

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 nonexistent 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 can’t. 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? It’s 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 never mind. 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 skintight 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 exceedingly 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 me. 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 his 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?

The Master of the House

“Who are you?” I asked, attempting to keep my cool as I felt the ghostly hands of the apparition run up and down my thigh. It felt like a constant cool breeze, but with enough sting that told me that it was something more. I stared into the aged face of the spirit that stood between my legs; his slicked-back white hair, his thin body was dressed in very tailored clothes, and his face was full of lines which only accented his age.

“Well, I should be the one asking you that. You are in my house after all?” The ghost emphasized the word MY as his other hand slid around my body.

“Erik. Erik Arnold,” I stammered as gooseflesh populated along my back and inner thigh.

“So Mr. Arnold,” he began, “I have had many guests over the years in my house. But nobody has been able to see me since my demise so many years ago. What makes you so special?” He asked as he floated towards my face and stared at me like he was looking into my soul. I took a deep, fearful gulp. He wasn’t like the other ghosts that I had seen before, while most ghosts were annoying, they had an aura of friendliness around them. It was like warm heat that radiated from them whenever they grew close to me. But something about this one was wrong; he was wrong. His aura felt like slime, dripping along my senses. A soul that had rotted from being on this plane for too long. A soul that was corrupted by the horrible deeds from his life. He was what I had always been afraid of finding, he was a poltergeist.

“I...uhhh...I don’t...Ummm,” I stammered as his energy rolled over me.

“Are you an imbecile or can you not formulate a complete sentence. What. Are. You?” He asked again, but this time he was barely an inch from my face.

“I don’t know. It’s just some weird curse that affects me.” I said, giving him the clearest and simplest answer.

“You don’t know? What do you mean, you don’t know?”

“Dude! Like I said. I. Don’t. Know. I can see ghosts for as long as I can remember, and they have been possessing me for like . . .,” I began to shout back, but realized that I had said too much to this man.

“Oh, possession? Is that apart of your affliction?” He placed his hands on my shoulders and moved them down my sides until his ghostly hands sat on my waist and my underwear. Even though he was a ghost I knew some were able to use their hatred to move objects. I felt my underwear begin to tug away from my body. I moved my arms to grab my clothes, but my arms were thrown back into the bed

with a harsh glance from the ghost. "You have asked me a question before that was not answered. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Lord Gregory Ainsworth, father to none and lord of the Chestwick Manor. You are trespassing and as the owner of these lands. I am allowed to do with you as I please." I wanted to scream for help, but the ghost's power held back my screams for help.

I watched my underwear floated across the room and fell into the corner as the multiple toys floated back into my view, and I realized he wasn't going to fuck me; these almost archaic dildos were going to do the job.

"Please no screaming. It really ruins the mood," he said to me as the smallest of the toys floated down between my outstretched legs and pressed against my hole. I feel cool wetness spread from the toy and towards my hole as it slowly pushed its way into my hole. I gritted down on my teeth and felt the slick intruder push pass the outer rim of my hole and move inward. My toes curl into my feet as the invisible strings that held my legs afloat were pulled further apart, which gave Lord Gregory a better view of the toy as it reached its base. His eyes glanced up and down my body but paused at the sight of my clock as it leaked onto my stomach. "Oh, do we have a homosexual in our midst?" He asked with a rise of one of his white eyebrows. I frantically shook my head no, but the evidence against my own opinion was substantial.

"Usually I just end up torturing the poor straight men who end up in my house. But I haven't seen one of your kind since before I died. How very, very interesting," he purred and with a flick of the small plug was pulled from my hole and then plunged back into me with a high pitched yelp. He moved his hand back and forth, causing the toy to move in and out of my hole. I held back my moans and grunts for the most part, but every now and then the grunt of enjoyment escaped my lips. I could see the frustration on Lord Gregory's face as I kept my lips tight. He twisted his wrist and the small plug flew against the wall and fell with a soft plop.

"So you want to be difficult. I always enjoy when they are difficult to break. But that is why I have these." The largest of the toys that floated in the air came into view, and I could not help by drop my jaw at the sight of the monster. The shock on my face was all Lord Gregory needed to get the enjoyment that he had been looking for from me. "Don't worry. I will be gentle enough and from the look of it. You will enjoy every minute of it." He reached his hand out and grasped my hard cock. The feeling of his slimy spirit as it wrapped around my cock was revolting, but my body still responded positively to it.

His ghostly hand moved along my cock while the tip of the monster dildo held itself against my hole. He rubbed the plastic tip along my already lubricated hole and along my crack. I could feel the

thickness of the toy at my ass and shivered when he slapped against the hole multiple time. My body responded once more as he asshole pushed out to meet the toy.

“I knew you were a homosexual from the moment I saw you.” He punctuated his sentence with a harsh shove of the tip of the toy into my body. I let out a large yelp of pain and pleasure. Lord Gregory continued to sink the massive toy into my hole, and for once I was thankful for the fun that Charlie had while he stole my body. Ever since his time, my hole had become pliable and a pang of a deep hunger for getting fucked had filled my mind. My fingers were normally able to satisfy the hunger, but I knew that toys and dicks would be in my future.

“Ooo,” I cried as Lord Gregory pushed several more inches of the dildo into my hole. I could feel the toy stretching my “virginal” hole to its limit. Even from my vantage point, I could see that the toy still had more than half left. Though the sight of the partially engulfed toy only made my cock leak harder and faster.

As Lord Gregory sank the toy within my hole my ass began to constrict around the toy and my body began to thrust itself onto the toy. Hungry for the fullness that the massive silicon cock promised. When the time finally came that the base was pushed onto my taint, did my eyes hole into the back of my head and my legs began to shake in pleasure. Even the strength of the invisible threads that held my body in place and my legs in the air was not strong enough to keep myself my shaking.

“Oh god! Oh, fuck!” I cried as I moved my body up and down as the dildo stayed stationary. Lord Gregory floated over my body and stared at me as I lost myself in the pleasure of his toy. I closed my eyes and Jeremy’s gorgeous face came into view. “Oh Jeremy,” I moaned as my imagination took control.

Within my head, I imagined it was his massive cock that was pushing its way into my body. That it was him that held me down into my bed. And that it was his hand wrapped around my cock, milking me towards orgasm. I pushed away reality and envisioned a better one, where Jeremy and I were together, and he was taking my virginity. My breathing grew heavy, and my toes went rigid as my cock began to pulse. I thrust my ass against the massive toy with wild abandonment. Lord Gregory chuckled in the room at the sight, and I could only imagine what he saw; a slightly feminine, muscular, man fuck himself on a toy larger than any real cock.

“Fuck! Jeremy, I’m gonna cum!” I hollered as my dick launched my load onto my body. I felt like my body was floating the more I came. The dildo bottomed out in my hole and my anal cavity squeezed it tightly as if it were to milk any cum from the plastic balls. It was then that I felt cool lips press against my own. Jeremy. I opened my mouth and felt an ice tongue slither into my mouth and move down my

throat. I began to cough and choke as something much thicker moved into my body. I opened my eyes and did not see Jeremy kissing me, but Lord Gregory. I thrashed madly against him as he poured himself into my body. His essence like a slimy snake that filled every inch of my person, pushing my conscious into the deepest recesses of my mind. He layered my person in layers of thick dark slime, so thick that I could barely form a complete thought.

Even though he was in control I could feel my legs fall from the invisible threads release and allowed my feet to fall to the ground. The dildo slipped from my hole and fall to the ground. As my body slipped from the bed with grace and elegance that was not normal for me. My back was straight, my shoulders were pulled back, and my hands were stoic at my side. Lord Gregory walked my body across the room and opened a small drawer kept in the corner of the room. He opened the drawer and withdrew an antique bronzed bell. He rang the bell and a soft melodic sound filled the room, and several soft moans responded. It was then that I saw several ghosts float through the walls of the bedroom and they stood in a line against the farthest wall.

“Your Master is back, and he has found a new body for each of you to play with.” Lord Gregory said to his servants. My voice had become a strange combination of the gay lisp and a high-class English accent. I looked at his servants and did not see them dressed in the normal garb I would have assumed servants to wear in the early 1900s. it was then that I really began to worry and want to know what secrets hide this house.

Master's Obedient Pet

Lord Gregory did not wait for the morning to come for him to take my body for a waltz around the house. With a few short words to his servants he banished them from his/my room and left, in search of something. He moved with a grace of nobility, vastly different from the way I normally walked or from the way the other ghosts had controlled me. Every step I could feel his malice banged against my subconscious, trying to break down what little bit of myself I kept from the spirits that inhabited my body.

Where are we going?

"Oh my special friend, I am just looking for the right hosts for the rest of my servants," he said. His words carried a cadence of subtlety, as if he were ordering dinner and not talking about forcing ghosts into my friends bodies.

*Nobody can see you besides me. You can't force your fucking slaves into my friends!
Besides, they are all asleep anyways, so you're tough out of luck dude.*

"Duude," the ghost said, trying the words on his lips. "Dude," he said once more trying in a more relaxed tone. It still sounded off, like a grandparent trying to learn new slang. "What is a dude?" I rolled my eyes inside my mind, and he could feel the combination of annoyance and amusement. He paused and stared in a nearby mirror, my eyebrows were knit in anger at his apparent humiliation.

"Do. Not. Laugh. At. Me. I am already dead, and I don't have to be kind to you just because I am using your body as a host." I knew he wasn't lying. The bits of his memories that I could see from the possession told me he was a cruel man in life, and even crueler in the afterlife. He held the other ghosts here in an external contract of servitude.

Sorry

"That's correct." He tugged the collar of my shirt into place and continued his stroll through the house. Lord Gregory knew where he was walking to the point, while I was lost in the long dark twisting hallways of the southern mansion. He ended he stroll at the end of a hallway, and I had thought he had possibly gotten turned around in the area, but when he stared out the window, I knew he wasn't lost. He had found exactly what he was looking to find.

What are you going to do to Austin?

“Alexander is his name? Like the great king of old. Appropriate for a man, such as him to become an obedient pet,” the ghost said to me. He stared out the window and watched as Alex smoked on a corner of the house and looked out into the acres of moss-covered trees and bugs. Lord Gregory stared for several long moments as if he were chewing on an idea. He let out a high-pitched whistle, like one would use to summon a well-trained animal.

The sound of feet padding along the floor filled the hallway as Lord Gregory turned around and saw this mass of black running towards him. He stood, unafraid, of the creature until it came to sit at his feet. The darkened shadows that obscured its face began to form until something that resembled a snout and dog ears were visible.

“Archibald. My loyal pet. I have a new play toy for you,” Lord Gregory said, rubbing his hands through the shadowy facade of his pet.

What the fuck is that?

“Oh, don’t be mean. This is my most loyal companion, well loyal after he was trained properly. And when the training is done with your friend. He shall be just as obedient as this little guy. Go on. Fetch,” He said wickedly to his pet as he stepped to the side and it charged towards the wall and phased straight through the wood and into the night. “Now, let’s get a closer look so we can see the fun unravel.

* * *

Austin leaned against the brick side of the large mansion, chain smoking one cigarette after another as he angrily texted his girlfriend on the phone. The two had argued the entire evening, she would complain about him deserting her on their spring break and he would complain about her being too clingy when it came to their relationship. The emotions were a literal roller coaster, anger, forgiveness, sadness, anger, depression, hatred, annoyance. One was set off by the other in an ever-ending slew of emotions.

“Fuck her!” Austin said as he tossed his phone into the woods and immediately regretted it. “NO!” He screamed as he watched his phone sail away. He grumbled in annoyance as he took a few last drags of his cig and squashed it against the bricks.

“Fucking, bitch making me go into the fucking woods in the fucking dark.” Austin cursed as he began to stalk into the woods. The ground was soft and squishy as he walked, looking for his phone. He took another step and felt his foot sink into the mud with an audible Swoop.

“Jesus Christ!” He said, looking up to the dark canopy of trees. “Can you just give me a sign? Just a little buzz of my phone, or a ring so I can get the HELL OUT OF THE FUCKING WOODS!” He extended his hands and closed his eyes hoping for divine intervention, but what he heard was anything but divine. It was a deep growl within the darkness. A growl that sounded like one of a beasts stalking his prey.

Austin’s heart began to pound at a rapid pace as he attempted to pull his sunken feet from within the mud. The growling grew louder, and angrier as he tugged and pulled. One foot plopped free of the mud and then immediately the second one. He turned to run, but fell forward into the mud, covering himself in the muck before he ran back towards the house, or so he thought. Austin ran through the trees, hearing the sound grow closer and closer to him the more he ran. The deep menacing growl and the heavy footsteps of the beast were close behind Austin as he ran through the woods.

“Help! Someone help me!” He screamed, feeling himself grow dirtier as the trees slapped into his face, and footsteps threw mud over his already messy clothes. “Someone! Anyone!”

“GRRRRRRRRRR!” The beast growled. Austin could have sworn that he felt the heat from the breath of the animal against his neck as he ran with all his force. And when all was nearly lost, he saw the break in the trees which could only mean one thing.

“The house!” He shouted hopefully as he used whatever last bits of energy he had in his legs and ran towards the opened game as if he were running towards a finish line. He broke through the tree line with a feeling of safety when he came back into the light, but when he looked around the area looked different from the one, he left. He recognized the house, but it was like he came through to another side somehow. The ground was littered with chew toys and long industrial type chains. A small run down doghouse was situated in the spot where Austin was standing just moments prior.

“What the fuck?” He asked himself as he walked towards the doghouse, feeling a strange coldness waft in from the trees as he stepped forward. He tried to tell himself that he had somehow gotten turned around in the woods and appeared on the other side of the house, but when he saw the still smoking cigarette as it laid on the ground, he knew this was the spot. He was so lost in his thought and confusion that he didn’t even notice the entire area was now swarmed with fog, and the unknown creature stalked closer.

“Guys!?” He said, calling out to his friends. “Something’s wrong here! We need to get-,” he began to say but felt a strong force push him to the ground and hold him down. “ARGH!” Austin shouted as he struggled against the thing that held him down. “Get off! Get off of me!” The creature growled in Austin’s ear and sent sweat down his spine.

“Obey,” the creature whispered into Austin’s before he laid his body against Austin’s. Him hearing a human voice made him feel even less at ease than he would if it was truly an animal. The weight of the person on his back shifted and their body began to melt onto Austin’s. Their weight covered every inch of their began as he felt himself being encased. Austin pawed at the restricting form that had covered his entire backside and then moved to his face. He rolled around the floor in confusion as the thing crept its way underneath his clothing and over his muscular form.

“HELP!” He screamed as the thing moved up his neck and over his face. He gave one final scream for help before his face was covered in a black shiny goo. He moaned and groaned in despair as he struggled against the restricting goo.

“Now Archibald, stop torturing the poor boy. I don’t want you to break him, but I even have time to play with him,” Lord Gregory said, speaking through Tyler. Austin in his goo covered state moved rigidly until he sat on his legs with his hands pressed down in front of him like an obedient dog. “Now let’s see that handsome face of yours Archibald.” On command, the goo began to shift and twist over Austin’s face until a lifelike version of that of a dog formed over his own. His eyes were given hopes, and his mouth hung open within the snout as if he could not close. A black shiny tongue hung free from the animal-like maw. Lord Gregory could see the fear in his eyes and the whimpers of unease and confusion. He extended a hand and rubbed the smooth rubber-like underside of the mask. It ripped the clothes him once wore apart leaving him sitting in nothing but the shiny goo that covered his body.

“I see that we confuse you my dear boy. Especially by seeing your friend staring down at you in such a way. Not willing to help or release you from the rubber suit that now encased you. But don’t worry. I’m a good master, to those who listen,” he warned. “Now let us try to see if you obey like a good boy. Roll over,” he ordered. Austin sat still, not obeying his movement. “Archibald. Move him,” Lord Gregory said angrily.

Austin’s body rolled awkwardly onto his back, as his muscles and bones fought the movement that the bodysuit obeyed. Austin felt his friend’s hand rub its way down his encased torso feeling the hard muscles underneath the skintight suit.

“I would like to introduce myself. My name is Lord Gregory Ainsworth, father to none and lord of the Chestwick Manor. This is MY house, and YOU are now the lord of the houses pet.” Lord Gregory’s hand moved towards Austin’s pectorals finding the hard-erect nipples that shot from his chest.

“Let’s make these larger Archibald.” He pulled and twisted the nipples, elongating them as the latex grew soft and hardened when it reached its perfect length. Austin couldn’t stop himself from twisting and moaning in enjoyment. The extra long rubber tongue hung from his mouth and lapped

around his face the more that they were tugged. It was like the pleasure centers of his body reached through the casing and responded directly to Lord Gregory's assault. "And where we are here, let's go ahead and adjust these."

It was like he was sculpting Austin's new body with clay. Lord Gregory pushed the goo from one of his body and added it to his pectorals, molding them, shaping them, until they were too massive to even believe they were real. Especially with his newly massive nipples and their long pointy tips. Austin continued to pant like a beast as Lord Gregory's hands moved over his body reshaping him, narrowing his waist, flattening out his stomach, creating this overly top heavy beast of a man. And when Lord Gregory finally reached Austin's cock, he placed his lips to the tip and blew.

He could feel the goo that surrounded his dick expand and grow. Lord Gregory then molded his cock, reimagining it. Austin wanted it to stop, but all he could do was wither in pleasure while his body was truly transformed. It wasn't until he felt his cock press in between the divot of his pectorals did Lord Gregory move from his cock and enlarge his balls with the same method until those were so oversized, he had to stretch his legs to allow them to hang comfortably.

"And I think we are done you beast." Lord Gregory said proudly. Austin looked up to his friend and pleaded with his eyes for freedom, unable to speak within his bestial form. "Don't worry Archie. You will get used to it," Lord Gregory said while he pushed the monstrous cock between Austin's inflated tits and thrust them. Austin's whole body shook with from the unusual sensation of fucking himself, and it was a feeling he did not want to stop.

Lord Gregory skulked away as Austin, now Archie, fucked his pectorals, pistoning his cock as quickly as he could between his inflated tits. He watched as a string of dark goo pushed from Archie's tip, and Lord Gregory stretched a large smile across my face. I watched from within my body as the fear in Austin's eyes slowly disappeared and transformed into lust. He rolled onto his hands and knees and humped the ground, ripping his cock into the mud and into his body. His panting increased as he movements became less human and more bestial. My friend was gone.

"Now, where are your other roommates? I have some additional openings in the house and would like them filled," Lord Gregory said Menacingly to me before he his newly christened pet's head, who nuzzled in response, before he continued his humping. I couldn't see it but before we entered the house a deep howl echoed through the empty courtyard and acres of trees. "Seems like someone is having fun," he laughed. I was revolted that such a thing happened to one of my friends and knew I needed to find a way to break free and end the madness before there was no tuning back.

The MilkMan

Bobby stumbled from his bedroom and into the hallway, happy that he secluded himself nearby to the expansive kitchen. His stomach grumbled angrily in hopes for food as he blindly grasped for the light-switch. He knew that they had packed a buttload of snacks for the trip, but from the endless munching from Adam while they drove; he hoped that they would have something left for him.

“Jesus christ,” he cried when he flipped the switch, two of the three large lights that hung over the center isle burst with a loud pop. One after the other. The single lightbulb gave enough of a glow for some visibility, but it did cast shadows around that room that gave him the willies. Bobby thought it was a trick of the light, or his mind but he could have sworn he saw a shadow move from one wall when the light came alive. He clutched his chest as the feeling of freight eased and dissipated and he turned his attention to the large antique fridge. He threw back the doors with high hopes for food, but was quickly let down by the near fridge. Bobby had thought they had packed a large cooler full of lunch meats, breads, and beer. But all that sat on the shelves in the fridge was a full glass bottle of milk.

“Who the fuck brought his?” Bobby asked as he pulled the glass jug from the fridge and sniffed. He feared it was left by the last tenants, but it smelled fresh. Bobby was about to place it back in the fridge, but his stomach grumbled in defiance. Milk was food, and it was hungry. “I guess this is better than nothing,” he said. Bobby moved to the other cabinets in search of a glass, but it seemed that those too were missing, much like their food.

“Oh well,” he said to himself before giving a silent sorry to whomever brought the milk to the house. He pursed his lips, tilted back his head, and took a few healthy gulps of the cool milk. It was thick and delicious. Bobby had, had fresh milk before, and tasted like it had just been milked from a cow. Bobby swallowed faster than he could think, each droplet was even more tantalizing than the first. He closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of the milk as it expanded his stomach and filled satiated his hunger. He was so lost in his enjoyment that he didn’t even realize that the bottle had ran dry. Bobby opened his eyes and leveled out his head and dropped the jug in fear at the sight of the shadowy creature that stood opposite of him on the other side of the counter.

“Taste good?” The unknown person asked from the dark side of the room.

“Andrew?” Bobby asked as he squinted his eyes, trying to adjust them to the darkness. “Andrew is that you? Or is that you Satan?” Bobby joked, trying to take back the control of the situation with his humor. The shadow said nothing in response, but Bobby could see it move in the darkness. “Austin is

that you? Guys. Stop trying to scare me.” Bobby turned back around and opened the fridge, allowing the single bulb of the machine to illuminate the otherwise dark space. But when he opened the fridge, he saw yet another bottle of milk. One that was nearly overflowing with the creamy substance. A bottle that had not been there just seconds before when he retrieved the first. Bobby turned around and was even more afraid as the white light caused dark shadows to cover the face of his friend. He could see that it was Andrew, but something was different. Something in his features seemed twisted, darker than his typical jovial friend.

“Oh Andrew, it’s just you. I was a little worried that it was Austin again playing one of his stupid jokes,” Bobby said as he began to step away from the fridge, but something made him feel uneasy in the way that Andrew stared back at him.

“Seems like someone was thirsty. Why not have another? There is plenty,” Andrew offered, and Bobby turned around and found not one, but several glass bottles of milk now occupied an entire shelf. Bobby’s mouth suddenly seemed parched and his stomach grumbled, wanting more of the delicious substance. Bobby was drawn to the milk like a stick of metal to a magnet. His hands moved of their own accord as he licked his lips, ready to taste the sweet nectar once more. He took hold of the glass enjoying the cool feeling that overtook his hands. He pushed the glass to his mouth and moaned as he felt the milk slide down his throat and into his stomach.

Andrew watched from across the room, his smile grew wilder and more crazed as Bobby’s drinking grew my animalistic. He couldn’t drink them fast enough. The first two bottles he drank with some resistance but by the third he lost all control. While he drank with abandonment and lust, most of the milk ended up on his face and shirt than in his stomach. All while he drank, he did not seem to notice the feeling of fullness that grew within his body. When the last glass fell to the floor with a loud clink Bobby leaned over the counter as he gasped for air and stared at Andrew, shocked, and confused.

“Help me! Why are you just staring at me?” Bobby asked as the fullness of his stomach traveled upward in his body. He rubbed himself and could feel his chest push against his shirt as it continued to expand. Bobby paws at the hem of his shirt in a need to be undress. He pulled his shirt over his head, showing his muscular shoulders and his already heavy-set upper body. Bobby’s hands moved to his chest as he felt them begin to expand within his fingers. His hands squeezed them both and moaned. He could feel them expand and inflate as water, or milk, was being forcibly pushed into them.

Bobby looked down at his chest as they began larger and fuller than any set he had ever seen at the gym. The upper half grew to the point where his nipples were pointed downward, and his lower body was eclipsed by the huge knockers down adorned his chest. His fingers moved towards his nipples

as if some part of his subconscious knew what was happening. Bobby pinched his thumb and forefinger and pulled them, feeling a wetness appear at his fingertips and a jolt of pleasure radiate through his body.

“Fuck!” Bobby cried loudly, enjoying the feeling of release and the pleasure that came from the slight ease in pressure. But the feeling was short lived. The pressure returned and then grew. His pectorals continued to grow and expand. He could feel underneath his fingers, that his dime sized nipples were stretched by his chest’s expansion. His grew hard and erect as small droplets of milk formed at the tip, they begged to be milked as did his cock. “Please! Please milk me Andrew!” Bobby begged; the feeling of fullness was becoming too much. His mind grew cloudy as the need overcame his greater judgement and worry about what was happening to him. Even though he could not see it, Bobby knew that his cock was hard and bulged from within his pajama bottoms.

Bobby felt the want to touch his cock, to push himself into orgasm and release but he could not pull them away from his engorged pectorals. His hands kneaded them like dough, feeling the muscle underneath the skin and the hard nipples against his palm. He looked to his best friend and pleaded with his eyes, hoping that he would give him release. And the wicked grin that covered Andrew’s face only grew wilder when he finally responded.

“Follow me,” Andrew said as he turned away and walked towards a door that Bobby had not noticed earlier in the day. Andrew unlocked the door and walked down a dark staircase while Bobby followed obediently.

The stairwell was creaky and groaned with every step that they took down into the basement of the large southern house. The walkway as unlit, though Andrew walked as if he had every step already memorized. Bobby’s transformed chest bounced as he took one step at a time, fearful that the wooden staircase would snap from years of rot and termites.

“Where are we going?” Bobby called out to Andrew as he reached the cellar’s floor, feeling relief come over him at the sight of a light at the far end of the long room. “Andrew?” He called out as his friend trotted into the darkness without a word. Bobby looked back up towards the kitchen, feeling something in the back of his head tell him to runaway. That something was wrong. That this person was not his friend. That he should not be down into this room. But the aching pain his felt in his overinflated chest made him follow Andrew.

Bobby walked to the far said of the room as Andrew flipped a switch. The lights that hung from the ceiling came alive and revealed the long forgotten basement. Hundreds of jarred preserves lined the wall. Each of them covered in dust, and too cloudy to make out contents. The thick stench of mud and

rotted vegetables filled the air as he Bobby tried to absorb the room's contents. But Bobby's attention immediately went to the large contraption that sit in the middle of the cellar. It was made of wood and metal with long rubber tubes running along the front half of the machine. The tubes hung from the front and split into several large bottles. Bottles that resembled the ones that were once in the fridge.

"What is this?" Bobby asked as his nipples tingled, as if they knew something that he did not. Andrew lifted to large clear suction cups that hung on the wall and placed them onto the end of two tubes.

"Why this is how we keep the house stocked with so much fresh milk? We were never able to get a milkman out to these parts, so I had to think of a more creative way," Andrew explained as he continued to move around the machine, unhooking straps, unlatching the front half, and flipping yet another switch. His voice sounded older, much deeper than usual. But before Bobby could speak, Andrew flipped a switch turning on some ancient mechanizations. A soft whirling noise filled the room as Bobby's body slowly stumbled towards the machine. His heart raced with fear as his oversized pectorals dripped their milky substance onto the floor.

"Now just take a seat and we will begin." Andrew instructed.

Bobby's head was a rush of uncertainty and arousal. The machine looked archaic and dangerous, yet also pleasurable and restricting. It looked almost like the stocks that held criminals back in medieval times, with the locks included. Bobby hesitated just a moment, nearly deciding to turn back around and wake his friends to the weirdness that was happening to him and Andrew saw the hesitation and struck. Andrew grabbed onto his friend wrist, and with a strength was surprised Bobby he threw him into the machine and pulled down the latch.

"What the fuck!" Bobby screamed as Andrew grabbed onto Bobby's chest and pulled them two large holes that seemed to be made just for this reason.

"It has been quiet sometime for me, but I do believe I remember how to do this," Andrew said, but the voice that came from Andrew's mouth was not his own.

"Andrew? Andrew wha the fuck are you doing?" Bobby shouted as his friend began to knead and twist his nipples. Bobby's toes curled and his hands flexed and unflexed, just looking for something to hold onto or squeeze as Andrew perked up his nipples. "Stooooop!" Bobby moaned as he rubbed his cock around a cushioned around that surrounded the center beam of the machine.

"But Robert. We need to make sure your teats are nice and erect so the machine and have something to latch onto," Andrew teased as he flicked one of Bobby's nipples. A large milky droplet formed at the tip and Andrew swiped it away with his tongue. "Mmmm, perfect," he said giddily. "Now,

this may pinch a little, but I assure you. You will love it.” Andrew placed both suction cups on either of Bobby’s nipples or both were latched on greedily due to the constant suction of the machine.

“Ooo! Ooooo!” Bobby moaned as he felt his nipples being pulled into the tubing as the suction intensified and then released. The feeling moved back and forth as Bobby withered in pleasure on the weird contraption. His legs wrapped around the base and rubbed his cock against the beam as the machine continued to work against his pecs. “What. . .is. . .happening?” Bobby moaned as he felt something within him release and he saw the tubes fill with that milky substance that was held within his chest. He screamed in pleasure, as if he had the most intense orgasm of his life even though his cock was still hard against the beam.

Bobby watched as his friend went down towards the first glass bottle and pulled out the tube. There was barely enough for a mouthful within the glass, but Andrew downed the entire bottle, letting out a gasp of enjoyment afterward.

“There is nothing better than fresh milk from the family cow!” Andrew groaned as he wiped away the excess from his lips and plunged a finger into his mouth. He replaced the tubing into the jar and watched as the five other bottles continued to be filled. Bobby thought the feeling would never end. He could see in the dim lighting his pectorals, begin to deflate as they emptied their milk into the tubing and when the tubing went dry. Bobby finally felt a moment of reprieve.

“What did you do to me?” Bobby shouted, looking down at his chest as Andrew removed the suction cups. His nipples were huge, nearly the size of coasters and both were pointed and hard. Andrew twisted one of his stretched nipples and Bobby felt another rush of enjoyment. He arched his back, he pushed out his chest, he let out a guttural squeal of enjoyment as another squirt of milk shot out towards Andrew.

“I did nothing. You did this to yourself. And now you are going to supply the entire house with your delicious milk.” Andrew said as he reattached the suction cups to Bobby’s chest. The machine sucked both of his nipples deep into the recesses as it began to pull on his chest.

“But – but I’m all empty,” Bobby stammered. But even as he spoke, he could already feel the insides of his chest begin to refill. Bobby watched from his locked position as his pectorals swelled and his nipples along with them. The feeling of aching feeling his every nerve as the suction feeling ebbed and flowed and all Bobby wanted now was for the sweet feeling of release. “Ugh, milk my tits,” he said, and as the words fell from his lips, he could not believe what he had just begged before, and what broken part of his mind that he had just unleashed.

As Andrew walked away Bobby shouted obscenities as the machine picked up pace, pulling and sucking on his nipples while droplets of his milk fell into the much larger glass jugs that Andrew placed next to the jars.

“Ugh! Milk my tits! Ugh! Fuck! Pull them! Milk me like a fucking cow! God! Feels so good! Keep going! UGH!”

Andrew climbed the staircase enjoying the sounds of his friend as he let loose another loud scream of pleasure as his pectorals began to empty once more into the glass receptacles.

“Two down. One to go,” the ghost said to Andrew as he shut the door to the basement, sealing Bobby and his screams within the cellar.