

Call the Specialist

D. Dancer

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

@AltGhostHunter

1

Kayla stared at the countdown on her computer, watching as it slowly ticked down to zero. It didn't matter if she answered at one second or when it started at five minutes.

"You know, you're suppose to answer right away." It was Tony, the new worker in the cubical over. He started a week ago and still thought all the rules somehow mattered.

She shrugged and toyed with the edge of her cold coffee. There were eighteen minutes left on her shift and she wanted to see eighteen seconds left on the answer timer.

"Why aren't you answering?"

"Don't have to," she muttered. Six more seconds and then it would be eighteen.

"They'll dock your pay." She could almost hear the gears straining as he tried to encourage her.

"Isn't in the formula."

"How would you know?"

Kayla shrugged. Two more seconds. She watched as the countdown flashed to eighteen.

And then seventeen. Then sixteen.

She rocked her coffee back and forth. She could see the discoloration at the bottom of the ceramic mug with the company logo.

"What about—?" Tony stopped talking when his computer chimed to give him a countdown of his own. He let out a gasp and dropped into his chair. A few moments of scrambling and he hit his answer button. "Thank you for calling Customer Care Unlimited, the

best place for all your streaming needs. My name is Tony, how may I help you?”

Kayla listened to him go through the spiel as she watched the clock count down. She finally released her coffee cup and then brought her finger over to her space bar to answer.

At three seconds before she ran out of time, her phone vibrated once with a notification. The pathetic shake did more to stir her tedium than any encouraging words or countdown.

Kayla’s hand twitched for her phone but she fought the urge. There were rules that could be broken and rules that couldn’t. Answering a personal phone during work hours was one of those that would get her a final escort through the front doors.

She tapped the space bar curtly and her headset clicked. Speaking in a well-practiced voice, she cheerfully answered the phone with exactly one second to go. “Thank you for calling Customer Care Unlimited, the best place for all your streaming needs. My name is Kayla, how may I help you?”

Thirty-three minutes later, she was heading across the parking lot with her weekly paycheck in her purse and a weekend ahead of her.

Kayla didn’t remember her phone until she got into her car. Fishing it out, she saw she had thirty notifications waiting for her on the paranormal instance. Frowning, she tapped on the first one.

MaryAngelKiller: Maybe @AltGhostHunter should take a crack at her?

ExorcistDan: I doubt it. Everyone knows @AltGhostHunter doesn’t go after cannibal ghosts. Not after the first couple back when she started.

MaryAngelKiller: The specter isn’t a cannibal, she’s a Scorned Lady. The signs are all there.

That type of conversation was different than the usual crap that went on in the instance. It piqued her interest. It had been a while since she’d been ghost hunting, long enough that the scars were starting to fade but not too long that she couldn’t knock the punching bag off the hook with a good uppercut.

Kayla tapped on the conversation and waited for it to load. As she did, she noticed Tony coming out of the building. He moved with a swagger as he called out to the others and had a smile for everyone else. It would be a few months before both were extinguished. Until his spirit was crushed, he would be insufferable to everyone.

She scooted down in her seat as she looked at the thread. It ended with an argument, punctuated by gossip and fantasies masking as unfounded rumors. As she read about a ghost who had murdered others, she started to get excited. Further up, she found out that @TheRealHunter was in the hospital; that explained why he hadn't sent her a birthday card as usual.

At the top of the thread were a series of articles about a haunted house in Appleton, Wisconsin. It had been a popular place for the ghost hunter community but it didn't produce anything but "vibes" and a few squawks on whatever fake device people brought along these days.

Kayla didn't care for most of the ghost hunting community. It had been years when a little fuzzy speaker had gotten her excited. Too many times the monster ended up being a rich man trying to make money or just a pile of corpses with a human killer.

The article didn't have any of those hallmarks. The pictures from the hunter community painted a more vivid story of something inhuman hurting ghost hunters. More than a few wannabes ended up in the hospital with ragged bites and broken bones. It wasn't only a few either, she scrolled through at least five separate groups being torn apart before they ran from the building screaming.

Then she came up to @TheRealHunter's posts. He was in a hospital, an old man who acted as a mentor for the fakes. He was personable but capable, knowing when it was just a creaking floor or the crack of a bone.

Kayla's hand tightened as she peered at the picture. His leg ended at the knee in a swath of bandages. Deep inside, she felt something flicker to life. A hunger, not for the older man with an easy smile, but the thought that there was something dangerous out there.

Someone knocked on the window of her car.

Years of practice prevented her from jumping at the unexpected sound. Instead, she tilted her phone away and looked up to see Tony peering inside.

“Don’t have anywhere to go?”

She stared at him, ignoring his smile.

“I’m still wired from work?” His fingers tapped on the glass.
“Want to get a coffee? My treat?”

He flashed what he probably hoped was a winning smile.

The flutter of excitement inside Kayla died. She guessed he was supposed to be handsome and friendly, but that wasn’t what she was looking for. These days, she would rather have a tooth-filled maw of some beast drooling over her over a friendly smile hiding a leer.

At least she knew where she stood with beasts.

She struggled to find some word to make him go away.

“Dutch then?” He raised an eyebrow.

Giving up, she turned back to her phone while keeping it tilted away from him.

Tony tapped on the window.

She swiped to messages and sent a private message:

@AltGhostHunter: @TheRealHunter is it real?

Another tap.

She glanced at the space between her seat and emergency break. The handle of her tactical baton stood with a mask wrapped around it. A few carved symbols glinted in the light.

Tony’s tapping stopped.

Her phone buzzed in her hand.

@TheRealHunter: Hey, wondered you were going to stick your head out of your cave.

@AltGhostHunter: Nothing really interesting.

@TheRealHunter: You should go there. Owner is offering 10k to get rid of the ghost. Under the table though. There were a few deaths.

@AltGhostHunter: Anyone important?

@TheRealHunter: Humans, Kayla, humans died.

She hesitated.

@TheRealHunter: Just newbies. And me.

@AltGhostHunter: Sorry about your leg.

@TheRealHunter: I was looking for an out.

@TheRealHunter: This was it.

@AltGhostHunter: Sorry.

@TheRealHunter: Stories are still good for some pussy. I'll survive, write a book, get laid, and have a good life.

@TheRealHunter: I'll send deets. Be careful, she's a biter.

@AltGhostHunter: Thanks.

@TheRealHunter: Happy birthday, Kayla.

Kayla turned off her phone and glanced around. Tony was gone. She shook her head and then fished out her keys. If she was lucky, she would be on the road in a few hours. She could make Appleton by ten. If everything worked out in her favor, she would be fighting for her life by two in the morning.

She squirmed at the heat that fluttered from between her legs.

D. Dancer

Life on the Road

2

Bailey groaned in discomfort as she woke up. Every part of her body ached as she stretched. Her feet smacked against the firewall of her car and her fingers bumped along the steering wheel before she remembered she had fallen asleep in her car.

The vestiges of her sleep and nightmare blew away in an instant as she froze, hoping that she didn't accidentally hit the horn again.

After a moment, she forced open her eyes and rubbed the crud from her fingers as she tried to orient herself.

A roar of plane above her shook the car.

"Oh yeah, by the airport." It was a shitty place to park, mainly because the farmers and homeowners didn't like "vagabonds" but she had to keep moving to avoid the cops which meant risking a new place every night.

With a yawn, she looked around. It was barely light, maybe six in the morning. The tractors were already out but otherwise it was a peaceful day with wisps of mist rolling along the ground.

Her bladder decided to wake up.

"Shit, shit, I'm moving," she muttered as she fumbled for her keys from the cup holder and then got her car started. It was a shitty sedan with rusted side panels and a motor that grumbled, but it was also her only shelter for the last few weeks.

It still stung to get kicked out of her parents' house. She knew they would respond poorly, but she thought she had been balancing being a closeted lesbian and her parents' perceptions of being good girl for over a year.

But, a few stolen kisses between study sessions led into groping and heavy petting. So, they were both biting back moans as they had fingers in just about every crevice and hole they could find.

It was just her lucky that just as Bailey had her head underneath Allison's skirt and her mouth pressed to a very wet slit that her father came in to announce pizza.

That was when Bailey learned that there was no graceful way of extricating herself from a pair of clenching thighs, wipe the juices off her face, and still protest her innocence.

Now Bailey was living out of her car while her parents tried to find the title and Allison was throwing Bailey under the bus in hopes of keeping her own reputation sterling.

Thoughts underneath a storm cloud, she turned around in a nearby parking lot and headed north. There was a YMCA that still honored her membership. She didn't know how long it would last, but until her parents stopped paying for it, the membership meant a clean shower and a chance to make herself presentable. Then she could head over to Dilly's Diner for a cheap meal in exchange for washing dishes for an hour.

Killing Time

3

Kayla sat in the corner of Dilly's Diner, rocking her empty coffee mug back and forth as she stared at the Formica top of the table. Her thoughts were drifting as she recalled previous hunts. It had been a long time since she had been excited for a hunt. Like the call center, very little pushed her limits recently and she didn't know or where to find something to break her malaise.

It would be different if she was like @TheRealHunter who had the charisma and charm to run his own business related to ghost hunting. He didn't mind the newcomers with their glassy-eyed stares and occasional gasps. They were excited about everything; she wasn't.

For the countless time, she wondered if she would ever find someone that excited her as much as staring into the haunting eyes of an apparition in the mirror or thrashing the icy-cold grip of a ghost trying to strangle her.

She smiled to herself as she tried to focus on the sensations of having the claws squeezing her throat, crushing down until the cartilage began to crack and black spots swam across her vision.

Underneath the diner table, she clenched her thighs together. She had masturbated to that memory so many times it no longer thrilled her like it used to, but she still remembered the rush when she first broke free.

"Still with us, hon?" asked the waitress. Her name tag said her name was Mabel. She was an older woman, maybe in her fifties, with a more honest smile than Tony and an easy of a life-long service worker.

Kayla blinked and then nodded. "Time for another order?"

Mabel's eyes flickered down to the stack of fives on the edge of the table. Kayla didn't order much, but she had been putting a five down every hour she had waited ever since she showed up at midnight.

Kayla shrugged and pulled out another five.

"Order something, please?" asked the woman with a pleading tone. "You've only been drinking black coffee for the last four hours."

Kayla shrugged and checked her phone. She only had another hour to kill before eight, then she could head over to the home owner. "I've done worse and for longer."

"Pie? We have apple? Banana cream?"

She shrugged. "Sure, a piece of banana cream and another coffee."

Mabel took the order and walked back, but not after giving Kayla another look. There was concern and something else.

Kayla ignored the look. Instead, she unlocked her phone and checked the social network. It was the only thing that vaguely seemed interesting, though it was pretty dead after midnight. Fortunately, the world was getting up and she had to scroll through a few posts in idle amusement.

A man and woman in the booth behind her got up to leave. The muscles in her back tensed as she focused on her phone but let her peripheral vision drift to watch them.

As the man walked past, he casually reached out for the stack of five dollars.

Kayla slammed her fist down on the back of his hand, crushing it against the table with a bang that caused everyone to jump. She heard something crunch underneath.

"You bitch!" he bellowed as he tried to pull his hand free. She noticed that his fingers were digging into the bills at the same time.

Kayla slowly looked at him with an impassive look. "Good morning," she said in her best call center voice. "This money is for Mabel, my waitress, and you appear to be taking it. May I help you?"

"I'm not trying to steal your damn money!" he said as he reached down to rescue his hand. He tugged at it.

Kayla only had to lean slightly to keep him pinned. "You say that," she said in her cheerful yet dead voice, "but there should be

no reason your hand would be over Mabel's tips when you passed. If you were to relax your hand, I'll be glad to let up."

The door to the diner rang out. A young woman, maybe in her early twenties, came in with wet blonde hair and a canvas bag over her shoulder. She looked at the drama before heading to the opposite end of the restaurant.

Mabel came up. "Is there is something wrong?"

"N-Nothing!" belted the man. He tugged at his hand.

Kayla sighed. She relaxed her hand to grab his wrist and then forcibly turned it over. A handful of crushed five dollar bills tumbled out of his grip. Two of them remained in his grip, caught between his fingers.

Mabel cringed. "I'm sure it was just a mistake."

"Y-Yeah, you fucking bitch, it was—"

Kayla tightened her grip on his wrist, squeezing down until he stopped bellowing. Then, still in her false cheerfulness, she looked directly into his fear-stricken eyes and said, "I'm sorry. I'm sure a mistake was made."

She released his hand.

He lurched forward, dropped the bills, and then rushed out of the room. His companion ran after him, her cheeks red.

Mabel gave Kayla a hard look. "That was excessive."

"It wasn't his money," she said, her voice returning to her more comfortable tone. She sighed and pushed her phone to the side to make way for her pie and coffee.

Mabel only tsked and then set down her meal. Wiping her hands on her apron, she headed over to the newcomer.

As Kayla dug into her meal, she listened to the two speak.

"Good morning, Bailey."

"Morning, Mabe. Think I could get some breakfast?"

"Talked to your father?"

"Won't answer his phone. I tried." A pause. "I swear, I called. Do you want to see my call history?"

"No, hon. I'm sorry. Willing to take out the garbage and do dishes? Scott isn't in for a few hours, so it would be helping me."

Bailey nodded. "Of course, nothing else to do."

"A girl like you should be in school." Apparently Mabel had opinions on a lot of people.

“A girl like me used to go to a college that doesn’t approve of her choices. So, I’m stuck until I can find a job.”

The conversation drifted off and Kayla stopped paying attention. At least until the hairs on the back of her head rose up. She peeked up from her phone to see Bailey staring at her.

As they met eyes, the young woman looked away.

Kayla returned to her phone, but it was only a few seconds before the feeling came back. She glanced up to see Bailey staring at her again, a strange look of curiosity on the blonde’s expression.

With a sigh, Kayla set her phone down again and took a bite of the pie. It was too sweet and bland at the same time, but she needed the energy.

As she ate, she saw Bailey approach.

“E-Excuse me? Are you Kayla Summers?”

A prickle of fear and concern flooded through the ghost hunter. She tensed as she struggled with her response, then slowly lifted her eyes to stare at Bailey.

Bailey looked terrified, nervous, and excited at the same time. “I-I think I saw you before, in an article from *Ghost Hunters International*. You are Kayla, the one who banished the Ice Horse up in Minnesota?”

Kayla said nothing, just stared at her as she waited. Usually people gave up after a few moments.

Bailey cleared her throat. “I follow your account on the hunter net, I’m @LezSpecterGirl.” The name didn’t register a bell.

“I... I’ve been following you since you joined the net,” she said again. She clutched her belt as she glanced around and then back to Kayla.

Kayla stared at her as she struggled with a sudden feeling of exposure. No one had ever recognized her in public before. There were barely any pictures associated with her passion. Most of them were from the early days, back when she was more vocal about hunting down beasts during her weekends.

Bailey worried her lip. She had a heart-shaped face that did little to hide her emotions. The hesitation and fear was there, a reminder of the days when Kayla saw the world as new.

Kayla looked over to the car that Bailey came in. It was packed full of clothes and supplies. Judging from the underwear peeking

out underneath a laundry basket, it looked like she had shoved everything in the sedan in a hurry.

“Bailey!” snapped Mabel in a loud whisper. “Don’t upset the customers. I can’t keep helping you if you upset Scott!”

Bailey jumped and then blushed. “S-Sorry, I thought I—”

Making a decision, Kayla interrupted her. “Sit.”

Both of the women looked at her in surprise.

“W-What?” asked Bailey.

“Sit and order breakfast. My treat.”

Mabel held out her hand. “Sorry, she normally isn’t—”

Kayla turned her stare to Mabel. “My treat.”

Bailey blushed as she sat down, her eyes lingering on Kayla’s pie for a moment.

“Your usual, Bailey?” asked Mabel with an annoyed tone. She didn’t look back at Kayla.

Bailey peeked at Kayla who shrugged. Then she looked up bashfully. “Stack of pancakes, some sausage, and a glass of OJ?”

Kayla held up her finger. “And another slice of banana pie.”

Mabel noted the order with pursed lips and then strode away.

The young woman stared at her and then turned back. “Thank you. I promise, I’ll pay you back—”

“No, you won’t.”

“No, I—”

Kayla gave her a hard look. When Bailey stopped talking and blushed, Kayla spoke. “You don’t have a lot of money and I said I would treat you. There will be no paying back or talking about giving me money. You are just to enjoy your breakfast.”

Looking nervous, Bailey looked at Kayla again and her expression softened. “Why?”

“You ever pick up a hitchhiker in the middle of the night? Say a woman in a white dress who needs a ride home?”

“Um...?”

“You just help. Don’t try to take advantage of her, don’t ask for money, and don’t try to have sex with her. You just listen and drive her home.”

“I...” Bailey’s cheeks blushed hotly. She was obviously clinging to the thought of having sex with the woman in white. A lesbian, Kayla decided, or at least bi and horny.

Kayla looked up the ceiling. "It's only happened thrice for me. The first and last time, I don't remember letting her out of the car. She was just gone."

"And the second?"

"She was upset and just needed to talk to a stranger."

The blush grew hotter. "Did she try to seduce you?"

"Yes."

Bailey squirmed. "Was she pretty?"

"Didn't matter. Humans aren't my thing. We just talked until morning and then I took her home, beat the shit out of her cheating husband, and then dropped her off to a motel to cool off."

Bailey snorted and then ducked her head. She was still blushing.

Kayla smiled to herself. It was a fun night. Jennifer still called on occasion, just to talk and invited her to dinner but Kayla never came back.

"That doesn't really answer the question."

With a shrug, Kayla pushed the pie over to Bailey. "You just help. Sounds like you have a lot of crap going on and I have the money to treat you. So, you are like the hitchhiker right now. I'm just helping."

"And you won't try to have sex with me?" Bailey's cheeks blushed. There was a longing in her voice, a desire that the answer was anything but what Kayla had to give.

"You're human."

Bailey looked disappointed before she looked away.

Food arrived. Bailey dug into it as if she hadn't had a hot meal in days.

Kayla watched impassively. There was a rawness to the young woman, not to mention a few hungers judging from how her eyes peeked up at Kayla and her blush kept returning. If Kayla was into women, it would have been hard to resist a star-struck fan with pretty green eyes like Bailey's.

Soon, the food was gone.

Bailey sighed. "Thank you. It's been... a while."

"No problem." Kayla fished out forty more dollars and dropped them on the pile. Then caught Mabel's attention before she tapped the money.

The old woman nodded in acknowledgment.

Turning her phone over, Kayla looked at the time. “I need to go soon. Are you going to be okay?”

“Where are you going?”

“A house on the north side of town. It’s suppose to be haunted—”

“Oh, Rotten Apple Lane?” That was one of the names gives on the social networks. Everyone came up with pithy sounded names for hauntings but for Kayla, it was just 202 Apple Lane North.

“Yes.”

“Can I come?”

Startled, Kayla stared at her.

“I’ve always wanted to actual go to a haunted house. I mean a real one, not like the ones they have on the TV shows or by the corn mazes. If you are going there, that means they needed a specialist.”

“People got killed in there.”

Bailey glanced at her car. “So?”

“@TheRealHunter lost his foot.”

“Gary also said you were the best at Scorned Lovers.” Kayla vaguely remembered @TheRealHunter giving his real name, but she always preferred his handle.

Kayla hesitated. “Listen, I’m not a great person to be around. I creep people out already, I’m somewhat of a psychopath, and I’d probably just use you as bait.”

Bailey shrugged before licking off her fingers.

“Are you sure?”

“What else am I going to do? Wash dishes for the rest of my life? Try to get a job when my damn family sqawks at every church meeting? Half the places I apply won’t even let me in the door because my parents called them first. Even Allison won’t even look at me now and I thought we were f-forever.”

Kayla didn’t know who Allison was, but the look in the young woman’s eyes suggested it was a previous lover.

Bailey’s voice cracked. She sniffed. “It’s just a matter of time before I’m living underneath a bridge and everyone knows it. Then one bad winter and I’ll be a frozen Popsicle.”

She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. “I’m fucked, so if I can have a chance to spend a few hours with a famous idol, then at least I’ll have good memories of an adventure when I’m freezing to

death. If the only way to do it is for you to tie me up and use me as bait, then it still better than what I have in my future.”

Kayla hesitated longer. There was something about Bailey that stirred something inside Kayla. It wasn't sexual desire but something else, a flame that reminded her over the old days.

She shrugged. “If you still want it when you finish eating, then I'll take you along. I'll try to keep you safe and probably with all your limbs intact, but no promises.”

Bailey looked frightened for a moment.

Kayla got ready to leave.

Then the young woman began to bolt down her food with a smile.

House Flipper

4

Bailey was more excited than she could imagine. She never expected to stumble into a famous ghost hunter in a diner of all places, but Kayla was gorgeous. No picture could have done her justice.

The ghost hunter had thick curls of brunette hair loose around her face that almost reached the of of her large breasts that strained the fabric of her button-down short. The gap between the buttons revealed a plain black bra cupping tits that would spill out of the young lesbian's hands.

Kayla didn't smile, just always had a semi-serious look on her face. She also had a tendency to stare for long periods of time, waiting.

But looking into the dark blue eyes felt like being dangled over the ocean, a pool that Bailey wanted to dive into and drown herself. But even when Kayla gave a hard stare back to a question, it wasn't discomfort that cause Bailey to squirm but a hunger that made her cunt squishy and a heat to flutter in her chest.

That woman could dominate a werewolf with nothing more than a look.

Bailey had managed to get her libido underneath control by focusing on her meal. Hot food, sweet syrup, and a bit of forbidden pie. It had been days since she enjoyed any of that and she didn't want to miss it.

But, all good things came to an end and she finally finished with an indelicate burp.

"Ready to go?" asked Kayla. Her voice was a strange timber of steady monotone and an almost sing-song tone to it. It was a stark

difference to the airy, almost ditsy, voice she used with Clark when he tried to steal the money.

Bailey nodded sheepishly and then squeezed out from the bench. Standing up, she made sure she had her canvas bag with her laptop.

Then Kayla stood up.

Bailey had to look up as the hunter straightened. And up even more. With every inch, her pussy grew wetter as she stared at the towering woman who was rumored to be one of the best ghost hunters in the country.

She glanced down and found herself face-to-face with Kayla's magnificent tits. From close up, she could see the slightly bumps of her nipples through the material and Bailey desperately wanted to rip open the shirt and bra to see if they were tiny little bumps or big puffy nipples.

Kayla didn't seem to register anything. She looked back and then bent over the table, giving Bailey a view of her ass.

The world spun as the young woman looked down at the hard muscles visible through the blue jeans that stretched over an ass that looked harder than rock.

When Kayla stood up, she had a cowboy hat which she dropped on top of her head.

Bailey almost came at the casual cowgirl vibe the hunter gave as she followed after Kayla. She was honest about wanting to see a real ghost, but after seeing Kayla up close, there was also the very real desire to be seduced and dominated by her.

The only thing that startled Bailey was Kayla's vehicle. She expected the ghost hunter to travel in a big ass pickup truck, not a white panel van with "Kayla's General Services" in a very plain, functional design. It looked like any other service truck running around town, thought there was no phone number or city listed.

Kayla stopped at the rear of her van. "Phone number?"

"Oh, um..." Bailey stammered for a moment. Then she gave her number.

Kayla leaned against the van and entered it. Bailey saw that her contact was listed as "Bailey from Appleton Wi".

"Um, Bailey Jones."

Kayla changed the entry to "Bailey Jones from Appleton Wisconsin" before dialing the number.

Bailey's phone rang. She started to answer it but Kayla hung up. "Do you know where to go?"

"Yeah, north side near...." Her mind blanked.

"I'll send you the address. Make sure you want to follow me."

The image of Kayla's large hands wrapping ropes around Bailey's trembling body brought a rush of lust and excitement. She knew that the hunter would be rough and powerful, as dominating as the stare that seemed to connect Bailey's eyes directly to her clit.

Kayla cocked her head, then got into her van.

A second later, a text message popped up with an address.

Bailey watched the van drive away and then scrambled for her phone. She made a contact for Kayla with a few Xs and Os and a peach symbol. Then she brought up a map for the address and followed in her own car.

The Rotten Apple House was a large Victorian house at the end of a street. It was a bright, clean white with a sign still standing near the mailbox for the siding company. Bright flowers danced in the gardens and the driveway looked as black as pitch.

Kayla's van had stopped behind a fancy sedan and the gorgeous hunter was talking to a slender woman wearing a black suit.

Before that morning, the power suit would have gotten Bailey's engines rumbling. After Kayla, though, she wondered if she would find anyone else as attractive. There was something about the tall woman and her incredibly firm-looking ass that made Bailey want to do everything she had read about in dirty stories.

Bailey tried her best to look put together before getting out and joining the conversation.

Kayla had one hand on her pocket and the other pointing to the front door. "You said you just got rid of the contents?"

The woman made a face. "It was all covered in bugs and spider eggs. The leather was rotten and the wood had termite damage. Nothing I could resell. I just had the entire contents hauled out."

"Which dump?"

"No," said the raven-haired home owner. "The dump wouldn't take it and I wasn't going to risk my moving truck. I had the guys drag it into the back and burn everything." A pause. "I had a permit of course."

Kayla shrugged. She was half a foot taller than the other woman. Then she turned to Kayla. “Gwen, this is Bailey. Bailey, Gwen. Bailey is going to help me.”

Up close, Gwen was exactly what Bailey wished she could be: slender, elegant, and beautiful. She had a wide smile and eyes that sparkled. If she wasn’t standing next to Kayla, Bailey’s horny thoughts would have been all over her.

Gwen gave Bailey a hard look. “I’m not paying more than ten. I’m losing enough money on this house as it is.”

“I’ll deal with paying Bailey,” Kayla said, her voice moving into the cheerful ditz tone.

An image of Kayla between Bailey’s legs flashed through Bailey’s thoughts. She blushed and tried to tamp it down. Why was she so fucking horny? It had been days and she couldn’t exactly masturbate in the car, but still, how did Kayla bring that out so quickly?

Gwen made a worried hum.

Kayla gave her a smile. “How do I prove I got rid of the ghost?”

“Survive the night, as far as I’m concerned. I’ll give you two thousand now, three if you made it until morning, and the other five if I don’t see the ghost in a week. Deal?”

Kayla shrugged. “Why not? Need a contract?”

Gwen scoffed. “Like there is legal precedent for hiring a ghost hunter. I didn’t believe any of this shit, other than those people kept paying me a hundred dollars a night while I was working through financing. Everything was fine until they started getting blood on the new floors.”

“There won’t be any blood.”

“There better not,” Gwen snapped back. “You ruin my floor and I’ll be suing you, your girlfriend’s ass, and your company out of existence.”

Kayla shrugged again. She looked around and then shrugged a third time. “When can we come back for the night?”

“Just start now. The ghost, or whatever it is, doesn’t show up until night but I’m still trying to get a replacement contractor. You’ll have the entire place to do whatever shit you have to do. Just clean up after, don’t ruin the beds or furniture, or I’m not paying you.” Gwen’s voice got shriller.

Kayla blinked once and then stared at the dark-haired woman. Gwen started to say something but the sound died in her voice. Kayla held her stare.

“I-I... should probably... I’m going,” said the home owner. Her tone had turned into a defeated discomfort. “I need to go.”

Bailey almost flooded her panties as she watched Gwen drive off in a rush. There was nothing fake about Kayla but there was something otherworldly about how she could dominate the space with just a look.

As soon as the roar of the engine faded, Kayla turned to Bailey. “You need sleep.”

“What?”

“You’ve been sleeping in your car, right?”

“Y-Yes,” Bailey said with a blush.

“I bet you haven’t slept through the night for days. Nor were you sleeping in comfort. We’re going to be up all night, so I need you to awake and aware.” She dug into her pocket and pulled out a pair of twenties. “When you get up, order pizza. Something hearty, plenty of salt and protein. No Chinese or pasta or heavy sauce. If you are a vegetarian, double up on the protein.”

Bailey took the money from the remarkably cool hand.

Kayla strode to the back of her van. Pulling it open, she reached out and grabbed a shovel.

Bailey peeked inside. There was a narrow cot on one side with comfortable-looking blankets neatly underneath. On the other side was an array of tools ranging from hammers, screwdrivers, machetes, garden shears, and even a handful of saws. A dozen toolboxes were all clipped into place. There was also coils of chains and ropes hanging from hooks near the back.

Except for the array of gardening and murder tools, the van looked more comfortable than even Bailey’s old bedroom. Maybe Kayla would let Bailey borrow the van until she got on her feet.

Kayla grabbed a rake and shoved both underneath her arm before closing the door.

Bailey gulped. “What are you doing?”

“Scorned Women usually have something of their lover that anchors them to the house. Since she started hurting people after Gwen burned the contents, I suspect that she burned that anchor. If

I can find it, or at least parts of it, it would make it a lot easier to break whatever is holding her to the house.”

“If you can’t?”

“Then we’re going to be using iron, salt, and a lot of blood. Now get some sleep, you look exhausted.”

Bailey didn’t think she could sleep right away, but she didn’t want to tell Kayla that. Deciding that she would just close her eyes, she gathered up her bag and headed inside.

The house was in the middle of a remodel. The living room floor had been painted and was a brilliant white, except where brown smears stained the walls and darker stains marred the polished wooden floors.

It took a moment to register that she was looking at blood stains.

Bailey stared at a moment, wondering what she would feel like when she came up to death. She expected to feel disgust or grief, but her heavy breathing and rapid heartbeats felt more like the thrill of having a beautiful woman’s lips against her nipples than the cold sweat of terror.

She gulped as she inspected the room. Delicately arranged decorations had been upended and tossed around, marking places where someone had been thrown into an antique chair and more smears of blood near the brick fireplace. But, the damage also revealed that the inside of the chair was bright wood and the brick was only a few inches thick.

She moved into the kitchen and looked at the long scratch marks that dug into the side of the refrigerator. The black surface of the electric stove was cracked and dried blood had pooled inside the appliance.

The cabinets looked old and weathered but the damage showed they were just as fake as the chair. Bailey scoffed as she tugged on a cabinet door and it fell off the hinge, shattering into pieces.

“God, what a cheap-ass bitch.”

She had never seen what a house flipper did, but seeing how much effort Gwen put into pretending that the house was good made her sick. She wondered if the ghost could just take a bite out of the flipper before Kayla got rid of her.

Bailey made her way upstairs and into the bedrooms. One was completely shredded, the mattress torn apart and springs scattered

everywhere. The drywall was bashed in, showing the old wallpaper that the woman had just painted over.

The only bed still intact was the master bedroom. Set in a gorgeous, large room, it was up against the back wall of the house.

Seeing it and the artfully arranged pillows, Bailey realized she was more tired than she thought. It looked comfortable, despite everything being fake and plastic.

She toyed with the strap of her bag for a moment and then set it down. She'll just close her eyes for a little bit, then she would see Kayla in action.

Bailey crawled over the bed, but before she could flip over and dug into the pillows, she caught movement through the window. Curious, she leaned over and looked outside.

Kayla was digging into a large, brown circle in the back yard. Hunks of dirt flew to the side as she slammed the blade deep and then levered it out.

While Bailey had been exploring the house, Kayla had stripped out of her cotton shirt and was wearing only her black bra, jeans, and a pair of heavy boots. Sweat dripped down her well-defined body and Bailey could see the flex of muscles with every movement.

"Oh, fuck me stupid," gasped Bailey as she stared at the goddess in the back yard. It didn't matter that Kayla wasn't into her, Bailey couldn't help but pant as a heat bubbled inside her. She moaned as she dug into her pants, fumbling with her zipper until she could shove her hand into the opening and dig her fingers into her wetness.

Fighting the confines of her jeans, Bailey tried to imagine Kayla's dominating presence in a more erotic situation. The hunter's large hands cupping her breasts, the feel of her hard muscles prying the younger woman's thighs apart.

Bailey was sure that Kayla was the type who would dive in to eat, just shove her way and lap and swirl. Probably while staring into Bailey's eyes.

"Oh, fuck..." moaned Bailey as she rolled over onto her back, sinking into the pillows. She squeezed her eyes tightly close as she fingered herself until her wrist hurt. Then, she shoved her jeans and panties off to give her access to reach deeper.

With one knee hooked on a pillow, she fingered herself roughly as she imagined it was Kayla using her, fucking her, owning her. She wanted to feel those hard fingers driving deep as the older woman licked... no Kayla would be a biter. A powerful biter that took charge.

After days of being unable to find relief, Bailey easily lost herself in fantasies as she soaked the blankets and pillows with her excitement. Her fingers drove into her, curling up to press against her most sensitive spots as she worked herself into an orgasm.

Her eyes fluttered opened.

Kayla was standing in the door, staring at her.

A flash of lust exploded inside Bailey as she stared back, unsure of what Kayla would do. Her hand never stopped as she fingered herself.

Kayla made no effort to move, either further into the room or away. She just watched with her unreadable eyes.

Somehow, being watched made the knife edge of pleasure even sharper. Bailey couldn't take her eyes away as she found herself pounding her fingers deep into her cunt, splashing with every stroke as she brought herself to an orgasm.

A scream ripped out of her throat. It beat against the walls as she cried out while still staring back at Kayla. Even as the pleasure tore through her senses, she was unable to even close her eyes or look away.

Slumping back, she managed to blink and catch her breath.

When she opened her eyes again, Kayla was gone. It was as if the hunter was a ghost herself, not even making a noise as she escaped.

A small part of Bailey wondered if she had just seen the ghost haunting the house, but then a wave of exhaustion tugged her into sleep.

With one knee hooked on a pillow and the air tickling against her soaked thighs, she drifted into a dreamless sleep.

Early Evening

5

Kayla sat in the dining room on one of the two chairs that survived the last attack. She had a piece of cool pizza on the paper plate in front of her, the toppings picked off to leave only the crust and sauce behind.

Bailey, on the other hand, devoured her third piece as if it was her last meal. Her hunger worried Kayla, it was obvious that the young woman had spent more than a few days in her car and wasn't eating nearly enough.

Kayla didn't want to ask questions, but she admitted she was curious of the circumstances that chased Bailey into living from her car. She guessed it had something to do with Bailey's obvious lust for women and her father's disapproval.

In the back of her head, Kayla thought that Bailey's libido would be useful on how she planned on defeating the ghost. It was an unconventional approach, but it depended a lot on how the ghost responded since Kayla was unable to find an anchor to break.

Swallowing the last piece of her slice, Bailey smiled. "Oh, that tastes good." She was obviously an omnivore judging from the deep dish, deluxe pizza she ordered.

"I'm glad."

Bailey gestured to Kayla's piece. "You didn't like it? Should I have eaten—"

"I don't eat much while working." Kayla looked around. It was dark, but she didn't see any signs of the ghost. But, things quickly changed and she was on edge for the first signs of a haunting.

"With your looks, I'm surprised you just don't eat fish and chicken all the time. You look like you are solid muscles."

The tone set Kayla on edge for a moment but then it quickly faded. It was obvious Bailey was trying to be nice. No, judging from how Bailey licked her lips, she was being appreciative.

Kayla retreated into not thinking about the young woman's attraction and shrugged while she toyed with the edge of the plate. "I don't do much besides work. I just exercise to keep in shape."

The blond frowned. "With a business like yours? You probably spend all day with a hammer or a shovel in your hand, right?"

It took a minute, then Kayla let a smile flash across her face. "No, I work in a call center. Ten hour shifts, starting at six in the morning."

"A call.. you mean where they call customer support? But your van, it's filled with tools."

Kayla shrugged with a wry smile. "I found it easier to hide being a hunter when you have an excuse to carry weapons out in plain sight. That way, you don't have any surprises from police when they pull you over. No one thinks to stop a handyman. Not to mention, if someone stumbles onto a secret cache, there are a lot of questions."

Bailey giggled and pushed her short hair past her ear. "I guess that is why you don't have a phone number on your van?"

Surprised, Kayla smiled. "You noticed."

"No city either. I bet that makes it also easier to hide in plain sight."

Delighted that the young woman was observant, Kayla nodded. "No customized plates like the @TheRealHunter either. Nothing to stand out. Even my business cards only have the company name on them."

Bailey stared for a moment, a smirk grew before she giggled.

"What?"

"You don't have to say the 'at' sign, you know."

Kayla blinked. "What?"

"You said 'at the real hunter'," Bailey said while giggling.

Kayla's cheeks grew warm. She looked away. "It's just how I think."

"No, no, I'm sorry." Bailey said, obviously struggling not to laugh. "I don't mean to. I mean, people say 'O M G' so why not 'at?'"

Kayla looked away again, humiliation filling her thoughts. She didn't like people mentioning how she said the wrong things on

occasion; it was easier to work off a script or just do whatever her body wanted.

In the corner of her eye, she spotted movement. Tilting her head slightly, she looked into the living room. The furthest light was flickering faintly and the fabric near it were stirring. She could almost see a haze gathering.

It was the ghost.

Kayla's excitement rose as she looked away. It took a lot of effort for most supernatural creatures to manifest, which meant that they probably had about twenty or so minutes before the ghost was able to do more than drop the temperature.

Bailey frowned. "I-I'm sorry, Kayla. I didn't mean to laugh. It's just been really hard for me lately, with my dad kicking me out of the house and my parents trying to sabotage every job I get."

Kayla looked up. "What do you mean?" she said as her call center voice came back.

Bailey stopped. "Please don't do that. I'm sorry, I swear I didn't mean to upset you."

"Don't do what?"

"That voice, that's your fake one isn't it? You used it on the home owner and on the guy at the diner."

Kayla hesitated but then nodded. Bailey was turning out to be rather observant.

Bailey reached out and rested her hand on Kayla's. "I'm really sorry. I really didn't mean to laugh. It just surprised me."

"It's... I'm not okay right now but I'll survive. I've never been good with humans. Interactions are easier over the phone since I have a script. Beyond that, I don't really do much besides hunting."

Bailey's eyes shimmered for a moment. She stroked the back of Kayla's hand with one finger. "I promise I'll do better."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

Then Bailey asked, "Different topic. What about your mother?"

"She died when I was eight."

"Your father?"

"He died when I was twenty-six."

"I'm sorry."

Kayla shrugged. "It is what it is. I couldn't imagine being rejected like your parents. My mother accepted me for everything I was, including my way of thinking."

Bailey sighed. "I wish I had that. I mean, it was my fault I got kicked out. I got sloppy, got horny, and forgot I was supposed to be hiding who I am."

"That you like girls?"

Bailey's head lifted. Her smile softened as her eyes grew unfocused for a moment. "Yeah, that's it. I always knew I liked girls, but my parents were throwing every boy they could find at me. All they care about is who I married and when I could produce babies."

Bailey sighed and her face dropped.

Neither said anything for a long moment.

Kayla watched the flickering get more obvious. Reaching down, she rested her hand on her canvas tool bag. Her baton handle stuck out; it was made from cold iron and was a good defense against ghosts. However the baton was also an aggressive weapon. As much as Kayla enjoyed the rush of a killing attack, she wasn't going to be the one who started the violence. She had other items in the bag to start with.

A thrill rose inside her. The first signs of a haunting were the best foreplay she could imagine. It was the anticipation of not knowing if it was going to be a drawn out fight, a brutal brawl, or something entirely new.

She noticed that Bailey was lost in her thoughts again. Needing her to be aware, Kayla spoke quietly, "Do you know what to expect from the ghost?"

Bailey flinched. "Not... really. I mean, you hear about walking around and feeling spirits, but I don't know how that works."

"Well, a good start is to pay attention. Usually they want to talk or interact. It can get ugly quickly, but what they say may help you figure out what pins them to this world. Any word, any phrase, you never know."

"Any luck finding anything in the back yard?"

Kayla shook her head. "I'm hoping she will reveal an anchor. If not, then we'll have to do it the hard way."

"Iron, salt, and blood?" Bailey looked excited.

Kayla chuckled. "I might have also use you as bait."

It wasn't really a "might" though, judging from the flicker in the corner. She was going to use Bailey as bait and to focus the attention of the ghost, but that required Kayla to make sure the young woman would be properly protected. It wouldn't be good to have another death on her hands.

She stood up. "Why don't we look around the house?"

Bailey wiped her hands on her shirt before standing up. "What do I need to do?"

"Just go upstairs. If you see a ghost, just call out."

In the corner of the living room, Kayla made out the shifting outline of the Scorned Woman. Upstairs would keep Bailey away.

Bailey looked frightened for a moment. "Just upstairs? By myself?"

"You'll be safe, I promise."

Bailey was a little less enthusiastic as she headed out of the room. The house creaked slightly as she made her way up the stairs.

Kayla waited a second and then dug into her bag. She pulled out a caulk gun and a custom-made tube filled with silicon and rock salt. A few chains, iron cuffs, and other items were set down around the pizza box.

Finally she pulled out one of her favorite pieces of armor, a bracer. It was a series of iron chains that were tied together with thinner wire binding them into a cuff that went from the wrist to the elbow. It had a strap holding everything together. The entire thing had saved her limbs more than once since it was designed like chain mail to absorb a claw or bite.

She looked into the corner and saw the ghost had almost manifested. She had about five minutes left. Just enough time to find out how Bailey handled surprises and if she would be useful as bait.

With a grim smile on her lips, she headed up the stairs. An earlier investigation of the house gave her a map of the floorboard and steps that would creak so she could avoid them and move in silence.

D. Dancer

Bait

6

Bailey worried her bottom lip as she reached the top of the stairs. The upstairs was a lot creepier at night when she knew there was a ghost haunting the place. She shivered and wrapped her arms around her chest as she peeked into one room.

Sweat prickled her brow as she looked into the ruined rooms. There wasn't a lot of light inside the house and the street lights made everything look like claws and teeth.

Kayla's bait comment worried her. Bailey wondered how much of her enthusiasm was driven by her need to see a real ghost—something that she had dreamed about since she was a little girl—or coming up face-to-face with one of the most gorgeous women she had ever seen. Had she made a mistake thinking with her pussy and a desperation to do something besides watch her plummet into her personal hell of poor decisions?

She scoffed. Walking around a haunted house was probably right up there in the other poor decisions in her life. Though, sleeping in a car in a random spot always seemed more terrifying than the idea that she would be finding a ghost. At least, she knew there was a ghost as opposed to never knowing it was an animal or a rapist coming up in the middle of the night.

Well, it felt safer until she was walking alone in a dark house with the only competent person downstairs.

Bailey stopped at the master bedroom. Looking at the scattered pillows, she felt a blush forming on her cheeks. She still couldn't believe that she was masturbating like a fucking slut when Kayla came into the room. But the unreadable stare made the orgasm so intense, it was like the first time she kissed Alison or the intensity

that had lead to the fateful making out that got her kicked out of the house.

But then Kayla didn't even mention it. No sly innuendos, no snide comments. Just nothing. It was much different than her parents. Better, Bailey thought, but she was hoping that Kayla would reciprocate at least some response.

"I guess she really doesn't like humans."

Bailey shook her head. She had to inspect the rest of the upstairs.

Turning around, she bumped her face into Kayla's sizable breasts.

Adrenaline exploded inside her as she stumbled back. "Jesus Fucking Christ!" as she swung up her left arm to shield herself. Her knees caught the edge of the bed and she tumbled back.

Kayla didn't move from her spot.

"Fuck!" gasped Bailey. "I thought you were the ghost."

"You are safe up here. She's manifesting in the living room."

"Living... then why am I up here?"

Kayla finally moved. Stepping forward, she placed one knee on the bed and loomed over Bailey.

A flush of heat and lust flooded the younger woman. She looked up and felt dwarfed by the hunter. Tiny and very vulnerable, two things that always set off her fantasy. Her lips parted as she breathed heavily.

"Everyone responds to fear different," said Kayla in a low voice that Bailey could almost feel in her chest. "You blocked with your left hand and I needed to know that."

"Y-You could have asked," Bailey said as she thought about reaching up to kiss Kayla.

"Most people don't pay attention to details like this." Bracing herself, Kayla hefted what looked like a chain mail cuff. Without a word, she pried Bailey's left arm from her chest and held it firmly in her grip.

Bailey whimpered softly, one leg rising up as she tried to clamp her thighs together to avoid creating a wet spot in her jeans.

Kayla's hands were sure as she strapped on the cold metal. "This is cold iron. If the ghost tries to bite or claw you, this will prevent you from getting hurt." Her fingers stroked along Bailey's skin as delicate as a lover as she made sure nothing would pinch when she cinched it shut.

Trembling, Bailey could only stare into Kayla's face as the moment grew more intimate.

"In fact," Kayla said seemingly aware of Bailey's response, "if things get violent, I want her to bite this rather than anything else. But be careful, some Scorned Women also have claws. I don't have a lot for those because iron over the heart somehow gives them too much warning and they get wary. That makes them think more and that makes it more dangerous for everyone."

Bailey licked her lips. "So, what else?"

Kayla looked at her and then gave a sudden smile. "Don't mind being bait?"

It didn't take Bailey long to find an answer. "No. This is scary but fun. I think because I trust you... if you are close."

"Don't put faith in heroes, we will always fail you."

"You won't fail me," Bailey said in a whisper.

Kayla's fingers froze, their light touch right against Bailey's shoulder.

It would have taken only a little turn to bring them to her neck, but Bailey didn't want to push. She just stared into Kayla's eyes and wished that the moment would never own.

With a gulp, Kayla pulled back. "She's downstairs in the corner of the living room by the light."

The moment was broken.

Bailey sighed and wondered if she would ever get laid again by anyone as beautiful. She pushed herself up into a sitting position. "What do I do?"

"Talk to her. Be nice, be wary. There is almost always a drop in temperature when they get angry, that's when you need to be ready." Kayla held out her hand and helped Bailey to her feet.

"And what will you be doing?"

"Hoping that she focuses on you. The first step is to stop the violence, then we can work at breaking her anchor to this world. But to stop the violence, the Scorned Woman needs to lose her temper. That brings up the memories and may give us a hint to the best way it works."

Bailey's chest hurt and her muscles felt tight, but the anticipation and excitement slowly eroded to the flickering lust. She decided

she'll just masturbate for hours once this was over; tonight would give her material for months.

“Ready?”

Bailey took a deep breath. “Yeah, I think so.”

“You’ll do great.”

“Thanks.”

Together, they headed down the stairs. She noticed that Kayla stepped strangely and her feet made no noise as she did. Somehow, knowing how Kayla had surprised her only made Bailey more in awe of the woman.

At the bottom, Kayla gestured for Bailey to go through the living room while she headed back through the kitchen.

Trembling, Bailey prepared herself to see her first ghost. She stepped into the living room and scanned the room.

The first thing she noticed was streamers of fog that were gathering along the floor. A flickering light in the corner played tricks on her eyes, she could almost imagine there was a woman standing next it.

With a gasp, she realized she was seeing a ghost.

The Scorned Woman tilted her head as she focused an intense stare at Bailey. It was like Kayla’s, intense and powerful. The sight of it seemed to connect directly to Bailey’s clitoris and she felt the heat rising as she held up her hand.

“H-Hi?”

The ghostly woman stepped through the fake chair. Her body was translucent and flickering, rippling in and out of sight like waves on water. She looked to be very slender, with her white hair in a tight bun. Bailey’s eyes flickered down to focus on the long, claw-like fingernails. Trembling, she lifted her eyes.

The ghostly woman had covered half the distance between them. She was only five feet away. The black pits of her eyes seemed to focus directly into Bailey’s soul as she tilted her head the other way.

“I-I’m Bailey. W-What’s your name?” Bailey was surprised how terrified she was in that moment. Even with her faith in Kayla, there was actual proof of the supernatural in front of her and she was more terrified and aroused than she had ever been in her life.

“Why. Are. You. Here?” The Scorned Woman’s mouth didn’t quite move in sync with the words that were echoing from every surface.

Bailey gulped. "I'm here to see why you... what is keeping you here."

"Are you..." The Scorned Woman's body grew more solid as a flickering glow surrounded her. Her mouth worked silently before the words came out, "Jacob's slut?"

Not quite ready to enrage the ghost, Bailey whimpered and glanced around. She spotted Kayla standing near the pizza box. She had something in her hand but Bailey couldn't set it. Their eyes met.

Kayla gave her a thumbs up.

"Shit," muttered Bailey. "Is Jacob your husband?"

The glow around the ghost grew brighter. "He said, to wait until his chores were through. I waited, waited and waited." The woman's lips pulled back to reveal a mouth filled with sharp teeth.

She seemed to grow more solid. "But he never came back. I have the letter but I lost it. I can't find his letter. It was on the tree and he said he would come when his chores were through, but he never came back!"

A wave of cold radiated from the ghost.

Bailey whimpered. She clenched her arms as she inched back from the approaching ghost. She could feel her nipples standing up through her shirt.

"I found him. I found him fucking the slut!" The teeth were getting longer. "He was fucking the slut! In and out, out and in!"

The lights flickered violently, then flared once before being extinguished.

"Oh, shit," whimpered Bailey in the sudden darkness.

Then a blast of ice slammed into her face.

With a scream, Bailey threw her left arm up.

Something powerful clamped down on it. She could feel sharp points digging into her skin through the chain mail. Then sharp burns raked along her shoulder and arm.

"Fuck" screamed Bailey as she fell back. Blinded and terrified, Bailey flailed helplessly as she almost lost control of her bladder. "Kayla! Kayla!"

The ground shook for a moment and then something massive loomed over her.

Bailey cried out as she tried to pull her arm away from the ghost biting it.

There was a flash of Kayla's hands in the light from the window and then the chain mail seemed to burst apart.

"She's going to bite me!" wailed Bailey.

A high-pitched screech filled the room, a sounds that no living being could have made. It was too high and howling, piercing Bailey's ears even as she tried to cover them.

Then something hit the wall.

"Flashlight behind you!" carried Kayla, her voice cracking. At the foot of the stairs and one by the front door!"

Bailey froze, her heart pounding in her chest.

Kayla let out a grunt but she was moving too fast in and out of the light to see what she was doing. It looked like she had a metal chain in her hands but it was caught up with the Scorned Woman's hair that flailed in all directions.

Fear for Kayla broke Bailey's fear. She scrambled for the front door and dropped to her knees. She found a heavy light and flicked it on. Turning around, she shone it into the living room where Kayla wrestled with the ghost.

Despite the ghost being somewhat translucent, she had no trouble throwing herself forward and back, bucking like a bronco. Her frail form picked Kayla completely off the ground before slamming her back.

Kayla had her powerful thighs wrapped around the ghost's waist as she rode the Scorned Woman's back. She had a chain in both hands, the metal coming around the ghost's head. It was jammed between her lips, forcing her teeth apart.

Bailey's hand shook, flashing the light as she watched Kayla struggle.

With a grunt, Kayla twisted the chain tight against the back of the ghost's head.

The ghost dropped to her knees, her claws tearing deep gouges out of the wooden floors to reveal that it was just vinyl planks instead of real floors.

Kayla looped the chain over the ghost's head again, forcing the jaw further apart. Then another loop pried the dripping maw further apart before Kayla tied it off.

Bailey gasped. "Fuck," she gasped.

Kayla grinned, her eyes burning with an excitement that Bailey couldn't help but feel herself. She dug into her pocket and pulled out a padlock. With a quick click, she bolted the chain into place.

Pulling back, she slammed her entire body into the ghost.

The impact drove the ghost into the ground but her body was crushed against the wood for a moment before she started to think.

"Get the caulk gun," snapped Kayla as she gestured to a metal, gun-like device on the floor near the pizza box. It had a white tube in it and something oozing out of an opening at the end.

Bailey stumbled and rushed through the kitchen. Her heart pounded in her ears as she grabbed it. It looked like the caulk that her father used to seal a bathroom. "G-Got it!"

"Draw a bit circle around the both of us!"

"But—"

Kayla's head snapped to stared at her. Her eyes were dark, almost black. "Obey!" she bellowed in a deep, commanding voice.

The words struck Bailey's pussy with an intense heat that almost ignited into an orgasm. Her panties were creamed in an instant, even before she stumbled forward. "What the fuck...?" she gasped.

It took Bailey a few seconds to figure out how to hold the strange device. It had a trigger. When she pulled it, more of the white stuff oozed out. After a second, she jammed the plastic end into the ground and squeezed.

While she worked, Kayla continued to struggle with the ghost. She managed to somehow grab her arm and pull it out from the floor. Between her thighs, the ghost thrashed violently.

"W-What is going on?" Bailey asked.

"She's trying to escape." Even though she was being jerked around, Kayla's voice was remarkably calm.

"What is this stuff?"

"Silicon and salt." Kayla was panting as she pried the other hand up, twisting them back behind the ghost's back and clamping down. "It makes a salt ring to keep her in place. The caulk makes it stick so ghosts can't blow it away."

The gun sputtered, but Bailey just doubled up the line before continuing to move around. It was remarkably easy to smear a large circle. "This is cool."

“It was At The Real... Gary’s idea. His formula didn’t work for a couple of jobs, but we found the right combination. Four parts salt, one part caulk. Has to be white though.” Kayla grunted as she pinned the ghost’s arm against the small of her back. With white knuckles holding it in place, she fumbled for the other flailing arm.

“What are you doing?”

“Getting these claws out of the way.”

Bailey gulped as she continued to leave a salted bead along the floor. It was going to ruin the place but she didn’t care any more. Gwen was a terrible person and deserved everything she got.

By the time she finished the salt circle, Kayla had managed to capture the ghost’s other arm, twist it back, and cuffed the two together. She panted as she kept the ghost pinned to the ground with her body.

The woman thrashed and kicked. She looked more solid than before. Now, she just wailed as she tried to pry herself up.

Kayla sighed and then smiled. Pushing herself up, she walked away from the ghost who continued to writhe on the floor. She stepped over the caulk ring and right up to Bailey.

Bailey had to clamp her thighs together as Kayla loomed over her. But that felt useless as when Kayla grabbed her arm and began to inspect it.

“Did she break the skin?”

The firm, commanding way Kayla just took her limb made the heat and moisture redouble. Bailey glanced at the ghostly woman on the floor, taking in the chain gag and the way her arms were firmly bound behind her back. She looked utterly helpless and Bailey wanted to be in her position at that moment.

“Bailey! Did she break skin?”

“N-No.”

“Good,” Kayla said. She stepped back.

Bailey caught a familiar scent in the air. It was an excited woman but it wasn’t her. With a sly glance, she peered down to see that Kayla had a damp patch between her legs.

Kayla blushed and turned her hips away. “She isn’t human. This part... always gets me.”

With a giggle fueled by the adrenaline still in her system, Bailey gestured to the ghost. “That’s what revs your engine? Terrifying teeth, deadly claws, and having to wrestle a ghost to the ground?”

Kayla’s hard nipples were sticking up through her bra and shirt. She cringed and then nodded. “Yeah, pretty much.”

Bailey moaned. “I wish a ghost right now.”

“Go for becoming a werewolf. They are much better in bed.”

Another giggle and a flicker of hope.

Kayla grinned and then laughed silently, her shoulders shaking and her tits jiggling.

Knowing that the hunter was a lost cause didn’t make the lust go away, but Bailey could see how erotic it was to wrestle the ghost. She joined in and they laughed for a moment.

Then, as the amusement faded, she pointed to the ghost again. “Did you get what you need?”

Kayla shrugged and nodded. “Yeah. The Woman’s name is Abigail Mars. Jacob Portage was her boyfriend, but he ended up marrying Helen.”

“The slut!” screamed Abigail. The chain obviously didn’t silence her as the sound emanated from the walls.

“Abigail didn’t take it well, got arrested a few times. He ended up having her committed to a sanatorium for a few years before she got out. She died at thirty here in the house.”

Bailey stared at her.

“The Internet,” Kayla said. “The house is well researched. But everyone assumed that Jacob still had feelings for her and focused on bringing those two together.”

The ghost lifted her head. “He did, I know he did. He loved me.”

“He didn’t,” Kayla said in her firm voice. “In fact, he was quite happy until he died at eight-seven. His wife died a few days later. They were both cremated about eighty years ago.”

Bailey looked at the ghost who was now staring at them with black eyes. “What now?”

“The letter is probably what kept her there, it was her hope he would return.”

Abigail cried out, a otherworldly screech that rattled the walls. “He will be back! He will!” She strained at the cuffs as she rolled

onto her back and then to her stomach. Her body smashed up against the salt ring and she flinched back with a hiss.

“Unfortunately, Gwen burned that. I couldn’t find even a scrap of paper, so she doesn’t have any anchor. That’s what is causing her to be more violent, the hope that Jacob would return has been destroyed. Without a reminder, her mind is cracking and she will spiral into violence and insanity until she fades away.”

Kayla sighed, her face dropping. “It’s terrible when that happens. You see the hope fading and then the anger comes back. They lash out without knowing why because they have nothing left, nothing to remind them of what it is like to be human.”

There was something in Kayla’s voice that told Bailey that Kayla had experienced it personally. Bailey reached out and rested her hand on the muscular arm. “W-What do we do now?”

“Well, most hunters would just salt the hell out of the house or burn it down.”

“But...?”

“I’d rather give her peace and let her move on. To do that, we have to give her a new anchor, a new reason to feel human. And then use that to release her.” There was something in Kayla’s voice, an excitement breaking through the omnipresent seriousness she took everything else.

Bailey shook her head. “E-Excuse me? We are going to give a ghost a new connection to life?”

Kayla grinned at her. It was almost unsettling as the stare that followed.

Bailey felt something quickening inside her heart. The look was intense but it also had something that Kayla hadn’t shown before, excitement. “W-What?”

“I think... this is where our two interests are going to coincide. Where other hunters see something to be destroyed, I see is a woman who hasn’t had a considerate lover for centuries. I bet she just needs a really good orgasm to let nature take its course.”

Stunned, Bailey could only whimper as a hot liquid flash coursed through her body. She knew what she had, but she couldn’t imagine it was somehow true. “We... are going to fuck a ghost?”

Abigail froze, looking up with pitch-black eyes. “You are going to do what?”

Kayla's grin widened. "Not quite. We're going to edge a ghost by bringing her to the edge of an orgasm and back off until the only thing she can think about is that desperate urge to come."

"F-Fuck," whimpered Bailey as she grew wetter. Orgasm denial had been one of her fantasies, not to mention the occasional naughty thought of being bound in a chastity belt or being forced to straddle a vibrator for hours.

"And then, when poor Abigail is truly desperate, completely committed to finally having an orgasm, then... we give to her."

The ghost whimpered. She scissored her legs together as she stared at them.

Kayla knelt down, her ass jutting out for Bailey's view, and spoke to Abigail. "Do you want to move on?"

Abigail moaned, a wail that rattled the windows. Then she nodded. "I'm so lonely."

"Then would you mind if me and my friend give you peace?"

"Can a woman do that... to another woman?" Abigail sounded completely surprised.

Bailey snorted and grinned. She was already hot and bothered and she tugged at her clothes. "Oh, I'm going to blow your world away."

Kayla crawled over the salt ring and then cupped Abigail's head to lift it gently off the floor. "Is that okay with you? Do you want to feel what it is like to be human one last time? All you have to do is say yes and then we'll show you what three women can bump in the middle of the night."

The ghost's aura turned a faint pink.

"Say the words, Abigail. Give us consent."

"Y-Yes," came the low, throaty moan.

D. Dancer

Supernatural Consent



Consent, it was the most powerful aphrodisiac that Kayla knew. Just hear the ghostly words brought a rush racing through her body even as the last of the adrenaline from the wrestling ebbed. Her limbs quivered but her thoughts turned to the hungry lust that was so hard to sate.

Slowly, Kayla brought the toothy mouth up to hers. She tilted Abigail's head to the side and kissed right along the iron chains that pried the ghost's mouth apart. Kayla may be turned on by the submissive specter in her arms but she wasn't stupid enough to get between her teeth.

The taste of the ghost's lips was a faint hint of dust and mold, but also the tickling aftertaste that was almost impossible to describe. The closest Kayla ever got was a fancy nitrogen-cooled cocktail that she had never gotten the name. It was an acquired taste as she kissed Abigail again, each time more aggressively as she ran her lips along the cool skin of the solidifying woman.

She reached up to stroke her hands along the ghost's sides, reminding the long-dead woman what it felt like to be touched. It would cause her to grow more firm, but also bring little flickers of pleasure that would further anchor her into the world.

Abigail let out an unearthly wail even as she arched her back into Kayla's. Her breath came out in little bursts of fog and snowflakes. Her eyes, the pitch black orbs, were somehow focused on Kayla's face.

"Um," Bailey said hesitantly. "What do I do?"

Kayla trailed her fingers up along Abigail's chest. The ghost was wearing a dressing gown and her breasts were hidden with only a

short lacing holding everything together. She tugged on it before answering. "How would you love a woman?"

"Kiss her. Touch her. What do you like to do to women?"

The lacing came undone and the top of Abigail's dress split open, fading away as much as tearing as it peeled back from two pale breasts tipped in white nipples. Kayla smiled as she ran her fingers around the nearest areola, enjoying how Abigail's body continued to phase in and out around the tip of Kayla's finger. The touch was electric and tingling, but both women quickly responded with soft moans of their own.

Bailey sank down opposite of Kayla. She had stripped off her top and her breasts were bared. Kayla couldn't help but notice how they stood up on their own, two perfect mounds that would be begging to be sucked if Kayla wasn't already in the middle of seducing a ghost.

Kayla pulled Abigail into another kiss as she ran her hands down the soft skin of the specter's belly. "Now, remember you want to leave, right?"

Abigail moaned and the house quivered.

"That means you need to tell us before you come. Just say the words and we're going to stop. You have to tell us, right?"

Abigail's eyebrows frowned as she moaned.

"Your orgasm is your going to be your gate. You want it to be the bright, most intense thing in your life. That means we are going to tease you—" Kayla drew her hand down into the valley of the ghost's thighs.

The material of Abigail's dress crumbled under the touch and Kayla only stroked along bare skin and ether. Even the ghost's pubic hair, bright white and parse, seemed to quiver as Kayla worked her way through it before slipping into the slick, cool channel. When her fingertip caressed the hard bump of the ghost's clit, she smiled and circled around it.

A welcoming throb filled Kayla as she rocked her fingertips along the ghost's pleasure, enjoying the little quivers. She realized that she had started a question and then forced her attention back. "You have to tell us if you want to leave. Do you understand, Abigail?"

The ghost whimpered and nodded. She twisted slightly, her arms still bound behind her back and a dribble of drool gathering on the

corner of her mouth. She worked the chain in her mouth, but the cold iron kept her deadly teeth pried far apart.

Bailey took a deep breath and ran her hand over Abigail's other breast. Her fingers were ginger at first, but then more aggressive as she ran her fingernails over the ghostly flesh. At the same time, she drew down and kissed Abigail's cheek, ears, and then into the crook of her neck.

Underneath her, the ghost tensed and let out another wail of pleasure. Her hips bucked up against Kayla's fingers as she twisted her head back and forth, moving between Kayla's and Bailey's kisses.

Bailey's fingers joined Kayla's. Together, they worked the slick clitoris until the ghost was writhing with pleasure. Then Kayla reached further down to slid up and down the wet slit before plunging two fingers into the tight channel that hadn't felt a man in centuries.

"C-Close!" gasped the ghost.

Kayla pulled her hand out. Then grabbed Bailey's and pulled her away.

The two mortals froze as the ghost trembled for a moment and then slumped back.

Abigail blinked at them and worked the chain her mouth. The trembling slowed and then stopped.

"Ready?"

A nod.

Kayla smiled and kissed her again as she returned her hand to the ghost's pussy. With a firm pressure, she slipped her finger back into the tight channel and pumped slowly.

Bailey lowered her head to capture a hard nipple in her mouth. She sucked and moaned before cupping the breast to lavish it with more attention. Using her fingernails to maul the ghost's tit, the young woman slobbered and moaned as she nipped and sucked on the bright white nipple.

Kayla felt a wave of lust fill her as she worked a second finger into Abigail's slit. The soft folds clung to her digits with every stroke. She kept her eyes locked on Abigail's face, trying to keep the wavering expression in focus as she looked for a signs of an orgasm.

Bailey moaned and caressed Abigail's body, stroking and touching everything as she sucked hard on the nipple. Her hips rocked back and forth with her motions, adding to the trembling pile of three women.

Kayla saw the orgasm rising.

She pulled her fingers out of Abigail's snatch.

Bailey was still mauling the tit in her mouth.

Fighting the urge to keep going, Kayla jammed her hand underneath Bailey's chin and pulled her up. The bright nipple popped up as Bailey let out a gasp. Leaning forward, Kayla spoke firmly. "Stop."

Bailey whimpered, then she tilted her head to capture Kayla's fingers in her mouth.

The touch of hot, living flesh against Kayla's fingertips was intense. She had forgotten what it felt like and the flickering flames inside her own loins rekindled. Moisture gathered as she stared at the younger woman who bobbed up and down as she laved every inch of ghostly juices from Kayla's fingertips.

Kayla's pussy grew hotter as she stared at the young hunger sucking on her finger. It took most of her willpower to pull them out and return to the task at hand. She returned her fingers to Abigail's pussy and resumed pumping with slow, determined strokes.

"Let me," whispered Bailey as she crawled down. She was completely naked and her bare sex with glistening in the light from the windows. She gently pulled Kayla's fingers away to replace it with her mouth.

Unable to resist, Kayla stared the kneeling beauty as Bailey focused her attention on Abigail's clitoris and opening. It could have been the hours of resisting Bailey's charms, but seeing the young woman enthusiastically delving into helping Abigail made her difficult to resist. The urge to reach out and finger Bailey's bare pussy at the same time as teasing Abigail was difficult to resist.

To force herself to focus on the task, Kayla closed her eyes and lowered herself so she could suck on the ghost's nipple. It was too to the touch, but the responsive body underneath shivered as the ghost let out a long wail of pleasure.

They continued their oral assault until the ghost's body tensed up.

Knowing that another orgasm was approaching, Kayla pulled away. At the same time, she reached own to grab Kayla by her hair and pulled her free of the ghost's legs.

Soft pants of pleasure rose up. Bailey let out a moan and then lifted her head, pulling Kayla's grip out of her hair so she could suck on the hunter's fingers.

Kayla's pussy drooled by the intense pleasure. She moaned and slowly pumped her fingers in and out of the mortals' mouth, enjoying the heat of the tongue that explored her and the little moans that vibrated through the connections of their bodies.

Bailey shifted her position, coming around without letting Kayla's fingers out of her mouth. She settled down between Abigail's legs with a grin before finally pulling off. Then, with a smile, she dove back to suck on the ghost's clitoris.

Underneath them, Abigail shuddered. "Feels so good..." she moaned. "More, please more."

Kayla focused her attention on Abigail's nipples and breasts with her fingers while kissing and sucking along the ghost's neck. It was cool but sensitive. Every time she mouthed the icy flesh, Abigail would shudder and the moans would increase.

It didn't take long for the signs of an orgasm came back.

Kayla reached down and pulled Bailey up by her hair.

The blonde hairs looked almost white in the light. Strands of juices and ethereal fluids coated her face as she smiled broadly. There was a glaze of lust in her eyes as she giggled and then lifted herself up to try capturing Kayla's fingers.

Kayla resisted for a moment, feeling as if she was losing control, but then she let the young hunger suck her fingers in. The pleasure of the hot touch and contrast to the cool flesh she stroked was intoxicating. Her pussy was drooling and her jeans were soaked; she had to take them off soon otherwise she would lose control herself.

Abigail whimpered. "No, come back. M-More, please. More."

It was the first signs that the ghost was coming around. There was no talk about Jacob or the others, just a need for sex. But it would be a long way before they could finally let the poor specter orgasm.

The rounds grew faster as the ghost's was denied orgasm after orgasm. It didn't take long before only a few seconds were needed before the quivers raced along the ghost's body.

"Please," whimpered the ghost, her voice coming from everywhere in the room. "I need it."

Kayla moaned as she pulled Bailey's head. "Let me get down there."

Bailey worked her jaw and nodded.

Pushing herself up to her knees, Kayla considered just replacing Bailey but the heat of the moment made it hard to decide. She didn't like humans, she told herself as she pulled her shirt and bra off and tossed it aside. The cool air teased her nipples.

It wasn't enough. With a blush and a glance at Abigail's lust-filled face, Kayla pushed herself to her feet and shoved her jeans down. Stepping out, she wore nothing but her black panties.

Below, Bailey stared at her with a glistening face covered in juices and an intense lust burning in her eyes.

Kayla felt beautiful in that moment, as if she was just as special as anyone else. Then she cleared her throat. "Come on, I want a taste."

Bailey grinned and then rolled over, her short hair brushing against Abigail's thighs.

"What are you doing?"

Bailey grinned as she cupped Abigail's buttocks and pushed them. "There is another place that will get her off down here."

Kayla stared.

"Never had your ass licked?" Bailey said with a wink, and then she nestled her mouth into the crevice of the ghost's buttocks.

Abigail let out a moan of pleasure as Bailey's tongue began to assault the tiny entrance.

"Oh... fuck," gasped Kayla. The heat was intoxicating as she straddled Bailey's hips and lowered herself down. Her legs were trembling as she settled into place, pinning Bailey against the ground. With a moan, she slipped two fingers into Abigail's pussy before lowering her mouth to capture the slick clitoris with her lips.

It wasn't long before she felt another orgasm rising up for the ghost. It was both harder and easier to detect Abigail's orgasms from between her legs. Harder because she couldn't see the

wavering face or the expression of pleasure but easier because of the flood of juices and the flex of muscles that came.

Kayla pulled away from the sweet, ethereal taste of Abigail's snatch.

With her head buried in the ghost's cheeks, Bailey didn't seem to catch the signs.

Kayla thought of two ways of telling her. She could have reached down and pulled them apart. But instead she leaned back and dropped her hand behind her, sliding her slick finger up Bailey's equality slick thighs before plunging two fingers into the tight, mortal pussy underneath her.

D. Dancer

Finally

8

When Bailey felt Kayla's fingers slide into her box, it was everything she dreamed it would. The strong fingers twisted and scissored inside her, teasing against her inner walls as they caressed and probed. Curls of pleasure rose up, a heated flare that danced along her skin.

Blinded by the pair of ghostly buttocks in her face, Kayla hoped that the fingering signaled her to stop. It was hard to tell other than the quivering of Abigail's body above her. Immediately, Bailey closed her eyes and withdrew her tongue from the dripping asshole in front of her. Her attention focused on Kayla's fingers, enjoying every thrust and bump to the exclusion of everything.

It didn't take long for an orgasm to rise up; Bailey had been edging herself for hours since she first stumbled into the diner and realized the idol was there. Now, she was in a threesome with an actual ghost and a hunter and fulfilling a fantasy she never knew she had.

The fingers drove deep.

She let out a squeak and a moan into Abigail's clenching buttocks. Her entire body tensed as the pleasure rose.

But then, without warning, Kayla withdrew.

Bailey whimpered, but then Kayla's breasts pressed down against her chest and she felt the powerful woman resuming her lapping at Abigail's clit. Encouraged, she resumed probing and lapping at the tight pucker in front of her mouth.

She had never rimmed a girl before, but it was her fantasy along with a thousand others. She loved the curve of the ghost's buttocks, the way they tensed every time Bailey burrowed her face deeper

into the crevice. The taste was sweet, unsoiled by mortal processes and with a hint of what she guessed with ethereal juices. Reaching up Abigail's body, Bailey blindly sought her breasts and clamped onto them before lapping hard and deep.

The ghost bucked between Bailey and Kayla, her hips trapped by the two mortal bodies. Underneath her, her arms flexed against her cuffs and ground along Bailey's limbs, the forced submission making the obvious excitement of the century-old woman even more intense.

It didn't take long before Kayla pulled back.

Bailey opened her legs, silently begging for the fingers to return.

When the thick digits slid in, three of them squirming and probing, Bailey let out a shudder and stopped licking and groping. She lost herself in the suffocating cold of a thrashing ghost as she focused her world on the deep thrusts the hunter gave her, thrusts that shook her entire body and managed to thump against her clitoris and g-spot at the same time.

Bailey whimpered as Kayla brought her to the edge of an orgasm.

But just before the crest, she withdrew.

Bailey squirmed with frustration. Abigail was the one supposed to be being denied an orgasm, not her. She released the ghost's tit with one hand and stretched down. She thrust her tongue into the tight pucker to do her duty as she worked her hand down between Abigail's legs, along Kayla, and then up to the heated moisture of the hunter's sex.

Kayla stiffened.

Bailey closed her eyes, silently begging for an exemption to the "no humans" rule.

When Abigail ground down, Bailey remembered to return to her licking and lapping.

Then, thick fingers brushed against her. For a moment, Bailey was sure she was going to be pulled away, but to her surprise, Kayla pulled her panties to the side and let the questing fingers sliding up into the super-heated depths of her body.

That was enough for Bailey. She came hard and fast, screaming into Abigail's ass as she mauled and thrust with both sets of fingers. Soft, ghostly tits with one hand and the wet depths in the other.

Kayla sat up, driving Bailey's fingers deeper into her.

Bailey's legs quivered with anticipation.

When Kayla's fingers returned to her snatch, Bailey stopped focusing on Abigail and rose the waves of pleasure as the two mortal women fingered and touched themselves.

The cycle continued after a few seconds. Licking and pleasuring the ghost before switching to the mortal. Bailey's head swam with giddiness and lust, lost in a cycle that seemed to be accelerating. She could feel Abigail's juices and Kayla's drool coating her throat and chest. It added to the intimacy as they worked the ghost into a frenzy.

Then, just as Bailey didn't think she could take Abigail's lusts any more, Kayla changed her tactics. She didn't pull her fingers from Bailey's slot but kept them there, pounding hard even as she leaned over to assault Abigail's clitoris.

Unsure at first, but then it was obvious the hunter was pleasing both of them. Bailey then began her own assault, lapping and sucking and thrusting with all her might. She worked her tongue deep and wiggled it inside ghost.

Hot and cold juices splashed against her, soaking her entire body. Her own saliva added to the mess as they worked themselves into a frenzy.

Kayla's cunt clenched down on Bailey's fingers with remarkable force, almost crushing them. A flood of juices poured out from the three fingers deep in the brunette's pussy. It was so hot compared to the cold woman above her, the contrast set Bailey off on yet another orgasms that never seemed to end.

The world grew brilliant as an icy burst smashed against her body. Frost formed instantly along her soaked face, then there was nothing but darkness.

Abigail was gone.

Bailey blinked, her eyes coming back into focus. There was nothing between her and Kayla.

The hunter's face was soaked as her own. Dribbles ran down her cheeks but didn't diminish the look of lust and hunger that Bailey felt herself.

They stared at each other, saying nothing. Even their fingers, still buried inside each other's bodies, remained still.

Then, taking a chance, Bailey reached up with her now free hand, hooked it along the back of Kayla's neck and pulled herself up into a kiss. Their lips smashed together, parting almost instantly as they embraced each other passionately.

Kayla's fingers resumed pumping into Bailey, more forceful and commanding as before. They drove deep and scissored inside the soaked, sore opening before drawing out.

Bailey hooked her leg on Kayla's muscular back and pulled herself up, thrusting. Her tongue explored Kayla's mouth, caressing and teasing. Kayla tasted off strong coffee and pussy, a mixture that was heady and addictive.

Not far away, a car door slammed shut.

Bailey gasped and broke the kiss.

Kayla shrugged. "Gwen was watching us from the window. Now she's pretending she just got here so we can clean up."

Another slam, probably a trunk and much harder than needed.

"Kayla...?" Bailey started but the moment was gone. It was in Kayla's eyes, the "not human" coming back from the heat of the moment. She sighed and pulled her wet fingers free.

Kayla did the same as she sat back and then off Bailey. She sighed and then sat on the ground next to her. "Sorry."

Bailey grinned and licked her fingers. Kayla still tasted good. Then she grinned. "Don't be sorry, that was probably the best time I've ever had."

"I... I just don't—"

Leaning forward, Bailey pressed her finger against Kayla's lips. "You aren't into humans, right?"

A shake.

"Except in the heat of the moment?"

Kayla grinned bashfully. "Maybe a little. Then I start to think about it and... then I'm not." She twisted her hands together as she spoke.

Bailey rested her palm on Kayla's knuckles. "Well, my first girlfriend was a two drinks lesbian. You are so much better than that. I had a chance to be with someone as wonderful as young and I got to see a real, life ghost and—"

"Dead ghost."

“Fine,” Bailey said with a grin. “I got to see a real ghost! And banished her with a good licking and lots of fingering.”

A different type of thrill rose inside her, exhilaration of the unknown. She stretched. “Oh, God! I don’t think I ever came that hard in my life.”

Another slammed trunk door.

Kayla sighed. “She’s going to keep doing that. Do you want to take the master bathroom and clean up? I’ll take the guest room.”

Bailey stood up. She reached down to offer Kayla a hand but the hunter was gone. “How the fuck does she do that?”

D. Dancer

The Path Forward



Kayla held open the door to let Bailey inside Dilly's Diner. She was easily taller than the young woman and Bailey didn't even have to duck her head to pass.

Hefting her canvas bag on her shoulder, Bailey headed for the table at the end.

Kayla followed, sitting down opposite of her.

Bailey sighed as she set her bag on the table. "I always take this with me. For some reason, I half expect my dad is going to come after me with a gun or something and I have to run."

The muscles in Kayla's jaws tightened. It wasn't healthy to live that way.

Bailey tugged her still-damp hair over her ear. Her face fell as she flipped open the bag. "It's being silly, but everything important to me is in here."

She pulled out a small box about the size of her fist. It had a clear top and what appeared to be a wilted flower inside it. "My mom gave this to me for junior prom. She was so happy I went out with Kurt. At the time, I thought she was just happy for me." Tears gathered in her eyes. "She still talks to Kurt, you know. Invites him over for dinner, treats him like family, like he's... more important than me."

Kayla frowned.

Mabel came up with her notebook out. She had a look of disapproval on her face as she looked at Kayla. "Breakfast? Coffee?"

Kayla gestured to Bailey. "Whatever she wants."

A little grunt.

“And a coffee...,” Kayla considered the last few days and the need to eat again. After her hunting, her stomach reminded her that she wasn’t impervious to a good meal. “A stack of pancakes and some bacon would be nice.”

Bailey glanced at Kayla and then up to Mabel. “Pancakes, sausage, and eggs. Sunny-side up, please. And orange juice.”

The older woman wrote it down, her lips pursed together. Then she used her pen to wave between the two women. “Is this going to be a thing?”

Bailey paled.

Kayla decided just to stare at Mabel until the meddling woman went away.

It took only fifteen seconds.

“That must be your superpower.” Bailey giggled.

Kayla shrugged. “It works. I’m tall, strong, and most people don’t really know how to handle a hard stare.”

But Bailey didn’t respond. Instead, she stroked the small box with the wilted corsage inside it.

Kayla sighed and reached out. She didn’t want to touch Bailey, but it was important. Resting her hand on the younger woman’s wrist, she cleared her throat. “Just enjoy the good memories but don’t let the bad ones take over. That’s what makes ghosts you know.”

Bailey sniffed and wiped a tear from her eye. Then she smiled. “You’d probably date me then.”

One of Kayla’s old memories rose up, of claws reaching out for her from behind a pile of boxes in her old house. The eyes, pitch black, still burned despite the years that had passed. She turned away to look toward the kitchen.

“What’s wrong?” asked Bailey.

“I... I’d rather...” Then she forced a smile on her face. “Things don’t always work out with our parents. Sooner or later, you have to leave. You have to be your own person. I remember when I went to prom. My mother was proud of me too. But then...” More memories rose up, bringing up the stench of blood. She tried not to think about what followed.

Bailey pulled away. “You said your mother died when you were six.”

Kayla cringed; she had forgotten that Bailey was almost as observant as herself. She glanced at Bailey. "She did."

Bailey's eyes flashed back and forth for a moment. She was thinking.

Realizing that she revealed something that only a few people knew, Kayla pulled her hand back and folded her fingers together. She looked back at the diner. The cook was working on their meal. Mabel was on the phone with someone, staring straight at them. When their eyes met, the older woman turned her back.

Concern prickled the back of Kayla's. Mabel's body language suggested the old woman was talking to someone she didn't want either Kayla or Bailey to know about. Comments Bailey made suggested that her parents may have been looking for her.

Bailey still hadn't said anything.

Kayla looked back at her as Bailey put the box back into her bag.

The younger woman didn't look up at her.

They said nothing until Mabel delivered food. Setting it down, the waitress made another grunting noise before walking away.

"Mabel is acting strange," Bailey said in a low voice.

"She called someone."

Bailey tightened her grip on her bag. "Probably my p-parents."

Kayla sighed. "What do you think they are going to do?"

"I'm legal age, so they can't drag me home. The worse they could do is probably claim I stole the car and ran off. I wouldn't put it past him to have me charged with grand theft or something."

Tears welled up again. "Damn it. I was hoping he wouldn't do it. But Scott, the guy who owns this place, and my dad watch football together. Scott never liked me, but he tolerated because I worked for free and cleaned dishes. Probably got his rocks off knowing he was treating me like a slave."

An idea rose but it was a terrible one. Bailey could be a hunter. Not in Appleton but maybe with Kayla? But how would their relationship work out? Would Bailey be happy without sex? With the same life Kayla had? She sighed and dug into her food, moving mechanically as she lost herself in her thoughts.

"When did your mother possess your father?"

Kayla froze. The tines of her fork quivered with her thoughts. “When I was ten. It took her that long to figure out how to affect the world. It starts that way.”

Slowly, she looked up to see Bailey watching her with concern.

“You said your father died when you were twenty-three.”

Kayla gave a short laugh. “You have a great attention to detail. You would make a great—” She froze.

Bailey smirked. “A great hunter?”

Kayla shrugged. No reason to deny it.

Inhaling, Bailey straightened. “Could I do it? Could I actually do it?”

“You have talent. Anyone could help you, At The... Gary or someone else.”

“You?” The question was pointed.

Kayla cringed. She didn’t want to talk about how she was having feeling for the young hunter-to-be. Not romantic, but possessive and protecting. She wanted to see Bailey blossom. Frightened at the unfamiliar emotions, she stared at Bailey as she struggled with herself.

Bailey stared back.

Kayla held herself still, boring her eyes into the young blonde.

“You know, when you look at me like that, I just get horny.” Bailey smirked.

Startled, Kayla broke her stare.

Bailey giggled. “It’s true. You are beautiful, sexy, and dominating. You are... everything I wanted. What I always wanted.”

“But I can’t... satisfy you.”

Bailey grinned and rolled her eyes. “You say that, one ghost banishing and I’m lesbian.”

Kayla chuckled.

“Please? All I have is a car filled with crap, a town that hates me, and no future. I promise, I’ll only try to feel you up after we defeat a monster and always respect when you say no. I’ll... I’ll make dinner and clean, if you want, just a subby little—”

“No, I don’t need a slave.”

Bailey grinned. “What if I want to act like one?”

A flicker of heat washed over Kayla.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a truck drive up. Turning slightly, she saw it was a tow truck. It pulled past Kayla's van and stopped behind Bailey's car. Lights flashed as it backed up. Bailey's father was taking back the car and didn't even have the courage to face his own daughter.

Kayla looked toward the kitchen.

Mabel took one look at her and ducked back behind the counter.

Bailey really didn't have anything in the town. If Kayla left, she could too easily see things going horribly wrong. It could go wrong if Kayla brought Bailey home also, but maybe it would give her a chance. If anything, she could find work in a bigger city if she needed to go off on her own.

Kayla looked down at her half-finished meal. Knowing Mabel had betrayed Bailey made it unappetizing. She pushed it aside.

"Kayla?" Bailey started to say but then she turned to look out the window.

The sharp inhalation broke Kayla's heart.

She watched as naked emotions washed over the young woman's face: shock, fear, anger, and then just sadness. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was the last straw. Kayla may not be into humans but she knew what the real monsters were. She stood up and held out her hand. "Come on."

Bailey looked away, her eyes shimmering.

"Let's go hunting."

D. Dancer

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.