



 A SILVER TWINK STORY

*The Ghost
Story*

AERYN TRAXX

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By Aeryn Traxx

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Cover Artist: Reese Dante

Editor: Marilyn Morris

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ISBN # 978-1-920468-11-8

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PUBLISHER

SILVER PUBLISHING

<http://www.silverpublishing.info>

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Dennis Hagen veered his '68 red Ford LTD up the winding road to the abandoned house on the hill. He laughed as he pulled up in front of the three-story Victorian that resembled a misplaced prop from an old Hitchcock film. Friends at Science First Investigations had called him in to do a psychic read on the house. The paranormal investigation group had spent the past eleven years debunking ghost stories and purported hauntings along the East Coast. He enjoyed his behind-the-scenes position, entering alleged haunted structures hours or even days before anyone else did to get a feel for the surroundings.

For as long as he could remember, he heard voices in his head. As a child, his parents took him to the best doctors. Yet it was Granny Norma that helped him the most. She knew who talked to her grandson because they communicated with her, too. With her help he'd learned how to block the voices. She'd also taught him how to see beyond the here and now and into the past without losing himself. Her guidance molded him into one of the most revered paranormal investigators in the field.

Dennis stepped from the car and gazed upon the imposing building. His preliminary research revealed little

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

about the old place other than it had been a house of ill repute in its checkered past. Not a word about a murder or suicide, which the current owner swore happened sometime in the early 1900's.

Four hours after walking into the dwelling he was certain of two things: There was an entity in the building, and it was having a good time staying just beyond the reach of his instruments as well as his consciousness. Irritated, Dennis stood at the front door. As he reached for the brass doorknob, someone laughed lightly in his ear. He stepped back and waited. "I know you're there and if you want to talk I'll listen, but I've had enough of your games." A male figure materialized between Dennis and the inlaid stained glass panel in the ornate door. The sexy voice that came from the oh-so-kissable lips made his insides flip-flop.

"But you like to play games, Dennis," the voice teased. Smiling at the handsome male apparition, Dennis took a half step back for a better view. Definitely someone Dennis could fall for, if he had been alive, of course. He was taller than Dennis by several inches, and broader in the shoulders, with long blue-black hair, eyes you could practically fall into, a muscular body, trim waist and legs that went on and on. Black trousers molded to his body and a cotton, button-down shirt open enough to reveal thick

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

black chest hair. Yep, the ghost was his type of man, all right.

“I like games, yes. With the right sort of men. You, unfortunately, are dead and can’t play the sort of games I like to play, now can you?”

The ghost’s eyes twinkled with merriment, the corners of his mouth curled up into a beguiling smile.

“Hmm. That does pose a bit of a problem, doesn’t it?”

“Yes it does, and the owner of this place wants people to believe that you’re a murderer and or a suicide victim. There will be people tromping through here at five bucks a head starting next month when tourist season kicks into high gear.”

The apparition shook his head as he looked pointedly at Dennis. “He’s never been a bright boy, that one.”

Dennis cocked an eyebrow at the ghostly Adonis. “Jarvis Ricks is a very good business man.”

“Lucky, perhaps. Just dumb luck.”

Dennis laughed. “Perhaps, but you’re stuck with him.”

The handsome spirit followed behind Dennis as he returned to the parlor where several chairs waited. He flipped one around and straddled the seat, arms resting on the back of the chair. The spirit paced nervously back and

The Ghost Story by Aeryn Traxx

forth. His feet didn't leave any marks in the layer of dust on the polished cherry floor. Dennis gave his host an adequate time to speak, but when the silence hung heavy between them he retrieved a digital recorder and hit the *Record* button. He could always edit out anything personal should the ghost get caught on tape nailing the guy who'd pay the tab for the ghost hunt.

"So what do I call you?" He asked. The ghost rubbed his chin with one hand and with the other he scratched the back of his neck, tousling the black waterfall of hair.

"Hmmm?" The spirit gave Dennis a sideways look.

"Your name? You did have a name when you were alive?"

The ghost dropped both hands to his sides and gave Dennis a most disapproving glare. "Would you mind not bringing up the *dead, not dead*, thing?"

"Sorry. Didn't mean to irritate you. Perhaps I should go?" Dennis punched the button on the recorder, slid it into his pocket and shuffled his feet to stand.

"No. I'd rather you stay."

He felt a slight weight on his shoulders as if unseen hands held him down. "Okay, if you insist. I'll be happy to stay."

The Ghost Story by Aeryn Traxx

Silence loomed while the spirit continued to pace, until finally, he stopped, settling in front of the investigator, turned and smiled. “That’s interesting. You have a neighbor named Corbin.”

The hairs on the back of Dennis’s neck stood up. “Yes, I do.” The gleam in the ghost’s eyes reminded Dennis of his not so wonderful days in college.

“And Corbin has waited a long time for you to notice him.”

Dennis watched the ghost carefully. This situation wasn’t something Granny Norma had warned him about. *Ghosts could be a mite playful at times*, she’d said on many occasions, but this was a bit beyond playful.

“Wait a minute. I came here to find out about you. Not vice- versa.”

The ghost, clearly exasperated, threw his hands up in the air then back down against his noncorporeal thighs. “Nothing to know. I fell in love, my lover died, then I died. End of story. Natural causes for both of us. Nothing glamorous like murder or suicide.”

Dennis smiled and shook his head. “Jarvis will be disappointed.”

The ghost cocked his head slightly as if the topic of his esteemed, many times removed, distant cousin was beneath his consideration.

The Ghost Story by Aeryn Traxx

“He’ll get over the disappointment. Curl up with a few hundred dollar bills and he’ll sleep just fine.” Dennis couldn’t resist the laughter that bubbled inside him. The ghost frowned as his guest pulled the recorder out of his pocket and steered the conversation back to the situation at hand.

“If you died of natural causes, then why are you still here?”

“Bart, my lover for nearly eighteen years, was unable to have sex the last five years of his life.

Being the monogamous kind of guy that I am, that meant I didn’t have sex the last five years of my life, either. Except the self gratification kind, if you know what I mean.”

Dennis drew in a breath, and felt his cock twitch. “A bit of pent up sexual tension, I would think.”

“Ya’ think?” He responded with a hands-on-hips pose that screamed *drag queen*, but being the gentleman that he was, Dennis held tight to the laughter that begged to burst free.

“Is it a secret that you won’t tell me your name? I hate conversing with a *Hey you! Transparent boy!*”

The ghost drew up to his full height and looked down at Dennis, a definite smirk on his face. “You’re pretty funny *Mr. Paranormal Ghost Hunter Gay Guy*. My name is

The Ghost Story by Aeryn Traxx

March, if you must know, and it's a family name;- no funny business about the *I-wonder-when-you-were-born*-stuff."

Dennis grinned. "A bit testy, are we?"

"No sex for the last five years. You'd be a bit testy too." March tilted his head back, closed his eyes slightly, then snapped them opened. A mischievous smile played across his sensuous mouth. "Then again, according to Corbin, it's been a little while since you and what's-his-name parted company, hmm?"

Dennis smiled at the handsome apparition. This went far beyond anything he could have ever dreamed. He could almost see Granny Norma laughing her ass off about now.

"I don't see how it'll help, but if you must know, my partner Gavin and I split up about three months ago. He had ambitions."

"That didn't involve dead guys."

Dennis laughed. Coming from a ghost, the comment struck him as rather humorous, even if he were the butt of the joke.

"Dead anything, actually. He thought he could handle it; seemed he couldn't."

March took three long strides and kneeled in front of Dennis's chair. His gaze searched his guest's face.

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

Dennis sensed a yearning from the apparition that tugged not only at his cock, but at his heart, too.

“I’ve never met anyone like you before, Dennis. In all the years people have come here to find me, not once has anyone seen me this way.”

“And why is that? I may be a born psychic, but I’m a scientist as well. How is it that you can be here like this with me, but for others, you don’t appear? You’re tied to this place, and anyone with any psychic ability should be able to see you.” Dennis spoke as if he read from a manual, his logic and emotions hitting head-on as the noncorporeal being before him opened his psyche to the paranormal detective.

“Never wanted to be seen before, I guess.”

Dennis felt a slight stroke over his cock. He locked eyes with the spirit, his senses rolling as he saw the house, and March, as they had been when he was still a living being.

Dennis smelled the lavender of the nosegays by the open windows. Curtains of crisp white draped the windows, and a crocheted throw decorated the back of a comfortable sofa. His gaze settled on the stairway. The recently polished wood bore a faint essence of beeswax.

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

March's warm body spooned his back, his hands slid over his abdomen, his words no more than a whisper. "How about I show you around upstairs?"

Dennis nodded, his mind too clouded to form words. March laughed lightly, took his guest by the hand and pulled him gently up the stairs to the second floor.

March tugged Dennis into a smartly dressed large bedroom to the left of the stairs. Simple white drapes adorned the windows, a perfect counterpoint to the dark blue diamond patterned quilt on the double bed. The night tables boasted starched doilies and candles in hurricane lamps. Dennis took everything in, from the antimacassar on the back of the rocking chair in the corner, to the hand-stitched nightshirt that hung over the metal footboard of the bed.

His perusal of the antique bedroom was cut short when warm, wet lips touched the sensitive spot beneath his right ear, followed by fingers working at the buttons of his jeans. Dennis leaned back into the sensations and closed his eyes. This might all be a hallucination, but he'd enjoy every second of it. His jeans slid down over his hips and March gasped at the sight of his designer underwear that covered the crotch but left the cheeks bare. March's trembling hands ran over his lover's bare ass cheeks and made Dennis very aware of the effect he was having on his companion.

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

“If I’d known this is what men in the future wore beneath their trousers I’d not have waited so long.” March’s manhood pressed between Dennis’s ass cheeks, his own erection barely held in check beneath the stretchy material. “I don’t know that one night will be enough for me, Dennis,” the ghost whispered.

Dennis smiled and shook his head, too overwhelmed by March’s desire to say anything.

March moved around in front of him, naked, easing off Dennis’s shoes and socks. The jeans followed. Nimble fingers worked the wide elastic waistband of the underwear over his lover’s hips to be discarded with the rest of the clothing.

Dennis pulled his shirt over his head and dropped the garment on the pile behind him.

March wrapped Dennis’s cock in his hand, and searched his face.

“I will leave this place for you. Would you like that?”

Dennis nodded, his mind still too overwhelmed by all that had happened to answer. March wasted no time in claiming the ready member with his mouth. Dennis moaned and reached for his ghostly lover’s shoulders as the apparition sucked him to an orgasm that left his legs weakened by the sensations ripping through his body.

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

March caught him effortlessly in his arms and cooed into his ear. “Just the way I want you. Putty in my hands. When I’m finished with you, you’ll never want any other man in your bed but me.”

Dennis’s eyes fluttered open. Fantasy sex was great, and while he didn’t understand how this experience had happened, he’d been sleeping alone for three months and ... well ... this was the best wet dream he’d had in a long time.

March helped his lover to the bed, threw back the bedcovers and laid him in the very center of the mattress. He looked down on Dennis’s prone form, a myriad of emotions racing across his face.

Dennis gazed up into eyes that awaited an invitation. Somewhere, within the jumbled thoughts, he knew that unless he asked March to join him, he would remain alone. Both in the bed and without. March could escape the dilapidated house and Jarvis Ricks’ attempts to turn a profit, but only with Dennis’s invitation.

Lust shone in March’s eyes, a mirror image of his own desire, for which he could not fault the man. But behind all that, he saw a man who’d given his life to a partner. He’d spent years nursing his life partner ‘til death separated them, only to spend the remainder of his days alone, lamenting the loss of his companion. Now, Dennis

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

had come and offered a chance to free him from the loneliness. How could he refuse?

With a slight smile on his lips Dennis lifted his arms in invitation and March fell into them. March kissed him hard and long, cocks erect between their bodies. Dennis's hands slid around to March's ass, caressing the soft flesh, squeezing and massaging, his fingers lightly testing the opening he yearned to fill. Dennis tilted his hips just enough to pull March easily up along his body. March became breathless, his hands shaking from the intensity of their pairing, sexual desire beyond anything he ever imagined.

Dennis whispered in the larger man's ear. "I want to taste you, then I want to fuck you 'til you can't see straight."

March moved his head against Dennis's hairless chest. "No. I was always..."

Dennis lifted March's head and gazed into his eyes.

"Not this time. I don't know how this is happening, but you need to be freed from this place and all the things that bind you here. You led before. Now, it's my turn to lead you away from this prison."

Dennis left March no chance to second-guess anything. He rolled him to his back and, before the big man could protest, Dennis's mouth closed over his lover's cock.

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

Dennis took his time, sucking just the swollen head until March practically bowed off the bed, and then stroked the pressure point beneath his balls to relax him. Dennis knelt between March's legs, tongued the slit, sucked his balls into the warmth of his mouth, and worshipped the cock that had waited so long for such attention. Only when he saw a tear slide down his lover's cheek did Dennis relent.

"On your knees, March. You're going to cum for me." Dennis positioned March and smiled like a greedy child when the man reached back to spread his ass cheeks without being told to. "You want this, don't you, baby?"

"Yes. Please. I..." March's plea was replaced with a whimper as Dennis pushed the head of his cock into the tight channel. Dennis ran his hands over March's ass, dipping a hand between muscular thighs to stroke the cock, swollen and tipped in pre-cum. March pushed back, desperate to take more of Dennis's shaft. Dennis grabbed him by the hair and pulled his head back.

"I know what you want but I don't want to hurt you. Relax." March fisted the bedding and tossed his head from side to side. Dennis released the long, black hair, allowing March to rest his forehead against the soft sheets.

"I want more. I've waited so long. I want to cum." Dennis pressed his member further in and waited for March to adjust. He stroked his lover's back and worked his way

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

around to the front, his hands fondling the nipples nestled in the wiry hair of March's broad chest. March moaned beneath the onslaught of sensations. Dennis's own control frayed at the edges. He grasped March's hips and pulled him back until he filled the big man's sheath. Wrapping his hand around March's cock Dennis pumped him hard as he drove his own tool in and out of the tight sheath.

Dennis whispered in March's ear. "Cum for me, March. I want you. All of you. I want to release you from this place. Cum for me and you'll never be alone again."

Two strokes later and Dennis's cock exploded inside the man beneath him. Warm cum bathed his hand and his name echoed in his ears.

Dennis opened his eyes to find he sat in the parlor of the dilapidated house, alone. A quick mental check of the house revealed it empty of the spirit that clung within the walls for so many years. March was gone.

The digital recorder in his hand beeped and he flicked it off. The time on the side of the recorder blinked 8:13. He'd sat in the chair for almost two hours. Dennis shook his head and looked down at the large wet spot on the front of his button fly jeans. He could still smell the faint musk of his phantom lover, felt the warmth of large, calloused hands caressing him. His mind cleared slowly. The feel of lips on his body faded to nothingness. Dennis

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

stood and looked around the room. He knew he would never experience anything like this again and it filled him with a momentary sadness. Granny Norma's words of so many years ago came rushing back to him. They had both been put on the earth to help the spirits cross over to the next plane. A time for smiles, not tears. March was free and Dennis knew that he had helped free him. It had been one hell of an afternoon. He tucked the recorder in his pocket and left the house without a backward glance.

* * * *

Eight weeks later

Dennis fumbled with his keys at the door to his condo.

"Dennis! I'm so glad I ran into you." Corbin, Dennis's neighbor, said behind him.

He smiled politely and continued to work at unlocking the door. "Corbin. How are you?"

Corbin smiled brightly. "Fine, well, actually better than fine. My cousin came into town last week from Seattle. He's going to stay with me for a while. I'm finally

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

going to have family in the same state as me. He decided to leave Seattle after the accident.”

Dennis shook his head absently as he realized he’d tried to force the wrong key into the lock.

“Accident? I don’t recall ...”

“I told you about it, silly. When we were at Tania’s dinner party. I knew you weren’t listening to me.” Corbin shook his head.

Dennis felt bad for the young man. The key turned and the lock clicked open.

“I apologize, Corbin. I was listening. I’ve just had so much going on.” Dennis opened the door, and Corbin followed him in, leaning suggestively against the doorframe.

“It’s all right. I understand.” Corbin shook his head and sighed.” I know you prefer the tall-dark-and-handsome ones. Speaking of which, maybe you and my cousin might get along. He’s changed so much since the accident. A near-death experience will do that to a fella, or so they say.”

Dennis walked into the kitchen and dropped his keys, spare change and other items out of his pockets into a bowl on the counter.

“Near-death? What happened?”

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

Corbin rolled his eyes and shook his head; as if he had been forced to tell the tale so many times he really didn't relish the retelling of it.

"He fell from the balcony of his apartment. Can you believe that? How do you fall from a fifth floor apartment at 8:13 in the evening, I ask you? Then again, March was clumsy even as a child."

Dennis whipped his head upward with such force he hit the underside of the cabinet.

"Oh, honey, that must hurt." Corbin hurried from the door to help him but Dennis shooed him away, a hand held over the sore spot.

"You said your cousin's name is March?"

"Yeah. Colton March Weatherby. Mom's side of the family. He always wanted to be called Colt, until he regained consciousness after the accident that is. Now, he insists on being called March. Doctor said to just humor him. Promise you won't tease him about the name. He's a bit touchy about it. Mom begged me to take him in. She said he simply couldn't get out of Seattle fast enough. Said he really wanted to come, so here he is. I have a new room....."

"Corbin? Where are you?" A voice rang out from outside the door.

The Ghost Story by Aeryn Traxx

Dennis's mind reeled and his cock did the limbo in his pants. The voice he never thought to hear again echoed in the halls of his condo complex. Corbin leaned out of the doorway, and Dennis gripped the edge of the counter to steady himself.

"Down here, cutie. At the neighbor's you asked about the other day."

Dennis saw a ghost walk into his unit, a double for the ghost he helped release from the house on the hill. From the straight blue-black hair that fell well below his shoulder blades to the oh-so-kissable lips. March had returned from the dead. Dennis wasn't sure whether he'd have a heart attack first or cum in his khakis, but doubted he'd make it through the next few minutes without embarrassing himself. When March looked up at him and smiled, Dennis felt like he had died and gone to heaven.

"*Mr. Paranormal Ghost Hunter Gay Guy* finally found his way back home." Dennis had to force himself to breathe as he saw March's eyes twinkle from across the room. Corbin laughed nervously and punched March on the arm while Dennis looked his phantom lover over from head to foot.

"Not exactly the way to make introductions, cutie."

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

March walked past Corbin, directly to Dennis and didn't stop until he was literally on top of him. He smiled a toothy grin.

"Sorry. Maybe this would be a better way." March put his hand behind Dennis's head and plundered his mouth with a kiss that left nothing in doubt as to his intentions.

Dennis heard Corbin cough then the door closing as his shirt buttons rained down on the kitchen floor. The patter of the buttons jerked Dennis out of his lusty fog. He took a step back and forced air into his lungs.

"March?" Dennis couldn't keep a smile from spreading ear to ear.

"Yes, Dennis, it's me." March eyed him, a hint of amusement in his expressive eyes.

"But how?"

March stepped forward, their bodies once again touching.

"Another time. We have unfinished business."

"Oh? I don't recall..."

March grabbed Dennis by the ass with both hands and tilted his hips until their erect cocks were sandwiched between them. His eyes darkened with desire.

"My turn to be on top and fuck you 'til you can't see straight."

The Ghost Story *by Aeryn Traxx*

Dennis smiled and leaned hard against March's broad chest. "In your dreams maybe."

March shook his head and wiggled his hips. "Not anymore, thanks to you. Now show me to your bedroom so I can thank you properly."

THE END