

# Ghostfuckers

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*If you watch the tape, you die in seven days...*

*Unless you're this guy.*

*When a busty ghost crawls out of his TV screen, Ryan takes full advantage of the situation.*

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**Chapter 0 - WOO WOO GHOST BLOWJOB**

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## 0 - WOO WOO GHOST BLOWJOB

For Ryan, movie night just wasn't the same without a slut bouncing on his dick. Sarah was on vacation with her husband, though, and Georgina was still aching after last time. His hand just wasn't doing it: jerking off could only do so much when he couldn't even fit his hand all the way around his cock. He hadn't fired off a load for days, and he was so pent up that he couldn't sit still: shifting around on the sofa, trying to ignore the bulge snaking down the leg of his pants. Maybe it was the movie's fault: he'd bought a bunch from the bargain bin, and they weren't exactly high quality. Ryan rose and scattered the stack of DVDs across the floor, picking through them for anything interesting. Shit, crap, trash...oh. A strange item rested at the bottom of the pile: a tape with a note attached that said, simply, 'WATCH ME'. That was interesting enough, so Ryan climbed into the attic to fish out his old VHS player. After some fiddling with wires and plugs, he got the dusty piece of junk working – and he slotted the tape in.

As he settled back on the sofa with a bottle of beer, the video began on a flickering white ring. It all went downhill from there. Finger impaled on spikes, chairs spinning in midair, a woman in a picture-frame... Pretty standard creepypasta shit. Ryan took a swig and yawned. He was getting bored of this...until something caught his interest. Between shots, for brief instants no more than a couple of frames long, a strange figure flickered on the screen. The shape of a...shapely woman, with wide, sloping hips and thick, jutting udders – all wrapped up tight in white silks. Her black hair hung in her face. Ryan sat up, his interest piqued...but just as quickly, the screen filled with squealing static. Amidst the visual-auditory noise, Ryan could just make out the outline of text. It said 7 DAYS.

Ryan sat back. The tape ended. He hummed. Interesting.

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Seven days later, as Ryan was making dinner, the lights in his house switched off. He cursed as the fire died on the stove. In the living room, his TV flickered on. He turned, eyebrows raised. Then he remembered what day it was, and a grin cracked his lips. Now things were getting interesting. He walked into the living room and hooked his thumbs in his belt...

...And the deadline hit. The TV displayed a grey woodland clearing, a well. Something crowned from the hole: a head of black hair, fingers hooked clawlike over the edge of the stone well. Sadako raised herself up with unnatural motions, heaving her shoulders over the edge and then slithering toward the forest floor. Her tits dragged over stone, and then against spiky grass as she approached the brink, her entryway into the world of flesh and blood. As she drew closer, the spectre's blood began to pump. Killing was her impulse, her mad obsession; wallowing in the spasms of hot murder was the only thing that drew her ghostly consciousness into some kind of solidarity. Her movements became more feline, lifting her hips and making a low noise in her throat. She had one drive, one purpose left in her warped, hollowed-out shell of humanity, and she would see it through. At last, she began to slip through the brink – hands and head first, reaching down, pawing at the floor as she slowly emerged through the TV screen. Her black hair hung over her face in curtains. The screen was pretty small: she had to squeeze her massive chest through, pancaking her ghostly-pale cleavage almost to her chin. At last, Sadako got her tits through: they spilled off the edge of the TV screen and hung heavily in her dress. She clawed at

the floor, jerking and bucking, trying to force the rest of her body through..!

Sadako twitched when she felt something wrap around her neck – and twist tight. She arched at the unfamiliar feeling, a single eye revealed between the hanging curtains of her hair, swivelling in its socket, searching for her prey–

“Bad girl,” said Ryan, tugging the collar even tighter. The busty ghost made a rasping noise deep in her chest, starting to rock and tug against his grip. She was strong! Good thing Ryan was prepared. There was a chain attached to the collar; he tied it to a hook on the wall behind the TV, forcing the collar to dig into the spectre’s throat, yanking her head back sharply. She squirmed, grunting and growling, stabbing out at Ryan with her fingernails. Her frantic movements just caused her titties to flop around harder in her dress. Ryan crouched in front of her, just out of her reach, and watched her struggle. “Much better. Did you come to kill me or something, sweetheart? Sorry, but I’m really not into that. You, though...” He reached out – and prodded her chest quickly, before tugging his arm back. “I’m into you. How about it? Want me to make you feel alive again?”

Sadako hissed and clucked, still jerking hard against her restraint. She couldn’t understand what was happening to her. Wild-eyed, she threw her head back and forth, but the leather just coiled tighter around her windpipe. Soon her teeth clamped together in shuddering gurgles, drool bubbling on the brim of her lips. She could see the living man before her, a knot of red-hot energy searing across her vision, a sack of flesh and blood and bone to claw her revenge out of. She gagged and groaned at him, thrusting her entire body forth in hateful throes, making her head-sized tits beat together in her dress, smacking and clapping to the rhythm of her murderous intent. Ryan stood and smirked as he undid his belt. As his jeans fell, Sadako’s eyes widened – and for a moment, she paused. Ryan’s cock bulged out his boxer shorts to an insane jut, his flaccid python and hefty cumtanks coiled up tight inside. He groped his package idly as he stepped closer, into Sadako’s reach...but she didn’t lash out. Her strangled neck fluttered in uneasy pulses, and she growled, but the burly living one didn’t seem to care.

“Living or undead, it doesn’t matter,” Ryan said, pushing Sadako’s hair out of her eyes with a thumb – revealing her smooth, silky face twisted up in a hateful snarl. “Bitches go crazy for dick.” He curled her hair around his fist and, ever so slowly, pushed his hips forward – his obscene bulge zeroing in on Sadako’s face. The ghost slut breathed faster, thin little breaths sucking and blowing through her choked windpipe...and when his package smothered her face in hot, sweaty musk, she made a whining noise. Ryan mashed his bulge over her cheeks and forehead, and made sure to stroke it against her mouth as she coughed and spluttered, her breaths becoming steamier by the second. He was shocked when he felt her sharp teeth hook into the waistband of his boxers...and with a grin, he pushed, letting her tug the fabric down and expose the first few inches of his giant cock. Sadako’s eyes fixed on his meat, and before he knew it, she was huffing on his shaft – crooning as she mouthed and mawed along his bare dick, nudging his boxers down even further with her chin. At last, he felt Sadako’s tongue. It spilled out of her maw in a pink cascade, spilling bubbly ropes of saliva to the floor as she squished and slapped her cock-lusting muscle up and down Ryan’s cock! “Gghfuck!” he growled, pushing her face back from his meat. “You are hungry. Let me feed you properly.” With that, he tugged his boxers down the rest of the way. His broad, bulky cockpillar sprang up, a massive rod of bitch-wrecking thundercock spitting precum in a constant drizzle. He held his tip just centimetres from Sadako’s lips, letting her gasp and pant for dick, unable to reach it. Her wild, nightmareish eyes grew deeper and darker as she strained – until Ryan put a hand on her head, angled up, and rammed himself balls-deep in her throat! Spluccch! Saliva sprayed in every direction, bursting from Sadako’s lips and nostrils as she choked on

his fifteen inches of meat. Her gullet rippled and clenched, a massage that went up and down his shaft in a frenzy of muscle! He fucked her throat hard and fast, railing through the tightness of the collar and almost all the way down to her stomach – drawing out all kinds of horrid, delightful croaks and squelches as she struggled to contain his meat! As he pounded away, Ryan took out his phone and started to record the slutty spectre chugging down his cock, her titties swinging beneath her with every impact, her booty wobbling on the 2D TV screen. Her tongue slapped his balls when they crashed into her chin, slamming against the bulge in her neck and making her choke even louder. “God, this is goood..!”

Ryan’s orgasm took him by surprise. He gasped and arched, erupting a tide of dense, high-pressure spunk down into Sadako’s whoreish little stomach. She blew and bubbled around his hilt, eyes staring dead ahead in mortified shock as the living one introduced her to the feeling of cum flooding her gut, filling it to the absolute brim with creamy ballbutter.

Finally, Ryan stepped back, spooling his throat-slimed cock out of Sadako inch by inch until it flopped free and smacked his thigh. He crouched and touched the ghost’s chin, forcing her to keep her mouth open, oozing seed as she gargled and hiccupped.

“Very good girl,” Ryan said, and after a moment’s thought, he made his decision. He took the chain down off the wall and yanked, tugging Sadako by her collar. She grunted, dark-ringed eyes swivelling to fix on him...as he pulled, urging her to come out of the TV. She pawed at the floor...and then she emerged, bit by bit, tugging her wide hips and thick bubblebutt free of the screen. She ended up on her hands and knees, coughing up jizz at Ryan’s feet as he looked down on her, pushing her hair out of her face with his foot. “I think you need a bath.”

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Sadako didn’t resist when Ryan undressed her. Her thin white dress peeled away to reveal thick, creamy-pale thighs and a plump, obviously needy pussy. Her tits were as huge as they’d looked: spilling out of the rising fabric in a wobbly cascade of flesh and fat, stiff nipples. At last, Ryan tugged the fabric against her armpits, and she raised her arms demurely, allowing him to remove the dress entirely. Sadako’s hair seemed to naturally cover her eyes, no matter how much he brushed it away. It fell on her tits, not quite hiding her nipples. Ryan pinched them gently, and Sadako tensed right up, issuing a low, warbling whine as he tugged and twisted them. At last, Ryan let go...and climbed into the steamy bathtub. He sprawled out, his huge, muscular body causing the water level to rise drastically – and he patted his lap...where his monstrous cock jutted straight up, fifteen inches of rigid, ghostbusting ecto-cock. “Come join me.”

Sadako was hard to read. She made another tense rumbling noise...but she obeyed, climbing slowly into the tube and turning her back on him – before squatting, lowering her thick thighs and plump, doughy booty over his lap. At last, she parked herself on his pelvis, smushing her butt over his hips and planting her pussy on the root of his cock. His dick rose up from between her thighs. She seemed fascinated by it. As she leaned back, resting her shoulderblades on Ryan’s chest, she reached down to fondle his meat two-handed. She wrung his shaft up and down, making him groan beneath her as she satisfied her own curiosity. Something was happening in her spectral brain: something was shifting, overwriting her vengeful instinct. Ryan slid his arms under hers and fondled her fat udders from behind, mashing them hard against her chest. She whined and shivered, but didn’t try to attack him, even when he started to tug on her nipples like he was trying to milk her.

“See?” he asked. “This is much better...”

Sadako squirmed in his lap, making unnatural, uneasy movements. She wasn't used to this feeling, and she certainly wasn't used to being so close to a living one without eviscerating them. Her tongue spilled out again when Ryan turned her head. One bloodshot eye glared through the gap in her hair – and then tilted back when Ryan crushed his lips over hers, kissing her hard and deep as he groped her big, fat ghost-titties. He chuckled when he felt her start to move, shifting her hips up and down, stroking her plump pussy along his massive shaft. He slid his hands down to her hips, holding them tight as he started to move his own, stroking his cock up...and down...in slow, teasing grazes. Sadako's toes curled in pleasure, and she gasped against his lips: each time he lifted her, her pussy stroked closer to the tip of his cock – and finally, rested upon it, her trembling lips spread ever so slightly over his cockhead. At last, slowly and deliberately Ryan lowered Sadako a few inches – and pushed his hips up. Her pussylips parted, and her hot, sopping cunt enveloped his glans. For a moment he held her still, just listening to her pant and squirm. Then he wrapped a muscular arm around her belly, nipped her shoulder, and dropped her. All at once, his fifteen-inch fuckpole vanished into Sadako's cunt, stretching her out like crazy. He felt her cervix smooch his tip and then spread around it. He was in her fucking womb! Sadako's pale belly bulged around his girth, a fat, trembling bump that travelled all the way up past her navel and nearly poked her watermelon titties. Sadako stared down between her tits, gasping and rasping quick breaths as she gazed upon the sheer proof of their sex. She pawed at the bulge in her tummy like a cat exploring a new object, murring deep in her throat.

Ryan wasted no time: he shoved Sadako forced in the bath, repositioning so she was on her knees and tits, barely keeping her mouth above the water, while he squatted over her booty, balls-deep in her sloppy ghost-cunt. He slapped her ass hard, and watched it bounce as she squealed and hissed and clawed the ceramic edges. Then he began to thrust, fucking the spectral slut hard and fast, punching the back of her womb with his huge dick every time! The water sloshed back and forth in splashing waves, and Sadako wailed as Ryan stuffed her near to breaking point. “God..!” Ryan hissed. “No human girl's ever taken me balls deep before. Holy shit..!” He never slowed, digging his fingers deep into Sadako's bubblebutt and arching his back into his harsh, bitchbreaking pumps. She gurgled beneath him, her eyes rolling back in a ghostly ahegao as her tongue spilled out and slapped against the bath's ceramic, her cheek pushed against the rear of the tub. The more he rocked her, the more she slid forward and up the bath's edge – until her tits crushed over the side, condensation shining all over her glorious udders, and she panted against the open air as Ryan slammed her into oblivion. A slop of cum and cuntslime guzzled down their thighs, mingling with the bathwater under Sadako's clapping buttcheeks and dancing, jolting, tum! Suddenly, Ryan clicked his teeth together and hissed, “G-Gonna..!” And he came, rocking violently against Sadako's back as he blasted her womb full of thick, creamy white jizz! He groped her belly as he came, feeling her womb bloat under his palm, each rush of seed inflating it bigger, bigger... When he took his hand away, he could see how bloated Sadako's tummy was – and she saw it, too. She mewled and touched her swollen belly, which by now looked several months pregnant. Ryan dragged his cock out of her and climbed out of the bath, leaving her panting and mewling and spilling jizz from her punished pussy. “Follow me,” he said, and headed into the hallway. A moment later, he heard the floor creak as the demure, cock-slaved ghost followed. He looked back to see her hugging her stomach and shivering, leaving a trail of cream behind her. The lights flickered due to her presence, but no one could have feared Sadako in that moment: she was defeated, thinking about nothing but dick and rough fucking. At last, they arrived at his bedroom. “Ladies first,” he said, and smacked her ass as she passed. Then he followed her inside.

Sadako grunted when Ryan tugged her hair back from her face once again. She growled on pure impulse – but then she felt something odd. He was twisting her hair behind her head, tying something around the base and...and...

Ryan touched her hips and turned her toward a mirror. She blinked at herself. Red eyes and slim, pale features on display, Sadako looked at herself for the first time. Ryan had tied her hair in a ponytail, and now...she didn't look like a ghost at all. Unnaturally pale and nervous, maybe, but otherwise she looked like a whimsical beauty. Ryan hummed as he tugged a black bra around her chest, and she lifted a leg awkwardly as he slid black panties onto her. Then he wrapped his arms around her waist and let her feel his enormous fuckpillar against her asscheeks. "There we go," he said. "All you needed was a makeover. Now...put your hands up on the mirror."

Sadako mewled in confusion, but she did as she was told – planting her palms on the reflective glass and staring into her own eyes. Her lips moved as though trying to form words, but that was beyond her. Even as Ryan groped her asscheeks and got into position, all she could concentrate on was herself.

Then Ryan hammered home, and Sadako screamed as her asshole stretched around his bitch-brutalising cock! "Uh! Uhhck!" she hiccupped as he pounded her ass, making her cheeks bound and smack-smack-smack together! After a moment, her titties were caught in the rhythm, leaping up and down in her tight bra! Sadako leaned closer to the mirror, groaning, overpowered by Ryan's sheer masculinity. Her teeth clenched, and she couldn't stop her eyes from tilting back... "Uheeh! Uweh! Nnghm!"

"Now you're getting into it," said Ryan, picking up the pace. He SLAMMED her, plunging her guts with his obscene cock, making sure the ghostly slut knew who owned her. He hooked two fingers into her mouth, tugging at her cheek from the inside so her grinding teeth were visible. Each thrust made her clamp down a little tighter, a little tighter – her hips rising until..!

Sadako came. It was some show. Her shoulderblades arched like a cat, and she howled her bliss as her cunt clenched and squirted down Ryan's plunging fuckpole! Her thighs squeezed together tight, her ass pushed even higher, and she wheezed for breath as the rampant pleasure wreaked a trail of destruction through her entire being! Just as she was coming down from her high, Ryan hooked his arms under her knees and hoisted her into the air, her feet up against the mirror as he slammed her in his arms! Sadako was given a clear view of her own belly distending around his violent thrusts, cum pouring from her overworked cunt, her tits bouncing vibrantly! "Fffhuueehh!" she whined as her second orgasm hit like a sucker punch. She choked and spluttered, not sure how to handle this level of sheer, raging bliss. Her chest blew in and out in gasping pumps, and her titties flung sweat and bathwater all over the mirror. In the height of her orgasm, Ryan cursed and hit his own ferocious climax. His balls were not drained one bit; she felt a rush of semen flooding her guts, filling her with heat and virile depravity! For a long time they spasmed together, low glurches and glunks of shooting liquid the only sound to be heard. Then, slowly, Ryan lowered his ponytailed slut down to her feet. She immediately collapsed to her knees, face splatting against the cum-stained mirror, groaaaning in exhausted delight.

Ryan sat on the edge of the bed, breathing heavily. Busting three loads in the ghostslut was draining, to say the least. He wiped the sweat from his brow...and was shocked, when he opened his eyes, to see Sadako standing over him – as if she'd moved from the mirror to his bedside in the blink of an eye. She

looked...embarrassed. She rubbed her left arm and avoided his gaze, humming a deep note of nervousness. Ryan sighed and patted his lap, and Sadako eagerly took her place upon it – straddling his thighs with her own, pressing his cock between their bellies. Ryan tugged her hair and kissed her lips, and this time she kissed back...in her own, clumsy way.

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Ryan sprawled on the bed with Sadako lying on his belly and chest, huffing gently as his dick towered up from between her thighs. Gently, Ryan slid the vibrator over her belly and then pushed it into her soaking pussy. And then another, and another – pressing vibrators inside one by one. At last, he tapped Sadako's arm. She rolled off of him, getting up on her hands and knees upon the bed and peering at him curiously. He reached for the remote...and thumbed the button.

The vibrators hummed to life, all at once, deep inside Sadako. She keeled over sharply, whining and clutching her belly, desperate and confused. Ryan chuckled and hauled her face up by her hair, holding her tight as she gurgled and gagged. "These are called vibrators," he said. "Like them?"

Sadako made a churning noise and hiccupped. Ryan slapped her across the face – and then, before she could recover, he yanked her head directly over his looming cockspear and crammed her down hard, twisting, wrestling with her spluttering, straining face as, inch by inch, his cock vanished down her gullet. Sadako horked and spewed drool down his shaft, but nothing could stop her descent. At last, she squirmed flat on her tits and belly, pawing the bedsheets with Ryan's balls smushed over one side of her face. The rush of sensation was too much for poor Sadako, and she came hard around the vibrators – a pathetic, defeated orgasm, choking on dick. Ryan started to move her head, jerking her up and down his cock in choking, squelching pumps. He used her throat as his onahole, dragging her quivering lips from the twitching tip to the pulsing base of his cock. There was nothing she could do but gag, her tits flopping against the bed every time he pushed her down his shaft, his balls slapping her face in sweaty squishes. For a while, he continued to lazily facefuck Sadako, occasionally causing her to cum hard all over the bedsheets. Before long, she was masturbating openly, curling three fingers in her soggy cunt and groaning around his dick, obsessed with the demeaning irrumatio. Ryan eventually just threw her back, unplugging her throat and leaving her to cough and spit on the bed while he jerked his throat-slimed dick slowly. "Fuck, good girl," he said as Sadako picked herself up onto her knees. "Now come ride Daddy's dick."

The ghost seemed confused at first...but then, with uneasy motions, she clambered into a squat and planted her cunny on the tip of his dick. He held her thighs to help her balance, but it wasn't needed: she had a supernatural sense of balance, and with a cry, she started to hammer her asscheeks up and down, slurping his cock up in her pussy with fervent bounces. The gleam of sweat on her curvy body was delicious to witness, and Ryan couldn't keep his hands off of her. He groped her bouncing tits, slapped them, and stuffed his fingers into her drooling mouth for her to suckle and polish with her long tongue. The harder she rode, the more her tummy bulged, until he felt that familiar kiss of her cervix and she arched her back to SLAM through her own resistance, yelping triumph as she did so! Sadako leaned over Ryan, glaring into his eyes as she grasped his shoulders and twerked on his dick, slapping her asscheeks together with each muscular pump, dripping saliva on his face and chest..! Sadako's mouth spilled open to unleash her tongue, which drooped...and drooped...sliding out to an unnatural length so Ryan could kiss and lick at it. Her hips were perfect, riding him like a pro from the very beginning. He couldn't let such behaviour go unrewarded: he pushed her backwards and covered her, pinning her

knees against her shoulders in a breeding press! Cum splurged out in every direction as he drilled her slutty pussy, pumping harder and faster as his fervour for the ghostslut grew. They mashed lips together, grunting and gasping around their ferocious kiss, sharing spittle, sinking into depravity together. Ryan covered her body more and more until, to an onlooker, Sadako would seem to have vanished altogether: all except for her pale buttcheeks protruding under his own, her stretched cunt spasming in repeated orgasm, spraying ballsludge each time he bottomed out. He pushed his muscular body to its limit, slamming Sadako stupid – and then, with a neck-straining growl of pleasure, he leaned down and bit her shoulder as he came. She squealed in pain and pleasure, hit by Ryan's biggest orgasm yet. Her belly swelled...and swelled...and swelled around nearly two litres of gut-busting splooge, churning around in her inflated cum-balloon of a womb. Even when Ryan pulled out, the vibrators kept her company: she spasmed every few seconds, hitting orgasm after orgasm, squirting and gushing and grunting and...losing herself. When her eyes finally managed to focus, she saw Ryan kneeling over her, pressing two fingers into her cunt.

“Mmrgh..?” she asked.

“I think I pushed those vibrators into your womb,” said Ryan, and balled up his fist. “I'd better get them out.”

And as Ryan slammed his arm elbow-deep in her cunt, Sadako screamed. His fist was in her womb, dislodging jizz in a pressure-spray from her pussy! His fingers dragged against the walls of her inner chamber, gathering up the still-buzzing vibrators in his hand and wrenching them out sharply!

“Oops,” he said. “I didn't get them all.”

And he went again, driving his fist into her womb and stirring around, making her belly distort in odd ways. Sadako came pitifully several times, twitching and choking, until, finally, Ryan yanked out the last vibrator and wiped his hand on her belly.

“Did I break you? Sadako?”

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Sadako bobbed her head on Ryan's dick, idly dragging her lips up and down his fuckrod. She was getting better at deepthroat now, eagerly swallowing his meat and bulging out her neck in the process. Her fat titties squished against his knees, and she wrapped her arms around his thighs as she dragged herself closer and closer to his hilt. Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the room, a camera rolled. Ryan sat back and smirked as the recording started. “Howdy,” he said. “I'm Ryan, and I'm here to make a very special announcement.” He wrapped Sadako's hair around his fist and dragged her off of his cock with a wet, drooling ‘plop!’. She puffed for air, eyes wavering between blurry and focused, and tried to kiss his cock as he held her back. “Starting today, I'm taking up a new profession. Ghostfucking! It's a corner of the industry no one's tried to explore, but I'm pretty confident. So, if there's something strange in your neighbourhood, and it has big tits, you know who to call. Smile for the camera, slut.”

Sadako hiccupped and looked over her shoulder, peering blearily at the camera. An awkward smile tugged the corners of her lips. Then Ryan released her hair, and she went happily back to throating his pole – schlug, schlug, schlugk – bubbling slime down his balls.

He ruffled her hair and grinned. “Ain’t she a doll? Well, for now, this is Ryan – signing off!”