

# The sexual psychic

By smileylittlegirl

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*The beginning of the story of how I learned I could see ghosts.*

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Hello. My name is Ava. I know, not a very creative name. Blame my mother. She said she wanted me to have a plain name in the hope that I would avoid the family "curse." Turns out, even with my plain name, the "curse" would strike me as well, at an even younger age than most. I guess I should explain the "curse" before I go any further. You see, I come from a long line of psychics. We aren't the lucky ones that can read the future. We can only see, talk to and generally be annoyed by spirits. Every other woman in my family has not been hit with the "curse" until they became pregnant with their first child. Something about the excessive estrogen in their system opening them up or something. I should also add that most of the women in my family have more mystical sounding names, and you can understand where my mom was coming from. I however, with my ordinary name, got hit with the curse at the age of 16. And no, I was not pregnant at the time. In fact, I didn't even know about it happening at first. You see, my father, wanting to give me and my sister a better life, decided that we should move from our home in the city to the country. My sister hated the idea, since that would mean she would have to leave her long time boyfriend. I, however, was ecstatic about the move. I had always been the odd woman out at school, and I felt that the move would give me a chance to reinvent myself so I would be better accepted. I was excited the day we left the small, cramped apartment and headed out to the four bedroom farm my father had found for us. Upon seeing the house, I knew that my new life here would be even better than I had dreamed. I wasn't sure where the feeling came from, but I felt that I would learn how to be a woman here. The house we moved to was big and spacious. My sister and I had had to share a room at our old apartment, but here we would each have our own rooms. I was the first in the door and up the stairs. I left the big room at the top of the stairs for my sister, feeling drawn to a room at the end of the hall on the opposite side. When I opened the door, I was blasted with a rush of hot, musty air. I walked over to the window, opened it and stuck my head out, wanting to feel the cool breeze on my face. I took the chance to check out the view and noticed that I had a perfect view of the big red barn that was behind our house. My father had hinted that we would be getting a horse or two, but we hadn't been able to get any yet, so I knew it was empty for the time being. Never the less, I felt an urge to go out and check it out. I decided to go check it out the next day, since my mother had already made it clear that she wanted us all to stay in the house for the rest of the night. It was getting a little dark, but I could

have swore I saw someone or something moving in the barn. I should have run screaming for daddy, but I somehow knew that whatever or whoever it was wouldn't hurt me. I heard my mother call up the stairs, beckoning me to supper. I reluctantly pulled my head back in the window, closed it and walked out of the room, leaving my bag there. I was determined to sleep in this room from now until I left for college. As I turned to go back down the stairs, I thought I saw the door opposite me move ever so slightly. I was a little weirded out, but decided that, since it was an old house, maybe a draft had pushed it. As I plopped down the stairs, I could already hear my sister whining. "But mom. I didn't want to move anyway. I am 18. You could have left me with Aunt Sue and Uncle Brett to finish out my senior year. Why didn't you?" "Now, Sara," I heard my mom say. "You know that I don't like your aunt's husband. He is a perv and looks at you like you are a piece of meat. Besides, can you at least give this place a chance. You still have a whole month before school starts. And I promise, if you still hate it by then, I will let you go back. Now, you get your tiny little butt in that dining room and sit down, before I kick it in there." I heard my sister stomp of. She had always been a bit of a drama queen. I knew exactly why she had wanted to stay, and it wasn't entirely because of her boyfriend. You see, my mother had reason to not like Uncle Brett, whether she knew it or not. He really was a perv and my sister had already slept with him several times. There was even one time she had slept with both him and her boyfriend at the same time, while our Aunt had videotaped it. She had told me all of this in confidence, so, being the good little sister that I am, I hadn't told or parents. I had however, made her let me watch the movie. What she didn't know is I had made a copy of it and masturbated to it often enough. When I walked into the dining room, I found my sister with her arms folded across her ample chest and her bottom lip jutting out. Our father, a handsome man with dark hair and light eyes, looked at her like she was being a brat. I was inclined to agree with him. After all, at least she wasn't still a virgin, like me. Besides, Brett was almost twice her age, so I had no idea what she saw in him. I plopped down in the chair next to my sister and grinned at her wickedly. She reached out and punched me, mouthing the words 'shut up.' I simply sat there still grinning and looked toward the door, waiting for mom to bring in supper. The meal was quiet and reserved, all of us absorbed in our own thoughts. After I finished, I told my parents of my plan to sleep in the room upstairs. My father was happy with the plan, but my mother was a little reluctant at first. She thought I should stay close to them until we were all used to the house, but my father over ruled her and I went over to give him a big hug, being sure that my ample cleavage rubbed against his cheek. Lately, my father had been showing more interest in me, and I had decided that I would let a relationship with him develop slowly while we were out here. He looked up at me when I pulled away with a silent 'thank you' in his eyes, allowing his hand to stay on my hip a little longer than is normal. I almost skipped up the stairs, my mind filled with visions of what I wanted to do with my daddy and how to go about doing it, when suddenly I was startled by the sound of a door lightly slamming. I wasn't sure which door it had been, but I was sure it had been up here. I decided that I would check all of the rooms up here to be sure that no homeless people had moved in. I checked the room I was sure my sister would want. It was spacious and had it's own walk-in closet, but was completely empty. I left my room for last, and walked to the only other door that was up here. The same door that had been open when I had went

down stairs. It was now closed, and as I put my hand on the knob, it felt warm to the touch. I mustered up all my courage and swung the door open. I was greeted with a cold blast of air. There was no one in the room, but there was a box of personal items in the far corner. Deciding to investigate, I walked to it, leaving the door open behind me, in case someone jumped out at me. As I looked at the content of the box, I noticed that it was all older stuff, from at least the eighties, maybe even earlier. There was a newspaper clipping that detailed the murder/suicide of a local man and his son. The father had apparently snapped one night after his son had come home late and had killed his son in the barn and then went into his house and hung himself out of guilt. It didn't give a location of the crime, but the picture of the house looked a lot like ours. I put the paper aside and riffled through the rest of the stuff in the box, pausing at a piece of rope and belt buckle. The belt buckle wasn't too large, but it was ornately decorated. The piece of rope had been wound around the belt buckle. I decided to take them both to my room and look at them better while I was there. I take my small cache of treasures, walked back to the door and stepped out. As I turned, I could have sworn I saw a shadow move in the same corner I had left the box in, but I couldn't be sure. Dismissing it as an overactive imagination, I closed the door and went to my room. I sat the treasures on the floor and unpacked the bag I had brought up. I laid a blanket on the floor, but my pillow on one side and sat down with my mini dvd player in my lap. I had been turned on by the feel of my breasts against my daddy's face earlier, so I knew I would have to masturbate if I wanted to get any sleep. I started my copy of my sisters movie that I had made, setting the player down so I could take my clothes off. I was naked quickly and I laid myself down on my blanket. As I watched my sister take first one then another cock in her mouth, I let my hands wander. I knew exactly how to please myself. My hand slide slowly down my stomach as one of the two cocks my sister was pleasing moved to enter her from behind. As my sister moaned her pleasure, I began to furiously flick my own love button, making my body tremble. Finally it got to my favorite part, where my sister takes one cock in her pussy and the other in her ass, and I slide two of my fingers into my love hole. I suddenly felt that I was being watched, but I liked the feeling, so I began to moan with my own pleasure. I was furiously plunging my fingers in and out of myself when my orgasm finally exploded, hitting so hard my entire body lifted off my blanket. As I slowly came down, I put my fingers into my mouth and sucked them clean. I laid down, still naked, and drifted off to sleep.