My Ghost House, ch 3

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More secrets are revealed to me.

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It seemed that when Colt was active, Beau was dormant. I lay there in the bed pondering my situation, but it seemed that there was no answer forthcoming. Colt made me feel safe, but what did I really know about him? Beau had only shown himself that one time in the shower.

Turning onto my side, I stared into the dim light of my bedroom. What about that door? What secrets were behind that door? Flopping on my belly, the thoughts of what happened earlier had my insides warm and liquidy. It was amazing how Colt could materialize into solid form and vanish.

I would definitely have to talk to Trina about this. With her being my resident ghost expert, she would know more about the paranormal realm, than I would. I was dead tired, but wide awake. 2 am was not the time to go exploring a haunted house, especially if one was all alone.

Tossing and turning, I finally gave up on sleep and sat up. It was only 2:45. The house was quiet, with the occasional creak and groan. Slipping on my robe, I headed dow nstairs for a midnight snack.

“Fuck, this is creepy,” I murmured, aloud.

The familiar scent of sandalwood was absent, so I knew Colt was not around. Wondering where he went to recharge, I descended to the second floor landing. All was quiet on this f loor, but I never really felt anything strange here, if you didn't count that eerie ass door.

I had stepped onto the first step when I noticed a faint glow under the door of the yellow room. Frowning, I turned and faced it. With my heart in my throat an d a voice in my head telling me that this was a bad idea, I walked to the door and placed my hand on the knob.

The door knob was warm to the touch and pulsing! Snatching my hand back, I stumbled backwards away from the room. Thinking that some mysteries should best be left unsolved, I scrambled down

the stairs to the kitchen.

My blood was pumping fiercely, as I leaned against the sink. I was convinced that this was going to give me a heart attack with all her surprises. Splashing my face with cold wat er, I was vaguely aware of the pine scent in the room.

Rolling my shoulders to relieve the tension, I stood up straight and turned to face the room. Staring into the inky blackness of the room, I could vaguely make out the outline of a male form. Very alert now, the smell of pine was thick now. My stomach dropped.

The faint sound of laughter filled the room, then the ghost rushed me. All I saw was blackness after that.

I woke up a couple of minutes later, disorganized and uncomfortable. Seemingly in a sexual contraption, I found that I was unable to move. Draped over a cold metal bar and totally naked, my hands and legs were spread wide and were being held flat to floor. I couldn't move them. I was vulnerable and open.

I could not even move m y thighs, due to another bar that crossed the back of them. In a panic, I tried to struggle, but was held fast to the bonds. My breasts were smashed to the wooden floor of this dusty, unknown room. The only thing I could move freely was my head.

Look ing my surroundings over, the room was dimly lit with a few flickering candles, but other than that there was no other light sources. Bemused, I didn't know what to think. I could feel a cold draft of air brush over my exposed genitals, causing goosebumps to race down my back. I startled to the sudden sound of a voice I had only heard once.

“Finally. Finally, I have the cheating slut where I want her,” the voice said.

Frantic, my eyes searched the dark room for the source of the voice. Beau stepped o ut of the shadows. With the exception of harsh sneer and cruel eyes, the tall man was as heart stopping handsome as Colt. He was tall with broad shoulders, tapering down to narrow hips. He was intimidating and naked!

There was no hiding his arousal. H is granite hard cock twitched, as if it had plans of it's own. Coming closer to me, I could see it bounce with each step, and although I was filled with incredible anxiety, the sight of it did something to me. I, quickly, realized that this was a very dominate man, and no gentleness would be used.

“I loved you at one time,” he said, “but what did I get in return?”

I stayed silent. I knew he was seeing someone other than me. With a lightening quick move, his hand lashed out and slapped my upturned as s. I sucked my breath in, sharply. He rained several move strikes to my ass cheeks, making them red and hot.

Tears leaked from my eyes, as my ass stung. He stood behind me, rubbing that rock hard dick of his up and down my crack.

“I would have don e anything for you!” he growled, punctuating every word with a smack, “and what did I get in return?”

He was getting worked up. The next several spanks were random. Some rained on my ass cheeks. Some were aimed at my open pussy and clit. All were hard and sharp.

Pretty soon my upturned ass and pussy were beet red and throbbing from the extra blood flow to the area. With my pelvis pulsing in time with my heart, which was galloping, my now swollen pussy was glistening, and the way he was rubbing his shaft over my openings was not helping the situation.

I wanted to be afraid, and in certain ways I was afraid. I was so turned on, too. I could not escape my bonds. I was helpless.

Beau walked around to my head and grabbed my hair. Pulling me up by I t, he brought his lips down to mine. Not kissing me, just close enough that I could taste his breath, he said, “I will tell you what I got.”

Dropping my head, he returned to my upturned hips.

“I got to see you with your legs wrapped around my best fri end's hips, and his dick buried deep in your pussy. All the way to the balls, you bitch!” he spat out.

After saying that, he rammed his cock in my wet pussy in one deep, hard thrust. I screeched. I was wet, true, but still tight. My normally pink puss y, red from the smacks, was stuffed with a rigid pole. His hands dug into my hips, using my weight as leverage.

With a couple of rough pushes, my pussy gradually grew accustomed to the large meat inside it. My body was reacting. My ass cheeks were so re. My cunt full. Damn!

“You fucking whore! If Colt's dick is good enough for your cheating slit, then so is mine,” he said,

raggedly.

I could not stop with contractions that were racking my pelvis. Contractions that made my puckered ass hole wink vi olently. I could feel his balls slapping my swollen bud.

The sounds of flesh slapping filled the air, as he worked my weeping slit hard. His thumb pressed into my ass. He was impatient with me, and sunk that thumb all the way into my hole.

Holding m e like a bowling ball, he rubbed his cock head through my walls. I was about to shoot off into space, and I could hear his moans.

“How do you like that, bitch. Huh? You like feeling me stroke my dick through your cheating ass?” he moaned.

I could do nothing, but grunt. My pussy juices ran down my inner thighs. I was soaking wet. With every deep stroke, I squirted more juice from my cunt. Literally spraying his thighs, I was amazed. Never had I been so hot and worked up that my fluid gushed from me.

Pulling his dick from my cunt, he worked the swollen head against my not so puckered hole. His thumb had worked my ass hole enough to relax it. I loved having my ass played with, but had never been penetrated by a real dick.

Not giving me time to g et tense, he slid the length of him all the way in. By God, that hurt! I tensed at the burning. Not entirely all the way cruel, he reached around and started to stimulate my clit.

“Oh God!” I groaned.

He twisted and turned my bud, as if he was jacking his own dick off. More of my cream dripped out of my pussy. Slowly, he began to move in and out of my ass. The pain was decreasing, but the burning increased.

The wetness from my pussy lubricated his shaft enough that he moved in my hole easily.

“ Fuck, bitch! So fucking tight. Did he get this hole? Huh? Did he?” he ground out with each thrust.

His thrusts were becoming more and more erratic. I could feel his cock stiffening even more. He pinched my clit hard once more, before grabbing my hips again. Slamming into me with incredible force, his hips were a blur of motion.

Pulling out of my ass, he jerked his cock a couple of times, cumming all over my ass and back. I felt his warm sperm pool at the top of the crack of my ass, before running d own the back of my thighs and my back.

Breathing heavily, Beau rubbed the head of his pole in the rapidly cooling pool of cum at my ass.

“You are mine. I will take you any way and any time I want to. He cannot and will not stop me,” Beau whispered, “ You were mine first.”

Beau got up and released my bonds. I was worn out. I had lost count of how many times I had been carnally used today.

The smell of pine was dissipating, and now I realized how cramped I was. Extracting myself from the device, I noted how sore my genitals were. I didn't think I would be able to walk right for a week.

Stranding up straight, I worked the kinks out of my spine and tried to figure out where in the house that I was. I put on my robe and looked around. There was a creaky looking, circular staircase to my left.

It appeared to be the only way out of this room. Climbing the stairs, I came to a door. I tried the knob and found that it was open. Lo and behold, I had solved the mystery of the creepy door. It appare ntly led to a underground room that happened to be the domain of a kinky ghost.

Leaning against the door, I didn't fear it as much as before. With my emotions in turmoil, I tried to make sense of what was going on. I had a seductive, sexy ghost that fil ls my senses with passion. I, also, had a kinky, dominating ghost that makes me acknowledge the seedier side of myself. I needed them both in ways.

Laughing a bit hysterically, I thought to myself about how quickly I would be committed if I told anyone of this. Here I was fucking the ghosts of the house, and there was still the mystery of what that light in the yellow room was.

Thinking now was as good a time as any, I went to the yellow room. Opening the door, I could make out a hazy silhouette of a woman.

“Hello?” I said, legs shaking.

She looked up at me and vanished. In the empty place where she was, a diary sat on the bed. Grabbing it, I opened the diary to a random page.

In feminine handwriting, the diary told of her life. I took it to m y room and began to read of a girl named Emily and her torn heart. She was betrothed to a gentleman named Beau, but she did not love him.

She wrote about how she tried to tell him, wanted him to end the relationship. She loved his best friend. She lo ved Colt. There were many steamy passages of their secret meetings. Closer to the end, she told of how Colt's feeling had changed.

Apparently, his guilt was eating him alive. He loved Emily, but he hated hurting his best friend. Emily wrote of the f inal meeting. Colt had told her that he was leaving. She could not have that, so she seduced Colt, knowing that he could not resist her.

Arranging to have Beau catch them, she had intended for Beau to challenge Colt, all the while knowing what how exc ellent a shot he was. She knew that Colt would win the duel, and then she would be free to have him.

Her last passage told a frantic sad story. She had not realized how hurt and angry Beau was, and to what extent he would go to win. When she witnessed C olt win the duel, she was so happy, until she saw Colt go down, too. Horribly depressed and feeling guilty, she wrote of how she was going to take her own life.

I closed the book. What have I gotten myself into? These ghosts thought I was Emily. I n eeded to talk to Colt.