

# There's a Ghost in my Bed!

By harrylime

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Oct 2012

**All Harry Lime stories are copyrighted under application made August 15, 2011 #441275 copyright @ directlegal.com All requests to download or reprint these stories will be granted after contacting the author at this site or at kattawatta33@hotmail.com. All Harry Lime stories will soon be available on Amazon.com as kindle E-books Volume I is released. Vol II will be released October 2011 and Vol III will be released December 2011. Additional copyright information will be posted on the Amazon. com site.**

*I spanked her ass cheeks to distract her from the lips on her nipple licking and sucking non-stop.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/theres-a-ghost-in-my-bed.aspx>

## THERE'S A GHOST IN MY BED!

I had been searching for a suitable apartment for a long time.

Finally, I found one right on the top of one of San Francisco's many hills with a delightful view of the bay and even a partial view of one of the famous Bay area bridges. It was only an efficiency but it had this gorgeous huge skylight type window that made the view its primary focus.

There was even a nice Murphy bed hidden in the wall and a very functional kitchenette with all the necessary equipment. The shower would be a tight squeeze for two but I was not planning any company at the moment.

When the elderly gent who stood totally disinterested next to the front door told me the monthly rent, I was immediately suspicious because it was so ridiculously low.

"That was for the entire month, correct?"

I was afraid he might have given me a weekly rate by mistake.

"That's it, mister, you want it or what?"

I immediately counted out the first month's rent and gave the required deposit. I received a receipt and a key for the front door and the downstairs mailbox.

The next couple of days I was busy finding inexpensive furniture to fill the apartment and was very lucky to find some good stuff in some nearby thrift shops.

The Murphy bed was very comfortable and I fell asleep almost as soon as I was in the horizontal.

I opened my eyes in the middle of the night and looked up in some confusion at the full moon shining down at me through the huge skylight window. I almost felt like I could reach right out and touch it.

When I rolled over to go back into great dream, I discovered that there was another person in the bed with me. My hand had fallen on what was unmistakably a female boob with a pronounced nipple staunchly protruding like a sentinel on duty.

In the thankful light of the looming moon, I could make out the features of a lovely young female with long dark hair and a beautiful naked body that disclosed a matching black bush between her softly curved legs.

I suspected that there was some sort of trick or scam involved with this unexpected scenario and I looked around to see if anyone was lurking in the corner or if I was on some sort of video cam that was recording my reaction.

The girl yawned and rolled over in my direction placing her heart-shaped rump right into my quickly rising male equipment. The delicious touch of her delicate skin and the heated crack of her unexplored ass left me no doubt that this was reality and I was not dreaming.

“Oh, Harry, stop it! You naughty boy. I told you not back there for a while. Put it in my pussy, Harry, that’s a good fellow.”

There was no mistaking her directions and I was loath to refuse such an offer. I cared not the slightest that I was definitely not “Harry”. When she raised her top leg, I slid my cock into the back of her pussy slit and let myself be gobbled up by her wet and hungry pussy. I really didn’t have to do much of anything at all. The mysterious unknown female allowed herself to be fully impaled and then milked me with her tight wet pussy until I had no choice but to shoot my load deep inside her.

I lay motionless on the bed still buried deep in the young ladies pussy. I could feel my cum and her juices seeping out around my cock and hoped the sheets would absorb it all before it stained the mattress.

“That’s nice, Harry. You know I love your cock from the rear like that. Can we do it again in a little bit? It has been a long time and I love the way you make me feel.”

I wanted to say something at that juncture, but I am ashamed to admit that I just kept silent and fucked her pussy real hard the second time around and made her cry out in the throes of her very noisy orgasm.

This time she opened her eyes and looked up at me with surprise written all over her beautiful face.

“You’re not Harry!”

“Sorry, miss, I didn’t mean to take advantage of you but you are in my bed and my apartment after all!”

The young girl tried to cover her naked boobs and her lovely bush but that horse had already bolted from the barn.

“I don’t understand. This is my apartment and my bed. I am Priscilla Poindexter and I will scream if you don’t get out of my bed immediately!”

I jumped out of the bed and I saw her eying my swinging “big boy” with some degree of interest.

“Honey, we just did it twice. Don’t you think it is a little too late for that routine?”

She started to cry and said in a little girl trembling voice,

“I only do it with my Harry. I think I am lost. But I am certain this is my apartment even if it does look a lot different. I mean, who could duplicate that view?”

I went over to my laptop and typed in a search on “Priscilla Poindexter”.

The stark naked female trailed along behind me and looked over my shoulder.

“What is that thing? What are you doing?”

“Come on, baby, it’s my computer. Don’t tell me you never seen a computer before?”

She looked at me quizzically and at the same time a response came back that informed me “White female Priscilla Poindexter was found at the very same address in June of 1968 having died of unknown causes. No next of kin are known.”

We looked at each other and before I could say a word, she asked me,

“What year is this?”

I hesitated for a brief moment and then replied,

“2012, honey. Its 2012 and we are in San Francisco.”

“Well, mister whatever your name is, it looks like I died 44 years ago and stayed right here in this

apartment the whole time.”

She fell into my arms and I wrapped my arms around her tightly holding this “flesh and blood” girl right next to my naked body and fast-rising cock. Neither one of us cared what year it was or the reason for her continued residence on this plane of existence. All we really cared about was how deep I could get my cock up into her pussy and how hard I could pound her sweet ass down into the already soaked mattress.

“I don’t feel dead, mister!”

“The name is Dave and you don’t feel the least bit dead to me either.”

“I remember being seen by some others who rented my apartment over the years but they were not too happy with me being around. Well, except that teacher from New Jersey. She sure didn’t mind me licking her pussy almost every night. I even did her brown eye to keep her happy. She met some guy with a long dick and we parted company on fairly good terms.”

“I certainly don’t mind you being around but are you able to go out at all?”

“No, I never really tried. I figured I was meant to stay right here until they found out what really happened to me.”

Right after that, Priscilla leaned down to suck my cock with expert lips. It was all I needed to seal my determination to keep her as long as possible.

I steady fucked Priscilla in all of her openings every night for the next 3 or 4 weeks. We were like rabbits and she managed multiple orgasms more often than any female I had every fucked before.

I had met a real nice girl at work who begged me to see the view from my apartment. I took it to be code for she wanted my cock buried in her pussy as soon as the door closed. Before I did agree, I talked to Priscilla and asked her permission. It was so strange to be asking a female ghost for permission to fuck another girl.

“Dave, you don’t have to ask my permission. I will watch and keep quiet because I don’t want to scare your new friend.”

I took Priscilla at her word, but that was maybe a mistake after thinking about it.

Doris and I stumbled into the apartment later that night and I was absolutely correct in my assumption about her motivations. No sooner had we entered the apartment than she was asking me where my bed was. I made haste to make Mr. Murphy bed immediately horizontal and we were deposited on top before the dust settled. I whipped her pantyhose off almost tearing them into tatters. When I pushed my fingers up inside her closely shaved pussy, I found she was soaking wet and she was panting in anticipation of my hard dick being shoved in without much ceremony.

It was sort of a “slam bang, thank you ma’am” experience and I could feel my prostate vibrating from the shooting of my load deep inside the pretty young thing with the sparkling eyes.

Now that she was completely naked, Doris allowed herself to be placed on top of my cock and sank down on me until her pussy was completely filled. She leaned forward and tongue dueled me to the point that I was ready to give up and surrender. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Priscilla sitting right behind Doris with an intent glint in her eye. She looked up at me and then leaned forward to suck Doris’s clutching pucker hole with her talented tongue and lips. Doris seemed startled and then she went into a wild woman routine gyrating in every which direction right on my plunging cock. She was yelling and screaming all sorts of dirty words and then just sank down and kissed me full on the lips like we had been married for years.

“Thank you, Dave. That was wonderful. I don’t know how you did it but you made me do it like that. You touched me everywhere at the same time. I felt you all over me. Please promise to do that to me again.”

I was a little worried now because Doris was engaged to marry a young guy in the office who was in the police academy and who owned a whole arsenal of guns. He had enough firepower to take out the local National Guard unit.

When I asked Priscilla what had happened, she apologized and told me that she had not tasted pussy or female ass for a long time and just could not help herself.

The next indicator I had was when Doris came over to make dinner for me. I was a little bit worried that her fiancée would get the wrong idea so I made sure he was out of town when the date took place. I remember we had not quite gotten to the dinner table when I was doing Doris “doggy” style right over the top of the dining room table. I just pushed her little red thong out of the way and shoved it in with very little foreplay. When I looked down, I saw that Priscilla had eased her boob out of her strapless dress and was licking her boob with her pointed wet tongue. Doris was not exactly sure what was happening to her, but she knew she really liked it. I started to spank her ass cheeks to get her mind off of the sensation of having her breasts fondled and sucked.

Doris screamed and rode my cock like we were in the middle of a Rodeo and she wanted to be the champion of all time. She was squirting something terrible and I remember thinking her fiancée was going to be one very lucky husband.

Fortunately, Doris went through with her wedding and tearfully informed me we couldn’t be having fun anymore because she wanted to be a “faithful” wife. I pretended to be shattered but was secretly relieved.

It was only later that I found out Doris had told several of her female friends at work about my “miracle” sex sessions and she had filled them with enthusiasm to visit my little apartment and sample my brand of sexual therapy.

Priscilla promised to behave with my new visitors, but for some reason, I suspected she was just waiting to her hands and her lips on them.