



Haunted Happenstance (Holiday ErotiComs #4)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: If you're drunk, and enjoy a bit of magic with your sexytime, I have just the book for you.

This years hottest spooky season ErotiCom is Haunted Happenstance.

It's a short AF novella, that starts as a RomCom, but turns into Erotica for two seconds, then becomes a RomCom again. It will feel familiar, like a really bad made-for-TV movie, but with smut.

This story has everything:

Just one night, rogue vibrators, voyeur ghosts...

Plus, you get to play the game, "Why are there tarot cards in this book?"

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Chapter 1

Tara

After spending the summer with my family in California, I'm relieved to be back home in Calgary. I'm six weeks away from publishing my first polyamorous novella for Halloween, and need to finish edits without distractions. The sooner I'm done with this story, the better; I'm just not feeling it. There's more smut than plot, which is a deviation from my backlist. Admittedly, I'm writing the 'why choose' because my readers have been begging me to for years—it's a popular genre right now. It's not my favorite book I've written, but it'll have to do.

I'd like to take all of the credit for the book premise, but when my girlfriend, Greta, cheated on me with my own brother—then suggested a threesome—a friend suggested I turn it into a book. All fictional, of course. Names changed to protect the guilty. I went down the rabbit hole of reading poly books for inspiration. It was that, or make it a revenge cheating book. In my brother and Greta's defense, she didn't know he was my brother when they hooked up, and he didn't know Greta and I were dating. We were on a break. Yes, just like Ross and Rachel in "Friends," except my story is a bit messier.

As soon as this monstrosity of a book is done, I need to dive back into my sapphic novellas. So, in the name of research, I'm traveling to Coal's Lake this weekend for the grand opening of a new bookstore—The Dead End. It claims to be haunted and carries a variety of sapphic books, including some by my favourite authors. A quick overnight trip should do the trick; it's a write off, after all.

Pulling up to the quaint hotel where I reserved a room for the night, I find a close parking spot near the lobby entrance. I grab my overnight bag from the trunk, sling it over my shoulder, and walk briskly to the door to avoid the light rain. According to the weather report, it's supposed to let up later tonight, and tomorrow will be a delightful 20°C—not sweater weather, but it beats the heat of California.

I'm greeted by a tall drink of water of a man at the reception desk. "Welcome to Jamie's Lodge. Do you have a reservation?"

"Yes"—I glance at his name tag—"Axl. It should be under Tara Allen." I make a mental note to write his name down for a future book.

"Allen, Allen, All-en ... Ah, here we go. One night?"

"Yep." I offer a warm smile.

"Great. All I'll need is your ID and a credit card to keep on file for incidentals. It will do a soft pull for fifty dollars, but will refund your card within three business days for anything not used. "

I hand him both and he types away at the computer. "All right, I think we're all set." He passes them back to me with a keycard. "If you're new here, we're more of a Christmas town, but a lot of the stores decorate for the fall and Halloween." Pulling out a map, he circles a few places in town. "Best coffee is The Reindeer Cafe, and The Dead End is having their grand opening tomorrow."

"That's why I'm here!" I lower my voice to a secretive whisper. "I heard it's haunted."

"Ah, so if you're into that? You'll love the pub next door to the bookstore, The Boos. I know what you're thinking, cheesy name, right? It totally is. But my girlfriend's

best friend owns it, so don't tell anyone I said that. Rumour has it, the pub is haunted, too."

For the first time in weeks, I'm giddy with the possibilities. I don't believe in ghosts, or any other paranormal entities, but it's fun to pretend; especially with Halloween right around the corner.

Axl gives me a list of restaurants in town and check-out information. I elect for a late check-out to get a little writing done before I need to leave for Calgary tomorrow. Dropping off my bag in the room, I change into a cute black dress and apply a coat of dark cherry lip stain. With a quick swipe of mascara, I'm looking human again. Who knows, maybe I'll find a fun friend for the night? I slip on my emerald green plastic-rim glasses, and tie up my mousy brown hair that's in desperate need of a touch up, then I'm out the door.

Based on the map Axl gave me, once I'm down to the main street in town, everything is within walking distance. Thankfully he's correct and it's a quick drive to the pub he suggested, with ample parking out front.

The Boos is as cheesy as he described—the font on the sign is reminiscent of Goosebumps books I read as a kid. As I walk inside, I'm in awe—it is a book lover's dream with an entire wall dedicated to horror and mystery titles. My fingers brush the spines as I walk past, and the bartender greets me, pulling my attention from the books.

"Hi there! Table, booth, or bar?"

I take a quick survey of the bar, and nearly every table and booth is filled with two to four patrons, all reading books. It's eerily quiet, only a few people in the crowded space talking to each other in hushed tones. There are three empty barstools, so I decide to take my chances, slipping onto one of them and ordering a vodka soda with

lemon.

“I’ll have it right up. Feel free to borrow from the bookshelf. All of the books are donated for your enjoyment while you’re here.”

Unable to help my beaming smile, I hurry off the stool and peruse the shelves. As I settle on a cosy murder mystery, a gorgeous woman walks in with bright green eyes and honey blonde hair braided over her shoulder. The air leaves my lungs and I can’t tear my eyes away. She doesn’t give me a second glance, walking past me to the bartender who kisses her on the cheek. Disappointment settles in my gut—the cute ones are always taken.

“Anna and James are coming today for the opening,” she squeals in an adorable English accent. I take a seat at the bar with my book, eavesdropping just to listen to her talk. I couldn’t care less what about; that accent is to die for .

“That’s amazing! I thought they were coming for Christmas.”

The smile on her face lights up the entire room. “I know! Anna just sent me a text that they landed in Calgary and will pop by late tonight or in the morning. Their anniversary is on Christmas, so James has something big planned for her. Maybe I’ll go back home for the holidays to see my mum. I miss all of them so much.” She looks to her right, and our gazes meet. My cheeks flush as I quickly look away; I shouldn’t have been listening in. Whispering to her friend, I’m able to still make out, “Who is that beautiful woman at the bar? She’s not from around here.”

I don’t dare glance over to see who else is sitting to either side of me, and instead busy myself with reading my book. The bartender sets my vodka soda in front of me, and as I’m about to pay, the blonde snatches up the bill from the other side of the bar.

My brows pinch. “Oh, I’m sorry, is there something wrong?”

“Yes, there absolutely is.”

My mouth opens and closes a few times, at a loss for words. The bartender takes the bill from her, laughing, “Jen, you need to behave. Stop scaring my patrons. Don’t you have work to do? Do I need to call Beth to drag you out of here?”

Jen chuckles, “Beth is likely bent over or gagging on Axl’s cock; she won’t take the call.” I nearly spit out my drink. “I’m not scaring anyone, right?” she asks me with a light lick of her lips. “Your drink is on me. You should pop by next door when you’re done.” She scribbles her name and phone number onto the bill and sets it in front of me. “Just in case you would rather grab a drink with me instead.”

“Next door? As in the bookstore?”

She doesn’t reply. As quickly as Jen came in, she’s out the door, leaving the bartender laughing. “Don’t mind her. Yes, she owns the bookstore next door that’s having its grand opening tomorrow. She’s a bit on edge about it... but she never gives out her number. I can’t remember the last time she was impulsive.”

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Chapter 2

Jen

Deep breath in through my nose, out through my mouth. I repeat my breathing exercises for several minutes, jumping at the sound of the bell above my shop. The stunning woman from earlier hesitantly steps in.

With a shy smile, she merely says, “Hi.”

I can’t help drinking her in. It’s been ages since I’ve been with a woman—they tend to get attached—but I’d happily make an exception for this one. Staring for entirely too long, I blink away a brief fantasy of her riding my face with that flowy black dress pooling around my head, and offer a professional smile. With the sexy librarian vibes she’s giving off, she may not be up for that, likely more of a ‘lights off and snuggle first’ type. Hell, she may not even be into women.

But still seriously out of my league.

“Hello. I apologise, I didn’t get your name earlier. ”

“Oh, well, that depends,” she sheepishly replies.

“Depends?” I frown.

“If I’m here as an author frequenting a bookstore, or if you’d like to join me for a drink.”

Unable to hide my grin, I reply, “How about both?”

“I’m Tara Watson as an author, or Tara Allen.” She shrugs.

“Tara Watson? The Tara Watson? You’re fucking joking.” I rush to one of my shelves with novellas I’m collecting for ‘Novella November.’ Skimming the titles, I pull *Fucking Flowers*, which has a flower in place of the ‘u’ in the title. “This is you?”

“That’s me.” She tucks her hair behind her ear, though there’s no hair to move; it’s neatly tied up in a bun.

“I fucking love your books! A famous author is here in my shop? Bloody hell! Beth and Tawny are never going to believe me!”

Tara moves closer, and the lights flicker in the shop. “Not again,” I groan.

“What’s wrong?”

I stifle a laugh. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Try me.” Tara crosses her arms over her chest, drawing my attention to them.

Fuck. When was the last time I got laid?

“Do you believe in magic?” I hand her the title *Undecided Heiress* from my Regency romance section .

“This looks like a historical romance, not paranormal.” Tara cocks and eyebrow.

With my filter nowhere in sight, I word-vomit all over this beautiful creature in front

of me. “All right, buckle up for a storytime. Before I left England, strange things were afoot with my friend, Anna. She had a dream that she was stuck in a book—this book. Except, it was *Undecided Heir* when it all began.” I tap the novel and a zing of electricity zaps up my arm. I shake away the coincidence. “A couple weeks later, she met the man from that dream, James. Except, he was obviously not fictional and they had never met before. None of it made sense. Next thing I know, I’m living here in Coal’s Lake. But every so often, lights flicker, like they did just now. I choose to believe it’s either a ghost, or some sort of book magic from Anna’s adventure.”

Tara blinks a few times, then shakes her head. “A ghost? Book magic? I’m sorry, you’ve lost me.”

“I must sound mad. Let me start over. Hello. I’m Jen, and I don’t belong in Coal’s Lake.”

The ground shakes beneath us and she grabs my arm to hold herself steady. Books fall from the stacks, and Tara rushes me under a table for shelter. I’ve never experienced an earthquake before, but I never imagined it would feel like this—figured it to be more of a ripple of the floor than the building falling down around us.

Once it settles, she lets out a long breath. “Are you okay? We haven’t had one that bad that I can remember.”

“Yeah, I’m fine. You?” My heart is still racing, likely due more to our proximity than the damn earthquake .

“I’m sorry, but this is a bit much for me.” Tara cautiously exits our makeshift shelter and I follow her. “If you’d like for me to sign your in-stock books, I’d be happy to, but this is all too strange. Thank you for the dr?—”

Lifting my hands in front of me in surrender, I rush out, “I’m sorry. I don’t know what got into me. My friends are coming into town later, and my opening... Now there is a pretty author in my shop.” I bite my lip, shaking my head. “I’m cursed; it’s the only explanation.”

“More like certifiably insane,” she grumbles under her breath.

“Or that.”

Her eyes widen. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean?—”

“It’s fine.” I huff a small laugh. Glancing around the room, I have my work cut out for me. Books are scattered everywhere, trinkets and candles toppled over.

“She’s only here for one night,” a voice taunts. My internal dialogue can take a back seat, now is not the time to play. Tara already thinks I’m mad. Most people do.

Except, the voice isn’t my own; it’s an older woman’s.

Tara’s brows pinch. “How do you know I’m here for the night?”

“I don’t, didn’t. You’re only here for the night?”

“Why would you say that? I didn’t tell you?—”

“A coven only takes two witches,” the voice murmurs.

“Two?” I shout into the shop. “Not according to my PNR books!”

“Fine, you need three. That’s not the point.”

“That’s it! I’m out.” Tara pivots and makes a bee line for the front door of my shop. I can’t say I blame her, I’m a bit startled by all of this myself. She pulls on the handle, but the door doesn’t open. Examining it closer she asks mostly to herself, “Is there a hidden lock?”

“Here, allow me?” I hurry over—no need to keep this beautiful creature captive. When I try the door, it doesn’t budge.

“ The Four of Wands is in play, my pets. So is the Two of Cups. She must not leave.”

“What the fuck are you going on about?” I shout to what is likely an imaginary friend. I sound more ridiculous than Anna when she was having her dreams. But, I double down. “Cups and wands? It’s not a bloody tea party with wizards!” Lowering my voice, I ask Tara, “You heard the bit about wands, yeah?”

“Yep,” she replies two octaves higher than normal. “What the hell is happening?”

“Fuck if I know.”

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Chapter 3

Tara

The last several minutes, the shop is eerily quiet. The woman's voice hasn't graced us with her presence again, and I still can't manage to leave the shop. It has to be a prank someone is playing on us.

Rain begins pelting the windows of the bookstore. In an instant, the overhead lighting disappears and all candelabras are lit with dancing flames. This is beyond anything electricity could conjure, and Jen's hands have been visible the entire time; no remote in sight.

"Two of Cups? What could that mean?" Jen asks as she begins pacing, wringing her hands. "Four of Wands... Is it a riddle? Maybe I can call Anna? She might know what it is."

Jen rushes to the cash register to retrieve her phone, and I reluctantly follow. Curiosity is getting the better of me. She may be beautiful, but she's also likely suffering from some sort of mental condition. Then again, perhaps I am too?

What was in that drink at the bar ?

After a few swipes, she has no service. I check my phone and find I also have no internet or cellular connection. "I know this is weird as fuck, Jen, but who could be playing this joke on you? Does anyone have access to your internet router? Your front door lock?"

“ You two are testing my patience. Must I do everything myself? ” the omniscient voice demands.

Jen and I look to each other in horror—there’s no chance she’s in on whatever ruse is at play, or she’s an incredible actress. Across the room, a book flies off the shelf and we both only manage to see it in our periphery. Just like at the bar, I can’t tear my eyes from her. There’s a gravitational pull I’ve never felt before, and I’m less interested in the possessed book than I am in the woman in front of me.

“We should see what fell,” I offer.

“We should.” Jen’s chest rises and falls, the urge to reach out and touch her is becoming increasingly unbearable.

What the hell is wrong with me?

“It could be important?”

Jen’s lips tilt up. “It could.”

A charge of electricity sings through my body, still unable to look away. “Two of Cups, Two of Cups,” I repeat quietly to myself.

“Tarot?” Jen breaks the spell we’re under by looking to the fallen book. “I don’t know anything about it, but I picked out a few magical themed books for Halloween to have for tourists or teens who saw *The Craft* for the first time.” Moving to the book she picks it up.

“Was there tarot mentioned in any of them?”

“Fuck if I know, but I figured someone would be wanting to try out some witchy

shit... What the hell?" She holds it up. "Tarot for the Naughty Witch . I did not order this book."

As she thumbs through the pages, I move closer and glance over her shoulder. "Is there anything about Two of Cups or Four of Wands?"

"Should be, right?" she laughs. "Let's see... Two of Cups is supposed to symbolize staying together. Four of Wands is..."

"Is what?"

She claps the book shut. "No, no, no. We are not doing this."

"For fuck's sake, what is it?" I snatch the book from her and she rubs her hand down her face as I stumble upon it. "So, what? I'm supposed to move in? We get a mid-size SUV and a sperm donor?"

"This isn't funny," she attempts to command but fails miserably as she bursts out in laughter.

"I am in town for one day, and your friend who is tricking us wants us to play house? Are you even into women? Or did you just invite me here because I'm an author?"

"What?" Jen snaps. "I didn't even know who you were until you introduced yourself. I saw you at the bar and?—"

"And saw an easy target for your haunted bookstore ploy?"

"No! Nothing like that. You want the truth? I wasn't thinking. I saw you and... Fuck, Tara, you are one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. I just acted. All of this?" She gestures around us. "I don't know what the fuck it is. I have a mess to

clean up before my grand opening, and an old ghost woman is shouting nonsense at me. Meanwhile, all I can think about is you—the woman standing in front of me who probably wants to have me committed at this point.”

I’m stunned into silence; she can’t be serious. Could Greta be behind this? Last I heard, she was shacking up with two men, taking ‘sharing is caring’ to a whole other level.

Her emerald eyes are earnest. “I know you want to leave, but I can’t get the door open. You’re welcome to stay upstairs in my room while I get the store cleaned up. As soon as the rain passes, I’ll break a window and you’ll be free to go.”

I take a small step closer and hand her the book with a smile I can’t hide. “Or, we could play along? Find out if the ghost is a good witch or a bad witch?”

“You believe in this nonsense?” She wags the book in front of her. “Fortune telling and wizard shit?”

“No, but it’s probably just a friend pranking us. Neither of us are going anywhere, so why not make the best of it, eh?” I shrug. “Besides, I have no plans for the next twenty-four hours. Maybe it’ll inspire a paranormal romance I can release next year.”

“What if we’re wrong, and it’s not someone being a cheeky cunt? What if my shop is actually haunted and the woman is some sort of evil sorceress? We’ve read the books, seen the movies. We yell at the protagonists for being fucking idiots.” She folds her arms over her chest and cocks an eyebrow. “I’m not summoning a ghost.”

“I don’t believe you summon a ghost,” I laugh. “I think that’s a seance, which is something I know nothing about.” The rain continues to tap on the windows, and coupled with the flickering candlelight, this could be almost romantic. “Why not spend the afternoon cleaning up your shop, then we can research how to cleanse the

space? I think it's called smudging? My ex was into that sort of thing. Sage and whatnot. Couldn't hurt, right?"

"I'm going to need a drink for this," she sighs. "All right, let's do it."

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Chapter 4

Jen

Tara and I make quick work cleaning up the fallen books and displays. My shop is quiet, only a soft humming I can't quite place. It's almost as if an electric toothbrush was left on upstairs. I feel like the unnamed narrator of *The Tell-Tale Heart*, searching for the sound.

"Do you hear that?" Tara asks, pausing as she reaches with a book halfway to a shelf. "It's almost a vibrating sound."

"You hear it, too? It's been driving me crazy! I can't seem to find where it's coming from. I'm going to check upstairs; I'll be right back."

She nods and I take the wooden stairs two at a time to my room above the shop. The noise is definitely louder up here. Moving closer to the bed, I hasten my pace to my bedside table. There's only two things it could be—my vibrator or my other vibrator. Quickly retrieving it from the drawer, I power it off and can't help the giggle that escapes me. This whole time I thought it was some sort of glitch with the electrical. At least it was only my clit vibrator, I can't imagine the thumping noise that would accompany the other one that has seventeen settings and gyrates.

"Everything okay up there," Tara calls.

"Just a rogue vibrator," I yell back.

“A what?” she laughs. “I need to see this.”

“Nothing to see, I turned it off.” I make my way towards the stairs, but Tara is already at the top. “When the earthquake happened, it must’ve set it off.”

Tara’s eyes twinkle with mischief. “Is this your room? I didn’t realise you lived here when you mentioned your room.”

“This is it.” I turn and gesture with a wide sweep of my arm. “It’s a room with an ensuite, but it’s just me, so I don’t need more than that.”

“It’s stunning.” Tara helps herself exploring the room, brushing her fingertips along my personal collection of books. “Every bookworm’s dream—living in a bookstore.”

“There’s an ex-hockey player who offered me his flat, but I’m happy here. Tristan’s a sweet bloke. He brought his husband, Myles, to the shop a month ago to help me unpack all of my book shipments. I almost took him up on his offer, but once everything was set downstairs, I didn’t want to leave.”

“I can see why.”

I take a seat at the edge of the bed. “So, what brought you to Coal’s?”

“Actually,” she chuckles, sitting next to me, “you. I came for the bookstore opening. I heard you carried a lot of sapphic titles, so I thought I would come. I live in Calgary, so it wasn’t too far of a drive.”

“Are you serious? You came for me?” I clear my throat. “Sorry, that didn’t come out right. What I meant was you’re here for my shop.”

“I am, but also, I would...”

Thank fuck I wasn't drinking something just now, or I would've sputtered it all over both of us. I do my best to sound casual, though I'm sure I'm failing miserably. "You would what?"

"After my break up with Greta, I haven't really dated anyone. Hell, I haven't even kissed anyone since her. I've been on deadline, and I don't do casual, and?—"

I snap. Without a second thought, I kiss her.

There's nothing more awkward than a first kiss. You fumble around, trying to figure out what they like, and in the end, it'll set the pace for what to expect. The tone of your entire relationship will be driven by that single kiss. This one isn't anything like I expected. Admittedly, I haven't kissed a woman in over a year, and my last three serious relationships were with men. Tara is different. There's nothing to figure out with her, as if we've been kissing for years. It's comfortable, almost rehearsed, as if our muscle memory already existed.

The faint taste of vodka lingers on her lips as they part for me, deepening our kiss. Neither one of us is overpowering the other, it's an equal balance, something I'm not accustomed to. Guilt seeps in, replaying her last words in my head. She's only here for a night—typically my kryptonite—but she doesn't want a fling.

I pull back, breaking what has to be one of the best kisses of my life. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have?—"

Tara grips the front of my shirt and brings my lips back to hers, muttering against them, "I've been wanting to kiss you since the moment I stepped into that bar."

Stuck at a crossroads, I'm paralysed with fear, unable to make the first move to take things further. Does she want to stay the night? Would she let me touch her? Can we have one night of fun, or will it be too hard to say goodbye tomorrow?

I don't have to wait long for my answer, her delicate fingers teasing the hem of my shirt. The anticipation is killing me.

Why am I so nervous?

Because she's Tara Fucking Watson, you twat.

Reading her books for years, I know what this woman is capable of. Granted, her books are fiction, but she's conjured some of the most delicious scenes. I'm deathly afraid anything in real life won't suffice. Tara writes fisting, for fuck's sake. I've never had a whole hand in my cunt, and I don't think a single night with her will prepare me for that experience. Another part of me is on edge, wondering if whoever is pranking us could be watching. I'm all for a bit of exhibitionism, but with consent. And right now, I want Tara all to myself.

Her hand slips under my shirt, and I still. "I thought you said you didn't want something casual. "

"I did." She pulls back, lips swollen. "I don't do this sort of thing, I got caught up in the moment?"

"The shop isn't ready for tomorrow." As much as it kills me to do it, I get up and make my way to the stairs. I only make it a few steps before Tara grips my wrist, spinning me around. The desperate need to claim her lips as mine again is overwhelming.

I'm about to give in when every candle that was lit suddenly snuffs out. We reach for each other in the darkness, and I try not to dwell on how good it feels being this close to her.

A sliver of light seeps through the window, enough that once my eyes adjust to the

dark I'm able to guide Tara to the wooden stairs. She keeps her hand firmly in mine as we step down one at a time until we're in my shop. The moment my feet hit the plush carpet, the candles illuminate, making Tara and me jump.

"Where is that bloody tarot book?" I grumble, releasing her hand to go in search of it. Not a second later, her fingers are interlaced with mine again, bringing me a sense of calm in this madness.

Tara teases, "They've upped their game."

"I don't think this is a game," I sigh. Pulling the book from the shelf, there's a card sticking out like a bookmark. She lets go of my hand and an emptiness fills me that I can't explain or begin to address. I take out the card that says 'Lovers,' along with two others that fall to the floor as I open the book: Two of Cups and Four of Wands. The page that was saved describes soulmates, and I bark out a laugh. "Soulmates? "

"Aw, you don't want to be my soulmate," she laughs, nudging my shoulder with hers.

"The idea is ridiculous. One person who shares the other half of your soul? What about my friend, Jaxon? He fell in love with two people. You mean to tell me that only one is his soulmate?"

"Sounds like my ex." Tara blows out a long breath. "In a month, she fell in love with two men. One of them was her best friend, Jax."

"Wait... what did you say your ex's name was?"

"Greta."

"Fuck. Me."

Chapter 5

Tara

“Wait, you don’t think they are the same people?” I chuckle.

“Jax used to come into the bar with Greta a few times a month. They were just friends, but a month or two ago, they came in with my friend’s ex, Troy. He wasn’t welcome in the bar, for obvious reasons, so we haven’t seen Greta or Jax since. You dated Greta?” She replies with a nod. “The world is too fucking small.”

“She cheated on me with my brother. We were on a break, and she didn’t know he was my brother at the time, but...” I sigh deeply, unable to put the words together. It’s all a web of fuckery.

“Well, I hate to say it, but she’s happy. I wish I could tell you she’s a miserable cunt, drinking away her sorrows. She’s madly in love with Jax and Troy. Maybe a soulmate isn’t defined by two people? But, for what it’s worth, I can’t say I’m the least bit upset that you’re single.”

Fuck, I love listening to her talk, but when she’s flirting? I’m a fucking gonner.

“According to your haunted bookstore, I’m not supposed to be.” I take a quick survey of the shop, and nearly everything is put back the way it’s supposed to. “I have an idea.” Moving a few stacks off one of the tables, I pat it twice. “Sit down.”

“What?” she laughs.

“Sit down,” I repeat a little less aggressively. She does as I asked and I step between her legs. “Your store is ready for tomorrow, there’s probably a camera in here somewhere; whoever is trying to scare the shit out of us is probably watching. Why don’t we give them a show?”

“And you won’t be moving in tomorrow?”

“I promise!” Moving her chunky, blonde braid off her shoulder to her back, I kiss her neck, whispering against her skin, “It’s been months since I’ve touched someone. Tell me to stop and I will. But do me a favor?” I nip at her sweetly as I pull back. “I want you to narrate everything I do to you, especially everything you want me to do to you.”

My lips return to her neck and she sighs, “No fisting.” I can’t help but laugh. “I’m serious, Tara, my cunt isn’t made for that kind of stretch.”

I slide my hands up her thighs, gripping her ass to pull her closer. “Are you sure about that? I’d bet you could take it.”

“As hot as that is in books, no. Absolutely not. Three fingers, tops,” she insists.

I lick up the side of her throat, making her shiver. Me. I’m making this goddess in front of me do this. And, fuck, she tastes good. She balls my dress at the sides in her hands, and pulls me impossibly closer. “If I can make you come with my whole hand inside you, you’re going to show me how you touch yourself with that vibrator upstairs. Then, I’m going to do it all over again.”

“While I’m loving this pleasure Domme side of you, there’s one problem with this little plan of yours.”

“Oh yeah? And what’s that?”

“You’re wearing far too many clothes.”

“Then take them off of me,” I taunt, spinning for her to unzip my dress. It pools to the floor and I turn to face her wearing my lacy black bra and matching boyshort panties. “Glad I wore the cute ones today.” Jen’s eyes darken as a single “ Fuck ” passes her lips. “Now, where was I?”

“I don’t think so,” she growls. “I’m fucking wet just looking at you, and you expect me to just, what, lie down and take it?”

“Basically.”

“And I don’t get to touch you?” I don’t answer and pull her shirt over her head, tossing it to the ground. “Well, that’s absolute shit.”

Jen’s a fucking vision, candlelight dancing off her smooth skin. I’m a loss at where to start, wanting to taste and touch every inch of her. I help her out of her pants, leaving her in her red silk bra and black cotton panties. I adore the fact that she’s not matching—the yin to my yang, the chaos to my collected .

I drag my knuckle up her pussy over her underwear, making her head fall back with a soft moan. “What do you want, Jen?”

“Can I be a selfish cunt?” she laughs.

“Of course.”

“I know what that tongue can do and... I want your mouth on my pussy.”

I press her down to the table with my hand between her perfect breasts. Pulling down the cup of her bra, I swipe my thumb across her nipple. “Only if you talk me through

exactly what you want.”

“Fuck, okay,” she whimpers. “I’ll try, but we aren’t doing the whole ‘eyes on me’ thing. It’s overstimulating.”

I love that she’s asking for what she wants. Kissing down her stomach with soft brushes of my lips, I slip my fingers into her panties, finding the fabric already damp. Heat pools in my belly, so damn turned on by the fact that she’s wanting me, wanting this. I’ve never had a one night stand before, and there’s something thrilling about the fact that I could be a story she’ll tell to a friend. My only goal is that she’ll tell them I’m the best she’s ever had.

I play with her swollen clit, circling with enough pressure to build her up, but not let her come. Once she’s on the edge, she protests as I pull away, dragging down her soaked panties and tossing them into the pile of our clothes. Her pussy is fucking perfection. Bending between her thighs, her whimpers become louder as I swirl my tongue around her clit. She’s so wet, I easily glide two fingers inside her. It’s no wonder she was concerned about more than three, she’s tight, gripping my fingers as I curl them to massage her g-spot. She moans a few curses, tightening around me like a vice. All it takes is sucking hard on her clit and she shatters for me, and the sweet moans tumbling from her lips have me aching for her to touch me.

“Fucking hell, Tara, that was...”

“That was only two. And I thought I told you I wanted a play-by-play? Now that you’re loosened up, you can take more.”

She mumbles something unintelligible, then more clearly asks, “Can we go upstairs to my bed? As sexy as it is having you here in my shop tongue-fucking me, I need to be able to sell these books in the morning.”

I chuckle, kissing her soft stomach. “We should probably bring our clothes; don’t need someone walking in on us. What was it? I’ve seen the movie, read the book, do not recommend?”

“Good call.”

I help her up and we gather our clothes, giggling like we’re schoolgirls as we run up the stairs. This is the fun I missed when I was dating. As much as Greta was into exciting kinks, it was more to explore what we liked and didn’t like. This is different. Jen is incredible, and everything about her is unexpected.

When we reach the top of the stairs, we toss the clothes onto the floor beside her bed and she teasingly pushes me onto the mattress. “My turn.”

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Chapter 6

Jen

Reaching to her back, I unclasp Tara's bra, then untie her hair. It splays on the bed in soft waves, and she's more beautiful than any photograph or painting could capture. Her hands tangle in my hair as I pepper kisses from her stomach to her taut, pink nipples, sucking each once before moving up to her neck.

That soulmate shit from earlier is getting to my head. Kissing her feels like... home. She feels like home.

"You may have thought about kissing me when we first met, but my thoughts were a little less innocent."

"You didn't even notice me," she deadpans.

"Oh, I noticed you the second I stepped into the bar. This is a small town with mostly tourists during the holidays. Ninety-nine percent of them are married couples with children." I nip at her earlobe, making her laugh. "Can't exactly tell someone I want them to sit on my face when we first meet. "

In a swift motion, I roll onto my back bringing her with me. "And that's exactly what you're going to do."

Stripping off her panties, she wastes no time climbing up the bed, and the good fucking girl that she is, she doesn't hover—she sits on her throne, like she was made

for it. And just like that, I'm wet again. Her confidence spurs me on as I lick up her wet cunt and tease her clit with light flicks of my tongue.

Tara holds onto the headboard, but it lifts her off my mouth. Wrapping my arms around her thighs, I bring her sweet pussy right back to me, grazing my teeth against her clit. She grinds against my mouth, needing the extra pressure.

I pull away long enough to ask her to pull out my vibrator from the bedside table. She holds both of them up and I snatch the one with entirely too many settings from her. I don't have to bother with lube, easing it inside her, inch by inch. I turn on the vibe, looking for the setting that always does me in. When I find it, she screams out and I press a finger in her tight ass, unsure of if she'll be into it. Tara reaches behind, grips my wrist and slowly sits an inch further onto my finger.

"Fuck, right there, I'm close."

I increase the intensity of the vibrator, and I'm surprised when she squirts all over my mouth and down my chin. I didn't take her for a squirter, but it's a welcome development. I help her slide down my body until our lips are a breath apart. She's glowing, a lazy smile tugging at her lips.

"Not going to lie, I'm going to need a nap after that. Hope you're not opposed to a sleepover. "

Rolling her onto her side, I get up to clean my vibrator with a wipe and wash my hands. When I slide back onto bed, our legs instinctively entwine. Wrapped in each other's arms, I don't know what to say or if I should even reply to her comment.

Tara is only here for the night. She lives in Calgary, which isn't geographically too far, but the reality is that long distance is hard. I don't know how I'm going to say goodbye to her in the morning. Who would want something casual with her? Right

now, I sure as hell don't.

I wake up to soft kisses on my neck, and a finger in my pussy... or is it two? "Hey, you," I whisper sleepily.

"I would have slipped out into the night, but the door is still locked. I figured this would be more fun, anyway. I still think you can take five."

"I still think you're delusional."

"You owe me one more, Jen." She presses a third finger inside me. "I'd say 'you can take it' but we both know you can."

"Fucking hell, that feels good," I whimper breathlessly.

Tara spreads my legs wider, teasing my clit with her thumb and massaging inside my pussy. I bring her lips to mine, missing the feel of her sweet kisses. I'm so close, but like earlier, she won't let me come. It's the best kind of torture.

"Relax for me," she whispers into my mouth. Her pinky joins the party in my cunt as I take four. The stretch feels amazing but I'm tense from the anticipation. When I do as she asked, she slips her thumb lower for just a moment, pressing it into my pussy. She drags it out slowly and continues circling my clit. "I knew you could take it, even if only for a second."

I grind against her hand, chasing my orgasm, kissing her harder. It's all too much, and my orgasm hits me hard and fast, my vision blurring as I come down from the high. Tara carefully pulls her fingers from me, thankfully not requiring another from me.

The room is still cast in shadows and the eerie voice from before laughs, "My work

is done, find me in the book. Better get dressed, darlings, Anna and James will be here soon. ”

“What the fuck?” Tara screeches.

“I suppose it could be worse,” I laugh. “At least whoever was watching has a sense of humour.”

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Chapter 7

Tara

Jen and I get dressed, and by the time we reach her stairs, all of the candles are still lit, but all of the overhead lighting is also on. “Do you think the door works?”

“Eager to leave so soon?” she asks, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Actually, no. But, I was thinking maybe we could go out? Maybe get a bite to eat?” I pause and quickly correct, “I mean, if you want to. If you don’t, I totally understand!”

Jen takes my hand in hers and brings my knuckles to her lips. “It’ll make tomorrow harder, but if we can leave, I’d love to have dinner with you. And, if you’re up for it, maybe stay the night?”

I’m about to answer when there’s a knock at the door. We jump at the sound, and without letting go of my hand, she guides me to it. Jen blows out a long breath, and opens the door with ease. On the other side is a tall man, admittedly, very handsome. His arm is wrapped tightly around a woman whose eyes are wide as if she just walked in on us naked.

“Anna!” Jen wraps her in a tight hug. “Fuck, I’ve missed you. You, too, James.” She steps back, letting them inside the shop.

“Who is this?” Anna asks, her shocked expression replaced with a sweet smile.

“This is Tara, my...” Jen looks to me, biting her lip to hide her grin. “Probably my Two of Cups or Four of Wands.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” James laughs.

Jen retrieves the book and three tarot cards to explain. Examining one closer she mutters, “Who is Kathryn?” I move beside her to look. There’s a “xo, Kathryn” scribbled on one of the cards.

Anna gasps, “Kathryn?” She looks to James. “It couldn’t be!” She pulls out her phone, and opens up her book app. After scrolling into tapping for a moment, she pulls up an expert from a title named Undecided Heiress— the very same book Jen told me about. In the book, a woman named Kathryn warns Anna about how things aren’t always as they seem.

“Tara is an author, maybe she can help us figure it out,” Jen offers.

I let out a defeated sigh. “I think we’re all going to need a drink for this.”

Jen’s bookstore opening is a huge success. The whole town came by to support her, and as strange as the last twenty-fours have been, I can see why someone might want to live here. The thought has crossed my mind—I have the flexibility to write from anywhere.

Greta found her happily ever after in an unconventional way. Could Jen be mine? Whether it was a prank, a ghost, or a fictional woman from another book, I was kept here for a reason.

I’m sipping champagne, taking all of it, when two men to my left are laughing loud enough to pull my attention. One of them doesn’t double take when he realizes I heard them. “Oh, hi there. Are you new in town? Or here visiting?”

“I’m...” I look over at Jen. “New. Just moved here and looking for a place.”

“Is that so?” the other man asks. “We’ve been trying to find someone to take over Tristan’s lease. He has a small apartment down the way, close to shopping and restaurants.”

“Well, that’s quite the happenstance,” I laugh. “The woman I’m seeing also lives around here.”

Tristan and his husband, Myles, continue to try to sell me on the apartment, but I was already sold the moment they mentioned it’s available.

I spend the remainder of the morning people watching and was able to have my hotel room extended for an extra night. It’ll give me time to panic at my impulsive decision and organise a move. Once Jen has a moment to break away from patrons, she makes her way over to me, not stopping until she’s cupping my face and kissing me. It knocks me back a step and I laugh against her lips, “Did you hear?”

“That you’re moving? Are you sure about it? Myles told me that I need to be nice to you, so you’ll stay. I’m sure that’s purely selfish on their part so they don’t have to break a lease.”

I lean in and whisper beside her ear. “It was that or move in with you.” She laughs, and I kiss her cheek as I pull back. “I’m not moving in, and we’re not getting an SUV, but I’m up for an adventure, if you are... even if this place is haunted.”

See more of the Coal’s Lake crew in [Save a Horse](#).