

A photograph of a woman's back, showing her shoulders, spine, and lower back. She is wearing a red lace bra with thin straps and a matching red polka-dot garter belt. The background is a soft, light-colored gradient.

THE  
FRANKLIN HILLSIDE  
MANSION  
Part 1

NIKKI L. FALCON

# **The Franklin Hillside Mansion**

**(Female Possession Erotica)**

**By Nikki L. Falcon**

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## **Acknowledgements & Dedications**

I want to humbly thank all the TG caption creators out there who make captions and support the community. Seeing you make captions inspires me to make my own stories all the time. Thank you so much!

I also want to thank my loyal, amazing fans on [Patreon](#) who support me every month. Without you, none of this would have been possible. Thank you so much for your contribution to the arts. You all bring me one step closer to making stories full-time, and thus, make more stories for you.

## **Final Notes from the Author**

Thank you very much for downloading my short story! I really want to be an amazing writer and give my readers an unforgettable, exciting experience as they dive into my fictional worlds.

Feel free to offer constructive feedback on my work by messaging me on Deviant-Art 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.

Themes in this book include: Sexy female body possession, sex, ghosts, and haunted houses.

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## **Part 1: First Encounter**

The Franklin Hillside home was a large mansion that stood atop a steep hill. It's clearly visible from the large city of Welnsburg below. It was an old Victorian-era home. Old, ruined. Nobody cleans it or maintains it in even the slightest. Everyone is too scared to go up there. They say it's haunted.

But me, I'm not like those types of people. I certainly am not. I am different. I'm the type of strong, powerful, independent girl who likes to explore. See the world. Go places. And if there's one thing I'm not afraid of, it's going around and being afraid of ghosts.

Such a strange thing. However, I must say that ghosts are at least a little interesting. In all my travels, I've never even heard of a real, live ghost. It just sounded like a silly myth. There was no truth to it at all. However, I'm strong and brave - even though I might not look it.

My name is Mona. Yes, everyone makes fun of me for my name like Mona Lisa. I love to go exploring and trying out new places. It's so important to me. I've never been afraid of anything. I, if you haven't heard of me yet, am a 21 year old woman with a Bachelor's in archaeology. I frequently study old works and texts of many different kinds. It's just what I like to do. It's draws to me. It compels me. I feel this always sense of excitement and unnerving-ness with every time that I go places and I can't solve the mystery. Call it what you may, but it's a passion of mine. I love learning about everything. I just feel all this energy every time I do it.

And today, I'm in Welnsburg. This mansion has been on my mind for the past few months. The mystery will be revealed. I told my friends I was going to go, but none of them wanted to join me. Oh well. But now, finally, I had the chance to visit this place and go to this mansion. I interviewed everyone in the city about the place.

Once they were done staring at my fantastic body (those pervs, although I do have nice breasts and a tight ass with slim legs), they told me

about the place. What an interesting thing. So... many years ago, there was this inventor and his name was Charles. And he had these three friends.

Charles was an inventor. He invented a way to bring back people from death. That's right. Bring people from wherever they were, back to the land of the living. It was absolutely amazing. He was just about to finish his project. Everyone in the city thought that he was a madman, but they had some hope. And then, within seconds, his project blew up in his face. Literally, it blew up!

While he was working on it, the machine he was building exploded into a million pieces. The parts and little doo-dads flew everywhere. A light blue smoke slowly spread out from the machine and then flew out of the house. It apparently vaporized him instantly. His three servants were also killed. It was insane.

When the people got there to check up on him, they saw that it was completely empty, the house. The basement where the machine was held was in a smoky ruin, but the house itself was more or less fine. No fire or anything. Just a little charred remains on the walls and everything. They couldn't find any remains of the man. He must've been completely vaporized when it all happened. His servants too. Probably a painless and quick death. No idea what happened to them. They began to search around the house. Go into and up and down all the twisty corridors trying to find anything that they could. Any clues.

Then... they started hearing these weird noises. It was strange. Like, at first they thought it was nothing, but then they kept on listening and they realized that it was actually a ghost! Real ghosts! They heard it! Real ghosts!

They ran around the house in fear.

A real ghost came out and spooked the inspectors. They ran out of the house and ever since then, they were too scared to go back there ever again. Nobody could believe such a story. But, the inspectors who were there were sure they saw an actual ghost. They had to have seen one. It was light blue, they cried and it was translucent. It was horrible. Who could have ever done such a thing? They never thought it was real either. And there it was.

Ever since then, years have gone by, and nobody ever decided to go up there again. Until today. I'm going there. And I'm not afraid to go.

I walked up the long pathway to the hillside mansion. It was a long walk from the town up to there. I didn't have my car with me, so I had to walk with nothing but a backpack on my back. It was a quiet, warm day out there and I had to walk up the hill. The birds stopped chirping. It was just a few trees and these many statues along the pathway

The statues all looked so old. The shrubbery was old and ruined and out of shape. Clearly not well maintained by anyone. The trees were overgrown and the grass looked certainly like it was never cut. I walked along the broken cement walkway. The house stood there. It looked dark, imposing. It had this look of an old Victorian-era home. It was beautiful. Yet, at the same time, a little creepy. I wasn't scared. But... I certainly didn't want to be here longer than I had to.

I walked towards the door of the mansion. There it was. Big, tall, looming over me. The outside porch was all destroyed from the rain and the disrepair. The floorboards creaked and cracked with each step I took. I couldn't believe this home, of all homes, was going to be left abandoned due to some ghosts. Or, what people though were ghosts lying about here. There's no way this could be true. But maybe it was. I wasn't sure.

The house looked like an antique. It had these statues and the amazing woodwork designs all around. This place needed to be claimed by someone. Anyone really. Someone had to take it over again. I was just saddened by its loss.

I shrugged it off and kept walking in.

The door creaked open slowly. It was like something out of an old, horror movie. Just too good to be true. Part of me was a little scared, but mostly, I wasn't. I was excited. This huge home. Two stories tall and all for me to explore and have fun in. I was looking forward to it all.

I walked in. I then pulled out my flashlight from inside my backpack. And flipped it on. I looked around. Despite it being broad daylight outside, the inside of his mansion was so dark that it was tough to see anything at all. I walked around inside. Inspecting the place. Looking at everything. I walked around the living room and the dining room and then I started to



explore the upstairs bedrooms. I wasn't that scared as time went on. I felt fine.

The air was thick and dusty. I certainly didn't enjoy breathing all this stuff in. It didn't make me happy. But then again, not much else. I opened up some windows as I walked. Hoping to let some more light and get some fresh air in here. It wasn't easy for me to do it. Many of these doors were stuck and couldn't be opened easily.

I walked into the master bedroom. There it was. Almost in perfect condition. Well... except for all the dust and cobwebs everywhere. I looked at the bed. It was a large bed with a beautiful comforter over it. There were these many old pictures all over the place, hung up on the walls, of various people. At my far end, I saw what looked like a mirror. I walked closer to it. There it hung. A large rectangular mirror. I was strangely enough, drawn to it. I wanted to look into it. To see what was inside. I didn't know what it was. I wanted to see. I walked closer and closer.

I saw myself. I think. I saw... something. It kind of looked like me. My eyes narrowed, trying to discern what it was that I was looking at. I walked closer and closer. My heart started beating faster and faster. I was nervous. This... thing... that was in the mirror... it looked like me, but was it really me?

As I got closer and closer, my eyes could finally figure out what it was. The mirror went from being a little dusty and faded to fully appearing its reflection to me.

It was me. Me in the mirror. Of course it was. Obviously. It's a mirror. It had to be. But then, the girl in the mirror, me, looked up back at me. It moved.

I saw it.

It was me, but it wasn't totally me. It was a new version of me.

I had longer hair. A slimmer figure. And... I had... massive cleavage?

The girl in the mirror smiled a wicked smile back at me. My eyes went wide!

This girl's head, my head, popped out of the mirror with a wicked, evil grin.

“BOO!” It said, with a deep, masculine voice. And laughed.

I jumped back in fear and then sprinted out of the room shouting in terror!

My heart was beating fast! I freaked out! Ghosts! Ghosts really are real! I wanted to leave! I wanted to get out of there fast! Right away!

I ran down the stairs as fast as I could and then I ran towards the exit. Freedom! Sunlight! The ghosts wouldn't be able to get me out there... I hope.

I heard them shout out to me.

“Oh! She's quite the hottie! Someone stop her!”

Suddenly, the front door slammed shut. It closed! I ran over to it to try and open it. No luck. It wouldn't budge! I ran to one of the windows I opened, it shut on me! I tried to open it too. Couldn't. It felt like it was held in there with cement practically. I ran over to the kitchen. Hopefully there I could find a window to escape or that back door.

But as I ran, I tripped on something and my face went crashing towards the ground.

\*THUD\*

My body hit the floor. I looked down at myself, I hurt my leg, but I was ok. Bruised, but well. I looked over at the door, and that door shut too right in front of me! How!? Impossible! I was going to be trapped in here forever with these ghosts. There'd be no way out of here.

I heard the laughter. It drew closer and closer. I was so frightened. I rolled over and that's when I saw them. The three ghosts.

“Oh, what do we have here?” The thin ghost said, laughing. He eyed me up and down, scanning my body, licking his ghostly lips as he did.

His body was a light blue. It was translucent. I could see right through him. He had these big eyes that stood out to me. I could see him, but yet it was a real ghost. My heart beat fast. I was so nervous.

“He heh.” The shorter ghost said. “She's going to be very fun, I can tell you that.”

This short one's breath smelled so bad. I could smell it, even though he was just a few feet away from me, hovering above me.

"Oh hey..." the big fat ghost said. "It's going to be so fun wearing her body, won't it, boys?"

This fat ghost had a deep booming voice. He was short, but not as short as the other one.

"Wearing her will be tons of fun. But first, introductions. She might as well know." The thin ghost said. He turned to me and humbly introduced himself. I could tell he was joking around. Just toying with me like I was nothing. I didn't know what they meant by 'wearing me' but I don't think it'd be anything good. I was too scared to run for it. I couldn't. They were right next to me. I'd never get away.

The thin ghost continued talking.

"I'm Vince. That short, stinky one over there's name is Shortie. Then, we got the fat-ass over there. His name, rightfully so, is Fattie."

"Well, that's our nicknames at least. Keeps things easier." Shortie said.

"That's right. Now, enough talking, I'm getting tired of all this. I want to have some fun. I haven't been inside of a fleshie in what feels like forever. How we getting' in?" Fattie said.

"Hmmm... draw straws?" Shortie asked.

"No, stupid!" Vince replied quickly. "We ain't got no straws here!" He looked down at me, scanning me up and down, giving extra attention to my tight ass. "... and I doubt she has any straws either." He laughed.

Shortie snapped his fingers, eyes lit up, as an idea came to him.

"Ah! We wrestle for it! Winner takes all!" He said happily.

"Idiot! We're ghosts! How we gonna wrestle for her? We'll fly right through each other! I'd slap you just for saying that." Vince said, seeming rather annoyed.

They went kinda quiet for a moment. Trying to decide what to do with me. I hope they weren't going to kill me. I still couldn't get over the fact that there were actual ghosts right here in front of me right now.

"Oh, I got it! We Rock-Paper-Scissors!" Shortie exclaimed.

They all gave each other a serious look. Competitive. Then, they tried for it. Shortie was knocked out first round, then Vince lost next.

"Alright! 'Bout time I won for once!" Fattie said happily.

"Yeah, yeah... enjoy it..." Vince felt dejected, slumping away.

"I let you win. Y'know? I felt bad for you. I took over the last few that came in here. You should thank me for being so generous." Shortie tried to make himself sound like the real winner, but it was obvious he was just a sore loser.

"Whatever guys. You can have her when I'm done." Fattie exclaimed happily. "Now the fun part!"

He looked me up and down. Scanning his opening. Where was he going to go? I felt very, very nervous now. Shivering. I didn't know what was going to happen, but I think I had an idea. I tried to crawl away, but it wasn't going to work.

"Ah, I know!"

And then Fattie turned me around to look at him and he held my mouth up towards the ceiling. He opened up my mouth, let go, and then flew around the room at a fast speed.

"GERONIMO!" He shouted as he dove straight down towards my mouth at full force.

I felt the force of his ghostly body trying to enter into mine. He managed to get most of himself in, but his tail was sticking out. His fat gut just hung loose and couldn't get himself in.

It felt so weird. I felt like some kind of large cloud of air was trying to force itself down into my body. I could still breathe relatively fine, but I was so nervous. I gripped onto his body. Surprisingly, I kinda could grab onto him, but not entirely. My hands could still slip through his ghost body.

He wiggled and turned, trying to squeeze his way into my body. My tongue rocked around, trying to stop him. I could taste him. He tasted like... I don't know... like this weird numbing sensation on my tongue. It tasted like cold air and my tongue felt all tingly and I could taste some kind of weird gel on my tongue too. Maybe it was ectoplasm. I don't know.

He took his own tongue and started using it to massage the inside of my mouth. It felt oddly pleasurable. I tried to resist. I don't know why this fat thing was trying to go inside me nor trying to kiss me. But then... it hit me!

He was trying to get me to salivate more!

He was trying to get me to lubricate my mouth up so he could fit in easier. I tried to resist him. Tried to stop. But his kissing got me all excited and weirdly enough, he started to slowly fit in.

My cheeks were spread out like a hamster eating a bunch of nuts. My eyes started to water from all the pressure. I didn't want this. I wanted it all to end!

He slowly swerved his body back and forth, back and forth, over and over again, until... he pushed in more and more... slowly but surely... and then finally...

\*FWOOP\*

Like air being sucked into a tube and held shut, he slipped inside of me and my mouth closed back up to normal again.

I panicked!

I could feel something weird moving around inside of me. Something strange. I didn't know what it was. It felt like some kind of air pocket moving from the throat down into my stomach. It felt a little bit pleasurable, strangely enough, but mostly just this weird tingly feeling.

“Oh, heh! She's a tight one, but I think she'll fit just fine.” Fattie said.

Then, the strange ghost started to expand inside of me. I could feel something moving into one of my arms and then into my other. Slowly, my arm curled into a bicep flex and then my hands started to wiggle around freely. I felt him move into my legs too.

My legs stretched out and I could feel him stretch down into my legs and into my toes. That's when I realized what he was doing! He was fitting into me like I was some kind of suit! He was taking possession of my body!

"No! Wait! Please! I'll do anything! Just stop, please!" I begged, hoping he'd stop. I didn't want to be his puppet. To be controlled by him.

He laughed from inside of me.

"No can do, girlie! Your body is mine." He chuckled.

Slowly, the feeling moved into my head and then into my face. I could feel him moving into me. Suddenly, a wave of pleasure shot through my body. I could feel... this warmth and glow all over me... yet... I couldn't feel anything at all.

I was helpless. He had full control. I was just a passenger in my own body.

He moved my body on his own. I could only watch and feel as he did whatever he wanted with me.

"Oh, heh heh." He said, his voice coming out of my own lips. "This body certainly is fine, isn't it boys." He said.

He then gazed down at my body. Eyeing me up and down. He saw how sexy I was. I wanted to stop him. Stop him from controlling me. But I couldn't. I felt so powerless.

"Oh, what have we got here?" He said as he lifted up my shirt, revealing my large breasts.

"No, please! Anything! Stop!" I begged from inside my head. I don't think he could hear me. If I still had control of my body, my face would be a bright red right now.

He took off my shirt and bra and left my tits just hanging loose. He toyed with them. Lifting them up and down, up and down. Touching them, kneading them like they were dough in his hands. Then, he traced his fingers from the edges of my tits to the nipples and would then make little tickling motions on my nipples. The slow, sensuous touch of my fingers up against my nipples, made me get so horny. I didn't want to be, but I was getting so turned on! This was so wrong! I shouldn't be feeling like this.

He began to knead and play with my breasts even more. He would grab my tits and move them in little circles around my chest, gently pushing and pulling on my tits like they were little soft, smooth, creamy bags to play with. I could feel the warmth of pleasure flowing through my body. Then, I noticed it.

Between my legs, I could feel the warmth and moisture coming through my panties and seeping through my jeans. Oh no! I couldn't be. This wasn't right. There was no way I was feeling like this. It wasn't true. I couldn't be feeling this way.

Despite not being in control of my own body, I was getting all... wet, moist, and excited!

I felt so ashamed. I must be one of those girls who've always wanted to be possessed and controlled like this. I didn't find 50 Shades of Grey to be THAT exciting. Now it's like it's happening to me. I felt so horrible and bad. I needed to find a way out of this before things got out of hand, but I couldn't. Fattie had full control over my body.

"Heh heh!" He laughed. "Oh... getting wet already, are you? I knew you would. You like this kinda stuff. Well... let's see what's going on down here, shall we?"

He then removed my jeans and silk panties, revealing my soaking wet, moist, lubricated pussy. My warm, wet juices were slowly leaking out and onto my thighs. This felt so wrong.

He laughed some more.

Then, he put his finger near my pussy. I could smell my own pussy smell now. I couldn't believe I was getting so turned on by this. This wasn't right.

He brought my finger around the edge of my silky, smooth, luscious thigh and traced it slowly towards my wet hole. It tickled a little bit. But I couldn't move and resist. I just had to sit there and take the tickle torture.

Then, he brought his finger into my soaking wet pussy. I was so warm and wet to the touch. He gently brushed up against my long slit. Going nice and slow and easy, letting me enjoy the pleasure... and the torture of it all.

My body, reacted because of the pleasure, and jolted in pleasure. Spasming with each gentle touch and stroke of my pussy. He started to pick up the pace. Going faster and faster, more and more. My eyes, if I had control of them, would've gone into the back of my head from such pleasure.

Then, he found my little clit. He started to gently play with my clit, touching and toying with it. The pleasure was too much. I could feel him touching it. My clit was so sensitive. I couldn't take a lot of this. It was too much for me. I felt my pussy walls tighten and clench up from the pleasure. I felt like I was having a mini-orgasm, just from the very touch.

"Stop it. Please. Oh my god!" I begged him. "It's too much. I'm going to... cum... please... no!"

I tried to say, but I couldn't. My body began to spasm more and more, the pressure building down in my clit. He pleased me more and more, harder and harder, faster and faster. I tried to resist it. But, it was too much for me. And soon, I shot of intense pleasure washed over me as I felt the mind-numbing, body-weakening orgasm from him playing with my clit.

"Damn, girl!" He said. "You got one hell of an awesome pussy. You're so damn sensitive. I think I know just the solution for you."

I hoped he was done with his play, but he wasn't.

I noticed the other ghosts were still there. Watching. Smiling. Enjoying the whole thing.

"Hey Vince!" Fattie said, using his own voice out of my cute, little mouth. "Get over here. I'm going to need your help with this chick!"

Just then Vince flew around and came by. My body, still sitting on the ground, spread my legs wide open.

"I thought you'd never ask." Vince said.

He then got closer and suddenly, a strange ghost-like appendage appeared where his ghostly groin was. Then, I realized what it was! A... ghost dick!? Do they even have these things?



He moved in closer and I laid onto my back. Vince moved his dick closer and then slowly, carefully, inserted it into my wet, warm hole. I could feel it. It felt warm, surprisingly. He slowly inserted his dick more and more into my pussy. It was so big! Once a little bit got in, I could feel it... it hurt! Ow! It was too big! I don't know if it was bigger than my ex-boyfriend's dick, but maybe I just haven't been fucked in a long time. Either way... it really hurt!

Then, he put his whole dick inside of me and let out a breath of relief.

“Ah... damn it feels good to fuck a fleshie!” He said.

I could feel his warm member penetrating and fucking me. It felt so weird. I thought he was a ghost. I thought I couldn't touch him, like I'd phase through him. Maybe he had the power to change whether he was transparent or not. I tried to resist the intense pleasure, but I couldn't. I wanted to get away, but I was being possessed. My whole body was under his control now. I didn't know what to do. There was nothing really I could do. Part of me really, really enjoyed it. I felt so ashamed.

He kept slamming his thick, hard dick into me. My body shivered and spasmed from the pleasure. It was so intense. It felt so good.

“Oh, I think she likes this, boss.” Fattie said.

Fattie was enjoying it too. My body was always very sensitive. Sexual pleasure was always too much for me. I could feel my body warming up. My face becoming a beet red.

The pleasure from his dick was too much. He started pounding me more and more, harder and harder, faster and faster. I could feel his warm dick inside me. This warm, wet, hard rod fucking me. It was slamming so deep into me it felt like it was almost hitting my stomach. It kinda hurt, but mostly, it just felt so good.

He went faster and faster. I could tell he was really enjoying it too. Fattie used my body to slam it hard onto his dick. The sudden pressure and hitting really turned me on even more. I could feel my pussy getting all tingly and excited. My wet, pussy juices were slowly gushing out of me. With each push from my body onto his dick, I could feel the pressure hitting my clit, sending extreme waves of pleasure through my body. My back arched in pleasure. Fattie was really enjoying it.

He arched his body just right so the dick was hitting my rough, sensitive G-spot.

“Fuck, girl, god damn! I’m... I’m going to cum!” Vince said.

I didn’t even know ghosts could cum. Either way, my body felt like it was on fire. I was so hot and sweaty. I was getting fucked so hard and so rough. I never felt this way before. It was almost too intense!

He fucked me harder and harder, more and more. I wanted it to stop. It was too much. I needed a break. I was going to cum too. It was too much. He fucked me harder and harder, really slamming it into me. More and more, faster and faster.

“Wait... no... please... I’m going to cum! It’s too much!” I begged, but I doubt he could hear me. Was he deliberately ignoring me?

“Fuck me. God damn... this fleshie’s body is so sensitive. I’m going to cum. Keep fucking me. Harder! More!” Fattie said.

He went harder and harder, faster and faster. My pussy was so warm and wet. Juices leaking out everywhere. And then I felt my pussy begin to quiver and shake and tighten.

“Oh, fuck!” Fattie shouted out. “Damn, I’m cumming. Fuck me. Oh, shit!”

And then my pussy tightened up hard and I felt this mind-numbing explosion of pleasure shooting through my body. It felt like I was gliding through the stars of space, my mind was lost, my head hurt, I didn’t know what was going on. My whole body collapsed from the excitement. I breathed heavily. Oh fuck. It was too much for me. Too good. I never felt this good in forever. I can’t believe I just got possessed and then fucked by these ghosts. It just didn’t seem real.

Fattie released his control over me and then popped out of my mouth. Vince took his dick out of my pussy. Ectoplasmic slime dripped out of my already wet, moist pussy.

“God damn...” Fattie said. His blue cheeks were flushed red as well. Vince flew around slowly, still trying to catch his breath. “You really know how to fuck them, don’t you, Vince.”

“Oh, you bet I do.” Vince replied happily.

“You lucky bastards.” Shortie said. He watched the whole thing. It got him all turned on. “I’m so fucking jealous.”

Just then, there was a knock on the front door.

\*BANG BANG\* \*BANG BANG\*

“Hey, Mona! You in here?” A woman’s voice cried out.

I lay on the ground. I had control of my body again. I briefly looked up at the locked front door.

“Oh fuck...” I said quietly to myself. “Alexis.”

Alexis was my best friend in college. I told her about my little trip. I offered to let her come along, but she turned me down. I guess she changed her mind. But this was not going to be good.

The ghosts! It’s another girl! Oh no, Alexis! What are they going to do to her? I wanted to shout to her to get away, but I had no energy left. I was exhausted. I felt dead.

“Oh? Another girl!” Shortie said. “Well... Hallelujah! Ain’t this grand! I call dibs on this one! Maybe we can use these new bodies to have some fun in town!”

The ghosts had a wicked, evil smile on their faces as they looked at me and then at the door.

**(To be continued in part 2)**

# Thank you for reading!

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