

Nicole—Ghost Fingers

Jaycee Knight

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“Oh yes, fuck me harder!” Desperate mewls clawed their way out of Nicole's throat. Her breasts ached with need and abuse, crushed against the wall. Her nails scabbled against the paint desperately. Kevin's lean, muscular body pinned her in place, his hands braced on her hips. The swollen, flared head of his erection speared her ass, spreading her ring open. Her eyes rolled back and she gave a long, low groan. The overload of sensation exploded stars in front of her eyes.

She pushed back against him eagerly. His sweat-slicked skin slid against hers as if oiled. Every one of his thrusts pounded her into the wall and rubbed against the thick, secondary invader that penetrated her folds, invisible but too real not to believe. A sudden orgasm caught her by surprise. Her legs shook, threatening to buckle, and she screamed from the overwhelming pleasure, her body milking the two shafts that plunged alternatively into her depths, giving her no rest.

Kevin's hot breath panted against the back of her neck. He groaned and pressed closer to her, his arm slipping around her waist. His thrusts grew shorter and more desperate. Distantly, she was impressed by his stamina. She'd lost track of how many times she'd climaxed. She was pretty sure he had as well already, but it hardly seemed to slow him down. He bit down on her shoulder and Nicole convulsed again as pleasure rained over her.

He was surprisingly strong and kept her pinned to the wall despite her legs feeling like rubber. Her knees refused to lock, robbing her of her ability to push back and meet his thrusts. She could feel pressure against her lips. Without thinking, she opened her mouth, feeling the brush of the wall against her cheek. Through half-lidded eyes, she could see no one was there. It didn't diminish the sudden choking sensation as

something filled her mouth, tasting of salt and musk. She suckled greedily, lathing the invisible shaft with her tongue. Little whimpers escaped her.

Kevin's thrusts grew deeper and she tried desperately to brace herself and push back in response, but another hard thrust sent her over the edge again. Her throat opened, welcoming the invading phallus in. Despite the lack of visible source, she couldn't catch her breath as she was face-fucked, hard and fast. Kevin thrust deep into her one last time and unloaded his hot seed into her ass, shuddering against her back. She tasted semen on her tongue, and then the phantom sensations began to wane.

In a few, staggering steps they made it to the bed, still rumped and unmade from that morning. Nicole noted with some amusement that the bed had been the original goal. They just hadn't made it that far. Hell, they'd barely made it inside the door. Kevin snuggled against her back, arm draping over her waist and one hand cupping her breast idly. She held her breath, waiting for the onslaught of overwhelming sensation. The gentle pressure of his warm palm was soothing, though, after the roughness of the wall, and as long as she didn't move, the soft flesh of her swollen breasts welcomed his touch.

It had been a weird day, though she couldn't totally object to the outcome. She lazily snuggled back against him. Really, Nicole couldn't claim it was any weirder than the past few days had been, but in many ways more pleasant. It had all started with a call...

* * *

It was the buzzing of her phone that woke her instead of a shrieking alarm clock. Nicole lifted her head off her keyboard, blinking blearily. On her computer, the programs still ran, finding and neatly sorting whatever information they could find about Viktor. She'd found one picture of him older than six months, on a high school website where he was shown as valedictorian. She had trouble believing it was the same person at first—bad skin, slightly overweight, wearing glasses. He looked shy in front of the camera, like he'd rather not be there.

Shaking her head, Nicole stood and fumbled for her phone. It went quiet for a minute, and then began ringing again. Finally she found it under a pile of papers she must have knocked off her desk. The face showed 9:00. With a groan, she realized she'd overslept.

"Hello," she mumbled, smothering a yawn. Kevin's overly cheerful voice assaulted her from the other end.

"Hey bitch, where were you today? At this rate, you'll never be able to keep up with me." Nicole's yawn quickly turned into a laugh. Though she didn't get to see him nearly as much as she would like, Kevin's idea of a pep talk was guaranteed to improve her mood.

"Kevin, I'm never going to be able to keep up with you. I sit at a desk while you prance around in tights with other hot men. By the way, how's your pursuit of that guy

going? Dom was it?” Kevin let out a long suffering sigh. Nicole could almost sense the eye roll through the phone that came with it.

“I don’t prance around in tights. They’re dance pants. And Dom was a no-go. He’s straight as an arrow. You can count on me to pick the ONLY straight man in this company. It’s just the way my luck runs these days.”

“With your body, you should get lucky every day,” Nicole pointed out. She had always been a little envious. Kevin had the lean, tightly muscled body of a professional dancer and she had seen him in scant enough clothes to know that he kept it waxed pretty much smooth. She’d lusted over him when they first met him almost a year ago, but time had tempered the lust. After all, no use yearning over the unattainable.

“Enough about me girl, you’re going to get fat if you keep missing running club meetings. You’re going to have the rolls of a cow next time we meet” His teasing was playful and she had to smother another laugh as she peeled out of her clothes from yesterday, noticing the distinct smell of sex still clung to them. Naked, she glanced into the mirror on her closet door, studying her slim body.

“I think my butt may have gotten bigger.” She admitted with mock seriousness. He broke out laughing on the other end of the line. As she studied herself in the mirror, though she frowned, reaching up with one hand to gingerly touch her breasts.

“If you’re not going to come running, then you should at least meet me for coffee. There are literally no interesting people here without you.” As if sensing her hesitation, his voice turned faintly pleading. “Please?”

“Alright, give me half an hour to scrape myself together and get out there.” She hung up before he could keep chattering, shaking her head in mild exasperation. She couldn’t keep from being at least a little elated though. In fact, she wasn’t even sure why she hadn’t thought of Kevin earlier. He knew just how to talk to her to brighten her day. Even though they’d only known each other for a year or so, she liked to think of him as a very good friend, more than just a running buddy.

Nicole scraped a brush through her hair and went about an abbreviated version of her morning routine, scrubbing a wash cloth over her face to help eliminate the keyboard impression. Leaning into the mirror again, she tried to figure out why her breasts felt like they’d changed a bit. She carefully cupped them, lifting them to try and get a better look. Then it hit her—they felt heavier. A wave of frustration swept over her and she grumbled under her breath.

Stomping out into her bedroom she grabbed one of her bras and compared it to her breasts—yup, definitely bigger. There was no way she could comfortably wear a bra now! Giving in to the inevitable, she found a thick, plain black t-shirt shoved in the back of her dresser. Hoping the color would minimize the obviousness of her hard nipples, she shimmied into matching black cargo pants. She looked over herself briefly in the mirror before she left. Despite being bra-less, her small breasts still filled out the t-shirt nicely, high and taut. The shirt was just fitted enough to show off her narrow,

boyish waist and the cargo pants fit the trim hips well, though she added a belt just in case.

The black outfit was particularly stark against her pale skin, blending with her inky hair. In her own humble opinion, she looked a bit like a badass. Except for the evident nipple peaks, but she reasoned that at least in comic books it wasn't that strange. Maybe she could pretend it was on purpose, a way to be sexy while still covering up. Raising her fists, she struck a karate pose in front of the mirror, half-pretending she was a shorter, more compact version of Lara Croft.

"Gonna kick your ass," she said, taunting her reflection.

Shaking her head at her own foolishness, Nicole wondered if it was the prospect of getting together with Kevin that made her act silly. She grabbed her keys and headed out the door. She had a coffee date to catch.

She made it to Stainz, the trendy coffee bar they normally ended their runs at, only a few minutes later than she'd expected. Kevin waved at her from the window bar, clearly already firmly ensconced. Once inside, she spotted a second mug in front of the seat next to him and she hugged him gratefully.

"Please tell me that coffee's for me," she begged, "or I might have to kill someone."

"It's all yours, sweetie." She closed her eyes as she sipped her first taste of dark, bitter coffee. It was the only way to start the morning. Kevin looked at her with amusement, throwing his hands in the air in an exaggerated dramatic gesture.

"It's alive!" he shouted. "ALIVE!"

Nicole understood the reference immediately. Classic horror movies were her thing.

"Shut up, Frankenstein," she retorted. Cupping the mug in both hands, she settled into the chair next to him.

"So, how've you been?" she asked, helping herself to a piece of his scone. "Anything new?"

"Oh you know, same old same old." He swatted at her hand playfully, then settled back in the chair with his tea. "I mean, Michelle's still a bitch and I got passed over for principal in this season's productions again. I swear, if it weren't for how good Jacob's ass looked I would have strangled that man long ago. Unfortunately, he's a phenomenal dancer." He sniffed a little, but Nicole knew his airs were all just that.

"He was the lead in the Nutcracker I saw a couple months ago, right?" Nicole remembered him distinctly, a tall black man. She could see why Kevin was at least somewhat jealous. He had been a very good dancer though she really couldn't be called a technical judge. "Well, I can see why they picked him over your scrawny butt."

"Hey!" Kevin smacked her shoulder lightly in mock offense. "I am every inch the dancer he is!"

"Yeah, but are you every inch the man?" she teased, arching one eyebrow. She was delighted to see him flush and break out into laughter.

“Not that it’s any of your business, but I dare say I am *every* inch.” They sipped their drinks, letting the laughter quiet naturally. After a minute he set down his cup and leaned closer, dropping his voice low.

“So Nicole, I normally wouldn’t pry, but I gotta ask. What’s the story with the girls?” He dropped his eyes pointedly to her breasts. It was her turn to blush, but this time in embarrassment. She crossed her arms over her chest, lowering her gaze.

“They’ve been this way for a few days. It’s like I’m going through a second puberty or something,” she pouted.

“Oh dear. Well maybe you’ll grow a couple inches too.” She smiled a little, but thinking about the whole reason her nipples peaked so prominently against her shirt brought back a whole flood of tightly compressed memories. Her smile faltered and she took a deep, shuddering breath. Kevin’s brow furrowed, immediately aware something was wrong. “Are you okay? Did something happen?”

“It’s just been a long week,” she muttered, trying to control the maelstrom of sadness and anger raging inside her. Meeting his eyes, she wavered for a moment before she spilled. “It’s just Julie. She brought me to meet her new boyfriend, Viktor. He’s a total tool who’s sleeping around on her and he propositioned me while she was away from the table. Then later he told her that I had propositioned him. Worse, she believed him!” She felt her breath catch in her throat, shoulders shuddering as she fought back a sob.

Kevin shifted closer and put his arms around her, holding her close. She sniffled against his shoulder and tried to get herself under control, clinging to him like a drowning woman to driftwood. When she got her breathing under control, he gently sat back, hands still on her shoulders, his eyes on her breasts. “Damn, girl, do you *sharpen* those things? Your nipples are so hard they’re poking holes through my shirt!”

She let out a harsh bark of laughter, managing a weak smile at his teasing, though she couldn’t help but squirm a little in embarrassment,. He seemed happy to have gotten a smile out of her, though. He grabbed a napkin from the holder and gently dabbed her slightly damp cheeks. Tossing it onto the table, he hooked his arm through hers and drew her firmly from her chair.

“Look, you and I are going to have some fun today, whether you want to or not. Phone off, no computers, no boyfriends, just you and me and Six Flags,” he declared in a tone that brooked no argument.

“Six Flags?” She shook her head, bewildered.

“Of course. One of the girls at the studio had a pair of tickets she couldn’t use so I liberated her of them with the intention of using them on a date. Seeing as I’ve got no good prospects and this is an emotional emergency, I can’t think of a better way to use them than hanging out with you. Besides, today’s the last day to use them.”

“So the truth comes out, you just don’t want them to go to waste.” She rolled her eyes, but felt her spirits lift. Maybe this would be just what she needed to distract

herself from everything that had been happening. It would be good to spend some time with someone she could count as a friend.

* * *

A few hours later, Nicole knew without a doubt that this had been a great idea. She and Kevin stumbled out of one of the spinning rides, leaning on each other, staggering towards a bench, and laughing like fools when they collapsed onto it.

"Oh my god, I haven't had this much fun ever," she gasped in between laughs. Kevin nodded enthusiastically, leaning drunkenly against her, both of them still trying to stop the world from teetering.

"Wow yeah, it's been years since I've been to a park like this. We should do this all the time. Like... once a month. Minimum." Nicole couldn't do anything but nod in agreement, the taste of sickly sweet candy floss still on the back of her tongue. The word began to settle as they caught their breath and their giddy laughter petered out. Kevin pushed himself gingerly off the bench, standing still with a look of utmost concentration on his face.

"Okay, I'm good." He declared with a grin, assuming a more relaxed posture. "I'm going to hit the bathroom while it's right there, then we need to stuff ourselves on an unhealthy theme park lunch and visit the fun house, carousel, and the rest of the roller coasters." Nicole watched him wander towards the building marked 'restrooms', casually admiring the way his t-shirt conformed to his slim but muscular torso and how his tight jeans accentuated his ass. As he disappeared through the door she tilted her head to rest against the bench back, closing her eyes in pleasant contentment. The sounds of the theme park created a comforting, cheerful white noise.

"Fancy seeing you here," a familiar male voice said, drawing her from her reverie. "What, are you stalking me or something?"

Nicole jerked straight at the sound of Viktor's voice, eyes narrowing. He stood nonchalantly a few yards away, holding two sticks of cotton candy in his hands. Nicole doubted they were both for him and she was pretty sure he wasn't there with Julie.

"As if," she said, her tone biting. "Not that it's any of your business, but I'm here with a friend." She noticed Viktor looking pointedly at her breasts and crossed her arms over her chest. She glanced back over her shoulder towards the restrooms, hoping Kevin would return soon.

"Ah, hooking up with a boy toy now, Nicole? I suppose you need to since you're horny all the time." He arched an eyebrow, smirking.

"Am not!" she protested, the words escaping her. She winced a little at the sound of her own voice. She sounded like a child, protesting some imagined insult. Maybe she was, though. Would she normally have watched Kevin like that, knowing he was off limits? Her thoughts flashed to the crumpled card still on her desk, handed to her by the vivacious redhead she'd made out with in the library. She wasn't even sure why she'd kept it. "I'm not interested and even if I were, he's gay."

Viktor scoffed, shaking his head. She had trouble visualizing the nerdy, overweight teenager that had grown into this tool.

“Men are more attracted to you than you think Nikky.” He smirked when she bristled at the nickname. She knew he was just trying to get on her nerves and dammit, he was. “Even the gay ones,” he added.

“Right, and you’re the tooth fairy.” She rolled her eyes. A sudden flicker of color and she hesitated, noticing the butterfly perched on his shoulder. A flash of memory came to her. She’d seen the same thing in the library! “Is that your pet or something?”

His smile deepened, but he didn’t say anything, just glanced over his shoulder when the sound of his name being called floated over the noise of the crowd. He moved closer and she stood, hands balling into fists. If he so much as breathed wrong she wouldn’t feel the least bit of guilt hitting him. Viktor leaned close, until she could practically feel his lips brushing her cheek. The butterfly flapped its wings, gently stirring a breeze that drifted across her neck.

“I bet you’re wrong,” he murmured. Then he turned and strode away. She blinked, confused.

“Hey wait, wrong about what?” she called after him. He didn’t turn, however, and disappeared into the crowded midway before she’d gotten more than a step away from the bench. A hand touched her shoulder and she jumped, an embarrassingly high pitched squeak escaping her. She spun around, only to find Kevin smiling at her, clearly amused by her surprise.

“What’s up?” He threw an arm over her shoulders.

“Nothing,” she lied. “I just thought I saw someone I knew.”

Kevin shrugged it off, steering her away from the midway and towards the rides they hadn’t taken yet.

“Come on, there are a ton more rides to explore. Unless you’d rather go play games.” He glanced back at the midway, but Nicole shook her head and ducked out from under his arm, grabbing his hand to pull him along.

“Definitely not.” They wound their way between the rides and vendors to the funhouse, playfully competing to see who would pay for this ride. Kevin won in the end, grabbing her around the waist and hauling her off the ground so he could get in front of her. She yelped indignantly, squirming. Then the feeling of a large hand caressing her breast made her shudder and twist to glare at him.

“Hey!” she protested.

He flashed her a grin as he handed the man the tickets.

“What?” Kevin asked. “I won fair and square.”

The hand never stopped caressing Nicole’s breasts, but Kevin’s hands were both accounted for—one on the counter and one around her waist. Glancing down in an exaggerated pout, she repressed a gasp. There was nothing there! Yet the sensations of gentle caresses never ceased, teasing her rock hard nipples to what she imagined were even more prominent heights.

Immediately she knew who to blame and her pout deepened to an honest scowl. She didn't have long to dwell on it though. Kevin nudged her towards the fun house entrance. Determined to have a good time, she struggled to push the sensations from her mind. As they wound their way through the hall of mirrors, she tried not to look too closely at her reflections, but each one seemed to bend in such a way that it accentuated the hard nipples and swollen breasts that pressed against the dark fabric of her t-shirt. They looked a hundred times more obvious than she thought they had this morning.

She thought she caught Kevin's eyes on her a few times as they made their way through the other floors, laughing like children. Had he noticed too? Viktor's words came back to her and she had to wonder. To be honest, she'd never even asked him. He only ever talked about the men in his life, but if she thought really hard, maybe some of the time his talk about the women in the dance company was more than just fueled by jealousy. Maybe it was also fueled with lust.

Nicole shook her head as they came back out into bright sunlight, barely able to catch her breath as Kevin led her to the next ride, still cackling. The invisible hands continued to stroke, knead, and pull, occasionally catching her breath in her throat. As they neared the next ride, the hands seemed to go lower, petting her stomach and side, brushing down her thighs. Nicole trembled, anticipating where this might be headed.

Just as they reached the line, she felt the hands brush her mound. She tried not to squirm, but the fingers pressed towards her lips, parting them to rub over her clitoris and along her already damp folds. Losing herself for a moment, she gasped and closed her eyes. A hand on her shoulder startled her and a hot flush rushed up to her cheeks.

"Are you all right?" Kevin asked, eyes full of concern. She put on her best, brightest smile. Fighting off shakes and shivers, she shoed him towards the gate.

"C'mon, don't hold up the line," she chided, trying to pretend this wasn't happening. It couldn't happen now! Not during a ride! She sat down and felt the hands morph into the hot, flared head of a cock. Wedging herself into the seat, she bit back a moan as she slid down on a wide, hard, invisible cock. The roller coaster sped up and so did the hard shaft inside of her, stroking her in unbelievably intimate ways. Nicole swore she could feel every throbbing pulse and every ridge of vein just as well if not better than any real cock she'd ever ridden. Her grip on the bar across the seat was white knuckled as she struggled against the waves of pleasure, hoping that her gasps and squirms were drowned out by the laughing and screaming of the other passengers.

Cresting the last hill, she reached her peak. The coaster plummeted down and a thrill of adrenaline spiked fear rushed up her spine along with the incredible crescendo of pleasure. Her screams were lost in the screams of the other passengers, one part fright, and three parts orgasm. Panting and shaking she noticed Kevin watching her again as the coaster slowed and pulled into the station. He helped her out of the car and she prayed he didn't notice how heavily she had to lean on him. Her knees were still weak and trembling, threatening to buckle under her at any moment.

“Are you up for any more?” he quipped, and she knew he knew. Taking a deep breath she shook her head.

“No, I think I’m pretty beat actually.” She smothered a yawn that was only half faked. A sudden brush across her ass made her jump and glance over her shoulder, half expecting to see Viktor. Instead, there was no one behind them. The phantom hands teased over the smooth round contours of her ass and up her spine, reigniting the simmering need she thought had been extinguished by the powerful orgasm. “In fact, I think I’m ready to head home. Maybe have some cocktails on the couch?”

“That sounds like the perfect way to end the day,” Kevin said. He slung an arm over her shoulders, squeezing her gently. She looped an arm around his waist, pretending the same casual feelings. The feeling of her body pressed snugly against his side was anything but casual to her, though. Nicole knew the feelings of lust she felt were supernatural, but the sticky wetness between her thighs was all too real.

She felt a brief pang of guilt. She didn’t really have any intention of a casual night with a couple of drinks. Nicole would have him in bed by sunset if it were at all possible. Honestly, she wasn’t even sure exactly how, but her mind was muddled with lust, interfering with her normal cold, logical approach. She just knew what she needed and she needed it soon.

The drive back was excruciating. She was thankful that Kevin cranked up Spice Girls and sang along at the top of his lungs. Despite his questionable taste in music, she sang along too, ignoring the way her voice shook. She desperately clung to the shreds of her composure. If she could just make it home, she would figure out how to get him into the bedroom.

When she saw the driveway to her home, she could have cried in relief. The hands abused her breasts, tweaking and twisting her oversensitive nipples until she could hardly think. It took her two tries to get the key in the lock and get the door open. She felt his hand on the small of her back, distinct from the phantom sensations. His hand brushed a little lower tentatively. She pushed open the door. He caught her shoulder and turned her to face him, brow furrowed in concern. There was a darkness lurking in his gentle eyes that excited her.

“Nicole, I know this might not be the time to say it, but I want you to know you’re a beautiful woman.” His voice was deadly serious. He stood so close to her their bodies were practically touching. He lifted his hand from her shoulder to brush her cheek. The other hand remained on the small of her back, just above her ass. Though taller than her, he wasn’t so much taller that she strained her neck to look into his eyes. She could smell him, musk and sweat and the faintly floral, spicy smell of his shampoo. Then she felt a thick member thrust upward between her legs.

Words failed her. Boosting herself on tiptoe, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips against his. His mouth opened slightly in surprise and she took it as an invitation to thrust her tongue in. She explored his mouth aggressively,

pressing her body against his, feverish with need. Her back slammed into the hall wall hard enough for her to lose her breath.

Suddenly his hands were everywhere, groping her ass and hips as he ground against her. She could feel his erection pressing eagerly against the front of his tight jeans and she wrapped her legs around his waist, rubbing her already soaking wet slit against him. The sensation through her pants was enough to drive her over the edge again. The kiss broke and they both gasped for breath.

Nicole fumbled with his shirt, peeling it impatiently over his head, ignoring the sound of a ripping seam. Her own shirt followed quickly, and his head bent to her breasts. She let her head fall back and hit the wall, burying one hand in his hair as he suckled on her swollen breasts, toying with her hard nipples. She gloried in his explorations, eagerly pressing herself against him, bucking her hips for more as the thick phantom shaft thrust into her pussy again.

Her hands worked down his lean, powerful back until she found the waistband of his pants. They fumbled for a moment to change position and get her feet back on the ground so his pants could come off, her own falling to the floor only a moment later. They made a few stumbling steps closer to the bedroom. They didn't make it. He pushed her back up against the wall, pressing the flared head of his cock against her lust-moistened slit. Her eyes opened wide as he thrust in, pressed along the already massive ghost phallus spearing her.

Her moans grew to screams of pleasure as the two cocks—one real, one invisible—fucked her in tandem. Kevin's hands found their way to her breasts and she writhed, caught between too many sources of exquisite feelings. She felt his steaming hot semen splatter inside of her and stubbornly locked her knees, unwilling to fall yet. Though Kevin had stopped, pressed deep inside her as he came, the invisible partner continued to thrust, dragging out her orgasm until she couldn't stand it anymore. She dug her nails into his back, drawing a growl out of him.

Kevin pulled out and she groaned, wondering if he was done. She wasn't done yet, still drowning in a sea of desire. He roughly turned her, shoving her breasts against the wall as he bent over the back of her.

"Ever tried anal?" he murmured, his voice hoarse and deep. It sent shudders down her spine. In response, she arched her back and braced her hands against the wall, presenting her ass to him. She looked back over her shoulder, watching him through a screen of hair, inviting him to take her like an animal.

Whatever she had meant to say faltered in her throat as the shaft still deep in her tunnel sped up, slamming into her with near inhuman strength and speed. Her eyes rolled back as pleasure crashed over her again and she felt Kevin's mushroom head slide along the crack of her ass. He still felt just as hard as when they had started. She could only be grateful as she felt herself caught between both virile penetrators. Maybe they would be enough. Part of her didn't think there would ever be enough to sate her sexual hunger.

“Oh yes, fuck me harder!” she mewled desperately.

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About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

Send your feedback to:

jayceeknight@bloomingfaeries.com