the landline at the bar. I know you youngsters can't

live without your iwhatevers, but sometimes old tech is the best tech.”

Laughing, Ed nodded and added “Good idea Jasmine. It really is important that we talk to Gus as soon as possible. Not to alarm you or anything, but it really is very VERY important and his safety might be at risk.”

Standing up quickly as her blood ran cold, Jasmine walked to the bar and picked up Zeke’s phone. Looking down at her cellphone she wrote down Gus’s number, smiling to herself that she was obviously so dependent on the device that she did not even know his number, always calling him from her contact list. As the phone rang the hiss and pop of the static caused her hold the phone out from her ear. Ringing five or six times she was surprised that either Gus had not picked up nor had his message turned on. Shrugging she put down the phone and walked back to the table.

“He doesn’t pick up.”

“Keep trying dear.” Lorraine said gravely. “It is extremely important.”

Meanwhile down on Canal Street, Margaret’s car pulled up out front of Rubenstein’s Menswear shop. Rubenstein’s was a New Orleans institution, dressing the elite males of the Crescent city for over one hundred years. Margaret had insisted that her husband shop there, and being the fashion plate in the family, and knowing better than trying to win an argument with his headstrong wife, he agreed.

Standing in the doorway to meet her was Abe Rubenstein, the fourth generation owner of the establishment and looking every bit the part of a successfully very fashionable clothier. Dressed to the nines, his thick wavy silver hair shone in the early afternoon light and matched his cool seersucker perfectly tailored suit. Seeing Mrs. Landrieu emerge from her car, he rushed to greet her, knowing full well that pleasing a future First Lady of the state would only increase the prestige of his shop. Having dressed her husband for years, he was very familiar with the demanding nature of Margaret Landrieu.

“Mrs. Landrieu! What a pleasure as always to see you.” He exclaimed in his broad warm southern accent. Kissing her hand

genteelly he began ushering her into his shop. "And where is this young man you wish us to clothe today?"

Standing on the curb, looking more like a drunken fratboy than the brother of the future First Lady stood Gus. Smiling, as he saw the look of restrained horror come across Abe's face he spoke. "That would be me Mr. Rubenstein. And as should be painfully obvious to you now, I have never set foot in here before."

"Oh MY!" Abe uncontrollably gasped as he drunk in the rumpled form before him. Pressing his hand to his mouth he cleared his throat and apologized for his accidental outburst.

Laughing, Margaret placed her hand on his shoulder and smiled. "No need to apologize Abe. This boy here is a mess. That is why I brought him to you. I know you and the magic you can do can transform this lump of coal into a true diamond."

"You know I am standing right here!" Gus exclaimed, half amused and slightly insulted at his sister's commentary as he followed the two inside.

Walking into the store instantly several clerks rushed over and began to bring out tape measures and break out cloth swatches. Like a group of cooks that had just gotten a delivery of fresh meat, Gus felt his shirt being pulled from his body as he was quickly whisked back into the dressing room. Slightly put off by being quickly stripped by the overeager clerks, his sister just looked on in amusement as she was handed his clothes through the curtain.

"Hey, what is this?" Gus complained as he was marched back into the back, his pants being pulled off as he walked. "Stop!"

"Don't fuss little brother. This is all for a good cause!" she called out as she grabbed his pants from the hands of one of the clerks. Turning to Mr. Rubenstein she said "OK, let's start. I want suits, formal wear, some actual pants and dress shirts, the works! This is like Christmas!"

"Yes Madame, certainly, anything you would like." Pausing he grimaced his face and said "And uh, well I hate to ask..."

“Abe! Certainly you must know me as well as you know my husband Pete. Budget is NOT a concern. This is my baby brother in there, and if he is going to be the brother in law of the Governor he needs to look the part. Now who better than YOU to see to it that he does. Let’s not belittle ourselves with talks about price.”

Smiling broadly Abe popped his hand onto his mouth and called over his assistants. This would be the works and for such a prestigious client as Mrs. Landrieu, he would pull out all of the stops. Sitting down on a purple overstuffed chair she smiled as one of the clerks brought over a flute of champagne and a small silver tray of watercress sandwiches.

“Why thank you!” she said with a smile as she looked approvingly at the various suits and swatches brought forward for her approval. As she drank she heard Gus’s cellphone ring and, being the type always to take charge, and unrepentantly nosy, she fished it out of his pocket and answered it.

“Hello!”

“Hello, who is this?” Jasmine asked on the other end of the line. “Is this Gus Leblanc’s phone?”

“Yes it is. This is Margaret, his sister. And who might I be talking to?”

“Jasmine...we have met Margaret. Can you put Gus on, it’s important.”

Looking over at the closed curtain to the dressing room and seeing two clerks taking in a pair of Italian made slacks, Margaret smirked.

“Well dear, he is indisposed right now, can take a message?”

“I really need to talk to him, can you please put...”

“Jasmine, he really can’t talk right now. Look, I really do want to be nice and all, but don’t you think that, well, don’t you think it is a bit inappropriate that you continue on like this with my brother. I mean, I know it is all fun having an open relationship and all, but isn’t it time that you find someone more, you know, appropriate?”

“You mean black right?” Jasmine snapped. “Look M-A-R-G-A-R-E-T, it is no skin off of my back, but your brother has a major problem with that house you made him buy. That place is haunted and I have a

couple here that want to help. You may not think I am appropriate for him, but the fact is your precious brother is fucking some black low rent waitress and that is really HIS business not yours. I am going to hang up now, but..."

"Now now, don't get your panties in a bind Jasmine. I meant no harm. Now, what is this you are saying about a haunted house? Surely you must be kidding about that."

"I am NOT kidding at all. There is some freaky shit going on over there and two world famous paranormal investigators are here to help. Ed and Lorraine Clearwater want to meet with Gus as quickly as possible. They say he is in danger and.."

"Not those two with the show! Jesus! I can't, I mean, with the election and all. Look Jasmine, I know you mean well, but sending two publicity seeking kooks over to my brother's house is really not going to help anything. Please, let's just drop this OK."

"Margaret I really need to talk to Gus, this should be something he decides..."

"Hey Jasmine, it really was great talking to you but I have to run." Margaret icily spoke as she hung up.

"Well..." Zeke and the others asked as Jasmine stood dumbfounded with the phone in her hand.

"The bitch hung up on me!!!"

Out in the swamps of Louisiana Camille was coming unglued. "Lordy Lordy Lordy! My poor baby, oh my poor baby!"

"What! What is it Mamma?" Tony cried. "Is Marie going to be OK?"

Sitting down in her large brown leather chair she put her face into her hands and began rocking back and forth crying. "I don't know Tony, I don't know. This is bad, real bad."

"What, what is bad. Mamma you are scaring me."

"You should be scared, VERY scared. You two have fucked up big time here, messing with things you don't know about."

"I don't understand, what happened? It didn't seem that bad to me. Marie and I have been in plenty of haunted houses before. What is

so different about this one?”

Reaching under her chair the white haired older woman pulled out a large fifth of bourbon and unscrewed the cap. Pressing it to her lips she took a big swig and passed it over to Tony. Shaking her head she began to come to her senses. “It’s ok, you could not have known. That place you two went to is no ordinary haunted house. It is the granddaddy of all haunted houses. Duppy central!”

“What is so different about it?”

“It is cursed.”

“Cursed! How so?”

Taking another swig she sighed as she eased back into her chair.

“Two hundred years ago the master of Magnolia Grove, Antoine Laveau, took his slave named Justine as his lover. Beautiful and sexy, she was also a very powerful Mambo priestess and this was no normal master/slave relationship, but true love. For years they were happy together and lived as man and wife in the quarter.”

“Man and wife? Wasn’t that out of bounds back then?”

“Not really. It was quite common at that time for the spoiled sons of the rich planter class to take a separate wife in secret as long as it was not flaunted in public. These relationships could go on for years but it was expected to end once the planter married a so-called ‘Proper’ white woman.”

“Is that what happened to Justine?”

“Sort of. Unbeknownst to Antoine, Justine was carrying their baby when he suddenly dropped her to marry the rich and beautiful Martina del Rosa. Coward that he was, he did not even face her when he broke it off. When Antoine married, Justine was devastated but she took her revenge, a terrible terrible revenge. On his wedding day she took, she took her...”. Reaching over she grabbed the bottle from Tony and took another swig, pausing before she continued.

“Took what? Took what?! What happened on their wedding day?” Tony asked, the tension in his voice rising as he spoke.

“She took her baby and killed it just as it was being born. To complete her revenge, and to curse Antoine and his family for all eternity she sacrificed the fruit of their love on an altar she prepared on the couple’s wedding bed. The scene was horrible, just horrible. The the poor helpless infant having been ripped in two by the demon possessed Justine, it’s tiny amputated hand placed in the mouth of it’s decapitated head placed on the center of the altar. Monstrous!!!”

“JESUS!!!!” Tony yelled as he reached over and grabbed the bottle and took a long gulp. “That is quite a story. No wonder the place is cursed.” Pausing he continued “What happened to Antoine and Martina.”

“Seeing this unbelievable sacrilege they were obviously both horrified but the horrors were just beginning for them. Within a year their first child was stillborn and their entire stock of cattle were dead. Disaster fed upon disaster for the couple until within two years both were dead. For decades a black fog of death hung over the house, all who lived there coming to a tragic end. Finally, Antoine’s younger brother took possession of the house but only after consulting Marie’s Great-great-great-great-grandmother, along with the Archbishop of the diocese. Through them a solution to the curse found.”

“What was the solution?”

“The evil spirits could not be removed from the house because the house had been sanctified to Satan by Justine’s ritual, but they could be contained. Holy objects from the church along with good gris-gris spirit bottles from Marie’s great grandma were able to keep the demonic entity at least in check.”

“The wall of rosaries!!! Now it makes sense. And behind them...”

“Was the door to the bedroom, and in it, the altar.” Camille nodded.

“JESUS!!!!”

Chapter 16

Walking out onto the main floor of Rubenstein's Margaret beamed at the sight of her brother. Dressed in a silk white dinner jacket and black tux pants Gus looked like a model right out of a scotch ad.

"Woof!" exclaimed Longinus, one of the more flamboyant salesman on the floor as he admired Gus's look. "Such a nice line!!!"

"Well Mrs. Laveau? What do you think?" asked Abe Rubenstein, scanning his client's face for any sign of approval.

"I feel like a moron." Gus sighed as he looked at himself in the mirror. He had to admit he looked good but it really wasn't his style. Looking over at his sister however he knew she loved it and sighed as he realized that despite any objections he might have, he would be buying it.

"Fabulous Abe, ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS!!!" Margaret exclaimed as she clapped. "Now we will definitely take that, and let's see how those madras shirts and new slacks look."

Back at Zeke's the conversation had turned quite somber. Ed and Lorraine finally were beginning to open up as Jasmine pressed them for information. Sighing as she knew the reaction would not be good, she nodded and began to speak.

"You are correct Jasmine, you do have the right to know what is going on. Now, before I speak, I want to know exactly what the nature of your relationship with this man is."

Suddenly feeling herself grow flush as the attention switched to her, Doug started laughing.

"Yeah, this I want to hear!" Doug said as he smirked.

"Shut up Doug!" Jasmine snapped as she turned back towards Lorraine. "Well, with Gus it's complicated."

"Oh, is it?" Lorraine smiled as she placed her hand on Jasmine's arm. "Let me be more direct then. Are you sleeping together?"

Smiling Jasmine nodded.

"And do you love him?"

Looking down, Jasmine jerked at the question. The silence of her lips spoke volumes as Lorraine continued to smile. "I don't mean to be personal dear, but I need to know just how much you want to help Gus. This is not going to be easy and if you want to call things off, now is the time to do it."

"In fact" Ed interrupted. "I would recommend it. There are some pretty dark forces at work here and my honest recommendation is to walk away. Only if you are truly committed can this work."

Her eyes wide with fear, Jasmine looked up into his eyes and nodded. "I need to help Gus."

"Good!" Ed exclaimed as he sat back in his chair. "When doing battle with the dark lord, we need to make sure everyone knows what they are getting into."

"Dark Lord?" Zeke asked as he raised his eyebrows. "Who is the Dark Lord?"

Lorraine, looking over at her husband worriedly closed her eyes as she heard him speak.

"Why Satan of course."

As the afternoon dragged on, Gus finally protested loudly enough to stop the shopping spree. His sister had truly had a blast, dressing him like one of her paper dolls she used to play with when they were children. Now loaded down with numerous packages, she drove him back to Magnolia Grove. As they drove she gently kidded Gus as he gazed out the window.

"Now was that so bad little brother?"

Saying nothing, Gus continued to stare out the window. The day had been tiring and he was irritated. He generally wanted to humor his sister but this was right on the edge of his endurance. Poked, prodded and dressed like the yuppy fuckers he hated so much, he grunted. Pulling up in front of his house, Margaret smiled as Gus got out with his packages.

"See you at the party next weekend. I am sure Sarah will melt like butter in August once she sees you in that tailored white dinner jacket."

Saying nothing, he walked up the steps as he heard her call out one more demand. "And remember Gus, DO NO BE LATE! Bye..."

Rolling his eyes, his arms were too laden with boxes to wave as he saw her speed off. Turning to put the boxes down on the porch, he jumped when he heard his neighbor call out from her porch.

"Good Evening Mr. Le Blanc." Looking down at his feet and seeing the bright purple and gold boxes from Rubensteins, she smiled. "Ah Rubensteins! My late husband always shopped there."

"Yes, very nice store. My sister seems to really like it." He answered shortly as he fumbled for his keys.

"I am sure your little dog will be glad to have you home. She was barking up a storm all day, well, at least until an hour ago. Now she must be asleep."

"Oh, I am sorry about that." Gus answered. "I hope her barking does not bother you, you know how little dogs are."

"Yes, I do. Doesn't bother me at all dear, I am a dog person myself. Anyway, she is quiet now so she must have barked herself to sleep."

Waving goodnight back, he opened the door and wondered why Angeline was not there to meet him. Stepping inside he instantly felt cold.

"Angeline! Angeline! Daddy's home!" he cried as he walked into his foyer. Greeted only with an ear ringing silence he felt his blood chill as the first tendril of worry entered his thoughts. Normally she would be all wiggles and barks as soon as he entered, but today, nothing. Walking into the front parlor his eyes grew wide at the sight. Gone were the beer bottles, empty pizza boxes and other trash from the night before. The room, along with the rest of the house, was immaculate, the furniture gleaming as it had just been polished, even the pillows on the couch obviously having just been vacuumed and fluffed.

"God Damn it Margaret!" he gasped. "If I wanted a maid I would hire one!"

Still fuming over someone having been in his house without his permission, he called out for his dog again. Hearing nothing he

began to frantically search, worried that the mystery maids might have accidentally let her out when they left. Running into the kitchen, he heard a small whimper coming from the pantry. Unlocking the door he opened it and smiled as his frightened, but obviously intact dog ran out.

“There we go!” he smiled as he scooped her up into his arms. “How did you get in there?” Feeling her shaking he looked down and saw fresh pink ribbons had been tied behind her ears as she had obviously just been washed and clipped.

“OK, that is it! It is one thing to hire a maid without telling me, but terrifying my dog is quite another.” Putting her down on the floor, he felt her sit on his foot and continue to shake. Angry, he pulled out his cellphone and called Margaret. Getting her answering machine, he icily spoke into the receiver.

“Look Sis, if you want to fix me up with one of your staff I did not complain. I put up with all that bullshit today at Rubenstein’s without bitching, but hiring someone to clean my house and groom my dog without letting me know is a bridge too far. You really need to learn that the world does not revolve around the sun at your command!”

Putting his phone back into his pocket he squatted down and petted Angeline who was slowly stopping her shaking. Walking into the foyer he started to walk upstairs to work out. Turning back he saw her timidly peek her snout around the corner, but not enter the hall.

“Well come on girl! Come on, let’s go work out.”

Looking up the stairs Angeline yelped and ran back into the kitchen.

“Suit yourself then.” He laughed as pulled off his shirt and walked into the workout room. Beginning his workout on the elliptical, he switched on the television and began cycling through his video options. Seeing one pornographic title after another he finally settled on “Heavy Hanger MILF Attack”. Pressing play, the large breasted dark haired model on the screen began slowly stripping off her blouse as he sweated and grew hard in his loose fitting pants.

“Yeah baby, YEAH!” he called out to the screen as more and more of her luscious body came into view. Sweat poured off of his body while

he strode faster and faster watching the images. Now hard as nails he grimaced as the screen froze and went black.

“Damnit! Not again!” he yelled as he reached for the remote. Stopping before he switched on the video he shivered as he felt the distinct sensation that he was not alone. Looking back to the open door he saw no one was there but he did spy several new broken rosaries on the floor, obviously having been knocked off by his phantom maids. Expecting to hear the clicking of Angeline’s nails on the floor, he jumped when the television suddenly came back on.

Looking back to the screen his eyes grew wide as it was no longer the mammary delights of “MILF attack” on the screen but what appeared to be a video feed of the workout room.

“What the fuck?” he exclaimed as he watched his own image on the screen looking back at himself. Holding his right hand up he saw his image hold his hand up but when he put his hand down, the image did not follow suit. In growing terror, he saw that on the screen a figure was standing right outside the door, mostly concealed from view but with just one side of it’s face peering inside through the crack in the open door. The eye was large and dark and twinkled as the image of himself turned to greet the visitor. His spine tingling, he feared turning around himself, afraid of what he might encounter. Continuing to watch the screen he saw the video image of himself approach the woman just outside the door and begin to walk out of his sight. His curiosity now overcoming his terror, he quickly spun around and saw that he was still alone. His mind racing to make sense of this, he nearly fainted when the video returned to the moans of the large breasted model frigging herself frantically on the screen.

Out in the bayou Tony was very worried. Hearing the story of Justine and Antoine he knew he was in way over his head. Seeing Camille’s face turn ashen filled him with soul chilling dread. She was a strong woman and wise in the ways of the paranormal. If something scared her it was definitely something worthy of being scared of.

“I don’t understand Mamma. I mean, Marie and I have dealt with a lot of ghosts over the years and, despite the rather gruesome

background story, I have never known a ghost to..."

"This ain't no ghost boy."

"What? I thought this was the vengeful spirit of Justine."

"That is why you two should not have gotten involved. This aint Justine. A duppy could be dealt with, but this is worse. A ghost can't curse a house like this. A ghost can't harm the living."

"What happened to Justine then? I thought the spirit in the house was.."

"No one knows, but she might have been absorbed."

"Absorbed? Absorbed into what?"

"The demon that forced her to sacrifice her baby."

Back at Zeke's Jasmine now shot up out of her chair. "OK, that is my cue to leave." Although not a particularly religious woman, she was wise enough to steer clear of anything remotely related to Satan.

"I totally understand Jasmine, I really do. That is your prerogative, and if I were in your shoes, I might do the same thing." Lorraine added in a smooth comforting grandmotherly tone.

"Come on Jasmine." Doug goaded. "You can't back out now. I know you were not there when Captain Tony's girlfriend performed that VooDoo ritual back at Gus's but..."

Hearing this, Ed's head shot up and his face dropped. "Ritual...Wait just a minute. You didn't say anything about a ritual." Shaking his head, Ed mumbled something to Lorraine whose face also turned grim.

"Oh, sorry about that. I thought I had. One of our friend's girlfriend seems to be into VooDoo and she performed some sort of ritual over at Gus's house. It was after that ritual that I snapped the photo."

Gasping loudly, Lorraine whispered something back to Ed who nodded. "Oh...Wow, this changes things considerably. I am afraid this is very very bad news."

"What do you mean "bad news"?" Doug asked as Jasmine grew more and more concerned.

“Well dear” Lorraine spoke, her voice quivering in her brave but failing attempt to hide her true emotions. “You see regular spirits are one thing, but that house, I mean the ritual, well, that was not a smart thing to do.”

Seeing the three clients confused Ed interjected. “My wife is trying to sugar coat things, so let me be more direct. The seriousness of this case is now dramatically higher. A ghost cannot hurt the living, but a demon sure can. Normally a demonic attack is fairly rare, and the dark spirits that inhabit that house have been contained for centuries. The ritual your friend innocently performed was an invitation, and once invited in, the evil force will remain until dealt with.”

“OK, that’s it. I am calling Gus right now and telling him to leave immediately. I know he will listen to me and wants no part of living in some sort of demon infested house.” Jasmine cried as she started to dial her cellphone. Once again, the call dropped as soon as it began to dial Gus’s number.

“Leaving won’t help dear. Sadly, he has been marked. In fact, you all have been marked.” Lorraine spoke as she tried to coax Jasmine back into her chair.

“What do you mean “marked”? Doug asked, his natural curiosity about all things paranormal now having bitten him in the ass. Listening intently, Ed began to speak.

“You don’t understand, but when your friend Tony and his girlfriend had the VooDoo ritual the forces that had been trapped in that house were awoken. Everyone present that night has been marked by the beast for destruction and...”

“Hold on just a God Damn minute!” Zeke yelled. “I have an open mind and all, but now this is getting to be too much. I mean ghosts and spirits are one thing but marked by the beast, Demons, invitation to demonic attack. What is all of this bullshit?”

His face twisted into a frown, Ed answered. “It is not bullshit Zeke. Sadly, for your sake I wish it was. The supernatural is not something to be messed with by amateurs, but mostly it is harmless. Poor deluded trapped human spirits often wander the earth and pose no

real threat to anyone. What infests Magnolia Grove however is no routine haunting, it is a true demonic infestation. Kept in check for hundreds of years by the Laveau family, now those dark forces have been released and must be dealt with.”

His brave façade crumbling, Zeke said nothing as he glared at Ed. Even though he was a hard core skeptic there was no denying that something was going on. Jasmine, having been transfixed by the conversation finally bolted up.

“OK, that’s it. I am out of here. I want no part of any of this!” Running out the front door, Lorraine tried to call her back to no avail.

“I hope she realizes that she is involved whether she likes it or not.” Ed stated flatly. “Now, if you don’t mind, Lorraine and I need to depart. Obviously things have taken a serious turn and we need help.”

Now alarmed, Doug cried “Help? You mean YOU need help? I thought you were the experts.”

“We are, and that is why we know we need help. This is way above our paygrade.” Ed replied as he and Lorraine stood up.

“Just out of curiosity, who are you going to ask for help?” Zeke asked half sarcastically, half seriously.

“Father Leo Aviles. He is on staff at Saint Louis Cathedral and is an expert in these matters. He is one of a very small number of priests in America who have experience with taking care of this.”

“And how is he going to take care of it?” Zeke asked.

“Why an exorcism of course!” Lorraine answered as she and Ed started walking towards the door.

Chapter 17

Back at Magnolia Grove Gus stood dumbfounded in his workout room. Had he imagined what he just had seen? Was he cracking up or was this some sort of delayed reaction to some bad weed, perhaps laced with some additive from Captain Tony. Always the rationalist, Gus chose the bad weed explanation.

“Damn you Tony!” he laughed as he shook his head, the loud moans of the actress in “MILF Attack” echoing through the empty room. Flipping the TV off, he started down the hall to his room and a waiting shower. “Hot water will do me some good.” He thought as he passed the rosary wall. Seeing the shards of a few dropped rosaries he stooped down and picked them up. “Damn it! Angeline could have eaten this and gotten very ill.” He said to himself and he thought once again of cursing his sister for hiring maids without letting him know. Entering his room he quickly stripped off his sweat stained clothes and walked into the bathroom.

Feeling the surprisingly cold tile under his feet he shivered as the room was unusually cold, especially considering the hellishly hot weather outside. Filling the sink with hot water so he could shave around his goatee, he smiled as once again a message was revealed in the mirror that he thought was from Jasmine.

“Amour Joues de Mile”

Feeling his cock stir, he wiped the message away. “Yeah honey cheeks!” he chuckled. “I might have to call you up for a booty call tonight.” Finishing up he pulled back the shower curtain and stepped in the tub, making the water especially hot so as to cut the chill in the bathroom. Entering, he sighed as the hot jets of the shower pelted his body and he stood under the nozzle, luxuriating in the warm spray. Filling his palm with shampoo Gus began lathering up his hair as the soap ran down his face and over his chest and back.

Minutes after he began, he froze as he heard the click click click of the curtain slowly being pulled back behind him. His mind paralyzed with fear, he reached back behind him, half hoping to find a surprise visit from Jasmine, but half terrified of finding something more sinister. Quickly rinsing his eyes clear of suds he snapped his head

back to see nothing but tile and steam. Exhaling loudly, he closed the open spot of the curtains.

“OK Gus.” He tells himself. “You need to calm the fuck down!”

As he resumed washing his face, his blood ran cold as he felt two icy hands grip his ass cheeks. Before he could react he was violently thrown against the back wall, a heavy force keeping his face pressed hard against the tile. To his utter horror, the icy fingers began reaching around to his chest and playing with his nipples as another set began sliding down his stomach to his cock.

“Jesus! JESUS CHRIST, WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING!!!” he screamed as he struggled to push himself off of the wall. His face mashed hard against the tile, the hot water continuing to rain down over his naked body, as he flailed his left arm loose and behind him he felt no one there. Slipping in the tub as he desperately tried to get loose he fell down into the bottom of the tub. Looking up wide eyed into the empty steam, he searched hard for his invisible attacker. Trying to stand up the distinct feel of a foot pressed down hard on his face as he was pushed down hard into the floor.

His mind racing wildly as he tried to understand what was happening, Gus felt the weight of a body pressing hard against his as his head was pressed relentlessly down. Despite the horror of the situation, the distinct feel of hot wet lips closing over his cock head, and the unmistakable smell of an aroused female sex pressing against his mouth caused him to become aroused.

“Lick me!” a disembodied voice called out from the steam. “Love me with your mouth.”

Closing his eyes, his rational brain began to shut down as he obeyed the voice. Tasting the sweet musky taste of feminine honey on his lips Gus groaned as the weight on top of his body grew heavier and his legs were slowly spread.

“Oh dear God help me!” he gurgled as the shower spray filled his nose and the phantom pussy pulsed over his face. Licking and slurping like a mad man, his body was no longer under his control, physically aroused as he was mentally terrified. As he worshipped the phantom’s body, the steam undulated and swirled, forming into

the shape of a curvy woman as it hovered over his aroused supine body. Struggling to lift his head, it suddenly snapped free of the weight as he watched his erect penis wriggle in mid air as ghostly cold lips caressed and teased his cockhead. Mustering all of his strength, he pushed up from the tub against the weight on his body. Meeting resistance, his whole body strained against the weight as he continued to lick and suck, his ears ringing as the sounds of female moaning echoed against the tile. With one huge push, the resistance gave way and he jerked up and smacked his head against the opposite wall of the tub, instantly knocking him out.

Out in the bayou, Tony continued to quiz Camille about the curse.

“So what do we do now?”

“Well boy, you must atone.” She responded blankly. “I can’t help you. I must stay here and protect my daughter. She is very vulnerable now and since these dark forces have been released, and she was responsible, they are going to come after her. These forces will not go quietly back into stasis.”

“Vulnerable? I don’t understand.”

“Of course you don’t. You thought all of this was just a big joke.” She snapped. “For two hundred years there has been balance. Good Voodoo was on an equal footing with Bad since the dark lords had been locked up at Magnolia Grove. Now that balance has been disturbed, and since they are out, they are going to stay out.”

“What are we going to do?”

“You mean, what are YOU going to do?” she responded with a sneer. “You fucked this up and you must fix it.”

“I am not a Mambo! What can I do?”

“You can get in your car, drive back to New Orleans and fly to Haiti. Once there, you must seek out Master Tonton. Only with his help can balance be restored and the curse on my daughter dissolved.” Looking out the window she saw the blazing sun sinking lower in the west and frowned. “Now, go quickly and get back to New Orleans before dark. Every black Mambo in the parish is going to try and stop you as you have a big red target on your ass, just like Marie.”

Passing him a small leather pouch on a string she placed it in his hand and closed hers over it. "Wear this, it may protect you."

Gulping hard, Tony placed it around his neck. Looking at Camille, he asked "And what about Marie, I need to take her.."

"You are not going to take her anywhere. She will be safer here. Now, go quickly. You do not want to be out in the Bayou when things get dark."

Saying nothing Tony got up and walked back out to his car. Tucking the pouch down into his shirt, he paused as he waved at Camille and he started back down the causeway to the main road. Watching his cadillac disappear down the road, Camille sighed as she walked back inside. Walking over to a chest in the front parlor, she opened the lid and pulled out a black leather sack. Dropping to her knees, she opened the sack and held her hands over the opening.

"Oh great Goddess Yemalla, holy mother, bringer of life, protector of the young, hear the plea of your unworthy servant. Bless and sanctify this graveyard dust so that it may protect your children." As she chanted, she dug her hands into the dust and sifted the contents in the bag. Rising, she took the bag outside and began to dribble the dust into a circle around the house.

Back in New Orleans, Ed and Lorraine were back in their car headed home.

"What are you thinking Ed?" Lorraine asked as she placed her hand on his shoulder as they drove in silence. "You have been very quiet."

"Just thinking, that's all. Thinking."

Looking at her husband, she frowned as she saw the vein in his neck flared upright. They had been married for decades and she knew his body language better than her own. He was her rock and she was his, and in all of the hundreds of cases they had worked on over the years, this was the first time she saw true fear in his demeanor. Stroking the back of his neck she soothingly spoke.

"Ed, you seem unusually worked up by this case. Surely we have dealt with dark forces before and.."

“This is different Lorraine.” He glumly replied. “Very very different. I feel that we are on the verge of a great struggle that has been building for a long time, like a rubber band that has been stretched too far until it suddenly snaps. Those fools have disturbed the balance of things and despite our warnings I still don’t think they get it.”

“True, well, I think that girl, Jasmine, she gets it.”

“Yes, but she thinks she can out run this problem. That is where she is wrong. This problem is not going to go away until the battle is won.” Pulling into the driveway of their suburban home, Lorraine screamed as the garage door opened. There in the middle of the garage, hanging from the ceiling was the carcass of a large adult hog, its head decapitated and blood still pouring from its neck.

Crossing himself quickly Ed grimly said “And so it begins.”

Back at Jasmine’s apartment, she sat in her tiny living room and gulped down another drink. Desperately trying to calm herself down she found that nothing worked better than peach schnapps and binge watching “Real Housewives of Atlanta”. Feeling herself slowly warm under the effects of the schnapps and the mind rotting fun of her favorite reality tv show, she looked down at her iphone and sighed. Wanting nothing more than to get as far away from this situation as she could, in the back of her mind she was worried about Gus. Picking up the phone, she once again dialed his number, expecting to once again be blocked but still wanting to try.

In his bathroom at Magnolia Grove Gus still lay unconscious and naked in the bottom of the tub. Angeline, mustering all of her dog courage had reluctantly run upstairs into the bathroom and desperately scratched at the side of the tub, eager to wake her master. As he groaned, the ringing of his cellphone woke him. Sitting up in the tub he gripped his forehead and moaned, the knock to his head causing waves of pain down his body.

“Holy fuck what happened!” he moaned as he sat up. Still hard, he was shocked as he looked down at his stomach and saw multiple scratches and what appeared to be bite marks on his flesh. Hearing the phone, he got up out of the tub and walked into his bedroom.

Right on his heels was Angeline, whining and jumping excitedly. Picking up the phone, he smiled as he saw that it was Jasmine.

“Jesus girl, your call was good timing. I appear to have had an accident in the...”

“Gus! Thank God I got through. Are you alright? I have been trying to get ahold of you all day.”

Still gripping his head he smiled. “Yeah, I am OK. I fell down in the tub and knocked myself out! Too much weed obviously.” His head now aching slightly less he continued “What do you mean you have been trying to call me? I was out with my sister and never got your call.”

“Yes, well, we need to talk about your sister later, but listen. This is very important! Are you alone in the house?”

“Of course, sadly, I am.” Feeling his cock stir, he smiled. “Now, you could rectify that. Want to come over?”

“Gus, we have no time for that. Listen, I met with Ed and Lorraine Clearwater today, and they say you are in danger. You must get out of that house right away.”

Listening to the phone, Gus heard nothing but static. “Hello? Hello? Jasmine are you there?”

Hearing his question, Jasmine too heard static as she tried to speak into the phone. “Gus, seriously, you need to get out of the house. You need to get out now!” As she yelled into the phone the line went dead.

Irritated, Gus looked at his phone and saw that the battery was totally dead. “GOD DAMN IT!!!” he yelled as he saw the red bar. “I thought this shit was fixed!” Walking over to his chest of drawers he placed the phone into the charger and flopped down on his bed as his head started to throb again. Pulling the sheet up over his body, he laughed as he pulled Angeline up onto the bed. Seeing his tiny dog shivering and shaking he pet her head.

“What is it girl? You miss Jasmine too? Well, once the phone is charged up I will call her back.” Laying down on the bed he quickly fell asleep as the pounding in his head began to abate.

“Gus! GUS! Are you there? GUS!!!” Jasmine yelled into the static filled receiver. Tossing her phone down on the coffee table she felt her stomach flutter. Her instinct was to hide, realizing that true evil was at work, but part of her was restless. Trying to call again, the continuous ringing of the phone told her that the call was blocked. Turning back to the TV she tried to put it out of her mind but could not. After ten minutes more of the girls of Real Housewives, three more attempts at calling Gus and a swig or two more of the warm sweet peach schnapps, Jasmine stood up and sighed.

Putting on her shoes, she grabbed her purse and headed to the door. She could not leave Gus unaware and although her stomach was jittery with fear she knew she had to try and reach him. If he could not be reached by phone she would have to go to Magnolia Grove in person. Terrified and wanting nothing more than to curl up with her drink and trash tv, she opened the door and headed outside. “Damn you GUS!!!” she cursed under her lips as she walked down the steps of her apartment building and out onto the street.

Across town, Zeke was tending bar and giving Doug another shot of bourbon. “So Zeke, you going to go with me over to Gus’s later tonight? That was some freaky shit the Clearwater’s were talking about earlier was it not?”

Pouring the drink, Zeke smirked. “You fuckers are all out of your mind. Look, I was trying to be polite to the old couple, and I know they have a big following, but you can’t really take all this demon shit seriously can you?”

“Oh I certainly do!” Doug cried as he tossed down his shot. “There are more things in Heaven and Earth Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

“Who the fuck is Horatio?”

“You really are a Philistine Zeke.”

“Being in the restaurant business will cure you of any belief in the supernatural.” He joked. “Nothing this bad could be part of a grand scheme.”

Looking around Doug grinned as he saw the bar was largely deserted. "Yeah, I guess I can see that. Kind of slow tonight isn't it?"

"Yeah. Good night for Jasmine to take off."

"Well, she was pretty freaked out. I on the other hand find the whole thing very fascinating. Personally, I can't wait to get back and investigate a bit on my own."

Looking at him wryly, Zeke leaned on the bar. "Look Doug, I think the whole thing is bullshit, but..Aren't you a bit put off by the warnings of Ed and Lorraine. I mean, if I DID believe all this stuff then I would probably react like Jasmine, not you. I am not one to stick my head into situations where I could be put into danger for no reason."

Laughing, Doug nodded as he drank another drink. "I guess my curiosity is greater than my fear. Well, anyway, I think I might take a trip out to..."

Right as he started to speak the door opened and both Zeke and Doug turned to see who was coming inside. Seeing the three gorgeous women stroll inside, Doug sat up straighter on the stool, the soft curves of their bodies instantly lighting a flame of desire deep inside his body.

Looking over at the two guys at the bar, the gorgeous redhead, the obvious leader of the three winked.

"What does a girl have to do to get a drink in this place?"

Out in Saint Bernard's parish, Lorraine quietly said the rosary as her husband cut down the grisly cadaver from their garage. Her voice shaking, she watched as he struggled with the enormous blood splattered pig carcass. "Ed, I think we should call the police. Someone obviously has broken in."

"No, no police. The police cannot help us."

"But, this is a warning Ed. The people who did this might come back."

"Yes, it is a warning, but this is beyond the police. There is only one person to call now; Father Aviles."

Chapter 18

Sitting up on the edge of his seat, Tony struggled to keep the car on the road. Despite being the middle of summer, a thick fog had rolled in over the bayou and the normally slow drive through the back roads of the swamps now had turned glacial. Turning his high beams on, sweat poured down his face as his eyes glared intensely at the road. He still could not get his head around the events of the past 48 hours. Only two days earlier he and his girlfriend were at a party at the house of one of his oldest friends, not a care in the world. Now he was driving blind through the fog in a swamp while his girlfriend was seemingly possessed by spirits and subject to supernatural attack. All of this happening while he tries to get back to New Orleans to fly off to Haiti for help. Shaking his head he had to admit this was a crazy turn of events.

Despite the oppressive heat outside the car, Tony felt a significant chill inside. Now with the sun having set, the endless swamps of Louisiana appeared to suck all life and light out of the air, the highbeams of his cadillac barely cutting a path to follow through the thick mist. Peering intensely straight ahead, he jumped when he saw lights coming up the road behind him. This was a very desolate stretch of road and few if any cars ever passed and almost never at night. Driving on, his eyes continuously flitted up to the rear view mirror to see the lights growing closer and closer as he pressed forward. Turning into a patch of road covered by thick Spanish Moss and huge cypress trees, he shuddered when he noticed the lights suddenly were gone. Knowing that there were no places to pull over and being miles from the nearest house, the mysterious disappearance of the lights were more disturbing than their discovery. Looking forward he immediately slammed on his brakes as he saw a large white object laying in the middle of the road.

Stopping the car his heart raced as his headlights illuminated the image, looking like a shroud covering a body blocking his way forward. Leaving the car on, he put the gear in park and set the brake as he slowly opened the door to go investigate. Regardless of his misgivings he knew he would have to move the object in order to

move forward. Slamming the door shut, he turned to walk towards the object but stopped. The shroud was gone.

Back at Camille's house she paced as the moans and babbles of her daughter echoed through the house.

"My Baby! SACRE MADRE My baby!" she screamed as her mother prepared a bowl of water in the kitchen for a purification ritual.

Saying a small VooDoo prayer over the water she cracked an egg over the water and flinched as the bloody yoke poured into the bowl. A bigger chill ran up her spine as from miles away she heard drums begin pounding. Endlessly repeating a pattern that was familiar to her but had not been heard for many years. These were calls to the great dark Goddess Ezulrie and hearing them, and seeing the blood in the bowl, she knew that the dark forces were on alert and were going to come for her daughter.

"Help me Yemalla, help your servant. Send your spirit of protection over this house!" she cried as she dipped a feather into the bloody water and began to sprinkle the gory liquid over her head.

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" Tony yelled at the empty road his mind not able to fathom what had just happened. Hearing drums off in the distance, he shivered as he quickly got back into the car. Putting the cadillac back into drive he drove faster now through the narrow roads, regardless of the danger of driving off the causeway. Every neuron in his brain firing on all cylinders, his whole body tight as a drawn arrow, he slightly began to relax as he saw the lights from the main highway off in the distance. Only a few more miles and he would be back on the main road and the trip home would be much easier. Relaxing slightly out of the corner off his eye he spotted a movement in his rear view mirror.

Looking up straight now his eyes grew wide and he lost control of the car. There in the back seat was the shroud, only now it was sitting up straight in the back street.

"HOLY MOTHER FUCKER!!!!" he shrieked as he rammed his cadillac straight into an enormous Cypress tree, barely clipping it but still avoiding running into the water. Desperate to get loose of his seatbelt he scrambled as the shroud began to unravel and the pale

blue/green face of the female occupant was revealed. Now with her head uncovered, her eyes suddenly popped open and froze Tony into place in total abject horror. Staring into the watery lifeless eyes he could only babble as she spoke.

“Do not fuck with the dead Captain Tony!” the spectre hissed as she leaned forward over the front seat with a menacing malicious smile. His mouth wide open in terror, Tony felt the door of the car give way and he fell out onto the muddy ground.

Back at Zeke’s Doug could not believe his luck. “So, are you going to buy us a drink?” the redhead asked as he stuttered and stammered.

“S-Sure, uh, what would you gals like?”

Giggling she turned to her two equally gorgeous friends. “Well girls, it looks like this nice man will quench our thirst. What do you all want?”

The brunette, curvy and dressed in a form fitting red dress licked her lips as she ran her long fingers up his forearm. “What are you drinking?”

“Uh, Bourbon...”

“Then set us up bartender!” the blonde member of the threesome said with a wink. “Nothing like a hard drink with a hard man. I mean, you are a hard man right?”

“I bet he is now!” Zeke laughed as he poured three shots.

Doug could barely speak as his mouth salivated. Not a bad looking guy, he was certainly not used to such unexpected feminine attention, especially from women this hot. Lifting his glass the four all clinked as they downed their shots.

“Mmmmmmmmm... Nice and burny! Perfect for a hot night like this. Right?” the redhead said as she sat down on the other side of Doug. “My name is Angelique and these are my friends Daniella and Sabrina. Thanks for buying us a drink.” Gently stroking his thigh she added “ And what pre-tell is YOUR name?”

“D-Doug!” he blurted out as he caught a whiff of her intoxicating perfume. He could not believe it. These girls were all absolutely

painfully gorgeous and for the first time in his life, it appeared they all were interested in him. "So, you gals decided to go out alone tonight?"

"Yeah" answered Daniella the brunette who sidled up to the other side of Doug and began running her nails up his back. "We were all getting kind of bored tonight and thought we might go out looking for a little adventure. Do you like adventure?"

"Absolutely!!!" Doug blurted. His mouth twisted into a horny grin he motioned to Zeke for another round. "What are you gals up for?"

"Oh, something hot." Angelique answered.

"Probably nothing related to ghosts or demons I bet!" Zeke interjected, grinning at the death rays shooting out of Doug's eyes.

"Oh?" Daniella smiled as she heard Zeke speak. "We might. We all just love all that spooky stuff."

Laughing, Zeke punched Doug on the shoulder and smiled. "Well gals, Doug here is your guy. It just so happens that we were all having quite the supernatural discussion right when you came in. Doug here was about to rush off on some Demon hunting crusade before you arrived and..." looking over at Doug glaring at him he added "something obviously distracted him."

"Oh Yesssssss!" Sabrina purred as she tousled Doug's hair. "Nothing gets us hotter than spooks."

Gulping Doug downed another drink as Angelique spoke. "So Doug, you up for some spookin? I know we are." Winking at her friends she continued. "See, I told you tonight would be a good night for an adventure." Placing her hand on the back of his neck she glared deeply into Doug's widening pupils. "So Dougy... we are definitely up for a ghostly adventure, but are YOU?"

Laughing, Zeke added "Oh, I can answer for him. He is definitely UP for an adventure now."

Doug smiled and fidgeted on his stool. He definitely was up for an adventure and these three Goddesses had little Doug up for a horizontal adventure. Downing another drink the four left the bar arm in arm as Doug's head spun in disbelief at his sudden unexpected

fortune. Walking out onto the street Angelique walked over to her vintage 1967 blue chrysler imperial convertible. Looking back at Doug she smiled.

“Why don’t we take my car.”

Meanwhile on the streetcar heading into the Garden district, Jasmine grew more nervous as each street whizzed by. Every instinct in her body told her to rush back home but her love for Gus drove her on. Seeing the streets open up as the swankier Garden District came into view her dread grew. Originally it had been crowded on the streetcar but now as it reached the end of the line the crowd grew more sparse. Two stops away from Chestnut street, and her stop, the doors opened and an ancient woman climbed up the stairs. Stooped over from advanced age, Jasmine was surprised when the woman chose to sit right next to her rather than any of the other seats, all of which were open.

Saying nothing, the two sat in silence as the trolly doors closed and began to rumble down the track. Jasmine looked over at her surprise seat partner and smiled as she appeared to be very old, and surprisingly, very oddly dressed. Despite the temperature being well over ninety degrees outside she was dressed more for winter than summer. Her hair covered in a red checkered handkerchief and wearing an ankle length grey overcoat, the heat appeared to have no affect on this mystery woman. Saying nothing, the old woman’s face was obscured by a scarf wrapped tightly around her mouth.

Stretching her hand up to ring the bell to stop, Jasmine stood up as she got ready to exit. Jumping as a leathery cold wrinkled hand gripped her wrist she snapped her head around to glare at the old woman.

“Don’t mess with things that don’t concern you Jasmine! Just go home.”

“What? Who are you? How do you know my...”

“Trust me Jasmine, you don’t want to go into Magnolia Grove ever again. You don’t want that spirit in your mirror to come back do you?”

Her face twisted in terror, Jasmine quickly retracted her hand from the old woman and stared at her in disbelief. Now that her face was uncovered she could see her much more clearly. She was not just old but ancient, deep furrowed lines dug deep all over her face. Her hair was covered by her handkerchief, but her eyes were the most soul chilling.. They were solid black, all pupil and no white at all. Feeling the trolley come to a stop, the bell rang and the door opened. Staring deeply, almost trancelike, into her mystery guest Jasmine was shaken loose from her stupor by the trolley driver.

“Well Ma’am, are you getting off or what?”

The old woman smiled as she nodded. “Yes Jasmine, are you getting off or staying on? Gus don’t want you no more. He found another.”

“HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME!!!” Jasmine angrily barked as the lone woman sat silently and smiled.

“Look Lady, if you have been drinking or are on drugs you need to get off my Trolley NOW!!!” the driver yelled as he looked back at Jasmine.

“I am sorry, but this woman here has been following me and I need to know how she knows what she knows.”

“You are crazy lady. What woman are you talking about? We are the only ones here.”

Whipping her head around towards the seat Jasmine felt her stomach drop as she saw that no one was there. The driver was correct, they were alone. Her body shaking and mind reeling she quickly scrambled out of the trolley onto the sidewalk.

Back at Magnolia Grove Gus slept deeply in the middle of his large king sized bed. To his side, curled up in a little ball slept Angeline, having finally mustered the courage to come upstairs. Opening her eyes, she growled as the temperature dropped in the bedroom and the door to the hallway slowly opened. Peering into the dark, her growls turned to a whimper until she heard the squeaking of her toy. Jumping off of the bed, she gingerly padded out into the hall to investigate. Downstairs the squeaking grew louder and, wanting to

play more than being scared, she ran downstairs. Seeing her pink rubber pig laying in the laundry room when she trotted in to grab it, the door slammed shut and locked behind her.

His body curling up as it grew colder, Gus slowly awoke and rubbed his eyes to adjust to the dim light. Looking into the hall, he jumped but then smiled.

“Well well!” he said. “Did you stop by for a booty call girl?” Licking his lips he sat back on the headboard and felt his cock begin to stir. There in the gloom stood Jasmine, completely naked and looking sexier than he ever remembered her ever looking. Rubbing her left hand up her thick lickable inner thigh while tweaking her right nipple with her free hand, the look of intense lust in her glowing eyes was almost unsettling.

“Oh yes boy. You are going to serve me and serve me well.” She sighed as she sashayed into the room and crawled onto the foot of the bed. Spreading her legs, the scent of her arousal instantly perfumed the room and Gus started to lean forward to take her. Stretching out her right foot, she placed her sole on his nose.

“Not so fast slave.” she giggled. “You must worship your mistress first.”

Grinning as he grew even harder, he gently began kissing up her foot and taking her big toe in his mouth. Her skin was smooth and cool, like iced silk and he grew dizzy as his tongue caressed her flesh. Feeling her free foot wriggle under his balls, he thought he would pop as her chilled toes began slowly scratching and tickling his testicles.

Back at the rectory of Saint Louis Cathedral, the ringing of the phone shattered the silence of night.

“H-Hello?” Father Leo Aviles croaked as he struggled to wake up. He had had a very busy day, Mass at seven am, several visits to shut ins, confessions all afternoon and writing on his book after dinner until he fell asleep. At thirty five he was the youngest parish priest of the centuries old Cathedral in New Orleans history and his appointment had created quite a stir. Dark and fit, no end of teenage female parishioners fantasied about testing the bounds of the

handsome young priest's vow of chastity since he had been appointed by the bishop three years early. Devout and committed, Father Aviles resisted numerous tests of his vows and attended to his priestly duties diligently. Separating Father Aviles from his other priestly brothers was his interest in, and expertise on demonology. Having specialized in the subject at seminary, he was the only certified exorcist in the south.

"Father Aviles, sorry for waking you, but this is an emergency."

"Ed? Is that you?"

"Yes".

Hearing Ed Clearwater's voice on the line Father Leo's blood chilled. Having known Ed and Lorraine Clearwater for years, and having cooperated with them on a few cases, he knew that a call from him was serious and not just a social call.

"I am afraid we are going to need your special services Father Aviles. This time however, this will be a big fight. The evil we are dealing with here has been bottled up for years and now has been released."

"What are we dealing with Ed? A demonic infestation? A curse?"

"A full blown manifestation, and, I believe we are in danger."

"Oh? Surely YOU are not worried about dealing with the forces of the dark since you and your wife have been fighting this battle for decades."

"Yes, but this time is different." Looking down at his blood stained hands, still covered with the grisly remains of the pig carcass in the garage he shivered. "The demons obviously have human agents working on their behalf. I have gotten a pretty direct warning draining out in my garage, so this is no ordinary haunting or possession."

"I see. I will be right over." Father Aviles answered flatly on the phone. Sitting up in the bed he looked at the small brass statue of Saint Michael and smiled. "With your help, and God's, no force can withstand us."

Out in the bayou the drum beats around Camille's house grew louder as she continued to pace the floor. Walking up the stairs of her house, the sounds of Marie's fitful moans caused her to wince. Her poor child, the fruit of her womb was suffering and it was all because of the family inheritance of psychic gifts. Marked by the interaction with the demon, Marie was a target for all of the restless dead. Pulled from their graves by the glow of her aura, she knew that until Tony was able to get Master Tonton to perform the cleansing ceremony, she would have to maintain a constant vigil. The dead, now aroused, would not rest until either put to sleep by the ceremony or bathed in the blood of her child. Walking into her room, the sight of her writhing on the bed, bathed in sweat was disturbing. More disturbing still was the tiny soft sound of a whisper coming from the window.

"Marieeeeeeeee, Marieeeeeee!"

Looking towards the window Camille was chilled by the sight. Out across the tall field of grass, right on the edge of the swamp a mist had formed and was quickly encircling the house. Swirling and glowing, the mist formed human-like shapes before dissipating back into a formless fog.

"We can smell her! Give her to us! Let us bathe in her blood!" the voice, now joined by others called out.

"Mom! Mom! Who is it?" Marie called out as she was woken from her sleep by the noise.

"Hush now, sleep. You need sleep." Camille said bravely, placing her hand on her daughter's head and wiping away the sweat that was pouring off of her brow into her eyes.

"Who is out there?"

"Visitors dear. Nothing to be concerned about. I placed the house under protection. They won't get in."

"Visitors?" Marie answered, now sitting up in bed and regaining her composure. "Who would come all the way out here? Especially to see me!"

Looking down at her daughter she saw her aura continued to pulse and glow, acting like a beacon radiating out like radar, calling all of the spirits in the area to come forth. Attracted by her presence, the dead, acting like ravenous animals had to advance. Driven by a desire to feast on the presence of Marie, nothing would stop them until the curse was lifted.

Looking up from her bed at her mother, and now clearly hearing the roar of hundreds of voices calling her name Marie shook. "What will happen if they get in? I recognize the sounds of spirits, but have never heard them this worked up before."

"We must make sure they don't get in." Camille answered flatly.

"How long can we stay here? If they can't get in that also means we can't go out. Your protective circle isn't that big."

"Well, I suggest you pray. Pray that your boyfriend is successful on his quest."

"TONY!" Marie cried as she sat up stiff in bed. "Where is he?"

"Hopefully well on his way to the airport by now." Camille answered.

As Marie sat up, miles away in the mud of the swamp Tony crawled out of the muddy bog. Seeing his car steaming out radiator fluid from the crash into the cypress tree, he yelled.

"OH FUCK!!!! I just made my last payment on that!"

Shaking his head clear, the events of the past few minutes came streaming into his mind like a flood. Shooting up to his feet, he looked down at his body, and although filthy and covered in the dark muck of the swamp, he appeared relatively unhurt. His spine tingling from the memory of the phantasm in the car, he looked to the left and saw the lights of the main highway around four hundred yards in the distance. Opening the door to his crippled vehicle, he took out his keys, and a bag of weed, and started walking towards the main road. He would have to send a tow truck back for the car later, but remembering Camille's words, and his own supernatural attack, he knew his main priority was to get to Haiti and release Marie and himself from the curse. Walking for twenty minutes through the dark, and stumbling often over thick underbrush, he was relieved when he

got to the main road. Now at least he might have some luck flagging down a car

After twenty minutes of trial, and no one even slowing Tony laughed. Looking at his ruined white suit and his body covered in thick mud he smiled. "Yeah, I guess I don't look very promising to pick up." A tall, black, mud covered man hitchhiking in the middle of the night in rural Louisiana was definitely going to be a challenge. Waving his arms half-heartedly as a large eighteen wheeler barreled down the road, Tony did not expect him to stop but tried anyway. As he saw the brake lights flare up and the truck slow down his spirits rose.

Walking up to the passenger door, he was glad to see the door open.

"Trouble?" the thick necked and equally thick waisted truck driver asked.

"You could say that!" Tony answered. "Can you give me a lift? I have had an accident and my cellphone won't pick up anything out here."

"No problem, get in."

Climbing up into the cab, Tony was nervous but grateful. Always suspicious of a deal seeming to be too good to be true, he scanned the driver and his cab for any signs of potential trouble and breathed a sigh of relief. The driver seemed innocuous enough; mid fifties, white, fat and bald. Hardly looking like a serial killer or for that matter someone who would naturally want to pick up a mud encrusted black man on a deserted highway in the swamp.

"Bad night to be walking out in the dark son." He spoke as Tony sat down in the passenger seat. "What happened to you?"

Looking back at his driver Tony smiled. "Man, I don't know where to begin."

Driving south he explained his car accident but was wise enough to leave out the supernatural element. He needed to get to New Orleans, and he was surprised he was able to get a ride. If he started spouting off about ghosts and old curses no doubt he would find his ass back on the side of the road. For thirty minutes they made good time and exchanged in small talk. Seeing the skyline of

New Orleans start to illuminate the night sky, Tony smiled. His long crazy journey was almost over and for the first time in hours he started to relax. It was going to be a major pain in the ass to deal with his car, and he still had to go book his emergency flight to Haiti, but the end was at least now in sight.

The driver and he had chatted lightly, nothing deep. The future Saint's football season always made for a good conversation. Slipping up, he brought the accident back up, a subject he had been trying to avoid.

"Thanks man, you have been a real lifesaver today. Wrecking my car out there in the swamp was about the worst place to have an accident. Nothing but..." Stopping himself, he was interrupted by the driver.

"Yeah Tony, I hear ya" the driver spoke as his face was illuminated by the dashboard. "This is a bad area to break down. Duppies all over the place ya know?"

"Right!" Tony answered before his blood chilled. For the whole trip He had not told the driver his name, and yet someone now he knew it. Looking over surreptitiously at the mysterious trucker, Tony's eyes settled on something hanging from his rear view window, the glint from the dashboard light flickering in the darkness. Having thought it was a rosary when he first got into the cab, a common enough sight in the Catholic heavy area of Louisiana, looking at it closely now in the dim light he paused. This was no rosary. Instead of the body of Jesus hanging from a cross, the tiny statue contained the body of a pig with the head of a goat, a gruesome sacrilegious mockery of the crucifixion.

"Uh, you can let me out right here man. I think I have inconvenienced you enough for tonight."

"Nonsense Tony" the driver said with a uncanny fake warm smile. "I brought you this far, I might as well bring you all the way to the end."

Laughing nervously Tony tried to interrupt as he started feeling for the door handle. Something was obviously very wrong, and the icy glare of the driver's eyes added to his increasing feeling of nausea. Seeing Tony try and open the door, he laughed.

“No sense trying to get out Tony. Not only is the truck going too fast for you to survive the jump, but you have a very important meeting you need to attend.”

“Hey man, I don’t know what kind of funny shit you are trying to pull here...”

“Oh” he responded as his left eye brow raised. “I can assure you, there is absolutely nothing funny going on here at all. Nothing funny.” Looking forward with a blank stare the driver reconcentrated on the road.

“We have waited for over two hundred years for this moment. Two hundred years being trapped by the forces of light, but now, finally the day of liberation has come. Oh sweet darkness, glorious night, endless glorious night.”

“Look, I appreciate the ride, but I have to get out now...”

“Captain Tony, that is your name isn’t it, Captain?” the driver smirked as he watched his helpless passenger continue to try and open the locked door. “Do you want to save Marie?”

“Hey fucker, what are you talking about? How do you know this anyway? I have never met you.”

“Don’t you worry about that. We know lots of things. Your woman is a very powerful Mambo. I bet she had no idea what she started when she conjured up Justine at Magnolia Grove. Well, how could she. Ironical, so like Justine too.”

Trying the door again, Tony lunged forward to grab the trucker’s hand. Although completely freaked out he knew he could take the driver. He had at least thirty pounds of pure muscle on him, and from the looks of his body, not only was the driver at least twenty years older than he was but looked quite out of shape. As he grabbed the thick flabby flesh of his arm, the sudden iron grip of his hand jumped up and grabbed his throat. Choking and gasping for air, he was slammed down hard on the dashboard.

“Don’t be a fool Captain Tony. Do you REALLY think you could take us on? Obviously you are an even bigger fool than we thought. Now,

I will ask again, do you want to help Marie? I bet the hungry dead are getting very close now.”

Mumbling as his mouth was pressed hard on the dashboard, Tony went limp, realizing that it was pointless to resist. Feeling the change in his body tension the trucker took his hand off of his throat and allowed him to sit back up.

“There, now, let us not waste time and energy on such childish displays in the future. You still have a choice Tony. Our bitch is not with you, or Marie for that matter. Our vendetta is against the Laveaus who kept us trapped all of those years and of course our main nemesis, the Nazerene.”

“What do you want?” Tony asked as his brain churned over his options, all of which were bad.

“Nothing too big. I just need you to get us invited into Magnolia Grove. We need to complete the unlocking of the gate and we cannot do that without help. I promise, this will be very easy, just a quick visit to St. Louis Cemetery and a quick swing by Magnolia Grove and it will all be over. Small price to pay to help us don’t you think? We are quite reasonable.”

“You keep saying WE. Who are WE? You are the only one here.”

Turning his thick neck to look at Tony, the trucker smiled. Seeing the unearthly smirk come across his face caused Tony to wish he had not asked as it was very unsettling.

“We are Legion.”

Walking down the uneven cobblestones of Basin Street, Doug’s face was beaming. Walking arm and arm with three of the hottest he had ever seen through the drunken throngs in the quarter, the looks of obvious envy on the faces of every man he passed had his smile plastered wide across his face. Reaching the locked gates of St. Louis Cemetery Number One, he laughed.

“What are you girls wanting to get up to?”

Daniella, her eyes smoldering with desire winked as she took out the bottle of bourbon they had purchased and took a long swig. “What don’t we get up to! I promise Doug, tonight will be a night you will

never forget.” Stepping out of her shoes, she walked over to Doug and nuzzled her nose into his neck.

Looking at her stilletoes laying on the sidewalk she smiled. “Don’t want to ruin my Jimmy Choos.” Winking back to Doug, she crooked her finger and added “Care to give us a lift up? I think we will need your help getting over the fence.”

“Wha...” he asked as his mouth was closed by her lips smashing into his and her tongue exploring its depths.

Feeling another hand on his ass, Angelique took off her shoes and rubbed her ass against his free hand. “Now, no peeking when you boost me up. I forgot to wear underwear tonight.”

This news had Doug’s cock instantly at attention, and it only grew harder as the other girls spoke.

“That’s funny Angelique, I forgot mine too.” Daniella purred. Feeling a pair of soft feminine hands begin to run down his chest and feel the bulge in his jeans he looked over and saw the deep cool green eyes of Sabrina. Gripping his crotch lightly, she winked as his erection was now impossible to ignore.

“You know girls, I NEVER wear panties.” Giggling she continued “ It seems like old Dougy here is going to get quite a show. Are you going to give US a show in return?”

Gulping, he murmured a yes as he watched them all now stand barefoot at the foot of the high wall of the Cemetery. Reaching down, he made a cup with his hands that Angelique promptly stepped into. Doug could barely restrain his horniness as the soft sole of her foot touched his hands and his nose brushed up against her thigh. She, like the other two, was wearing a painfully short and equally painfully alluring mini-dress and being this close to such an obviously sexy and exciting woman had him panting. The fact that it appeared he was about to have the sexual experience of a lifetime had his head swirling.

Hearing Daniella laugh, he twitched as he felt a silk scarf placed over his eyes. “No peeking bad boy.” She hissed into his ears as she

ran her fingers over his erect nipples. "There will be plenty to see once we are inside."

Laughing, he nodded as first one and then the other two were hoisted up on top of the wall where they were able to scramble down the other side. Thinking he was going to be left alone and this had all been a giant scam, when a rope appeared in front of him he grinned.

"Climb on up Doug! The rope was right here where we left it."

Desperate to get to the sexual vallhalla he knew awaited him, he scaled the smooth walls of the cemetery and climbed down the other side. Now in total darkness as the wall blocked the street lights, his eyes adjusted to the gloom and grew wide. There, like every wet dream he had ever had in his life come to light, were the three girls all now quickly stripping down. Daniella, already stark nude and looking even more delicious than he could imagine was helping Sabrina take off her bra while Angelique lounged back on an above ground crypt and took a long drink from her bottle.

"So Doug!" she called out as she put down the bottle. "You have to lose the clothes boy. What we are going to do requires us all to be skyclad."

Ripping his t-shirt off like it was on fire within seconds Doug stood before them equally naked, and although drunk, and hornier than he had ever been in his life, part of him was questioning the situation. This was odd, very very odd. Strange beautiful women do not as a rule take him off in the night to fuck him so even though he wished it was true, part of him suddenly became suspicious.

Seeing the worried look on his face, but also his large hard erection bobbing in the moonlight, Angelique strode over and cupped his balls.

"Mmmmmmmmm, very nice. You are going to be a big help to us."

"Help? I, mean, what help?" he stuttered as he began to reach forward and caress her breast.

Smacking his hand away, she laughed. "Not yet Dougy, not yet. There will be plenty of time for that soon." Feeling his balls in her cool hands she growled. "Nice and full, so ready to pop. Yes, this will

do nicely.” Looking over to her two equally beautiful friends she called out. “Ok girls, I think we are ready. Does anyone remember how to get there?”

“Get where?” Doug asked.

“Why to Justine Laveau’s grave silly. How are we supposed to rejoin her spirit if we do not have her blessing first.”

Back at Magnolia Grove Gus was covered in sweat. Feeling the full ripe breasts of Jasmine on his stomach, her talented and skilled tongue ran up and down his cock relentlessly as he worshipped her dripping honey pot planted on his face. He had been with her for years, but never had she seemed more insatiable than she did tonight. Over and over her screams of pleasure echoed through his house as he slowly kissed and sucked her cool wet clit between his lips. Despite having been at it over over an hour she showed no signs of being satisfied, nor, to his chagrin, any sign that she was going to get him off.

Screaming loudly in a low guttural grunt her whole body shook as she oozed more of her delicious juice all over his goatee.

“God Girl!” Gus panted between her thighs. “You taste delicious tonight.”

Saying nothing she scooted off of his face and sat at the end of the bed. Looking over at her hungrily, Gus reached forward and took her left foot in his hand and brought it up to his mouth. She giggled as she felt his pussy moistened beard hairs tickle her sole as he began to lightly kiss and suck each toe.

“Sooooooooo, are you ready for me to come in for a proper visit?” he said with a smile as he writhed on the bed and caused his rigid cock and heavy balls flop back and forth.

Jasmine said nothing but sat silently and smiled as he worshipped her foot and began kissing his way up her instep and towards her calf. Her eyes black with lust, she yanked her foot from his mouth and lunged forward, grabbing his head with both of her hands as she sat down hard with all of her weight onto his mouth. Not needing a more subtle invitation, Gus began sucking and licking her sex

furiously. Growing harder and harder as her feminine honey flowed into his mouth like a flood, the sounds of her growling and short pants as her body shuddered out another orgasm only made his hard cock harder. Finally, she shot up off of his face and stood over him on the side of the bed.

Leaning over him he kissed her as he cupped her dangling full breast in his right hand. Feeling her soft left hand tickle its way down his cock, she winked as she spun around and walked into the bathroom. Licking his lips, he groaned appreciatively as he tasted her moist pussy juices on his lips as he watched her incredible bubble round ass sway back and forth as she closed the door behind her. Leaning back on the headboard he crossed his hands behind his neck as he looked down his body towards his still erect, and quite desperate to release, cock and balls. Closing his eyes he imagined the incredible feeling that would soon envelop his manhood when she returned, their pattern always to take care of her needs orally before moving on to the main event. As he lay quietly the loud ringing of his front doorbell caused him to shoot up out of the bed.

“Fucking typical!” he growled as he walked over to the door and put on a cotton robe. Calling through the door he said “Hey babe, I will be right back. I can’t imagine WHO it is, but I certainly want to get on to the main event.” Hearing nothing from the other side he grumbled as he walked downstairs.

“Angeline? Angeline?” he called out as he walked, curious as to why his natural living alarm system had not already gone off yet. Getting closer to the door he paused as he pressed his erection down hard with his hand. Wearing only a short terricloth robe, his arousal was quite evident. Laughing as the desperate ringing grew more frantic he yelled.

“I am coming!! JESUS!!!” Glancing down the front of his robe he laughed. “Well, I hope this isn’t the Girl Scouts selling cookies. Opening the door to peek out, Gus crouched behind the half open door. As he saw the person on the porch ringing his doorbell his mouth dropped open and he gasped.

Chapter 19

Sitting in the sea foam green kitchen of Ed and Lorraine Clearwater Father Leo Aviles sat quietly and drank his coffee. Wearing his roman collar on a short sleeved black shirt, his dark muscular arms, youthful face and tousle of black hair made him seem more like a kid than a Priest. He had known Ed and Lorraine for over ten years, as they were regular communicants and faithful catholics at St. Louis Cathedral, but despite their friendly disposition, the mood was quite grim.

“So Father” Ed asked nervously. “Just how bad is this thing?”

“Well Ed, I will be honest, it is pretty bad.”

Lorraine, pacing nervously in the background poured herself a cup and joined the two men at the table. Having dealt with the paranormal for over fifty years few things rattled her, but this time she was truly spooked. Never had they ever been directly threatened like this, and seeing the grisly hog remains in their garage had told them that this was no ordinary case. She always took her cue from Ed, who never seemed fazed by anything. Demonic possession, no problem. Blood coming from the drain, piece of cake. The carcass though, that got to him and if it got to Ed it got to her.

Clearing his throat, Father Aviles made the sign of the cross. Seeing his motions, Ed and Lorraine looked at one another and crossed themselves. If his motion had meant to be comforting, it wasn't, and the tension in the room only got more extreme.

“Before we begin, I suggest we all say a prayer.”

Nodding vigorously in agreement, they joined Father Aviles in prayer, both retrieving their own rosaries to join in the litany.

“Hail Mary full of Grace, The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, AMEN. Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.” Crossing himself and retrieving a vial of

holy water, the priest sprinkled it over himself and Ed and Lorraine as he continued.

“Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; and do Thou, O prince of the Heavenly Host, cast into hell Satan and all the evil spirits who roam the world seeking the ruin of souls.”

Trying to inject humor into the tense situation, Ed joked “Wow Father, bringing out the big guns with Saint Michael I see.”

His face deadpan, Father Aviles nodded. “Yes Ed, I certainly am. We will need his protection more now than ever.”

Lorraine shuddered slightly at his words and drank another slug of coffee as he continued. “After your call, I did a little research. There are many downsides to being priest at an old long established parish like Saint Louis. Long hours, crumbling building and parishioners always comparing you the “old” priest, but one thing tops everything.”

“What?” Lorraine asked.

“Records that go back centuries.” Reaching into his black bag Father Aviles lifted a yellowed leather bound journal up onto the formica table. Opening the book, he gingerly folded back the pages to the entries of 1808. Putting his finger to the page, he showed the couple the private notes of Father Sebastion Tussard.

“I can’t read French Father.” Ed spoke as Father Aviles smiled.

“Sorry about that. I will summarize. At the heart of this story is a tale of a jilted love affair gone wrong. Justine, a very powerful Voodoo priestess was the slave lover of Antoine Laveau, the rich, powerful and very spoiled son of one of the richest and most powerful planters of this region. Long story short, when Antoine threw Justine over, in order to marry Martina del Rosa, literally all hell broke loose.”

“So, that was the spirit we saw on the tape?”

“No, it was not. Justine, after being jilted by Antoine was despondent and after cutting off her own hand to send as a grisly wedding present to her former lover, she made a terrible terrible decision.

Being pregnant with his child, she made a pact with the forces of darkness to help win his love back.”

“What decision?”

“She performed a conjuring ceremony to the VooDoo Goddess of love Mwamba, but we know her better as her role in the pantheon of Demons.”

“Who is she?” Ed asked.

“Azmodeus!!!” Lorraine shrieked, instantly recognizing the connection.

“Yes, you are correct Lorraine, she conjured the Arch Demon Azmodeus, but the price the demon extracted was very high.”

“What was the price?” Ed asked.

“Her child. Possessed by the Arch Demoness of lust, Justine ripped her new born child into pieces and bathed in its blood, the pact with the Demon now sealed by the death of an innocent child.”

“Holy Mother of GOD!!!” Lorraine shrieked as she put her hand up to her mouth.

“Yes, we will need her help too. Now released and invited onto the earth, Azmodeus worked havoc on the Laveaus and throughout the whole parish for years. It was only after several exorcisms and a two hundred year constant vigil that her power was checked.”

“So, this explains why no one has ever been able to investigate Magnolia Grove. This is no haunting, but a full blown Demonic infestation.”

“Yes Ed. This is not like your other cases. You and Lorraine are in serious danger. It is good that you called me.”

“Danger?” Lorraine cried. “I don’t understand Father. Ed and I have tussled with many demons over the years.” Holding up her crucifix she smiled. “We have never shown fear as we are fully protected.”

“You have fought minor demons before, not like this. Azmodeus is not some low level evil spirt but a true Princess of Hell. The danger comes more from her devotees than from her.”

“Devotees?” Ed asked.

“Yes. The slaughtered pig was a warning, and not a supernatural warning but a physical warning. The satanists of this area, hiding under the cloak of VooDoo, have been waiting for this moment for a long long time. They will stop at nothing to release their dark lord.”

Lorraine frowned as a million thoughts rushed through her head. She and Ed had been involved hundreds of ghost huntings and demonic infestations over the years but for the first time in her career she was worried. “I am confused. If these human agents are so powerful, why don’t they just break into Magnolia Grove and release the demon themselves. Surely a simple locked door couldn’t keep them out.”

“Very true, but...” Father Aviles spoke with a smirk. On some weird prideful level it pleased him to know that he, a lowly young priest, still knew some things that the most successful demon and ghost hunters in the world knew. “No demon can infest or possess another, and this includes a house, without the permission of the owner. The gate the Laveaus had constructed for centuries will hold unless they, or the owner of the house, invites the dark forces in. Only with an invitation can they work their evil.”

“And the threat to us? Why? We don’t own Magnolia Grove.” Ed exclaimed as he heard the Priest’s words.

“No, but you can certainly work against them and keep the demon imprisoned. Anyone at the house during the VooDoo ceremony, or attached to it afterwards like you, is now marked for destruction.”

Sitting grimly in silence, Ed finally spoke. “Well, I guess we have to move forward then. Justine’s spirit’s revenge on the Laveaus was legendary.”

“Yes, but that really was not her. According to the priest that fought the demons back then her physical body died during her conjuring ritual and was buried in Saint Louis Cemetery. Her spirit, now perfectly possessed by Azmodeus lived on and as you know, slowly but surely extracted her revenge on her former lover and his new bride. Justine, poor silly and jilted Justine is just as victimized as the

others. Hopefully when we confront Azmodeus we can release her spirit as well.”

Right as Father Aviles paused the three of them looked towards the kitchen window that now was glowing with the glare of headlights. Someone obviously had pulled into their driveway.

“Are you expecting anyone?” Leo asked.

“No” Ed responded. “It is fairly late for visitors anyway. I can’t imagine who it would be.”

Their conversation was immediately interrupted by the sound a breaking glass. Covering her face, Lorraine was shocked as she saw thousands of shards of glass explode into the room as a large heavy object slammed into her refrigerator and bounced onto the floor.

“Holy SHIT!!!” Ed screamed as he saw the destruction waged in his house. Walking over to the window he saw that the glass had been broken by a large cinderblock and, as he looked up into the remains of his shattered window, the headlights that had been shining seconds earlier disappeared as the sound of tires squealing echoed through the night.

“Ed!” Lorraine cried. “There is a note.”

Stooping down, Ed untied the note from the cinderblock and began reading. Father Aviles and Lorraine looked at his face as they waited impatiently to hear what the note contained but Ed said nothing. As he studied the piece of paper carefully, his face drained of all color and his hand began to shake. Tension grew as the priest and Lorraine watched and waited for Ed to report the contents but when he finally lowered the paper from his gaze he immediately ripped the note up into pieces and threw it in the trash.

“EDI!!!! Why did you destroy the note! The police might need that.” Lorraine screamed.

Father Aviles nodded in agreement as he brushed shards of glass off of his forearm. “Yes Ed, they might be able to track down the people who did this.”

“We are not calling the police.” Ed stated flatly. “They cannot help us.”

"I don't understand, this is not a supernatural event but vandalism."

"No, no police." Turning to his wife, he smiled. "Dear, could you run up to my office and bring me my Demonology index?"

"Sure dear, but, what was in that note?"

"Don't worry about it. Only kids, that's all."

Knowing he was lying Lorraine complied as she knew there was no force on earth that could get Ed to open up. Once Lorraine left the room, Father Aviles whispered to Ed.

"Ok Ed, what was in that note? I know you are lying, it is written all over your face. This is not the work of kids."

"No, it was not the work of kids. I tore up the note because I did not want Lorraine to see it."

"What was in it?"

"It wasn't a note, but a photograph, but I cannot get my head around what I just saw. I just can't see how such a photo was made."

"Tell me Ed. Tell me what was in the photo, maybe I can help."

Sitting down quickly onto one of the kitchen chairs, Ed collapsed back against the back. His whole body was tense and he felt his heart racing in his chest like a dozen racehorses. Looking up at Father Aviles, Ed's blue grey eyes were watery and tired. Looking down at him, Leo grew concerned as it was obvious something had seriously upset his friend.

"Ok, but I don't know how to explain it." Ed grimly stated as he inhaled deeply, looking for strength to speak. "It was a photograph, or at least looked like a real photo that appeared to be taken right here in this kitchen." Pointing at the table they were sitting around he continued. "Right here, on this table, Lorraine... Lorraine was". Pausing as he closed his eyes and inhaled he continued "Lorraine was tied down, naked and was being gang raped!"

Crossing himself Father Aviles gasped. "Dear Lord in Heaven, Saint Michael preserve us!" Scanning his mind for words of comfort he spoke. "But Ed, surely this is just some sort of horrific joke. I mean, you know how photoshop works these days."

“Yes, I know. Obviously Lorraine has not been gang raped, but the photo was pretty graphic and quite realistic. I mean, I know you can manipulate images to look like anything you want, but there is one detail I cannot fathom how they got right. Lorraine’s picture has been all over the news so that would be easy to get, but she has a small purple birthmark on her upper right thigh. Who other than she or I would know that?”

“Did you get a look at the attackers faces?”

“No. Two of them had their backs to the camera, and the one I could see, the one raping my wife was, well, he was masked.”

“What kind of mask did he have on?”

Pausing, Ed glared at Father Aviles with an intensity that shook him. Clearing his throat, Ed took a long swig of coffee before he spoke. “It was a mask that looked like it was made out of a human face, like Leatherface from that old movie “Texas Chain Saw Massacre”.”

“Could you recognize the face? Obviously if someone went to this amount of trouble to freak you out, the face would have some significance.”

“Oh yes, I recognized it instantly. It was my face, obviously hacked off of my disembodied head.”

Out in the swamps north of New Orleans, Camille slept uneasily on the couch in her living room. Her daughter had finally gone to sleep and now that it was so late her eyes had been blurry with fatigue when she finally passed out. The fog that had surrounded the house all evening had started to dissipate and seeing this Camille had finally been able to relax thinking the worst of the supernatural attack was over. Once dawn had arrived they would be safe until the following night. Whatever Marie had unwittingly awakened at Magnolia Grove had obviously sent out a beacon to every spirit for hundreds of miles. Waking by the sound of pebbles tinkling on the tin roof of her house, the rock onslaught ceased as soon as her eyes opened.

Yawning, her eyes flitted open and she struggled to focus. She was exhausted, but alert, her senses tingling as she sensed the danger

had not passed. Casting her gaze on the painting over her fireplace, she sighed. She had commissioned the picture years earlier, wanting a portrait of her house that filled her with such pride. She loved it from the moment she bought it, the scene of her enormous house set in an endless sea of green seagrass always cheering her when she saw it.

Smiling, her face dropped as she sat up quickly off of the couch. Something was different now. Standing up, she quickly walked over to the painting and looked at the far left side of the painting. There, clear as day, was a small figure just emerging from the forests in the background walking towards the house. Too small to be seen in detail, it was obviously a human picture and had not been there before. Feeling a cold shiver go up her spine, Camille felt a lump grow in her throat as she knew this was obviously a sign.

“OK Man, pull this truck the fuck over RIGHT THE FUCK NOW!!!” Tony barked as he held the sharp edge of his switchblade to the trucker’s bulging pudgy throat. Having looked for an opportunity to escape for the last few minutes, once he saw that they had entered the quarter he knew this was his chance. He lived only a few blocks away and if he could just get out of the truck he could get away.

Unfazed by the threat, the trucker smiled and slowed down, pulling over onto a side street. “You really think that you can threaten us with such crude weapons? I had hoped you would join us, as it would be much easier for us, as well as you, if you cooperated. Well, I guess we have our answer.”

“Stop talking and unlock this door and let me out.” Tony commanded as he pressed the blade harder into the soft flesh to emphasize his point.

Turning his head slowly, the unsettling grin on the trucker’s face filled Tony with dread. Not a violent person by nature he had on occasion had to threaten the occasional rowdy weed customer, or slimy sub-dealer, but this was different. Normally having a knife put at your throat will cause even the toughest mother fucker to pause, but this guy seemed to have ice water in his veins. Pondering his next move,

Tony screamed in pain as the trucker quickly spun around and grabbed his wrist, slowly crushing it in his hands.

“You are a fool Captain Tony. All you had to do was get us in the house and we would have let you and Marie go, but now, you have doomed both of you.”

Realizing he was not going to be let go and with the pain of his cracking wrist loosening his grip on the knife, Tony mustered up all the strength he could summon and plunged the tip into the throat of his attacker. Pushing himself back in his seat after thrusting in the blade his body was electrified by his action. Expecting a torrent of blood to now erupt forth, as he saw the trucker laugh and pull the blade out of his throat Tony began to panic.

“Dumbass!” the trucker chuckled. “You really think this will work on us?” Pulling out the blade and turning towards Tony his face now grew even paler as his eyes became completely black, looking more like an animal than a human.

“Oh yes, I am going to have fun with you boy!” he growled as he grabbed Tony’s throat and threw him against the door. “So much fun!” Now taking the knife, the trucker slowly ran the blade down Tony’s sweat covered face and towards his chest. Flicking off his buttons the grinning demonic face began to lick his lips.

“Perhaps I will rape your tight black ass first before I lop off your balls. Mmmmmm, so nice! You are going to scream like that little girl I had so long ago. Begging and pleading for mercy as I slowly rape you to death. I wonder if Marie will scream as much as you when I power drill up her ass. Yesssssss, I am glad you chose this path.”

Struggling and kicking, Tony was shocked by the strength of his attacker. He was no slouch, but the trucker had the strength of ten men not one. Trying desperately to wriggle free as his shirt was cut from his body, everything stopped when the pouch that Camille had given him came into view.

“What is that!” the attacker cried as he released his grip on Tony.

Realizing that this was likely going to be his chance to escape, Tony unlocked the door and opened the pouch, blowing the contents of

the graveyard dust all over the trucker's face. Seeing the trucker shriek in agony as the dust appeared to boil over his fat leering face, he did not stay to see his victory complete. Stumbling out onto the sidewalk he ran quickly down the dark alley towards his house, his heart racing as the realization of what had just happened soaked into his mind.

Entering the doorway of his apartment building, once inside the lobby he stopped to catch his breath. Now feeling safe he walked upstairs to his apartment, jingling his keys as he walked. The past few days had been unbelievable, culminating in this incredible attack. Now inside he immediately stripped off of his clothes and walked towards his bathroom. Taking the small leather pouch from around his neck he opened the top drawer of his bureau and dropped it inside. Looking up at his reflection in the mirror, he was a mess. Covered in mud as well as blood, he craved nothing more than a long hot shower and a nice long nap. He knew he still had to arrange for his trip to Haiti and his worry over Marie gnawed at his gut. Now in the bathroom, he pulled back the curtain to his tub and turned on the hot water. Stepping inside he moaned in pleasure as the steaming water washed over his exhausted and filthy body.

As he soaped up his face, he jerked around quickly as he heard the clinking of the shower curtain open. Scrambling to wash the suds out of his eyes, he gasped as he looked through the steam at the far end of his tub.

"JESUS!!!" he screamed as his face turned into a grin. "You scared the living fuck out of me. How on earth did you get back here before I did?"

Standing naked and dripping in the tub was Marie, looking as alluring as ever a lusty smirk placed on her face.

"You would not believe what happened to...UGH!!!" he continued as he was interrupted by his girlfriend dropping to her knees and placing his thickening cock into her mouth.

Caressing her wet hair as she serviced his manhood, he instantly became hard in her talented mouth. He loved Marie and they had a very active sex life so her unexpected shower visit was not that

unusual, but given that he had left her hours earlier out in the swamp he wondered how on earth she pulled it off. Feeling her left hand grip his ass, he steadied himself on the shower head as he gave in to pleasure. As waves of pleasure shot through his body the surreal moment melted like snow over a camp fire. Whimpering as he felt his now completely erect and throbbing cock pop out of her mouth, he looked down at her face and his eyes widened in terror. Gone was the woman of his dreams, replaced by the fat pink naked body of the trucker.

“You should have taken our offer Tony!” He cackled as he gripped Tony’s ass and lunged forward and bit off his cock. Shrieking in agony and terror, the last sight Tony had in his eyes was the sight of his own castrated blood soaked body in the tub, viewed from his disembodied head the trucker ripped off of his neck.

Chapter 20

“Well... Are you going to let me in?” Jasmine asked the incredulous staring Gus. Pushing her way inside, she was breathing heavily. Shaking slightly, she touched Gus’s shoulder. “We have much to talk about.”

His mouth open in disbelief, Gus scrambled to make sense of what he was seeing. Mere seconds earlier he and Jasmine had been upstairs making love and now she was standing at his front door, fully dressed, and acting like they had not just been horizontally engaged. Struggling to speak, Jasmine looked at him oddly.

“What is it babe? You look like you have seen a ghost.” She purred as she stroked his face. Feeling the tell-tale texture of feminine juices in his beard and as she sniffed, recognizing the strong odor of pussy on his face she grew angry. Now crossing her hands over his chest, she growled.

“So? Did I interrupt something fucker?”

His mind now clear he shook his head rapidly. “Jasmine, how in the hell did you get outside so quickly. I mean, JESUS, what did you go out the window or something?”

“Do you think I am just another dumb slut you like to bang Gus? What are you talking about? I can smell pussy all over you, and here I was... JESUS I am so fucking dumb.”

Reaching out for her he gripped her shoulders and said “Jasmine honestly, what kind of sick game are you playing here. We were just having sex upstairs and now you are outside acting like you have not been over here tonight. What are you doing???”

Screaming at the top of her lungs, Jasmine resisted his hands resting on her shoulders. Choking back tears she turned and stormed out the door. As she reached the bottom of the front porch steps she looked back, tears streaming down her face. “Go fuck yourself GUS, and go fuck that whore upstairs. I wish you all the luck in the world in this great house you bought. You are going to need it you bastard!”

Watching Jasmine stomp away, Gus was shocked. He could not imagine what this was all about, one minute having sweet sweet sex with his girlfriend and then the next being accused of cheating, ironically using evidence of their own tryst as proof of his infidelity. Standing open jawed in his open door, his erection now gone, the sound of scratching and whining caused him to spin back towards his kitchen. Following the noise, he reached the door of the laundry room and opened it, his frantic and panting dog shooting out like a rocket.

“How on earth did you get locked up in there again girl?” he asked as he scooped the terrified animal up into his arms. “Well, let’s go to bed. It has been one fucked up day.” Walking upstairs with Angeline under his arm he felt her shiver as they came closer to his bedroom. Laying her down in the bed he slipped under the covers and petted her head. “Well babe, I am sad to say this but you are the most stable female in my life.”

Whimpering and panting as he pet her head, she snuggled up against his back as he fell asleep. Eyeing the bathroom door warily, she lightly growled as she thought she saw a shadowy figure peering back at the two of them in the darkness.

Across town inside Saint Louis Cemetery, Doug Schone was literally pinching himself at his good fortune.

“Holy fuck holy fuck holy fuck!!!” he kept chanting as he watched the most erotic scene he ever had witnessed performed before her eyes. The three beauties, only looking more alluring as their naked bodies were bathed in the silvery glow of the moon now were appearing to ignore Doug as they ran their hands all over each other’s bodies. Seemingly possessed by an intense burning desire that had overwhelmed their reason, Sabrina and Angelique hungrily devoured each other’s mouths as Daniella kissed her way down Sabrina’s back and playfully bit her ass. His cock harder than it had ever been in his life Doug began walking forward eager to join in.

“Stop right there boy! If you want to join in the fun, you need to do us a big favor.”

Literally salivating at the thought of enjoying the three women, Doug could not speak but only nod.

Seeing his cock nod along with his head the three girls giggled.

“Well, he certainly seems open to being helpful.” Sabrina cackled as the other two continued to giggle. Jumping up on the above ground crypt of Justine, she held out her foot and pointed at Doug as the other two women joined her. The crypt had been obviously well tended for years as hundreds of red X’s had been drawn over the entire surface. Long revered as a VooDoo high priestess for generations, her grave was a strong draw to the cemetery and was one of the reasons that the gates were locked at night.

Standing in front of them, Doug was bleary eyed with lust, wanting nothing more than to bury his cock deeply in each of them, one after another. All of his senses on fire, he knew this was a precarious situation and he was eager not to screw it up. As he walked closer, Sabrina stopped him in his tracks by placing her foot onto his chest and slowly running her silky soles down his stomach before gripping his cock with her toes.

“Now boy, if you want to enjoy our charms, you need to prove you are worthy of our lovin.” Doug nearly fainted with lust as Daniella and Angelique now began to add their toes to the assault on his body.

“So, are you willing to do whatever we say?”

“ABSOLUTELY!!!” he yelled, the words exploding out of his mouth like a bomb.

“Good!” Sabrina smiled as her face twisted into a smirk. Running her foot back up his body she placed her foot on his head and pressed down. “Now, kneel before your Goddesses.”

Instantly Doug complied, dropping to his knees hard and wincing at the pain it caused.

“Now, with his cock, draw a circle with your tip in the dust.” Daniella said, cupping her mouth with her hand to stop from snickering. Unquestioning the bizarreness of the request, Doug squatted down and with his right hand directed his iron hard cock like a stylus over the soft dusty ground. Fearing that he looked so stupid that the

whole deal would be ruined he was relieved when the circle was finished and he knelt back in the center, the obvious look of pleasure on the three women's face indicating he had done as they wished.

"Very good initiate. Very good!" Daniella purred as the others licked their lips. Running her foot up his chest, when her toes passed over his quivering lips she smiled even larger as he instinctively puckered them and began to kiss. "Oh yes, very very VERY good! You learn quickly."

"He certainly does. Now, before you prove your sexual worth to us, by pleasuring us with your tongue, we need to know that you are truly committed to learning the ways of the dark. No man who does not pay homage to our dark lord will ever be able to enjoy our bodies."

His head spinning as he knelt nude and throbbing before them, he eagerly nodded his agreement to whatever they might demand.

Leaning forward and tweaking his right nipple Sabrina winked. "Well girls, I think he likes the idea." Reaching down to run her fingers up and down his erection, she smiled. "Yes, he likes it very much. So, are you ready to take the pledge?"

"Absolutely! What do I have to do?"

Leaping down from the grave, the girls all circled Doug as he continued to kneel. Bringing his head close to her hip, Sabrina grinned as she ran her fingers through his hair and saw his cock pulsating in the moonlight. Doug was mesmerized. Feeling her cool skin against his cheek, the warm sweet whiff of her moist sex wafting into his nostrils, he would have agreed to anything to have her and the others at that moment. Petting him like a puppy, she spoke.

"Now Doug, you are a good student. Now, as you stroke yourself, repeat this mantra. Oh Lord Azmodeus to thee I offer my spirit and my soul."

As he began to slowly masturbate, Daniella hissed into his ear. "And don't you dare cum!"

"No, you must save that for later." Angelique added.

Chanting as he stroked, Doug felt very dizzy. The whole surreal atmosphere of jacking off naked in front of three gorgeous women in the middle of a cemetery at night gave him an incredibly odd feeling but this was different. Sensing a door opening in his mind, he felt a strange hot rush surge through his body, causing his whole body to shake and convulse. Although still aware of his circumstances he no longer felt solely in control of his body, his hand seemingly operating by a force outside of his body. Despite these sensations he still was focused singularly on bedding the three women, his hand teasing his cock mercilessly as he struggled to hold back the flood of sperm damming up in his balls. Stopping when he grew too close finally Sabrina reached down and took his hand off of his penis.

"I think that will do." Pushing him backwards with her foot, he fell back flat on his back as she stood towering over him, her gushing pussy looming above him begging for his tongue. Looking up at her face from between her feet, framed spectacularly over her beautiful dangling breasts, her now solid shining black eyes looked down at him with a hungry desperate look that almost frightened him. Squatting down onto his face, she pulled his hands up to massage her breasts as she poured her sweet honey onto his mouth. Wetter than any woman he had ever been with in his life, he ravished her sex like a wild man. As he felt her body respond to his attentions, his cock jerked as he felt the two hot tongues of Angelique and Daniella begin to slowly twirl over his cock head. Lost in the powerful aphrodisiac of an aroused woman's honey, time had no meaning as each girl took a turn on his mouth. Never brought to orgasm himself, he serviced the three women all night and as the sky began to brighten as dawn approached, Sabrina rolled off of his face, having had many rides on his lips for hours.

Stroking his pussy saturated face with her hand she purred "Oh baby, you have done well tonight. Now that it is dawn, sadly, tonight's festivities will have to end."

Sitting up on his elbows, he looked down at his angry red cock and back at the girls giggling as they lay back up against the grave. All three were drenched in sweat, having been serviced by him all night.

He looked at them pleadingly for his long anticipated sexual relief and they looked at each other knowingly.

“Now now, we have not forgotten about your needs.” Angelique added as she lazily stretched her toes under his balls and felt how tight they were. “Tonight, we are going to give you the experience of a lifetime. You have served us, and our lord Azmodeus, extremely well last night and tonight, if you provide one more small service for us, you shall have your reward.”

Standing up the girls winked and began running towards the front gates. Seeing them run off in the purple tinted dawn he leapt up and chased after them. “Wait, wait!!!” he cried in the silence of the pre-dawn hour as they only ran faster and continued to look back at him and laugh. Reaching the wall, he caught up with them as they started getting dressed again. Watching in disappointment as their beautiful bodies were covered, Sabrina kissed him deeply and whispered in his ear.

“Meet us tonight at nine pm at Magnolia Grove. If you can get us inside, you are going to get the fucking of your life!”

Almost ill with horniness, when Daniella leaned over and kissed the tip of his cock he almost shot his load right then. Gently squeezing his balls in her hand she said “And make sure to keep these nice and full for us Doug. You have a lot of gardens you are going to need to plant with that seed.”

Back at Magnolia Grove Gus moaned as his cellphone rang and shattered the stillness of the early dawn. Angeline, still laying tight against her master yawned and sneezed, her fur ruffled as she looked irritated by the interruption of her sleep.

“He-Hello?!” he groggily answered, his voice hoarse and gravely as he struggled to wake.

“Morning Baby Brother, it’s Margaret. Remember, tonight is the night of the big party.”

Bleary eyed he struggled to focus on the time on his phone. “What the fuck time is it?”

“WOOF!” she snaps back laughing. “Still not a morning person I see. It’s six thirty.”

“Six thirty, why are you waking me up...”

“I called because I want you to meet me for brunch that’s why. Pete asked me to ask you for some help.”

Now laughing, Gus sat up straight in bed. “Pierre needs my help? This ought to be good. What on earth could he need my help on?”

“Just come out to the club OK? And for my sake, wear one of the new outfits I got you. Please don’t embarrass me by looking like a bum like you usually do.”

“You know Sis, as a wake up call service, you suck!”

“Just be there at 10 AM, you know where it is, right?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe you should wear your new white...”

“Margaret!” Gus snapped in frustration. “Don’t worry. I will be properly yuppified for your club.”

“Good boy! See you at ten.”

Putting the phone down, Gus lay back on the bed and sighed. Looking over an Angeline he patted her head. “I guess we aren’t going to get to sleep in today after all.” Looking up at the ceiling, the patterns of the outside trees painted wild patterns in pinks and purples on the high ceiling. Looking for the motivation to get up the phone rang again.

“Look Margaret, I won’t be late!” he barked into the phone as he answered.

“Gus! This is Doug.”

“Doug, oh, sorry. I thought you were my sister. Hey, what are you doing up so early?”

Doug, his voice shaking I excitement spoke quickly into the phone. “Man you would not fucking believe what happened to me last night. HOLY GOD, single hottest night of my life, there were these three girls and...”

“Doug I am sure that is great, but it is early...”

“Yeah, sorry. Look, I have a big favor to ask. Do you mind if I stop by tonight around nine pm. These girls they, well, let’s just say your haunted house has made them very very hot...”

“Hey, sorry about that but no can do. I am going to be out tonight. I have this big shindig I have to attend for my sister.”

“OH FUCK NO! Please man, Please help me not blow this. They wanted to come over tonight and see...”

“Hey, no problem man. Remember our motto, Bros before Hoes. I will leave my spare key out under the black brick on the front porch. You can bring your female visitors by and hopefully get lucky. Sorry I can’t participate as it sound like quite the evening.”

“Gus you are the fucking MAN! I owe you big.”

Looking at the dawn light in his bedroom Gus nodded as he laughed. “Yes, you certainly do. All I ask is don’t trash my house while I am out.”

“You bet. Thanks again man, you are a life saver.”

Turning back to Angeline on the bed, Gus ruffled up her fur around her ears. “Well babe, it seems we might as well get up. It is like Grand Central Station around here.” Stepping off of the bed he walked into the bathroom and began shaving. Seeing the steam rise onto the mirror, once again the french message “Love you Honey Cheeks” appeared. Frowning, he wiped the message away. “I have had enough of Jasmine drama. It is time to move on.”

Across town at Ed and Lorraine’s house, Ed was up early and in the shower. With images of the threat against his wife flashing in his head constantly, he knew he needed protection. Demons and ghosts were one thing, but now he feared the living as well as the dead. Holy water won’t stop a human attacker but bullets certainly will. Coming out of the shower and dressing, he sniffed the air and smiled as the familiar odor of sizzling sausages wafted into their bedroom. Walking into the kitchen, he smiled as he saw Lorraine, still dressed in her light pink bathrobe standing over the stove.

“Well, you certainly are up early. I thought I would make us a nice breakfast.”

Cupping his hand around her waist he lightly kissed her neck “I love you so much Lorraine. You will never know how much.”

“Well well! If I had known sausages would inspire this reaction, I would make them every day.” Flipping the links over in the pan she turned back to Ed. “So what is the plan about Magnolia Grove. What did Father Aviles say?”

“He said we need to be invited. I thought that today we could call Doug Schone back and see if he can arrange to have us meet the owner. I don’t think he realizes just how dangerous this situation is.”

“No, I don’t think he does. I have seen his kind before; dabblers. A lot of problems come from dabblers.”

“Yes, kind of like playing around with nitro glycerine, you never know when it will go off.” Ed added. “Hey, I have to go downtown today to, well, to pick up some stuff. While I am out why don’t you give Doug a call and try to set something up for tonight or tomorrow night.”

“Will do babe, will do.” She answered. Looking at her husband’s face as she served up breakfast she paused. Having been married for over forty years she knew his every expression and could tell he was extremely worried. Touching his hand, she comforted him. “It will be OK Ed, we have dealt with worse.”

“Yes, I know it will be OK, but I don’t think we have dealt with worse.”

Out in the swamps, Camille DuChamp woke up on her couch. Seeing the morning light streaming through her big picture windows she sighed in relief. In the day the house would be much safer, the hungry dead much more sedate when the sun was out. Sitting up on the couch she could not help but look over at the picture hanging over the mantle. Dreading what she might see, her blood chilled when the figure she had seen the night before was not only still there but appeared to have moved closer to the house. Jumping up and running over to the painting she gasped as it was clear, the figure was bigger now and slowly moving towards the house. Studying it carefully, it was obviously a human shape and although she could

see the basic shape the details were obscured. She jumped when the stomach churning shriek of Marie sliced through the silence.

“Tony! TONY!!! OH MY GOD!!!!”

“Babe! What is it?” Camille screamed as she burst into Marie’s room. Marie was still asleep but her eyes were open, yet turned back in her head. Shaking and sweating, she held her hand out straight pointing out the window.

Grabbing her daughter by the shoulder, Camille shook her awake. Seeing her eyes return to normal, she hugged her tight as Marie collapsed in sobs.

“Oh Mama! I just had the worst dream of my life. I dreamt, oh I can’t even say it.”

“What, what did you dream?”

“I dreamt that I killed Tony, but not just killed him, but I I I...” Burying her face into her mother’s shoulder, Marie could not speak, the image of Tony’s decapitation and castration flashing wildly in her mind.

“There there Baby, shhhhh. It’s OK. I was only a dream, Tony is probably on a plane to Haiti right now to help us all out.”

“Yeah” Marie blubbered. “I am sure you are right, but it was so real. It was the most vivid dream I have ever had.”

“That’s the mark on you working, but that will be over soon. Tony is going to get it all fixed up.”

Back at Ed and Lorraine’s house, Ed started walking towards the garage. Holding Lorraine’s hand, his tone grew very serious and grim.

“Now, I am going to be out for a few hours, so I don’t want you to worry.”

“Ed honestly, you are starting to freak me out with all of this paranoia. I will be fine, stop being such a fusspot.”

“Just humor me, and do me a favor. Until I come back, do NOT open this door for anyone, no matter who it is. Ok, do you promise me. Do you promise not to open the door for anyone?”

“Sure Ed, but stop. You are scaring me. I will be fine.”

Kissing his wife, Ed got into his 1965 rambler and headed downtown. The traffic was light as New Orleans is quietest on early mornings, most of the residents far more active and rambunctious at night. Turning onto Canal street he saw the store he was looking for, “Big Sam’s Guns and Ammo Depot”. Walking inside, he smiled as he realized he was the only person in the store not sporting a “Duck Dynasty” style beard. Seeing him enter, the clerk came over.

“Can I help you sir?”

“Yes, I am looking for a gun for protection. My wife and I have been threatened and need something to keep at the house.”

“Well, you have certainly come to the right place! How much were you looking to spend?”

“Well, I don’t want to overspend but what price can you put on safety?”

“I like how you think sir. I think I have just the gun for you.” Reaching down under the glass case, the clerk pulled out a large long barreled jet black pistol. Glinting under the harsh Florissant lights it was a thing of pure beauty.

Whistling, it was obvious that Ed appreciated the weapon. The clerk, sensing a good commission in the works smiled. “This my friend is the only pistol you will ever need or want. This is the Glock 17L. It takes nine millimeter ammo and trust me, just the sight of this beauty will usually make its use completely unnecessary.”

Taking the gun from the clerk Ed liked the feel of it in his hands. Despite its impressive size, it was surprisingly light. Wondering how it would handle in the hands of his aging and delicate wife he looked back at the smiling clerk.

“Looks good on you sir. Grade A badass I tell you.”

“Yes, but... What kind of recoil does this have? I mean, my wife may have to use it in an emergency and she is not a large nor strong woman.”

“Handles like a dream Sir, like squeezing butter through two halves of hot cornbread.”

Holding it in his hand, Ed asked “I assume it is unloaded.”

Snickering the clerk nodded. “Yeah, might be a problem giving loaded guns to customers to try out.”

Grinning, Ed pulled back on the trigger and was pleased. It was light, not quite a hair trigger, but not something Lorraine would have any problem with.

“OK, you talked me into it son. You are a good salesman.”

“Hard not to be a good salesman with the Glock. Now, how much ammo do you want?” Grabbing several boxes, the clerk motioned to Ed to join him over at the register. Looking down at his chest sheepishly he added. “Well, now for the unpleasantries. Have to do a background check you know. Damn Government!”

“Not a problem son, not a problem. You don’t want to just hand out guns to anyone do you?”

Looking back at him like he had just peed on the Alamo, the smile on the clerk evaporated as he snatched Ed’s driver’s license out of his hand. Obviously this guy was not just pro-gun, but rabidly pro-gun, not surprising as he worked at a gun store. Looking down at the ID as he prepared to type the name into the computer the clerk’s face brightened.

“YEAH! Now I know where I thought I saw you. You are Ed Clearwater, that Ghost Hunter guy. Man! Wait until I tell my girlfriend I met you. We watch your show all the time!”

Smiling sheepishly, Ed nodded. “Yes that’s me. I am glad you like the show.”

“Say, what do you need a Glock for? I thought you and your wife always used holy water and crucifixes.” The clerk added with a chuckle.

“Well, Holy water works on spirits. Living beings need other more direct methods of persuasion.”

Winking the clerk nodded. "Yeah, with this baby in tow, you can turn a few of them into spirits directly." Seeing the background check come back clear, he bagged up the gun and ammo and passed the package to Ed. Watching him turn to leave, the clerk cleared his throat and asked "Hey, do you mind if I ask you to do me a favor?"

"Sure son, whatever you want. You have been a big help to me today."

"Do you mind if I get a selfie with you?"

"Selfie?"

"A picture, on my phone."

"Oh, right. Of course." Posing by the clerk Ed put on his most iconic sneer, used in all of his promotional material and he could tell the clerk loved it. Walking out onto canal street, he already felt better, the image of the threat against his wife still gnawing in his gut but now he felt he at least had a defense plan. Accidentally bumping into a small child clutching his mother's hand, he quickly apologized as the tiny boy fell backwards to the sidewalk.

"Sorry about that boy. Are you ok? You are not hurt are you?"

Looking back up into Ed's eyes, his stomach dropped as the child spoke. "I can't wait to sink my cock into your wife's hole Ed. I bet her ass is REEEEEEL tight."

"Wha-What did you say to me?" Ed croaked, stunned that such words came out of such an innocent face as he snapped up straight in revulsion. Winking, the child and his mother were quickly swallowed up in the swarm of tourists walking down Canal Street and instantly disappeared into the crowd.

Chapter 21

Driving out into the toney suburbs of New Orleans, Gus had the top down on his car. Breathing in deep the fresh air of the countryside, so clear and sweet compared to the oppressive stink that always hung over the city during the summer. Despite the beauty of the surroundings he was troubled as he relived the confrontation with Jasmine the night before over and over in his mind. Unable to process rationally, he filed it all away as a “woman thing” and tried to put it out of his mind. Part of him loved Jasmine but if this weird stunt was an indication of her real personality, perhaps it best he stop seeing her. Sighing as he realized this would also mean the prohibition of her gorgeous body in his bed, his mind focused on the task at hand, brunch with his sister.

He had no illusions that this would be pleasant. Margaret was so driven that it exhausted him and now that she and “Pete” needed a favor from him, he braced himself for her full court press. Reaching the stone wall of Saint Bernard Parish Country Club, he slowed his car to wait his turn at the gate.

“Can I help you sir?” the guard skeptically asked as he looked Gus up and down. He had seen his kind before; good looking gigolos out to suck and fuck his way through the bored rich lives lounging by the pool looking for fun or always wanting to take the new golf instructor out for a test drive.

“I am here to have lunch with Mrs. Landrieu please.”

Crooking his eyebrows up, he scowled. “Is she expecting YOU?”

“I would hope so.” Gus replied, sensing the irritation in the security guard. Loving nothing more than to mess with rent-a-cops like this, he fought the urge to say something inappropriate. Despite everything, he loved his sister and did not want to cause her trouble. Sighing loudly, he pulled out his ID and handed it to the guard, adding “I am her brother!!!”

“Oh, pardon me sir, pardon me. I had no idea. Yes, please, drive right in. The clubhouse is at the end of the road to the right, just past the putting green.”

Saying nothing, and feigning the most snotty attitude he could muster, he drove through the gate. Driving down the palm lined drive, he could see the early Saturday morning golfers out in force. Most were much older than he was, but some were his same age and all were wearing the most garish bright pinks and other pastels on laughably loud pants. Looking down at his crisp white linen slacks, pink izod shirt and penny loafer covered feet, he realized that this is the exact look the so called "better half" liked. Loud and stupid, and after the shopping spree Margaret had dragged him through he now had a closet full of this insipid uniform. Dropping his keys into the valets hand he walked into the large dining room of the club.

The room was as spectacular as it was large. Well over fifty tables were placed around the room decorated in the high french Louis XIV style. Gold angels floated in the corners of the room, each holding lamps that at one time had been powered by gas when the club was originally built. On one wall a spectacular window opened out onto a large patio that overlooked the golf course. On the other wall, obviously meant to mimic Versailles, thirty mirrors, each rising to the ceiling, covered the entire surface. The effect was to make a huge room seem even larger and as he walked down the red carpeted staircase into the dining room, he felt like he was walking onto a stage.

His stomach growled as the delicious smells of freshly made beignets, butter smothers grits and tons of sausage wafted through the air. His entrance obviously had attracted attention as every blue haired (and equally blue blooded) woman in the room turned to see who had just entered. Being the only man in the place, those with penises obviously out playing golf as their wives enjoyed brunch, he felt the hungry stares sizing him up as he strolled over to his sisters table. He knew that some of these ladies had boy toys on the side, and from the looks on some of their very bo-toxed faces, captured permanently into the perpetual surprised look, they wondered who he belonged to. Watching him sit down at Margaret's table, he felt the room slump in disappointment.

“You look great Gus! Just great. I love the pants, so much nicer than your nouveau Hobo look.” She laughed as he grinned and sat down.

As the coffee was poured and the first course of shrimp and grits served, Gus finally dispensed with the small talk. “OK Margaret, I am here as commanded. What favor do you need? I mean if it is about tonight, you really do not have to worry. I am not going to embarrass you or Pierre at the Vallandingham’s party. I am not a moron you know.”

Her mouth full of grits, Margaret nodded. “I know, I know. Look, I know you can behave, but tonight I want you to be on your best behavior. You see, well, you have made quite an impression on Sarah. She would kill me if she knew I told you this, but she is obsessed with you. At my office it is all Gus this and Gus that, and I can tell she is in love. Her mother, a HUGE contributor to Pete by the way, is very anxious to set her up with a good catholic boy like you.”

Laughing Gus through his head back and grinned wildly. Although she was definitely not the type of girl he normally went out with, way too prim and uptight, she was definitely very attractive. “Boy are they off base! Hell, I haven’t been to mass since High School!”

“Yes, I know, and that is where the favor comes in...”

“I knew it. So, you want me to be a good Catholic boy for the duration Sis? Should I get out my old missal I had as an altar boy? I wonder if I still remember the Hail Mary? How does it go again? Hail Mary full of grace, I want a girl to sit on my face!”

“GUS!!! PLEASE!!!” Margaret cried, immediately crossing herself.

“Don’t get your panties in a bind Sis. I am only kidding.” Looking up towards the ceiling, Gus crossed himself and said. “Just kidding God, and Mary of course.” Looking over at his horrified sister, he smiled his most charming grin. “Really, I will play my part. So, you want me to be a good Catholic boytoy to your rich donors daughter, do I have that right?”

“Well, it sounds dirty when you say it. This girl used to be a Nun, so I doubt you would be a boytoy, but she does like you. God knows why, but she really really likes you.”

Leaning back in his chair, Gus grinned. "Hey, what can I say. I am compelling."

"And because she likes you, and has not had a lot of experience with men, I really do need you to be on your best behavior with her. Show her a good time, take her out, but but... Well..."

"No fucking right?" he laughed.

Wincing at his crudity and looking around to make sure no one had heard she whispered back. "Yes, no fucking little brother! It is a foolish sister who does not know her own brother, and I know you are a dog. God knows, you have just as much of a wandering dick as Dad did."

"HEY! That was unkind."

"Well, the truth hurts sometimes. Anyway, I do appreciate you playing your role." As she spoke she slid a small velvet box towards him. "Now, tonight, I want you to wear this. It definitely will make a good impression if Sarah (or her parents) see it and maybe even will straighten your wild ass up."

Opening the box, Gus pulled out a long thin chain with a medallion hanging off of the end. Turning the medal over in his hand he saw the image of the Virgin Mary shown in bas relief on the silver. On the reverse was a large letter M surrounded by twelve stars. Looking back at Margaret, Gus looked touched.

"Wow, I have not seen a Miraculous Medal since Mom was alive. I get the hint. I will be a good boy and charm the, uh, GLOVES off the lady in question. I will even wear this medal and who knows, I may even study up on transubstantiation this afternoon before the party." Smiling he added for emphasis "Happy now?"

"Ecstatic!" Margaret exclaimed, half sarcastic and half serious. Looking over at her brother, still smarting from her crack comparing him to their wayward father she said softly. "You are a good brother, and not at all like Dad. I said that in anger and I did not mean it. I am sorry."

Gus said nothing but nodded, his mouth salivating at the plate of beignets he saw heading towards their table.

“Oh, one last thing.”

“You would have made a good detective COLUMBO!” Gus joked.

“So, what else do you want.”

“This is not going to cause any problems with your girlfriend, er, what was her name, Josephine, Jocelyn...”

“You mean JASMINE? God, you have some kind of mental block about her. Anyway, given the events of last night, I don’t know where things stand with Jasmine, but I don’t foresee any drama.”

“Oh, that’s good. You were too good for her anyw...”

“Wait just a minute SIS! You can push me around all you want, but don’t talk shit about Jasmine.”

“I did not meant to infer..”

“Oh yes you did!” Gus snapped back. “Look, I know you don’t like Jasmine and never have, but she is worth twenty Sarahs any day of the week.”

“OK, OK, I am sorry! I did not mean to offend.” Margaret said as she snapped her finger and called over the waiter. Taking four steaming sweet and delicious beignets off of the tray she placed it herself on Gus’s plate. “Here, eat these. No one can stay mad with a beignet in their mouth.”

Popping one into mouth, Gus smiled. “You can be such a royal bitch sometimes.”

Back in New Orleans, Father Aviles was finishing putting his cassock on as he prepared to hear confessions. This was a Saturday tradition and since he was one of the few priests on duty today, it was his turn to supervise. Walking into the huge cavernous nave of the Cathedral, he crossed himself as he crossed the aisle in front of the high altar. The church was enormous and every time he entered this sacred space, Leo could not help but be awed and instantly transported back to him being a small child with his mother coming to the church.

He began walking softly as the squeaking of his tennis shoes he wore under his robes were creating quite an echo throughout the

sanctuary. Seeing the angry scowl of a few ladies of the Saint Martha Rosary Society, there like they were every Saturday reciting their prayers, caused his face to flush. He knew that being such a young priest in a storied old basilica like this was controversial, but sometimes his youth showed through his veneer of respectable robes and he felt like a fraud. Looking over the grey aging heads in the church he felt a twinge of sadness as so few of his generation still attended church. His parents generation had put their faith at the center of their lives but now the world had gotten very secular very fast. Crossing himself as he filled a bottle of holy water from the baptismal font, he looked over to the left of the nave and saw a red light on over one of the confessionals.

Grinning, he wondered what the great sins would be listed today at confession. Mostly, given either the advanced age of his congregation, or the number of children working towards confirmation, the crimes he normally absolved were more of the “cheated at bridge at the nursing home” or “had impure thoughts looking at porn on the internet” variety. Opening the curtain on his side of the stall he stepped inside as he slid the side panel open. Waiting to hear the quivering female voice of one of his usual penitents, he sat up straight as the voice spoke through the screen.

In a deep, earthy sensual voice, dripping in so much sexuality that Father Aviles instantly felt his robe grow tighter she said “Bless me father for I have sinned. This is my first confession.”

“Yes daughter, please tell me what troubles you.” He responded, his voice cracking as he was startled by the unexpected sensual tone.

“I have urges father. Dangerous unexplained and relentless urges that I, I , I just may not be able to control any longer. Oh Father, you have to help me.”

“Now this is natural my daughter. The body is natural and sex was created by God not only for the propagation of mankind but also as a sign of love between a husband and a wife. Temptation is natural dear, perfectly natural.”

“Not like this father. I have been with boys before, all through high school. But now that I am in college things are different. I keep

having these dreams, these erotic visions. God, just being in here is making me so wet. Can you smell me Father? Can you smell how wet I am. Mmmmmmmmm, yes, yes father. You know what I am doing now father? I am frigging myself while you talk. Just the sound of your voice has me flooding my juices all over the floor.”

Hearing this, Father Aviles instantly froze. Temporarily speechless, his training had never prepared him for this. “Look, daughter, this is not right. Now, please, lets get back to your...”

“Oh yes Father, YESSSSSSSS! Talk more, talk more to me father. I bet you want to lick me don’t you? I bet those balls of yours are just as bright and blue as Mary’s robes aren’t they father? Don’t you wish you had taken another path? Don’t you wish you had decided to marry Sally Father. Do you think my pussy tastes as sweet as hers did Father. Remember, remember that day you kissed your way up her inner thigh when you two were at the beach and you went behind that sand dune...”

“WHO is this! Who sent you!!! I am going to call the police, you can’t threaten..”

“Police? Are you kidding Leo?” The female voice hissed in mockery. “You can’t call the police, this is confession and as you know it is sacrosanct. You remember your vows right? Poverty, Obedience and CHASTITY. Yeah, that last one has been a real bitch hasn’t it father. All of those beautiful young girls in their white sundresses, flirting with you, winking at you. How many nights have you lain awake waxing that gorgeous cock of yours alone in the rectory, thinking about sinking your dick up some young girl’s wet dripping...”

“STOP!!! STOP THIS!!! This is sick and perverted and I am leaving. This confession is over.”

“Oh? I don’t think so.” The voice laughed as Father Aviles looked at the screen and saw a tiny black lace thong pushed through the slat. “You want this. You want me. I can smell your horny desires through the slats. You want to taste my pussy, even if costs you everything.”

Seeing the silky material snake through the holes in the slat, when it fell into his lap Father Aviles flinched, like a man who had a burning cigarette dropped in his lap. Listening in amazement to the voice, he

started sweating profusely as he felt his mind began to snap, his will slowly being taken over by a force outside his body.

“Oh yes. Your body betrays you Father. I feel you, I feel your cock straining to burst free from those holy robes. Go ahead, sniff it Father. You know you want to. You know you hunger for the smell of fresh young hot pussy.”

Now dizzy, Father Aviles hand trembled as he lifted the panties to his face. No longer completely in control of himself, the deep musky odor of female arousal shot through his brain like a lightening bolt, burning and scourging his weakening will. Fighting to keep control of his senses, he was losing the struggle, feeling as if he was falling down and endless well. With the moist panties over his nose, he breathed in deep as his left hand dug under his cassock and found his cock. Unzipping his pants, he sighed as his erection burst out.

“Now baby, isn’t that better.” The voice purred, now sounding almost sweet. Delirious, he licked his lips as he saw the curtain to his section of the confessional open. Stepping inside was the most gorgeous vision his mind could have imagined. It was his old high school sweetheart Sally. Dressed only in a white, nearly transparent sundress, she looked just like she had fifteen years ago when he had had his one, an only one sexual experience with her on the beach. Lifting her dress up over her head, her perfect full and perky breasts popped out and she sat down on his lap and began running her erect nipples up his chest.

“Oh, so hard! Mmmmmmm, just like old times isn’t it babe?” she said smiling as she lifted her nipple to his mouth, which helplessly opened and closed over its erect spongy surface. Tasting her sweet flesh in his mouth, Father Aviles started rustling with his robes, anxious to plunge his aching hard cock into her tight wet young body. Sally, sensing this motion, laughed.

“Not so fast my eager boy. You should eat me just like you did last time.” Now standing up on the seat she hovered over his face and ran her slick, and now dripping, clit over his nose. “Lick me lover. Make me sing like you did before.”

Opening his mouth while simultaneously closing his eyes, Father Leo gripped the back of her tight ass and pulled her forward onto his face. Burying his face into her cooch he growled, the taste and smell of her sex exciting him beyond his wildest imagination. Squealing as his tongue began dancing over her pussy, Sally moaned in delight as she held his head fast. "Oh yes Leo, give in to your lust. Give in to us. Once you do, I will visit you every night." Grunting as he licked her, slurping and devouring her like a ravenous wolf, when she added "See, isn't this better than going out to Magnolia Grove. You would have been defeated anyway, and now you get so much more as a reward."

This revelation acted like cold water on the priest, instantly waking him from the erotic stupor he was in. "No, NO, NO!!!!!! Begone foul spawn of Lucifer, your tricks will not prevail." He screamed as he pushed her back against one of the side walls of the confessional.

Jumping down, Sally growled at him as she spit in his face. "Fool! FOOL PRIEST!!! Pussy was too routine for you I guess. Perhaps I should have come as a nice young altar boy. That is what you robed holy fuckers like these days now isn't it."

Reaching under a shelf in the chamber, Father Aviles pulled out the holy water and flung it at the vision. As the water struck the girl, the light in the confessional popped and thrust him into darkness. Now terrified, he pushed his way blindly through the curtain. No one was there. No one except the five now very astonished Ladies of the Saturday Rosary who looked back at him like he his hair was on fire.

Back at his home, Ed Clearwater sat in the driveway, still shaking from his encounter on Canal street. Now feeling as if he was constantly watched, he pressed the control on his garage and quickly opened the door, driving in and waiting until the door closed and locked before he got out of the car. He was shaken, and shaken bad. Not since his tour in Vietnam had he ever been this scared. Forcing a smile onto his face he wondered how on earth he was going to explain the situation to Lorraine and not freak her out entirely. He loved her so much and the thought of that picture, and those men..., shuddering he tried to put it out of his mind.

“Ed, is that you?” she called from the kitchen through the garage door as she opened it.

“Yes! And what did I tell you about letting anyone in. If you did not know it was me you should not open the door.”

“Ok OK! Jeesh.” She scowled as she went back into the kitchen. Walking inside she watched in increasing concern as Ed seemed very distracted and now was inspecting all of the locks on the windows.

Going over to the ADT control panel on the wall, he turned to Lorraine and barked “Why is the alarm not on? This needs to be on AT ALL TIMES LORRAINE!!! It is very important.”

“Ok, I am sorry, I forgot. We never leave it on during the day.”

“Well, we do now, at least until this case with Magnolia Grove is over we do.”

“What are you talking about? What does the alarm system have to do with Magnolia Grove. We have been in hundreds of haunted houses over the years and I have never seen you this agitated.”

“This case is different Lorraine. Very Very different.”

Seeing the bag in his hand, Lorraine asked “Yes, it is very different. Hey, what is in the bag. You are so mysterious today.”

Looking at his face, she could see a grimness to his expression she had never seen before. When he sat down at the kitchen table she knew to sit with him.

“You know I love you right?”

“Right...” She paused, now growing very concerned. Any couple having been married as long as they had knew that few good conversations began with those words. “What is going on Ed.”

Wincing, he unceremoniously pulled the large glock out of the bag and placed it in the center of their formica kitchen table.

“ED!!! What is THAT doing in here?”

“It is for us Lorraine. There is no nice way of saying this so I will just say it. Our lives are in danger, very serious danger.”

“You mean the pigs head last night, hey, I thought you just said that was kids.”

“No it is not kids. Our lives have been directly threatened and I want you to keep this gun near you at all times, at least until this case is resolved. There are forces at work here that are darker and more dangerous than we have ever dealt with before.”

“Demonic? I still say you and Father Aviles are overreacting. We have dealt with Demons before.”

“Of course, but these particular demonic forces have human agents and they will stop at nothing to keep us from cleansing Magnolia Grove.”

“Oh Ed!” Lorraine said fretfully as she placed her trembling hand up to her mouth. “I hate guns, I really do, but I trust you know what you are doing. Can we do just one thing for my sake?”

“Sure Lorraine what do you want?”

“I don’t want it out where I can see it. We can keep it loaded and easy to get to, but I don’t want it out in plain view.”

Reaching across the table Ed stroked his wife’s face and leaned over and kissed her. “Sure thing babe. You are a real trooper.” Loading the gun, he placed it inside the utility drawer under the microwave. Patting the table, he sighed, suddenly feeling much relieved. “Now, were you able to get a hold of the owner of Magnolia Grove while I was out? The faster we get this resolved the faster our lives can get back to normal.”

“I could not reach him, but I did call Doug and he is going to get us in tomorrow night.”

“Tomorrow night? You could not get us in before then, like tonight?”

“I tried as hard as I could, but it was impossible. Doug was adamant that tonight he had plans that could not be canceled but he promised that he could tomorrow. In fact, I went ahead and agreed to meet him back at Zeke’s tomorrow evening.”

Smiling he kissed her head. “I am sorry I snapped. Good work, really good work. Now, let me let Father Aviles know.” Reaching into the

refrigerator he pulled out a bottle of chilled white wine. Popping the cork, he poured two glasses and proposed a toast. "To the future! I think things are going to work out just fine now."

Now with the sun casting its long golden shadows through the stained glass window at the top of the stair case, Gus walked down to the landing as he tried to get used to his tux. This was definitely his sister's doing but as he had looked at himself in the mirror, he had to admit he looked good. She had her finger prints all over his outfit but it was definitely stylish. From his white linen dinner jacket, with the bright fushia pocket square, to the mother of pearl studs on his stiff formal shirt he looked like a scotch ad. Seeing Angeline staring up unbelieving from the foot of the stairs he laughed.

"Hey babe, I would give you a big hug, but you would shed all over this." Following him as he walked into the kitchen, she looked disappointed by his lack of attention until he filled up her food dish. Walking out onto his porch he walked to the end and lifted up the hollowed out fake black brick he used to store his spare key. He shot up as he heard a sharp whistle come from across he porch.

"My my my Mr. Leblanc! Why if I were thirty years younger I would be all over you. You are looking mighty fine tonight."

Snapping his head back, Gus snickered as he saw his neighbor sitting in her large white wicker chair obviously watching his every move.

"Caught me Mrs. Clark."

"Maxine dear boy, Maxine. And if you are going to dress like that more often, I might have you call me Maxie." She winked, shamelessly flirting with him from her porch.

"I guess my redneck security system has been compromised." He laughed as he put the fake brick back down on the porch. "I am sure you can keep a secret."

Winking again, she beckoned him over. "Sure, but only if you have a drink with me."

Blushing slightly, Gus walked over to her porch. Seeing him up close, Maxine felt her mouth water. He looked good, damn good and

although she always enjoyed a playful banter with her sexy neighbor, it was only half in jest. "Mable, please bring out another julep." She called out as she beckoned Gus to sit down.

"My my my, again, you look good enough to eat boy. Why, you got this old lady all stirred up, I might just come down with the vapors."

Grinning, Gus nodded and winked back. "Hey gal, you know, I bet I would have more fun here with you tonight than where I am going."

"I doubt that, but you are so kind to say. Where are you going."

"Some big shindig out at the Vallandingham estate. All formal as you can see. My sister went crazy with the clerks downtown at Rubenstein's".

"Oh yes, I remember that store. My late husband used to shop there, but I can honestly say, he never filled out a pair of tux pants as well as you do boy."

"WOOF!" Mable announced as she pushed through the door with another tall glass of mint juleps. "Looks like Brad Pitt came to visit Mrs. Clark."

"See Gus" Maxine winked. "I always say, make sure the help you hire are smart and Mable here called it. So, I have to ask, why are you putting your key out on the porch. I would certainly watch it if you need me to."

"That is mighty neighborly Mrs. Clark."

"Maxie, Gus, remember, Maxie."

"I got moved up to Maxie already?"

Taking a deep slug of her drink she smiled back at him with a twinkle in her eye. "A few more of these and who knows what I will have you call me. It would be no bother, but your secret is safe with me. I will keep an eye on it, make sure no one goes in that looks suspicious."

"Thank you Maxie. I must warn you, I have a friend of mine who is coming over tonight while I am out so if you see him get the key it is OK."

"You got it."

Enjoying their drink for the next fifteen minutes, Maxine saw him look down at his watch and sighed. "I know the Vallandingham's so I know you have to run. They always are very prompt." Rising to his feet, in a spectacular chivalrous gesture, Gus leaned over and took Maxine's hand and kissed it.

"Sorry you can't join me Maxie. I bet we would have fun, but you are right. I have to run."

Now fanning herself violently, she laughed. "Oh I bet we would. Now, don't you go breaking too many hearts tonight boy. You are like a prime rib steak with shoes!"

Waving goodbye, Gus climbed into his car and began his drive out to the estate. The trip would not be too long, only twenty minutes or so, but already he was wishing the evening was over. As city turned to suburbs, and suburbs turned to open countryside, he looked down at his directions and wondered if he had somehow missed the turn. Few if any cars were on the road now but the few that were were all very impressive. Having passed the fifth Lexus in ten minutes, he knew he was in the super ritzy section of the parish now. With the top down and the Mississippi looking like a river of gold as the sun set in the west Gus felt his nerves tense. This was a different world he was entering. A world of debutante balls and trust funds, of private schools and private drivers and although he could be charming he wondered if he would be able to fake his way through the night. Seeing the enormous serpentine brick wall to his left eventually broken by two huge stone lions standing guard over a high gate, emblazoned with a large golden V on the top, he knew this was the place. Turning into the driveway he pulled over and caught his breath.

The house was beyond astonishing. Magnolia Grove, easily one of the largest homes in New Orleans would not rank as a guest cabin on this estate. With a long mile long driveway leading up to the main house, the home was a palace. Four floors in total, it was one of the few homes in the area made entirely of brick and the east and west wings were already emblazoned with lights from the party inside. Sporting close to fifty rooms, it screamed wealth and privilege; with two tennis courts, and Olympic sized swimming pool and a full scale

ballroom. Lining the driveway and from what he could see the outside formal gardens, were hundreds of tiny pastel colored lanterns, making an already festive atmosphere look like a high rent carnival. Driving up to the front door, a fully costumed livery took his keys and immediately parked his car without saying a word.

“GUS!!!!” a young woman’s voice called out from the top of the stairs on the veranda. Looking towards the voice, his mouth dropped open. It was Sarah, but instead of her form hiding black dress, she looked beyond stunning now. Dressed in a light purple gown, the cleavage he could only imagine before was now on full display. Her long satiny soft blond hair framed an equally angelic face that matched her bare, and oh so kissable legs and toes in her open toes sandals.

“Sarah! Wow! You look beautiful.”

Blushing, she ran down to him and gripped his arm, enclosing him in a cock stiffening hug. “Oh you are too kind. I am so happy you came. I hope you don’t mind, but I asked your sister to coax you to attend. I know these things can get dreadfully boring.”

“With you here, boredom is not in my vocabulary.” Seeing her eyes open up and pupils dilate, he knew he was hitting his mark. Now linked arm and arm Sarah guided him inside.

“Wow!” Gus exclaimed as he set foot in the foyer. Gorgeous in the extreme, the black and white marble tile floor was shining underneath an enormous eight hundred pound chandelier that towered above the floor. Looking around the room he recognized all of the Hoi Polloi of Louisiana. Oil executives, Judges, Senators, Congressman and of course the current governor were all there and seeing his sister and Pierre at the top of the stairs, he saw the future governor was also there.

“Yes, quite a stuffy bunch don’t you think.” Sarah sighed as Gus looked over at her with a new found respect. “Let me show you the rest of the house.”

As they walked down the ornate hall, causing many to stop and gawk at the attractive couple they made, he felt himself become aroused. Somehow knowing that a former Nun had the hots for him made the situation even more delicious. Entering a side room as she

gently pulled on his elbow. He gasped as he saw they had walked into a private family chapel.

The room was incredible. Although relatively short in length (only fifteen feet) the ceiling lifted high off of the ground and must have gone all the way to the third floor. In front of the chapel was an amazing baroque altar piece, imported from Italy brimming with cherubs and saints ascending its height. Above the altar hung a solid gold crucifix, and above that a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, crowned by Jesus on one side as a dove descended onto her crown. This image represented the assumption of the Virgin into heaven and at first glance Gus knew that such a beautiful and historical piece of art would normally be in a cathedral or a museum and not a private home. Playing his part perfectly, he crossed himself as he entered and dropped to his knees on the plush red silk kneeler. Looking up at Sarah, who looked down at him like a hungry bear eyeing a fresh salmon, he said "I can't help but want to pray the rosary when I come before a statue of the Queen of Heaven."

Now with the sun fully set, Camille started pacing again. Marie was still asleep, drifting in and out of consciousness and as the long shadows of approaching night washed over the bayou. Out at the tree line she could see the mist forming back into menacing shapes like it had the night before. All day long she had been a bundle of nerves, knowing that not only would night (and the hungry dead) return but the painting in her living room continued to change. The small figure she had noticed the day before now was much larger and grew steadily closer to the house. Each time she passed her whole body jerked as she was afraid to look, afraid to see how close it would get. In her bones she sensed that this obvious omen was a threat and that when the figure got into the house bad things would happen. Staring intensely at the blurry image she shivered as she saw its left foot now clearly placed on the first stair of her porch. She had all of the lights on in the house blazing a beacon across the desolate and deserted dark swamp.

"Tony!!! Tony!!! DEAR GOD NO!!!!" Marie screamed as she tossed fitfully in her bed. Rushing upstairs, Camille carried a cool wet rag, desperate to do anything to relieve her daughter's suffering.

“Oh Baby baby baby, Tony is not here. He is in Haiti baby, but he will come back.”

“No Mamma, no, he is coming and and and...”

As Marie screamed, her blank lifeless staring into the mirror spooking her mother, the reflection of headlights caused Camille to jump. Looking out the window she saw a car coming up the long driveway to her house. Looking down at her watch, she wondered who on earth would be coming out this way at this hour. Turning to Marie she placed her hand on her head and said “I will be right back baby, just try to get some rest.”

Walking downstairs Camille suddenly felt sick. She was used to being in isolation, having lived out in the swamp for years, so having a sudden visitor at night was an extremely rare event. Having been subjected to two days of constant supernatural attack, and no sleep, had her on edge. Reaching the front door, she inhaled deeply before she opened it and chuckled.

“Well, Duppies don’t drive, so I should be ok.” Opening the door, her face instantly dropped, more in irritation than fear.

“Tony!!!! What in the hell are you doing here, I thought for sure you would be in Haiti by now.”

Her thought was short lived as she just caught the glint of the machete whizzing through the air mere seconds before it separated her head from her body.

Chapter 22

Back in the quarter, Doug stood in front of his mirror in his bathroom and tried on yet another shirt. This one he liked, black silk and with just the first couple of buttons opened, it was his idea of looking sexy. Wearing a pair of black chinos and dress shoes, this was his “club wear” and his cock stirred in his pants as he thought of the erotic delights that awaited him this night. Combing and recombining his hair over and over, he was nervous. Although no slouch in the woman department, this situation seemed like a Penthouse Forum letter come to life and part of him sensed that it could blow up at any second. These things happen to other guys, richer guys, better looking guys and not him. Vowing not to screw up what he was sure to be the most exciting sexual experience of his life, he was focused.

He had slept in all day, only waking around four pm. Orally servicing three ravenous beauties all night had been exhausting and it was only now that his jaw had ceased to ache. Splashing some cologne across his jaw Doug hoped that his empty balls would be in total agony next morning. Readjusting his package inside his tight pants, he smiled. His testicles ached so badly as he had yet to release the flood that had built up inside from the night before. Remembering Daniella’s command to save his seed for them, it had been difficult not to toss one off as soon as he got home, but he refrained. He was going to savor this night and as he closed his eyes he imagined the joy he was going to feel as he pumped each one of them full of his spunk before morning. Looking down at his watch he saw it was already eight pm and not wanting to be late for the best fucking of his life, he bounded out of his apartment and down the stairs to his car.

Across town Ed and Lorraine sat in their living room and watched television. It was a Matlock marathon showing that night and Ed enjoyed seeing Lorraine watch Andy Griffith verbally joust with his adversaries, his thick southern accent dripping like honey as he always came out on top. In his world, redneck seersucker always triumphed over sophisticated slick suits. Earlier he had called and arranged with Father Aviles to meet them the next day at Zeke’s where they would stage their assault on the demonic forces at Magnolia Grove. Until then, he would stay here with Lorraine, safe in

their house. He knew he would need to save his strength so having some time to relax before the fight was welcome. He also felt much safer knowing that his newly purchased Glock was in the kitchen to protect them from any human invaders.

All night long it had been quiet and he and Lorraine had enjoyed a nice meal at home, eating chicken on their metal tv tables in the living room. As they both enjoyed a good laugh at Andy Griffith verbally terrorizing his nemesis, the phone rang.

Looking at her watch Lorraine remarked "Wow, it sure is late for a call. I wonder who it is."

"Probably some telemarketer, just let the answering machine get it." Ed growled as he turned the tv up. Hearing the beep of the answering machine, the breathless voice of Father Aviles echoed through the room.

"Ed, Lorraine, if you are there, please pick up. It is quite urgent!"

Jumping up from his brown vinyl barcalounger, Ed trotted to the phone. "Leo, it's Ed. Are you ok?"

Lorraine watched nervously as she watched her husband speak into the receiver. She could not hear what the priest was saying, but from the greyish look on Ed's face and his single one word answers, he could tell it was serious. Hanging up, Ed looked over at her and said "Honey, I have to go meet with Father Aviles for a bit, but I will be right back."

"Ed, what is it? At this hour, can't it wait until we meet him."

"I am afraid not dear, he insists it is quite serious and that I have to meet him right away. Very mysterious I have to say, he says he will explain more when I get there."

"Yes, well, be careful on the way to the Basilica."

"That is the weird part, he wants to meet me at Saint Louis Cemetery."

"The CEMETERY!!! I don't like the sound of that Ed. I think I should come with you."

“Absolutely not Lorraine. You are going to stay right here, and you are going to keep that Glock handy.”

“Ed” Lorraine said gently, knowing better to argue with her husband when he got into the zone. “What is it. You have been as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs for days. I am your wife and you need to be straight with me. What exactly are you that worried about.”

Sitting down, he stared deeply into her eyes. “I will handle it Lorraine, but, I want you to promise me that when I go out, you will not open this door for anyone. Not a neighbor, not a priest, no one!”

Startled by the intensity of his stare, Lorraine nodded and kissed him goodbye. As she closed the door behind him she called out “I will wait up for you. Please call me if there is trouble.”

“I will be alright, but remember, NO ONE GETS IN!”

Down in the quarter, a police car pulled up to Captain Tony’s apartment building. The lights were not flashing and the cops in the car were finishing their coffee before they went in.

“Can you believe this guy would just leave his car out in the swamp and not even have it towed?”

“Crazy, I mean that was a sweet ride. God knows if it had been mine I would have still been kneeling beside it weeping.”

Laughing, Samuel, the older and fatter of the two got out of the squad car. “Yeah, but you are or course a crier.”

“Not like your wife who cries every night you come home.” Patrick, the polar opposite of Samuel, joked back as he joined his partner on the sidewalk. Where Samuel was old, white and fat, definitely living up to the stereotype of a donut loving peace officer, Patrick was young, thin and black. They had only been partners for a few months, and already they liked each other very much. Samuel was a mentor to young Patrick and always worked to keep them both safe. This was their last stop of the night and it had been uneventful. Some nights it was quite action packed, but mostly, their routine consisted of dealing with drunken frat boys vomiting on Bourbon Street, or ticketing double parked cars. This call was even lower

stress than normal, following up on an abandoned car. Tony's vehicle had been easy to trace and a quick call to the DMV had his address on their radar.

"Well, let's get this over with. What do you say, I bet this was a DUI and the guy freaked and took a cab home." Patrick said as he and his partner started walking up to the apartment building. The area where they were was one of the nicer areas of the French Quarter and surprisingly quiet. There were a few bars sprinkled around, but mostly the block was made up of small apartment buildings.

"You are probably right. We both have seen this movie before. Pretty smart though, the fine for leaving your car abandoned out in the swamp is a lot less expensive than a DUI." Samuel said as he waddled down the sidewalk.

"Nah, my bet is a drug deal gone bad and the guy had to leave suddenly. Did you not look at the sheet on this guy."

"No, is he a known dealer?"

"Yes, but pretty low level, weed only as best as I can tell. He has a few priors but nothing serious."

"Well" Samuel smirked. "I am betting we are not dealing with Pablo Escobar here. The complaint was about the car so let's leave it at that. It is late, and I really don't want the hassle with some pointless weed bust."

"You are a good man Samuel" Patrick beamed back as the walked up the stairs to the main entrance to the apartment building.

Entering the lobby and seeing the sign, they saw that the manager lived on sight on the first floor. Standing in front of the door, Patrick knocked loudly.

Mrs. Bronstein, the apartment manager in Apartment 1A did not look pleased when she opened the door and saw two of New Orleans finest staring back at her. Although the neighborhood was a bit dicey sometimes, it was not as crime ridden as some, so the sight of the police set her back on her heels.

Arranging her faded pink housecoat over her corpulent frame, she simultaneously pulled her doo rag down over her curlers. Saturday

Night was always her “hair night” and she knew she looked a mess.
“Can I help you officers.”

“Routine call ma’am, nothing to be alarmed about. We just wanted to know whether you had a Tony Clarke living here.”

“Nah, no Tony Clarke here. You must have the wrong address.” She nervously clucked back as she started to close the door.

“Look Ma’am, we know Tony Clarke, AKA Captain Tony lives here and we need to talk to him.”

Her face cracking in nervousness, Mrs. Bronstein burst out “Look officers, he ain’t dealing drugs no more. There is no reason to pick him up, and plus, he don’t live here no more.”

His face twisted in a smirk, Samuel pushed the door back open as he continued. “That is very neighborly of you to look out for Captain Tony but I thought you said you did not know him. We never mentioned weed, but no mind, we are not here on anything drug related. Tony’s car was found wrecked out in the swamp and we wanted to follow up and see that he pays the towing fee as well as investigate the incident. You can’t just leave the scene of an accident.”

Feeling somewhat more relieved, Mrs. Bronstein frowned. “You don’t mean that Cadillac of his. God, I hope he is alright. He loved that car like a child. I can’t imagine him just leaving it.”

“Well, perhaps we should ask him. Which apartment does he live in? None of the mail boxes had names.”

“Oh, I will show you directly. Right this way, it is Apartment 2A, right above me.”

Walking up the steps of the building, the stairs creaked and groaned, creating quite a racket as they ascended. Buildings like this were quite common throughout the quarter, only just a few apartments created out of old nineteenth century mansions. Reaching the top, Mrs. Bronstein stepped forward.

“Maybe I should knock. Tony might, well, his experience with the police has not always been positive in the past.”

“Understood.” Samuel nodded as she knocked. After three or four attempts, Samuel stepped forward and pressed his ear to the door.

“It sounds like he must be in there, the shower is running. Do you have a key Mrs. Bronstein? Perhaps he fell and knocked himself out or something.”

“Yes, I have the master key right here. I hope he is OK. He has always been a good tenant.”

Entering the apartment, Patrick and Samuel shuddered. There was an uneasy almost otherworldly stillness inside. Walking into the front living room, Tony’s TV was still on, with the volume turned down low. On the floor leading to the bedroom were his muddy clothes from the night before. Stepping into the bedroom, the sound of the shower grew louder.

“Mr. Clarke! Mr. Clarke! Are you alright?”

The door was cracked and the light was on but no response came from inside.

Unsnapping the cover to his gun holster Patrick was jumpy. Although a relative rookie on the force, and with this being a very low risk assignment, something rubbed him wrong. The air crackled with something, something he could not put his finger on but his spine tingled in dread. Samuel, taking the lead, slowly opened the bathroom door, half expecting to see a routine drug overdose. As the room came into view his eyes grew wide and he screamed.

“Oh dear GOD! DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN NO!”

Patrick, running in to see himself, instantly covered his mouth at the grisly scene, his stomach retching, he instantly vomited in the sink.

“What is it? What in God’s name is wrong!!!” cried Mrs. Bronstein from the hall.

“Don’t come in! Do NOT come in Mrs. Bronstein.” Samuel yelled back as he immediately called into the station on his radio.

“Nonsense, I am responsible for this apartment building.” She replied as she rushed into the bathroom. As she stepped inside all of the blood drained from her face as her brain tried to make sense of what

she was seeing. In the tub, now grey from being drained of all of his blood, was the decapitated corpse of Tony Clarke. Looking down his body to her horror he saw his genitalia had been obviously bitten off and even more terrifying was the fact that his head was not only not on his body, but was missing entirely. The tiny bathroom looked like a Jackson Pollock painting created in blood, with the thick coppery smell hanging heavy in the air and every surface splattered in red. Over the sink, in the mirror were written the words “Bad Choice Tony!” Shrieking at the top of her lungs she collapsed on the floor as she fainted.

Out in the swamps, Marie had woken when she heard the knock on the door. Now awake her body tingled in fear as the silence in the house seemed unusually oppressive.

“Mamma, who was it?” she called out as she sat up in her bed.

Hearing nothing, she called again and her heart began beating faster as she heard footsteps coming up the stairs.

“Mamma, Mamma, why won’t you answer me?!?” she continued to yell as the footsteps reached the top of the stairs and now were obviously right outside her door. Jumping up out of bed, she ran to the door and flung it open, her eyes brightening as she saw Tony standing there.

“TONY!!! Thank God! I had terrible dreams about you, I am so glad you are here.”

Tony said nothing, but as she looked at him closer her heart beat faster. His face was definitely Tony’s but looked gaunt and lifeless, almost hanging off of his skull like a mask. Reaching down to take his hand, suddenly concerned that he might be ill, she froze as she saw a white hand hanging below his sleeve.

“What the...” She exclaimed as she looked up. The last thing she saw now was his machete slicing through the air, reaping yet another grisly harvest of heads for his growing collection.

Back on the sidewalk outside Magnolia Grove, Doug’s face turned into a broad grin as he saw the three lovelies standing under the street light. All day long he feared that the night before had been

some giant fluke, and his much anticipated sexual romp would be forever delayed. Now that he saw them waiting for him, right at nine pm as they arranged, he knew it was no fluke.

If he thought they had looked enticing the night before, he had been dead wrong after seeing them tonight. The prior evening they had looked like grandmothers in burkas compared to the vision they presented to him now. Tonight they looked like sex itself come to life, oozing their feminine charms out into a puddle on the street. All were dressed alike in matching wispy red thin silk dresses, delightfully cut short and oddly consisting of hoods. Barefoot and showing much cleavage, they eyed him with a lusty look on their face he had never seen before.

“I knew you would be on time boy!” Sabrina giggled as she ran her fingers up his black silk shirt.

“Mmmm, you clean up nice.” Daniela added as he aggressively grabbed and squeezed his left ass cheek.

Gulping hard as his pants threatened to split open from the pressure from his now rigid cock, he could say nothing but nod. Feeling the hot gaze of the three on his face, he could barely believe it was happening. The prospect of a foursome with three of the most beautiful women he had ever seen seemed so close he could taste it. As if on cue, a hot breeze came up and blew through the thick magnolia trees and perfumed the whole area with its intoxicating odor.

“Are you ready boy? Is Gus ready for us too?” Sabrina asked as she started walking up the steps to the front door her left hand gripping Doug’s obvious erection through his black pants.

“I am afraid you ladies only will have me to contend with tonight. Gus had other plans and...”

“FUCKER, MOTHER FUCKER!!! YOU PROMISED WE COULD GET IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT!!!!” Daniella shrieked, the fury of her words and tone of voice visibly shaking Doug.

Wheeling back to look at them, he was shocked. Gone were the angelic and lusty soft faces now replaced with the deep scowls and

glaring eyes of pure hate. Now queasy and sure his erotic escapade was about to be canceled, he bent down and lifted up the fake brick and revealed the key. "No need to get upset girls, Gus lent me the key. He told me that the place was mine to enjoy for the night, so..."

Seeing the key, the girls instantly returned to their prior mood and Doug sighed in relief. Unlocking the front door, he quickly returned the key under the brick and walked inside. The girls audibly gasped in glee when the beauty of the foyer was revealed. Seeing the long sweeping staircase leading upstairs, they giggled and talked amongst themselves as Doug walked further inside and spun around to look at them.

"Ta-DA!!! What do you think?" he asked as he pointed his arm backwards dramatically to present the house. Brimming with pride, for a moment he imagined that this was actually his own house and he was a rich programmer like Gus instead of a slacker stoner like he was.

"We love it!" they all cried simultaneously, but to Doug's consternation, they remained outside. As he was about to ask them what was going on, he heard the clicking of tiny nails on the floor behind him as Angeline rushed forward barking and snarling at the "intruders" in her house. Seeing the dog charging, Doug bent down and scooped her up into his arms as she covered his face with licks. Laughing, he petted the dog and turned again to the open door.

"As you can see, as a guard dog, Angeline here is not very credible." As the dog followed his gaze, she instantly tensed and began to growl when she saw the three women on the porch. "Aren't you going to come inside? I think we have some fun times planned in here." Doug added with a wink.

Giggling, Sabrina said "Well babe, you have to formally invite us inside. We can't, I mean, we only want to come into a place where we have been properly invited."

Smiling, and with Angeline shaking and growling in his arm, Doug got onto his knees and melodramatically and jokingly begged. "Oh please, dear Goddesses, please come into Magnolia Grove. You are hereby formally and enthusiastically invited."

Now grinning malevolently, Sabrina strolled across the threshold with Daniella and Angelique close behind her. When all three of them walked into the foyer, now finally this much closer to their goal, they seemed to visibly relax, the final gate to their victory now open before them. Looking down at Doug kneeling on the marble floor, Sabrina smirked. Reaching her bare foot out under his down turned face, she purred.

“You may show your “Goddess” your appreciation for the unbelievable gift we are going to bestow on you.”

Feeling his cock leap in his pants, he put Angeline down on the floor as she twisted to get free from his grasp. Once out of his grip, she immediately bristled, growling and snarling as she stood at Sabrina’s feet. Doug ignored her growls as he gently lifted her foot to his mouth and began to delicately kiss his way down from her ankle to her toes. Sighing as she felt his hot lips on her cool flesh, the constant snarling of the upset dog was definitely putting a cramp on the erotic moment. Glaring down at Angeline, the tiny animal yelped as the flash of red in her eyes, and the look of utter evil on her face terrified her. Whimpering and crying, she dashed out the open door and out onto the porch. Doug, too aroused to notice looked up as the other two girls closed the front door and joined Sabrina in front of him, offering their foot for worship.

Taking her big toe, Angelique pushed Doug’s face upwards to look at her. When their eyes met, he felt his whole body go weak as an palpable electric shock ran between them. Intoxicating them all like a drug infused mist, the feeling of lust and obvious arousal in the room escalated rapidly as they stayed silent and glared at one another. The sexual tension kept building as the girls now started to undulate and rub their bodies, their erect nipples quite apparent through the red silk dresses. Bending down, Sabrina roughly grabbed Doug’s crotch and pulled him to his feet.

“I think it is about time we go upstairs and take care of this!!!”

Back at the party Sarah and Gus had found a private spot on the upper patio of the Vallandingham estate. Overlooking a formal garden, it was truly breathtaking. Rows and rows of sweet and

pungent flowers; rose bushes and jasmine, all in full bloom wafting their delicious scents upwards towards the patio where they sat. Looking over at his companion, Gus smiled, as the evening was turning out to be far more enjoyable than he had thought it would be. Far from having to fake attraction for the daughter of one of his brother-in-law's donors, it was coming quite naturally. Still smarting from Jasmine's seemingly inexplicable behavior the night before, the sight of this glorious long legged, curvy blonde was just the tonic he needed. As they drank flute after flute of chilled champagne, constantly being refilled by uniformed butlers, they both were feeling the effects of the bubbly as the night progressed, and Sarah's prudish shell slowly began to crack.

Giggling as she finished another glass, she slipped off her high heels and seductively placed them in Gus's lap. Winking, she said "These heels have been killing my feet all evening. I hope you don't mind if I take my shoes off."

Feeling her small silky soles rub against his tuxedo pants Gus winked back as he instantly felt his member jump to life. Cupping her left foot in between his palms, he said "Well, you know, I am quite the massage expert you know. There is no sense having a pretty young thing like you in pain all night, here let me see if I can help."

Purring in pleasure as Gus's strong hands worked their magic on her feet, her eyes popped open in shock when she felt him lift her foot to his mouth and begin sucking her toes. "Oh my!!! Oh, OH, OH!!!!" she moaned as Gus continued his oral attentions and then put her foot back into his lap.

His eyes now open wide too, Gus gulped as he stuttered. "I I am so sorry Sarah. I overstepped my welcome. I guess I just lost control."

Looking back at him and now feeling her whole virginal body blush with the twinges of overwhelming lust, her smile told him that he had nothing to fear. Taking her foot, she accidentally brushed against his erection and felt herself grow wet as she placed her big toe back on his now open mouth.

"Don't stop. I liked it!" she blushed as he began sucking her toe again. Feeling herself grow wetter and wetter, and seeing his

obvious arousal grow in his pants, she added “What do you say we go somewhere private for a while, like, well, how about back to your place? I would love to see your house. Your sister cannot shut up about it.”

“Are you sure?” Gus responded, his brain a stew of mixed emotions. Nothing would satisfy him more than enjoying the charms of this beautiful silken wonder, but, he knew that not only was she an innocent, and drunk, he did not feel right about taken advantage. This coupled with knowing that if he deflowered Sarah, the absolute and unrelenting wrath of his sister would pour out on his head like scalding hot lava. “I mean won’t your parents think...”

Taking her foot out of his hands, Sarah leaned forward and whispered into his ear. “Don’t worry about them. I will take care of it. I often go down to visit friends in the quarter and I will just tell her that my friend needs me and she won’t wait up.”

Shocked as the words left his mouth, Gus said “Look Sarah, I really like you, but.. Well, I don’t want to be the one to take your, I mean, I want you but, I...”

Kissing him deeply, she whispered again. “I trust you Gus. I know you want to have sex with me, and I want to with you too, but am saving myself for marriage. I hope I did not give you the wrong idea.”

Visibly relieved, he nodded and grew even hornier and intrigued when she added. “That does not mean we can’t still have some fun you know” and winked and ran off to her talk to her parents. As he watched her glorious ass scamper back up the long lawn to the fully lit estate of the Vallandingshams, he sighed. Never in his whole life had it been him reluctant to have sex, and seeing the moonlight posterior of Sarah teasing his eyes as it sashayed up the marble steps to the Georgian mansion, he knew it would be very hard resisting her charms. Feeling his cock straining to burst out of its formal prison, he laughed. “Yes, very very hard.”

Following her up the steps, he jumped as he felt his sister’s hand grip his shoulder. “I am watching you brother.”

“JESUS Margaret! You scared the shit out of me.”

“Good!” she winked. “I saw you and Sarah out in the garden, and it seems you two are getting along quite well.”

“Yes, she is quite a lovely girl. A very lovely girl.”

Wincing as he felt her nails stab into his shoulder through his white tux jacket Margaret hissed “Remember Gus, be a good boy. This is not just another pussy conquest for you.”

Rolling his eyes, he grinned. “I know, I know.”

Margaret stopped speaking and plastered a forced smile on her face as she saw Sarah bounding down the steps, her face beaming as she stared at her brother, but then dropping when their eyes met.

“Evening Sarah, I hope you and Pete are having fun.”

“We are, we certainly are.” Looking her up and down Margaret beamed. “You look lovely my dear, absolutely lovely. I hope my brother here is not monopolizing your whole evening.”

“Oh certainly not!” Sarah shot back and she reached out and played with Gus’s goatee. “Your brother is a true gem, such a good Catholic boy. He has been a real treat.”

Seeing her stroke her brother’s face, Margaret smiled. Obviously her plan had worked well as it was quite obvious that Sarah was beyond smitten. As Sarah removed her hand she sighed. “But sadly, I have to run. I just got a text from a very good friend of mine and she needs me. I hate to have to leave the party, but I really have to go.”

“I am sure your parents are disappointed.”

“Not really, they know how Shelia is.” Turning now to Gus, Sarah winked and continued. “It was a real blast with you tonight. I really am sorry to see the evening end. It is such a shame I have to go into town, but...”

Taking her hand he lightly kissed it and winked back. “Yeah, it is a shame. I guess I should probably leave too then. It was a real pleasure hanging out tonight.”

Watching Gus and Sarah interact, Margaret exhaled in satisfaction, like a cook watching a perfect soufflé come out of the oven. Any number of things could have caused the soufflé to fall. Knowing her

brother, he was always an unknown factor, but now she was home free. Sarah was smitten, but now was leaving, so she would get credit for fixing her up with Gus without having the risk of him screwing it up. Watching the two walk up into the house, she smiled as she thought to herself "Mission Accomplished!"

Now walking through the enormous home and out into the paved round entrance drive, clogged with Bentleys, Mercedes and Jaguars, Gus and Sarah stole a lingering smoldering kiss as they each went to their separate cars. Firing up his motor, Gus put the top down and thoroughly enjoyed the drive back to New Orleans.

The evening had been perfect and as the silvery moon cast a magical glow through the spanish moss hanging from the trees, he wondered how on earth he was going to resist having his way with this beauty once they were alone at his house. Still, shifting uncomfortably in his seat as his cock throbbed at the thought, he had more fun with this would be Nun tonight than he could ever have imagined and the sacrifice was worth it. Looking into his rear view mirror, only one set of headlights could be seen and it was Sarah, diligently following him back to his house. Driving through the deserted back road he hoped that Doug and whatever activities he had planned for his house had ended early as he was happily going to be home much earlier than he had expected.

Standing at the top of the stairs at back at Magnolia Grove, their bodies shimmering as the moonlight streaming through the stained glass, the three women glared intensely at the wall of rosaries.

"Soooooooo, this is it is it?"

"Yeah, amazing isn't it." Doug chirped back, literally trembling in desire. "Now, uh, where do you girls want to go "take care of business"?" he asked hopefully, anxious to relieve the incredible pressure in his testicles.

"In there!" Sabrina barked as she pointed straight at the wall.

"In there? What do you mean, THERE? How, it is just a wall?"

"No, it is a door. See, look carefully at the edge."

Looking at the edge of the wall, Doug pulled up one of the rosaries off of the nail and saw that she was right, it was a door. A long hidden door obviously, covered entirely by the wall of rosaries but a door nonetheless. Glancing back at the girls, he almost shot his wad as he saw them start to slip out of their dresses, their glorious nudity flopping and jiggling into his view. Feeling his body warm, the intoxicating feeling of lust that hit him when he walked into the house now amped up dramatically as the colorful designs of the moonlight shimmered across their naked bodies. Sabrina, looking at him while she licked her lips, shimmed her panties down her long legs and kicked them over onto his face.

“Yea, that is where we are going to give you the fucking of a lifetime boy. In there, right in the heart of Magnolia Grove!!!”

“You girls are freaks!” Doug laughed but added “But beautiful freaks.” Looking back at the door he scratched his head. “Hey, I don’t know if that is going to be possible though. These rosaries are nailed in here pretty tightly and it looks like some of these have been in here for years, possibly even centuries. Gus would kill me if I fucked up his house while he was gone.”

Hearing this, Sabrina frowned and looked over at her equally beautiful naked companions. “OK Girls, let’s go home. Dougy does not want to play tonight.”

His stomach dropped as he saw them pick up their dresses and start to get dressed again. Holding up his hand he yelled “No wait, don’t leave. I want to play! I DEFINITELY WANT TO PLAY! It is just, well, there are so many rosaries up here, I don’t want to screw things up for Gus. Maybe I can pry some of the ones off of the edge and we can get inside.” Bending the nails back, the first of many ancient glass beads came off in his hand. Looking back, he smiled hopefully as he saw them stripping again.

After five minutes he realized it was going to be quite a job to remove enough to open the long sealed door. Watching expectantly, the girls purred as they rubbed their hands over each other’s bodies as they called out encouragement to Doug. “Faster Doug, faster. We can’t wait to ride you all night in there.”

Exasperated as he pulled his hand back in pain as he pulled his fingernail back on one of the stuck beads he snapped "Yes, but, this would go much faster if you helped." Wishing he could take it back right after he said it, he jumped when he felt three sets of hands start unbuttoning his shirt and removing his pants.

"You are a good sport Doug." Sabrina purred as she hissed into his ear. "A very good sport to indulge our, well, very odd eccentricities. I tell you what. Once we have taken care of your business and you are slumped over exhausted in the afterglow of the most satisfying night of pussy of your life, we will put all of these rosaries back up for you. I know you are worried about Gus, and we can appreciate that, but babe, it all will be worth it." Leaning down, she snaked out her tongue and lazily licked a long wet trail up his shaft as he moaned. "DEFINITELY WELL WORTH IT."

As she spoke and licked, the now naked Doug jumped as he felt two other tongues join hers in teasing his now fully exposed and rock hard cock. Inspired and now committed, he jumped up and attacked the wall like a madman, ripping and shredding through the rosaries like a hedgeclipper on an overgrown shrub. Laying back on the ground the three girls undulated on the ground in delight as they saw each holy relic hit the ground, shattering as it hit the ground. Stepping back, his body covered in sweat, Doug grinned as the last rosary dropped to the floor, his mind shocked by his own horny fury. There before them stood an ancient wooden door, studded with thousands of nails that had held the relics.

Spinning around in triumph, he was shocked when the three leapt up like beasts and literally knocked him against the wall. Kissing and biting his naked flesh like madwomen, Doug was in heaven. Now free of the rosaries, Sabrina reached up with her free hand, her mouth still firmly gripping his cock while her other hand teased his balls and pushed the colonial style tarnished brass door handle down. All paused as the door slowly creaked open to reveal the secrets inside.

Sabrina and the other girls held their breath as the secret room was revealed. Not knowing what to expect, their whole being burned in desire to get inside the room with a hunger that could never be

satisfied. Once open, what they peered into was darker than the bottom of the deepest coal mine shaft without a lantern. "Turn on the overhead light Doug, let's see what is in here."

Delirious with desire, Doug flipped on the wall switch in the hall and the huge crystal chandelier hanging over the stairs flickered on. Joining the girls, he too stared into the darkness and despite now having some outside light streaming in, the room seemed even darker.

"Crazy isn't it?" Doug exclaimed as he stared into the void. "It is like the light is being sucked into the darkness and absorbed". This was no ordinary darkness but actually seemed like a living being, undulating and pulsing on the ceiling and walls as it fed on the energy streaming into the long locked room.

Doug yelled out "Oooof!" as was knocked breathless by Sabrina who gripped his cock and threw him inside, now ravenous with a burning lust she had never experienced before. Falling onto the rough dusty floor of the hidden room, obviously unseen by human eyes for centuries, he coughed as the dirt flew up from his impact and got absorbed into the inky darkness. Looking back at the open door, he saw the three beauties now rush inside and launch themselves onto his body.

Despite the creepy location, and the uncomfortable splinters that were boring into his ass from the long buried floor, the taste of warm wet pussy that flooded his mouth as Sabrina mounted his mouth was made even more enticing by the feeling of his meat being impaled by Angelique. Daniella was not out of the picture either as she clawed and scratched his stomach as she ground her sopping hot pussy on his chest and eagerly devoured Angelique's wet mouth in a deep french kiss.

Sweat poured off of all of them as Sabrina gyrated her sex on his mouth and Angelique rode him faster and faster, feeling his desire to shoot well up in him like a static charge. Her pussy was so wet, so tight, Doug was in heaven. Feeling his legs start to straighten out stiff, the ocean of boiling cum in his balls began rising to eruption.

Sensing this, the girls fucked him even harder as Sabrina began to chant.

“Oh dark lord Azmodeus, thy time hath come. Arise, Arise dark lord from your eternal sleep and wreck your just vengeance on the followers of the Nazerene. Accept this unholy carnal sacrifice from your devoted servants as nourishment to thy satanic majesty. Feed on his seed and body as our offering to you.”

Underneath Sabrina, writhing in absolutely pleasure, Doug spasmed as he shot the largest load of his life into Angelique, spewing his spunk hot and deep into her warm wet folds. Feeling him spasm and writhe beneath her as he came, Daniella pushed Angelique backwards and quickly impaled herself on his still hard cock. Screaming in a mixture of pleasure and pain, Doug continued to spurt as he shrieked now in agony and not pleasure. Something was wrong, desperately desperately wrong. Now having orgasmed for five minutes and still remaining as hard as he had before, his heart pounded in his chest like a sputtering tractor. Feeling his life draining away like sand Sabrina chuckled as she stroked his wet hair between her legs, he continued to moan in pain as he could not help but pleasure her sex with his tongue and lips.

“Shhhh, Dougy, Shhhh. No need to fuss, there is nothing you can do about it.” Feeling him bucking wildly to get away, she laughed.

“There is not a chance in hell you are going anywhere before we all get our chance. Plus, you have already been marked for a higher purpose, so you might as well lay back and enjoy this.” As the smell of sex and sweat permeated the darkness, Angelique lay back exhausted against the bare walls, her whole body tingling in pleasure and lust. They had all dreamed of this moment for so long, and now that it was here she was speechless. Reveling in the afterglow of her orgasm, she looked up in horror as she saw the darkness hovering over the ceiling now begin to pulsate and throb like a living liquid. Not noticing, Sabrina was now taking her turn on Doug, and as she shrieked out her moan of pleasure she opened her eyes just as the wall of black poured over all of them.

The moans of pleasure from her mouth now were replaced by screams by them all as the liquid darkness coated them like hot

steaming tar. Doug lay lifeless beneath her as his heart finally gave out and he died, his hard on still as rigid as ever. Their screams quietly muted as the tarlike substance boiled and bubbled over their bodies and their forms slowly dissolved into the wood in a great black boiling puddle. As the last trace of them evaporated from the floor a deep voice boomed from every direction in the room.

“Thy sacrifice has been accepted daughters! I have awoken!”

Chapter 23

Back at Tony's apartment, the rescue squad had finally arrived along with several squad cars of police officers. Mrs. Bronstein, having passed out completely had been returned to her apartment and would not wake until morning.

"God Damn, I thought I had seen everything." The EMT remarked as he placed Tony's headless and dickless body into the cadaver bag and loudly zipped it up. Looking up at Samuel he asked "Any idea on where the head is?"

"Hey man, I stored it up my ass!!!" he snapped back as he wiped another glob of sweat from his corpulent brow. A long time veteran on the force few things rattled him but this certainly had. This was no ordinary murder or drug hit. Gangster's would not take the time to decapitate their victim, much less bite off their dick and they certainly would not take a head for a trophy. His stomach churning as he still felt sick, he knew what this meant.

"So Sam, what do you think?" Patrick asked as they now stood alone in the blood spattered bathroom, the remains of Tony already half way down the stairs on the gurney.

"I think we have a serial killer on our hands that is what I think."

"Yea, I was thinking the same thing. The missing head is a dead giveaway. You know, in a case I read about at the academy there was this killer who had a collection of..."

"Hey, you want to give me a minute." Samuel barked as he pointed to the door.

"Sure thing Patrick, you need some time alone to ponder a plan to find this head?"

"No, I need to take a squirt."

"Samuel!!! In here? That seems kind of disrespectful."

"Are you fucking joking? I would think after what happened in this room tonight, my draining off the trouser snake would be the most respectful thing to happen in here all day. Anyway, I gotta take a piss and I gotta take it now."

Getting the hint, Patrick walked out of the bathroom and closed the door behind him. Once alone, Samuel lifted the lid of the toilet as he began to unzip his pants. Looking down, he gasped as pee ran down his leg, his hand frozen in terror as he had not taken out his dick. There, floating in the toilet, was the bloody red pulpy mass of Tony's head, looking more like a giant alien creature than something that was once a human. Screaming out for Patrick, when he rushed in and saw the object in the toilet he nearly vomitted.

Getting a hold of himself, and now blushing as his blue pants were stained with his own urine, Samuel bent down and fished the object out of the water. Placing it onto the floor, he saw that the face had been surgically removed, leaving only bone and muscle behind.

Pacing the floor in her kitchen, Lorraine continuously wrung her hands together, her face twisted in deep worry. Now almost one am, Ed had been gone for hours, the Matlock marathon they had been enjoying earlier long over. Out on some odd meeting with Father Aviles at St. Louis Cemetery, he should have been home hours ago. Drinking another cup of coffee, she reached into the back of the freezer and pulled out a very cold pack of Winstons. Ed hated that she smoked and she tried not to do it in his presence. Thirty years earlier she had been a die hard two pack a day smoker but now she only lit up to relieve stress. This situation now was a time she needed a smoke worse than anything. Sitting down at the table, she struck the match and inhaled the cigarette deep, the cool velvety smoke dancing through her lungs and instantly giving her a brief, if not glorious, respite from her concern. Pulling out her phone, she redialed his cellphone. When it once again went to voicemail she slammed it down onto the table.

"Damn it Ed! ANSWER!!!" she screamed as she jumped when she heard the loud booming knock on her front door. Feeling a shiver run up her spine, she glanced over at the drawer near the table, and opening it, saw the gun still there. Remembering Ed's words, she froze, not wanting to move or give any indication that she was there.

When the booming continued, she grew more alarmed until she heard Ed's voice. "Lorraine, let me in. I have lost my house key."

Jumping up instantly, she ran into their living room but paused before she opened the door. She knew that supernatural forces were at work here, and remembering his warning she took her hand off of the handle.

“Please Lorraine, let me in. There are people out here out to get me.”

Her body shaking, Lorraine peered through the peekhole, holding her breath in fear of what she might see. Seeing the face of her husband, although looking oddly gaunt and colorless, she exhaled loudly. Unlocking the door, she pulled it open saying “Oh thank Christ you are OK Ed, I have been worried...”

As the door now was fully open she froze as she came face to face with her doom. Ed was a relatively short man but now appeared to have grown four inches since he left. Startled by this, her dread exploded when two other men stepped forward out of the darkness on either side of him and “Ed” spoke.

His voice cackling with malice, he sang in a mocking fake Cuban accent “Hey Loooocy, I’m home!!!”

“Oh dear God NO!” Lorraine shrieked as she vainly attempted to slam the door shut. Pushed effortlessly aside by the tall figure, she fell backwards into the living room as the three men rushed inside.

“Oh my, this is going to be fun. I haven’t enjoyed good granny pussy in ages” one of the men snickered as she looked up into the lifeless face mask of her husband.

“What is this, where is Ed?” she shrieked from the floor, her mind a rush of terror as she tried to make sense of what was happening.

“Why, he is right here dear.” The man said as he stroked his face.

“Well at least part of him. I thought it would be touching if the last thing his lifeless face witnessed was his old withered up wife being gang raped to death.”

Screaming in terror, Lorraine scrambled into the kitchen, desperate to reach the gun as she was quickly pursued by her attackers.

Reaching the kitchen table she was forced down face first over the formica as two men held her legs down and proceeded to hike up

her skirt. Panting and struggling to get free, pain racked her small frail body as she felt the pressure of her legs being pulled widely apart. Hearing the unzipping of her attackers pants she began to weep, steeling herself for the rape she knew was about to commence. Thinking of Ed, her eyes choked back tears as she mustered the last of her strength and pushed hard against the floor lunging towards the drawer.

Opening it, she grabbed the gun and pointed it back behind her head, blindly firing the entire cartridge in a wild rage. Hearing the soft gurgles and moans of her attackers and two thuds as they hit the floor, her body was crushed by the large form now slumped over her and pinning her to the table. Looking to her right as she tried to get free she felt the warm blood of her attacker running down her face. Catching a glimpse of the lifeless mask made of the flesh of her dead husband she felt her chest seize up in pain as she lost consciousness.

Back at the main police station, Patrick and Samuel were talking to the chief about their case when a new call came in. "All units please proceed to 921 Franklin Street immediately. Multiple gunshot victims are involved as well as a rape attempt and evidence of a possible third murder. Please use Mongoose protocol 419."

Hearing the call, the chief looked up as his face lost all color.

"Mongoose 419?" Patrick asked under his breath. "What the hell is a mongoose 419?"

Whispering back Samuel said "A Mongoose situation is a crime that is likely to create a media stir. Journalists are always monitoring the police channels on the radio, and when we want to keep something under wraps they call a Mongoose 419."

Calling the detective on his cellphone, the chief grunted as he heard the details. Hanging up, he turned back to Samuel and grimly stated "Yes, I definitely now think you are right, this is a probable serial killer at large. Time is of the essence here as you all know that as soon as this hits the air, our leads will dry up like a glass of iced tea in the western desert. This latest case not only involves a face removed

from a head, but now involves the world famous Ed and Lorraine Clearwater.”

“The old couple from those ghost shows on cable?” Patrick asked as the chief nodded.

“The very ones. Ed is obviously dead and his wife is in a coma, the victim of a rape attempt. Once this goes public we will have CNN, MSNBC, FOX and even GHOSTBUSTERS up our ass for weeks, so we need to act quick. This night has been one fucked up mess.”

“Understood.” Samuel and Patrick nodded.

“So, you need to go back to that Captain Tony’s apartment and look for more clues. Maybe he had a girlfriend that was involved, or he was mixed up in some sort of weird satanic ritual cult or something.”

“I wonder if that is where he was going when he wrecked his car?” Patrick interrupted as the chief looked up.

“Wrecked car?”

“Yes sir” Samuel now spoke, taking over the conversation and explaining why they were at Tony’s apartment in the first place.

“Well guys, you have your assignment. I think your protégé Patrick here is on to something. I know that road you have on your report and trust me, there aint much there. Maybe he ran across something out there, or was involved with something, but I would go out there right now. I am sure that we will need background info when this case gets resolved. It appears the perps are dead but there will no doubt be data to gather and people to interview.”

“Yes sir” they both said as they turned to leave.

“Oh, and take an unmarked car. Those swamp people, they get a bit skittish around the police.”

Next to Magnolia Grove, Angeline cowered on the porch whining as she scratched relentlessly at Mrs. Clark’s door. Desperate to get in, after an hour of barking Mrs. Clark opened the door and looked down at her tiny late night visitor. Yawning and pulling her housecoat tight she smiled.

“Baby, what are you doing out? I am sure Gus would flip out if he knew you were outside right now.” Looking over to his driveway she saw that his car was gone so she scooped up the tiny terrified dog and brought her inside.

“You have just been having a big old adventure haven’t you?” she said soothingly as Angeline started panting, still nervous but less panicky. “Well, let’s get you a nice hunk of cheese and you can have a girls night in with us. I am sure your daddy will be very happy you came over here to stay since you got out.” Walking upstairs, Angeline fell asleep in Mrs. Clark’s arms as she was placed on her enormous pink and purple satin bed. As they both fell asleep, outside two cars pulled into Gus’s driveway.

“Incredible!” Sarah exclaimed as her eyes fell upon Magnolia Grove for the first time. Now very late, near midnight, the full moon cast the marble columns in a surreal silvery glow. “You are very fortunate to have been able to buy such a place Gus, really.”

Smirking but with his head swelling with pride, he caught himself licking his lips as he looked over at the beatific vision standing in front of his house. Strolling over, he spun his keys on his finger as he grinned. “Wait until you see the inside!” Walking up the steps to his house, he paused as he listened intently for any sign of unexpected guests. Hearing nothing, he sighed, relieved that Doug had obviously done what he needed to do and left, leaving the house to he and Sarah alone. Pushing open the front door, a wave of hot air washed over them both and although not alarming the effects on both were instant.

Sarah, her eyes wide in wonderment at the impressive foyer, found herself grow instantly wet as she set foot inside. Although chaste, and having almost been a nun, she knew what being aroused felt like. Up until now nothing in her experience could prepare her for the red hot furnace of desire that cascaded through her body. Earlier in the garden, with her toes in Gus’s mouth, she had been the most turned on that she had been in her life. That is, until this moment.

The air was thick with the perfume of Magnolias and her whole body tingled as she felt a charge surge through her limbs. Feeling her

nipples instantly grow to diamond hard shapes under her bra, she found difficult to concentrate as she walked inside, her mind awash in dirty images. Mostly, these images were of her naked and writhing on top of Gus.

Gus too felt a difference, but not enough to be alarmed yet. Feeling his cock stir in his shorts, his balls began to tighten and all of his senses went onto overdrive. The house was deadly silent, more quiet than he ever had remembered it being and it only heightened the rising sexual combustibility in the room. In his mind, or perhaps reality, he felt he could hear the low hum of his laptop whirring in the darkness; normally hidden by a plethora of other household ambient noises.

Looking over at Sarah, the smoldering intense stare of unbridled lust on her face had his cock at full mast but was also very intimidating. Gus had been with many women over the years, but the laser-like intensity of her stare made him visibly sweat. Struggling to push the swirl of erotic images flashing out of his mind, he willed himself to squelch them as he definitely did not want to screw things up for Pete. He also was struggling with a lingering feeling of guilt over Jasmine. He loved her, but despite being angry about her supposed odd behavior the night before, he did not intend on cheating on her, no matter how attracted he was to Sarah. Looking at Sarah's gorgeous curves however, and long silky blonde hair and obvious hard nipples he knew this was going to be a major struggle to resist, a struggle he was not used to engaging in.

She on the other hand was not so constrained and as they walked into his main parlor she violently pushed him backwards onto the couch and pounced onto his chest. Biting his bow tie with her teeth, she literally growled as she pulled it loose from his neck.

"My God you are one sexy man-beast!" she giggled as she looked down at his astonished face as she sat up and straddled his crotch, spitting his now shredded tie onto the floor.

"Whoa babe, I mean, Sarah. I think you are taking things a bit..."

He was immediately silenced as she fell forward and kissed him deeply, her eager tongue swirling around his mouth like a trapped

eel. Gus was astonished but could not stop getting even harder. Despite evidence that she was quite unskilled in the art of love, her attack on his face; so clumsy and heavy handed, was intense. Her rabid enthusiasm more than made up for her lack of erotic skills. Pushing her up off of his mouth gently, he sighed as she proceeded to bite off the studs of his tux shirt. Now opening his shirt, she purred as she ran her long slender fingers through his thick chest hair.

“Oh Gus! I have never felt a man’s bare furry chest before and yours is quite, quite...”

“Listen Sarah, I think we are going too fast here. You aren’t yourself right now.”

“Oh contraire, I think I am now FINALLY myself.” She said with a grin as she ran her long nails down his chest and began grinding down onto his lap like a Bourbon street stripper. Now sitting on top of him, Gus looked into her face and was both aroused and terrified by what he saw. Gone were the bright blue sparkly eyes he had gazed into before, replaced by two glistening solid black spheres. Gently pushing back on her torso, he felt himself grow dizzy, an intense heat seemingly flowing from the black orbs in her skull.

Wriggling free, Gus stood up as he gently placed Sarah back on the couch, her body hot to the touch and her mouth audibly growling.

“I think we need a drink!”

Smiling seductively as she rubbed her bare feet together she stroked her left breast and nodded. “Make mine something cold and sweet!”

Unable to prevent his natural instincts from reacting, Gus nodded and walked into the kitchen, slightly hunched forward as his hard on was now fully tenting his pants. Wiping the torrents of sweat pouring down his face, he whistled as the surge of hormones pulsed through his veins. He was a ladies man, and had been with many many women in the past but tonight he was experiencing a level of horniness he had never felt before. His whole body was shaking as his cock throbbed in his pants and his balls literally vibrated, as if they had been denied release for months. Now away from Sarah, he could slightly gain control of himself and as he opened the

refrigerator, he saw he had a bottle of champagne already chilling. Popping the cork, he filled two glasses and began walking back into the front parlor. As he entered, his mouth dropped open and he instantly began to salivate at the sight.

Sarah was now completely and spectacularly naked, and the gorgeous body he could only imagine before was now delectably displayed before him. Laying back brazenly on the couch, her arms behind her neck, she draped her left leg over the back of the couch as her right was firmly planted on the floor. Seeing him enter, she grinned and shimmied her full breasts at him as she undulated her pussy up off of the cushion.

“Well, see anything you like Gus? Perhaps you would like a snack before we have our drink.”

Literally struck dumb, Gus instantly ran forward and set the bottle and glass down on the coffee table as he dove into her lap. Feeling her hot moist pussy succumb to his hungry lips and tongue, the first flood of her juices rushed into his mouth as he started eagerly worshipping her sex. Purring loudly she gripped the back of his head and guided his mouth over her body like an old pro. Now lost in her own lust, Sarah felt like a spectator and not a participant in the scene. Scared but also struggling to come to terms with the feelings of intense arousal assaulting her body, some unseen force seemingly was now in complete control of her actions. Shocked at the feeling of a man's tongue on her pussy for the first time in her life, the intense emotion of the moment and the erotic sensations that she had never felt before jolted her back to control. Now temporarily in possession of her body, she quickly sat up and shouted.

“GUS! STOP!!!!”

Looking up from her legs, the sound of her scream shocked Gus out of his stupor as well and he sat up as well, shocked and stunned by what had happened. Stammering, he could not help but lick the taste of her off of his mouth as he tried to apologize.

“Sarah, oh, I am... Are you OK?” I am so sorry, I thought...”

“No, it is ok. I, I don’t know what happened to me? It is like, it is like somebody else was operating my body. I am sorry Gus, I, I...”

Looking at her trying to cover her nakedness, he was puzzled by the sight of her shaking, her face grimacing into all sorts of fantastical contortions. Her blue eyes were back, and as they stared up at him in fear and confusion, he reached out to touch her face to comfort her as she smiled. As his hand came forward, he flinched and yanked it back as they again turned back and her scared expression turned to bemusement.

“So fucker, are you just going to get me all wet and not finish the job?” she growled.

“Sarah, I think I should take you home.” He comforted as he stood up off of the floor.. He was confused. He too felt like he was temporarily taken over by other forces outside his body, and now as he realized that Sarah felt the same way, he thought perhaps it best she leave. Bending over to pick up her panties and dress, suddenly a jolt of pain shot into his lower back and his breath was knocked out of his body as he fell to the floor. Unable to move and with his body convulsing his blood pulsed in his eyes as he felt his body turned over onto his back and he could look up at Sarah standing over him.

Laughing as she held a taser in her hand she triumphantly stepped over him and placed both feet on either side of his stomach. Seeing her face, he knew that whatever was in control of her now was not Sarah and this knowledge terrified him.

“You are not done boy” she purred as she ran her foot down his bare chest and teased his zipper with her toe. “Yes, you have a big night ahead of you my sweet sweet Joues de Miele.” Looking at the device in her hand, she smirked. “Such good luck that Sarah’s mother insisted that she carry this for protection.”

Still flopping uncontrollably on the floor the last image Gus saw was Sarah shoving the taser into his stomach as the surge of electricity caused him to pass out.

Back at the main New Orleans police station downtown, the chief stared at the crime scene photos taken at the Clearwater’s house

and shook his head. Standing behind him was one of his young Lieutenants slugging down a large mug of coffee.

“My God this is even more grisly than normal isn’t it chief?”

Nodding, the chief’s eyes were glued to the picture of the disembodied face laying on the kitchen table. “I have seen many things in my life Bill, but this is a first. Any word on who the perps are?”

Clearing his throat nervously, the Lieutenant stammered. “Well, sort of but we are running the prints again to double check.”

“Amazing, simply amazing.” The Chief continued. “I mean that sweet old lady, how on earth was she able to take down three grown men, backwards, while being held down onto a table. She is one tough old broad. Has she given a statement yet?”

“Not yet, she is still unconscious. Frankly, I talked to one of the doctors on call over at East Jefferson Hospital and he indicated that she might be out for weeks.”

“Weeks! Damn it! We really need to question her. Any word on the husband?”

“Well, no word yet but we have an APB out. We all assume that the face belongs to him, but...”

“Yes, but, no one really can get far without their face can they? Hiding a body is not that easy, so he is going to turn up.” Scratching his chin he turned back in his chair to the lieutenant. “This is truly a bafflement, and, I know once the shit hits the fan we are going to get a lot of heat. Having two celebrities murdered in one night, and in such a grisly fashion, coupled with killers that hacked off faces, the media is going to go crazy. So back to the main suspects, what exactly did the scan of the records say so far?”

“Well Chief, like I said, we are rerunning the print search.”

“I would bet these guys had priors. I mean, no one just comes out and does something like this out of nowhere. What did the initial scan show?”

“Nothing on the two black guys. Negative search results on both, but on the white guy we did get a match but are re-running. The guys in the print lab are convinced it was a false positive.”

Narrowing his eyes to slits, the chief stared at Bill’s hand and saw a manilla folder. Pointing at it, he said “I assume that is the hit.”

Holding out his hand, he curled his fingers forward. “Give it to me.”

With great reluctance, Bill handed over the folder and braced himself. The chief, reading the paper shook with rage.

“Jesus, this is the jackpot! What is with those guys at the lab, this is definitely the guy. Listen: Elmo Belcher, aged 54, occupation Truck Driver.” Looking at the black and white mugshot and holding up next to the crime scene photo, he grinned. “It even looks like the guy, just compare.”

Bill, his face as white as a blizzard nodded. He had to agree, it was a dead ringer. Even though blood was splattered over the dead man’s face in the crime scene photo, if it was not the same man in the mugshot it was definitely his twin.

“And listen to his rap sheet.” The chief continued as he read down the sheet. “Multiple charges for arson, armed robbery, assault, CHRIST, even child rape. OH yes, this guy is a real beaut.” Looking back at the crime scene he snickered “But it appears he certainly got what he deserved. I guess he fucked with the wrong old lady.” His face smug, he looked surprisingly relaxed. He knew that once the story got out about this crime spree, the clock was ticking. If the city thought the killer was still on the loose he not only would be badgered incessantly, his station would be inundated with false reports. The “killer” would be seen in every shadow, every stranger and his men (already overworked and understaffed) would be stretched even beyond the limits they had now. Now that he obviously knew who the killer was, the case of Tony and the Clearwaters could be presented as nicely wrapped up. Knowing there would not have to be a trial, just made it even sweeter.

“Did you read the last entry on the rap sheet Chief?”

Looking down at the computer read out, the chief winced. There on the final line of statistics was the line “Executed for Murder,

Louisiana State Penitentiary, April 3rd, 1954.”

“Come on now!” the chief exclaimed. “Something must have gotten scrambled in the records. Just look at the resemblance, and the rap sheet, and now you say the prints match? Have you checked this guy out on the other databases?”

Nodding, Bill handed him a photocopy of an old Times Picayune newspaper dated April 4th, 1954. The headline screamed in full point type “Murderer, rapist and Devil Worshipper Elmo Belcher justly executed.” Looking at the old photo with the headline, the chief gulped as he saw it was the same guy. The stats matched the photo, but how. How could a man who had been dead for over fifty years suddenly show up in the house of Lorraine Clearwater. Holding his head in both hands, he now knew that his delight at thinking the case was neatly tied up was gone, and the questions from the press were going to be a frenzy. Pushing the paper back into Bill’s hands he barked “Lose this and get my car. I think we need to go take a trip to the morgue to take the prints ourselves.”

As they both got ready to leave the room, the sound of the backup request came blaring over the radio. “Send all available officers to Saint Louis Cemetery ASAP. Evidence of a 187 having occurred earlier this evening. Preliminary investigation indicates crime has ritualistic overtones.”

Recognizing the voice on the radio, the chief picked up his cellphone and dialed the officer in charge. “So Fred, what’s the deal. You said ritualistic...”

“Yeah, definitely some freaky shit going on. Don’t run into too many corpses without a head these days, but when we found the head, it was missing its face. I am sure this will make the news chief, so you might want to get ready.”

Hanging up, the chief sharply turned to Bill. “I think we just found Mr. Clearwater.”

Back on the dark highway number nine, just north of Lake Ponchatrain, Samuel looked over at Patrick typing away on his iphone and laughed.

“What in the fuck are you doing over there shithead? Looking at porn again?”

“Very funny, but no. If you must know, I am doing some police work.”

“On your phone, right. Look, pay attention. Once we get out on those dark roads out there in the swamps, I will need your help. Those roads are pretty sketchy in the day, much less at night, and given that we don’t know where we are going anyway, or even what we are supposed to look for, it needs to be all hands on deck.”

Smirking, Patrick’s young dark face looked green from the glow of his device. “I know exactly where we are going and after doing some research, it appears that that road will take us right to where we need to go.”

“OK Dorkadamos, where are we going.”

“We are going to the home of Camille DuChamp, which is at the very end of this road.”

“Who the fuck is Camille DuChamp?”

Sighing, Patrick continued. “She is the mother of Marie DuChamp who was the girlfriend of the now headless Captain Tony. Obviously since she is one of the only houses out on that road, that must be where he was coming from when he had his accident. I dread having to break the news about Tony, but, maybe they have some information we can use.”

“And just how did you find all of this out on your phone?”

“Well, Captain Tony had a facebook page, and linked to Marie who mentioned her mother lived north of New Orleans so, I went to the property records online and cross referenced...”

“All on your phone?” Samuel sighed. “I guess I am old.”

Laughing, Patrick poked him in the arm. “You are one old moldy cracker you are.”

Laughing back, Samuel turned onto the narrow causeway and slowed down the car dramatically. They had an unmarked vehicle so as to not arouse suspicion, but given the narrowness of the road, and the darkness of the night he knew he would have to crawl. It

would take well over an hour to get to the DuChamp house and his stomach boiled in agitation. Despite having been on the force for over thirty five years, and seeing more than his fair share of blood, mayhem and death, the one thing he hated more than anything was breaking bad news to relatives. It was awful, and always made him nervous. Having a forty five pointed in his face almost seemed like a better job than this one. He knew that it would be dawn before they got there, having to crawl at fifteen miles per hour, and he and Patrick were going to be beginning the worst day of someone's life right when the sun crawled up into the eastern sky.

Back at Magnolia Grove, Gus's flittered his eyes open but found he was blindfolded. No longer convulsing from the shock, he did feel as though he had been grabbed by his ankles and beaten against the side of a brick wall for three weeks. His arms and legs tingled in light pain, and his energy level seemed completely drained. His head ached slightly, like the morning after one too many, but was not too awful. He had certainly had worse hangovers in his life. Slowly regaining consciousness, the memories of the night before flooded into his mind and he jerked awake, lurching upwards to get out of bed. Suddenly feeling himself flung backwards onto the mattress the true nature of his situation became glaringly apparent.

He was bound tight, ankles and wrists to his bed, spread-eagle and apparently naked. Hearing the low giggle of a female voice watching his gyrations trying to escape, he kept his cool and did not cry out despite a rising flood of panic in his mind. He had done plenty of freaky stuff before, and Jasmine often took a dominant role in their sex play, but never had someone tazed, stripped and bound him against his will.

"Oh my sweet Joules de Mile! Such a valiant struggle, but it is no use." Sarah spoke mockingly as she watched Gus struggle. Sitting open legged at the foot of the bed she slowly walked her toes up his deliciously spread legs towards his chest. Glaring at his erection, which despite the tasing, was still as strong as ever, she paused to give him one long stroke with both of her soles. Hearing his moan, and feeling his meat pulse between her soles she grew even wetter.

“Oh you talk so big Antoine. You know you cannot resist me. Why did you make it necessary to tie you up?” Tickling his nipples, she continued teasing his body until her feet rested on his collar bone on either side of his face. “Now, show your devotion to you new Mistress. Show the woman who owns you how much you appreciate her.”

Feeling her toes cross his lips, Gus knew better than to argue and eagerly kissed the soft sensual sole presented to him. Purring appreciatively, she gripped his blindfold with her toes and ripped it off.

“See, if you are nice to me Joules de Mile, you will be rewarded. And your reward is going to be you will be allowed to see me when I fuck you.”

Gus blinked as the blindfold was ripped away, and looking down his body, he confirmed what he already knew. He was tied, helpless, naked and very very hard. At the foot of the bed, looking sexier than he thought possible was the equally naked and aroused Sarah, her black eyes glowing in the dim light. Forcing a grin on his face, Gus licked his lips, her honey still thick on his flesh. Hearing her speak in french and call him Antoine filled him with dread as he wondered exactly what he had gotten into here. He really did not know Sarah, and now it appeared she was having some sort of mental breakdown and with him naked and helpless, he had no way to resist anything she might decide to do. Prudence being one of his virtues, he tried to enthusiastically play along.

“You look beautiful Sarah, absolutely beautiful.” Although he said this to humor her, it was true, she was stunning. The dim blue moonlight streaming in from his windows highlighted her large suckable breasts and glistening pussy perfectly. Despite being petrified, little Gus was reacting on a more basic level.

“Sarah? OH...” she laughed. “You don’t have to use HER name now. Her body is a bit tight for me, and her hips a bit narrow, but I do look forward to feeling your cock take my virginity again Antoine. Yes, just like so many years ago.”

“Oh, you don’t like Sarah?” Gus grimaced. “Uh, what should I call you?”

Smiling as she crawled up on the bed and spun around, her perfect heart shaped ass now dangling over his face she cooed. “OH, you will say it soon enough. Soon you will be crying JUSTINE, SACRE MERDE! Please let me shoot JUSTINE!!!” Wiggling her ass, she slowly lowered it onto Gus’s waiting mouth. Seeing her cooch descend, Gus salivated as the perfume of her feminine arousal only made him harder. Taking her into his mouth, he eagerly began taking long slow licks up her slit as her honey poured down his face. “Oh yes Antoine, YESSSSS!!!! It has been so long!!!” she said as she wriggled down hard onto his mouth.

Time seemingly stood still as Sarah/Justine rode Gus’s face for the next hour. Juicy sweet and ripe like a freshly picked peach, she bathed his face in her essence as he teased out one orgasm after another from her beautiful yet untouched body. Finally shuddering and panting as her body spasmed in pleasure, she ran her long hot tongue up his shaft one more time before rolling off of his body. Gus, despite his concern over being helplessly tied up by a crazy woman, now ached in insane desire. As he lovingly licked and kissed his way over her pussy, feeling her body sputter and shake as she came, she had maddeningly licked and sucked the tip of his cock, keeping him locked and loaded, but quite far away from his own pleasure.

“Oh my dear dear Antoine! You are just as good as I remember” she panted as she jangled his balls on the top of her foot. “I have been trapped here for so long, so very very long. Now though, things are going to be different for us. My debt to the dark lord was paid with the ultimate price of our child, and now that the gate was opened last night, one more sacrifice and we can both be free, free to be together forever and ever and ever.”

Gulping, Gus had no idea what she was talking about, but it was obvious this was dangerous. “Sacrifice?” he said meekly, trying to put up a brave front. “What sacrifice?”

“Why you of course, my Jouis de Mile?” she laughed as she gripped his cock with her toes. “Now that I have a body, I can complete my

ritual. But..." she said with a pause. "Before the sacrifice I want to enjoy this hot cock you have now. We will have centuries as spirits, but only this one time in the flesh."

Now very worried, he began struggling against the silken ties again, but to no avail. He was tied very tight and despite his terror, when Justine/Sarah crawled forward and gripped his cock he moaned. Looking down, he saw her pull out a long piece of ribbon which she tied tightly around the base of his penis.

"There we go, all nice and prepared" she purred. Straddling his stomach, she giggled as she felt his hot meaty cock slap helplessly against her ass. "This will make sure you can last" she said as she leaned over and kissed him, teasing his cockhead with her ass. "It is going to have to last a long long time." Sitting back up she raised her body up and slowly, inch by inch, impaled herself on Gus's member. Gasping as her hot, tight wet pussy gobbled up his cock, he watched her face flush as he filled up every inch of her as she settled down onto his crotch.. Slowly rocking her body forward, she began writhing and moaning as his penis teased her insides, tickling her g-spot as she showered his lower stomach with her juices.

Gus groaned loudly and began bucking wildly as she stroked him with her pussy. If he were not tied off he would certainly have exploded into her instantly, but the bonds held and he was stuck. Now he was but a sex toy for this wild woman riding him, and until she untied him he would never soften nor would ever release.

An hour into her ride, her large breasts jiggling wildly in front of Gus's desperate face as he hopelessly thrust upwards from the bed, she shrieked. He had lost count of the orgasms she had experienced on his cock, and despite his fear of being killed, his mind was solely focused on when the painful ache in his balls could also be released. Wildly struggling once again to pull his arm free from its bonds, the necklace around his neck bounced upwards and laid flat on his chest. As he had lay on the bed, the medallion to Mary had fallen to the side face down, but now the medal was face up.

Her face coated in sweat, her blonde silky hair matted,"Justine" opened her eyes to look down lovingly at "Antoine". Seeing the

image of the Mother of God glittering on Gus's sweat soaked furry bare chest, a brief flash tore through her brain and Sarah was able to retake control of her body. Waking as if from a deep sleep, she gasped as she felt Gus's cock inside her. Looking down in horror, she saw him writhing in agony, obviously tied to the bed against his will. Seeing her own naked body, and catching her own reflection in the mirror she leapt off of the bed, now completely herself again.

"Oh Dear God in heaven what have I done? Oh sweet merciful lord forgive me!" With her eyes welling in tears, she looked over at Gus writhing on the bed and burst into sobs, rushing downstairs to leave. Quickly putting on her torn panties and red dress, she yelled out "I am so sorry Gus, I am so so so sorry! I did not know what I was doing!!!" as she ran out the door.

With his face straining both against his bonds and suffering from the severe cock teasing he had just suffered weakly yelled out "Please Justine, Sarah or whoever the fuck you are right now, do not leave me tied up in here!" It was pointless to yell and when he heard the front door slam shut he lay back exhausted and sighed. Whatever else was going to happen, he knew that this would go down as one of the sexiest yet most fucked up nights of his life. Trying again for an hour to get loose he gave up in exhausted frustration and collapsed back onto the bed, immediately falling fast asleep.

Chapter 24

Driving over to the hospital the police chief looked blankly out the window. Despite the very late hour, large drunken crowds continued to mill about the streets of the quarter as thirsty tourists continued their never ending quest for booze. They say New York never sleeps, but whoever said that obviously had never been to the Big Easy. New York may never sleep but New Orleans never even slows down. As head of the police for one of the most wide open cities in America, he had seen it all, but tonight was a first.

Dawn would be breaking soon and with it no doubt the news that a horrific gang of serial killers was loose in the city, lopping off heads and removing faces. The city, his city, had suffered so much over the years, culminating in the disaster of hurricane Katrina. Since then, everyone had worked hard to change the image of New Orleans from being a corrupt loose unsafe hell hole to a tourist and family friendly destination. This story threatened to in one day ruin everything he and the mayor had worked so hard to achieve and he knew his ass was going to be in a big sling for answers. Hopefully the answers were contained in one of the cadaver drawers at East Jefferson Hospital. Pulling into the parking lot, the chief plastered on a stoic look on his face and walked through the front door.

Directed to the service elevator at the end of the main hall, the chief could feel the eyes of the staff shocked at his presence. He could sense the questions they must be asking. "Why is the police chief here at this hour? What is this all about? I guess it must be about Lorraine Clearwater". Reaching the basement, the doors opened and the echo of his polished patent leather shoes echoed through the lime green tiled hallways. Reaching the end of the hall, he saw the entrance to the Morgue and pushing open the door, the attendant visibly jumped when he walked in.

"Sir? What are you doing here?" the young man stammered as he desperately fumbled with his computer, desperate to close the screen filled with porn. Working the night shift in the morgue was not a high profile job, and one with long boring hours and few, if any, visitors. Steve the attendant was working his way through college at

this job and took the opportunity to watch his favorite streaming girl on girl videos on the excellent bandwidth the hospital enjoyed.

“I need to take some prints son, of one of the bodies that were brought in tonight, fiftyish white man, gunshot victim. Does this ring a bell?” Knowing the man was nervous, he could not help but add a jab. “Don’t worry, I won’t be a second. Our guys on the scene obviously took a bad set, and, well, you know how it is these days. Sometimes you have to do things yourselves since your employees do nothing but jack off all day.”

Feeling his words cut through the air, Steve pulled out his keys and blushed as he handed them over to the chief. Smirking and winking, the chief patted him on the back as he walked into the cold room and switched on the light.

Entering into the body storage facility, the chief shuddered. The individual drawers were fully refrigerated in order to prevent decomposition, and the effect on the room was to make it perpetually clammy and cold. This coupled with the aging, and failing, fluorescent light that cast a yellow/green pallor over the whole tile filled room made it live up to the creepy factor such a place would be expected to acquire. Turning the master key into drawer 227, when he pulled out the drawer his face dropped. Angry, he stormed back into the outer room and barked at Steve.

“Ok fucker, very funny. I assume you want to keep this job right?”

“Ye, Ye, Yes sir, of course. What is the problem?”

“You told me the wrong drawer. Now quit being a fuckhead and give me the right information. Look, the sooner I get out of here, the sooner you can get back to your two red heads enjoying each other’s bodies, right?”

His face pale, Steve fumbled with the roster and scanned down the list. There was not a huge amount of activity in the morgue normally, and this night there had been nine people brought in. Three homeless men who had obviously had heart attacks, two gunshot victims that had not been identified yet, Captain Tony and the three attackers shot at Ed and Lorraine’s house. Looking down the roster he saw the descriptions of the recent victims and only one fit that

moniker, and he was stored in drawer 227. "Look, you can see for yourself" he said defiantly as he showed the roster to the chief.

"Well, he aint there now, so unless this is the resurrection of the dead, I think someone must have written something down wrong."

Now Steve started sweating. To lose a body, even though he never placed him in the drawer nor was present when he was brought in would obviously cause his termination. Taking all of the keys out of the drawer, he rushed inside. There were only the nine unclaimed bodies on site, but he was so freaked out, he was determined to open all of the drawers. Following Steve inside, the chief visibly chuckled as he could smell the panic wafting off of him like a dog that had rolled onto a dead skunk. He hated fuckups, and nothing amused him more than to see one slowly twist in the wind. Walking behind him, as Steve rapidly opened each drawer, the chief saw the parade of bodies exposed to his gaze. There in the first couple of drawers were the homeless men, their bodies swollen and black as obviously they had been dead for quite some time before they were brought in. The next drawers contained the unnamed gunshot victims, their faces grey and speckled with frozen blood. Tony was in the next drawer, his head placed into a small bag and resting on his stomach. Smiling as he knew the mystery perps were soon to be revealed, when each successive drawer was opened to display its empty contents, his stomach dropped as much as Steve's. When the last drawer proved empty, Steve spun around in a panic, bracing himself for a violent drubbing.

"I do not understand this sir. Look, I was here all night. No one came in or out since I have been on my shift."

His face like stone, the chief grabbed Steve by the lapel and pulled him in close. "Listen up boy. Do you want to keep your job?"

Steve could not speak, but rapidly nodded.

"Good, now, tell no one about this. No ONE! Not your roommate, not your mother, not your fuck buddy! Do I make myself clear?"

"Y-Yes sir!" Steve stuttered, his mind wheeling in confusion and fear. His fear was for his job, while looking back at the chief he also

recognized fear, but his fear was different, deeper and it sent a chill through his body.

Out in the swamps, Samuel cried “Hot fucking damn finally!” when he saw the light purple glow of daybreak start to form in the east. Driving on the narrow road through the bayou for hours, any missed turn leading to a watery death had tried his skills and he had been driving for decades. Now that it was getting a little more light, and the fog started to lift, he was able to see more than ten feet in front of him and he was finally able to go above the achingly slow fifteen miles per hour. Patrick too looked visibly relieved as he recognized the incredibly dangerous driving conditions Samuel had navigated. No one ever drives in this part of the bayou at night and many, if not most, residents of the area got around on air boats.

“Good job Samuel, I really thought we were toast a few times.”

“Yeah, I don’t mind saying that if I had this to do over again, we would have waited to drive out here now and not start in the middle of the night. Anyway, should be smooth sailing now.”

As dawn broke, the beautiful endless green of the wetlands were revealed through the pink blush of first light and both men paused the car to enjoy the beauty. Few things on earth are more beautiful than seeing the sun rising over the cypress choked bogs of southern Louisiana, and Samuel thought that this must be one of the reasons anyone would live out here. On all other fronts, living in the swamp was far more negative than positive.

“Well, you have to admit, now it makes sense why Tony Clarke wrecked his car. Frankly, you have to have the skills of Dale Earnhardt to navigate this fucked up mess.”

“Amen to that!” Samuel chimed in. Looking up, he stopped the car as he saw a large opening in the trees and the enormous home of the DuChamps looming up in the distance. Pointing forward, he saw that the road ended at the house.

“I wonder if this is it?”

“Yep, this is it. We are definitely here!” Patrick smiled as he showed a picture of the house he was able to view from Marie’s facebook

page.

Looking over at Patrick's tiny screen Samuel smiled as he saw the house. Shaking his head he said "That thing is amazing. You must get me set up on Facefolder one day"

"You mean Facebo, oh never mind." Driving closer up the road to the house, something caught Patrick's eye. "Hey, what is that?" he exclaimed as he saw two bare trees in front of the house, covered in hundreds of broken bottles.

Stopping the car in front of the tree, Samuel glared at sight, glittering with hundreds of shards of broken glass dangling from the branches. "Well, I have seen this type of thing before, but not like this. This is a "bottle tree" and you still see these things out in the rural part of the south all the time. Hell, my Grandma's neighbor hand one of these in her back yard when I was growing up."

"What does it do?"

Holding one of the destroyed bottles in his hand he spoke. "Well, the theory is that it protects the house from evil spirits. The ghost, demon, or Duppy as they are sometimes called, is attracted to the color of the bottle, goes into the neck and gets trapped."

"Seems like the Duppies got the better of this one." Patrick laughed.

"Yeah" Samuel nodded, and looking down at base of the tree he saw more broken glass, piles and piles of it. Pointing at it he looked back at Patrick. "Seems like these bottles have only recently been shattered. This debris would not be here if it had happened a while ago, storms and rain would have washed it into the bayou."

"This is getting even more mysterious. I wonder if this might be related to the Tony Clarke case, I mean, this certainly seems pretty ritualistic. Something is going on, right?"

Unsnapping the holster on his gun, Samuel nodded. Looking back up at the house he had a sudden feel of dread. He had felt queasy about having to announce the death of Tony to the inhabitants but now with the discovery of the destroyed bottle tree he wondered what they were going to contend with. This was no longer just a fact

finding mission or a somber job of telling family members about the murder of their loved ones, this was now something else entirely.

Patrick looked over at Samuel and saw his thick large neck start to twitch. That was a sign and he too now was filled with dread. Samuel had a sense about these things and his internal radar now was pinging very loudly. Something was terribly terribly wrong. Unsnapping his gun, he followed his partner up onto the wide porch of the house.

Knocking loudly, Samuel called out for someone to answer several times before he stopped and turned to Patrick. "I think we are going to have to go in. Are you ready?"

Nodding, Patrick raised his gun and followed Samuel inside as he quickly opened the door. It was unlocked.

Walking into the main parlor both officers stood still. It was quiet, but on a different level of quiet, like a muffle had been placed over everything. Looking around, nothing seemed out of place but there were no signs that anyone was home.

"Hello? Mrs. DuChamp? Are you home?" Samuel called out to deafening silence. Patrick strained to listen, but his ears rang from the silence. Walking deeper into the room, suddenly Samuel stopped and started sniffing the air.

Holding his hand up to his mouth, he pressed his finger to his lips and raised his gun, nodding to Patrick to take out his weapon and follow. Patrick grew nervous but soon he smelled it too and grew instantly alarmed. The air now was thick with the rich coppery smell of blood, fresh blood, and as a cop they both knew that odor well. Walking slowly up the stairs, his balls retracted in fear as the squeaking of the floorboards made a racket and announced to whatever perps might still be in the house of their exact location. Reaching the top, they both looked down a long hall towards a closed door. Training the barrels of their pistols on the door, both men slowly began walking down the hall, the smell of blood growing heavier with each step. Now at the door, Samuel yelled out.

"OK, if anyone is in there, keep your hands up. We are coming in and will not shoot if you have your hands up."

Patrick felt the electric surge in his gut as they prepared to bust inside. It was always there right before any raid, the combination of the exhilaration and excitement of the situation combined with the slight feeling of nausea knowing the danger. Looking over at Samuel, he saw him mouth the words "On Three...One, Two..THREE!"

Busting into the room, the coppery odor was overwhelming and sickening as the door flung wide open. The room was bright as it was flooded with the rising sun streaming through the large window on the back wall and temporarily blinded Patrick and Samuel as the contrast with the dark hall was overwhelming. Entering the room, both men had to cover their mouth and nose as sickening stench of blood hit them like a wave. Adjusting their eyes to the bright light, Patrick screamed at the sight that greeted them and even Samuel gagged in disgust.

The room was literally saturated in blood; the floor, the ceiling the walls, everywhere. Looking in horror at the scene, Patrick flinched as a huge dollop of red drizzled down from the ceiling and landed on his hand. Now with guns drawn and their nerves on edge, they both walked inside before they both stopped in fear. There in the middle of the horrific bloody scene were the heads of both Marie and her mother, sitting neatly in pool of their own gore and inside a pentagram made out of their severed limbs. Patrick was instantly overwhelmed and ran out of the room to vomit into the hall. Samuel shook and stumbled backwards before losing his footing in a slippery dark red pool and fell onto the ground. Grabbing his radio from his pocket he screamed into the receiver.

"Mayday Mayday, we need backup NOW!!! All available units if possible!"

Back at Magnolia Grove, Gus had to laugh. Of all of the crazy situations he had gotten into in his life, this was going to go down as the craziest. Getting caught naked in the girls dorm showers in college when his girlfriend decided to steal his towel was nothing like this. Struggling yet again hopelessly against his silken bonds, he sighed as they seemed just as tight as they had last night. Now that it was morning, his bedroom slowly started to grow brighter with the streaming through his window. Calling out for Angeline, he gave up

after an hour, hoping that somehow she would rush in and in a Lassi-like maneuver, bite through his ties and release him. Now he resigned himself to having to wait until someone came to check on him.

Looking down at his body, stark naked and still hard as nails from the impromptu cockring Sarah had looped on him, he knew that his discovery was going to be humiliating. Licking his lips in thirst, he could only hope that his rescuers would come soon, and he prayed it would not be his sister to find him in this state. He had no idea how he would explain his predicament.

Chuckling at the thought, his smile rose as he heard the door to his bedroom slowly creak open. "Angeline! Angeline! Come on girl, come rescue daddy!" he called. Now that the door was open his smile faded as he saw that no one was there. Squinting in the soft light, his eyes grew wide as he saw a shimmering black mass slither into the room.

"What the fuck?" he yelled as the mass entered the room and began to pulse and undulate into a vague feminine shape.

"Oh Antoine, you silly silly boy. I guess Sarah was not a good vehicle for our tryst."

"What! What is this?!" he yelled as the shape oozed forward and formed at the foot of his bed. His whole body tensed and struggled wildly now, terrified beyond reason as he thrashed at his bondage to get loose and away from the vision before him. The shape began to writhe and bubble and out of the center of the mass, long tentacles formed and began to hover over his body. Reaching down, the black oozy tentacle wrapped around Gus's bound and hard cock and encased his member entirely. As soon as the mass engulfed him, Gus stretched out straight and rigid and moaned. The sensations rushing through his body were beyond description and instantly he was taken right to the edge of orgasm, the goo performing the most effective and erotic blowjob on his penis that Gus had ever received. Seeing his reaction, the mass began wriggling and throbbing along with his moans before a voice erupted into the room. Pulling off the ribbon tied at the base of his cock the voice spoke.

“There we go Antoine, isn’t that nice? See, Justine can keep you nice and stoked until I can find another body to borrow. Maybe that hot girlfriend of yours, Jasmine is it? Maybe she can receive my spirit. Mmmmmm, I would love to feel this slamming up into her cooch. Don’t worry, I will keep you nice and entertained until she comes by.”

Gus said nothing, reduced to pants and growls as every inch of his body was focused like a laser beam on his sex, his balls painfully throbbing in need as he sweated and writhed in abject erotic agony.

Over at the rectory of the Cathedral, Father Leo Aviles woke and quickly showered. He had tried the night before to get in touch with Ed and Lorraine, but only had been able to get the answering machine so he already was feeling nervous. Splashing water into his face as he shaved, he said a silent prayer as his whole body shook, a black dark feeling of dread suddenly overcoming him in a wave. Today was the day they were going to confront the evil at Magnolia Grove and he was not confident of success. Still reeling from the incident in the confessional from the day before, he knew that he would need every weapon in his arsenal.

Now dressed, and recharged by several cups of coffee and some delicious beignets, he opened his small leather black bag. Inside were a copy of the Roman Rite, a sanctified host, a crucifix and a rosary. Reaching underneath the cabinet he pulled out a small plastic white bottle and walked out of his room and across the courtyard to the cathedral. He had everything ready but one thing, holy water, and luckily the baptismal font was already full and ready for him to tap. Entering the nave, he walked to the back of the church and lifted off the large brass cover of the font. Submerging his bottle into the water, he watched as the bubbles rose to the surface as it filled. He jumped when he felt a tiny withered hand grip his left shoulder from behind.

“Yikes!” he jumped as he spun around and came face to face with a tiny woman smiling benevolently up into his face. He did not recognize her, but from the blue scarf covering her head, her deeply wrinkled face and the rosary dangling from her right hand, he did recognize her kind. The Cathedral was full of such parishioners,

sadly gray heads far outnumbering dark as time has gone on. She had the look of so many women of her generation; fish on Friday, confession and league of Mary on Saturday, Mass on Sunday. Seeing her, he smiled and exhaled, his alarm now completely dissipated.

“Father Aviles, you are going to need far more holy water than this. The evil one will not be stopped by a sprinkle but a flood.”

“What?” He asked, shocked at her words. From her pocket book she pulled out a large flagon made of crystal and pressed it into his hand.

“Fill this Father. This will at least give you a chance. This and my rosary.” Looking up at him with tears in her eyes, she smiled as he took her gifts and she patted his hand. “May Saint Michael protect you.”

Confused but grateful for her gift, Father Aviles smiled and turned around to fill her flagon. Now complete, he spun back to thank her but felt queasy when he saw that she was gone. Crossing himself, he scurried back to his room and placed the new weapons into his bag, hoping that this mysterious visitor was divinely and not demonically sent. Closing it, he walked across Jackson square and caught the trolley to the quarter. His appointment with Ed and Lorraine was scheduled for later that morning, and he definitely did not want to be late.

Stepping onto the Trolley, he instantly became aware that his presence was noticed. It was not unusual for his Roman Collar to attract attention but today was different. Across the car, a young dark haired beauty, no older than twenty eyed him oddly seductively. He was well aware that there were women who harbored odd sexual paraphillias about men of the cloth, and being young himself and in relatively good shape, he was used to confronting this occasionally, but this was different. The girl was gorgeous, almost too gorgeous. It was as if every one of his normal heterosexual desires had been manifested into this one vision before him.

She was tall and quite curvy, her clearly feminine shape, broad hips, large perky breasts barely revealed under her white cotton sundress. She was also bare legged and the hem of her skirt was dangerously

high. Catching her eye, he quickly looked away as she licked her lips and giggled, obviously aware of the effect she was having on him. Helplessly he watched her slowly walk through the standing crowd and stand right next to him, seemingly invisible to everyone but him. Pushing up close to his body as he gripped the overhead strap, her light floral perfume tickled his nose as he felt her silky soft legs rub up against his.

“Going to see a shut in today Father?” she cooed.

Gulping, Father Aviles shook his head. “Church business, very dull. Sorry.”

Jumping as he felt her right toes creep up under the cuff of his pants and begin tickling his leg, he coughed. “Would you mind stepping back just a bit miss?”

“Oh?” she looked up at him innocently, her huge green eyes burning into his face with an animalistic hunger. Turning around, she thrust her ass into his crotch as she took hold of his strap with her hand. Rubbing it up and down, Father Aviles began to sweat as his erection instantly tented his black pants and he knew she could feel it through the thin cloth of her brief wispy dress. Whimpering lightly as she continued to grind backwards into him, he could feel that she had no panty lines, and thus, no panties. His undersexed mind instantly flooded with erotic images, images of him throwing this female temptress down to the ground and ripping her dress apart, burying his mouth onto her large ripe breasts as he pounded into her over and over.

“Please Miss, there is plenty of room in the car. Could you just step forward just a bit.”

Turning back to face him, she brought his face right to his chest, their bodies pressed up tightly against his as his raging hard on jabbed into her stomach through the fabric of their clothing. She was dangerously close to him and thinking this must be creating a stir, Father Aviles glanced nervously around the crowded Trolley Car to see what he knew must be glares of derision pointing in his direction. To his shock, no one was watching, or even noticing. He was used to getting looks from passers by when in his “uniform” so this was

unusual. The fact that a gorgeous raven haired bombshell was dry humping a priest in public, and still not creating a stir, was astonishing.

Sweat was pouring off of Leo's face, both from the oppressive heat but also the intense erotic charge of the moment. Opening his mouth to protest again, the girl placed her finger on his mouth and closed his lips.

"I think I need saving Father. Can you help? Can you save me?"

Now he knew he was being set up. Seduction he might, and was commanded by the church, be able to resist, but a request for salvation he had to answer. "Yes my daughter. The cup of life is available to all who answer God's call."

Running her finger up her stomach and breasts, she poked him in the chest and began drawing circles over his nipples through his thin cotton black shirt. "Excellent! I thought so. Such a sexy savior too..."

Grabbing her hand, he placed it back down against her leg. "That is enough of that dear. Now, are you interested in salvation or are you just interested in creating some kind of stir?"

"Actually, I am most interested in you Father. In feeling your body on top of mine as I give myself to you. Of feeling your desperate tongue bathing my pussy through those lips that say the mass every Sunday. I want to feel your boiling cum flooding my pu..."

"ENOUGH!!!" he yelled as she laughed. Now realizing that he was attracting attention he lowered his voice. "What is this all about really? Who sent you?"

"You know who sent me Priest, and you know why I am here. I thought I was doing you a favor. You are being given a choice, not like the others. You may still be turned, and to have one of the enemies soldiers as one of our own will make our master quite pleased. Sadly for your friends, we knew they would never relent in their quest and so they had to be disposed of."

Pushing her back with his hand, Father Aviles reached into his pocket and pulled out his rosary, holding it up like a talisman before her. Closing his eyes, he began to pray. "Hail Mary full of Grace The

Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst all women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.” Repeating his prayer, he jumped when he felt a pair of hands touch his arm.

“Are you OK Father?” the kindly old lady asked, her eyes full and brown and obviously concerned.

Looking rapidly around for the girl, he saw she was gone and he exhaled. “Sorry Ma’am, just seemed like a good time to pray to the BVM. I hope I did not bother you.”

“Not at all. I have been worried about you since you got on the trolley, what with you yelling out loud and seemingly talking to yourself. Are you sure you are OK? Do we need to call you a doctor? My brother is a priest and well, I know how it is. I know some of you men of God like the bottle a bit...”

“Sorry Ma’am, thank you for your concern, but I see my stop.” Anxious to get as far away from the trolley as possible, Father Aviles pulled hard on the bell and when the car slowed, he did not wait for it to stop before leaping off. Glancing back at the car, he could not help but search the faces on board for erotic beauty, but he knew she would not be there. His brow furrowed as he tried to think about what she meant by his friends being disposed of before he remembered the wise council of his Demonology Professor in seminary.

“Leo, do not listen to the agents of the Prince of Lies. They wrap their filth and falsehood in just enough truth to hook you in, but at the core, they speak nothing but error.” Pausing as he wiped his brow and was brushed and bumped by hot thirsty tourists, he looked down and was relieved to see his erection had subsided at least to a point where he did not look like a total perve. No doubt, a priest wandering around the quarter with a raging obvious hard on would cause a stir. Walking through the cobblestone sidewalk, he grinned as he looked up and saw the sign for Zeke’s bar and grill. Looking at his watch, he saw that he was early, and given the events of the last few minutes, he knew a nice cold beer would hit the spot and calm his nerves and also get his mind off of the baser instincts of his nature.

Across town at East Jefferson Hospital, the chief of police paced nervously back and forth inside the private room of Lorraine Clearwater. Seeing her frail body so bruised and damaged, wires and hoses running in and out of her arms caused his anger to boil in his brain. It was just this sort of example of the terrible effects of crime that made him decide to be a police officer in the first place. Thinking of the terror this poor old woman, obviously looking like someone's kindly grandmother, must have felt when she was attacked caused his blood pressure to rise. Knowing that her husband had been killed by these monsters and in some weird perverted rampage they had tried to rape her caused him to dig his nails into the palm of his hand while he made a fist. A smirk however formed when he thought of the shock they must have experienced when "Grandma" shot all of them dead from behind. Walking back into the hall, he called Bill over and told him to assign a guard to the door. With the bodies of the perps missing, he had to take precautions as there may be others involved, and they might come back to silence the witness.

Bill called into the station for a patrolman as the Chief walked over to the nurses station on the CCU wing. Dark bags hung under his eyes and his mouth tasted like some small animal had crawled inside and died since he had been up all night. Seeing a fresh pot of coffee on a small warming plate, he helped himself to a styrofoam cup and poured. Drinking it down he groaned appreciatively as the hot liquid instantly recharged his depleted batteries.

He had had a very difficult morning and he knew time was not his friend so he needed all of the energy he could get. Calling the head of the hospital personally at home, he had used a combination of threats and bribes to keep him silent. The missing bodies in the morgue would be a scandal if news of it ever got out, and the administrator was on board with a new conspiracy. The records of their committal would be expunged, and Steve bought off to keep his silence. Other than them, and a few police that are naturally tight lipped, the secret would be safe.

The key to the plan however was finding the perpetrators before the story broke. Since they were not in the morgue, to the police's mind

they either were not dead when they came in or had been stolen by other conspirators. Given the photographs of their wounds he knew they must be dead and body snatching was therefore the only logical explanation. Looking down now at the tubes and wires leading in and out of Lorraine Clearwater's body, he sighed. She was the key to this whole mystery, and God only knew how long it would be until she regained consciousness, if ever. If she only could open her eyes for just a moment and answer a few questions, perhaps he would get the vital clue he so desperately needed.

"So" The chief asked the charge nurse as she came over to get her own cup of joe. "How long does someone in Mrs. Clearwater's state usually stay in a coma before they come out of it?"

"That depends sir, sometimes a day or two, sometimes a week, sometimes never. We ran a cat scan on her and there was no brain damage so she will likely come out eventually, but you can never know when."

Frowning, he nodded, realizing that some things he could control and some things he could not, and this was definitely something he could not. "Well, the second she shows any sign of waking up, I want you to call me immediately" he said as he pushed his card into her hand. "Don't call 911 or go through the switchboard, call me directly. I need information from her so we can get the guys who did this to her."

"I heard she shot them. Not only that, I heard they were brought into the morgue here."

"You heard wrong Miss."

As they were talking, out of the corner of his eye he saw a patrolman exit the elevator and relieve Bill. Waving to his Lieutenant, they both decided to go across the street and have breakfast.

Chapter 25

Back at Zeke's, as Father Aviles walked into the bar, he smiled. There right above the television over the bar he saw Zeke hanging up a string of lighted plastic St. Joseph statues. Obviously he just got a new shipment in, and this was a unique addition to his ever growing collection of holiday decorations.

"You know you missed it already." Father Aviles said as he walked inside.

Turning around and climbing back down his step ladder, Zeke smiled. "Father! Good to see you again. Now, what did I miss?"

"Saint Joseph Day, you missed it. That was in March."

"Really, I thought it was in June."

"You are thinking about Saint Anthony, his feast is in June."

"Are you sure? I was an altar boy for many years as a kid." Zeke asked, oddly irritated at being told that he missed the date of Saint Joseph's feast. It was especially odd that he was arguing with a priest since he really did not care that much but only was putting up the decorations to add to his general holiday theme.

Pointing at his collar, Father Aviles laughed. "I bet this trumps altar boy any day of the week."

Seeing this, Zeke smiled and called out "Touche!" Climbing down from his ladder he walked out from behind the bar with a menu. "So, what brings you in today alone Father."

"Well, I am meeting some people here and I am a bit early."

"I can fire up the grill. We normally don't get a lot of "breakfast" traffic, but for you, I can make an exception."

"Nah, I am more thirsty than hungry."

"Coffee?"

"How about something more frothy."

"Cappuccino?"

"How about beer?"

“Now you are talking! Breakfast of champions I always say, and if you don’t mind, I might join you.” Zeke exclaimed as he pulled two long necked bottles out of the fridge and popped them open. Sitting down at the table with the priest, he was oddly intrigued. Not a religious man now, he had grown up in the church and somehow having a priest to chat with seemed like the beginning of interesting day. Downing his beer, he asked Father Aviles if he wanted another and to his delight, he eagerly agreed.

After twenty minutes, discussing everything from the potential for the Saint’s new football season to the concept of transubstantiation, Leo looked up at the TV and saw the weatherman pointing at a tropical depression forming off of the coast of Africa. Ever since Katrina every resident of the Big Easy had an unhealthy obsession with the weather and almost every house kept a look on the forecasting maps for future trouble constantly. This was especially true during Hurricane season which had just begun a few weeks earlier and already had people slightly on edge.

“So Father, you think The Lord will send his wrath against our city again this year? Is that our doom forming out in the Atlantic?” Zeke asked sarcastically.

“Ah, the nature of evil, the eternal question. I am guessing you hold it against God for the destructive power of nature.”

“Damn right I do!” Zeke snapped back. “A lot of my friend’s lost their houses, or even some of their family members during Katrina. Where is the mercy of God in that Father?”

Drinking his beer down quickly, the Priest waved the empty bottle and Zeke winked as he got the hint. Getting up from the table, he walked back over to the fridge and got two more.

“Thanks. You know, if I am going to explain the nature of evil and the seeming unfairness of God, I can be a lot more convincing with a few beers in me.”

Laughing, Zeke slapped the table hard and playfully punched Father Aviles in the shoulder. “You are a good man Padre. I like your style.”

“Do you believe things happen for a reason Zeke?”

“Maybe, but something like that...”

“Yes, but this world is amazingly complex. In fact, our small human mind cannot possibly comprehend how complex it truly is. Imagine for a minute, that you understood everything that had ever happened in history, and not only that, you also know everything that is happening now and everything that ever will happen. Layer on top of that the interrelated nature of things. Imagine if Hitler had gotten into art school instead of flunking out. Or imagine that Arch Duke Ferdinand’s driver had not stopped the car by accident right in front of the bar where his assassin had been eating a sandwich. Or imagine that your mother fell in love with someone other than your father, now add to that the fact that everything that happens effects everything else. Can you honestly say that YOU can understand a system as complicated as that? Most people struggle with a simple crossword puzzle, much less the inter-workings of the entire universe, past present and future.”

“Yes, but what are you saying? Are you saying it was God’s will that my brother lost his house, or that the lady down the street had to bury her mother because she drowned during a hurricane? How can that be God’s will?”

“Suffering is never God’s will. God weeps for his children.”

“So, God is not in control? See this is what I am talking about Father. How do you, an obvious educated and intelligent man reconcile that. How can a just and loving God allow such horrific tragedies to exist.”

“God allows evil to exist because to not would mean we live in a universe without will, without the capacity of choice. God created man in his own image and as such, he gave him the capacity for will, and will means the ability to disobey God.”

“So, this evil that happens, this is God’s punishment?”

“No, it is not, but it is a function of the existence of evil. People always have an easier time believing in God than they do in Satan or evil. There are dark forces at work in the world, forces that do NOT have our interests at heart. Forces that mean nothing but harm and sin and death.”

Gulping down his beer, Zeke smiled. "This is rather deep for morning talk. Still, I don't know. I don't think I buy the whole evil thing anymore that I buy the God deal."

Guzzling down his beer, Father Aviles face turned somber. "Trust me Zeke, evil exists. I have seen it, touched it and been attacked by it. It exists, and, one of the reasons I am here today is to fight it head on."

Seeing the intensity of Father Aviles stare Zeke sobered up. "Ok, I get that, but are you saying Evil is prevailing? I mean, it is not a hard sell to tell me that we live in a fucked up world and evil is afoot. The holocaust proved that a million times over, but... Is evil the force running the world? If evil is so powerful, why worship God who is good? If he is in charge he seems to be doing a pretty piss poor job of it right now."

"God will prevail and does prevail always and forever. Of that, I am supremely confident."

Crooking his eyebrows up, Zeke smirked. "So, how are you so confident? How do you KNOW Good will prevail in the end?"

Laughing, Father Aviles brought out his bible and placed it onto the table. "Well I cheated. I skipped ahead to the end and saw how the whole thing worked out. Warning, I have a major spoiler alert here. Jesus wins in the end."

Both men were still laughing and talking when Jasmine walked in the front door and sighed. "This looks like the beginning of a bad joke. A tattooed ex biker and a Priest walk into a bar and..."

"Jasmine!!! Pull up a chair and join us. Father Aviles and I were just discussing the nature of God, evil and free will.."

Walking over to the table, already in her uniform Jasmine snickered. Picking up a few of the empty bottles she shook her head.. "Yeah, I can see it was quite a deep conversation." Turning to the Priest Jasmine smiled. "Good to see you again Father. What brings you in so early today? You don't seem the booze houndy type."

"I am meeting Doug Schone, as well as Ed and Lorraine Clearwater today. We are going over to your friend Gus's house to perform an exorcism."

Shocked at his candor, Zeke yelled out. "Holy Crap! Really? I figured you were here to listen to Doug's confession. After seeing his behavior with those three hotties the other night, he no doubt would have a spicier than normal confession to give."

"You are going to Gus's? Does he know about this?" Jasmine asked, her eyes narrowing in obvious anger.

"I think so. Doug said he was going to get him to invite us. This is very serious Jasmine, very serious. There are dark forces at work here, darker than I have ever encountered before. If Doug can't get Gus to invite us in, do you think you could ask him yourself?"

"Good luck with that!" Zeke laughed, downing his beer fast before getting up to get more.

"Yeah no shit!" she shouted as she glowered over at Zeke. "That place is not right but I really doubt Gus is going to go along with this." Jasmine answered icily.

"Why? Surely he must know he is living in a haunted house."

"That I don't know, and frankly, I don't care."

"So, I guess you and Gus are off again eh?" Zeke smirked, having seen this movie many many times before.

"You could say that." Turning back to Father Aviles she said "Look Father, I wish Gus the best, really I do, but frankly after his piggish behavior the other night count me out on your scheme. I do not want to be involved."

"Zeke, could you bring me another while you are up, and bring one for Jasmine too." Father Aviles said gently as he bade Jasmine to sit down.

"Sure thing Padre, but let me warn you. I have watched these two go through their hot and heavy loving stage to cobra and mongoose act for years. I think you might have better luck fighting demons than getting her to change her mind". Returning now with three beers, he mockingly flinched at the dagger like glare coming from Jasmine's eyes.

“I don’t know Zeke. Jasmine here is a good woman with a good heart. I know she will do the right thing.”

Out in the DuChamp house, the police helicopter had just pulled away with the body bags of Marie and Camille when the roar of another copter stirred the waves of sea grass. Looking out at the helicopter speeding across the bayou, Samuel sighed as he saw the call letters of WDSU, the local new station emblazoned across the tail fin.

“Guess you should have used the confidential code on the radio boss” Patrick laughed.

“Shut up Patrick, just shut up and let me do the talking.”

Greeting the craft as it landed onto the patch of dry land, Samuel produced his badge and held it up in the air as he mustered up his most authoritative “cop voice”.

“Gentlemen you are going to have to go elsewhere to ambulance chase. This is an active crime scene and you are going to have to leave.”

“Hey man, don’t bust our ass here. We know something big is going on and everyone is covering something up. Ever heard of something called the constitution buddy? Freedom of the Press? Do these things ring a bell to you, or do they only teach you guys how to beat up homeless men and shake hookers down for blowjobs at the academy.”

His face glowing red with rage, it took all of willpower not to deck the reporter gloating into his face. Darren Ross, chief investigative reporter for WDSU had brought his whole crew out to the swamps, having had to use all of his power of persuasion on his general manager to agree to let him have the copter for the day. His police scanner constantly on, he knew something was afoot. Hearing the odd term “Code Mongoose” the night before, when he called his normal and reliable informants inside the department, he was met with a wall of silence. Even his normal bribes did not work and he knew that meant only one thing and that thing led to something big. His big break came when he got Samuel’s APB and monitoring the airwaves for the intense and over the top reaction, he knew this was

the key. As he continued baiting the officer, he smiled smugly as he saw his camera man begin sneaking around the back of the house. Now he knew, all he had to do was stall.

For the next ten minutes the insults flew loud and increasingly personal and hilarious. Men's mother's virtues were challenged. The size of their reproductive organs were discussed in an open air forum before finally Samuel discussed the possibility of performing a very delicate pedal anus insertion procedure which he assured Darren would smart as he was wearing his steel toes. As the conversation continued, it ended when the scream of the camera man shattered through the air like a gunshot.

"Darren!!! Get in here NOW!"

Temporarily stunned by the noise, Patrick and Samuel stood silently as Darren rushed into the house and burst through the crime scene tape and in the front door. Bounding up the steps, when he ran into the back room and saw ample evidence of the gory scene that must have taken place, he directed the camera man back to the aircraft.

"This is big Jim, REAL BIG. We need to get back to New Orleans NOW!!!" Rushing out of the house, Samuel and Patrick stood defiantly in front of the door, but not wanting a lawsuit, they did nothing as he pushed his way out. It was not illegal to do what they were doing, and both he and Darren knew it. He was licked, and Samuel only hoped the chief would not have his ass as a paperweight on his desk by morning.

Speeding across the bayou in the copter, Darren yelled over the noise into his cellphone as he had just dialed one of his confidential sources in the police department. Barking loudly he screamed "Look fucker, I am going to find out what is going on soon enough, but if you want your check this month you need to tell me what you know now. I just was at the DuChamp house and what I saw looked like something out of a horror movie. I need to know what you know and I need to know it now." Holding a finger in his free ear, Darren smiled as the informant, now knowing that the news was going to break anyway, spilled everything he knew. Grinning wildly, Darren made another call, but this one was to the General Manager of WDSU.

Hearing his story, every camera unit that could be mustered was now en route to East Jefferson Hospital.

Back at “Mom’s”, a small diner across the street from the hospital, the chief and Bill were enjoying another cup of coffee and an excellent, and quite generous, bowl of shrimp and grits.

“Myrtle, this is absolutely fantastic! Nothing like some good of S&G to fix me right up.”

The aging waitress smiled as she refilled both their cups and brought another basket of biscuits. Mom’s was a favorite for those visiting the hospital, and the large clear window gave a clear shot of the entrance to the hospital. For the past few minutes the chief and his primary investigator had been discussing the ramifications of the murders of Camille and Marie DuChamp. Everything seemed to be tied together; the murders of Tony, the two women in the swamp, Ed Clearwater and the rape attempt of Lorraine but it was not clear exactly how. Hoping it would snap into place before the glaring white hot spotlight of publicity made his life more difficult, when he saw five WDSU news vans speed into the parking lot, he knew that that window was now closed. When he saw the news copter land on the helipad, he knew the window not only was closed, but locked.

Sighing, the chief got up and took two twenties out of his wallet and placed them on the table. Waving at the waitress, he said “Gotta run Myrtle, keep the change.”

“Thanks honey!” she called back, her broad friendly voice dripping with the saccharine sweet accent of a long past time. Walking slowly across the street, the chief shook his head as he saw the place burst alive with energy, reporters and camera men running around like rapid dogs let loose in a butcher shop. Seeing the chief, both he and Bill covered their eyes with their hands as the bright glare of the television lights blinded them both.

Back at Zeke’s Jasmine was listening in amusement to the growing theological discussion between her boss and the increasingly drunken priest. Smiling blankly she had to admit she was impressed by the Priest’s case to help out with Gus. Not knowing whether it was the beer, or her obvious attraction for Gus, she was slowly starting to

melt, her anger to him dissipating with each drink. Looking up at the TV set over the bar, perpetually muted but always on, a cold icy chill ran through her body.

Pointing wildly with her face frozen with terror she screamed.
“Captain Tony, that is Captain Tony!!! Turn it up, turn up the volume Zeke!!!”

Spinning around in his chair, Zeke’s face dropped too. There on the screen was a picture of Captain Tony with the red glaring headline “HORROR IN THE BIG EASY!” Turning up the volume, he returned to his seat and watched in shock with Jasmine and Father Aviles as the newcaster began speaking.

“New Orleans is a city of fear today as murder stalks the big easy. Reports have come in that over night of a series of heinous ritualistic murders have claimed multiple victims. We must warn our viewers now, that the content to follow is of a graphic nature and may be disturbing to our more sensitive viewers.” Watching intensely, the fates of Tony, Camille and Marie were described, from the beheadings and defacing of Tony, to the complete mutilation and ritualistic nature of their murders. Sobbing quietly, Jasmine put her head down as Father Aviles patted her head and Zeke got up to make more coffee.

“Freaky man, freaky freaky shit!” Zeke exclaimed as he returned with three cups of coffee, now craving the clear headed sensation of sobriety. The sudden news of the murder of people he had just been out with was quite sobering on its own but caffeine would help. “It must be drug related. I mean, Captain Tony hung out with some unsavory people you now.”

“I don’t know Zeke, I don’t know!” Jasmine said through more sobs. “I am really scared now. I mean, they were all with us over at Gus’s house and...”

Hearing the news caster break in again, they all three looked up at the screen pensively, scared of what terrible new thing would be revealed. As a file photo of Ed and Lorraine Clearwater flashed onto the screen Father Aviles gasped.

“Dear God no! NO!!! NO!!!!!!”

The newscaster broke in again as old film clips of Ed and Lorraine Clearwater's show played in a side screen. "In a bizarre and macabre twist, Ed and Lorraine Clearwater, world famous supernatural investigators and host of multiple popular television shows have added their names to the growing names of the victims. Last night Mr. Clearwater's mutilated body was found in Saint Louis Cemetery, and his wife was apparently sexually assaulted in their own home. Details are hard to come by as the police are being quite tight lipped, but sources say that he too was decapitated and his face removed post mortem. According to police sources, Mrs. Clearwater was able to successfully fend off her attackers and initial reports indicate that she may have killed one or more of her assailants. She is currently recovering at East Jefferson Hospital, but we have no word on her condition as of this hour. Police are baffled by..."

Holding his face in his hands, Father Aviles felt sick. His good friend Ed was dead and Lorraine was grievously injured. Looking over at Jasmine he saw her face turn pale and serious, tears streaming down her cheeks as she lightly shook. Looking back at Zeke, Father Aviles noted that his normal casual demeanor was gone and his face had an ashen look, like a man who just had received a death sentence. Clearing his throat as he gathered his wits, Father Aviles spoke. "So, do you still wonder if Evil is an active force in this world?"

"GUS! We have to warn Gus!" Jasmine blurted out, her voice cracking with emotion. Pulling out her phone she dialed his number and mouthed a silent prayer that he would pick up. Getting his voicemail message, she sighed and began trembling.

"We will dear, we will. We are not just going to warn him but it is obvious that we have been called to do combat with the evil one." Father Aviles stated emotionless as he sat up ramrod straight.

"Hey, weren't you supposed to meet Doug now? Maybe you should call him." Zeke asked.

Nodding, Father Aviles dialed the number but he too got a message. "No answer. I just hope and pray that he is alright."

“He’s dead.” Jasmine answered. “ I know it, I can sense it. He is dead.”

“And if the police do not find the killers we may be next!” Zeke exclaimed as he whipped out his phone.

“Who are you calling?” Jasmine asked.

“The cops. It is obvious that Doug, as well as all of us, are in danger. I do not know why or how this is all related, but I do not believe in coincidences. Everyone having any dealings with that fateful night at Magnolia Grove is now either dead, missing, or in this room right now.”

Back at the hospital, the Chief ordered the floor where Lorraine was recuperating sealed off to reporters. Time was now up and he knew it, but he still had a few trump cards to play. News of the additional murders out in the swamps had the newcasters in a feeding frenzy, and feeling like he was swimming out in the shark infested Gulf in a speedo made of chum, the chief kept repeating “No Comment” as question after question was blasted into his direction.

“Is it true that the attackers of Mrs. Clearwater were killed by her but their bodies are missing?”

“Have there been any DNA tests submitted for the blood found at the cemetery and the murder scene at the swamp?”

“Is it true that one of the attacker’s were using the disembodied face of Ed Clearwater to gain access to their home?”

Listing politely, but being notoriously tight lipped, the chief finally raised his hand and the crowd of reporters immediately settled. He grinned slightly as he knew he had a natural authority about his nature and these devilish scribblers and ambulance chasers automatically fell into line when they saw him raise his hand.

“I apologize for the lack of information available at this time. Be sure though that the NOPD has this case well in hand and every...”

Every head turned towards the stairwell as a blood curdling female scream echoed through the hospital. Feeling his face flush, the chief immediately barked commands into his radio as he cleared the lobby. “Everyone shelter in place, NOW!!!!”

Bursting through the heavy metal door of the stairs, the female screams grew only louder as the chief led several patrolman up the stairs to the top floor. Reaching the top, he slowly cracked the door open and looked down the hall. The CCU ward was deserted except for one lone nurse, standing outside one of the rooms and shrieking uncontrollably.

“Ma’am! Ma’am!” he called out, trying to get her attention. Getting no response, he motioned to the others to follow him as he ran down the hall. Pushing the horrified nurse out of the way, he ran into Lorraine’s room. Seeing the scene, even his crusty shell, hardened by years on the force cracked. Nothing he had ever seen before could have prepared him for the sight.

Mrs. Clearwater was dead, but beyond that, she had been eviscorated. Her head, like her husband’s, had been removed from her body along with all four of her limbs. Blood coated every inch of the room and was still oozing from her torso, which was suspended from the ceiling by the various hoses and wires that had been ripped from her monitoring device.

Feeling nauseous by the sight, his heart ached. Whatever monster had perpetrated such an horrific crime in the middle of a busy hospital was obviously a powerful force to deal with. Committing such a crime while surrounded by a swarm of press and police was obviously beyond anything he had ever dealt with. Hearing the elevator doors opening and the press begin to swarm down the hall, the Chief yelled at the patrolman to seal off the floor. This could not be shown to the public, ever. If they knew what was involved, public pandemonium would make his job far far worse.

Back at Zeke’s the three sat silently around the table and watched the news, now broadcasting live from the hospital. It was pure drama, and now was carried not only by the local news but by the national networks and cable outlets. CNN, MSNBC and FOX all had their top correspondents on the case and the talking heads were out in full force. On CNN, interviews were being held with detectives that had worked on the Charles Manson case back in the sixties. On MSNBC a panel was already discussing whether there was a racial overtone to the case and, due to the odd behavior of the police,

whether a coverup was in progress. On Fox, calls were already being made for the military to get involved, wild theories about a possible terrorist connection being central to the case. Watching all of this transpire, Father Aviles shook his head.

“They are all wrong, so very very wrong. If only this was a simple gang murder, or police conspiracy, or terrorist act. If it were, it would be so much simpler. No, this is far worse.”

His voice oddly calm, Zeke spoke, his normal cheerful tone now evaporated. “So Father, what do you think? Obviously you know something that we don’t. What do you think should be done.”

Staring him straight in the eyes, Father Avile’s icy blue stare chilled both Zeke and Jasmine. “You will find out as both of you have been drafted into this service. Sadly, this is no longer your choice, but the choice of The Lord.”

Silence flooded the bar after he spoke as Zeke and Jasmine stared at one another in grim quiet determination. When he spoke again, Jasmine shivered. “I have a very important question to ask before we get started. Have both of you been baptised?”

Zeke raised his hand, a smile flickering over his face. “I have Father, back in fifty eight. You should like the fact that I was a good altar boy, now relapsed, for twelve years.”

Both turned to Jasmine who now gulped. Her large widening brown eyes told Father Aviles what he needed to know. Looking back at Zeke, he said “Well, I know the first place we need to go. We need to go to the Cathedral right now, and I assume I can count on you to drive us.”

Chapter 26

Back at Magnolia Grove, Gus fitfully struggled against his bonds, his whole body dripping in sweat. Tense, his ass was lifted off of the bed and his toes were curled as he hovered right on the edge of orgasm, the black undulating mass now flowing all over his body. Teasing and tickling his shaft, the warm black ooze felt like velvet on his overly stimulated manhood.

For hours Gus had drifted, like a feather tossed on a warm spring breeze, up to but not beyond the point of release. The Mass, swirling and bubbling in its liquified state stroked every inch of his body, consistently keeping his cock hard but his balls full. Shaking and shuddering, his whole body tense, he begged pitifully for release. "Please, Dear GOD PLEASE!"

Laughing, the Demon would not relent, and as yet another tiny bud of precum formed on his glistening dark red cockhead, it pulsed with energy and it swirled into a tube and lapped up his essence before ceasing all touch in order to have his body come back from the edge. So close to cumming, Gus pumped wildly into the empty air, desperate for one lone lick to release him. After twenty minutes, he collapse onto the bed, his body aching both from exhaustion but defeat. Once laying flat and seeing that his cock began to soften, the warm dark misty form began to stroke him to full erection again..

Groaning and panting like mad, his mind felt like mush as he hovered on the edge of insanity, locked inside a nightmare from which he could not awake. Not knowing whether he was awake or asleep, the mass reached out tendrils which appeared to be a tongue and began gently nibbling at his nipples and ear lobes. Whispering into his ear, its hot breath scorching his face, it cackled "Oh yes, dear Antoine, yes. A fresh young body is on her way! I cannot wait to squeeze inside her and feel you finish your business in my snatch."

Over at the Cathedral, the sanctuary was empty, morning mass having ended hours earlier. Father Aviles was dressed in his purple stole and vestments, both for the upcoming exorcism but also for this

emergency baptism. Holding his hands over the surface of the water in the font he spoke.

“I bless this water in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.” Crossing himself, Father Aviles turned to Jasmine.

“Do you renounce Satan and all of the works of the Devil?”

“I do” she answered.

“Do you accept the gift of Holy Baptism, devoting your life to Christ?”

“I do.”

“Then by the power of the Holy Ghost, I Baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.” He continued as he poured the sanctified water over her forehead. Making the sign of the cross below her bangs, he applied the holy oil and completed the ceremony. “With this oil you are sealed by the power of God and entered into the book of life.”

Zeke, watching from the corner of the dark candle lit chapel felt his stomach flutter. A cynic for so long, being thrust back into the world of religion was jarring to him but seeing what he had seen, and knowing the stakes, his heart swelled as he felt a power surge within him. Jasmine, her hair wet from her Baptism now shook lightly as her body was filled both with fear but also a renewed sense of purpose. Standing in silence, she waited for Father Aviles to announce their plans.

Opening his black case, Father Aviles pulled out two empty plastic bottles and filled them with Holy water. Handing one to Zeke and the other to Jasmine, he spoke. “Take this. Once our work begins at the house, we are going to need as many weapons in our arsenal as we can muster.”

Looking out over the empty church, Father Aviles felt his stomach roil. The afternoon sun was streaming through the darkened nave, and casting gorgeous colorful patterns on the marble floor from the stained glass. This was always his favorite time to be in the church, especially if he was alone. Seeing the enormous golden Crucifix hanging over the main altar, and noting the reflections on the floor,

he knew it was getting to be late afternoon. They would have to hurry now, as to fight the demonic forces at Magnolia Grove at night would be far more difficult than in the day. Rushing out of the Cathedral, the three of them got into Zeke's truck and began driving towards the garden district.

Thirty minutes later, they all sat in Zeke's truck across the street from Magnolia Grove and said nothing. The tension in the car was palpable and each one of them knew that what was about to happen was going to test them all to their limits. Looking into the driveway, Jasmine saw Gus's car was there.

"Well, it looks like he is home" she said, her voice quivering. Pulling out her cellphone she once again tried his number, but once his voicemail message started she hung up. "He is still not answering. God in Heaven I hope he is ok."

"Me too, Jasmine. Me too." Father Aviles spoke in a calm reassuring tone. Stepping out of the cab of the truck, they all slowly walked up to the porch, their steps growing slower and slower as they all felt a wave of dread flow over them. Zeke felt his palms sweat and for the first time since his service in Vietnam he had that electrical surge rush through his neck that always alerted him to danger. Jasmine felt equally scared but also terribly worried. Her eyes filling with tears she hoped that her last conversation with Gus would not be their fight. Father Aviles was different. Although as equally concerned and nervous as the others, he felt invigorated, like a prize fighter entering a ring for a championship bout. As they reached the bottom step of the marble mansion they all jumped as a loud noise startled them all.

Barking loudly and frantically, Angeline rushed up to Jasmine and began whining and pawing desperately at her leg.

Looking down, Jasmine grew even more frightened as she knew that Gus would never leave Angeline outside by herself. He loved that dog like a child and her being found alone on the porch was definitely a harbinger of danger.

They all jumped again when Maxine called out from her porch next door. "I don't think he is home."

“Christ you scared us Mrs. Clark!” Jasmine cried as she gripped her chest and picked up Angeline into her arms. The dog, for her part, was whining and wriggling to get away, desperate to get down so she could claw her way inside.

“Sorry about that, but I do not think he is home yet. Angeline came over last night after somehow she must have gotten out when Gus left. She has been a nervous wreck since as you can see.”

Petting the frightened dog, Jasmine nodded. “You say she got out last night when Gus left? I am shocked he hasn’t missed her since that is his car.”

“By God you are right!” Maxine exclaimed as she glanced over and saw the car. “That is VERY odd, I certainly hope everything is alright. I know how much he loves that little fluff muffin and surely he would notice her missing.”

Her face dropping, Jasmine started to cry as she desperately turned the doorknob. “Oh Gus! I am so worried.”

Looking over at Jasmine, Zeke and Father Aviles, Maxine grew worried too. She had a genuine affection for Gus, despite their rocky first meeting, and seeing the three of them (especially with a Priest) got her worried. “What is this all about?” she asked in a trembling voice.

“Mrs. Clark” the Priest answered. “I am Father Leo Aviles, a Priest at St. Louis Cathedral and, well, I am afraid this is serious.”

“Oh My God!” she exclaimed as she quickly snapped her hand to her mouth. “I hope he is not ill?”

“No, at least not physically. Can you help us help Gus? We really need to get inside and, well, we need to be invited.” He replied.

Her face flushing, Maxine nodded. “I will certainly do anything I can to help. As it turns out, I saw Gus put a spare key out on the porch last night before he went out so we should be able to get in without any trouble.” Walking over to the brick, she lifted it and smiled as the key glinted in the sunshine. “See, it is still here.”

Father Aviles grinned as Maxine walked over to the front door and put the key in the lock. Turning it, the heavy metallic thud of the

tumbler echoed as the brass lock was opened. All four of them stood ramrod still on the porch, obviously afraid to enter. Angeline, unable to stand it anymore, leapt out of Jasmine's arms and stood in front of the closed oaken door, her fur standing on edge and her normal playful yip now a threatening growl. Jumping up on the door, she pushed it open and ran inside, growling threateningly as she stood at the bottom of the staircase.

"Does that count as an invitation?" Zeke joked. His brief attempt at humor, meant to diffuse the tension had the opposite effect. Maxine, seeing the door open grew pale as the wave of heat radiated out onto the porch. Whispering to Father Aviles, she excused herself and walked back to her house.

Jasmine, Zeke and Father Aviles now stood alone, all frozen to the porch and waiting for some sort of burst of courage to move them forward. Finally, after a good ten minutes of silence, and hearing the increasingly threatening growls from Angeline, they all walked inside. Entering, Jasmine felt herself instantly grow wet as a powerful aphrodisiacal wave slammed into her face as she set her left foot inside. Her eyes now blurry, the heat radiating from the dark interior was overwhelming, and seared her body. Looking down at her arm she saw it glisten with sweat as the heat seemed to burn both from the inside and outside of her skin at the same time.

Father Aviles had a similar reaction as he set foot inside. Feeling his cock stir in his pants, out of the corner of his eye, now clogged with sweat, he saw a figure breeze into a side parlor. Turning to look, his eyes grew wide as they tried to adjust to the dark interior, made even more clouded by the shimmering waves of heat that seemed to pour down the stairs..

Zeke too felt the furnace like blast and despite his false bravado he looked up at the landing at the top of the stairs and screamed. "Holy fuck! What are YOU doing here?"

Hearing his cry, Father Aviles and Jasmine both turned to look and immediately were stiff with both terror but also astonishment.

Jasmine, looking up the stairs dropped from shuddering terror to smoldering lust as the image of Gus appeared before her. Oddly

misty and clouded, he never looked sexier to her than he did right now. Wearing only the dark purple robe she gave him last Christmas, the look of complete sexual mastery on his face had her gushing oceans of her honey into her panties. Strolling confidently down the stairs, she felt herself grow weak as she watched him approach. Robe half open, his fully developed pecs and abs were on full display, and in his hands he carried two wine glasses and a Champagne bottle. She knew the look on his face, as she had seen it many times before. This was the look he got right before they had sex, and as he licked his lips he gazed at her with a hunger that had her stomach fluttering.

Looking up the stairs himself, Father Aviles gulped. To him, the woman from the trolley now stood at the top of the stairs, stark naked and punching every button on his erogenous zones. Trying to force himself to look away he could not, the image so searingly erotic his natural male urges had him paralyzed. His cock now at full mast in his pants, he felt it throb as she slowly descended the stairs; her full hips swaying and large luscious breasts lightly bouncing as she placed her bare foot on each step. Running her right hand up and down her stomach, she glared at him with a predator like stare that nearly knocked him back onto the floor.

Zeke also was entranced by his vision although he could not make sense of it. There at the top of the stairs, not looking a day older than the last time he saw her, was his old girlfriend Mui from Vietnam. On his last tour of duty, back in 1972, the two of them had spent the single most erotic weekend of his life in a cheap two dollar a night hotel in Saigon. Her flawless brown body and perfectly coiffed wisp of pubic hair beckoned him to bury bury his face in between those tiny thighs.

"Mui, Mui, my God it has been over forty.." he cried as she slithered up to him and grabbed his hard cock through his pants.

"Yes Loverman, it be long time. You make up for lost time. You eat my wingtu now, it be too long to wait!" Grabbing his ears the tiny woman pushed down on his shoulders and Zeke helplessly dropped to his knees. Pushing his face into her tiny snatch, she giggled as she parted her legs and guided his eager mouth to her warm snatch.

Purring uncontrollably, she grabbed the back of his bald head and gripped him tightly to her body, pouring her liquid all over his frantically thrashing tongue.

Moaning as he tasted her warm musky feminine wine, Zeke lost all sense of time and space. It had been so long since they had been together and as he gripped her tiny perfect ass and felt her stiff nipples rub over the top of his head he licked and sucked like a wildman. No longer an sixty plus tattooed bar owner in New Orleans, he was transported back to being a scared nineteen year old infantryman having the wild kind of raucous sex only scared nineteen year old soldiers can have.

On the other side of the foyer Jasmine was in heaven. At her feet, Gus knelt on the floor. Now disrobed and throbbing with the hardest erection she had ever seen him have, he held her foot in his hand and was kissing his way up her calf. Grabbing his head in her hands, she gripped his thick full head of hair tight in her fingers and shuddered in pleasure as he ran his hands up her skirt and found the v of her sopping silk panties. Lovingly biting her inner thigh, like a starving man being served his first meal in weeks, he pushed her skirt up and gripped her underwear in his teeth. Growling playfully, she looked down into his kind brown eyes and saw the grin on his face as he bit through the fabric and flung them over to the corner. So overcome by lust and swept away by the vision now expertly licking her pussy, she was no longer on a mission with Zeke and Father Aviles, but completely alone with the love of her life.

Father Aviles, already sweating from the excessive heat which now began blur his vision from the perspiration raining into his eyes. Unable to move, or even blink, the vision walking towards him was like a wet dream come to life. The chaste life of a Catholic Priest was not an easy one, and many nights he stroked himself off to erotic images that constantly assaulted his brain. Unlike many men of the cloth, he had a strong libido and chastity was a constant struggle, but, he had abstained. Now as the woman of every erotic desire he ever had walked boldly naked down the stairs, he knew this was a test he may not pass.

The girl was gorgeous. Long dark hair flowing over her milky white shoulders. Completely and unashamedly naked, her curvy form dared him to worship. Confident of victory over her horny prey, she sauntered down to stand before him. Reaching out with her hand, she brazenly grabbed his erection through his black polyester pants.

“Oh such a waste!” she cackled as she felt his member throb under the fabric. Unzipping his pants and snaking her delicate fingers inside his boxers, she cupped his balls and lightly scratched the underside. “So much lust in these plums Padre. So much lust! Oh how I know you want to shove this cock of yours up inside my hot wet tight pussy.”

Shaking uncontrollably, Father Aviles was unable to speak, animal like groans being the only sound to emit from his mouth. Feeling his mouth water, he grew dizzy, completely and totally swept away by the dream like figure in front of him. Helpless like a kitten, when she stepped back and pointed to the floor, he fell to the ground instantly. Feeling her foot run up his thigh and her toes grip his bulging throbbing cockhead, he moaned. “Please! Please God give me strength!”

“You God is dead Priest!” she snickered as she lazily ran her toes up and down his shaft. Seeing the flaming wolf like stare in his eyes as he gazed at her bare pussy, she reached forward with both of her hands and pulled his face into her crotch. “This is your God now!” she laughed as instantly he began licking and sucking her dripping cooch.

Tasting the musky flavor of aroused feminine beauty, Father Aviles nearly came. She was so delicious, and not a day had gone by that he had not fantasized about loving and tasting a woman like this. No number of rosaries said, or penances performed could ever drive his lust from his body. Now that it was right here in the flesh before him, he fell down a well of desire that he felt he could never climb out of.

Jasmine spasmed and screamed as a toe curling orgasm ripped from her body. Sweat pouring off her like a river while her fingers dug into the neck of Gus worshipping her womanhood better than he ever had before. Suddenly her screams of pleasure were replaced

by a pang of pain as she felt sharp fangs dig into her left calf. The shock of the pain shooting up her leg broke her stupor and as she rapidly turned back to see what caused it. The sight of ferocious little Angeline desperately biting her leg woke her up with a jolt. Screaming, she looked forward and saw that instead of the handsome naked body of Gus performing glorious cunnilingus on her body, a pitch black amorphous mass was pulsing through her legs. Sticking to her skin like tar, she shrieked as she tried to push the blob off of her body. Looking over to her left, she saw Father Aviles and Zeke, both on their knees with the same blob covering their faces. Tumbling backwards, she fell and knocked into Father Aviles black bag.

Grabbing a bottle of holy water from the bag, she opened it and poured it onto the demonic form still sucking her clit. As the water fell onto the top of the swirling mass, steam rose from the surface as the liquid boiled on its flesh. Screeching in pain, the mass recoiled back towards the bottom of the staircase into a bubbling puddle before dissolving. Shaking her head free of the spell, she looked over to her left and saw both Father Aviles and Zeke writhing on the floor, the mass now having retracted from their bodies.

“Zeke!!” she screamed as she rushed over and cupped the back of his neck and cradled his head in her lap. Looking over at Father Aviles she started hyperventilating as his face was blue and he appeared dead. Reaching over to him with her foot she pushed his face with her heel and exhaled loudly in relief as he started coughing, obviously breathing again. Looking down into Zeke’s face she wept as it was obvious he too was not breathing.

“Zeke! Zeke! Wake up God Damnit!!!” she shrieked as she desperately tried blowing air into his mouth. Feeling his body stir and begin to convulse, she rocked back and forth crying as he leaned over and began coughing uncontrollably, sweet life giving air refilling his lungs.

“Wha- What happened!” he replied as he looked up into her eyes. “I thought for a minute I was back in... HOLY SHIT! What is going on!!!”

Jasmine jumped as she felt Father Aviles' hand on the back of her head. "Hail Mary, Mother of God..." he began chanting as his quivering voice began the rosary. Hearing his voice, she gripped his hand tight and looked up into his face. Thinking it would be comforting she immediately felt queasy as the look of utter terror on his face unnerved her even worse.

"Father, what the hell was that?" she cried.

As he started to speak they all snapped their heads up towards the landing as a huge growl shook the house.

"Foolish Priest!" a voice boomed from the hot darkness as a smokey black mist began to collect on the stairs. "I should have known better than to come to you as a delightful piece of pussy. You Nazerene fuckers are all the same. Perhaps an eight year old altar boy would have been more to your taste!"

Hearing this, Father Aviles' face flashed not with anger but with grim determination. Pulling out his bag, he opened it and passed a bottle of holy water over to Zeke and another to Jasmine. Angeline, her hair standing straight on edge snarled like a rabid fox, rushing up the stairs and barking at the form like mad.

Now having materialized into a more human like form, the mass began laughing. "Well now! It seems like Gus's dog has bigger balls than you Priest." Lifting out a long dripping arm, she grabbed the poor dog and threw her back down the stairs. Bubbling and pulsing the form became more and more human-like until it had transformed into an attractive black woman. Holding up her arm, she laughed as she saw her hand was still missing.

"Ah Justine!!! I always love using your spirit form." It cackled. "I have a soft spot for your sacrifice to me so many years ago to release me from the lower depths. Shame it did not work out for you however."

Now glowering down the stairs at the three quivering figures in the foyer, when Justine's eyes locked with Jasmine's they glinted.

"Mmmmm, so pretty. No wonder your fuck buddy loves that ass of yours. Maybe once I have your soul, he can fuck it properly through me."

“Get back Satan!” Father Aviles commanded as he held up his silver crucifix and began walking up the stairs.

“Are you fucking kidding me? Do you think this is some B movie horror film? I ain’t Dracula boy fucker. I am a Arch-Demon, and it is going to take more than a crucifix to scare me off.”

“BE SILENT UNCLEAN SPIRIT!!!” Father Aviles screamed as he pulled out his bottle of holy water and splashed it forward up the stairs. Hearing the sizzle as the droplets splashed onto Justine’s bare legs, the spirit winced but continued to gloat and taunt.

“So dramatic, I am impressed. You are a regular Max von Syndow.” Grinning Justine said “Maybe this will add to the delightful play you are presenting.” Opening her mouth a huge stream of yellow-black slime vomited forth in a blast from her throat, coating the priest from head to toe. Jasmine and Zeke, standing behind Father Aviles grew sick as the nauseating mixture began to hose them down too. Seeing them all drop to the ground and grow sick, Justine laughed.

“Holy FUCK you guys are fun. Why I have not had such a good time since I played around with Saint Anthony out in the desert.” Putting a finger to her nose, she winked. “Which gives me a great idea!”

Folding her hands over her breasts, her human body dissolved once again into a greenish puddle. Oozing down the stairs, the wave of sludge washed over all three. Now coated in the black boiling tar like flesh of the demon, the three writhed in agony on the floor. With the evil spirit entering each, Father Aviles shook as he tried to fight off the feelings surging through his body. His whole body feeling like it was on fire, his cock sprung to life as overwhelming waves of lust surged through his being. Zeke too struggled to slough off the tar, his arousal spiking as the seconds ticked by.

“Give in Priest! Give in to your true nature!” Justine cackled as she could feel his will and spirit sink beneath the demonic assault.

Father Aviles, covered in slime jumped up and ripped off his shirt, looking down at Jasmine writhing on the floor. She too was affected as one orgasm after another ripped through her body, her hands desperately clawing at her t-shirt as she shredded it in her hands.

Seeing her ripe nipples staring up at him, both Zeke and Father Aviles stripped naked, lust having totally overtaken their souls.

“We are going to spit-roast this cunt all night!” Zeke shrieked, his hard cock red with anger as he violently ripped her skirt off and grabbed the side of her panties with his enormous hands.

Seeing this happen from the inside of his possessed body, Zeke struggled to regain control but it was no use. He, and the others, were all under power of Azmodeus.

Jasmine, sitting up straight grabbed Father Aviles’ naked ass and pulled his erection into her mouth, gobbling it down greedily as he screamed.

“Yeah bitch! YEAH!!!! Suck it, suck my HOLY COCK!!!”

Zeke, seeing Jasmine on her knees blowing the priest, roughly grabbed her ass cheeks and pulled them wildly apart . At that moment, he was no longer a man, nor even an animal, but pure raw unrestricted instinct.. His only purpose in life now was to plunge his manhood deep and hard into her wet sopping sex.

Jasmine herself was panting and moaning like an alley cat in heat. Driven by a desire deep in her soul to fill every hole on her body at once, her lust burst loose from her pussy like a damn breaking. Part of her tried to resist, knowing it was wrong, but the power surging through her body was too strong to resist. Feeling Father Aviles’ tool throb and twitch as she bathed it with her tongue only made her more and more wet. As her legs were parted by Zeke, she felt her honey pour out of her pussy like a sieve as she prepared to receive his load.

Angeline, barking and snarling as if she was infected by rabies ran forward to protect Jasmine. Seeing the two men abusing her drove her canine protective instincts into overdrive and as she leapt up on Father Aviles and bit into his ass, the Priest reached down angrily and smacked her away. He was on a mission, a mission to release the load of a lifetime into her throat and no tiny Pomeranian was going to stop him. When he shoved the dog away, she slid into his black bag and it toppled over, knocking the contents onto the floor.

Suddenly Father Aviles shrieked in pain as the Host he had retrieved from the Altar landed onto the back of his slime covered bare calf. His flesh sizzling as the holy icon touched his skin, the initials IHS were branded into his flesh as the slime slithered off of his body, recoiling in horror at the object. Now free from the ooze, he saw the naked body of Jasmine with Zeke nude on his knees behind her equally shaking and shuddering as the sludge slithered off of their flesh and scrambled up the stairs. Gripping his pants, he quickly put them on and followed up the stairs in a frantic rush with his bag in tow. Reaching the top of the stairs, panting and sweating with exhaustion from his ordeal, he stared into the pitch black open door where the slime puddled on the floor.

“Quick! Come up here quickly! We have one shot at this!” he yelled down to the others. Coughing and spitting, both Zeke and Jasmine grabbed what remained of their clothes and ran up to join him. When they reached the room all three stood absolutely still in horror at the sight. Even Angeline, who just moments earlier had been barking like mad, whimpered quietly as she looked into the inky darkness.

There on the floor, pulsing and rippling was the still liquid ooze, its actions resembling a wounded animal. Opening his bag, Father Aviles brought out his large crystal flagon of holy water and began chanting. “Unclean Spirit, spawn of Satan, destined of damnation, hear the word of The Lord. The power of Christ compels you to depart this house in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!” Flinging a large splash of water forward into the room, as the liquid hit the slime a huge growl erupted from inside. Shaking the house to the foundations, pictures fell off of the wall and from the kitchen the tinkling sounds of shattering glass echoed through the house.

Raising the flagon again, Father Aviles redoused the entity. “The blood of the Martyrs compel thee to obey. Begone Satan and all of the dark forces that seek the ruin of souls. Begone foul beast of Hell by the tears of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Begone damned fallen spirit by the flaming sword of the Archangel Michael!”

“Father Aviles, watch out!” Jasmine shrieked as the pool raised up and tried to form into a human shape again. Now standing alone the

slime had dried up and a small frail woman stood in the center of the black room.

“Why Leo, WHY! Why do you torment your mother like this?” the form cried, tears streaming down her face. Father Leo, seeing this apparition nearly threw up, his voice wailing in a giant sob. Before him was his long dead mother in the flesh and the shock of seeing her after so many years threw his mind into a complete confusion.

“Why Leo, please. Please do not hurt me. That water, it burns me, it burns my skin. Don’t you remember Leo, when you were a little baby and we were so poor and you would come home from Catechism and tell me what you learned. Remember those days This water, it it is poison! If you keep throwing it on me they will torture me more.”

Dropping to his knees he sobbed, desperately closing his hands over his ears as he tried to block out her cutting words. Jasmine and Zeke looked at each other in total horror, not knowing whether to rush forward to help or to stay put.

“Don’t say that mother, no, DO NOT SAY...”

“Yes Leo, it is true. You need to hear it. They have me down here Leo, they have had me since I died. They said if I could get you to stop what you were doing they would stop hurting me. They hurt me Leo. They hurt me bad each day. They rape me, every night, rape me over and over. Please Leo, help me get...”

“LIES! Prince of LIES!!!” Father Aviles screamed as he stood back up with the host in his hand. “By the body of Christ, God commands you, by the sacrifice of his son. Depart this house and all who dwell within!!!”

Touching the forehead of his mother with the host, a huge angry growl escaped from her lips. Again the house shook as she screeched in utter agony, the smell of burning flesh instantly filling the room in a sickening thick green fog. On her forehead the wafer burned the greek letters of Jesus Christ (IHS) into her skin, the flame boiling and burning deeper and deeper as she wailed in terrific pain. Angeline shook and hid behind Jasmine and coughed as the foul odor of death, a combination of shit and rotting fruit, ejected from the spirits mouth and completely filled the room and hall in darkness.

The image started roiling before dissolving back into a black sludge on the floor. Father Aviles, tears welling up in his eyes, immediately pushed everyone out of the room and slammed the door shut.

“Dear God!” Jasmine cried as she fell to her knees and wept, her tears flowing heavily from her eyes. “Your poor poor mother, Oh Father I am so sorry.”

His eyes filled with tears, Father Aviles nodded, obviously trying to collect his composure.

“Holy fuck what just happened!” Zeke yelled, his eyes bugging out of his head as he held onto his shredded pants for modesty. “I wonder where Gus and Doug are?”

“GUS! Oh my God! Is he dead Father?” Jasmine yelled.

Father Aviles shook his head grimly. He had no idea what had happened to Gus, but his hopes were not high. As she yelled, from down the hall the sound of Angeline desperately barking and scratching at the closed bedroom door of her master echoed through the silence. Hearing the frantic dog, Father Aviles pointed down the hall. “Why don’t you see what the dog is barking at while Zeke and I complete the closing of this gate.”

“The gate?” Zeke asked quizzically.

“Yeah. What we just did was only temporary. This was an Arch-demon and not just lowly evil spirit. The ritual I just performed only stunned the beast, it did not banish it.” Pointing at his bag, he motioned for Zeke to pass it over. Lifting up a handful of rosaries and other icons from the bag, he took out a hammer and began pounding a nail into the center of the door. Taking the large silver crucifix out of the leather satchel, he hung it on the nail. Turning back to Zeke, he shook the fistful of rosaries in his hand. “Help me hang these on the door. I bought us time, but not a lot of time.”

Zeke took a hammer and began nailing rosaries on the door along with Father Aviles. As the two of them worked, Jasmine, trying to walk steady as she sobbed followed Angeline down the hall.

Reaching Gus’s room, her heart beat loudly in her ears as she slowly opened the door. Her eyes struggling to adjust to the gloom when

she saw the naked form of Gus, still bound on the bed, she screamed.

“Gus! Gus! Thank Jesus in heaven!” Rushing forward, she leapt on the bed, her hands shaking as she clutched at his chest, afraid that he was either dead or possessed. He was a mess; his whole body dripping with sweat, his eyes rolled back into his head as he thrust violently up into the air. His cock was hard and red and obviously had been worked over for hours and throbbed as he impotently jabbed into empty space. Cupping her hands onto his face, she cried as the realization that he was OK sunk in.

“Ja-Ja-Jasmine!!” he cried as he slowly came back to consciousness. “Oh thank God you...” He was interrupted as she smothered his face with her kisses. Accidentally brushing her leg against his crotch, he exploded a shower of cum as his long denied lust burst forth from his tortured balls.

Chapter 27

Eight months later whispers still surrounded the odd murders over the summer but no official report ever was released. The police had been amazingly efficient in covering the whole matter up, blaming drug dealers for the grisly killings. Pete Landrieu won an overwhelming election and with his influence, all connections to Gus and therefore to him by the odd events were quickly buried. Bribes were paid, threats were made, but lips remained closed.

Doug was never found nor missed. It was assumed that he came to some bad end and after a few weeks, no one spoke of him again. Ed and Lorraine Clearwater were the subject of several documentaries and many in the so-called “supernatural” community spoke of a dark conspiracy around their death but due to the chief prosecutor being an old college roommate of Pete’s no official inquiry was ever had. Zeke returned to his bar and despite now sporting a crucifix around his neck, he never spoke of his experience ever again. Father Aviles, after dutifully reporting the exorcism to the Arch-Bishop was promptly transferred to a monastery in Rome and placed under a vow of silence. Similarly, Sarah now resided in a convent in Alabama, deciding to take her vows after her brush with evil. Back at Magnolia Grove however, the atmosphere was surprisingly light.

“Hey Babe, what is that delicious smell?” Gus called out as he strolled into the kitchen, Angeline wagging her tail madly as she followed.

“King Cake you heathen! You know Mardi Gras is Tuesday right?” Jasmine called back as she spun around to look at her two kitchen visitors.

“Mmmmmm, God that smells good.” Gus replied as he reached forward to scrape off some of the icing off of the cake. “And I love the baking outfit!” Licking his lips, he felt himself grow hard at the sight of his girlfriend, wearing only one of his old shirts and a pair of panties cooking semi-naked in their kitchen.

Smacking his hand with her spatula, Jasmine giggled. “No no, you naughty boy. This is for the Mardi Gras party later.”

Looking back at her with sad puppy eyes, when she turned back to continue baking he walked up close behind her and began kissing the back of her neck, his growing erection pushing out of his boxer shorts against her panties. Feeling his manhood against her body, she sighed.

“Let me get this in the oven first. Jesus, you have a one track mind.” Smirking as she saw him standing in front of her with a lewd hard on and wearing only his boxers she leaned forward to his ear. “Why don’t you go get up on the bed and I will be right up. I am feeling a bit adventurous today.”

Bolting out of the room, Gus ran up the stairs two at a time, laughing as he called back to her. “Don’t have to tell me twice.” Stripping off his shorts he flopped into the middle of his bed. Since the incident over last summer, he and Jasmine had finally moved in together, admitting their obvious love for one another. Hearing her bare feet padding up the stairs, he grinned, mentally preparing himself for another lovely afternoon of her lovely pussy being serviced by his eager tongue. Hearing the door creak open, he sat up on his elbows and grinned as she walked into the room.

He knew the look that was on her face well, the look of a woman totally in love and completely in lust. Crawling up onto the foot of the bed, she lazily licked up from his balls to the tip of his cock as he moaned, falling back onto the pillow in bliss.

“So... You expect me to take care of this I suppose?”

“Yes please!” he joked as he felt her straddle his chest. Feeling her right hand close over his eyes, and hearing the drawer to his nightstand open, he knew she meant business. As she sat back up on his stomach and took his left wrist in her hands she winked as she slapped the cuffs over his hand.

“You are going to have to earn your blowjob boy!” she said with a laugh as she quickly cuffed him to the headboard.

Closing his eyes in bliss and opening his mouth he growled appreciatively as she lowered her dripping snatch onto his mouth. Right as his vision was blocked he froze as he heard her speak.

“You are mine again to play with I see, Joues de Mile!”
The End.

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