

Harry the Ghost – Part 1

(Female Body Possession Erotica)

By Nikki L. Falcon

Last Edit: Saturday, November 17, 2018

Copyright © 2018 Nikki L. Falcon

All Rights Reserved

This book is dedicated to all my fans and supporters on Patreon, DeviantArt, and Tumblr. Without your support and encouragement, I could never have created this and any other of my stories. Thank you very, very much. I really appreciate your help and words of encouragement.

Final Notes from the Author...

Thank you for downloading my book!

I really want to be an amazing writer and give my readers an unforgettable, exciting experience as they dive into my stories and my fictional worlds.

Everyone is free to offer constructive feedback on my work by messaging me on DeviantArt or Tumblr. Links are below.

All pictures are used with permission from the stock image creators and any characters in this book are over the age of 18.

This book may contain sexual scenes which are not suitable for younger audiences.

Themes in this book include: Female body possession, ghosts, female self-pleasure, and futanari-on-female sex.

Part 1 – Ghostly Abilities

I looked around. I could see nothing. It was all black. It wasn't cold or warm, just this darkness. Then, suddenly, in front of me shot out this large bright light. Like a stage light being shined right in front of me. I knew that's where I had to go. Where I, Harry, must go to. It was my destiny. The end of the line. I must've passed away and this was my chance to live out the rest of my life in eternal bliss and joy in heaven. This was my chance. But I politely declined.

With a smirk on my face, if I even had one, I walked away from it. Walked further and further away into the darkness. Hoping to find a way out. Another way beyond just this light here in front of me. So, this is what it feels like to pass away, but strangely enough, I wasn't interested in it in even the slightest.

I hovered away until finally I was surrounded by this darkness all around me. I couldn't see the light anymore. Did it go away? Was I safe now? I pondered as I walked more and more into the darkness.

Then, suddenly, blindingly, everything was lit up again. I could see again. I could still feel and smell everything around me, but my senses were very muffled and dulled down. But looking around, I could see where I was. I was in my apartment. There was a broken bookshelf with books all over the ground and my glass vase on the ground. My body was being carried away two paramedics and there were two more police officers scurrying around my place, examining various things.

At that moment, I realized what had happened. I had passed away. I could see the people talking amongst themselves. It was hard to hear, but I could hear them just a little bit. Like whispers coming through the wind, that's what I could hear.

"Heart attack." The paramedic said.

A nearby police officer shaking his head in agreement, taking notes on his small spiral notebook. A blue pen in his hand.

"Yeah, I guess so. He reached for the shelf to stabilize himself, but I guess it fell down and broke a few things." The police officer nearby spoke.

They continued talking as they carried the body away. My body. It wasn't mine anymore, I guess.

I felt a little bit sad at my passing. A little bit. I hadn't missed much. I did all I could. It was a good life, but I could've done better. I felt that I could've really improved myself more. That I could've been and done just a little bit more.

Realizing I was a ghost, I walked away. I wanted to leave this building. To leave my apartment behind. I walked towards the front door and attempted to open the handle, but when I reached for it, I floated right through the door itself and into the hallway.

I truly had become a ghost. I looked at myself. I looked the same as always, but now I could see it more clearly in the light. I don't think anyone else could see me, but I could see myself. I was wearing the same clothes that I died in, a polo shirt, jeans, and sneakers, but it all didn't look so real to me. I looked a little bit off. As if the person who I was here wasn't really human. I had this faint, wispy kind of look to myself. My clothes weren't really clothing, but an essence or spirit of who I originally was. I was like this gas or air-like being now, but I still looked like the me I was when I died.

I took my hand and tried to touch my chest, but my hand just went through myself. I was not of the physical anymore. I was certainly a ghost now.

The apartment where I spent that last few years of my life living was dull and boring. There were 20 floors to it with multiple rooms on each floor for tenants to live in. I was on floor 7, down the hall.

My wish, although I doubt it could ever come true, was that I wished I could say hello to this one girl that I knew. She was very attractive. She lived down the hall from me, but lived in room 701, where I was in 708.

I always saw her when I was coming and going from the apartment complex. She would often sit on the first floor in the large, old lobby that overlooked the streets. She would sit there with a book or her cell phone in a big, comfy chair and just read or

play on her phone. I'd see her while I came in with my groceries or coming home from work.

When I passed away, I was 55 years old. I don't know if I was too young or too old to die – especially from a heart attack, but with the way my exercise and eating regimen was... well... I think I had it coming.

It was still so odd to be a ghost. I was here on Earth, but I wasn't at the same time. Strange. The light I saw earlier must have been calling me to Heaven, but I declined. Will I ever be able to go back? Will I stay here for all eternity? I wasn't certain of that, but a part of me thought it couldn't be. There probably was a way back, if I wanted it. But first I had to do one thing first. I had to say hello and goodbye to the girl down the hall.

I looked out the window. I saw the paramedics carrying my body on a stretcher to the awaiting ambulance. The police car went off, followed soon by the ambulance. I was in the clear.

Her name was Stephanie. A shy, but very beautiful 23-year old girl. My mind kept thinking of her. How she'd sit there in her perfect, thin body reading her novels that she borrowed from the library down the street. Sometimes her blonde hair would get in the way, and she'd brush it aside. Always reading. If I had to describe her, I'd say she looks like the kind of girl that maybe is rich and goes to the clubs downtown since she always wears heels and attractive skirts and blouses. I could easily see her large breasts and thin, but strong physique.

She looked both studious and exciting at the same time. The perfect type. I loved her metallic, shiny glasses that she wore sometimes when she read. She was shy, but at the same time, open, warm, and friendly.

My mind always thought about her. How she acted. How she was. I wanted to be with her. I wanted to talk to her and, at the very least, just ask her out. Just try. She'd turn down an old fart like me quickly, but at least she'd be kind about it.

I started walking down the hall towards Stephanie's apartment.

It was a little bit strange to walk down my apartment as a ghost. I felt lighter and freer. I thought that as a ghost maybe I'd feel much different, but I still felt the same as I'd always been.

I walked to her apartment. Room 701 and, trying out my ghostly abilities again, I phased through the door of her place. Her apartment, although it had much the same layout as I did, was decorated quite differently than mine.

Where my apartment was a lot more simple and quaint, hers was a lot more decorated and colorful. I saw lots of blues, pinks, and purples all around. She had many scenery paintings around and a large bookshelf which was overflowing with books. She had a small TV, but her main dining room table was decorated with fancy plates, silverware, an expensive-looking table cloth, and many little decorations strewn about.

Despite her living the single life and in a downtown, modest apartment, she must've loved beautiful and decorative things. I never really expected much out of her.

I walked closer to her room and went through the door. She was laying on her bed, on her stomach, and reading a book with her earbuds in. She wore some very short shorts and a cotton T-shirt. She must not have really noticed all the commotion going on outside down the hall. I don't blame her. She shouldn't be exposed to such a thing. She seemed so innocent and cute laying there on her bed. Her long, blonde hair streaming down her back. Her white skin and her cute face.

I stared at her thin neck and gazed down to her shoulders and then down to her thin waist. She was very attractive. I don't know if a ghost could get a boner, I wasn't going to check now, but I certainly felt like I had one.

Her ass was big and plump, but not too fat. A tight, perfect, little ass. She had thin, soft legs and nice thighs. She looked incredible. I could see just a tiny bit of her panties too, if I looked deep into the openings of her shorts where her legs came out. She wore these white panties and I'm sure her bra was the same. Her toenails were shiny and nice too. She was the exact definition of femininity. I wanted her so bad.

I wanted to talk to her, but when I spoke, she couldn't hear me. I tried to greet her, to say hello, but she couldn't hear. I guess that now that I'm ghost, she couldn't hear me.

Or maybe it was her earbuds blocking the sound. Maybe that was it.

I moved closer to her and reached over to her ears. I was going to try and take out the things, so she could hear me, maybe. I had no idea if it was going to work or not, but I reached for them, but my hand just went right through the cord. I couldn't touch them.

That wasn't going to work, so I reached over and touched her on her back. I tried to tap her, but then my hand went right into her.

My hand stayed there for a second or two, then I started to feel warm. Stephanie must've started to feel cold and she shivered a little bit. Then, I felt this strong pull, like her and I were two magnets being pulled together. At first, it was a gentle pull and attraction, but then it got stronger and stronger and I was ripped from where I was standing and flown, shot, right into her body.

It took only a second before I went face-first straight into her soft back.

It was dark. All dark again. Maybe three or four seconds went by. Then, I heard her gasp. My body felt tense. Very tense. All my muscles were clamping down hard. I started to feel warm. Going from a slight cold to becoming more and more warm. Warmer and warmer. And then... my eyes opened.

I looked around. I was on her bed. Facing the wall, like she was. Her book on the ground. The light from the window streaming down onto my face, warming me with its rays.

Warmth.

Heat.

"Was I alive?" I thought to myself.

I looked around. I was on her bed, laying where she was. Her mirror, right across from me, stood there. I saw a figure there on the bed. When I moved, it moved. I looked closer at it. It was Stephanie. It was me.

I realized that I had become Stephanie. I looked down at my hands. I had her hands. Her thin, white hands. Her lean body, her soft, gentle features, her dainty arms. I had it all. It was incredible. I couldn't believe it.

I got up from the bed and walked over the mirror. It felt strange. I felt heavier. It must be because now I'm human again. I have actual weight to myself. It's interesting. I was in shock.

"How?" I wondered. "How did this happen?"

I looked down. I had her legs, her thin belly, her wide hips, her nice, sexy ass, and even her incredible tits! Fuck! I looked amazing! I smiled.

I had possessed her body. It wasn't exactly my intention. I was hoping to just talk to her, but I had to admit, this was rather interesting. Very intriguing. I kinda liked it.

I never thought about being a girl, but this was fun. Since I had the chance, there's no reason not to give it all up. There's no reason to leave her body. I'm sure I could leave her anytime I wanted. I doubt I was stuck like this. But since I was here for now, might as well make the most of it. Of course, who else gets the chance to possess the girl of their dreams. A hottie like this.

I admired myself in the mirror. Spinning around, checking out my ass. Even giving my ass a good slap. Which, although I was embarrassed to admit it, actually turned me on. It made me a bit excited.

I spoke and when I did, her voice came out. When I smiled, I had her smile. I had her laugh. When I walked, I walked like she walked. I was her in every single aspect. This ghost life was actually kind of fun. Exhilarating. I hoped to kind of stay this way for a bit longer. I was having more fun as a ghost, taking over her body, trying her out, than I did as a man. This was more than fun; it was the best thing that's probably ever happened to me.

I took off her clothes and threw them aside. Admiring my sexy body in the mirror. She was thin, trim, and so hot. Very attractive. I'm surprised she didn't have a

boyfriend yet. Why? I don't know. She could probably get any guy she wanted with a killer body like this.

I took my hand and began to explore my new, sexy body. I looked so hot. Her skin was soft and smooth. So gentle. Not even a bit of body hair on her.

Her breasts were something I was particularly intrigued by. I slowly brought my hands up to them. I bounced them gently. They had some weight to them. Slightly heavy on my chest. I see why girls needed bras. These things get heavy and annoying.

Gently, my middle finger brushed up against my nipple. I sharply gasped, my eyes going half-shut. I felt this warm, soft, tingly pleasure running through my chest. All I did was barely even touch it. Barely even ran my finger up against it and I felt such incredible pleasure. Girls have it so lucky.

I sat back down on the bed and slowly began to play with my nipple. Pinching, squeezing, and toying with my new boobs. Squishing my boobs with my hands was nowhere near as pleasurable as pinching them.

The pleasure was so intense. I laid back and enjoyed the sensations of my body. Pinching, squeezing, pulling, and playing with my new, beautiful, nipples. Feeling every bump and edge of my new nipples. Licking my lips, closing my eyes, getting lost in the pleasure. It felt good. Very warm and relaxing pleasure. But I could feel something else getting excited too.

I felt this dampness and pleasure in my crotch. I reached down. Letting my hands slowly brush against my tight belly and down to my crotch and along my pussy. Her pussy was so wet. Dripping wet and warm.

I barely even touched it and I was getting so turned on already. Her nipples must be really sensitive and can turn her on this easily. I took my middle finger and slowly brushed and stroked my warm, pink, little pussy.

I moaned. Still surprised at my new voice. My girly, sexy, feminine, pretty voice. I was so turned on. I stroked my pussy more and played with my nipples in my other

hand. My eyes closed. I leaned back. Sometimes my body would convulse. I could feel the pleasure building and building inside me. I felt like I was going to cum.

I kept going slow, gentle, careful with my new body. Enjoying each stroke against my sensitive pussy and each gentle tug on my nipple. I could feel my hair down along my shoulders. My ass on the soft, relaxing bed. The warmth of the room. Even though I skipped on heaven earlier, this must be what it feels like, at least for a moment.

I kept stroking and playing with myself. I could feel the pleasure building and building, rising and rising inside of my body. My body becoming all warm. My face becoming very red. My nipples getting hard and a little bigger.

I went a little faster, more intense. It was a little bit scary, but it felt so good. I didn't want it to stop. I kept going and going until finally, I felt this big rush of pleasure filling my body, my eyes going into the back of my head almost, and my body convulsing. My hips shook and rocked.

I came.

I could feel her juices coming out of her pussy. She gets wet so easily. So incredibly turned on. Some of her juices soaked her thighs and the little part where I was sitting on her bed.

"Oh fuck..." I said softly, letting my hands fall to my side, leaning back up against the bed.

I've never felt such incredible pleasure before in my life. It was so much. So intense. This powerful feeling took over my body. I felt a little bit sleepy. Tired out. Almost no energy in my body, not even enough to close the blinds before I just laid there on the bed and slowly went to sleep.

I slept for I don't even know how long. I was just so exhausted that I couldn't wake up. I didn't want to wake up. I just wanted to stay in bed forever. I had no energy left. Nothing.

But of course, that wouldn't go on forever. I've never felt pleasure like that before in my life, so I was more than happy to live in the bliss and afterglow of the entire event. I had one thought and one thought only, what if I did this some more?

I enjoyed it so much, I kind of wanted to do it with more girls. Maybe try some new experiences. Something else. I was starting to enjoy my little ghostly life.

I slept for quite a while until I heard the doorbell buzzer go off.

It woke me right up. I didn't know who it was or what they wanted, but I was still in Stephanie's body. I was going to try to find a way out of her body and escape while I still could. I was going to let her deal with the mess, but then I realized why do that. Maybe... just maybe... it'd be a lot of fun to act like her a little bit. Just a little bit more. If it's some hot stud, would I have sex with him? Would he have sex with me? Would it be gay? I'm a ghost and now I'm a girl, so I doubt it really matters. It'd be fun. Just this one time. You only live once and well... I lived once, so I know better than anyone.

I threw on my clothes really quick and while my hair was a little bit messy, I didn't mind. I doubt they would either. I looked good, but still, I was turned on. I could feel that my pussy was dying for a little bit more fun, but I had to decline. Just had to wait a little bit more. I could probably stay in her body forever and just keep on masturbating forever. That alone was exciting as it was.

I went over to the door and opened it. I was surprised. It was a girl.

This Hispanic girl with tan skin, some dark make-up, wearing a nice blouse and jeans was there. She had a thin face, a nice nose, and big, beautiful eyes. She looked very attractive. I bet she was the same age as Stephanie.

Then suddenly, I had a kind of shock. An epiphany. I knew who she was. Rose. Her name was Rose, and she was my best friend. Or rather, Stephanie's friend. It must be because of the possession. I could access Stephanie's memories whenever I needed them. I instantly remembered who she was and all of the fun times we've had together. She was coming over for... a movie.

“Hey!” she said, reaching her arms out to give me a hug.

We shared a good hug and I invited her inside.

We began to chat and talk. I let Stephanie’s memories and habits do it all for me. Instinctually, I knew what to say and how to say it. I was able to be her in every way possible.

She was coming over to watch a movie. I looked down and Rose had some various snacks in a little bag and two little cans of beers.

“I’ll go get everything ready. You look like you just got out of bed? Took a nap?” she said as she walked off happily.

She got the snacks ready and I turned on the TV and got Netflix working on it. She can choose the movie. I had another interesting idea.

While I was inside of Stephanie’s body, I was very intrigued by this new girl here. I kinda liked her. She was fun, peppy, and she looked hot. I felt strange about the whole thing.

On the one hand, Stephanie saw Rose as a friend. They were good friends and have been very close. Three times so far, although in an awkward memory for both of them, they got a little drunk in the past and had a very short make-out session together. They were drunk when it happened and in the privacy of Stephanie’s apartment, so it was quickly forgotten. Still, while they liked each other as friends, there was this interesting pull between them.

There was this attraction. This desire. This sense of fun and excitement between them. I could feel it. As if they were friends, but more could be added to it. They could become more than friends if things got a little bit out of control. Neither of them was ready or comfortable to move it in that direction, but if such a thing was to happen between them... well... it would happen.

I decided to have a little bit of fun. Since I was in her body and it seemed like they kind of wanted to be together. There’s no sense in ending it. Why not help them

both out? Perhaps it's the nice thing to do. What's a ghost to do anyways? Might as well bring to wonderful ladies together in the best way I know how.

We both sat down on the couch and Rose brought out a bunch of snacks and popcorn. They sat down and watched a romance movie and drank some beer.

Stephanie wasn't much of a beer drinker, but Rose was. She finished her own really quick and almost drank half of Stephanie's.

Neither of them was very drunk, but they were getting loose and relaxed. I decided to now step it up. Now was my time to have fun.

I reached over and pulled Rose in closer to me.

"Oh?" she said surprised, but happily rubbed up against Stephanie. They had a good bond going on between them and they got along well. They were both very comfortable with each other.

I began to stroke Rose's leg gently. Feeling her soft, smooth leg. Rose enjoyed this relaxed caressing from her friend. It was ok. She felt safe and comfortable.

Then, I brought her face up away from the movie and made her look up at me. We looked at each other for a little bit in each other's eyes. It lasted only a few seconds, but it was powerful. Then, I lowered myself down and kissed her on the lips.

Her soft, pillow-like lips felt incredible up against my own. It was making me so turned on and excited.

Rose pulled back and smiled.

"Already kissing me? We shouldn't. This isn't right. Aren't we friends?" she said.

She wanted to stop it from happening. They were friends, but it just felt so naturally and so right. They didn't want to stop.

I ignored it, smirked, and went back to kissing her. Rose soon got up on her butt and

leaned against me. We kept making out right then and there. Completely ignoring the movie. We were only about 25 minutes in or so and already we were making out.

I couldn't help it. My earlier self-pleasure session was just driving me insane. I wanted more release. More pleasure. More. I couldn't stop myself even if I tried. I was just so turned on. But now Rose was here. Here to help me.

Rose began to French kiss me. I could feel her tongue moving around in my mouth. It was so intense. Then, I reached up and gently grabbed her breast in my little feminine hand. Her tits were large, but not as big as mine. Her figure was good, but I think that my hips were bigger too. She was more of a thin beauty where I was a bit wider, but still looked good and I wasn't fat too.

I loved Stephanie's body. I needed to come back to this more often.

I began to kiss Rose and fondle her tits. She soon reached out and began to stroke my thighs. Going up and down, up and down. Making me go wild.

Soon, Rose too reached up and began to play with my own breasts and nipples. Stroking, pulling, and twisting my nipples. Getting me, all turned on.

"Fuck..." I thought to myself.

I just couldn't stop it. It all felt too good. This body. A girl's body. Was just too much.

I imagined what it would be like to be a man and be able to fuck Rose's tight little body. Her warm, wet pussy on my dick as I slammed and fucked her senseless.

Suddenly, I felt this weird warmth and pleasure building up again in my groin. I was completely turned on.

Rose took her hand and began to stroke my thigh again. The touch of her soft, gentle hand was so pleasant that I was getting even more turned on. Soon, she moved her hand towards my groin and into my shorts. She was reaching for my pussy.

But I felt something stiff. Something hard down there. I didn't look. I was still making out with her.

That's when she reached down into my shorts, hoping to gently caress my pussy, but instead she found my big, hard dick.

She pulled back and looked down at what she touched. Sure enough, popping out of one of the leg holes of my shorts was my big, hard, thick dick.

"Steph! You... you have a dick?" she asked surprised, her eyes going wide.

Hell, myself, I didn't know at all either why this happened. I didn't think ghosts had the ability to modify their host's bodies, but apparently, I do. Still, that wasn't the question right now. The only thing I was concerned with was satisfying my incredible lust for this girl. I had to get myself off. And I knew what I had to do.

I pulled off my shorts and took off my shirt, revealing my hot body to her. Still, I had a big, raging hard-on right now. And I needed it satisfied.

"Hell yeah, girl. Now, shut up and help me out." I said with a smirk.

I put my hand behind her head and slowly lowered her mouth down towards my dick. She gave me one quick look. She looked a little bit confused, a little worried, but she was so turned on I don't think she really cared. Her face was all red from me touching her and turning her on that I don't think she worried about it anymore. Seeing her friend with a dick might just be the perfect thing right now.

She slowly got down and started sucking me off. Licking my new dick slowly and carefully. Toying with it, playing with it.

I'm sure she was a little surprised to see her friend now had a big, manly dick between her legs, but it didn't matter. She just wanted some dick so bad.

She slowly licked and sucked my dick. It was definitely my old dick that I had when I was a man. I must've somehow used my ghost powers to modify her body to my desires. Interesting. I could use this power to my advantage in the future.

She kept sucking and licking my dick. Sometimes trying to go as deep and hard as she could. Trying to get me as hard as possible. I saw her hand reach back to her own pussy and she began to play and stroke herself while getting me off. She was such a little slut. She liked this. She was enjoying this. I could tell when she looked up at me with her bright, beautiful eyes. She had the look that she was really enjoying it to its fullest.

I almost wanted to cum, but I had to save it. Not yet.

I slowly brought Rose's head up and off of my dick. She looked at me with a kind of disappointed face. Maybe she thought that I didn't find it all pleasurable. Maybe that she didn't do a good enough job. She did a great job. I gently petted her head a few times and then pulled her closer onto my lap. She took off the rest of her own clothes and got naked for me. She was hot! Beautiful breasts, a thin body, clear skin. Amazing.

"Maybe I should possess her later." I thought to myself. "She could use a few fixes. Maybe some bigger breasts, wider hips, a thicker butt."

Thinking about it just made me even more turned on.

Rose got up and over on top of my lap. She took her soft, gentle hand and slowly slid my dick into her pussy and then let her body sit on my lap.

She was so warm and wet inside. So tight! My dick was maybe too big for her. Once it was all the way in, her face clearly showed that she never had a dick as big as mine before. I could reach all the way in and touch the back end of her pussy, right to her most sensitive spots.

She let out a loud moan. A bit embarrassing. I wonder if the neighbors will hear this.

"Fuck, Steph! I don't know when you got a dick, but oh my god, it feels so good." She said, moaning passionately.

She rocked her body back and forth, back and forth on my dick. Really enjoying every inch of my dick as it stroked her most intimate and pleasurable spots. We barely even started and already Rose came once.

Her head tilting back, her whole body shaking and spasming uncontrollably. She was so turned on. I smirked. I liked fucking her. She felt so good. I was happy she was enjoying it as much as I was, perhaps even more so.

She rocked her body, back and forth, back and forth. Coming again and again and again. She came so much that her pussy and her thighs and the sofa was getting a little bit wet from all of her juices.

I kept fucking her harder and harder, more and more, over and over. She couldn't take it. She came maybe a dozen or two times before I finally came myself. I shot my load straight into her warm, wet pussy.

Then, she hugged me tight for a few minutes, enjoying my warmth.

Soon, she got off of me and sat next to me. The movie still playing in the background. She snuggled up next to me and it wasn't long before she fell asleep from the pure exhaustion.

I almost did as well.

I had to admit, being a ghost certainly has its advantages. It was so hot and fun to possess and play around in Stephanie's body. I never thought I'd be doing it, but I did. And then I got to fuck her best friend with my own dick.

While Rose was sleeping, I concentrated and managed to revert my dick back into Stephanie's original pussy again. It was weird watching it shrink back to normal and then turn into a pussy. Then, I concentrated again and soon exited Stephanie's body. I stood over the two. Rose sleeping next to Stephanie, who was also passed out from all the fun and excitement. Probably the possession took a lot of energy out of her. I wonder if she'll remember any of this in the morning. I'm sure Rose certainly will.

The question was, what should I do next? I wasn't ready to go to heaven yet. Down

the street was this beautiful, expensive, luxury hotel. It was called, the Waterford Royal Hotel. It often had many couples that were getting married there or were staying in the city for a vacation. As a ghost, I probably could go anywhere and do almost anything. I think it'd be rather fun to check it out. And, knowing that I can possess others and even modify their bodies, well... that's an ability I want to keep on trying out again and again. It was time for a little bit of fun.

(To Be Continued)

Thank you for reading!

If you have any comments or questions, you can always message me on my DeviantArt or Tumblr accounts.

I'd also appreciate it if you left a review on the site where you received it. I love getting feedback. I read all of it. It helps me improve as a writer, so I can make better stories for you.

Thank you again and I hope you look forward to more from me.

Love,

Nikki