

## 19 Ivy Lane

Episode 1 by Aubrey Wynne

<http://aubreywynneauthor.wordpress.com/>

She stood waiting by the gate with a letter, as she did everyday. Victor Burnham readjusted the mailbag on his shoulder and gave her a sad smile. Eloisa refused to acknowledge the sympathy and gave him a wide grin that lit up her deep, blue eyes. She scooped her long, blonde hair back from her face with one slender hand and held out an envelope with the other.

He took it from her and placed it with the rest of the outgoing mail. "Nice weather we're having for August, don't ya think?"

"Yes," she answered, her gaze holding his steady. "Anything for me today?"

Victor looked down at his feet. "No, ma'am, I'm sorry. Not today."

Her expression never faltered. "Well then, perhaps tomorrow. Yes, perhaps tomorrow." She turned back toward the house.

He watched her walk up the stairs to the porch, her thin cotton dress swaying around her ankles. The sun shone through the material, and he could see the silhouette of long, slender legs. *Who does she write to each night?* As he continued his route, he wondered. The look of expectancy on her face told him it had to be a man.

Eloisa Sinclair provided hours of delightful gossip for the small Midwest town of Momence. It seemed she had taken up residence at 19 Ivy Lane almost overnight. The house, vacant for the past ten years, had been taken over by a bank when the owners went bankrupt. A maintenance company out of Chicago kept up the property and replaced the "For Sale" sign each year with a new shiny one. Then one day this past June, the sign was gone. The local realtor said he'd had a phone call from an attorney and given instructions to leave the keys in the mailbox.

Two days later, Ms. Sinclair appeared at the gate and greeted Victor. She handed him a letter addressed to E. B with a post office box in San Diego, California. He mentioned the weather, she answered and their daily routine began. She visited the grocery store once a week, nodded to other patrons but never engaged in conversation. New theories about the town's mystery woman now surfaced weekly at the local diner.

"I heard she's a widow and writes to her dead husband," the waitress told the men at the counter. "She's waiting for him to answer from the grave."

"Don't be silly, her husband is overseas," another man argued. "Those soldiers never have time to write. The mailman says she's always smiling. It's because no news is good news."

"Someone at the gas station said she's a floozy from Washington D.C. and hiding out from the press."

Last week she had been a model, hoping for a reprieve from the paparazzi. With her looks, Victor didn't doubt that possibility. But he kept his thoughts to himself.

The next day, the postmaster called after him as he headed out on his route. "Burnham, wait a minute. I've got something for you." He waved a cream-colored vellum envelope in the air. "This should make your day. I hope it's good news for her."

The letter, addressed to Ms. Eloisa Sinclair, was written in a bold, male hand with no return label. *Hot damn!* "Yessir."

Victor couldn't wipe the grin off his face. He barely noticed the rain coming down as he made his way up Ivy Lane. He paused for a moment when she was not at the gate. *It's raining, you idiot. Why would she stand out in the rain?* But she had done just that on several occasions.

He made his way up the sidewalk, onto the porch and knocked on the door. No answer. He tried again. Still no answer. With a little guilt, he peeked in the picture window, and his mouth fell open in surprise.

Episode 2 by Anne Lange  
<http://authorannelange.com/>

Eloisa leaned over the scratched wooden table she'd polished to a high gloss, before covering it with the nicest tea towel she owned. She offered the gentleman a warm pastry wrapped sausage.

She managed to contain the eye roll as his gaze shot directly to her cleavage. She'd spent the morning cleaning and preparing, and all they noticed was her breasts. Not that she carried anything of great measure above the waist, but in the teeny tiny maid's outfit her less than ample bosom was plumped high enough to create quite the spectacle.

She should be mortified.

Unfortunately, she'd lost all sense of humility long ago.

With no other options available, she'd taken matters into her own hands. She'd prepared herself, even before coming to Momence, to do whatever necessary. However, she preferred not to let her mind consider the worst-case scenario, no matter how dire the situation. She needed to pretend that the likelihood of *that* happening was beyond reason. Everything else she'd suffer through without complaint.

When she'd discovered the house on 19 Ivy Lane, it was like the Good Lord had heard her prayers and sent her a sign. Too bad it didn't come equipped with the funds to cover the upkeep of the home. The maintenance company had done a fine job with the outside. But she hated that she also needed to worry about appearances *inside* the house.

Because she knew better than most, that appearances were deceiving.

They certainly fooled her.

What worried her most, at the moment, was that E.B. hadn't responded to her many pleas. *Where the hell was that man?* She couldn't decide if she should be angry or fearful.

In the meantime, the town's curiosity would be their downfall. Why people couldn't just mind their own damn business was beyond her. You'd think after all these years, she'd be immune to it.

A breeze blew across her bare behind. *Did I leave a window open?*

Something wet and a bit rough trailed a path up the back of her thigh towards her...

She spun on her toes, nearly toppling the tray of food onto the lap of another gentleman. She couldn't remember that one's name. Though his shy smile and nice eyes didn't leave her desperate for a shower with scalding hot water.

*"Mr. Taylor,"* she spit out between clenched teeth. "I told you, no touching."

He sneered up at her. His cruel grin set her back teeth to grinding. "I simply want to sample the merchandise."

"I'm not for sale, sir." How many times would she have to repeat that phrase in her lifetime? *Oh, E.B. where are you?*

"You may talk like a lady. You may even look like a lady most of the time. But with your ass bared in such a teasing way and your tits on display, you're not much of a lady... *Ma'am.*"

If he only knew.

A shift of movement caught her attention, dragging her glare away from the horrid man kneeling at her feet, a grubby hand on his crotch and a dribble of drool running down his chin. The thought that she might be ill, coincided with a surprised gasp as her gaze met that of Victor Burnham's.

His face, haloed by the setting sun filtering through the large oak across the road, stared at her through her front bay window. *The drapes. I forgot about the drapes.* His mouth hung open in a big "o", his eyes round as saucers, his cheeks flushed pink and his fingers spread wide, palms flat against the pane of glass.

She turned her head. Her gaze swept the room seeing it as he did. *Damn.* She closed her eyes and sighed.

*E.B. I could really use you right now!*

Episode 3 by Kishan Paul

<http://kishanpaul.net/>

Oblivious to the rain, Victor stood frozen outside Eloisa's window staring into her home. Men he'd never seen before occupied the seats in her tiny living room. Dressed in black lace which concealed nothing, she served them tea and snacks while the strangers nodded and eyed her with obvious lust.

This was a far different woman than the one who greeted him on his daily mail route. But that wasn't the only reason he was stunned. Every night in his dreams, the same scandalously clad vixen visited him. It was the same each time. Seductively dressed, she would climb into his bed and do things to him that made him blush to even think about afterwards. Never had he hungered for sleep as much as he had of late. What man wouldn't? Her ample breasts, full hips and those lips, the beautiful things those lips could do...

Before he finished the thought, her gaze locked with his. Eloisa's eyes widened with recognition while his face burned with shame. He stepped away only to slip on slick gravel, fall and slam the back of his head against the rocks. A flash of pain shot through him moments before darkness numbed it away.

A few seconds later, the soft drizzle of rain spattered on his face, pulling him out of his uncomfortable slumber. Victor touched the wet, throbbing ache in the back of his neck. That would need to be dealt with, but first he needed to get out of her yard fast. He crawled to his knees and as he rose to his feet, noticed his soaked postal bag lying a few feet away. Just as he hung its strap over his shoulder and began his escape to the road, Eloisa's front door swung open.

"Mr. Burnham, is that you?"

Standing in Eloisa's lawn with nowhere to hide, he had no other choice but face her and confess his sins.

"I am very sor..." His words of apology vanished as soon as she came into view. He sucked in a breath, and for the second time in minutes found himself speechless.

She stood a few feet away on her porch. Her hair neatly pulled back from her face. The tiny black lace she wore moments ago, replaced with a pale blue dress that fell to her ankles.

Victor blinked a few times. The fall must have jostled his brain. Or maybe he had blacked out for minutes rather than seconds.

She crossed her arms and tilted her head, eyeing him with suspicion. "Mr. Burnham, is there a reason for your visit?"

He inched closer to the porch and looked past her, into the open door of her home. *Empty*. Even the table was clear of dishes.

She cleared her throat, drawing his attention to her crystal blue eyes.

Victor rubbed the sore spot on the back of his neck. "I'm sorry to bother you, Ms. Sinclair. I came to deliver the mail and when you weren't at the box, I worried."

"That was very kind of you but as you can see, I am fine."

He leaned to the side for a better view of the living room. Still empty. Victor looked back at the road and then to the house. They must have left while he was unconscious.

She stepped into his path and raised her brows. "Is there any other reason for your visit, Mr. Burnham?"

"Oh. Sorry, yes. There is a reason. I have mail." Victor dug into the bag. "For you." He pulled out the letter. "It came today, and I thought you would want it." Her eyes widened and when she stretched out her hand to receive the mail, he could have sworn it shook.

Well, she had caught him peeping through her window—a disturbing experience for anyone, much less a single woman. Victor's cheeks warmed. He dropped the letter in her palm and turned to leave with what little dignity he had left.

"Mr. Burnham?"

He paused dreading what would come next. "Yes?"

"Your head is bleeding. Why don't you come inside and let me tend to it?"

Episode 4 by Lena Hart  
<http://www.lenahartsite.com/>

There were 19 reasons why his Eloisa shouldn't be at a place like Momence—and 19 Ivy Lane was one of them.

Ecko Bane strode up to the modest yet aging home and gave several hard knocks on the door. He could understand why Eloisa had fled California. The wake of bodies she had left behind had forced her into hiding. But he couldn't understand what had possessed her to move to a place like this.

He'd only arrived in the small town a few hours ago and had heard enough gossip of the blue-eyed "blonde" than an outsider should have. He hadn't even seen her yet, and already he missed her flaxen curls.

When no answer came, Ecko forced his way into the old house. He knew she was here. Her scent was distinct—along with that of the men trapped inside.

Ecko didn't have to go far to find the unconscious men, some staring off at nothing and one slumped over a supremely polished table.

He frowned. Eloisa only polished when she was struggling to curb her hunger. The way the wooden table glistened against the afternoon light, she was clearly at her breaking point. She had written him and he'd come, but obviously not in time.

Ecko clenched his teeth, taking in the number of hypnotized men, trying not to think of what she had, or hadn't, done with them. The men weren't dead, but they were locked in a deep erotic trance—her way of preserving her hunt.

But they had an agreement, and it didn't include this. He glanced around the room again. He had one hell of a mess to clean up. Her hunger was getting out of control, and he needed to find her. Fast.

Ecko made his way to the back of the house. It was in the kitchen that he found her, straddling a poor, defenseless mail carrier with her blue dress hiked up just below her round, lush ass. Her head was bent over the man as she held his head steady with both hands.

The familiar jealousy Ecko had once thought himself cured of, returned full force. This was why he could never make her his. Not in the way he wanted, anyway. She couldn't curb her appetite, and he had never been good at sharing.

With a low growl, he jerked her off the dazed man. She spun around to face him, and her once deep blue eyes were now black with unleashed hunger.

"Lise!" He gave her a small shake. "Baby, snap out of it."

He knew it was dangerous to stop her during a feeding, and he braced himself for an attack. Instead she blinked up at him, her deceptively calm mask crumbling as her gaze focused on him.

"E?" She glanced back at the mailman then turned back to him. There was remorse in her now dark eyes, but intense hunger still burned bright in them. "I-I'm sorry. I tried to fight it, but... I-I need to feed."

Ecko stared down at her, his nostrils flaring as his body reacted to her unbridled lust. He understood her struggle even though he didn't like it. Besides, he

had agreed to fulfill her appetite until they could find another way to control her hunger. He wouldn't deny her now.

Ecko offered no resistance when she jerked him forward and pressed her soft lips against his. His own appetite for her was always insatiable.

Lifting her high, he sat her down on the granite counter and her long legs instantly wrapped around his hips. She didn't need to use any of her usual tricks on him. He was effortlessly sucked into her erotic spell.

This is what he got for loving the likes of Eloisa Sinclair—*my demon witch. My damn succubus.*

Episode 5 by J.A. Coffey

<http://jacoffey.com/>

“Lise.” He growled warningly as she ground herself against him. Their attraction was darkly forbidden, and almost as old as their origins. “Wait.”

As usual, she wouldn't.

Her chest rose and fell rapidly. His senses told him she was almost past reason. She was already spilling out of the deep neckline of her long, blue dress. A dress that should've matched her indigo eyes, if not for the deep hunger tainting them to ink. She nipped at his bottom lip, pressing her glorious half-bared breasts against his chest and hiking her skirt higher. His visceral reaction to the sweet, feminine scent of her arousal, and the silk of her skin beneath his fingertips was intense. He felt himself harden, his cock straining behind his black pants, aching to bury himself within her.

“I knew you would come for me, E.” Eloise's dark eyes stayed on him as she slipped her clever fingers beneath his waistband and tugged his stiff white cotton shirt free. One by one, her hands moved to undo his buttons until his shirt hung open. And still her haunted, hungry eyes never left his.

This was no cast spell. No false glamour binding him to her.

It was her.

He pulled her roughly against his body. Cradling her face firmly between his hands, he slid his tongue over her reddened lips, gentle at first then insistently, demanding entry. A sigh escaped her and he sealed his mouth over hers, taking her sounds of desire inside him. Their tongues touched and mated, wrestling for dominance. The taste of her made him see stars. His mind reeled and his body reacted to the soft-mounded sensation of her body molded against his. She was everything he ever wanted in a woman and more.

If only she was just a woman.

Her tongue tangled with his as his hands pulled her head back, allowing him deeper access. He tasted her, leisurely, sucking and pulling, relearning the best ways to draw another sigh or a sharp inhalation of surprised pleasure from her. It had been so long, and there was so much between them. Never, he thought, never had he so thoroughly enjoyed kissing a woman as he did her. It was as if they were connected, each of them with a driving need, each of them satisfying the hunger in

the other. The intensity of it scared him, if he let himself think about it. So, he did what any man would do.

He didn't stop to think.

He closed himself off to everything but fulfilling her insatiable need. His fingers went to unclasp his belt, shaking with the urge to take her. She moaned in frustrated yearning, and her hips bucked against him, causing him to fumble the thin silver buckle. His belt clattered to the kitchen tiles.

There was a startled exclamation from the floor. "Miss... Sinclair?" The man's glazed eyes went sharply into focus.

*Fuck.*

The mail carrier. He'd forgotten.

Episode 6 by Caroline Lee

<http://www.carolineleeromance.com/>

When Ecko—her servant, her master—suddenly stiffened against her and sucked in a surprised breath, the creature calling herself Eloisa Sinclair pushed him away to see what had caught his attention. There, half-reclined on the floor where she'd left him rubbing the back of his head ruefully, was the mail carrier, Mr. Burnham. She'd quite forgotten about him, despite being more than satisfied to fill herself with him before Ecko had finally arrived.

Oh, she'd watched him, watching her. Knew what it was that he wanted. Considered giving it to him, time and again, in the months she'd lived at 19 Ivy Lane. She'd even visited him in his dreams, giving him what he wanted and taking what she'd needed... and it had satisfied her, for a while.

But it was like watered wine to an addict, and she needed so much more. She needed a *real* feeding and had known it since the euphoria from her binge in California had worn off, and she'd found herself renting a quaint little cottage here in the middle of nowhere. She needed to *feed*, to drain a man of everything that could be considered *him* and fill this empty hollow inside herself. That's when she started to send for Ecko, because she hadn't wanted to do that to Victor. From that first moment they'd met there at her mailbox, and she'd seen the kindness and genuine caring in his warm brown eyes, she'd been fighting the hunger that demanded she take all of him.

He didn't deserve it. And she'd had *other* options. Those 'gentlemen' from earlier had been a few of them; degenerate lechers who'd happily submitted to her for a chance just to sit at her table and eat her baking. She'd been making do with *them* for months now, but they left her feeling empty and unfulfilled. She needed a real man, and Ecko Bane was the only one who could fill her again and again.

For centuries, he'd been the only one who could give her everything that she needed.

But again, Ecko wasn't there when she needed him most. Victor slowly sat up, still wincing at the fall he'd taken earlier and the images she'd showed him after. He

was staring at her, legs spread on the counter, spilling out of the dress Ecko had managed to pull halfway off of her before he disappeared. She was panting with the desire he'd awoken in her, and she watched Victor's eyes darken in response. Oh yes, she was an expert at arousing men, and Victor, for all of his politeness, wanted her badly.

And Ecko had disappeared. Sometimes he just didn't want to be seen, the same way she could make sure Victor hadn't seen those other men. And while she suspected Ecko was still in the room—could feel his longing and frustrated eyes on her—he just didn't want to be seen right now.

Well, to Hell with him.

To Hell with them both.

She *needed* a man right now, and Ecko wasn't here to fulfill his end of the bargain.

Victor would have to be sacrificed, after all.

She slipped off the counter, feeling her warmth and wetness and knowing that she was ready for him. Ecko had *made* her ready, and her sin was his as well.

She straightened and slowly finished removing the prim blue dress she'd thrown on earlier, reveling in the way Victor's hungry eyes followed her every move. By the time she stood there proudly in just the ridiculous little black lace concoction, his eyes had glazed and his breathing had quickened, and she knew that he was hers. *Would be hers forever.*

"Ms... Ms. Sinclair? What are you...?" She smiled, enjoying that perfect moment just before the hunt ended. If he were strong enough to still form coherent thoughts, he'd be a prize to savor. Victor would fill the void Ecko had opened, and she was past feeling guilty.

She slithered across the kitchen towards the delicious man, and exulting at the way his eyes followed her tongue, flicking across her full lips. He struggled to stand, but she pushed him down again, lowering herself to straddle him, running her hands across the thick shoulders normally hidden by his uniform and feeling his firmness under her thighs.

Oh yes, he was a prize.

"Eloisa...?"

"Shhhhh." She halted his questions with a kiss and when he responded, she broke away. It was vital that he need her just as much as she needed him. "You've been dreaming of this."

"How... how did you know?" He took a deep breath, fighting her lure, and she squeezed herself tighter around him. He groaned, and his head fell back, baring the long column of his throat to her lips. She smiled, knowing Ecko was watching, as he'd watched so many times before.

"Victor Burnham, I'm about to make all of your dreams come true."

And for a while, at least, she did.

THE END...



Follow The Sexy Scribblers

Website: <http://sexyscribblers.com/>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Sexy-Scribblers/861027850651180>

