

Ghosts Want Girls

My name is Mike and I can see ghosts. It'd be fair to describe them more as monsters, no, abominations if I'm being honest. These aren't your Casper the friendly ghosts and are a far cry from looking anything like their human selves in many cases. They sulk and slither all around us. Why, I can't say for sure. All I know is that most of them wish to be seen and I unfortunately can see.

It all began a few weeks ago where I noticed some feint, black mists everywhere I went, usually hovering near other people. A few days later and what those mists truly were became apparent, their shapes giving way to horrifying spirits with contorted forms and oppressive sizes. Some looked rotten and possessed multiple limbs, while others had skeletal faces with massive, chattering teeth buried in long manes of hair. Some were far more grotesque, looking like they walked out of the movie *The Thing*.

I was shocked into silence by the first one I saw, unable to react or even mutter a word. Which was a good thing, as I soon learned. You see these spirits, I could hear them as well and whenever they caught a whiff that I might be able to see them too they'd get dangerously close to me, prying for my attention. Ignoring them is my *only* defense, prayer and trinkets of no use so far. I often times play things off as me reacting to something or someone else while I hold back tears and keep my body from collapsing in fright. It thankfully has worked so far, but I don't think I'll ever get used to this. What would happen if one wasn't convinced by my act?

I jump a bit as I feel a pat on my shoulder. It is my friend Hank noticing that I'm spaced out. I forgot for a moment where I was, but it's all clear again. Me and him are walking through the downtown Toyko, part of a short vacation we are on from our English teaching duties as expats in Japan. It had been both our dreams to visit Japan one day, and we had finally made it as spry, young adult teachers early into our career. I would be ecstatic if not for all the ghostly visages I continue to witness, and I think Hank has picked up on that.

"Hey man, what's gotten into you lately?" he asks me in a concerned tone. "You've been so quiet and look riddled with anxiety. I figured it was the work stress catching up with you, but we are on vacation man and you are still out of it."

I try to buck up and straighten my posture a bit before replying.

"Oh it is nothing, really. I think maybe a lack of sleep has put me into a funk."

I don't want to worry him, hell I doubt he'd believe me. We both regularly joked about the bizarre looks and legends of Japanese spirits before coming here. It was childish fairy-tale to believe in ghosts. Heh, now look at me.

Hank slings his arm around my shoulder and gives one of his infectious smiles and a wink.

"I've got an idea! Why don't we explore a few of these alleys and see if we can discover some of those neat hole-in-the-wall stores or restaurants?"

I want to protest, knowing full well through my experiences that these darn ghosts loved to congregate near alleyways. However, Hank is grabbing hold of my arm and leading me away. They are brimming with enthusiasm, something I always found admirable about them. I suppose it is infectious too as I'm cracking my first smile I have in a while.

Now in the alleyway though my smile is fading. It seems a bit darker than expected and it feels as if the noise from the city has faded to a muffled drone in the background. Something is definitely off, even Hank notices the darker than usual atmosphere. He turns to look at me perplexed, telling me that maybe there is nothing here and that we should try a different place out.

I give no response, ignoring his continuing words as I trembled in my sneakers. The most terrifying, enormous ghost I have laid eyes on yet is towering above Hank, lowering a crane like neck filled with pulsating, viscous veins. It's long hair parts to reveal sunken, hollow eyes and a peeling face showing bone and the full rows of cracked teeth forming a wicked smile.

I feel like I'm about to piss myself, I may have even just felt a trickle. It's pushing its head towards my direction, creeping closer and closer to my face. I avert my gaze back to Hank, who is rubbing their arms reacting to the cold chill that has filled the alley. I can see their breath, the temperature freezing at this point. I can also feel the breath of the spirit upon my face. I shouldn't look up. Until it leaves I'll keep focused on Hank, the only comfort I can feel around me.

"Yoouuu seee me? You seeeee meee?"

The ghost is fishing for an answer, but I know better than to give one. It is hard though not to scream as even keeping my eyes on Hank means I can see the ghost's bulbous, flesh-sack of a body throbbing behind him. It looks like a giant tumor with a pair of human arms and legs used to drag it around. It beats like a heart, the sound of it filling the muffled miasma that has surrounded us. Something is clearly gestating inside of it too, kicking against the walls of membrane.

I have to say something to direct us out of here and quick!

"S-Say Hank? Um, why, uh I-let's try somewhere else? P-Please? Can we go?"

I lost my composure near the end. The sickly breathing of the ghost makes me want to puke. Hank looks at me, a bit afraid himself, but more so over how I probably look.

"Mike? What's wrong man? You look like you've seen a ghost?"

The sound of tearing flesh and spilling fluids makes me hop backwards into one of the alley walls. The body of the spirit is bursting like a zit, letting loose a flurry of ugly limbs and ghostly heads. An abundance of metal chains are shooting out from the carnage as well, their rattling sound carrying upon the hellish groans of all the ghosts. I hear the chains piercing the walls around us, though a couple are wrapped around each of Hank's legs.

He reacted to it and is trying to move his feet. He must be rooted to the floor now by the chains. A sitting duck, a mere morsel before the flood of entities spilling out around him. Many of them are starting to grab at him, rubbing his chest and thighs, others wrapping around his waist in an embrace.

Hank's usual radiance is souring, he looks panicked! I can't imagine the feeling of an invisible force seizing your body. I've had some touch me before as well, but nothing like how I was witnessing here. None had ever immobilized me. I can feel it, Hank is in danger!

"LET GO OF HIM!!"

Damnit. I made a mistake.

The host ghost snaps its neck back in front of me, eyes meeting mine. I couldn't help it, not when seeing my friend in such a situation. I had to speak up. What kind of friend would I be if I hadn't? All that said, I'm starting to regret my decision as my emotions were laid obviously bare to the thing before me.

"Please... Please! Let us go!" I shout. All I can think to do is beg.

Hank responds in confusion, "Who are you talking to Mike? Gah, what the hell is going onooohh!"

I quickly glance back to him and see the grubby paws of the monster spirits gripping his chest, thighs, and even his ass in a harsher fashion. They are phasing through his clothing, grabbing nothing but flesh. Hank can only keel forward, at the mercy of their touch and wonder what is playing with him. Most concerning though is that I see a hand rubbing at his crotch.

"Mike, what the hell?" he shouts out to me. "Something's wrong with my, ahn! My chest!"

This is bad, *very* bad! This isn't ordinary even by these standards. I can see Hank's body beginning to shrink and slim under the touch of their abnormally large hands, and his chest... it's inflating! The hand buried in his junk too, it's beating him off, his dick tenting against his shorts.

"Fuck! Fuck! What's wrong with my body?" he yells, completely oblivious to the hordes surrounding him.

I'm ready to lunge at and save my friend, fear be damned. The moment I move however, more of those chains spill out and wrap around my arms and pin me against the wall. My head cracks against it briefly, throwing me into a daze and blurring my vision for a few seconds. The horrifying serpent head that has been staring me down I can barely make out and it has some unsettling words for me.

"Thank yooooou, you seeee me! Thaaaank you! You seeee me!"

It retracts its head while giving an agonizing howl and disappears into the swarm of bodies still spilling out from the burst tumor. As I come back to focus, I can hear speech mixed in with the wailing masses.

"Women... neeed..."

"Give us... women!"

“Waaaant womeeeen.”

“Need women!”

I hear Hank’s confused groans. I look on at him and go white with realization.

“Shit I’m going to--! I’m gonna, cum? Aaah! Ooooh!”

He is staining his shorts while heaving forward, going weak in the legs. In concert with his climax, his chest is exploding in size, tenting at his shirt as they eat away at the space underneath. They’re swaying about wildly, growing from modest to huge rather quickly. No way, they’re even filling the palms of the large, groping ghost hands. Their size is likely accentuated by how much height and mass his body has lost, but still... And there is nothing I can do to stop it, to stop those disgusting hands from pinching his swelling, erect nipples. I know I’m next.

“Hank noooo!”

It is all I can say, tears in my eyes. I’m helpless, but I’ll do my best to ignore all the spirits surrounding me now. I need to keep fixated on him.

I see the arms wrapping around Hank’s waist beginning to squeeze, stiffening his body back while being pulled like a vice against his torso. Hank is gritting his teeth, trying to fight it, but he is being reduced to a flurry of moans and groans through the flattening of his waist and his sides caving in. All the arms grabbing hold of him are assisting in arching him back, I assume to ease the transition. All the while that damn hand has never ceased messing with his cock, forcing him to cum yet again.

The ghosts are moving quickly in leaning Hank forward again, the large spirit that has been lingering positioning behind him. I’m shocked to see such a large, phallic mass creeping above Hank’s stuck-out ass. This can’t be, that thing is going to--!

“M-Mike! I can’t stop-uhn! What is h-happening to me? I feel so, hoooh! Oooh! Wait! W-What is--gah! Oh god! Ooooh fuhuh! Aaaahn!”

I’m watching it enter him, inch by agonizing inch, Hank being whipped into a unavoidable euphoria he can’t understand. Something within him is triggering, evident by a panicked smile quivering on his face. He must be frightened, but without the context of what is happening all he is left with is what his body is feeling. What worries me most is that judging by his reaction it must feel good.

Shit, I have completely ignored what has been grabbing at me as well. No ignoring it now though as I can see a large, bulbous cock staring me down. I’m nervously looking up at the owner of it, their giant gut casting a shadow over my face. They tower above me, their body fat like their dick and with a giant hole for a mouth puking out noodle-like serpents with sunken faces. I can’t move, arms restrained and feet too scared to kick. The ghost’s chubby arms are reaching towards me. I feel its slimy, sausage fingers gripping the top of my head.

“No, please... I don’t--mmph!”

It's stuffing its oversized cock into my mouth, its length reaching the back of my throat! I want to puke, but I suppose I'm cursed with a good gag reflex. My legs are jolting, and my body is finally bucking, beginning to fight, but there is little I can do to stop the guiding strength of the spirit forcing my head forward and back. The mucus-coated, horribly smelling dick is effortlessly gliding along my tongue, offending my taste buds and allowing little air out. I can't even beg for it to stop. All I can do is breathe desperately through my nose.

Oh no, it's starting--what I assume happened to Hank. It's hard to describe, but it feels like sensual pins and needles prickling every pore on my face. There is a numbing sensation that is masking the smells and physicality of the ghost's attack. It's turning into a massage of sorts, working at the features of my face while shivers ripple down my neck, out to my shoulders, and down the rest of my body--carrying the prickling sensation with it.

This massage is deep, digging under the skin to lift and mold my very features. I can somehow feel a softness permeating my skin now, as well as my nose and eyes shrinking through my scrunched, gagging expression. My eyelashes are tickling me as they grow, my eyebrows the same as they slim. My cheeks are lifting, and I can feel my mouth opening wider as they do, my face clearly being molded towards some standard of beauty for this ghost, one that can give a good suck. I hate to admit it, but it has become more effortless, my lips puffier and wetter, making the passage of the dick all the more lubricated. All of it should hurt, but no, it feels... strangely euphoric.

I shouldn't dwell on it, but it's hard not to while my body betrays me, my dick erect. Absurd, this terrifying event is eliciting a reaction from me! The pleasure filling my body is like spell impossible to ignore. It casts a wide net, every inch of me firing signals to my brain to submit. I can't allow it, but fighting just makes more ghostly arms lung at me to hold me down. More worrying is that some of them are groping at me, thighs, chest, tummy, anywhere they can grip some meat. Thankfully they've left my dick be. A good thing too since I feel like I could explode at any moment and I don't even want to contemplate that.

Judging by what has already happened to my face, I assume my fate is the same as Hank's, to be molded into a woman. I want to hate it so bad, but apparently it isn't my decision to make. I keep slimming down in size and losing some of my height--enough that my feet are rising off the ground. I can feel a trembling building everywhere I'm being held, as if my body is holding something back, something the ghosts are digging for. Their malicious paws have become more frantic, more harsh, and the dick slamming the back of my throat is moving with more haste. Something is building... something is coming!

"MMMMMMMPH!!"

It's hitting me like a truck, the ghastly cock crashing as far back as it can inside my mouth and holding there, unloading horrible, putrid spunk into my throat. The warm swill is traveling down my throat and I can feel something melting within it, a lump in my throat being washed away. More concerning is my body though, tender fat is exploding all over me as my posture snaps and my hips buck with more width. I've shrunk so much, but I'm gaining some mass back purely through a budding feminine figure. My ass is swelling and perking up under the ghost's tight grip, as is my chest--respectable, small breasts

emerging. My thighs feel the most generous in their growth, enough meat on them for several hands to tug at.

It is appalling, and yet here I am cumming over every sensation, my damn dick unloading embarrassingly thick wads into my shorts. Thankfully the ghost dick seems to be letting up after emptying its fill. It is pulling out, finally! I need to call out to Hank, to make sure he is okay.

“H-Haaank! Hank! Are you--huh?”

I’m shocked at the sound of my voice, soft, smooth, and youthful. I’m even more shocked over what has become of Hank. He is being mercilessly fucked in the ass by his ghostly assailant, his boobs and ass even bigger than when I last laid eyes on them. More peculiar is the dark shadow congealing around his clothing... changing it! A different outfit is emerging from the gunk, some of it already formed--the skirts and leggings in particular. His shirt seems to be changing into some sort of cute, 2-button top T-shirt, with sleeves running down slightly past the elbows. It is holding his hefty breasts quite fittingly, but I shouldn’t focus on that! His face is caught in between changing at this point and his brown hair has grown out into a fashionable short, swept bangs cut colored orange with a long strip of hair on one side. Crap, everywhere else on him aside from his dick is all woman! It seems it wont last for long though. His dick, I can see the tent against the skirt shrinking.

“Fuck! Fuck! Something’s inside me! I can’t feel my balls! Mike, I can’t--ahh! Where are you?”

He is delirious from the pleasure. I have to call out him, to be there for him.

“I-I’m right here Hank! I’m s-sorry. Just hang on!”

In truth there is nothing I can do. Nothing but watch.

“Hah, ooh! My ass! It’s so d-deep, hooh! It’s fucking my, my prostate! It’s destroying it! Its c-crushing iiiit--AAAHN!”

I can hear his voice softening up, the woman starting to come out while he moans in confusion.

“It keeps digging! Digging deepeeerooh! Its at my dick? I-It’s beneath my dick! N-Nooooh! Ooooh! Its inside my dick!”

I’m squinting a bit, feeling wrong watching this, despite my own arousal building yet again thanks to the grabby hands around me. They are being blocked out quite a bit though by my friend’s cries, which are starting to sound shrill and feminine.

“I can’t! Mike, I can’t haah! It’s got my dick! I-It’s sucking in my, m-my! OOOOH GAAAWD! AAAAHN! YEEEEESS!”

Hank is losing it, his eyes nearly rolling back. The pleasure must be excruciating. His dick is constantly leaking at this point, running like a fountain beneath his skirt. The fluids have lost all of their white coloration though, looking far more clear like water.

Sitting here, looking at my moaning friend, whose face now looks unrecognizable and Japanese for some reason, I strangely feel miles away from my predicament. I can't believe how much it looks like he is enjoying it. Is this even Hank anymore? All I can see is a busty, bubbly cheeked, bubbly girl keeled over with a look of unbridled passion on her face as she is pumped from behind by a sickly monster.

"Is that going to happen to--huh!"

I'm being lifted by my butt suddenly and am snapped back to *my* reality. I'm looking down, not prepared for whatever awaits my gaze. There are so many of them, shapeless shadows and sunken eyes staring up at my spread, bare legs--my denim shorts now short-shorts with stylishly torn fringes. They are quite loose, the pair of panties now hugging my erect cock likely exposed if looked at from below. The thick, black material that had changed Hank's clothing is doing its work on mine now, still spreading up my windbreaker jacket. I can see a hoodie emerging from it, purple with black cuffs around the wrists. It seems tailored for accenting my slimmer form, baggy on my body and the sleeves long enough that only my dainty, pointy-nailed fingers protrude from them.

I'm quite aware of what is coming my way as the dick still wet with my saliva is lowering itself towards the opening in the shorts. I'm not ready for this, but my body clearly is, my dick throbbing yet again. Curse this body, curse these ghosts, and curse whatever the hell let me see them!

The slimy dick is rubbing my thigh as it slips up into my shorts. The fat head is poking at the rim of my panties, forcing entry. This is odd, shouldn't it be going for my butt hole like it did Hank? What could it possibly gain from wedging itself beneath my... balls?

Wait, I can feel something hollowing inside me, behind my balls as the dick presses there. My nutsack is tingling... no, my balls are shrinking! They're rolling about like marbles while they push up inside me, the space between them conforming to the shape of the ghost's cock.

"Y-You're shoving them inside! Hyaaa! Fuck!"

It feels like a meaty pike pushing itself through soft soil. My body's resistance is fading there, as if a space were opening up for the massive invader. My god, this is how it is going to happen isn't it? That dick is going to carve out a vagina!

I'm making fists with my hands as it yanks upwards into my softening sack, making a path for itself. I already feel empty behind the thin wall of skin, and the cavernous space is only growing bigger. My balls have completely receded as well and are swirling about along the sides of this growing emptiness. It is all a jumbled mess right now, my insides stretching and and contorting to the organs of a woman.

I feel my flesh tear open into a wet pair of lips below, fluids spilling like a spilled glass of water all over the bulbous dick breaking through. This feels so unreal, unlike anything I could have expected. It's like every muscle in my body is clenching at once, focusing in on the one point of insertion. It felt so tight at first, but its quickly starting to spread me wide just by settling. This thing's thing is so fucking huge, it's got me stuffed and twitching like mad! And, oh no, its starting to move again! It's starting to thrust!

“No, no! I don’t want thiiiiisssaaah!”

My short, black hair which I was so thankful was left alone is now growing all of a sudden, seemingly lengthening to the pace of the ghastly cock being shoved into me. With each heave I’m feeling my body rise and arch a bit and my now silky hair drop further down into a longer mane. My bangs are kissing the tops of my eyelashes and long strands of hair are falling delicately across my cheeks and down past my shoulders. Crap, will there be nothing of me left, no sign I was ever a--?

“Oooh! Oh no! My dick! M-My doooh!”

Its being dragged inside me! I feel my new opening yanking it down! That’s the last piece of me left! It can’t end like this!

“Nooo! Nooooh! Oh fuhuck! Oooh gaaaawd! Aaaah!”

The gluttonous ghost is humping me more forcefully now, sandwiching my shrinking dick between my own body and theirs. We are both grinding it, grinding it down to nothing. All I’m doing is moaning uncontrollably, god it’s so hard not to moan! It is so sticky and wet between us, cause my damn dick wont stop cumming! Why? Why can’t I stop cumming? I’m losing my manhood damnit!

It is so hard to fight this unbearable pleasure. It’s unrelenting! I’m becoming like Hank. Oh no, Hank! What about him?

Fighting against my bouncing body, I’m creeping my head around my attacker to see how he is faring. It isn’t good. A new ghost has joined in on ruining his body for good. A ghost that looks more like a quadrupedal corpse is positioning itself before his shriveled dick. It’s big, bug eyes give off a puppy dog stare and it has a thick, drooping tongue with a pointed shape hanging out of a vaginal shaped mouth. It’s wasting no time wrapping that tongue around my friends feeble dick, lapping away at it, driving him crazy.

“Ooooh! Oooh f-fuck! P-leeese! I c-can’t take any m-ooohhr!”

I can’t see for certain, but it seems like the ghost is pushing more and more beneath Hank’s skirt. If I’m to guess, it is eating away his cock, forcing it into a slit it wishes to eat out.

“Sh-Shit! It f-feels sooo, hoh! Wh-What is--ah! Aaaahn! Oh yes! Go inside meee!”

Poor Hank seems absolutely broken, unable to process anything but the pleasure destroying him. But he is welcoming it. I can’t do that, I have to keep holding on!

“No! I won’t let you take me too! You hear me, you fucking MMPH!”

Oh shit, one of those tentacles from its mouth just shoved itself into mine. Its wriggling around, slamming into my throat like the cock before! The idea that the ghastly face on this appendage is rubbing itself all around my mouth is so disgusting a thought. This is so grotesquely intimate. Crap, the

other tentacles are wrapping around me. Fuck, fuck! They're groping my chest and thighs, ones even poking at my belly button. Wait stop, not my assHOOOLE OOOH SHIT!

I'm biting hard onto the tentacle in my mouth in reaction to the deep wriggling up my ass. Fuck it feels so good. I can't do this anymore, it just feels too damn good! Let me say it you damn ghost, I can't go on like this! Let me say it!

Oh, good, the tentacle is yanking out of my mouth. I can feel the thrusts picking up the pace too. Good, good! I need this to end! I need release!

"Gaahh! Yes! Ahn, please! F-Finish it! Take my dick already, ooh, and f-finish it!"

My dick is cumming profusely now, but it's shrinking! Thank god its sucking inside me! The faster it disappears the faster I can get off and get this nightmare over with! Ram faster you disgusting, putrid monster!

"I feel it! Aaahn! It's s-sucking into my, hahn! M-My! HYAAAA!"

It's gone! I'm nothing but a woman now! Ahahaha! You got what you wanted damned spirits! Now fuck this girl, fuck her until she is satisfied! Fuck her until nothing of the man before remains! Isn't that right Hank? There is no going back from this, so might as well--

"Oh f-fuck its a big one! Mike I'm about to--!"

"I know! Me too! Ooh gaawd it feels so good!"

We're almost there! Me and Hank are almost finished!

"It's coming, its hooh, OOOOH! AAAAHN!"

"Yes Hank! L-Let it out! Let it ah--AAAHN! AAAAH!"

It's done! We're cumming together! So intense, I can't breathe! Everything is going white!

"HYAAAAAAAAAAHHH~!!"

"Miko...? Hey, Miko...?"

That's... Hana's voice calling out to me. Weird, I feel spaced out, like I'm waking from a long, heavy sleep. My vision is all blurred too. Ah, there is Hana stretching her hand out towards me. I feel a bit weak to get up on my own so I better grab it.

My best friend lifts me up from the ground.

"Thanks... umm? What are we doing in this alley? What happened?"

Why does it feel odd to be speaking in Japanese? It is my native language no?

“You passed out. I was so worried! This is because you haven’t been eating enough.”

I look down at my body and give my sides a bit of a squeeze underneath my sweater. I’m not that malnourished am I? Weird though, touching my body feels... awkward, as if everything feels unfamiliar.

Hana is staring oddly deeply into my eyes.

“Hana? What are you staring at...?”

“You always have such beautiful, golden eyes Miko.”

That sounds wrong as I swear my eyes have always been brown. But why does she have to compliment me like that always? I’m parting a bit of my long, black bangs while my own eyes are wandering in embarrassment and I’m immediately drawn to her giant breasts being hugged by her form fitting shirt. It almost feels wrong seeing those on her. But, that’s always been Hana, right? Is this... jealousy? What is wrong with me today?

I should try and reassure her at least.

“Yeah, I’m fine now I think.”

Slowly but surely I think I’m grasping what happened. I must have passed out from fright. The reason why I’m so out of sorts lately...

I see it. Jittering behind Hana is another terrifying ghost. Just another in a long line of them I’ve been seeing the past few weeks. It has me so on edge and terrified about what might emerge around every corner. Thank goodness I have Hana to ease me somewhat.

She is grabbing my hand, excited as always.

“Oh! W-Where are we going?”

“Silly, we are going to get you some food of course! Passing out like that isn’t good. We need to fill you up.”

I’m giving a small chuckle.

“Heh, I’m guessing the usual place?”

“Yup! Now hurry up.”

She is smiling warmly at me, completely distracting me from the gross spirit I saw. I’d let her drag me away anywhere at this point. She is my only cure from all this stress. Maybe with her I can learn to overcome it. I don’t know, for now I just want to have a nice outing with my best friend.