

Laid to Rest
KinkyUtterances

Winding up through a rocky trail deep in the Pennsylvania wilderness in late-summer, Michael and Charlie hike under a dense shade of ancient trees. The blanket of shadow above them only being interrupted by flashes of orange and violet twilight peeking through as they climbed the long, twisting drainage of mossy boulders and gnarled fallen trees. The pair of young adults pushed on without a word, the calm woods only disturbed by their paced, labored breaths and careful steps. Michael led the way. He was quite tall and, some might call “furred”- as to his thick coppery body hair. He wore a sweat-soaked ball cap over a slightly-thinning mop of sandy copper hair, and comfortable, compression pants under running shorts with an unzipped jacket over a loose tank top; looking more like an Olympian in training at a gym. He had a strong, angular face that made him look more imposing than his teddy-bear personality suggested. More than a head taller than Charlie, he shouldered his large pack carrying the bulk of their gear effortlessly, but he still required frequent rest due to his large physique.

While much shorter than Michael, Charlie had a lean and very toned build from years of cross-country running and hikes like this one that gave them immense stamina. Wearing a loose-fitting hiking shirt and long pants with a floppy bucket hat shading wavy brown hair, a tanned but soft face, and sea-green eyes. They spoke little on the trail, but the two had built a great rhythm over the past few weeks, and were able to sense when it was time to let the other take point or spot a good campsite on their map. Charlie had watched many survival channels for years on U-Toob and was better prepared for building fires and finding good water sources than Michael.

They had just a few dozen meters until they should reach their intended campsite; a gently bending stream near a clearing that the two could rest their aching feet. As nightfall loomed and they neared the top of the hill, the forest *should* have started to come alive. All around them, an eerie quiet hung over the trail and Michael stopped just ahead of Charlie and looked back at his friend after glancing across the steep drainage behind them. “May be a bear nearby. Or a mountain lion?” The burly young man spoke low and direct. Charlie nodded and the two quietly moved to ascend the last meters up to the clearing while scanning the area.

As they crested the hill, they expected to see a long flat breach in the boulders described in their trail map and the markers further back. Instead, they were met with the wreckage of a colossal mudslide. From the peak down across what should have been a meadow, the boulders and loose soil had given way and a giant field of destroyed trees and dry mud was all that remained. Charlie sighed and stood on the tallest rock to survey the disaster. “There was quite a bit of rain here earlier this month. Remember? Did nobody else come up this way except us?...” Michael trailed off, and Charlie pointed at a strange rectangular shadow near the edge of the mudslide against several trees.

It was mostly buried, but looked significantly less natural than everything else around. Without a word, they moved in an arc around the several feet of debris and mud pushed up against the treeline. As they drew nearer and the soft reds and purples of twilight began to blend into inky darkness, the hikers started to feel the temperature drop dramatically. In minutes, Charlie's breath puffed out in short chattered clouds before they finally realized what they had found. Half-crushed and engulfed by mud and trees, in the middle of nowhere, was a tour bus.

Across the side of the muck-covered wreckage, a taped-on banner hung limply before then, reading "Felta Nu Thi Summer Party Bus" in once bubbly multicolored font, now weathered and filthy from the likely weeks since the accident. The door was open and the front of the bus was crushed and covered in deep gouges from crashing into trees and stones. Michael leaned over the blown-out window and saw the front and driver seats were empty.

"I don't want to look inside, Mike." Charlie puffed sharply with a rasp, trembling from the sudden cold.

Michael nodded, realizing they were disturbing what was likely a mass grave. As they turned to leave, the bus lurched with a heavy creaking as the engine tried and failed to turn over, the broken headlights flickered brightly for a moment and then slowly dimmed until the hikers were bathed in a mud-splotched, orange haze. Charlie backed away and moved behind Michael, shaking as the engine tried again to come to life, this time growling as mud and engine fluids sputtered and bubbled in a dark tar-like gurgle like the hungry belly of some dark thing from a nightmare. It hissed and smoked and died again, and the two hikers jumped as a translucent young woman, wearing a mini-skirt and a tube top, illuminated and glowing bright like moonlight, walked out of the bus and stood next to it.

She let out an exasperated sigh and shrugged, dropped her hands to her hips before turning and noticing the pair behind her. Turning to face them, the expression on her stunningly beautiful face was quizzical. She seemed almost normal except for the pale glow of the headlights shining through her body.

"Are you guys, like, here to fix the bus?" Her question hung cold and heavy with Charlie not even understanding the question at first. Michael shook his head and tried to clear his dry throat.

"Ghost", Michael mumbled as he backed away, bumping into his companion. Charlie grabbed hold of his pack and peeked around him to see the ghostly woman and she leaned her head over the same way to smile hauntingly in the shorter hiker's eyes. Charlie felt thin icy claws curl over her shoulder and turned to face another ghostly blonde woman. She grinned with a glassy stare and moaned with a haunting cold rasp as she leaned in for a kiss. Charlie flailed an arm at the buxom specter and tripped backwards on a tree root.

Before hitting the ground, Charlie stopped and was scooped up high overhead by another ghost. Charlie cried out in confusion, soaring over Michael's head before being softly dropped to the ground next to the front of the bus beside the first ghost. More ghostly women appeared. Some from the bus, and others coming up from the woods below. They made a loose circle around the hikers. Around a dozen softly-glowing beautiful women quietly watched Michael and Charlie. Finally the first one spoke, with an ethereal and weak tremble in her voice, and a mix of vocal fry and bubbly valley-girl. "We could really use a tow or something. Bus is making some weird noises and junk."

"D- do you know that you're all... y'know... *dead*?" Michael asked with a tightness in his throat so severe, it made the big man's voice crack. The ghostly women nearby closed in around Michael, some feeling his strong muscles and others reached lower places. Michael recoiled and they giggled, clinging to him tighter until they were all around him, equal-parts molesting his body and holding him still with unnatural strength. The ghostly sorority girls around Charlie drift in closer, about to do the same but abruptly stop.

The nearest one with the tube top, leans closer to Charlie and squints. When she looks at Charlie closer, she suddenly gasps and points. "Wait a sec, you're a girl!"

The other ghostly sisters squeal with delight and embrace Charlie in a frightening group-hug of strange pressure. Charlie could have blushed if these ghosts weren't the scariest thing she'd experienced in her life. She'd been a tomboy since high school and always had a slender runner's physique, despite the precedent set by the other women in her family. Charlie never got boobs or hips, but when she worked out, she took a fair amount of satisfaction from how guys looked almost envious of her abs. She had long moved past the jealousy and bullying and was content living her masculine life.

The ghosts all gabbed about her features that they "could totally tell" she was a woman. Like her slender shoulders and beautiful eyes. For some reason, she was reminded of one kinky fantasy she'd always wanted to explore with a special guy. Wherein, she'd roleplay being her boyfriend's best bro, he discovers that she's really a woman and then sexually ravages her... but that was just a silly fantasy. She found most guys wanted a girly girl, something feminine and curvy and soft and she was largely ignored in her circles. It was like they were intimidated by her. It's not like she didn't have needs as a woman! Charlie saw all of what she wasn't in the forms of these women. She could see them as they were in life: big tits, full lips and expensive manicures, tight glossy clothes hugging their curves and, most of all, the airheaded personality for doting boy-toys to service their every vapid whims.

Charlie had nothing to hide, but the fact these ghosts were suddenly overjoyed at her not being a man was concerning. When the ghosts looked back at her with a weird kind of desperate anticipation, Charlie didn't like it even more.

"We thought you were yummy boys and we'd hafta suck out your souls or whatever, but now we don't have to~!" Charlie stood frozen, agape and confused at the ghost's words. *They're gonna let us go, just because I'm a woman?*

“I’m Becca. What’s your name?” The ghost leaned closer, her creepy stare softened.

“Charlie...” The woman said sheepishly.

“Charlie? Bleh. That name better be short for something... like Charlene or-”, another girl perked up, “Ooh, how about Champagne~!” Becca grinned wide at the suggestion.

“I love it~.” Becca’s playful smile twisted into a wicked grin. “I think we’re all ready for the ‘makeover’, right girls?” The hikers looked around as the assembled few dozen sorority girls all joined her in a haunting giggle. Charlie looked at them all and realized they were all dressed and made-up like they were on their way to a club before the end.

Becca leaned in close, resting her arm around Charlie’s shoulder. “Our tour bus was, like, all the virgins in our sorority going down to some parties to finally get some dick. Now we’re dead, and you’re gonna, like, help us all get one last fuck, m’kay?”

Charlie shook her head not understanding, opening her mouth to protest before a sudden draft hit her bare legs as she was pantsed then an intense cold pressure in her backside caused her to nearly jump out of her own skin. She couldn’t turn to see what was happening as Becca held her still. Michael could see it all, though, forced to watch a bottom-heavy sorority ghost driving herself, head-first, up inside Charlie’s backside. The shock of the invasion stole the breath from her lungs and she could merely push up to her tip-toes as the ectoplasmic bimbo squished herself further and further up into her body. The woman felt an intense thrust of energy as the ghost squirmed within her, filling Charlie’s narrow hips and lean thighs, pushing against her toned glutes and arching her back while the glowing legs of the spirit finished slipping inside her body. Charlie groaned, staring at Becca in confusion, feeling strangely bloated and hearing a muffled giggle before the ghost inside her body seemed to swell outwards. Charlie felt her backside tremble, her thigh muscles tightening. Then, with an audible gurgle, her flesh turned warm and Charlie’s ass grew.

Charlie’s body shivered and she let out sharp, muted moans as she felt the ghost inside her ass push out in every direction. Her hips popped and she felt her hiking undershorts tighten, looking down at herself, she watched as her thighs tensed and then grew thicker, overwhelming the lean and toned physique and giving her plump feminine curves. Charlie’s ass inflated like two round balloons, growing heavier as the ghost formed a gigantic, perfectly fake-looking ass for her. With a wobble, she was let go by Becca and allowed to attempt to stand on her own. The ghostly sisterhood all laughed in unison as the woman turned around to look down and gape at the massive shelf they had gifted her.

“Wha-... what did you do to me?!” She cried, unable to stop wobbling her jiggling, heavy assmeat with every corrective step.

“We’re like, all gonna squeeze inside your little tomboy body and turn you into a totally sexy slut, fuck your hunky friend, and finally not be icky virgins anymore.” Becca said with a disgusted scoff.

Michael was completely stunned and blushing madly at Charlie's cartoonishly over-inflated booty. The two ghosts that held him still giggled as he glanced over to them, seeing the lust-filled hunger in their spectral faces. He swallowed hard and tried to step forward. His legs sunk into the muddy slop at the girls' whim and he was powerless to stop the next of the sorority sisters from floating up to Charlie. She slapped the woman's wobbly ass with a playful hard clap, and as Charlie yelped in pain, suddenly leapt into her mouth. Charlie let out a confused, muffled squeal as the spectral slut squeezed through her lips and filled her cheeks, laughing as she slowly slid down Charlie's distended throat. The ghost's legs snaked inside Charlie's lips with a wet gurgle until finally the ghost's entire being settled down in her belly. Charlie let out a groan of overwhelming fullness and leaned over with her hands on her knees, trembling as she felt the ghosts within her radiate their strange power.

Charlie's body felt tight all over, and she couldn't stop shaking as she began to sweat. A sudden surge of weight in her chest made her wobble and she locked her knees together to stay standing. Her hiking shirt tightened against her small bust and her nipples rubbed madly into her sports bra as the material began to feel stiflingly hot and way too small. Charlie swore under her breath as she failed to unbutton the polyester shirt to find it tightly compressed against actual, real life *boobs*. She never had boobs before and she let out a bewildered gasp as her arms braced against them to cover the rising cleavage in the cold air. Charlie felt the spirit squirming inside her chest, and her wobbling new tits made an audible **slosh** as it pushed into each of them. Her skin stretched and grew heavy as her new handfuls inflated into what her brain immediately called *tits*.

"Wh- when does it s-stop?! They're- they're **huge**!" Charlie squeaked, her face flushing tomato-red.

The other cursed girls closed in around Charlie, watching as their sisters throbbed and twitched under the tomboy's flesh. She could only weakly groan as her chest continued to swell into unwieldy, heavy melons while her hips and ass ballooned to give her an inhuman hourglass. The ghosts loomed over Charlie and she flailed limply at the nearest one before they suddenly lunged at her at once. The ghosts' curled and snaked across her body and hungrily forced their ectoplasmic forms inside her through any holes they could. Two giggling slutty ghosts stuffed themselves into Charlie's ears, squeezing the poor girl's brains with their warm slimy bodies. Charlie groaned as her lips quickly swelled into thick bee-stung pillows and her hair turned an almost-white bleach-blonde before growing down her back. Charlie felt drunk as the two ghosts finished slithering all the way into her head and lolled out her tongue in a hazy stupor. Her tongue throbbed with lusty heat while it stretched longer and thicker, more dextrous and strong like a nimble tentacle than a tongue anymore. Her thoughts clouded and the woman felt less and less like herself. Being possessed by a small crowd of slutty bimbo ghosts has left her little more than a drooling, giggling mess.

The name Champagne droned over and over in her fuzzy, possessed mind like a mantra. It was too much to bear. Her body felt alien and her vision twisted like in a drunken haze. She closed her eyes to reset her bearings and find Michael- to try and run away from this bizarre nightmare.

Glowing pink eyes opened and Champagne slowly blinked, licking her plush lips absently, trembling as the other spirits filled her holes with lust-crazed intensity. Her pussy oozed as a specter thrust into her, stretching her wide before immediately spreading into her pussy. The flesh of Champagne's labia plumped; sensitive and glistening with slick lubrication as the ghost slurped itself fully inside. Her clit engorged and Champagne couldn't stop herself from exploring her inviting new folds. Her dull nails, dirty and chewed, suddenly erupted into long, manicured black talons while her calloused, strong fingers slimmed and became dainty and soft, not stopping as they probed and rubbed herself. She bit her swollen, glossy lower lip while she rubbed her soaked new pussy, drooling as it continued to swell. Whimpering with sexual frustration, the rapidly transforming young woman doubled over, groaning with wild lust as she attacked her hot, dripping cunt. The many ghosts inside her body throbbed with desire and a tickle of hot, male musk hit her nose.

Champagne glanced up at Michael without stopping, her half-lidded gaze with pink eyes softly glowing in the darkness. She moaned and stepped towards him, her hiking shoes transforming into hard black acrylic stilettos. Her heels rose and her awkward gait shifted into a sultry, hip-rolling catwalk. Her tattered pants and unbuttoned shirt twisted across her sweat-soaked flesh and merged with her tattered over-stretched sports bra and panties, and changed into a slinky and revealing sheer black bodysuit. Champagne's now ghostly-pale blonde hair fell down around her shoulders in long, bouncy waves before they pulled back into a high ponytail as it grew longer down her back. Her natural tan rippled away into a glittery ghostly pale while her sweaty expression turned immaculate and doll-like with glittery black and violet makeup. Her lashes grew thick and long while her big lips became like two perfect bordeaux pillows of perfect lipstick, liner, and gloss.

Michael was unable to resist the unnatural alluring creature stride towards him without growing an erection. The man had never dreamed of a woman like this, with curves beyond anything he imagined. Champagne's wide hips rocked and her ass jiggled visibly from the front. Her tits, barely contained in the tightly stretched sheer black bodysuit wobbled, proudly jutting away from her like gravity itself bowed to their power. Giant areolas shaped like puffy hearts capped with fat thumb-sized nipples poked through the material and as Michael drank in her form, the pair of ghosts holding him in place, let go and joined their sisters. Both swirled over Champagne's curves and squeezed impossibly into her nipples, making the young woman groan and heft her melons before they surged in size again with big, uneven throbs of growth.

Finally, Becca floated over to them both, smirking as Champagne trembled wordlessly in front of her former best friend that hardly recognized her anymore. "Your tomboy friend looks like she *reeeeally* wants to fuck your brains out now, Mikey. All my friends and I want to fuck real bad too... As sorority president, I gotta make sure we all get what we want."

Becca cradled Michael's tight bulge in his shorts and grinned. With a rush of translucent blue, she forced her ectoplasmic form into his cock. Mike jumped backwards and fell down, grasping for the ghost's form to try and pull her out but his fingers found nothing. Arching his back, the man let out a soft grunt of confusion as he felt his shaft and balls swell and tighten. The ghost teasingly squirmed inside his manhood and Champagne knelt down between his splayed legs. She pulled down his shorts with a wild hunger in her bright pink eyes, and found his hot

cock throbbing as it slowly grew thicker and longer. Below his rising mast, Michael's balls were churning intensely as the ghostly Becca forced them to produce more and more hot cum. They swelled and throbbed with each of his quickening heartbeats, and the man was overwhelmed with a growing wave of lust clouding his mind.

Champagne knelt over him, drooling as she watched unblinking at the slab of man-meat slowly inching up towards her face and the legion of ghosts inside her willed her to do her duty. Deep inside herself, Charlie watched as her body bowed over the pillar of hot flesh and began to kiss the head of it, licking the glans while slow-jerking the long mast with her dainty fingers. Michael groaned with pleasure, watching the extreme gothic-bimbo, possessed by a platoon of horny ghost sluts, passionately worship his cock with her delicate touch. With her hot mouth moaning sweet, wordless ecstasy, Champagne made Michael feel like the last man on earth. Gripping the sheer fabric tightly, her talons tore away the bodysuit across her tits and they bounced free before enveloping his cock. Pressing her tits together around his cock, she slowly thrust him between her gigantic spherical melons. She licked at his steamy fat cock head as it rose up towards her lips and Champagne wiggled her hips playfully as her pussy drooled hungrily.

Michael was consumed by lust and he let all of his trepidation fall away. He knew he needed to find a way to help Charlie, but this *thing* giving him a tit-job couldn't be reasoned with, was stronger than him, and made him feel so good... he couldn't even think of freeing himself. As Champagne quickened her pace, Michael groaned with lust, his arms were like lead weights in the dirt, and his gigantic balls clenched as they were roughly massaged from within by his spectral invader. His engorged cock glowed with ghostly power between the bimbo's tits and lips. She slurped and sucked wildly, somehow burying a foot of dick in her throat over and over without the barest hint of a gag reflex while her long, dextrous tongue explored every inch of it. He looked into her intense pink gaze, seeing nothing but hunger behind the eyes. Wherever Charlie was in there, he hoped she forgives him for what was coming. With a powerful full-body twitch, Michael arched backwards, digging his shoulders into the dirt, unable to hold back for a moment longer and erupted. The moment he started to cum, the possessed woman pulled back and let Michael's cock shoot several thick ropes of hot cum all over her tits and face. She basked in its warmth, still gripping the shaft, loving the twitching, sputtering monster as it refused to deflate.

"How was that, girls?" Becca giggled from within Michael's cock. The bimbo trembled and licked cum from her fingers. Speaking with a strange collective voice, the woman let out a happy sigh and hugged her body. "It feels so warm... We want it inside us... Becca... fuck us now, please? Don't tease us, now..."

Michael was suddenly thrust into the ground again, his cock and balls trembling with intense warmth. His groans excited Champagne, who sat up on her knees, eagerly bouncing, awaiting Becca's next gift to her. Becca's power throbbed within the man and he could feel his spent balls swelling with renewed vigor. Sweat poured from Michael's body as his muscles tensed. He needed to do something. He would be forced to fuck himself to death if the ghosts had their way!

The ghost possessing him was strong, but she let go when he came and seemed weakened during the afterglow, he thought. As Champagne climbed up over his cock, Michael readied himself for the ride of his life. Her puffy, dripping pussy hovered over his cock and the ghosts hesitated a moment before plunging down onto it. They moaned collectively through Champagne as they felt the first inch spread their pussy wide. The feeling they'd all yearned for was here. Michael could feel their anticipation, their relishing of the moment. As his cock slid further inside Champagne, the ghosts trembled through them both, and the woman's eyes flashed a brighter pink. Michael felt his moment and the pressure holding him down before was relaxed and he grabbed Champagne around her tiny waist and pulled her down to fully-mount his insane girth. The ghostly women shuddered a surprised groan together, stuffed impossibly full, and Michael felt the tight hold on him falter again. Becca and the others were too overwhelmed with pleasure to seize control of the situation, or maybe it was their collective will to be dommed by a man like him that they simply allowed him to take over. Michael was modest, but he was no virgin. He would use this strange cursed cock to fuck Champagne's brains out and free them both. He hoped it would be enough...

Lifting his knees, he slowly drove deeply into Champagne. Before, he would be conscious of slipping out, but with how stupidly long his cock was now, he didn't have to worry at all. He retracted, feeling himself still inches deep inside her with his ass touching dirt and briefly wished he could stay this huge forever before mentally kicking himself. He slowly thrust and the women cooed in a chorus, enjoying every tiny sensation sliding through Champagne's ultra-sensitive cunt. The ghosts relaxed their hold on Michael, and he slapped her giant ass before grabbing the fleshy cheeks with his big hands. Champagne squealed and fell atop him, smothering his face with her tits. She found his lips with her nipple and pressed into him, moaning as she rolled her hips. She wanted more. His cock was intensely rigid as she rocked and softly bounced. Michael licked and sucked the plump nipple and was greeted by a sweetness on his tongue. He suckled her curse-induced milk from the heavy breast and thrust again, making the ghostly chorus groan with delight.

Trembling, Champagne's pink eyes flickered brighter as Michael quickened his pace, driving his shaft through what felt like all of her. He could feel the ghostly hands shaking as they released their remaining hold over him. He was free, but if he wanted to free Charlie... he needed to finish the job. He rolled Champagne's nipple across his tongue and thrust his entire new cock into her. With a yelp, she seized and Michael rolled the both of them over, grabbing her wrists and pinning her. Looming over her, Champagne ogled his muscles and wrapped her legs around his waist with a playful grin while wobbling her massive tits, like a dare. It felt that way to Michael, at least, and he allowed himself to descend into the fantasy. He felt her dripping, hot pussy clench around him in anticipation. Looking into the brightly glowing pink eyes of his possessed friend, Michael saw a plastic, slutty, hungry vision of perversion- and he needed to fuck her. For her sake, truly, but to sate his own lust that had been teased and bullied forth. With a first calm and slow thrust, Michael began to fuck the hell out of Champagne.

Driving his enhanced, powerful cock into her with conviction and intensity, Michael watched as the emotions washed over Champagne's face. Overwhelmed. Full. Humbled. The chorus of spectral virgins echoed in the chilly night air. The ghost inside him helped drive him

deeper as his seed churned within his swollen balls as they slapped against Champagne's giant ass. The woman moaned wildly, feeling her body throbbing with every single ghost's throes of ecstasy. Her bimbofied form was reduced to trembling whimpers as her tits bounced heavily between them. Champagne's eyes rolled back as she and the sisters all succumbed, enjoying the ride of their lives. With every thrust, Michael could feel them losing their grip on her and it filled him with resolve. He repositioned one arm around her shoulders while his opposite hand dug into the dirt and held her close as he filled her to the hilt. They all gasped in unison, trembling and going limp in his grip. The women all felt his energy and passion and it drove them closer to their own fulfillment. Their cursed state made them lust for mortal pleasure, but the sensations coming from Michael were so personal and true, that for each loving drive of his cock, the girls all began to feel the weight of their deaths and the pressure of their lost chances in life begin to fade.

Sweat glistened on their bodies in the moonlight as Michael held Champagne close to him. The world faded outside of their embrace. The ground around them trembled and the lights on the derelict bus flickered. Champagne's eyes fluttered and glowed brightly with every hard thrust. The spirits, overwhelmed by intense pleasure, began to lose their grip on the woman's soul and clung to her for sweet release, wordlessly begging for the climax. Her body shuddered as they squirmed, her breasts lifting off of her body as if they were filled with helium. Champagne was dripping, filled with the collective sexual edge of a dozen women, drool dripping from her lolling tongue while her plump nipples sprayed many thin jets of milk across Michael's chest and face. The man's balls churned with Becca's power, throbbing hot and swollen, bigger than ripe oranges, as they slapped against Champagne's ass. Becca gripped his shaft from within, not allowing him to cum until she wished for it. She wanted to keep him fucking forever. But, Champagne's pussy was so deliciously soft and wet, her moans so sweet...

The other ghosts' cries of ecstasy were music to Becca's soul. They were all finally getting laid! All her girls, cut down in their prime, finally lost their v-card. Becca throbbed inside Michael's cock, making Champagne and all her passengers squeal. Both of her toys' muscles shook, spending too many minutes on the verge of orgasm, Both of them fucking with everything they had. Finally, a feeling of peace washed over her. There was just one thing left. Becca released and the man's cock tightened, and the full breadth of Champagne's pleasure filled him. Michael trembled and gave her one last thrust, stammering a weak, "I love you, Charlie", as he came. Champagne squeezed her legs around his waist and pulled him to her, slamming him deep inside as she felt him erupt. Becca felt the intense rush of hot cum around her and released Michael, letting herself be shot into Champagne's body, freeing him from her control. As the girls orgasmed together, Champagne felt a powerful sensation welling up within her. Her eyes shone a blinding, brilliant pink light and groaned with relief as one by one, the ghosts were ejected from her body. No longer slimy, ectoplasmic horrors, the spectral sisters rose above them in a glowing pale white swirl of soft, blissful moans.

Becca held on a moment longer, enjoying the warm afterglow and pleasure. Her sorority sisters wouldn't become monsters haunting the middle of nowhere. The dark urge that inspired the possessions and transformation of the poor girl Charlie hadn't yet taken root in her spirit, having died so recently. It made it easy to let go, to not feel the selfish need to carry on like this.

She got one last awesome ride and that was enough for her, for all her girls... that didn't mean she didn't get to enjoy one last practical joke on the living. As she left Champagne, her form shuddered and the intense glow of pink faded from her eyes. Charlie's eyes rolled back unfocused for a moment then she blinked back in control, looking down at the pair of firm watermelons jutting out in front of her. Released from their ghostly possession, the giant tits regained their true weight and stopped leaking their cursed milk. Her eyes wandered over her ridiculous curves, all the words to shout her confusion and anger catching in her throat as a bright white glow shone from overhead. Looking skyward, the pair saw the spirits of all those unfortunate women, glittering as they laughed to each other with satisfied glee. Disappearing one by one, their soft laughter echoed into the night leaving just Michael and Charlie and Becca.

"Sorry for, like, everything or whatever. I didn't want my girls, like, haunting this forest forever as yucky ghosts... and I guessed right that all they needed was some good dick. So, thanks and stuff." Michael was a sweaty, panting mess as he gestured a tired swat of his hand towards Becca. He was glad they were free, but only because it meant they'd leave him and Charlie alone forever.

Charlie was gobsmacked at the body they'd stuck her with. "W-wait, what about me?! You can't just leave me like this!" She tried to get up, but her legs were still incredibly shaky and the new weight distributed to her chest and ass was impossible to manage.

The ghostly woman folded her arms as she started to dissolve. "Try to think of it like a gift. Nobody is mistaking you for a boy now~!" She let out a belly laugh that seemed to echo for miles. The bright glow faded and the pair sat in silence for a long beat. Catching his breath, Michael plopped down on his backside, exhausted. His gigantic dick, though soft, rested over his leg a foot longer than when he woke up that day. His strong build rippled with more defined muscles and he seemed even more handsome to Charlie as she drank in his new form. Crawling to him, they gathered up their clothes and quietly sat together.

"You um. You ok?" Michael asked, breaking the unbearable silence. Charlie didn't know what to say and merely shrugged, sending a quake down through her giant tits. She blushed and quickly covered her nipples, grimacing as she realized just how little her arms concealed anymore.

"Looks like dawn soon." Michael remarked, glancing up at the deep cerulean sky and violet sliver of clouds on the horizon. He pulled his pack in between them, retrieved his canteen and shook his head, smiling with a sigh. "We fucked literally all night... Jesus." The absurdity of their new reality was infectious and the pair shared a soft, tired laugh while passing the refreshing cold water back and forth several times.

Michael retrieved his vacuum-sealed thermal blanket and motioned to Charlie. Wordlessly, she climbed into his lap as he enveloped her. Their body heat would keep them cozy and warm as the sun slowly rose. Charlie was fast asleep in Michael's arms in moments and the man took several slow blinks of dawn before he too let sleep take him. The new day was here, they were changed in ways they could have never imagined, but they had each other.