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CHASING SPIRITS

An Erotic Mystery
from the Private Files
of JOHNNY SHOW, E.P.I.

Brian Rosenberger

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by

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Chasing Spirits

The phone rang.

“Hello, you’ve reached Show Solutions. Please leave a brief message and contact number. We’ll be in touch. Thanks.”

A murmur, soft as French lace. “I thought you were going to, ah, change that, ah, message.”

Beep.

“Johnny, are you there? It’s me Rick. Rick Rosa. Mirabella’s brother. Mirabella Blades. You were a...you helped her out with some marital problems she was having a few years ago. You have to remember. Her husband was screwing around with that Euro whore bloodsucker. I’ve got a...a problem and Mira’s convinced you can help. Are you there? This is serious. This is—”

“This is Johnny,” he answered, his voice warm like cheap bourbon. “Of course I remember Mira. How’s she doing? What, oh...what do you need?”

“I’d really rather talk to you in person if that’s okay. I feel weird talking about this over the phone. Are you okay? What’s that pounding noise? Were you working out?”

“Huh? Yeah, you could call it that. Uh, I’m...right in the middle of somethin’. Do you know where Habits Bar is, on the corner of Madison and Thirty-third? Little neighborhood bar.”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s over by, what do you call it? The Madison Theater.”

“The 20th Century Theater. Let’s meet at Habits. I’ll be at, um, the bar. Look for the guy with the sideburns and the black T-shirt and dark curly hair. If you have trouble, ask one of the bartenders. They’ll track me down.”

“Got it. Mira showed me a picture. I’ll find you. You should do something about that asthma. You’re panting like a dog.”

“It’s my allergies. How’s, nine oh-oh-oh-o’clock tonight? Is that...good for you?”

“Yeah, nine’s good. See you then. Thanks, Johnny.”

“It certainly was good for me,” the voice beneath him whispered. “I’ll be sore for days.”

Johnny tasted her lips. The flavor reminded him of high school, of football

wins and other victories won in backseats over a bottle of Strawberry Hill wine. As a secretary, Ruby typed about sixty words per minute, but her mouth could bring a guy to orgasm in about sixty seconds. Her shorthand was damn impressive, too. It was a good thing she was only part-time, otherwise no work would get done.

Johnny sat back in the swivel chair. Ruby, who was still sweaty and supine on the desk gestured towards her crotch, not that Johnny needed visual aids to look in that direction. He admired her shaved groin and full breasts, like cantaloupes really, so full and perfect in their geometry. No implants here. Johnny smiled, noting that her freckled chest still appeared flushed from their passion.

“Wipe that grin off your face and help me find my panties. Or do you just want to sit around naked all day?”

Johnny’s smile widened as he processed that question. His penis twitched. The day was definitely all downhill from here.

Johnny lived and worked in the same building, a remodeled row house in Oakley. It was convenient to downtown Cincinnati and a comfortable distance away from suburbia. The first floor served as the office to Show Solutions. He did erotic detective work, but he wasn’t just a private dick; his clients were dirty or desperate, and sometimes, both. Johnny liked it dirty.

A tired Ruby, panties and other garments in place, gave Johnny a peck on the cheek and let herself out. Johnny headed upstairs, grabbing a stack of unopened mail on the way. He made a mental note for next time to let Ruby take care of business before he took care of pleasure. Above the office was his pad, decorated in early comic book—bright primary colors everywhere. Hanging plants bookended a *Swamp Thing* poster. Dorian Cleavenger and Olivia DeBerardinis fantasy prints decorated the other walls—banshees, mermaids and she demons—lust and sex exuding from their two dimensional surfaces.

Johnny dropped his muscular frame onto his well-used futon and rested his feet on a table that belonged to his first apartment. He managed to open three letters—two bills and a thank you note from a satisfied client—before sexual exhaustion had locked him into submission.

Habits was sandwiched between a toy store and a used record store. The front was your typical bar—plenty of neon beer signs and the specials chalked on a wall. A jukebox stood sentry near the bathrooms. It was Wednesday, and that meant Imports, a buck a bottle. The bar section was great for people watching, both the clientele and the foot traffic. The back room had booths and a pool table, and was a little more intimate, pool table aside.

Johnny arrived about halfway through happy hour. For him, Habits was a *neighborhood* bar; he lived within walking distance. Besides the convenience, the bar had personality—from the vintage KISS pinball machine to the daily specials chalked behind the bar to photos of political figures submerged in the urinals—and he liked its patrons; a lot of them were his neighbors. There was Rose from two houses down. She had six cats and would tell you the daily chronicles of each if you landed within listening distance. At his usual position playing video golf, eighty-four-year-old Joe was tearing up the virtual greens and cursing his luck. The neighborhood did not need a community watch program; it had something better—Kim and Lee, the friendliest gossips and rumormongers around, who were tucked into a booth sharing wings and information.

Plus, it helped knowing the bartenders. Johnny never had to wait long to be served.

Johnny nursed his third whiskey sour and discussed planned urban development with Trish. The local powerbrokers were thinking about building a strip mall, much to the chagrin of some of the homeowners. Trish the Dish, a nickname well deserved, worked bar part-time. In her other life, she was a student pursuing a degree in psychology. She saw tending bar as on-the-job training. Trish was reserved for a barkeep, listening to her patrons and their bitches about the job, the spouse, the price of gas. She was content to play the part of listener, and that was what most of the customers wanted, just a friendly ear and matching smile. On rare occasions, she shared her observations with Johnny, withholding names (she already had the confidentiality stuff down), and the two of them would argue who had the better diagnosis and remedy. Johnny always prescribed more sex.

Johnny had not slept with Trish, yet. It was still in the fun teasing stage, the verbal I'll-show-you-mine-as-long-as-you-promise-to-put-your-mouth-on-it sparring. He wondered if her pubic hair was as fiery as the locks adorning her head. He had always been a sucker for redheads. He also wondered if she was quiet in the bedroom or if she was a phone sex operator waiting to emerge and unleash a string of expletives to shame a rap artist. He was about to ask her what she had planned for later when a guy looking like an escapee from a cancer ward grabbed the stool next to him.

"Are you Johnny?" the invalid asked, sticking out his hand. "I'm Rick Rosa."

First impression: this guy could use some sun. Not bad looking, he shared Mira's wavy black hair and dark brown eyes, but where Mira had an olive complexion, Rick's looked more like oatmeal. He was bordering on exhaustion, like he hadn't had a decent sleep in days, eyes as thin as dimes. His clothes had more wrinkles than a Shar Pei.

"I'm Johnny Show. Pick your poison."

"Thanks. Whiskey. Make it a double."

“Catch you later,” the Dish said with a wink.

Johnny winked back.

“So, Rick, how’s Mira?”

“Great, just great. She and Steve couldn’t be happier.”

Johnny smiled. That was not the case when he first met Mira. She was convinced her husband of seven years was having an affair. Mira was a fine full figure of a woman, the type who would give you a wrestling match and you couldn’t wait to be pinned—one, two, three. Mira was right about the affair, but she had not counted on the mistress also being a bloodsucker—a cocksucker who liked to use her teeth. When Mira felt amorous, Steve complained about soreness *down there*, but refused see a doctor. Mira became concerned about her marriage and social diseases. She hired Show Solutions to investigate. Johnny discovered the disease had a name—Inger, a vamp that liked to nibble. She was sucking Steve dry—his blood, his semen, and the commitment to his marriage, job, and life.

Johnny had seen it before. Addiction in all its forms, whether it was to red meat, graveyard intercourse, or shoplifting candy bars for the thrill. Forbidden sex was among the worst, a serpent and you longed for the fangs. Sex with a vampire was like sleeping in a den of vipers. It took months of counseling for them to put their marriage back together. As for Inger, Johnny had just the thing for her, a garlic flavored condom. Better to wrap that wiener than wrap yourself in a coffin. Johnny fucked that cunt so hard she probably wished he were impaling her. She wound up giving him head—hers. Damn shame. She was a looker even if she didn’t cast a reflection. An ass to die for and he nearly did. Full on Goth, leather corsets, and ebony curls. Johnny always was a sucker for brunettes.

Their drinks arrived. Rick threw his back like a frat boy in training. Johnny watched Rick’s hand shake as he placed the glass on the bar, like a man fishing for piranha, his fingers as bait.

“So what’s up, Rick?”

Rick signaled for another round. It’s my fiancée Stacey. She...” Rick paused, surveyed the bar like a Southern Baptist preacher in search of sinners. “Here’s her picture.”

He pulled a photograph from his wallet. A very attractive blonde in a bikini smiled for the camera. Johnny was a sucker for blondes, too.

“To be perfectly blunt, Stacey likes to fuck. I mean she’s always liked to fuck. We’ve always had an active sex life, but now... My dick has bruises. My back has bruises. My bruises have bruises. It’s like she’s a different person. You should see my back. It’s a damn scratching post. She nearly bit my earlobe off. All this from a woman who was hesitant to slap my ass. I can’t take much more. She’s insatiable. Nympho isn’t the word. I’ve had to start locking her up. The bedroom isn’t safe. I have to feed her through a straw and what she does to the straw...I don’t think it’s

legal.”

Rick looked like he had just confessed to the murder of several small children.

“How long have you known her?”

“A little over a year. We met at a company sponsored bowling party. She worked out of our Dayton office, and she sure bowled me over. Asked her out and within two months I popped the question. She said yes, and I was the luckiest guy on Earth. But things changed.”

Johnny didn’t say anything. Rick’s story smelled of brimstone. He had dealt with succubi before, and as a one-night stand, it made for an interesting evening. However, to be engaged to one...better start looking for a good divorce attorney or a cemetery plot. They were fast workers, succubi, and usually employed the Wham-Bam-I’ll-Suck-Your-Dick-And-Swallow-Your-Soul method of dating.

“When did Stacey...change? Is she taking new vitamins? Spanish Fly supplements? Have you noticed any odd growths on her forehead? Have you seen her feet lately? Any change in her body odor, more goat-like, perhaps?”

Rick arched his eyebrows, like two caterpillars doing calisthenics. “None of that stuff. I don’t know. Everything’s a blur. The problem isn’t mold on her toes; it’s her libido.”

Trish delivered the second round. Rick downed his like he was competing in the Alcoholic Olympics. Johnny finished his, content with a silver medal.

“Rick, maybe you should start from the beginning. You might want to ease up on the drinks. I don’t think they’re in danger of running out.”

Rick held the shot glass like it was a Magic 8-Ball, only he was afraid to ask the question.

“I had just taken a new position with a big jump in salary. We wound up buying a new house, and the whole move thing also became a *moving in* thing. So with the job, the move, and the engagement, things were hectic. I thought Stacey was horny because of the new surroundings. I know I was.”

Rick smiled as pleasant memories played out behind his eyes. “Not to give you the blow by blow, but we broke the new place in right. The kitchen, the bathroom, the patio furniture, you get the idea. At first it was great.” He dug in his pockets, pulled out a prescription bottle. The label said Xanaxtm. “But her demand was constant—*is* constant. When my dick, tongue, and hands failed to satisfy her, she started working her way through the fridge. When I saw what she was about to do with a pork chop, I knew something was horribly wrong.”

Johnny looked around to make sure no one was listening to their conversation too intently. A pork chop. That was different.

“Just where is this new place of yours?”

“It’s out on 71, past the Spring Grove Cemetery. Exit 19. In Woodlawn.”

“You mean up by the flea markets?”

“No, well past them, closer to the horse farm. Buckeye Stables and Stud, I think it’s called. It’s a great place, over looks the Little Miami River.”

“Write down the address and let me check something. I’ve got a hunch.”

“So you’ll take the case?” Rick’s voice was as hopeful as a child’s on Christmas Eve.

“I’ll see what I can do. Mira did mention my rates?”

“Yes. It’s not a problem. I understand your methods are, er, unorthodox but...whatever it takes.”

Johnny grabbed a handful of pretzels, offering some to Rick. “Here’s to *whatever it takes*. I love these pretzels.”

Rick pumped Johnny’s hand. Johnny crumpled the bar napkin in his other. Rick’s handshake was like holding a dying fish.

“Thanks, man. Thank you so much. You’re a lifesaver.”

Johnny settled up the tab and walked Rick to his car, a BMW. Nice wheels, he thought. The moon was almost full, not quite a hunter’s moon. No matter. Johnny knew it was always hunting season and only a spider leg difference between predator and prey.

Johnny went back to the bar after Rick left, rewinding their conversation in his head. A live-in, insatiable girlfriend. Most guys would welcome that like a quarter beer. If she could cook, she’d be perfect.

Johnny slid onto a stool, nodded to William for the usual. William doubled as barkeep and bouncer. He was a former boxer and still kept in great shape. Johnny knew firsthand how fast William’s hands were—they had nearly removed his larynx years ago. A stray tomcat had served as a distraction and saved his life. After one more encounter, enough horse tranquilizer to drop a grizzly and a trip to a vet who specialized in exotic animals, William told Johnny his story. At the time, William was suffering from male pattern lycanthropy. A hell of a thing to inherit. At an age when many men were losing their hair, William was just the opposite, gaining them on his back, on his ears, between his toes. It was embarrassing and ticklish, according to William.

That wasn’t the worst of it. It was the hunger—for meat, fresh flesh. William had been a vegetarian five years strong. Through therapy and medication, he had gotten a handle on things. His support group helped a lot. Johnny didn’t know of any lycanthrope societies outside of Manitoba, so he recommended William join AA. His fellow members saw him as a great role model, given his work environment. The temptation was always there, but Johnny knew that they did not sell what tempted William in bottles, cans, or on tap.

Still, William spent a fortune on hair removal products and his cholesterol was shot all to hell. He was a friend, and it did not hurt to have a werewolf at your back going into a tricky situation—as long as you knew the werewolf and didn’t have

any pets in heat.

Johnny studied the whiskey like it was pool of knowledge. One swallow and he would have all the answers. An hour later, the pool filled and refilled, and the only thing he knew was he had the makings of one hell of a hangover.

The following morning, after a breakfast of sausage and scrambled eggs sprinkled with cheddar cheese, just the greasy combination to soak up last night's booze, Johnny started making phone calls.

The first was to the main branch of the public library. He had an "acquaintance" named Roxanne who worked in research. Roxanne was the mousy librarian fantasy made flesh, and what tender flesh it was—36-24-36, and she'd skunk you at *Trivial Pursuit*, too.

"Cincinnati Public Library. Information. Can I help you?"

"Yes, I've had an erection since this morning. It won't go away. I've tried taking cold showers, cold baths, cold beer. Nothing helps. Any ideas?"

"Is it hard?"

"It's a diamond cutter, baby, and diamonds are a girl's best friend."

"Well baby, it sounds like either you have overestimated your Viagra dosage or are suffering from Priapism. Priapism is an erectile condition where blood in the penis becomes trapped and unable to drain. If you do not treat the condition immediately, it can lead to scarring and permanent erectile dysfunction. In rare cases, removal of the penis is required. In any case, you have a true urologic emergency. Have a nice day."

"Hey, it's me, Johnny."

"I know, dumb ass. One can cure Priapism without cutting the subject's dick off. I added that for your benefit. I know how well you enjoy your noodle."

"I remember you enjoying it, too." He had bruises for days. "But this is a serious call. Roxy, I need your help."

"You always need my help. What is it this time, toots? Mermaid mating rituals or the latest Bigfoot nail clippings discovery?"

"Nothing so glamorous. I need information on a piece of real estate."

"That is boring. What's the address?"

Johnny read off the address Rick gave him. Roxanne said she would check into it and asked if he was busy this weekend.

An hour later, she called back. Damn, she was good—in more ways than one. She gave Johnny the information he needed, and a hard on, too, with all that talk about Priapism. Her voice was as smooth as melted ice cream. The cone in his pants was anything but soft serve. He promised to call her soon.

Johnny phoned Rick's office. He made plans to be at Rick's home that night to see Stacey for himself, but before then, he had some errands to run.

As he headed out the door, his landlord was stepping out of his ten-year-old Toyota across the street. Abe Keiner owned property all over the city, but he was still a penny pincher of the highest caliber, enough to make coins weep.

"Rent's due in seven days," Abe growled like a constipated Doberman.

"How's it hanging, Abe? I'm just going for a stamp right now," Johnny said with a smile.

"You should pay your bills online. Save money on the postage."

"Thanks for the tip, Abe. Later."

Johnny started up his Jeep. A quick look at his list of things to do scribbled on his palm and he was on the move. He put the Jeep in drive, leaving Abe and his financial advice on his own.

His first stop was St. Francis. Holy water had saved his ass more than once. Sure, he could say prayers over tap water, but nothing beat the real thing. He then went to the video store to return his overdue *Day of the Dead* DVD. He could always claim it as a business expense on his tax return (Abe would be proud)—all in the name of research. Next, was a quick visit to A Little Shop of Kinks, located in the heart of downtown in Over-the-Rhine. It was actually closer to the armpit, not that the drunks, crackheads, or prostitutes complained. Johnny wanted to check out their new portable restraining devices and other tools of romance. Kinks was always a way to mix business and pleasure.

His final stop was at the county auditor's office to see if he could dig up additional information not already supplied by Roxanne. According to Roxanne, the lot where Rick's house was located had been the home of a local politician back in the thirties.

Town councilman Carl Cotter had made his money on the banks of the Ohio River, owning several hotels and restaurants. Uncredited sources cited him as the backbone of the illegal gambling community. Everything from horse racing to bingo, he was in it up to his elbows. After the stock market crash, people saw gambling as a possible means to stimulate the economy. Cotter, by all accounts, just wanted to fill his pockets, and he did.

He built a home as tribute to his avarice. A sprawling estate made entirely from Douglas fir trees, then stained red. Cotter dubbed his home "Crimson Glory." The interior was a fusion of reds, ranging from pink to deep scarlet. Fortunately, he did not have any neighbors to complain about his color scheme.

He was preparing to run for mayor when scandal hit. There were rumors that Cotter threw decadent parties at his homestead, playing host to politicians and mobsters from both coasts. He could have easily blackmailed his way into the position of mayor. One party raged way out of hand long before a city councilman

knocked over his flaming drink onto his evening companion.

Note to self: Never make flaming drinks when you're already drunk.

The *Boots Alley Blaze* lived up to its name when the woman's dress turned into an inferno. Instead of Stop, Drop, and Roll, she tried to outrun the flames. The fire department pulled sixteen bodies from the smoking ruins, seven of them young women, and not one of them Cotter's wife. The deceased men were local movers and shakers, business owners and one high-ranking police official. After that night, Cotter's political ambitions turned into a pile of ash, much like his home. The red house now lay black and smoking. Years later, Cotter was killed in a bizarre accident involving a lawnmower and homemade wine.

Johnny arrived at Rick's place shortly before eight. Clouds were beginning to form. The city was overdue for some rain. Johnny's lawn had been brown for weeks. Abe did not like his tenants wasting water, even on the grass. Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the landscape. *Storm's a coming*. Johnny rolled up his windows.

Rick had some spread. The two-story brick house looked like an *after* picture from one of those TV remodeling shows. With a three-car garage, four bedrooms and four baths, the thought of the property tax alone made Johnny cringe, never mind the tragedy that had occurred right on this spot, decades ago. Rick wasn't lying; it had a great view of the river.

Rick answered the door on the first ring, looking as pasty as ever. He escorted Johnny through the catalogue perfect living room to the bar, poured them both a double.

"We're gonna need it," Rick said, making the alcohol disappear faster than a magician failing rehab.

An anxious Rick led Johnny up the custom oak staircase. Johnny took time to admire the furniture along the way, not a futon in sight, but mostly steeling himself for what was about to happen. They stood outside the master bedroom. Judging from the sounds, someone was having a good time.

Johnny swung the double doors open. The odor immediately assaulted his nostrils. The room smelled like a weeklong orgy. A figure that had to be Stacy writhed on the bed, strapped to the corner posts. He would not need the restraints after all.

Stacey was nude. Any attempt at covering her lay in tatters around the room. She was more excited than a vibrator with new batteries. Even though Rick had tied her down, Stacey was in constant motion. Her lips, her eyes, her toes, her vulva—every movement was a plea for penetration.

Mesmerized by what he saw, Johnny asked, “Who’s your interior decorator?”

Rick reached for his Xanax. “Funny you should ask. The former owners had the walls painted a color called Atmosphere, kind of an off blue, and the ceiling Shore, a deeper blue. Stacey didn’t like it. She insisted on Rouge for the ceiling and Rose for the walls.”

Johnny was no color expert but he knew red when he saw it. He also knew he was going to have his hands full. His cock was already rock hard, petrified wood behind his zipper. Stacey was in heat. Every step in her direction was a rise in temperature and a rise in his pants. Johnny wiped the sweat from his brow. “You might want to step outside a minute, Rick. Things might get ugly.” Johnny discretely shifted the fossil in his underwear. “And please close the door behind you.”

“I’ll be right outside if you need anything.” Rick left the room looking like a child leaving for his first day of school with the knowledge it was the first of many to come.

Before taking off his clothes, Johnny made sure to lock the door. He kicked off his shoes, pulling an object from his front pocket, and then let his pants drop to the floor. He watched Stacey with interest, like a lepidopterist studying some rare butterfly.

She was a natural blonde with no tan lines, pubic hair the color of honey. She was unashamed of her nudity, lost in the longing, the lust of a need she needed filled. Johnny had done possessed before. Not much fun. As a master of self-control, he preferred to be the one yanking the chain.

Being possessed was kind of like floating in water, best to flow with the current than panic and risk drowning. He could feel their presence now, their invisible tongues against his face, his chest, pinching his nipples. He was wrong about the succubus before. Stacey was possessed, all right, but not by any devil. One look at her dripping pussy and hollow eyes, Johnny knew he was not dealing with demons but ghosts. Stacey’s cunt was wet with ectoplasm and desire.

He climbed on the bed. Stacey begged in seven different voices, “Fuck me.”

Johnny was torn. The thought of fucking another man’s girl bothered him, but an even greater concern was the thought of pleasing several different women, Stacey included. His own personal best was three at the same time, and that geometry of flesh had left him exhausted—happy, but exhausted. Now there was Rick to think about, too. Rick could not stay happily married to Stacey. The relationship would disintegrate into some weird type of bigamy that lacked a name it was so strange. Johnny had no choice. A job was a job after all.

With that thought, he pulled the condom from its package. He had managed to get an ex-nun to say a couple Hail Mary’s over them and used them only in special situations. In this business, you needed all the protection you could get.

He positioned himself between Stacey's thighs. Foreplay was not a consideration; the need was too great. Her chest heaved in anticipation. Stacey's pussy absorbed his cock. It was like fucking an outlet, currents of energy surged through him. He felt himself drifting. He paused, savoring the feel of her as her interior muscles squeezed him. His cock pulsed inside her.

"Mmm. That's nice," Stacey said in a chorus of voices.

His tongue met hers, exploring her mouth like an eager archeologist. He expected to see sparks dance before his eyes, because the sensation was so great. His stubble bruised her face, but she was beyond caring, consumed only by passion.

Johnny withdrew his dick; it was shiny and as hard as polished steel. He entered her again slowly, letting her feel the curve of his cock. He grabbed Stacey's arms as an anchor and began thrusting harder and harder, finding his rhythm. His hands gripped her hair and he rocked with reckless abandon, her hips in synch with his. He was going to throw his back out if he was not careful.

Pace yourself. It's a marathon, not a dash.

He cupped her tits, already moist with sweat and now his saliva. They were small like oranges, but her nipples were as hard as thimbles. The bounce of her tits mesmerized him as his cock continued to stab her cunt in a frenzy of motion. His orgasm was fast approaching; he began picturing death scenes from the *Friday the 13th* series to distract himself.

He lost track of how many orgasms Stacey had, each one a different variation; some a whimper, some a scream, every ghost taking their turn. Ethereal hands groped and caressed his flesh, squeezed his ass, stroked his spine. In truth, he was the one being penetrated. It was like sinking into a warm bath, ghost flesh still a poor substitute for Stacey's pleasure box.

He had reached the one punch decapitation scene in *Jason takes Manhattan* when he knew he could no longer hold back his orgasm. The finish line was in sight, and he was now sprinting for all he was worth. One final kick. A jackhammer of motion.

One of the Velcro restraints broke in the fury of their lovemaking. Johnny arched the now free leg over his shoulder, never missing a stroke. Pelvis met pelvis in a time-stopping grind.

"Give to me," the voices whispered.

Ghost fingers tickled his balls. His cock was void of sensation, like when your foot falls asleep, all pins and needles. The feeling charged from his dick to the rest of his body, spiraling outward, making his ass clench and toes curl. Stacey bore all his weight as his body spasmed, squeezing every ounce of pleasure possible. Their bodies convulsed together. Johnny looked into Stacey's eyes. He could almost see the different faces, satisfied for now but not for long. He kissed Stacey lightly and

found his clothes.

Dressed, he opened the door and found Rick outside waiting. Rick looked like he was one card away from winning big or losing everything. Lucky for him, Johnny came through with a royal flush.

“How’d it go? What happened in there? You didn’t hurt her, did you?”

“Stacey’s fine. Very fine, considering the state she’s in. Her pussy is haunted. Her body is a conduit for the spirits of several dead prostitutes, women who died on this very spot decades ago, whose only comfort comes at the moment of orgasm. You know that “go to the light” bullshit you always hear about... in this case, cumming your brains out is what causes the light. The problem is that it feels so good the ghosts keep coming back for more. Not even an army of ministers with the Pope leading the charge could evict them.”

“Holy shit. You’re not kidding, are you? Mira said you were good, but...what to I do?”

Johnny put a reassuring arm around Rick’s shoulders then said, “My friend, I have an idea.”

The house sold in less than a month. Rick and Stacy took an extended cruise to Alaska after the closing. Johnny was there to see them off. Stacey had no memory of what had happened. Once she was out of the house, her road to recovery began. Rick, his complexion much improved, remarked in private that their sex life was still on the upswing, but now he no longer thought he was risking a coronary during their sessions.

As for the house and its occupants, Johnny convinced Abe to invest in it. The old coin squeezer came through. With such a great view of the river, the place became the perfect bed and breakfast for newlyweds or couples looking to re-ignite old romantic flames. The perfect place to add a little more squeak to your bedsprings.

Abe wanted to redecorate, but Johnny convinced him red was the color of passion. A look at the guest book and the number of returnees told the story: a haunted bedroom made for a happy bedroom. The calendar was full, even Johnny had a hard time squeezing in a reservation.

His getaway companion, Roxanne, was on the receiving end of a hard time, too. She was so loud it was enough to make a ghost blush.

THE END

About the Author

Brian Rosenberger

Banned from the indie wrestling circuit where he terrorized both fans and opponents as the King Kong Kid, the world's tallest midget wrestler, Brian Rosenberger now teases and tantalizes the literate. His writing can be found numerous places, both online and in print. He hails from Parts Unknown, but perfects submission holds and other positions in Cincinnati.

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