

Ghostly Consummation

by [Daddycums](#)

Mf, ScFi, inc, mc

A bright sun rose over the town of Greenfield, bringing with it a warm day, a day of green trees and blue sky, a day of laughter and happy families and infinite possibilities, a day on which one wouldn't normally expect to encounter ghosts.

However, if one were to ask anyone in Greenfield where such ghosts might likely reside, they would no doubt speak of the house at the end of Randolph Street. They would make it clear that there are no such things as ghosts, of course, especially not in a happy little community such as Greenfield. But if there *were*, then that would be where to look for them.

They might even tell you the names of the ghosts: Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and Christina Garing, who once owned the house. Then they would once again emphasize that no ghosts lived anywhere near this charming little community.

Except for that last part, they would be absolutely correct.

On that bright, cheerful morning in the small town, signs of life had once again returned to the house after five years of emptiness. The garage door was open, revealing a modest, gray sedan and a mountain of boxes that one day may or may not be unpacked. The porch light remained on after dutifully standing watch all night. Even the "For Sale" sign that had become a permanent fixture of the yard had disappeared.

Inside, a musty aroma still lingered, but it was slowly being replaced by the normal smells of a lived-in house. Boxes lined the walls, but many of these stood open and half-unpacked. In the small kitchen off to the side of the living room, two people sat around the table, eating breakfast.

"Are you ready for your second day of school?" asked Jerry Wright. He was a handsome man in his mid thirties with nearly black hair and friendly eyes. He wore a charcoal gray business suit with a conservative tie and neatly pressed slacks.

"Sure," his daughter Theresa replied with a smile. "Are you ready for your second day of work?" She was a lovely girl of fourteen with curly, dark brown hair and pretty hazel eyes. She had fair skin and perfectly straight teeth that had recently come out of braces. She had a slightly upturned nose and cute little dimples that she always claimed made her look like a child. Nevertheless, she was a beautiful girl for her age.

"Well, I can't exactly call my job exciting," Jerry told her, "but it pays the bills. Look, Theresa, I hope you're not angry at me for making you move right in the middle of the school year. It's just that things are suddenly

different after..."

She smiled at him again. "It's okay, Dad, really. I know it's just as hard for you as it is for me. We've both had to adjust."

"Thanks. I want you to know that I love you, especially now that everything's changed. You're the only thing that's kept me going."

"Oh dad!" she said with an embarrassed grin.

"I mean it," he told her. "Things don't always turn out the way we plan, but as long as I have a daughter like you to look after, I have a reason to keep at it."

Theresa got up off her chair, then moved around the table and sat down in her father's lap. She threw her arms around him and embraced him tightly.

"Thanks, honey," he told her. "I was just thinking that I needed a hug."

They held each other for almost a full minute, then Theresa once again returned to her seat.

"You know, some of the kids at school talked about this house," she said, changing the subject. "As soon as I mentioned where we live, they told me an interesting story."

"I know," Jerry replied. "The previous owners died tragically in the master bedroom. You know, stories like these tend to grow the more they're told. No doubt your friends said the place was haunted, and that's why it's taken five years to sell it."

"Yeah, they mentioned it was haunted, but mostly in a joking way," Theresa added. "Don't worry; I'm too old to believe in ghost stories."

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Tyler Garing, materializing out of thin air. If one could see him (which one couldn't), he would appear to be a young man in his early twenties, tall and strong with charming features and short brown hair. He wore a black tuxedo and neatly polished shoes.

Jerry and Theresa paid him no mind, for, being regular human folk, they could neither see nor hear him, nor detect his presence in any way.

"So did the kids at school mention how it happened?" Jerry asked his daughter.

"Just that they died mysteriously."

"There was nothing mysterious about it," Tyler insisted. "It was a gas leak. We suffocated to death."

"There was nothing mysterious about it," Jerry said. "It was a gas leak. I suppose they must have suffocated to death."

"Oh, are they talking about us?" asked Mrs. Christina Garing, appearing beside her husband. She was a picture of beauty, with long golden hair, deep green eyes, and ruby red lips. She wore a white dress and carried a bouquet of flowers in her hand.

"So you don't believe this house is haunted then?" Jerry asked with a teasing grin.

"Of course not, Dad," Theresa replied.

"Not particularly bright," Tyler commented.

"Be nice," Christina told him. "I didn't start believing in ghosts until I became one myself."

Tyler shrugged. "Good point," he conceded.

"Actually, I almost wish there *were* ghosts," said Theresa, staring down at the table in front of her. Her father glanced at her with a look of pity on his face. He sighed, then reached across the table and placed it on her hand.

"Theresa," he said. "Look. Your mother's not coming back. I know it's a harsh lesson to learn at your age, but sometimes things happen that are out of our control. I would like nothing more than to see her again, but that's just not going to happen. Better not to think about it."

"I know," she sighed. "I still miss her, though."

"Poor girl," Christina commented.

"Poor *dad*," Tyler replied. "Imagine losing the woman you love most in the whole world. At least you and I had the luxury of dying together. You know what they say about 'till death do you part'? Bunch of baloney. I died and I still can't get rid of you."

"Oh very funny," Christina laughed. "As usual, you have all the sensitivity of a rock. Can't you show a little sympathy?"

"You're right, and I'm sorry. I shouldn't be making jokes at a time like this, even if they can't hear us. It's just that when you die on what should have been the happiest day of your life, you can't help but develop a certain degree of cynicism."

"Hey, I died on my wedding day too, you know," Christina said.

Theresa stood up and took her dishes to the sink, passing right through Christina as she did so. There was no indication that either of them felt anything at the contact. Tyler watched as the girl placed her dishes in the sink and turned on the faucet to rinse them off.

"I know that look," Christina told him. "You used to give me that look when I was alive."

Tyler tore his gaze away from the girl and glanced at his wife. "I still do, when you're not looking," he grinned.

"Well, knock it off. She's just a teenager."

"I know that. It's just... I don't know. I guess that's the thing I regret most of all about dying when we did. I mean, if it had only happened the next day."

Christina rolled her eyes. "You've been dead for five years, and that's still all you think about? Typical man!"

"All *we* think about," Tyler corrected her. "I notice you stayed behind too."

"Somebody's got to keep you out of trouble," she said with a grin.

"But seriously, I've seen enough movies and television shows about ghosts to know the folklore. A person who dies only becomes a ghost if he has something tying him to this world, some unfinished business. I think it's pretty obvious what it is in our case."

"I know," she said. "I'm never going to live this down, am I? I wanted to wait until our wedding night because I wanted it to be special."

"And now we'll never get the chance. But look, I don't blame you for it. I love you too much to let something like this come between us. I just bring it up because we have to face the fact that until we do it, we can't progress to the next world."

"And how do you propose we do that?" asked Christina, reaching out for her husband's hand. It passed right through. "You see? We can't even touch each other."

"I wonder..." Tyler said, his eyes once more returning to the pretty girl at the sink.

By this time, Theresa was finished rinsing her dishes, so she headed upstairs to her bedroom. She returned a moment later carrying a backpack full of school books.

"Bye, Dad," she said, giving her father a peck on the cheek. Then she disappeared out the front door.

Jerry left a few minutes later, leaving the ghosts alone in the house to ponder their fate.

That evening, after father and daughter had returned home and they finished with dinner, Theresa decided she wanted to take a bath. She headed upstairs and entered the bathroom, oblivious to the eyes that followed her. She turned on the water to start filling the tub, then slipped quietly out of her clothes.

For a fourteen-year-old girl, she had a beautiful body. It was perhaps a little on the skinny side, but she was developing in all the right places. Her breasts, though still small, fit her frame perfectly, capped by dark,

round nipples. Her hips were starting to grow into the curves of womanhood, though she still had a long way to go. She had a modest growth of hair between her legs, covering a pretty little pussy.

Tyler grinned as he watched her. He was no pedophile, but he could certainly appreciate the beauty of an adolescent girl. He had gone through a peeping-tom stage about the time he hit puberty, but had grown out of it as he matured. Now, with no fear of being spotted, he found it all too easy to slip back into his old ways.

Theresa slipped into the tub, sighing as she let the warm water caress her body. She lay back so that only her head and breasts peeked out from the surface, closing her eyes and relaxing.

Christina materialized beside her husband, an amused grin on her face. "Why am I not surprised to find you here?" she asked him. "You always were a bit of a pervert."

Tyler shrugged. "Believe me, if we had died without our clothes on and you ended up nude for all eternity, I wouldn't give her a moment's notice. But no, we had to suffocate to death before we had even changed out of our wedding clothes. Now I'm denied even the sight of your body. So cut me some slack."

Christina laughed. She had never been the jealous type, but she loved to tease him whenever she caught him looking at some scantily-dressed girl. That had been one of the hallmarks of their relationship. They trusted each other enough that they didn't mind them looking elsewhere; there was no chance that either of them would stray. That was particularly true now that it was physically impossible to cheat on each other.

She glanced down at the girl in the bath, letting her eyes run all over her beautiful form. Christina had had a body that beautiful when she was that age, and in fact, it had matured into a gorgeous shape by the time she died. What she wouldn't give to be able to return to that shape, to once more feel herself in a body like that!

She sighed. "It's too bad her mother died," she commented.

"Tragic," said Tyler.

"No, I mean, too bad for us."

Tyler glanced at his wife. "I don't follow you," he said.

"Well, now there's only a father and daughter left in this house. If it were a husband and wife, or even a boyfriend and girlfriend... I mean, a couple of people who might... um... get together..."

Tyler nodded. "So you're thinking the same thing I am," he remarked. "Do you think it would really work? I mean, I've never tried it before. We don't know if it's even possible. Or even if we could, I don't know if that would be enough to lift our curse."

"I think it would," Christina said. "It may not be our own bodies, but I'm sure that finally experiencing that together would relieve us of our burden."

"You know, you may be right," he said with an excited tone to his voice.

"Wait a minute," Christina told him. "Let's not get too excited here, because there's still a big problem. We would need a man and a woman--"

"Which we have," he interrupted.

"She's his daughter!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"It's not my first choice, I'll admit. But we have to use what we've got."

"That's just sick. I can't believe you're even contemplating this. I'm not going to ruin their lives over this."

"Who says anything about ruining their lives? It's obvious that they care a lot for each other."

"Forget it, Tyler. We'll just have to find another way."

"Another way? We're poltergeists, Christina. We're doomed to haunt this house forever, or until we can find some way to fulfill our desires. We can't just go out and shop around. We either use what we have available, or stay like this for all eternity."

"No way."

"Fine," he shrugged. "It may be a moot point anyway. We don't even know if we can use their bodies like that."

Christina glanced down at the girl in the tub again. "Well, that much at least I'm willing to test."

"Now don't do something stupid," Tyler told her. "You may end up having her believe in ghosts after all. And the next thing you know, they'll move out of this place, word will get around that it's haunted, and no one will ever want to live here again. Then where will we be?"

"Don't worry. I'll be careful."

Christina hovered over the tub, then lowered her body as if sitting in Theresa's lap. For a few seconds she just sat there, then closed her eyes and leaned back. As Tyler watched in fascination, Christina's ghostly form disappeared entirely inside of the girl.

For a while nothing happened. Then, slowly, the girl's arm raised up out of the water. It remained there for about ten seconds, then lowered back down.

Suddenly, Christina emerged from the girl, and took her place at her husband's side, an excited look in her eyes. "Did you see that?" she exclaimed. "Did you see me lift her arm?"

"I saw it," he replied.

"Oh Tyler, it was the most wonderful feeling in the world! I had forgotten how good it feels to just soak in

the bath like that. It was so warm and comforting. I could feel all of her nerve endings, all over her skin. I could feel her body wrapped around me, just like it was before I died."

"That good, huh?"

She smiled with delight. "You know, I think we can actually do this! She didn't even know I was controlling her. Maybe she thought it was strange that she was lifting her arm out of the water like that for no reason, but I'll bet in fifteen minutes she'll have already forgotten about it."

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," he smiled.

"It's going to work. *It has* to work! We can finally move on."

"Now wait a minute," said Tyler. "I thought you were opposed to the idea."

"But that was before I knew what it felt like just being alive again. Just imagine how great it will feel to perform the act that will release us! I mean, it will be using different bodies, but who cares? You'll look different, but inside it will still be you. And I *know* you won't mind that I'll be using a body that looks like that." She nodded toward Theresa.

"And it doesn't bother you that they're father and daughter?"

"A little, but this is an opportunity that we just can't pass up."

"Okay, then let's do it," Tyler agreed. "But when?"

"Tonight, after they've gone to bed. We'll take control of their bodies, and I'll come to his room."

"It sounds like a whole lot of fun."

"I'm still worried, though," Christina commented. "I just wonder if there's any way we can do this without hurting them. Imagine what their reaction will be if we use their bodies in that way against their will."

"Hmm... good point," said Tyler. "Well, I suppose there's a solution to that as well. What if we do it without them knowing about it?"

"And how to you propose we do that?"

"We act like we're them. I'll be Jerry Wright, and you'll be his daughter Theresa. We'll take it slow, start out with a little cuddling and then build to the main event. They'll think it was something they wanted, not something they were forced to do."

"You really think it will work?" she asked with eyes wide.

"Absolutely."

"It's settled then," she said with a grin. "Tonight we'll finally consummate our marriage."

Jerry Wright lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling and thinking about his recently departed wife. He missed her a lot, and at times like these, he felt particularly lonely.

Theresa reminded him a lot of her. She had the same hair and the same eyes, and the same affectionate manner that he loved so much. Sometimes when he looked at his daughter, he could almost imagine that it *was* his wife.

He often dreamed of her, of her smiling face and gentle caresses. Sometimes in those dreams, mother and daughter merged into one, and he couldn't tell which she was supposed to be. Then he would wake, and find his bed empty, and remember the tragedy that had taken her from him.

He hadn't lied when he told his daughter that she was the only thing that kept him going. Memories of his wife still pained him, but Theresa's presence was always a comfort. Whenever she hugged him, for a moment at least, everything was all right again.

He was still lying there awake when he heard a knock at his bedroom door. Theresa opened it and stepped in, wearing a long nightshirt.

"Daddy?" she asked sweetly. "Can I sleep with you tonight?" It wasn't the first time she had slept in his bed since her mother had passed away, and it probably wouldn't be the last.

Her use of the word "daddy" surprised him; she hadn't called him that in years. But he didn't mind; in fact, he actually liked to hear her call him that.

Are you thinking about your mother like I am? he wanted to ask her, but for some reason those weren't the words he spoke. Instead, he merely said, "Of course, honey."

Theresa smiled, then skipped over and climbed under the covers with him. Usually it was enough for them to sleep side by side, but this time for some reason, he rolled over to face her and slipped an arm around her waist, drawing her to him. She responded by cuddling up next to him.

Ever since his wife died, he treasured these moment with his daughter. He was glad that sometimes she slept in his bed; her presence near him felt so comfortable.

He began to stroke her back, and she hummed in contentment. She really was a beautiful little girl, so innocent and affectionate.

She leaned in and kissed him on the chest, just above the collar of his night shirt. It was a sweet little gesture, and he found that he really liked it. He reciprocated by kissing her on the forehead. Theresa sighed, then opened her eyes and glanced up at him.

"Daddy, would you kiss me again?" she asked.

He leaned in once more and planted another kiss on her forehead.

"No, I mean... would you kiss me on the lips?" she asked.

I don't think that's appropriate, he tried to say, but for some reason the words didn't come out. Instead, he found himself leaning in and pressing his lips against hers.

It wasn't just a quick peck, but he let it linger. As he kissed her, he drank in the warmth and softness of her body, the sound of her breathing, even her heartbeat. He found his arms pulling her in to him tightly, holding her body against his own.

What am I doing? he thought. *She's my daughter!* But somehow he just couldn't pull himself away. Maybe this was what he always wanted. Maybe it was just meant to be. For whatever reason, his body was acting on its own now, ignoring the rational part of his mind.

Eventually Theresa drew back, and he half-expected her to break down crying or run away in shame. But instead, she merely lay there in his arms, gazing into his eyes with a look of adoration. Apparently she wanted this every bit as much as he did.

"That was nice, Daddy," she said.

"I liked it too," he replied, without thinking. He found himself smiling at her with the same expression on his own face. Once again he leaned in and kissed her, this time on the cheek. He didn't stop there, though. He let his lips wander all over her face and neck, kissing her in the most un-fatherly way. She rolled over onto her back and closed her eyes, allowing him to do what he wanted with her. As he kissed her, he noticed her breathing getting heavier, her chest heaving under her pajamas.

He knew he should try to put a stop to this, but somehow he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He was growing hard between the legs now, and he realized that both of their bodies were preparing themselves for more than just a little kissing.

Is this what I really want? he wondered. *Do I really want to have sex with my own daughter?* He had always loved her, and always thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world, next to her mother of course. Until now, though, his love for her was wholly pure, just the way a father should feel for his daughter. But the sight of her lying there, accepting, waiting even, was driving him wild.

His hand went to her hip, and he started to stroke her there. Theresa sighed again, that smile still on her lips. He wasn't sure whether she understood what was happening. On the other hand, he really didn't understand either. Things were changing between father and daughter tonight, but it was apparently a change they both wanted.

He stopped for a moment, just long enough to discard his shirt. Then he placed his hand on her hip again.

Theresa opened her eyes and let them wander all over his torso. Then she reached out with one of her hands and placed it on his chest.

"You're so handsome, Daddy," she smiled.

"And you're so beautiful, dear," he replied. "You're growing up into a gorgeous woman. I'm surprised I never realized it before now."

He wondered why he said that. He *had* realized just how mature she was lately. Never had he been tempted to take advantage of it this way before. Even now he had his doubts; did he really plan to go through with it? How far would she let him take things?

She sat up and kissed him on the chest again. This time, she didn't stop, but continued to kiss him over and over again. It was the most exquisite feeling in the world. He hadn't felt this way since her mother had died. Now Theresa was taking her mother's place in his bed. That thought disturbed him, but not enough to make him stop.

He slid his hand under her shirt, feeling her bare skin for the first time. She was so soft and smooth. He could just feel her like this forever and be happy.

She put her hand to the highest button of her pajama top, and he realized what she was about to do. *Oh my god, I'm going to see my daughter nude!* he thought with delight. The closest he had come to that was last summer when they took a trip to the beach. She had worn a cute little bikini then, perhaps smaller than he would have liked. Unfortunately, she hadn't brought another swimsuit, so lecturing her about it was futile. He had never really wanted to see her without her clothes on, until now.

"Would you like me to help you with that, honey?" he asked her. She nodded coyly with an adoring smile. He put his hand to her button and unfastened it. For a moment, he slipped his hand inside, rubbing her upper chest and even sliding it under the strap of her bra. Then he leaned down and kissed her chest through the opening in her collar. She put her hands behind his head and held him there.

Without even drawing back, he reached for her second button. This one revealed the gorgeous valley between her breasts, and her pink, lacy bra. It was all he could do to keep from just ripping it off right there. In fact, he was so turned on by this point that he very nearly did try to speed things up. Ironically, his own body, which had so far been pushing him on, now slowed things down a little. It was almost as if he were being controlled by some outside force.

That was all nonsense, of course. This was something he wanted, something that perhaps he had wanted for a long time and just never realized it before. His body was just reacting as any man's would with this gorgeous teenage beauty lying in his bed, willing to do anything he wanted.

Jerry reached the third button and unfastened it. Now there was only one left. He spread open her shirt, which clung together with just the single button. Her bra-covered chest was now exposed to his eyes.

Once more he leaned in and kissed her, this time between her tits. He even ran his tongue down into her cleavage, causing her to giggle. His hand went to the final button of its own accord, and unfastened it, freeing her torso completely.

For a few minutes he kissed her all over her chest, and even went lower to her stomach. She had the cutest little tummy he had ever seen, and he ran his lips all over it. She seemed to enjoy it too, if her heavy breathing and even a little moaning were any indication. He glanced up and saw her eyes closed and a smile on her lips as she surrendered herself to the pleasure of his ministrations.

This was something he could do all night too, but his body had other ideas. He rose back up, then reached for the nightshirt still clinging to her shoulders. She got the hint, and sat up to allow him to take it off her and discard it over the side of the bed. Then she lay back down.

His hand felt its way down her body, past her stomach, and latched onto the drawstring of her pajama bottoms. He slowly pulled on it, loosening the bow. It came free a moment later, and he slipped his hand inside, over her panties.

By now they were pretty damp. He let his fingers rub along her slit, pressing her panties slightly into the folds. He sought out the hard little bump at the top, eliciting a gasp from her. He focused on rubbing that spot for a few minutes, delighted to see the way her body squirmed in pleasure. He loved watching her chest rising and falling with her breathing, which by now was far from silent. She gave out little moans every time she exhaled.

He put his hands to the waist band of her pajamas and slowly drew them down, exposing her shapely, smooth legs and her pretty little panties. Now he had a wonderful view of as much as he had ever seen of her body before, all laid out and waiting for him.

He leaned down again and this time planted a kiss right on the front of her panties, receiving a small taste of her juices. Theresa cried out in pleasure from the contact. She spread her legs to give him better access. Jerry kissed her again, and this time even stuck out his tongue and ran it up her slit. He was rewarded with an even better taste, and he licked his lips hungrily.

She tasted even better than her mother, he decided. His wife and he had been pretty open about trying different sexual positions, and oral sex was quite common between them. What he wouldn't give to have Theresa wrap her lips around his cock and suck him to orgasm! But he had pretty much given up on trying to control his body; it seemed to have its own ideas of what it wanted.

After teasing her like that for a while, he kissed his way back up her tummy to her chest, her neck, and finally her lips. This time she opened her mouth and let him thrust his tongue inside. She kissed a lot like her mother; it was almost as if his wife had never passed away, but was embodied here in her daughter.

His hands slipped under her torso and sought out the clasp of her bra. This was it. He was going to go beyond what he had ever done with her before. He fumbled with the latch for a few seconds, then finally it sprang free. Jerry removed his hands, then hooked one finger into the strap between her breasts and slowly drew it

down.

He almost climaxed right there as soon as her tits came into view. They were the most perfect, exquisite pair he had ever seen. Even her mother's couldn't compare. Theresa's breasts were a little on the small side, not surprisingly, considering her age, but they fit her body perfectly. They had beautiful, perky little nipples. He reached out and squeezed one of them between his fingers, and it hardened under his touch. He did the same for the other one as well.

He bent down and took one of her breasts into his mouth, suckling on it like a baby. Theresa cooed happily as he pleased her body. Inside his mouth, he let his tongue trace around the areola and tease the tip of her nipple. She thrust out her chest as if trying to drive her breast further into his mouth. She was whimpering now, and he knew that she was nearly ready.

He switched to the other breast and lavished the same attention on it. As he did so, he let his hand wander once more down her body. This time, he let it slip beneath her panties. Theresa cried out as he came into contact with her swollen clit. She was leaking like crazy now, her body preparing itself the inevitable entry.

Suddenly, she sat up.

"But Daddy," she said. "I'm being selfish. You're doing all this for me, but I'm not doing anything for you."

"It's okay, baby," he smiled. "Making you feel good is enough for me."

"Now don't try to argue," she said in a teasingly scolding voice. "You just lie right down here and let me take care of you."

Before he knew it, he found himself lying back on the bed with Theresa smiling down at him. She gripped the waist band of his boxer shorts, and pulled them down and off, releasing his cock from its confining prison. Her hand wrapped around it, and she gently stroked it up and down.

"Oh Theresa!" he moaned. "That feels so good!"

"I'll bet this feels even better," she said, then bent down and opened her mouth. He realized with excitement that she was about to fulfill his fantasy!

Her lips wrapped around it, and he found himself in heaven. His own daughter was sucking him off! He couldn't believe it.

She sucked it in deep then let it most of the way out again. Over and over she did this, continuing to pump it with her hand for an extra bit of pleasure. He closed his eyes and gave in to the erotic sensation that his beautiful daughter Theresa was giving him.

It seemed like forever before she lifted her head once again. He opened his eyes, and found her smiling down at him.

"But I don't want you to go off too soon," she said. "There's another part of me that wants to feel you enter it." She lay down beside him, then brought her knees up. Her hands went to her panties, and she quickly slipped them off and dropped them on the floor.

Jerry didn't have to be told twice. He sat up, then positioned himself above her. For a moment he just stared down at her beautiful little pussy, so young and inviting. Her red, swollen lips were more than ready for him.

"Do it, Daddy," she told him, gazing up at him with adoration. "I want you to make love to me." She took his dick into her hand and positioned it at the entrance to her hole.

He gently lowered himself, pressing into her. She gave out an excited moan as the head penetrated her. He pressed harder, spearing a little deeper.

"Oh yes, Daddy!" she cried out. "I can feel you inside me!"

He continued to press downward, slipping deeper and deeper into her hot, moist tunnel until he finally bottomed out, buried to the hilt inside of her body. He drew out just a little, then thrust forward again.

I'm doing it! he thought with delight. *I'm fucking my own daughter!*

As he thrust into her body, she wrapped her legs around his hips as if to draw him in even tighter. His lips met hers, and they kissed passionately. They held each other in their arms in a neverending embrace. Her body felt so good against his, so young and soft and hot.

This was every bit as good as, if not better than, making love to his wife. Theresa embodied all of the qualities that he found appealing in her mother, and had quite a few of her own charms as well. She was nearly shrieking with the pleasure now, and he echoed her with his own moans.

Her tight little pussy squeezed him like a vice. Being so young, she was quite small, and that applied to every part of her. It felt so good wrapped around his manhood, so tight and warm.

"Oh Daddy!" she called out. "Fuck me! Fuck your little daughter-slut!"

He had never heard her use those words before; he wasn't even sure she knew them. Her mother had been very strict on what language was allowed in the house, and Theresa had always been an obedient girl. Now, hearing them come from her lips drove him wild with lust. It was like she was a completely different girl than he had known before. This was no longer innocent little Theresa. It was some other woman using her body. She was, as she had called herself, a daughter-slut.

That just made it all the more exciting. This was a side of herself that she had never revealed to him before. They were exploring it together, breaking new ground. He was determined to explore it all the way to its depths. Theresa was his, and his alone, and he was going to take full advantage of her from now on.

He felt the pressure building in his loins. In a moment he would shoot his seed into her precious little body,

filling her up.

"I'm cumming!" he heard her say, just as he was about to say the same things. Together they exploded into orgasm, screaming and crying and holding each other. He could feel his cock jerk inside of her, sending spurt after spurt of his cream into her body. She shuddered with her climax, and her pussy squeezed even more tightly around him.

After it ended, he lay back on the bed, and she rolled over on top of him, giving him a quick peck on the lips then laying her head on his chest.

"I love you, Daddy," Theresa mumbled as she snuggled in her father's arms.

"I love you, honey," her father replied, almost in a whisper.

"I love you, Christina," said Tyler, hovering in the air above the sleeping couple.

"And I love you, Tyler," Christina told him. They took each other's hands, and realized with astonishment that they really *could* touch each other.

"That means something's changed," Tyler said with a smile. "I think now we can move on."

"Yes," Christina replied. "There's nothing holding us to this world any more."

"Now wait just a minute, you two!" a voice said, startling both spirits. A third ghostly figure appeared next to them. This was a lovely woman in her mid thirties with long brown hair and large hazel eyes. She looked a lot like the girl sleeping next to her father. Even the stern look on her face added to her beauty. Tyler and Christina Garing stared at the newcomer.

"I see what you did to my husband and my daughter," she scolded. "What kind of sick perverts are you?"

"I'm sorry," Christina said with a tremor of fear in her voice. "It was the only way--"

"Only way you could get your jollies," the woman finished for her.

The two ghosts stood mortified in front of her. She glared at them for a few seconds, then lowered her eyes to gaze upon her family. Then, after what seemed an eternity, she knelt down beside the two sleeping forms on the bed and kissed them each on the forehead. It was an empty gesture really, a memory of what she was once capable of. Her lips could no longer make contact with them, but it really didn't matter in this case.

"It's not how I would have wanted things to turn out," she commented, more softly this time, "but all I ever wanted was for them to be happy. I suppose this is a way for that to happen."

She stood once more and faced the spirits, who were beginning to fade. "I guess now that you've completed your unfinished business, this is it for you. On to the next world, and all that."

Tyler nodded. "That's right. I can feel it happening right now. It's like falling asleep."

"Maybe one day I'll join you there," the woman said. "For now, though, I want to make sure that things turn out all right for my family. I suppose this is all for the best. At least now they'll never be lonely again, as long as they have each other."

She glanced up at the two ghosts, who by now were little more than a transparent shimmer against the wall.

"Thank you," she said, an instant before they vanished completely. The woman smiled, then lay down on the bed next to her daughter.

"Possession," she commented, glancing at Theresa. "I may have to try that some time."

THE END

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