# Sally the Ghost Kisses Emelda

## By Ghost

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*Sally gets Emelda to try out being a sex ghost and things don't go quite as planned*

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Simon's breathing started to get deeper and louder as he neared orgasm. He stroked his erection faster. A buzzing sound filled the room punctuated by a squealing female voice.

Emelda took her wide eyes off his groin and glanced across the bed, and the nude male masturbating between us, at me."Goodness, Sally, this talking 'laptop' computer has gotten him excited. How long can he stroke himself? It looks oh so painful to me."

*Painful?* I frowned.Emelda was a bit old fashioned as well as sex-with-a-partner-only type of gal. She didn't understand what men did alone as well as I did. I had, well let's just say, a whole lot of experience with masturbating men."Trust me Emelda, he is feeling no pain right now and he won't stop stroking until he ejaculates, which is what we came for, his cum."

I glanced at the laptop screen. A small Asian girl had a vibrator as big as a baby's arm deep inside her and, at least if her moans and squeals aplenty were any indication, was enjoying it a lot. I was a bit jealous. *Where could I get a vibrator that big? Could I even get it inside myself at all?* I thought about it and then smiled lasciviously.*I bet I could*.

"Goodness, baby sweet cheeks, he is vigorous with his hand. It is hard to believe it feels good. I mean, a woman is soft and warm inside as well as moist. His hand is so rough and dry."

"Emelda, you need to lose the dress and straddle him. When he starts to groan lower yourself onto him, okay?"

Simon didn't notice our odd discussion because we had both been dead for nearly 150 years and were ghosts. I was a sex ghost. I gained energy from sex—predominantly in the form of guy's cum. Emelda was a grave ghost, she gained energy from everyday life around her grave; animals, visitors, and the weather. Energy let us become visible to the living and travel around.Simon couldn't see us right now because we were low on energy.

Something had happened to Emelda since I had transferred sex energy to herseveral days agoso she could go out dancing with me. Emelda had started to show some sex ghost tendencies. To see how far these tendencies went I had talked her into visiting Simon to see if she could collect sex energy like I did. But today, so far, she glowed a deep green, the color of grave ghost energy, rather than the hot red of a sex ghost.

Emelda nodded and her Civil War era clothes disappeared. I had been nude since we popped into Simon's room—I am kinda slutty like that sometimes.I gazed at Emelda and sighed. She was beautiful, dark with long brown hair, a curvy body and full breasts. I watched her gracefully crawl over Simon and position her pelvis. *Jeepers,even her pubic hair looks nicely groomed*, I thought.I glanced self-consciously down at my flat chest and skinny body to the unruly splash of damp red pubic hair that covered my groin. *I'm wet*, I thought, *God, watching Simon go at it has got me more worked up than I thought. Or maybe it's the laptop girl's giant dildo.*

An over-the-top female moan emerged from the 'talking' laptop and both Emelda and I looked down at it. The on-screen Asian girl had apparently reached orgasm and was writhing around her giant vibrator. Her small breasts jiggled as she road out her orgasm in pleasure-filled waves. I was fascinated by her jiggly breasts until I heard Simon grunt.

"Oh my," examined Emelda as she exploded in red energy and became visible to an oblivious Simon.

I had picked Simon because he, well... let's just say in the past he had produced in copious amounts and was, it appeared, doing so right now inside Emelda. She was engorged with energy.

Simon's eyes opened to behold Emelda mounted on his cock. She smiled down at him and started moving her pelvis slowly back and forth.

"Now honey," she said in a husky low voice, "this must feel much nicer than that dry old hand."

He nodded as his confused expression melted into one of intense pleasure. Simon, I knew, really wouldn't remember her other than a nice wet dream. Emelda bent down, pushing her full breasts against his chest, and kissed him full on the lips. Their bodies began to move as they pressed into each other.

*O. M. G.*, I thought. *This actually worked! Emelda got energy! They are hot! I am so going to ogle Emelda as she fucks this guy and finger myself. I am such a bad girl.*

I thought for a moment and cute panties and a matching bra appeared on my body.Ghosts can change clothes with a thought and I liked to have panties on when I masturbated. They accentuated

the feel of my touch in just the right way.

The panties began to darken, visibility announcing my wetness to the world, as I slid the index finger of my right hand across the top of the waistband. I watched Emelda and Simon move together as I slid my fingers down the front of my panties. I could feel the soft tufts of hair through the cotton. I was mesmerized by the movement of Emelda's breasts as they squished against Simon's body in response to his eager thrusts. My finger stopped at just the right spot.

*Oh yes, right there*.

I pushed and slowly rubbed as pleasure began to emerge from my groin and seep throughout my body. My left hand cupped my bra. I echoed with them as they grew more and more urgent in their lovemaking.

We all reached orgasm at the same time and Emelda exploded in more red sex ghost energy as Simon pumped his cum into her a second time. The energy cracked around her ferociously. She looked over at me as I came and threw her head back and laughed. My mouth was agape and I had several fingers shoved deep inside my contracting pussy. At some point, I don't recall when, I must have lost the bra, pulled aside the soaked crotch of my panties, and shoved in some fingers to help myself along. Those fingers felt warm and wonderful right now.

She reached over and touched me and we both disappeared in a angry flash of red light.

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*Emelda is messed up,*I thought as I watched her prance naked around her grave in Oakland Cemetery. She seemed to float through the Georgia air aglow in red. *I have screwed up royally this time*.I felt tears begin to run down my cheeks.

Emelda had transported us back to her grave from Simon's room and I thought everything was fine until I couldn't get her to stop laughing and she started dancing nude around her grave.Emelda never danced around naked. The very idea appalled her. In fact, Emelda yelled at me when I appeared around the graveyard butt naked, not that I was any kind of naked buff, but I sometimes forgot to put clothes back on after an especially satisfying and energy-filled visit with a guy who could produce. *Hey, I am a sex ghost, I'm entitled to a little naked time*.This was not like that; Emelda was out of it.I pleaded with her to stop and talk to me, but after a while I gave up. I just stood and watched her as I grew more and more worried. I even thought up an old fashioned dress for myself to wear, something she would like, a dress that would turn the head of any Confederate soldier. Thinking the sight of me looking all old-time girl would help snap her out of it—it didn't.

With a face damp from my tears and inner thighs embarrassingly slick from Emelda's encounter with Simon, I stood wondering what to do when Emelda danced over in front of me and stopped. My eyes went wide as she looked at me and put her hands on my shoulders. I looked up at her hopefully.

"Emelda, you okay?"

She answered by pulling my face up to hers and kissing me.

Now, I'm not talking a chaste friendly kiss, her tongue was deep in my mouth probing like, well let's forget what usually is probing my mouth but it is a bit bigger and harder than Emelda's tongue. She pulled her body into mine and our breasts crushed together.*Wow, her nipples are hard*, I thought.They felt like little rocks pushing through my dress. Bright red sex energy flowed into my being in an overpowering wave and I had an orgasm so intense it was kinda painful.*Oh my*.*Several ghostly muscles are gonna be pretty sore down there tomorrow.*

Emelda broke the kiss, turned away from me, and walked over to the tree near her grave and placed both palms onto it. I was still shaking from the orgasm her kiss had given me.*Wow!What a kiss. If kisses could pump energy into me like that I can give up boys*. *Not that I'd want do do that, I guess, at least not for too long*.

I watched her hold her palms to the tree and the bright red tinge to her energy began to fade and turn back to deep green.

*Emelda has one fine ass*, I thought gazing down at Emelda's nude rear, *I'll bet it would be nice to...*I shook my head. *Stop that, stop lusting after Emelda, one kiss and your ready to kiss her ass, literally. God, I wonder when my pussy is going to stop contracting*. *I am officially Miss Slutty Girl today and I haven't even touched a penis.*

Emelda shimmered into a sundress and turned to face me with a tired smile.

"Oh my, baby sweet cheeks, that was a singular experience," she said as she walked over to me, "I had to give you some of that energy or I'd have gone mad. I really don't kiss girls like that, it is not proper. But that much sex energy needs—well sex of some sort, even if just a kiss, to transfer. I hope I didn't shock you."

I stood staring, speechless.

Emelda noticed the tears on my face and then my dress."Sally, I'm okay, really." She took my hand."I'm sorry, you must have been beside yourself with worry at my state and my atrocious

behavior."

I threw my arms around her.

"Emelda," I stammered, "Thank goodness you are okay. I was so worried. I couldn't get you to stop dancing or to talk to me. I thought I had messed you up forever. I thought this dress might snap you back right, but it didn't. I don't care if you kiss me. I mean, I would kiss your ass if you wanted me to; I think your ass is hot, and anyway, I came so hard when you kissed me that I'm sure going to be sore tomorrow."I stopped, realizing that perhaps too much information may have already been communicated.

Emelda laughed and returned my embrace."Baby sweet cheeks, you say the strangest things. I had fun, but I think Simon was too much for me to take. We must try some simpler things."

She led me to the tree and placed my hand on it.

After a while a green tinge came over me and I felt nice, peaceful, one with myself, like after masturbating but without having to actually touch myself. *Yeah*, I thought, *I'm so inhibited about touching myself*. *Ha!*

"I thought so," Emelda said, "you can take grave energy just like I can take sex energy. But perhaps, as we just saw, we should be careful of how much either of us try to handle." She touched my cheek with her hand and kissed me lightly on the lips and our energy mingled pleasantly. She pulled away.

"Emelda, I like kissing you," I said softly, "I really don't worry too much about what is proper as you know."

I leaned my face into hers and she let me kiss her softly. I held the kiss tentatively at first and let our energy mix.After some time our tongues came together. *I can't believe I'm making out with Emelda*. *Her energy feels so good. I bet I know what else of hers would feel good*.I took one hand off the tree and slid it down her back to cup her ass. I began to caress her tight rear.

*She has panties on under this sundress*.I realized I was kinda excited about this fact. I spent what seemed like an eternity feeling the outline of her panties through the fabric of her dress. Every nuance of how her panties and dress fit over her rear fascinated my senses as our tongues danced together in our unbroken kiss.*Good thing we don't have to breathe*, I thought.

I felt the tinge of dawn and we broke our kiss.

"Morning soon," Emelda told me.

I nodded.

"You kiss nicely," she continued, "and your caress is intoxicating as well. I won't mind trying that again Sally. If you want to, that is?"

"Yes, I really would."

I watched Emelda fade into a red-green haze as dawn broke. *That's odd*, I thought sleepily, *unusually she fades in a green haze*. And sleep took me as I faded away.