

Mostly Ghost  
A Hauntingly Good Vacation

## A Haunting within the Hall

I woke up several days later with a completely new wardrobe, a pile of credit card debt, and dozens of phone numbers and texts from men I didn't know. I blocked every number that was sent in the last few days. I looked at the date and it was 4 days that he had me under. Four days of my life that I would never get back. Charlie had buried me so far into my subconscious I had no idea what he had done with these men, but from the texts, I saw before they deleted; it was obscene. I didn't want too, but I knew from the way Charlie was obsessed with my phone, I knew there would be evidence. I looked into my photos and there were hundreds of selfies; some by himself but most with him draped over much older men's bodies and those were always accompanied several naked pictures. I erased every image, well almost every image. Some of the pictures of the older man's beefy buttocks were too enticing to delete.

When I finally get my bearings back I realized that the ghost was gone, Charlie was nowhere in sight, but the effects of his several day excursion with my body was very apparent. My hair was bleached, my ears were pierced, and there was now a slight lisp in my voice that fluctuated whenever I talked. When I focused my voice was able to drop back to its normal deep tenor but if I spoke quickly or erratically; I sounded like a raging homo. I felt like I was losing myself in all these possessions, and turning into a completely different person. As I stared at myself in the mirror, I barely recognized myself and was fearful of what would happen next.

\* \* \*

I laid low the next few weeks, I ignored my friends, I locked myself in my room and tried to begin to obey my rules that had protected me for so many years. But it was like something in me was activated, ghosts seemed to be drawn to me now ever since the first possession. Ones that I had never seen before seemed to flood the campus as if searching for me. And my curse wasn't the only thing that tried to get under control. The gay feelings that bubbled inside me were beginning to get out of control.

I stared at guys in class, I jerked off solely to gay porn, even flirted back with a guy on XboxLive. Even though I knew I was straight, these thoughts were making me question. Was I truly as straight as I used to be?

The Spring semester finally came to an end, and my grades were subpar, to say the least, and my social life was none existent but that did not stop my friends from roping me into the Spring break vacation that we had planned prior to all the ghostly business.

“You’re going,” Jeremy said to me as I opened the door. I walked away from the entrance to my dorm room and sat on the edge of my bed. I stared down at my perfectly manicured hands and the clear coat that caused them to give off a slight sheen.

“I cant. I don’t have -,” I began to say, repeating the lie that I had already repeated to them multiple times before. Both Jeremy and Alex had been nagging me through text this last week, trying to plan the group trip to the cove but I stayed mostly silent. And when I spoke, it was only to say that I wouldn’t be going. A declaration neither of them accepted. I stared at Jeremy and wondered, would he ever bring up seeing me jerk off to our other mutual friend? Or would he bury it under our years of friendship, and chop it up to a weird coincidence that it happened at the same time.

“Afford it? Its paid for. Mom and dad already paid for it all.” Fuck. I opened my mouth to speak up my back up a lie, but he held his hand in the air. “Save it. You’re going. We are leaving tomorrow morning at 4 am. Be awake and packed or Alex and I are throwing you in the car and bringing you against your will. So the choice is yours, but you’re going. That’s that.” He said finally before crossed his arms and stared angrily at me. I sat silently on my bed like a child that was recently berated by his parent. I looked up to one of my best friends, and his eyes softened and he took a seat next to me.

“You okay dude?” He asked. “Alex and I are getting a little worried that you are going to, like, off yourself.” I bit my lip and considered telling him everything. Telling him about the ghosts, the possessions, and the increasing hard the gay urges were to suppress. “Cause you have been acting a little different. The last few months. And we want you to know Alex and I are both here for you if you wanna talk.” Jeremy placed his hand on my knee and I looked back at him and felt a thrill go through my spine. I stared at him, surprised that I had never seen how attractive he was; his dark features, his king eyes, and his full lips. I could feel my cock begin to plump up beneath my pants. I leaned towards him as if leaning in to kiss him. But when he shirked away from my attempt at a kiss; the spell was broken. I quickly pulled my macho persona into action, knowing of one way to salvage this interaction.

“What you don’t wanna kiss and paint each other’s nails.” I joked, pushing him towards the other edge of my bed. He laughed at my joke, completely buying into my joke. “I didn’t know you were sooooo emotional Jeremy.” I laughed, putting an extra emphasis on my lisp with little to no effort.

“Oh fuck off! This is what I get for being nice!” Jeremy said as he pulled himself from the bed. “Okay nevermind. I don’t care. GO jump out a window. Asshole.”

“But Jeremy I’m so in loooooooooove with you,” I said, continuing the joke. Jeremy rolled his eyes in annoyance.

“Well if you’re so in LOOOOOOOOVE with me. Then you better be up and at the front of the damn building at 4 am tomorrow. I don’t wanna go through this crap again. Got it?” He asked. His tone was joking, but his eyes gave way; he was genuinely scared and worried for me. I took a deep breath. I could do this. I could go on a vacation and not have the world come crashing down around me.

“I’ll be there,” I told him, finally giving into my best friends begging.

“Perfect! Don’t oversleep.” And with that, Jeremy slammed the door shut behind him, not giving me even a minute to second guess my agreement. How bad could it be?

I spent the rest of the night packing my clothes, and then repacking after I realized that all of my clothes were either; super tight, super lewd, or super gay. It was like two people in my head were packing the clothes. I finally zipped my suitcase shut with a weird hodgepodge of the newer more flamboyant me and the former muted version. I tried to dump out all the overtly gay clothes, but there was a constant voice that nagged in my head about how cute I looked in the clothes or how much Alex or Jeremy would like to see me in those.

By 4 am the next morning I was standing at the front door of the building when I saw Jeremy, Alex, and our other friend Austin pull to the front of the building. Jeremy was driving, Austin was asleep in the front seat and Alex was passed out in the back seat. I tossed my stuff into the truck and jumped into the back seat. At the early hour of the morning, the only people that were out were either runners or the undead. It was a briefly relaxing seeing the ghosts disappear in the rearview mirror as we drove away from the campus. Each of them searching for a person who was going to be gone for the next seven days, and I hoped that it would be enough time for them to give up and finally go back to where they belonged.

The ride was uneventful but at the same time agonizing while I sat beside Alex. He cuddled up into his pillow due to the early morning and fell asleep. I stared at his rounded ass, as it was pushed towards me. His skin tight blue jeans begged for relief every time he adjusted himself, but it seemed to only stretch the already strained fabric further. My cock and my mouth drooled the entire ride while I tried to not stare at his cheeks. Which was found to be very difficult since they were pushed towards me like a present on Christmas morning. Multiple times I “accidentally” brushed my hand against his cheek and felt the dense beefy cheek beneath the blue jean and could barely control the moan of ecstasy at just the touch. I considered cuddling up to the hulking man that laid next to me, but my straighter more

realistic mindset kept my feeling under control. It wouldn't have been much easier if it wasn't a 16-hour drive.

It was almost nine by the time we arrived at the house, or should I say McMansion. It was humongous and right near the oceanfront, but tucked away down a dirt path. The dirt path was lined with trees with dead moss that covered the light of the stairs and moon, which only added to the creepiness of the driveway.

"We're here!" Jeremy announced, to which nobody responded. "Bitch! I said we are here!" He shouted once again much louder, rousing those of us who were asleep.

"Whaaa?" Austin asked as he rubbed his eyes. "Are we there yet?"

"Yup. Were here. You can sleep in the trees while we sleep up there." Jeremy nodded to the large house that sat before us. Austin and Alex both gasped at the sight of the large White House that stood stark against its dark surroundings.

"Did we really need such a humongous place?" Alex asked as he pushed his head out the window for a better view. Large white columns decorated the front of the house and surrounding the large wooden door that sat in the center. The two stories were covered in creeping vines that were still able to be seen even with the minimal amount of light that was being projected from our car.

"Planned ahead. I didn't think we would spend every night alone. Don't y'all wanna find some chicks and bring them back?" Jeremy asked, obviously ready to throw multiple ragers over the next week.

"Whatever you want Jeremy. I just want a bathroom and a bed," Alex said as he stretched over my body. His ass pressed against my lap as he stretched which made my finally soft cock grow immediately erect and my cheeks to grow red. "Sorry, bud. Legs are cramping," he groaned as he wiggled his thick thighs and ass over my lap, obviously not feeling my cock press against his legs.

"Oh, its – uh – fine," I stammered as I looked out my window at the dark surroundings, trying to not make a scene or give him any inclination of me enjoying this place. "How did we afford this place?" I asked, trying to keep the conversation going while Alex continued to wiggle and stretch.

"Apparently it's haunted," Jeremy explained. It was then, that my stomach fell.

"Oooooooooo," Austin said, giving his best impression of a ghost. "Scarrrrrryyyyy," he laughed.

"Well, the story goes that the owner of the house wasn't the nicest of guys. And he kept his servants confined to the house and nobody was ever allowed to leave....not even in death....OOOOOOOooooooooOOO," Jeremy said, as he wiggled his fingers in a mysterious manner. "Some

people say that if you look into the master bedroom at night you can still see Lord Gregory still standing in his windowsill, watching to make sure that nobody ever left."

As Jeremy continued to tell the story I could feel my pulse as it began to quicken and my brow began to sweat. I looked into the top windows of the house, expecting to see an old man's face staring back at me but every window was empty. Nothing but an old wives tale, I told myself. Just a stupid myth that people like to tell tourists to get people to rent a rundown house from the 1900s. Or that's what I hoped.

Even as we pulled into the front of the house and unpacked the car I continued to look into every window, scared of what I might find staring back at me. But still, nothing was seen in the windows. We sectioned off into our separate rooms, and everyone went immediately to sleep, except for myself. I paced in the room for what seemed like hours, anticipating a ghost to slip through the walls at any second. By the time midnight rolled around, I had finally worked myself into an anxious mess that I knew that I needed to lay down.

*"Hey, are you still awake?" A voice asked from the other side of my door. I rolled towards the door and saw Jeremy's face peeking through a large crack.*

*"Yeah, what's up?" I asked as I sat up against the headboard. Jeremy stepped into my room wearing nothing but his boxers and shut the door softly behind him and slid onto my bed. "I have something that I want to share with you and it's really been bothering me."*

*"What's wrong?"*

*"This," he said as he leaned towards me and pressed his lips against mine. His hands touched my arms and pushed me against the headboard as he pushed further into the kiss, and slipped his tongue into my mouth. I moved my hands from underneath the blanket and placed my hands on his muscular body. My hands rolled down his hairless back as he moved across my bare skin. His fingers found my nipples and slowly began to twist and pull on both of them which only caused me to issue moans of delight. I could feel his hard cock as it pressed against my thigh through the blanket, which mine did the same. He pulled away slightly and smiled. "I have always wanted to do that, and when you leaned in earlier I wanted to kiss you so badly but was too afraid."*

*"Don't be. I want it. I want you." He took my words as free reign to take control. He sunk his mouth onto my neck and bit and sucked as he moved his way to my lower body. His kisses were a pathway which lead underneath the comforter, which he quickly threw to the side. "Fuck. Those are so sexy," he growled as he stared at my pink bikini brief. I blushed. I was afraid he would have found them too gay. "Turn over. I wanna see that ass." I obediently flipped over and he whistled in appreciation at*

*the sight of my two-toned cheeks that swallowed the backside of my underwear. He swatted one playfully while caused my cock to respond with a burp of precum into my underwear.*

*"Fuck!" I cried as I arched my back more eager for more.*

*"Oh, you like that?" Jeremy asked, but something seemed off. His voice seemed deeper, almost rapier but I was too lost in the pleasure to even take notice.*

*"Yes! Spank me!" I begged as I felt his hands slap onto my cheeks. "Spank me, daddy!" I cried as my cock struggled to bounce free of my underwear. I buried my face in the pillow as his hands slapped and massaged each of my cheeks, moving from one to another and underneath the backside of the underwear. I could feel his fingers graze against my hole as he assaulted my cheeks.*

*Without even asking I felt him take hold of the underwear and rip it from my body. I let out a squeal of delight when I felt him pull apart my cheeks and he blew a stream of cold air against my asshole. I had never thought that Jeremy would profess that he was gay, let alone have sex with me on this trip. Before could even tilt my head around to see what he was doing he plunged his face between my cheeks and that was when my cock began to drain into my sheets. Long lines of precum dripped from my cock as his tongue probed deep into my hole and he teeth chewed on my inner cheeks.*

*"Fuck! Daddy deeper!" I cried as I pulled my own cheeks apart.*

*"I prefer Sir!" He said from behind me, and this time the voice was a drastic change. It was no longer the mild tenor that belonged to Jeremy but a deep aggressive bass. I looked over my shoulder and jerked back in surprise at the sight of the much older man who had taken Jeremy's place between my cheeks. The jolt and surprise felt like I was falling. Falling through my bed, through the floorboards, and deep into the earth.*

*"Fuck!" I groaned as I awoke to the feeling of something pressing into my hole. My legs were held up into the air by invisible threads while the same older man's stood between my legs.*

*"This is going to be so much fun!" He grunted as multiple sex toys floated into view. My body was a battleground of emotions; a mix of fear and excitement. My mind was wild with questions about if the story that Jeremy was telling early, or would the first time he was consciously going to bottom be with a ghost?*