

My Ghost House, ch 5

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Carrie gets her revenge on Beau.

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(Thank you, Allie and Sam! I finally got this chapter to materialize, but only with your help.) Carrie paced the floor...back and forth. Having already called the hospital to check on Trina, she was relieved to find out that her best friend suffered nothing more than a broken ankle and light concussion. She would heal, but Beau would pay. It was time to do some homework. Throughout the day, the vibrations from the door to Beau's domain rattled the house. He was mad, and Carrie couldn't care less. She was happy that she had angered him. How dare he try to control her! Spying Trina's voodoo grimore, she opened it, thinking that the answer to her dilemma would lie somewhere in the pages. Page after page, she searched for just the right spell. Eventually, she came across a banish spell, but it required the use of sex magic. Odin and Marie were at the hospital with Trina, and Colt had abandoned her. Where was she going to find the partner needed? Perhaps, it was time to consult with Emily more. Her stomach was in knots, as she walked down to the second floor. The yellow room had always been a bit unnerving. Braving her fear, she opened the door and stepped inside. Emily stood in the corner of the room, staring back at her. Carrie still marveled over how similar they were in appearance. It was like looking into a mirror. Before she could speak, Emily stepped forward. "I wondered when you would finally get to me," she said. "You know why I am here, don't you?" Carrie asked. "Yes. I see you finally figured out just how cruel Beau was. Now, do you understand why I did what I did?" Emily inquired, softly. "That doesn't matter now. He almost killed someone very important to me, and he is going to pay," Carrie answered. Both women gazed at each other. Carrie had a mission, and Emily had the power to help her. They were going to join together to end this evil. "I have never been able to take form, as well as Beau and Colt. I can summon the energy to help you power the jar to trap Beau, but it will deplete me completely. We have only one chance at this," she asked Carrie. "I know. I'm sure that he is planning his revenge, as we speak," Carrie answered, "There is one question I have for you. Do you know where Colt is?" "Colt is safe for now. I can sense his life force, but it is weak. I bet that Beau dampened his ability to form. The more power Beau becomes the weaker Colt is. That's how it works," Emily explained. Some of the sadness in her heart lifted. Carrie knew it was hopeless to fall in love with a ghost, but her heart and soul did

not care. She missed the tender touch of his hand. She missed him. "Gather your supplies, Carrie. Meet me back here at dusk. I will help you, but you have to hurry," Emily said. "Thank you, Emily. Thank you for giving me the help, when I so need it," a truly grateful Carrie said. "You're welcome. I was growing tired of never resting. You are strong. Maybe, you will be the one to break his reign. Now...go. Your time grows short," Emily said, fading. Carrie ran back upstairs. Rummaging through Trina's bag of goodies, she found the ingredients needed for the banishment spell. She mixed one part of sea salt to nine parts of Holy water. Having learned enough from Trina, she was able to cast a protective circle, as she combined the needed ingredients. Taking the ritual knife from its casing, Carrie snipped 13 thorns from a dried rose, then removed the petal. Careful not to damage the fragile petals, she set them aside for now. Grabbing an empty jar, she asked the Loa to bless this jar, then removed the tight fitting lid. Carrie dropped a thorn into the empty jar and chanted "Thou evil spirit, be no more!" after each thorn was placed in the jar. She ground the thorns up with a pestle, and then ground the petals up afterward. She added the petals to the jar, before slowly pouring the salted Holy water into the mixture. After releasing the magic circle, she took the jar and lid down to the yellow room and waited for dusk to fall. As the sun descended, she watched the corner of the room. Hoping against hope that this would work, Carrie tried to keep her mind positive, knowing that negative thoughts would only ruin the work she had done. When the last ray of sun dimmed, and the sky was a dark bluish purple, Emily reappeared. "You have done well, Carrie," she simply stated. "I'm scared, Emily. What if this doesn't work?" Carrie said. "Don't worry. It will. What I will be adding is enough to lure him and then suck into the powerful vortex that we will be creating," she reassured. Carrie nodded and then went about sprinkling salt to form a large magic circle. Emily stepped into the area before the circle was close. In effect, she was as trapped as any ghost, unable to cross the barrier. With Emily, herself, and the jar inside the protective magic, Carrie again asked the Loa to protect them. "This is so awkward," Carrie mumbled. "I know. Sex magic is awkward, but powerful. I need to tell you a few things before we start. The jar is the conduit. It is extremely important that you make sure it is not spilled," she said, pointing to the clear water in the container. "Okay. How will I know if we were successful?" Carrie asked Emily. "The clear water will turn blue. It will glow with my life force. It will be up to you to take it to Beau's lair and leave it overnight. Right before dawn, close the jar and tighten the lid. You will know if he is in there, because the blue color would have changed to an angry red. Bury that bottle deep in the ground," she instructed. "I understand," Carrie answered. Trapped in the moment, fear took over. Carrie's heart was pounding, and her body was bathed in a cold sweat. With shaky hands, she undressed. Emily simply appeared before her nude. Her clothes having vanished with a thought. "Don't be afraid. I will not hurt you," Emily whispered, "Kiss me, Carrie. I have not felt touch in so long." Drawn to the beautiful, ghostly woman, Carrie embraced her. She was just as warm as Colt, or even herself. The fear that had rose so sharply left her, just as rapid. Carrie marveled at the softness of her skin. She felt like velvet. Taking Emily's face into her hands, Carrie touched her lips to Emily's bow shaped mouth. Kissing ever so gently, she traced the line of Emily's lips with her tongue, before parting those sweet tasting lips. This woman tasted of honey. Carrie sucked the full, pouty bottom lip into her mouth, hearing the soft sigh that escaped Emily's mouth.

Emily hugged the flesh and blood woman tightly. Wanting to deepen the kiss, she probed her tongue inside Carrie's hot mouth. Both women dueled for control, their tongues entwining with each other. Emily sucked in gently, removing some of Carrie's life force through the kiss. Borrowing some strength from the girl, Emily pulled enough to fully materialize. Breaking the kiss, both were breathless. Lust filled Carrie's eyes, as she grew more aroused. Emily was shining brightly. "I have not been kissed in so long. It felt so good to be touched and touch back. I want to feel more...so much more. Make me feel pleasure again," Emily murmured, against Carrie's kiss swollen lips. Carrie trailed kisses down Emily's neck. Nibbling and sucking at the soft skin, she relished the smooth texture and sweet taste of the other woman. She rubbed her breasts against Emily's full globes. Milky white with pink nipples the size of half dollars, Emily's breasts were magnificent. It had been ages since Emily felt this kind of pleasure. Trapped in a world void of touch, she was going out of her mind. Just the simple feel of Carrie's hard nipples rubbing her own made her remember. "More, please! I want to feel your mouth. Please. Suck on my nipples," Emily begged. Not wanting to deny this passionate woman any longer, Carrie captured a candy pink nipple in her mouth and sucked deeply. The soft bud stiffened in her mouth, as her tongue laved the peak. Carrie had fucked women before, but it had never felt so erotic. Her own pussy was beginning to swell, as her juices welled up. No rough treatment for Emily was the first thought in her mind, as she rolled her tongue around Emily's hard nipple. She moved to the other breast, not wanting to leave it out. Giving the same treatment to it, Carrie kept the other nipple hard, by gently pinching and pulling on it. Emily moaned deeply. Her slit was moist and aching. She wanted to feel the pleasure of an orgasm one last time before she faded to oblivion. Her muscles contracting, involuntarily. Her pussy so empty. Carrie teased Emily by running her hands up and down her body. Brushing across her hairy lips, she quickly moved to another site. Always returning to the downy softness of Emily's pussy lips, she barely rubbed them, as she licked and sucked that erect nipple. Unable to stand anymore torment, Emily cried out, "Oh please...please, touch me. I want it so bad." "Where do you want my touch?" Carrie asked, trailing kisses down her belly, "Tell me." "Oh God...touch my pussy, please," she begged. "Just touch?" Carrie teased, her hand hovering just above Emily's sweet mound. "Touch, taste, lick, finger...please...Oh my God, please," Emily panted, her hips bucking as if trying to get closer to Carrie's hand. Sitting on her knees, Carrie was face to pussy with Emily. She opened the ghost's hairy lips, revealing a light red slit. Her scent was heavy, as her desire was increasing. Carrie watched as beads of moisture welled up on the small inner lips. Holding Emily's cunt open, she touched her tongue to the hidden nub. Her clit just barely peeking out from under it's hood. Carrie swirled her tongue around the base, then directly under the hood. Brushing it over the unprotected bud, she teased the silky folds, before licking down the slit to her weeping hole. Darting in Emily's pussy, she mimicked the movements of a cock, feeling the muscles contract around her tongue. Emily's legs began to buckle, as her pussy milked Carrie's tongue. Holding on to her head, she savored each pulse. Changing her tactics a bit, Carrie returned to sucking on her clit, as she crossed her fingers to make them knobbier. Rather than feeling a smooth finger inside her, she would feel different textures from her knuckles. Rotating her hand, she twisted her fingers up inside the

unsuspecting woman. Emily gasped, as she felt the erotic invasion of her pussy. Unable to stand any harder, her legs finally buckled, and she felt Carrie ease her to the floor. Carrie was relentless. She worked her fingers in and out of the smooth cavity, feeling the walls pulse and quiver. Emily's was arched up sharply, using her hips to hump Carrie's hand. Gasping and moaning, Emily knew she was getting closer to the goal. She wanted to cum so badly. Carrie sensed the impending moment. She began to suck harder on Emily's now huge and bare clit. Using her tongue, she flicked across it, as her suction increased. She was working Emily's soaking wet pussy hard. Using her whole arm, she fucked the girl good. Carrie was amazed at how wet her fingers were getting. Emily was drenching her fingers, as her pussy walls tightened. The closer Emily came to having an orgasm, the brighter she glowed. Her whole body shone a bright blue. Mesmerized, Carrie could not take her eyes from the bright light. "OH CARRIE! Do it, please. Bring me over," Emily screamed. Her whole body was stiff. Toes curled tightly, as the waves began in her core and worked their way outward. Convulsing, Emily let the waves of pleasure course through her. With each pulse, her brightness dimmed, until she was barely transparent. Slowly disappearing, Emily whispered in a weak voice, "It's up to you now. Trap Beau...Take care of Colt. He loves you, now. Thank you, my friend. Thank you." Carrie was left sitting in the circle. Her body was in the same position, as it was when she was pleasuring Emily. But, now there was no one there. She glanced over to the jar, and it was glowing with a swirling, blue light. They had been successful. Carrie took down the circle and redressed. Somewhat saddened, she thought of the sacrifice that Emily made for her and Trina. It had been a selfless act that allowed her to finally rest. The unease of the yellow room now gone. Carrie took the jar down to the second floor landing. She tried to open it, and would you believe it was stuck. Sighing, she kept at it. Finally, getting the stubborn door open, she descended the stairs carefully. Setting the jar down in the middle of the room, she backed away. The predominant feeling of the room was no longer threatening. There was fear in the air. Sitting on the stairs, she waited for dawn to break. Her thoughts reviewing the events of her first weekend in her new home. She had been through hell and back. It was a long night. With the first rays of sunlight, the jar started to vibrate. With a bright flash, Carrie was almost blinded. When the light dimmed to a normal level, she noticed that the jar was not blue anymore. It was the angry red, just as Emily had said. She, hurriedly, closed the jar tightly and ran out to the back yard to the hole she had dug earlier. Putting it inside the 3 foot hole, she covered it in dirt and packed the dirt tightly. Carrie asked the Loa to keep Beau in his prison, and then thanked them for their help. Walking back inside, she sat at her kitchen table and laid her head down on the surface. All the emotions that were bottled up came to the surface. She was drained of all her strength. Feeling incredibly alone, she dragged herself up the stairs to the shower. Cleaning her body of sweat, sex, and dirt, Carrie crawled into her bed, alone. Crying herself to sleep, she dreamed of better times. She slept the day away. Upon waking up, she called and checked on Trina. Letting her friends know the events of the previous day, she smiled at their pride in her accomplishment. Carrie was about to get up and go back to bed when she heard a knock at the door.