

# Pleasure From the Other Side

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*A home comes with more than the new owner bargained for!*

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I stood outside on the grass looking at the beautiful old farmhouse as the summer sun started going down. The front porch ran all the way across the front with a bench swing hanging on the right side. The green shutters on the windows were all in pretty good shape. It definitely needed some TLC and a fresh coat of white paint but the foundation was solid as was the structure. And the inside was as charming as the outside; large, high-ceilinged rooms, wood flooring throughout and original cabinetry in the kitchen. Some additional renovating had been done to put a small guest bathroom on the main floor. The upstairs consisted of the master bedroom, two smaller rooms and a renovated bathroom that still had the original claw footed tub and sink. And it was all mine. The movers had left a short time ago and while they had been nice enough to place the furniture where I needed it, the task of unpacking was left to me. It had been a long but exciting day and I had the next week off work to get everything sorted out. I headed up the front steps, pulled open the screen door and walked through the open front door to survey the “damage”. There were boxes everywhere; the kitchen, the dining room and the livingroom. I shut the front door, turning the latch and setting the chain. I went from room to room, turning off the lights and headed upstairs. There were more boxes in the spare room I was going to use as an office and in the other I was going to use as a guest bedroom. I sighed as I turned off the lights and made my way to the bathroom. I had gotten the bathroom somewhat organized while the movers had been doing their thing. The shower curtain was up, the towels were out and everything was in its place. I put the plug in the tub and turned the water on to take a nice, relaxing bath. I went into my bedroom, grateful that I had also put a little time in here and began to undress. I stopped myself thinking that I should close the curtains but then realizing my nearest neighbour was a half-mile away, started laughing. Taking the city out of the girl might take a little while. I admired my naked body in the full-length, free-standing mirror that had come with the house. I reached out and touched the finely-carved wood frame awhile softly caressing my skin. I was surprised to feel a cool, tingling feeling on my skin where my fingers were touching. When I pulled my hand off the frame, it stopped. I tried again, touching the frame more firmly and the sensation increased on my skin. While it was strange, the feeling was also exciting, making me want more. I took my left breast in my right hand and gripped the frame hard with my left. The rippling feeling spread through my breast, causing my nipple to harden and the muscles in my groin to twitch,

causing me to let go of the frame. Then I ran my hand down to my bare pussy, rubbing my lips and sliding my middle finger between them to stroke myself. I braced myself when I reached out and grasped the frame again. My breath caught in my throat as that ripple-effect coursed through my lips and my slit and caused my juices to flow down my inner thighs. I jerked my hand off the frame and stared first at my hand and then at the mirror. I could hear water running and remembering the bath, ran to turn the water off. I checked my breast in the bathroom mirror for any sort of marks and there was nothing. I grabbed a small hand mirror from the vanity and inspected my groin but it was fine too. I continued to fondle my nipple and rub my pussy, exhilarated at how wet I was. I stepped into the hot water and sat down slowly, letting my skin adjust to the temperature. The water lapped at my breasts as I massaged them firmly. My nipples were erect and I pinched them, then pulled them harder, feeling that wonderful pain radiate down to my crotch. One hand glided down my stomach and my legs fell to the sides of the tub which gave me easier access. My fingers caressed my slit, flicking my clit and slowly thrusting my middle finger inside me. After a few strokes, I added another finger and pumped my pussy harder. My other hand, which had still been savaging my nipples, now moved to my eager pussy, to tickle and grind on my clit. The moans that followed were ragged and breathy as my excitement intensified. My body tingled all over and the thought of touching the mirror again for that strange feeling was all it took to climax. It was one of the most powerful orgasms I had ever had, rocking my body with surge after surge of intense pleasure. I finally had to stop touching myself as the force of it overwhelmed me. All I could do was lay in the water, spent from my exertions but very satisfied. I must have dozed off for I woke up a short time later, still in the tub. What had woken me was the awareness of pressure against my breast, as if it was being touched. I quickly opened my eyes, fearing there was someone in the house with me but I saw no one. The thought of the movers came to mind as I was well aware that they'd been ogling my large breasts and firm, round ass throughout the day. What if they came back, knowing I was alone out here and wanted to do a little moving with me. The guy in charge had been good-looking and I had to admit that I had admired his body more than once, seeing those ripped arms moving heavy pieces of furniture with relative ease. Okay enough!! Stop freaking out! I berated myself for letting my imagination run amok. The water in the tub was cooling; I pulled the plug to let the water drain and stepped out. I grabbed the large, fluffy towel and wrapped it around me. It was very soft and soothing on my skin. I proceeded to dry myself off and after hanging the towel up, slathered moisturizer on all over. I turned off the bathroom light and made my way into the bedroom where I got ready for bed. I found a loose tank top and shorts in one of my bags and quickly pulled them on. I switched the bedroom light off, leaving only the light from a small lamp on my nightstand. I was so tired now that I didn't even bother to pull back the covers but just lay down on top of the bed. I took a quick look at the mirror, then turned back on my side and reached to turn off the lamp, letting darkness and exhaustion take over. Had I watched for a few more seconds, I would have noticed a shadow moving across the glass. It was in the middle of the night when I woke up, very disoriented. It was so dark, I couldn't see but I knew that I was lying spread-eagled on my bed and my clothes were gone. I could feel hard, cold fingers plying my breasts, toying with my nipples. I tried to move my arms and legs; I couldn't feel any restraints but I

wasn't able to move them. There was a strange smell in the air but very little sound except my breaths. I realized the reason I couldn't see because something was covering my eyes. I was afraid to speak. The fingers were becoming more earnest now, getting rougher and I was shocked to find myself aroused. They squeezed my nipples hard and I couldn't help the gasp that slipped from my lips. A second hand joined in, fingering my now-wet pussy eagerly. A thumb jabbed at my clit as the fingers mercilessly fucked me. I was groaning now, trying to fight the mounting pleasure. I felt a cold, wetness on one of my nipples and I realized it was being sucked and greedily at that. My body betrayed me; my nipples were rock-hard and my pussy was soaking the bed. That wetness now moved to my other breast, ravaging it. I was moaning loudly now, unable to hold back. The fingers abruptly pulled out of my slit but they were immediately replaced by a cock. The cool feeling puzzled me only for a second as I felt it thrust inside me, spreading me open. Not being able to move only increased the tension but I could feel the bed shake with each pounding stroke. A finger rubbed my clit hard and I panted as I felt my orgasm swell. My body began to quiver uncontrollably as the cock stroked faster and faster. As the fingers pinched my clit, I came furiously, dousing that cock with my juices. The only sound was my irregular breaths, interspersed with guttural moans as I came, surges of cool pleasure coursing through my body. The fingers released me and I groaned as the cock pulled out of my pussy, fluids gushing out of me. I felt that now-familiar coolness move up my body to stop at my left ear. I swore I heard the word "mine" spoken into my ear and I gasped. Feeling my arms and legs now free, I jumped up onto the bed. It was still very dark but I could see, my eyes just making out the room. There was no one there and I screamed. I bolted upright at the sound; I was sitting in my bed. I rubbed my eyes and looked around the room - it was still dark. Did I dream that?? I ran my fingers through my hair and it was then that I realized I was naked. I quickly turned on the lamp, frowning and blinking at the sudden illumination. When my eyes adjusted, I could see that I was still on top of the covers, my torn pyjamas were on the floor and I saw a large, wet spot slightly farther down the bed. I leaned over to touch it and was surprised to find some sort of substance there. It was still cool, somewhat milky and sticky. I didn't know what to make of this. I got up from the bed, wincing at the ache between my legs. There was no mistaking that; I had been ridden hard. I looked down at my breasts and touched my nipples which were also aching. I headed over to the closet and opened the doors but it was empty except for my clothes and shoes. I proceeded to go through the rest of the house, checking every room and making sure that there were no open windows and that both the back and front doors were securely locked. I was growing more puzzled by the minute. Finally satisfied that there was only me in the house, I made my way back up to my bedroom. I threw my torn pyjamas into an empty box and pulled the wet cover, blanket and sheets from the bed; luckily it hadn't soaked through to the mattress. I got fresh sheets and a blanket and remade the bed. Such a mundane task seemed to ease the confused thoughts rolling around in my head and I let it. Once finished, I took one last look around the room and turned off the bedside lamp. I waited for my eyes to adjust to the darkness and was about to lie down when a glimmer caught my eye. I happened to look at the mirror and I saw a flash of something on the glass. I crossed the room to stand directly in front of it. I looked towards the window to see if it was something outside reflecting on the glass but it was

equally dark outside. When I turned back to the mirror, I was surprised to see a large spot of what looked almost like frost appearing on the glass. It was getting larger and I reached out to touch it but stopped at the last second. My fingers were just inches from the glass and now I could feel it; that familiar coolness. Before I could pull my hand back, a mist emanated from the spot and swirled around my outstretched hand, like a serpent and caused an involuntary pulse in my groin. I tried to take a step back but my legs seemed rooted to where I stood. I watched in the reflection as the mist moved up my arm, getting larger as more flowed from the spot. My mind just couldn't seem to register what was happening, like I was in shock. The mist was now flowing freely around me, caressing my skin and making me shiver. As I continued to watch, it took shape behind me and I could clearly see a human form; a large, tall one that easily towered a foot over my 5'2" height. I gasped as its two large arms curled around me and pulled me back against the mist. Only, it wasn't mist since I could clearly feel a firm body pressed up against my back. I closed my eyes and reached back around my hips; it was firm to my touch and still so cool. As my mind struggled to wrap my head around this, I could feel the hands touching my body. Suddenly my neck was wet and I gazed through half-opened eyes at the mirror to see the head moving up and down my neck, licking me. "Was it you....before?" I said, my voice coming out in a whisper. If the form nodded, I didn't see it but the hand that gripped my breast, squeezing it firmly, gave me my answer. The cool feeling seemed to relieve the soreness as I no longer ached and that was replaced with pleasure as my nipple hardened under its touch. I opened my eyes and watched in the mirror as the other hand found my other breast and pawed it. I could see the indentations in my skin through the mist as it fondled me and watched my nipples compress as it pinched me, causing another pulse of pleasure between my legs. I was moving now, being pulled back towards the bed and then pushed down onto my back. I felt my legs pushed apart and now the head pressed between my legs. I groaned as it licked me, mingling its wetness with mine. I lifted my hips to meet the flicks and felt the hands press them down on the bed. The cool sensation did nothing to ease the heat emanating from my leaking pussy. Its tongue, or whatever it was, slipped into my hole and I gasped at the coolness inside me. It pressed in and out in a smooth pumping motion and I struggled to move my hips unsuccessfully. I felt the hands on my legs; lifting them up wide in the air and pushing them towards my head as I felt the tongue now caress my other little hole. As it teased my ass to open, I felt fingers push into my pussy and take over from where the tongue had left off. They had worked their way into my hole and the sensation was amazing. My muscles relaxed and opened up, letting it pump my ass. All I could do was lie there and let the pleasure wash over me, no longer caring how or why it was happening. Suddenly, the finger- and tongue-fucking stopped and I found myself turned around with my head hanging over the edge of the bed. My lips suddenly felt cool and I could feel pressure against them. It was forcing itself into my mouth and I willingly complied. With my eyes closed, it felt like a normal cock; smooth, hard with a nicely-shaped head. The only difference was the temperature. I swirled my tongue around the head, tickling it and tasting a sticky but sweet wetness, causing my pussy to clench again. It pressed farther in, stretching my lips around the girth, and continued until I felt it at the top of my throat. I felt a shudder and realized that it wasn't me. So whatever it was, liked its cock buried deep inside a mouth.

It pushed farther and I felt my throat open to take it in. It paused for several seconds and then began to withdraw. When the tip was almost out of my mouth, it pressed back in again, a little faster this time. The thrusts began to pick up speed and now its hands grabbed my breasts and tugged on my nipples, pinching and pulling on them harder than before. It now fucked my mouth and throat at a rapid pace; moving one hand to rub my pussy. With my mouth so full, all I could do was grunt my approval as it pummelled my body. Then abruptly, it stopped again and flipped me around like I was a feather, putting me on my hands and knees and pressing my head down to the mattress. I felt its cock thrust into my sopping pussy and push a finger into my ass. As its finger slid in, its cock pulled out; the opposite motions had me moaning loudly. As its cock pumped me hard and fast, I felt another finger enter my ass and it was soon followed by another. The feeling of fullness was overwhelming and I howled in ecstasy. After several minutes of hard thrusting, I felt the fingers leave my ass but were immediately replaced by its cock. My ass stretched to accommodate its large size and despite the coolness, it burned a little. But that passed soon enough and it began to fuck my ass in earnest, with me grunting and gasping with each stroke. I felt a finger on my clit, flicking it at a rapid pace. My body began to tremble as my orgasm began and I was rocked by powerful waves all over my body. Suddenly the cock pulled out of my ass and I heard a sound, like a muffled groan as I felt my ass covered repeatedly by that same sticky wetness. I sunk down onto the mattress, completely exhausted. I felt a cool heaviness as it lay down on top of me, as if resting. I could feel its cock twitch as its erection subsided and a hand stroked my arm. Once more I felt the coolness against my ear and the word "mine". I moved my head in a slight nod without opening my eyes. I began to feel the coolness move away and reluctantly let it go as my mind and body were completely overwhelmed. I curled up onto my side and lay there, waiting for sleep to come. But as I was about to drift off, I remembered something. It was a comment made by the realtor about how they'd had such difficulty trying to sell the place. There had been claims by previous owners that the place was haunted by a ghost; others had said a poltergeist. While he admitted that the original owner, a man, had died in the house decades ago, he'd been in the home many times over the years and had never seen or heard anything. Maybe if you'd been a woman, you might have! But that didn't scare me then and now, quite the contrary. I could see myself quite happy here (and sexually satisfied) for the foreseeable future. I grinned to myself and slipped blissfully into a peaceful sleep.