

Ghost of a Chance

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When you die a virgin and come back as a ghost.

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I'm dead. The worms crawl in. The worms crawl out. The worms play pinochle on my snout. Well, I assume they do. I'm dead, I wouldn't really know; you know? Actually, I'm a ghost. I thought about peeking in on my body, but decided it was just a bit too morbid and creepy. Pretty strange, coming from a ghost, don't you think? How did I die? You might ask. Then again, you might not. It doesn't really matter, because I'm going to tell you anyway. I was a geek when I was alive. I graduated high school with honors and my virginity. I left college with a degree and my virginity. I had plenty of money from my job after college, but I still couldn't get in a girl's pants unless I stole them off the clothesline. After a marathon weekend of watching downloaded porn, I summoned up the nerve to go looking for a prostitute. Unfortunately, my nerve deserted me as soon as I reached the disreputable part of town where the scantily clad ladies of the evening awaited on every corner. I went around the block about twelve times before I finally pulled over to beat my head on the steering wheel. I nearly pissed myself when someone tapped on my window. I looked over to see a painted lady with huge boobs staring into my window and smiling. "Hey, you look lonely," I heard her say through the glass. I don't know whether I said anything, or did anything. I can't remember. She just laughed and pantomimed rolling down my car window. I hit the button, nodding my head, and her perfume hit me like a wall the moment the window cracked. "You've been around the block a few times, Honey. I thought maybe you were a little shy. Want me to take you around the block a couple times?" "I, uhm... The block?" "Something tells me you're not a cop, Sweetie. Do you want to go back to my place and get a better look at my boobs? You can't seem to take your eyes off them." When I started to stammer again, she chuckled and said, "Just nod your head – yes or no." I probably looked like the Bobblehead Einstein on my dashboard. Everything from then until I walked into her hotel room is a blur. All I can remember is her stroking my leg and the smell of her perfume, which was thick enough to walk on. As soon as she closed the door, she quoted me a price that I don't remember, which I paid with trembling hands. As soon as she put the money away, she pulled off her tube top and skirt. For the first time in my life, I saw a real, live, naked woman up close. She walked over to me and then walked backwards, tugging me along behind her. "Are you a virgin, Honey?" I nodded, barely changing the motion my head was already making as my eyes roamed over her body. "That's okay, Honey. I'll show you how it's done." She pulled off my shirt then, quickly following that with

unbuttoning my pants. Her eyes widened when she dropped my pants and she let out a surprised little snort. "Wasn't expecting that. You're a big boy, and I get to be your first. I'll ruin you for everyone else." She then sat down and said, "What are you waiting for?" As she scooted toward the head of the bed, spreading her legs as soon as she reached her pillow, I disentangled my legs from my pants and shoes, almost stumbling into the bed with her. After a few tugs and spoken directions, she managed to get me into position between her legs. My cock was within inches of a real pussy, and my heart was racing like an engine about to blow. Blow, it did. I bet the look on her face would have been priceless. Unfortunately, I was already dead by this point – joined the choir invisible before I even managed to touch her. The next thing I remember, I was hovering around my grave. There's nothing like looking down to see your name on a headstone, freshly turned earth, and a bunch of sweaty guys tearing down the tent overhead. I didn't even get to see my funeral. Bummer. I wandered around pretty aimlessly for a while, and then went back to my apartment. The place was already empty, with an army of people cleaning up. My next stop was Mom's house, but I could hear her crying before I even made it to the porch. I couldn't bear to see her like that, and it was my fault she was crying, so I left. I just wandered around until it started getting dark, lost in thought. I didn't even believe in ghosts, and now I was one. If I wasn't already dead, I probably would have died when a kid dressed as Darth Vader ran right through me. I looked around and realized that the sidewalks were filled with kids in costumes. That made me wonder if Halloween had something to do with why I was still here. I know ghosts are supposed to have unfinished business, but I could hardly finish the only business I had in my intangible state. Dead – and still a virgin. The sight of two girls dressed as a naughty nurse and a she-devil caught my eye when they climbed out of a cab and walked into a building. It was only when Mr. Happy stood up for a look around that I realized I wasn't just a ghost, I was a naked ghost. I hurried to the crosswalk, my eyes locked on the twin sexy backsides, and cursed the don't walk signal. A few seconds later, I remembered I was dead. Stepping out into traffic was more than a little frightening at first, but when the first car buzzed right through me, I actually laughed. Walking right through anything in my way, I hurried after the two hot girls that had entered the apartment. The women who had caught my eye weren't the only hot girls at the party, and I felt like my eyes were about to pop out of my head. Everywhere I looked, there were half-naked witches, princesses showing huge amounts of cleavage, and Playboy bunnies. The guys were dressed up too, but damned if I looked at any of them. When one of the bunnies walked toward me, I intersected her path and ducked down so that her well-displayed breasts went right through my face. As soon as she passed through me, she covered her tits and shivered, looking around in confusion. I reached down as if to squeeze her butt, and she immediately slapped a hand over her ass right where my intangible hand rested. Can she feel that? I wondered. As she turned to look behind her, I grabbed her tits. This time, I actually felt hot female skin beneath my fingertips for a fraction of a second. The bunny stumbled backwards, her eyes wide with fright. She hurried out of the room with one arm covering her tits and a hand across her hot behind. Now curious beyond belief, I looked around until I found the she-devil I'd followed into the costume party. Walking up behind her, I reached down and slapped her ass. She turned to look over her shoulder and hissed, "Stop that." The guy she'd spoken to raised his

hands defensively and asked, "Stop what?" I kept trying, walking up to every hot girl in the room, groping at will. I never felt more than a partial sensation of touch, but it was still a hell of a lot more than I'd ever felt when I was alive. I got a couple of good looks in the bathroom, but I got tired of walking back through the wall every time a guy came in. Passing back through the bathroom wall into a solid cloud of stink let me know that I could sort of smell things in my intangible state too, and turned me off the whole bathroom idea all together. After about an hour, every woman in the place was ready to leave – story of my life. I could clear the room of hot women faster than a fire drill. As the scantily clad women left in droves, I sadly drifted through the building, exploring apartments. I quickly discovered that people felt cold whenever I was around, and that I messed up electronics. Televisions would fuzz up whenever I passed too close, and computers would crash. I made a mental note to go to my office and screw up a couple of asshole's computers the next morning. When I drifted into one apartment, I heard the familiar sound of porn coming from a bedroom. I walked over to the wall and cautiously peeked through, praying I wouldn't see some guy wrestling with cyclops on the other side. I smiled when I cracked open one eye and saw a woman lying nude on the bed. She wasn't as hot as the girls from the party, but she was pretty, had nice tits, and she was masturbating. I was through the wall and next to the bed almost before I could form the thought. I made another little mental note that I could move ridiculously fast if I wanted to, as if it mattered. What does a ghost need to run from? It's not as if I was going to run into the Ghostbusters aiming proton streams at me. The whole concept of those proton streams is scientifically unsound anyway. I leaned right in to get a good look at her pussy. Most of the women in porn are shaved, and that made looking at her hairy pussy more exciting. It wasn't like she had a carpet between her legs, but she had little dark curls all around. All I had smelled with the prostitute was her perfume, but with my face almost up against it, I picked up just the faintest hint of something musky coming from this woman's pussy. It was a kind of strong, almost off-putting, but intoxicating in a way. I remember how hard my dick was, throbbing painfully as I watched the woman play with her pussy. She slowly rubbed her fingers over it – up, down, and in little circles. She let out little moans and writhed on the bed, and I decided it was a lot more exciting than the girls in porn screaming and thrashing. She did let out one loud gasp when she put two fingers up at the top of her pussy and pulled, exposing what I deduced was her clit to the wet fingers of her other hand. Her sounds of pleasure grew a little louder as her fingers moved a little faster. She touched her clit a lot more too, but didn't make it stick out very often like she did the first time. Unable to endure the throbbing of my rock-hard – yet intangible – dick any more, I got up on my knees like the prostitute had told me to before I keeled over dead on her. The woman's fingers looked almost blurred from how fast they were rubbing, and her face was red. I aimed my dick, hoping and praying that I could feel it for even a second. After a few fumbles, I managed to push it up against her pussy lips. The moment my tip touched her, I could feel it. I lost my concentration and my cock didn't slide inside her, but through her. Her eyes popped open, and she cried out in a mixture of surprise and ecstasy, her back arching up off the bed. Her legs moving around passed right through me as she writhed and gasped, her fingers moving in halting circles over her clit. "Are you stupid?" I heard from somewhere behind me. I turned around to see a woman standing with her hands on her bare

hips. I could see through her, and assumed she was a ghost, just like me. I could see enough of her naked body to realize that she was beautiful, though. She looked a lot like the girl on the bed, except she had blonde hair. She rolled her eyes as I stared at her body. She pointed toward the bedroom door. "Out. Now." Once out of the bedroom into the front room of the apartment, I felt a slap on the back of my head. I whirled and said, "Ow! What was that for?" "Stupid. You probably don't even know what you're doing yet, do you? Do you want exorcists roaming around here banishing us all?" "No. Can they do that?" I asked, still rubbing my head. "Of course they can. Touching people like that is a sure way to scare someone enough to find one, too." "I didn't know," I said sheepishly, my eyes still roving over her body. "God. Please tell me that you had a liaison that I can cuss for letting you loose." I stammered for a moment or two, my tongue tied up in knots and my eyes still locked on her curl-trimmed pussy. "Nevermind. I'll take that as no. Give up on trying to get some. No matter how good you get, you won't be able to touch anything in the real world for more than a few seconds – not that you'd probably need any more than that. How did you die?" "A heart attack, I think," I answered evasively. My ghostly companion sighed in exasperation. "What were you doing when you died?" "I was just... I mean..." "Wait. I remember the obituary now. Considering how socially backwards you are, you're probably going to be wandering the world a long time, Jimmy." Her tone finally overcame my shame, and I scowled as I asked, "So what's your name, and how did you die?" "Keri. Remember it. The first time you call me honey, baby, or anything like that, I'll kick you in the nuts so hard that you'll taste them. Not that it's any of your business, but I was murdered." She walked past me then, saying, "Come on. We need to go somewhere else before she hears us. All she'll hear is faint sounds like voices if she does, and that could have her calling an exorcist too." I followed her, not really knowing what else to do. At least she seemed to know what this whole ghost thing was about – and she had a really cute ass. "Stop staring at my ass," she said without turning around. "Sorry." After a short walk, we arrived at a playground. Keri sat down at the foot of a slide with a sigh. "Okay. I'm in no mood for this, but somebody has to give you the basic information so you don't make this harder for the rest of us. Until you finish your unfinished business, you're not moving on. If you try hard enough, you can touch things in the real world. People can sometimes hear you, and they can always feel the cold. Animals are more likely than people to notice you, and even more likely not to appreciate your presence. "Exorcists are real, and none of us knows what happens when one of them zaps you. Just like you didn't know what would happen when you died, nobody knows what happens when you move on or get exorcized. Considering you're stuck in the world with unfinished business, exorcism can't be good. Nobody has ever returned after an exorcism. "An exorcism can also block us from entering a place. That can last anywhere from a few days to forever. There are a few spirits wandering around from so far back that our dates have no meaning to them, and they talk about places that were blocked to us even while under construction, and still are today." I did my best to absorb the information she was shoveling onto me as she stood up and finished with, "You can do more on Halloween and full moons than you can any other time. Don't attract exorcists, and have a nice death." She turned to walk away, and I scrambled to catch up with her. "Hey, wait! Where are you going?" "Away," she answered without even bothering to turn around. "Look, I'm new at this

and... Can't I just stay with you for a while? Maybe I can help you." "Please," she muttered as she continued to walk. I slowed, and then stopped. I kept watching her because she was the only human contact I'd found since I died, and like I said, she had a cute ass. It was kind of hard to ignore that, no matter how depressed I was. Several blocks away, said cute ass came to rest on a bus stop bench. She sat staring down the street, and I decided to try again. She heard my approach and looked at me for a second, shaking her head and sighing. "Do you know what your unfinished business is?" I asked. "Making the bastard who murdered me pay," she growled. The anger and bitterness in her voice startled me a bit. "Do you know where he is?" "Yeah, not that it matters." "What do you mean?" She glanced over at me for a moment, and then scooted a little farther down the bench. She snapped out a kick with one sexy leg at open air. To my surprise, she jolted as if she'd kicked a brick wall. "He's over there. I'm over here." "So we can't go over there?" "I can't go over there. I don't know why. I've tried walking around, but there are invisible walls around that whole half of town." I walked over and stuck out my hand experimentally, finding that I didn't encounter any sort of barrier. "Thanks for rubbing it in my face, I really appreciate that," Keri said as she stood up. To this day, I wonder what prompted me to grab her hand. I guess being dead kind of removes a lot of things to be afraid of. "You said you can do more on Halloween," I suggested. "God! Just leave me alone!" She screamed and swung a backhand at me. I managed to get out of the way, barely. I was already off-balance from my clumsy dodge, and her following kick to the shin completed the process. I tightened my grip on her hand involuntarily, and we both tumbled to the ground. I completely forgot about the crack of my back on the pavement within seconds of landing. Keri's bare breasts were pressed up against my chest, and my near perpetual hardon was resting against her thigh, the tip just touching the curls between her legs. "You idiot! I'm going..." She trailed off, looking beyond me in wide-eyed surprise. I was still lost in the feeling of her naked body on top of me, but I finally noticed the bench she'd been sitting on was a few inches beyond my feet. We were both across the invisible line that she had said she couldn't cross. I let out a sigh of disappointment when she rolled off of me and got to her feet. "I don't believe it. Three years of waiting," she muttered, looking behind her at the bench. "So go," I said, rising up to my knees. She grabbed my hand to help me up. "Hurry up. There can't be more than a couple of hours until midnight. I'm not wasting this chance." I stood up and asked, "You want me to come with you?" "Just come on," she said, quickly turning away from me. She darted off at impossible speed, streaking without even the semblance of walking toward whatever destination she had in mind. She was out of sight in less than a second, but I found that I somehow knew where she was. In a blur of scenery, I was right back at her side again. We were standing in front of an apartment building, a ritzy place on the nice side of town. Keri was staring up at the very top, toward several large windows streaming light out into the night. I asked, "Is he up there?" "Probably. I'll know in just a second." With that, she was off again. I followed, emerging into the penthouse apartment to gawk at the sheer opulence of the place. All of the furniture was expensive stuff, glass and steel. The sound of laughter, one voice male and the other female, emerged from a dimly lit doorway at the end of the hall. "Fucking bastard," Keri muttered as she stalked toward the doorway, walking at a normal pace this time. I followed, feeling more than a little uneasy about the whole thing now. When we

reached the bedroom doorway, I saw some movie-star looking guy and a girl who could have leapt right off the pages of Playboy – huge fake boobs and all. “That’s the guy who killed you?” I asked, thinking that he didn’t look the type. “He fooled me too. He’s a dope dealer. When I found out, I dumped him right in front of a bunch of his cronies. He attacked me a few months later.” “Damn, sorry,” I muttered in weak apology. “He’s going to be.” With that, Keri walked into the room and slapped a vase off a table near the door. It crashed to the floor and shattered into a million pieces. The man exclaimed, “What in the hell?” “Don’t worry about it,” the woman on the bed purred, reaching down to stroke his cock. “Do you know what that cost me?” He growled as he slid out of the bed to walk toward the shattered pieces. Keri smiled and said, “I know what it cost you, bastard.” She walked over to a mirror on the wall and said, “I know what this cost you too.” She closed her eyes for a second in concentration, and then jerked on the mirror. It too fell to the floor. “I-is it an earthquake?” The bimbo on the bed tried to pull the covers up over her body. “It isn’t a damn earthquake, you dumb bitch.” “Don’t talk to me like that,” the woman responded in indignant tones. Keri said, “If you want to help, try to knock something down. I want that asshole pissing down his leg.” I shrugged my shoulders, thinking that was more than fair considering the guy had killed her. I could handle some random destruction. I walked over and took a good look at the naked woman on the bed, swatting at the lamp on the bedside table. My hand passed right through it. “Concentrate. It helps if you aren’t staring at her boobs,” Keri admonished as she slapped the lamp off the opposite table. I tore my eyes away from the silicone queen and concentrated. My next slap sent the lamp tumbling to the floor. “This isn’t funny,” big tits said in a trembling voice. “No shit. Somebody’s going to pay for this shit.” “I’ll tell you who’s going to pay,” Keri said in an ominous whisper. She closed her eyes again, her brow furrowing from the intensity of her concentration. My eyebrows shot up as she lost some of her transparency. At the same time I noticed that, the fuming guy saw her. He stumbled backward, gasping out frightened curses and fumbling to open a drawer in the nightstand he’d bumped into. “Murderer,” Keri said, pointing an accusing finger at her killer. “Impossible! You’re dead!” The guy screamed as he pulled out his gun and pointed it at the fading image of Keri. The bimbo on the bed let out a frightened wail and fled the room, tripping over her own feet and scrambling out on her hands and knees. “Where are you, bitch? I killed you once, and I’ll kill you again.” Keri walked over and concentrated, tapping the guy on the shoulder opposite the side she was standing on. If I was alive, I would have pissed myself when the guy whirled and fired three shots from his 9mm right through me. Before the sound even died down, Keri tapped his opposite shoulder. Two more shots blasted into a dresser on the opposite wall. Keri leaned in close and whispered, “Murderer,” right into his ear. A loud crash echoed from somewhere else in the house, causing the guy to spin toward the bedroom door, aiming his gun in a trembling hand. A shout echoed from somewhere in the penthouse. “Police! Put down the weapon and come out with your hands up!” “Fuck,” the guy cursed, glancing over at some bags of powder on the bedside table. A policeman appeared in the doorway, shouting, “Put the gun down! Do it now! Now! Move! Put it down!” The guy slowly raised his hands over his head, holding the gun loosely and making sure it pointed well away from the officer. He let it fall to the bed as he raised his hands. “You got a warrant? You just busted down my damn door!” The

officer kept his weapon trained as he approached with a smile. Other officers filed in behind him, also aiming at the man with upraised hands. "We have a naked, hysterical woman running through the halls, a call from security, and shots fired. That's probable cause, my friend. Looks like you finally screwed up. I wonder if we'll find any bodies on that gun when we give it to forensics?" "Mine," Keri said with a satisfied smirk. "I'd know that gun anywhere. It's the one he stuck in my face when he dragged me off into the park to kill me." One of the other officers said, "Look what we have here, blow, right out in plain sight. That's enough to charge him with intent to distribute, don't you think?" Keri walked right through the bed to my side. "That bastard isn't getting out of this one. I bet I'm not the only one he killed with that gun." More than a little relieved that I wasn't going to be a part of Keri actually killing the guy, I said, "The cops seem to think they've got him. I'd say you've paid him back." "The cops have been watching him for years. He's an arrogant bastard, and I bet they find a lot more evidence once they search the place. He'll do life, at least." She paused then, and said in a soft voice, "So why aren't I moving on?" "Damn, it's cold as a mother-fucker in here," one of the policemen said as he retrieved the gun from the bed. "We should go," I suggested, knowing that we were causing the cold sensation. "But... I don't understand," Keri said, her lip quivering and her eyes misting over. "Maybe it takes a minute or two. I don't know. Let's go," I said again, taking her hand and tugging her toward the door. Her fingers wrapped around my hand, holding on tight. The whole penthouse was full of cops, so we continued out of the building and over to a park a few blocks away. Keri released my hand and fell to her knees in the grass almost as soon as we got there. She covered her face in her hands and started to sob. I stood there for a few seconds, at a complete loss for what to do. Remembering a Lifetime movie I'd watched, I knelt down beside her. There was nothing else on, okay? A couple of girls lezzed out in it. That's the only reason I watched it. I hesitated a little, and then draped my arm over her back. She leaned into me, continuing to cry, though softer. I stroked her arm, not really knowing what else to do. What was I going to say? I doubt that, 'really sorry that you're doomed to wander the earth as a ghost for all eternity' would have gone over very well. After a little while, she sniffled and wiped her eyes. She let out a sigh that warbled just a little, and then looked up at me to say, "Sorry." "It's okay. I think you have a pretty good reason to be upset." "Why did you... I was such a bitch to you." She sighed again. "Thank you." "You're welcome," I said with a little half smile. "What do I do now?" "Maybe you actually need to see him go to jail or something?" She shook her head. "No, I know he's cooked. I feel closure. I should be moving on." "You're still clinging to life," someone said from behind us. We both turned to see another ghost standing behind us. He was an old man, and seeing him naked was more than a little creepy. I asked, "What?" "You're both still clinging to life. You won't move on until you fully accept that you're dead. Just taking care of your business isn't enough." "I'm a ghost," I said in confusion. "I can walk through walls and stuff. I'd say that's accepting that I'm dead." "There's knowing that you're dead, and then there's accepting that you're dead. Don't feel bad, I refuse to go until my wife goes too. I go whisper in her ear every night as she's falling asleep, just to see her smile." Keri said, "But I'm not trying to stay. I don't have any reason to stay." The old man chuckled and responded, "Yes you do. You just don't know it yet." He nodded his head with a note of finality and said, "Don't you two fret about it much. You'll move on in

time. I'm going to go move around stuff at the old folks home while everybody's sleeping, to irritate my old friends." With that, he shot off into the distance. I stood up and held out my hand to Keri. "Uhm, let me help you up." She accepted my hand and stood up. "Thank you, again." "You're welcome," I responded, feeling self-conscious as she looked into my eyes. "It's nice to look you in the eyes when I'm talking to you, instead of you talking to my tits." I winced and started to apologize, but she cut me off. "I was just teasing. You know, you're really a nice guy. You need a haircut or something, though. That mullet is just so ridiculous." "Mom cut my hair," I admitted. "I would have never given you a second glance. Pretty sad that I have to die to learn to look beyond a bad haircut. Maybe if I'd learned that a little earlier, I wouldn't have hooked up with that jackass." I was at a loss for words as her voice softened and I broke out in goose bumps. If it hadn't already exploded, my heart would have stopped when she stood up on her tiptoes, put one hand on the back of my head, and pulled me down into a kiss. I'd never felt anything so amazing in my life. My whole body was tingling, and I felt like I was floating. She pulled her lips away from mine and laughed. That's when I figured out that I was floating. "That's so cute," she chuckled. "You're blushing. That's cute too." I let my feet drift back to the ground and responded with an embarrassed, "Thanks." "That was a nice kiss. Want to try to top it?" She laughed again when my eyes popped wide open. Without waiting for an answer, she kissed me again. This time, she pressed her body up against mine, stroking her hands over my back. Mr. Happy jumped to attention when her tongue slipped out into the kiss, tickling my gums. I was weak in the knees when our lips parted again. I'd never heard anything so sexy as the tone of her voice when she said, "You helped me take care of my unfinished business. Would you like me to help you with yours?" "Really?" I asked in disbelief. She nodded her head and started sliding down to her knees. "Right here?" I asked, looking around. "Who's going to see us?" She lay back on the grass, looking up at me with a sultry smile. "I've never... I don't know what..." "Come here, silly." I knelt down, still in disbelief even when she parted her legs and stroked her fingers over her pussy. I walked forward on my knees, the ridiculous waddle drawing a little chuckle from her. She reached down between her legs and put her fingers on the tip of my dick, pressing it downward. As I moved forward the last few inches, she used her fingers to guide me. We both let out loud groans followed by a gasp as I slid inside her. I couldn't believe how hot and slippery she was. Even if I didn't move on, I knew I'd gone to heaven. There aren't any words to describe how good her pussy felt. She let out a moan as I stroked her on pure instinct. "Oh, that feels so good. God – your cock feels so good." She reached down to rub her clit as I watched my cock sliding into her with amazed fascination. A couple of excited strokes later, I slipped free of her. She guided me back inside her a second later, leaving the hand above my dick as a sort of bumper while she kept rubbing her clit. The next time I slipped free, her hand angled me back into her pussy with only a moment's pause in the rhythm of my hips. I was getting there fast. She must have been able to tell, somehow, because she gasped out, "Are you going to come?" "God... yes," I grunted, fighting it like crazy, knowing that it was a losing battle. "Give it to me," she said, her rubbing fingers speeding up. I didn't really have any choice. I thrust a few more times, feeling the tightening underneath my balls, and then froze with my cock all the way inside her. I know I was screaming, because I could feel it vibrating in my throat, but my

heartbeat was pounding so loudly in my ears that I couldn't really hear it. I shot cum up inside her, my whole body jerking completely out of control. "Oh yes. Oh yes," Keri squealed. I popped my eyes open to see her fingers blurring over her clit, and her mouth wide open. I grunted and twitched as her pussy clamped down on me over and over again, for what felt like an eternity. "Oh god YES!" She screamed, her ankles hooking behind my butt to hold me inside her. Her head lashed back and forth as she continued to squeal and gasp, her body writhing and her pussy clamped down on me like a vise. When she let out an especially loud gasp and let her legs fall heavily to the grass below, I fell down over her onto my hands, panting for breath. After a few minutes, I said, "S-sorry," for coming so soon. "Mmm, don't be. It was your first time. It was wonderful." "Did you?" "Mmm hmm," she moaned in response, the sound long, drawn out, and full of satisfaction. There were no more words for quite some time, as neither of us really had the breath for it. When I couldn't manage to hold myself over her any more, I slipped from her with a loud growl, collapsing to the grass next to her. She rolled over and wrapped her arms around me, giving me a soft kiss before nestling up against me. "I hope you don't move on any time soon." "Me either. Err... You either?" Keri let out a little chuckle and said, "Night night." My eyelids were getting pretty heavy too. I wondered if ghosts slept, but didn't really care enough to ask at that exact moment. So, there you have it. I know you can't hear me. I'm a ghost, after all. I just thought it was fair to tell you, since we're living in your spare bedroom. Don't mind the ectosplooge, it vanishes in sunlight. "Jim? What are you doing? Come back to bed." "Coming, Keri." "Not yet. That's why I want you back in bed." Yep, I'm dead. I'm loving every minute of it. **** Hope you enjoyed this one. Don't forget to vote. If you leave a comment, perhaps Jimmy and Keri will return some of those pens, keys, and assorted socks that have gone missing ;) Some will probably recognize a few lines of "The Hearse Song" at the beginning, which is most known from the book "Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark" though versions of it have been around since at least WWI.