

He should've known something was out of the ordinary when the house price was as low as it was. Granted, there were plenty of signs that the people wanting to sell it were *exceedingly* eager to do so, almost to the point of it being outright suspicious; that the realtor was on the same boat, seemingly far more interested in dumping the house on the first person who wanted to buy it than to actually *sell* the house itself and try to get as much out of it as possible, *should* have been a couple of significant red flags. But Clive didn't care about any of that; all he saw was an outrageously affordable home in a pretty decent neighborhood with amazing access to the nearest metropolitan area, a frankly gorgeous park just a ten minute walk away, and a crime rate so low that it was almost criminal (a joke he was far too proud of himself for thinking of). Anything and everything else was secondary, including the many warning signs that he was about to dive into a deal where he was being taken advantage of, because frankly, it didn't matter to him; it wasn't until he actually began moving in and spending the first few nights in the place itself that the raccoon began to realize something was definitely *off* about the whole place. It started off innocently enough, so much so that he was content with assuming that all the noises he was hearing were just the house settling over the night; he'd always had to contend with that, so the creaking of wood and the occasional tapping of glass were nothing he wasn't already accustomed to. Yet, starting on the second night, the noises became... frequent. *Too* frequent, enough that Clive had to start wondering whether he had an infestation in the walls; perhaps that's why the price was so low: it assumed the buyer would handle all the rats and cockroaches. Still, that was a mundane issue; an irritating one, one that left Clive feeling like he'd just been swindled, but still something that could be fixed with fumigant at such an early stage without him having to worry about a place to stay, given he still had his old roommate's apartment to crash in during the moving process. It was only after the third night, when he began hearing *voices*, that he began wondering whether he was actually going insane. He had *just* gone to bed when he almost immediately was possessed of that most terrifying of feelings: being watched. Once again, if that was entirely it, he would be happy to ignore it and move on; it wouldn't have been the first time he was about to fall asleep only to wake up with the most dreadful sensation that there was *something* right on the other side of the sheets staring down at him. He'd learned to ignore this as the weird autonomic reaction that it was, then just go back to trying to fall asleep, unconcerned by a presence that wasn't there. And he would've been glad to do the same on that occasion, had he then not heard whispering to go along with it. His spine froze, eyes widening in terror as the noises began to "tune in", his brain decoding the signals it was receiving to let him know, in no uncertain terms, that he was definitely hearing people speak around him, albeit in hushed tones, as if wanting to keep him from waking up. It was just his imagination, clearly; even as sweat began pouring down his brow, Clive still insisted that he wasn't actually *hearing* anything, and what his ears were registering was just the result of the house settling combined with his own latent paranoia, spiked by the sounds he'd been picking up over the past couple of nights. Yet, if that was the case, then why was he incapable of pulling the sheets off himself to check? Surely, if there was nothing to fear, then he should be more than able to get up and look around, because there's be nothing there; if that were true, then why did his body react so *viscerally* to this simple

thought, as if trying to warn him that doing so would be a terrible idea? Why, indeed, did his fight-or-flight response trigger when it really had no reason to, locking him in place and keeping the raccoon from doing anything other than cower underneath the sheets? It took him a significant amount of time and willpower to even move his hand close to the edge of the bed, already imagining how it would be grabbed by some ghostly appendage, and even *more so* for him to pull the sheets off from him in a wide, sweeping motion, *shouting* as he did so... only to find nothing. The room was empty, the whispering was gone, and he'd just yelled so loudly that his throat felt sore, all for absolutely nothing; Clive felt like an absolute idiot, even more so considering his neighbors probably heard him as well, forcing a blush on his cheeks as he slipped back into a proper sleeping position. No more noises hounded him that night, which, to be frank, only left him more paranoid; surely, if the sounds were perfectly natural and the result of the house itself, him scaring them off shouldn't have worked... so why did it? This was a question he didn't want answered, yet one whose solution would be thrown onto his lap the following night, when he decided he was going to set up several cameras in his room, put on some noise-cancelling headgear, then do his best to try and ignore *why* he was doing it until he fell asleep. In the morning, he would get the recording equipment off from the walls, check their contents, and ultimately realize that there was nothing to fear because he was just being paranoid for no reason, and the house was *perfectly normal*... or, at least, that's what the plan was. Instead, when Clive sat down the following morning with his laptop on top of a series of unopened boxes, what he saw on the recording left him feeling incredibly regretful over both the purchase of the house itself, and him having brewed a cup of coffee, given that his lap then required half a tube of burn cream just to get him to stop feeling like he'd dunked it in hot oil. Rather than staring at several hours' worth of a recording feed showing nothing but a completely empty room, Clive instead was faced with himself, climbing into bed with the headgear on, tugging the sheets onto his head to cover his entire body... and then a series of white smudges appearing from seemingly nowhere, coalescing from misshapen clouds into an increasingly more familiar shape over the course of a couple of minutes or so. They would come to resemble regular people, albeit ones whose lower bodies were more akin to traditional depictions of ghostly wisps, with their anthropomorphic top halves being just as ghastly white as the lower ones. Actual *ghosts*, appearing from nowhere... and then standing there, staring at where he was hiding underneath the sheets. This, above all else, was what utterly confused him; he couldn't avoid staring at the feed, trying to come up with some explanation as to what he was seeing, but the further it went on, the more bizarre it became, precisely because nothing actually *happened*. Rather than throwing stuff around or trying to make themselves "spooky" in some way, or whatever else ghosts were supposed to do, the half a dozen or so apparitions instead just... stood there (floated there?), apparently talking to one another while occasionally pointing at where he had been lying on the bed. A couple even tried to approach him, gingerly tugging at the sheets before apparently rethinking their approach and backing off; their faces, their horribly normal faces, were filled with an odd mixture of emotions, one that, depressingly enough, Clive himself recognized perfectly: excitement, mixed with unending amounts of apprehension. He'd been

there during the whole process of buying the house to begin with, which only raised the question of what the ghosts wanted out of him if they were willing to hang around for the entire night, which they most certainly did; they only vanished just before the sun came up and Clive himself woke up, leaving the raccoon to wonder whether he was actually *haunted*... or the entities wanted something out of him. At least it handily explained why the previous owners were so eager to get rid of the house as quickly as possible, leaving a sour taste in his mouth; still, he was there now, and he had to deal with it one way or another, so with a characteristic lack of concern for his own personal safety, Clive decided he was going to try and commune directly with the ghosts in the best way he could think of: tricking them into thinking he was asleep, then slowly raising a sign from under the sheets letting them know he wanted to talk. It was absurd, idiotic, and most likely wouldn't work, but at least it beat calling for a spirit medium and having to filter out the frauds from the one person who actually knew what they were talking about; thus, that night, the raccoon got ready to go to bed again, making sure to go through all the same steps he had the night before: going to the bathroom, washing his teeth, putting on his raggy PJs and then donning the noise-cancelling headgear, as if he were still blissfully unaware of the apparitions come to visit him before. The sole difference was a small paper sign he made during work that day, which he stashed under the bed when he returned under the guise of tidying it up, having "forgotten" to do so before leaving that morning. Then, it was just a matter of waiting; he couldn't take the headgear off without potentially alerting his visitors that he knew the jig was up, so his next best option was to just wait about ten or so minutes before very slowly, very carefully, picking the small sign up and gradually lowering it above the sheets, that anyone in the room might be able to read it. "*I WANT TO TALK*," it read, in large letters that anyone would be capable of seeing, with him only hoping the ghosts themselves were literate, or could interact with him properly, or indeed acted in a way that made this mad idea not nearly as stupid as he felt it was. Still, it took him an inordinate amount of time to poke his head out from under his protective barrier of cloth; the ghosts, if they were still there, had apparently decided to wait patiently for him to gather up his courage, as none of them even so much as came close to forcing the issue. Indeed, Clive made sure to check if they were trying to tug at his sheets, only to notice nothing of the sort; nevertheless, he would *eventually* manage to poke his head out from under them... only to see the six or so apparitions all patiently waiting for him on one side of his bed, hands crossed in front of them, all of them looking *terribly* embarrassed. It was enough for Clive's panic at the sight to melt away into utter confusion, since clearly, if anyone should be in an awkward position, it was *him*, not... whoever the group of foxes and vixens were. Were they a family? Had they all perished together, and were now haunting their final resting place? And why were they all so... big? All questions that coursed through the raccoon's mind before he could say anything, letting one of the ghosts, a gently-glowing vixen with an absurdly large chest, to take the initiative as she floated over closer to him, doing so in a manner that made it *exceedingly* obvious she was trying to show off her ample cleavage. But why though?

“We’re so sorry!” she declared, her voice possessed of an odd reverb, yet at the same time somewhat soothing in how soft it was, “We just... we just heard that there was someone new coming to live here, and we didn’t know how to approach you so... uh, guys?”

“Yeah, we got nothing,” one of the spirit foxes replied once the vixen turned to face the rest of the group, “no excuses here, we just didn’t know how to talk to you. Mortals can be so weird when it comes to spiritual visitations that we just sorta gave up trying to understand you.”

“Terribly sorry for waking you up that night though,” another vixen piped up, her body’s glow intensifying slightly as she, too, floated up to where her companion was, making it *two* sets of intangible breasts being pushed conspicuously close to Clive’s face, “we were just trying to figure out the best way of getting to talk to you, you know? The last people here, they didn’t like us being around, kept trying to find an exorcist to get rid of us, it was *really* rude.”

“Yeah, we had to stop showing up after that,” yet another fox added, him too deciding the best place to be was right between the two vixens, who by then were practically smothering poor Clive with their combined four tits... and making it clear that he was carrying just as much below the waist (somehow) as his companions were above it, “we kept trying to offer them a way to spice up their life, but apparently we ‘wouldn’t know the first thing’, if you can believe such a thing.”

“Yeah, I mean, look at us!” the first vixen excitedly yipped, not even bothering to hide that she was deliberately trying to stuff the raccoon’s face in her surprisingly warm and tender cleavage, “We’ve been at this for so long that we could probably write a book on it... if any of us could use a computer without going through it, of course.”

“Or a typewriter, you never know,” her (maybe-)sister added, covering whatever was left of Clive’s face in even more ghostly breastflesh.

“Point being, my friend,” the fox between them concluded, “we’re here to offer you a deal... or rather, we’re here to give you something to do when you’re bored. If you’d be willing to hear us out, that is.”

Clive would’ve loved to say something, but alas, he was smothered in so much ghost tit that he couldn’t exactly open his mouth without getting some in it... and given how, somehow, the two vixens had gone from “clothed” (for a given value of the word) to completely nude without him noticing, he was afraid he might get a nipple shoved in there for good measure. Then again, he wasn’t really thinking with his brain anymore; whether it be the absurdity of the situation or the fact he was being smothered by two pairs of tits that were bigger than his torso, the only realistic option was for him to just nod long and hope that the fox got what he was trying to say.

“Awesome! Guys, get over here!”

With this, the remaining ghosts, who by then had fully exposed themselves to reveal they were packing about as much as Clive could feel the first male was, all jumped onto his bed (floated onto? It was hard to tell), while the two vixens made good on their privileged position by somehow bloating their tits up to even *larger* sizes, enough so that it was quite clear what they wanted the raccoon to do... especially when they began moving those things around so their nips would start brushing against his mouth. He tried to put up some token resistance, which of course

meant he gave out a couple of weak moans before finally relenting and opening his mouth; almost instant, he was rewarded with a gush of warm, deliciously sugary cream, one that flowed down his throat so easily that he barely noticed it starting to swell his belly up far more than it should. This was the trigger, the point at which the rest of the ghosts knew they had their quarry right where they wanted it to be... only, instead of visiting any horrible fate upon the raccoon, the male fox apparitions instead dove straight *into* him; or rather, a very *specific* part of him, causing Clive's back to arch forward when he suddenly felt the pressure inside his nuts skyrocket, the gurgling noises coming from below working beautifully in tandem with the sound of his pajama pants ripping into pieces as his cock and balls began to billow outwards, packing on inch after inch as a result of the sudden ghostly possession! And if that wasn't enough, the extra bit of pudge he had developed as a result of all the cream he'd been drinking in those few seconds suddenly disappeared as well, his belly flattening while his chest, seemingly in response to all that mass needing to go somewhere, burgeoned outwards into a pair of breasts... ones that provided the best targets for the two vixens to suddenly plunge into, causing a relatively small bust to suddenly *explode* with size until it had reached down to cover most of Clive's torso *and* still manage to spill over onto the bed on both sides of it; not to mention the *pressure* it was putting on his still-growing dick or the filling pair of nuts, which by that point had become large enough to give himself a titfuck without the raccoon even having to move his hips at all!

He could hear the whispering again, the giggling coming from within him, he could feel the *joy* that came out of those devious little apparitions after their plaything agreed to let them in. But despite this, Clive couldn't force himself to be mad at them; if anything, he couldn't really *experience* anger, not when his brain was so occupied being flooded by raw pleasure instead. He could even hear the bed creaking at about the same time his milk-filled udders buried his head under them.

It was going to be a long night.