

An inopportune presence - Part 1

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Christine gets a new start: new house, new sex life, new... ghost?

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It was a grey, mid-November day when Christine moved to her new house, in a small New England village. She moved to get away from her old life, and more specifically a cheating ex-boyfriend and a shitty job. She didn't have much money, but she got lucky and found an ad from a girl wanting to rent out a room in her century-old house. Said house was a two-floor house on the outskirts of town, painted in dark colours, old paint chipping off here and there from the wooden walls. Christine walked up the path and rang the bell. She heard loud footsteps on the inside, and a smiling girl opened up, "Hi! You must be Christine, right? Come on in!" Once they reached the living room, the girl turned around and stretched her hand, "I'm Sally, as you might have guessed. Hope you didn't have problems finding the place?" Christine found herself smiling back, "Not at all." They sat down and discussed the last details of the deal, then Christine brought all her stuff in her new room. As she was unpacking, Sally brought her a cup of coffee, "I know I should have mentioned this before, but... there's something I didn't tell you about the house," She was twisting her hands nervously, "The house... is haunted. Nothing big though," she added in a hurry. "You will barely notice him but... he's a bit peculiar. Let's say he... really likes women." Christine almost choked on her coffee, "A perverted ghost? What, is he going to feel me up or something?" she laughed. "Sally, I am a pretty down-to-earth person, and since I don't believe in ghosts, I don't think this will bother me. Plus, you need the money from my rent, right?" Sally gave her a sly grin, "Oh, this ghost is very much real and you'll notice soon enough, if I know him. Don't worry though, he won't scare nor harm you. By the way, I'm making my special fried chicken tonight... you know, invite my boyfriend and a couple of friends over... trying to give you a nice welcome to town." After a few minutes Christine brought her empty mug downstairs, where a delicious, mouth-watering smell was drifting out of the kitchen. Clearly Sally was preparing her famous dinner. Christine entered the kitchen and stopped dead in her tracks. Sally was on the far side of the room, leaning on the counter with her hands, her back facing Christine. She wasn't cooking, and it took Christine only a second to guess what she walked on to; Sally's legs were wide apart, her arms were trembling, and she was moaning softly, clearly trying not to make too much noise. This sight alone was making Christine wet, it was so erotic... Then she realized that Sally wasn't rubbing herself, as her hands were gripping the kitchen counter hard. At first Christine thought Sally was using some kind of toy, but then she noticed her skirt; it was pulled up and slightly moving,

as if an invisible hand was sliding underneath it and pleasuring her. She was still thinking about it, when Sally let out a louder moan, her body tensed up, and she came hard. Christine had to lay against the door-frame, her pussy wet and pulsing. She didn't want to let Sally know she was there, spying on her, but she couldn't stop a moan escaping from her lips. The other girl turned around, pleasure still visible on her blushed face, her half-open eyes. "I'm... I'm sorry, I didn't mean..." Christine stuttered, but Sally just smiled, and started walking towards her. She put her hand under Christine's skirt, between her tights, and felt the wetness. She started rubbing her clit over the fabric, "Did you like what you saw, Christine? I'm sure he'll come very soon to please your sweet pussy." Christine closed her eyes and moaned. She spread her legs when she felt Sally's fingers pull her panties on the side and enter her slit. She fingered her slowly, much to Christine's disappointment... she was so close. When she was about to complain, she felt something slide between her ass cheeks and press at her pucker. It couldn't be Sally, her hand was hot all over her pussy, while this one felt cool. Could it be?... "Fuck! I don't care, make me cum!" she found herself say under her breath. Sally grinned and shoved two fingers up Christine's pussy, fucking her fast and deep. At the same time, the ghostly fingers started fucking her ass. It only took Christine a few seconds to cum over Sally's fingers, and she had to grab the other girl's shoulders to avoid falling on the ground. She was still trembling when Sally took her fingers away. "We'll have plenty of time to have fun together later," she said, winking. "Now go get changed, my friends will be here soon and I need to make the best fried chicken you ever had." Christine took a shower and, once in her room, she let the towel drop on the floor and stood completely naked in front of her mirror: she was a girl in her mid-twenties, with long auburn hair and brown eyes. She had a nice toned body, with full breasts and a nice, heart-shaped ass. She wore a frilly black skirt and a v-neck white t-shirt that she knew would draw a lot of stares to her breasts, but hey, this was supposed to be a party for her, right? She put on some make-up and went downstairs. Her new room-mate was nowhere to be seen, so she sat on the sofa, waiting. When the doorbell rang, Sally shouted from her room, "Still getting dressed, would you mind opening the door please?" "Hey, you must be the new girl, right? I'm Dave, Sally's boyfriend," a black-haired guy greeted her warmly as soon as she opened the door. Right behind him, another guy, tall with broad shoulders, dark blond hair and a killer smile, "Hi, I'm Matt. I'm Sally's cousin." Soon all the guests arrived, and the party started. There weren't many people, but they were fun and they had a great time. Christine caught Matt look at her legs and breasts more than once, and when he asked her to dance, once all the guests were gone but him and Dave, she could feel his bulge pressing against her. While they were dancing, Sally and her boyfriend disappeared upstairs, and soon they could hear loud moans. "They obviously forgot to lock the door," Christine laughed, those sounds were making her damn horny. "She's probably done it on purpose, my cousin's never been one to hide. She's just like me," Matt replied, a lustful glint in his eyes as he looked at her. In a matter of seconds, Christine found herself with her back against the wall, one of Matt's hands pinching her nipples and the other inside her lace panties, rubbing her clit. He slipped a finger inside her, then another one, and started finger-fucking her. "Damn Christine, you're so hot... moan for me hun, don't hold it," Matt whispered in her ear. Christine was biting her lip, trying to be quiet, but now she lost it and moaned

loud. When he added a third finger in her pussy, stretching it, she came. Right after, she dropped on her knees and unbuttoned Matt's pants. She took his hard throbbing cock in her mouth and swirled her tongue around the swollen head before taking it deep in her throat. She heard him moan and sucked hard, then licked his shaft from the balls to the tip before taking it again in her mouth. Soon enough, she felt his cock grow harder in her mouth. Matt tried to pull out, but she wouldn't let him, and when he came, Christine swallowed string after string of hot creamy cum. Matt left with the promise of a night out together in the following days, and Christine, from her room, heard Dave leaving half an hour later. Soon after, Sally knocked on her door. She came in the room wearing only a shirt that did nothing to hide her bare pussy and ass, but she clearly didn't care. She slipped under the covers next to Christine, "You were so hot earlier... Dave and I could hear you moan and it was amazing. Let's all have fun together one day, ok?" and with that, she fell asleep, one hand on Christine hips. The both fell asleep, but not even one hour later, Christine woke up feeling something cool caressing her inner thighs. Airy fingers slid upwards to her still wet pussy, and then in. Christine gasped, but didn't move, it felt incredibly good. The ghostly fingers started to fuck her, and at the same time a warm, real hand slid into her panties to rub her clit, "I told you he'd come soon enough for your pussy," whispered Sally in the dark. Christine moaned and arched her back, her pussy hot and wet. The hands pleasuring her kept rubbing and fucking her till she came for the third time that day, and fell asleep almost immediately after. -- end of part 1 --