

# Sally the Ghost

By Ghost

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*Sally and Emelda hit the clubs in Little Five Points to party with the living*

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I watched him stroke his cock. I knew he was close because his breathing had become more regular, his eyes had closed, and his head was tilting slowly back. Pleasure beamed from his face. His toes will be curling soon, I thought, and he'll explode all over. My attention was on the head of his shaft as I stood, straddled him, and squatted my sex over his erection. I had to time this just right. How unladylike, I thought with a wry grin as I considered my predicament. I was nude, squatting over a masturbating 18-year-old boy named Simon. My nipples were hard and my cunt was wet in anticipation. I was skinny but cute, if I do say so myself, more than nubile enough to make Simon stoke himself with abandon. But Simon couldn't see me—I'd been dead for nearly 150 years and was a ghost. He groaned loudly and I lowered myself down onto his erection. His penis, already slick with his fluids made me tingle "down there" as sexual energy flowed into my groin. He shivered as he reached orgasm—a confused look on his face due, I suspected, to the sudden drop in temperature when I touched him. I'd learned from experience that I'm a bit cold when I first mount a boy. As the first stream of his cum shot from the tip of his penis, my ghostly body glowed. Wonderful, warm sex energy poured into my being. I shimmered back into the visible plane. Simon was stunned to see my body suddenly visible, nude, and mounted on his pulsing cock. He stared, wide-eyed, as he came. I could feel the force of his orgasm. My pussy drank in his cum, and I warmed against his body. Soon my pussy would feel hot and wet to him. I leaned down to his face and strands of my glowing red hair brushed against his face. "Fuck me Simon," I whispered, "come inside me again." "What?" he stammered. I undulated my hips causing my pussy to gently caress his cock. "This is like a dream," I answered. "Do you want me?" I smiled as I took his hands and placed them on my breasts. "Yes." His hips started to move. Thank goodness, I thought, he is young and will orgasm again and again. I smiled and enjoyed my intimate little ride. \_\_\_\_ I appeared at Emelda's grave in Oakland Cemetery and looked around. It was dark, of course, I can't appear in daylight no matter how much energy I use. "Hi baby sweet cheeks, you got intimate tonight I see. Oops, I forgot, one says laid these days." I smiled and turned around to face Emelda. Emelda was a grave ghost. She liked floating among the trees in her graveyard and got energy from everyday life—the little animals, visitors, and the weather. She was old, like me, and I enjoyed her company. Emelda was some sort of weird ethnic mix that I couldn't figure out with beautiful brown hair. I was pasty white with red hair. She had a tight body with

nice curves. I was like a stick with puffy nipples. Fate is cruel , I thought, the grave ghost has the drop dead gorgeous body and the sex ghost has puffy nipples for breasts . "How can you tell," I asked. "You're, well, indecent baby sweet cheeks." I looked down to see my erect nipples and swollen non-breasts. My cheeks puffed in exasperation. I concentrated for a moment, and a cute yellow sundress shimmered onto my body. One of the perks of being a ghost is that wardrobe changes are as simple as a thought. Sundress? boom. Bra and panties? poof. Elegant gown? ta-da. I could swap them all onto my body with a thought. It just took a bit of energy. Tonight energy was not a problem for me, I was full to bursting. Simon had literally gushed energy into my cunt and again into my "baby sweet cheeks." I grinned thinking of Simon's interest in probing my posterior and how shyly I'd complied. How unladylike, indeed , I thought. Oh, how they all like to think that they're the first one to suggest that to a girl . I'd perfected my shy-shocked-coy-maybe-interested face some 70 years ago. Simon wouldn't remember me, they never did. Best case, he'd remember me kinda like a wet dream. "Sorry," I said, "I'm so gushed with energy I can't think straight. Come out dancing at the club with me?" "I don't know..." "Please Emelda," I pleaded, "if you come I won't hook up with anyone. I promise." "Oh, I think the idea of going dancing is grand, but I'm too low on energy to go to the club tonight." "I've got lots. I can share mine with you!" Emelda laughed. "You're going to share energy so that I can tag along and, to top it off, you're going to be a chaste little sex ghost tonight? Okay, okay, I'll come with you. It'll be interesting to see if you can keep your legs together." "Thanks!" I reached out and put my hand on Emelda's head. Bright light exploded from us, green from Emelda, the color of the trees, and red from me, the color of, I don't know, the prostitute-filled red light district. When I moved my hand away Emelda had about half the energy I'd collected from Simon. "Now," I said, "let's get dressed." Emelda looked down at her gown in confusion. "What's wrong with my mode of dress?" "Emelda," I sighed, "we are going to a club not a Civil War costume party. I've explained this before, women don't dress like that anymore. Start in your underwear and I'll help you." I glanced around the graveyard. "We're in private, I think." Emelda shimmered into something that looked like a 1920's bathing suit. "How's this?" I frowned. "Well, that is a start. Watch me. Let's start with the bottoms. This is a thong." My sundress disappeared and I stood before her in a red thong. I traced my fingers along the front. "See how this is like a triangle and how it is flush against the skin." I pushed on the front of my thong a few times to show her the tightness of the material. I stopped pushing when pleasure began to emanate from my groin. My eyes went wide and I moved my hand quickly to my side. I will not get wet in front of Emelda , I told myself. I will not get wet in front of Emelda . I turned around to hide my growing wetness. I got wet in front of Emelda , I thought, I am so slutty that I want to die...again . "In the back it is like two straps. One across your waist and another down your crack—um, I mean, down to meet the front." I thrust out my rear and looked over my shoulder at her. "Make sure it covers all the important bits." I bent over to show her how the crotch looked. A move that had gotten me lots and lots of energy in the past. I had the accumulated stripping experience of a century. Trust me, I knew every move a girl could make in a thong. "My word, baby sweet cheeks, let me concentrate." Emelda focused and soon her gown slowly dissolved and she stood before me in a green thong. She put her hands on her hips and smiled. "Green is more my color, don't you think?" I stared in awe. Her

breasts were beautiful. They were large without being too large. And her nipples, wow, they were like dark brown pebbles against her tan skin. What a sex ghost she would make, I thought. The thong accentuated her hips perfectly. Emelda had added pretty lace straps. "Perfect," I said, "now add a bra like this. No straps. But, um, you probably don't need any padding." Emelda complied. Finally, I shimmered into a spandex number that wouldn't have even qualified as underwear when I was alive. Emelda balked at wearing this. "Baby sweet cheeks, I'm not going out in that." A sundress, a copy of what I had been wearing appeared on Emelda's body. "You promised you'd be chaste tonight, remember?" I pouted, but a yellow tank top and black mini-pleat "cheerleader" skirt replaced the red spandex "man magnet" I'd had on. Emelda eyed my breasts, well, really my tank top. "I see dead people. Why does your blouse say that?" I trotted up to her with a smile. "It's a great conversation starter, and, plus, in my case it's actually true." I touched her arm and we both disappeared in a flash of red light. \_\_\_\_ The club, a trendy place in Little Five Points, was dark and smoky and some sort of industrial trance was playing loudly. Emelda and I were burning energy to keep on the visible plane, but the smoke let us stay a bit hazy, saving us some energy and letting us stay visible a lot longer. Emelda liked to dance and so did I. We danced energetically to the loud music mixing among the college crowd that populated dim dance floor. Colored lights flashed and snippets of videos appeared on the walls. I liked seeing the flashes of old Looney Toons. Bugs Bunny, in my option, is hilarious. The videos seemed to alternate between Looney Toons and really campy 1960s or 1970s porn movies. The porn seemed to focus on men with way too much pubic hair shooting their loads onto women's faces or breasts. I tried to keep an eye on Bugs, and avoid watching the cheesy money shots, I'd promised not to hookup tonight and I was really trying hard to just enjoy the dancing. Emelda leaned her face toward my ear. "Baby sweet cheeks," she yelled into my ear, "I need to get laid." I stopped and looked at her wide-eyed. From me that sentence would make sense, basically my typical everyday need articulated in words. But from Emelda it was like hearing a foreign language. She reached down and held both my hands and leaned in again. "I need to get laid," she repeated. "I'm full to the brim with your sex ghost energy and, while I tried to deny it, my need is not slacking. That tight undergarment you made me wear—a thong I think you called it, is wet from my need." I stood flabbergasted. The idea of Emelda with wet panties was disturbing, but kinda hot too. Focus, I thought, keep your urges under control ghost girl. "Are you sure? We could leave if you want." "No, baby sweet cheeks, if I give the energy what it wants, I'll be fine." "We are at a club," I told her, "and from what I've noticed tonight lots of guys are interested in you." Also, lots of girls—but Emelda probably didn't want to deal with that just now. "How do I go about it in this age?" "I don't know, I'm pretty direct." Ha, I thought, that is an understatement. I'd mounted a masturbating guy in his bed earlier tonight. I'm pretty slutty is probably closer to the truth. "I could show you—but then, I have to, well, hook up. Is that okay?" "Yes, I'll watch you. That sounds like a capital idea." "Go ghost and watch me." I waited until Emelda shimmered out of visibility. Then I looked around. Bingo! I spotted a cute guy looking at my legs, or maybe my crotch, one never can be too sure about leering looks from guys. I walked over to him. "Hi, I'm Sally." "Hi, I'm Dave." "Want a blowjob?" "Really?" I nodded. "Okay!" I took his hand and walked toward the back of the club. \_\_\_\_ Emelda shimmered back to the

visible plane after I had returned to the club. Dave had not taken long. "Sally, try not to take this the wrong way, but you have absolutely no class. You said six words to Dave..." "Dave?" I interrupted, confused. "Dave, is the name of the man whose penis you just put in your mouth and sucked on until he ejaculated." "Oh, I forgot his name." "I think you should change your tee from 'I see dead people' to 'I blow live people'." I thought about it. "That's a great idea. I like it." I started focusing on making the change when Emelda smacked me hard. "I was kidding, please don't do that." She signed. "I guess I should try my hand at this. Forgive me if I use more than six words to talk this man's pants off." I watched as Emelda walked toward a tall man at the bar. \_\_\_\_ I decided I could sum up Emelda's way of getting a man in one word: Boring! She had been talking to this guy at the bar for over an hour. I went back to dancing and was enjoying myself when I saw them walk toward the door. I shimmered out of existence and followed them. They ended up at an upscale apartment on Peachtree. Things got less boring, from my point of view, when they got in the door. They kissed for a bit, then the clothes went flying. Wow, go for it Emelda, I thought. I watched awestruck as mouths and genitals got friendly, genitals and genitals got more friendly, all in all lots of probing of Emelda went on. I really enjoyed myself when he worked himself to orgasm with his erection between her breasts. I can't pull that one off, my breasts are too small, so it is a rare sight for me—but I'd seen it on porn guys sometimes played. Anyway, when I say I really enjoyed myself, I mean that I sat in a chair across from the bed, in just a bra and panties, rubbing my pussy and squeezing my nipples. I really enjoyed myself—all the way to orgasm several times. I was still at it when Emelda shimmered out of visibility and back to the ghost plane. She smiled over at me and shook her head. "Well, I see you followed along and felt free to pleasure yourself." I stopped rubbing the front of my panties and made my outfit reappear. I've cum six times already, I thought, I'm good, I guess. Emelda walked over and touched me and we both disappeared in a flash of green light. \_\_\_\_ The grave ghost energy Emelda used to transport us calmed me. I sat on Emelda's gravestone and watched her gaze at the sky. Thinking back on the whole evening, I started getting worried. "Emelda," I said, "You're not mad I juiced you with so much sex energy you ended up going home with that guy and, basically, doing him again and again, are you?" "The sun will be up soon Sally, you'd better get back across the hill to your plot." "You are mad at me." I started to tear up. "Emelda, I didn't know that would happen, really, I'm telling the truth. You are the only one who'll go dancing with me. I'm so sorry, really, so sorry. I know I promised not to hook up, but I only blew that one guy—Doug?—that you said I could, and I kept my legs together. Well, except when I spread them to masturbate while I watched you get fucked—I'm sorry about that too. I'm sorry about everything." I sobbed. Emelda walked over and took my head in her hands. "Baby sweet cheeks, I'm not mad at you. I'm not sure if I didn't like it too much. I need to think about it. But, well, I think I started gaining energy from him as we made love. Toward the end." "But you're not a sex ghost, that's impossible, isn't it." Tears ran down my face. "I know, let's talk about it tomorrow night. Good-day baby sweet cheeks." Emelda leaned in and kissed me sweetly on the forehead then dissipated into a green haze for the day. I looked up at the tinge of sunlight coming over the horizon and did the same. Emelda as a sex ghost, I thought as I faded into red-haze oblivion for the day, what a duo we would make.