

Ghost of Hanover

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Waking to the feeling of someone else in bed with her, Hannah blinked her eyes open to see a figure on their knees at the foot of the bed. Screeching in fear, she scrambled back into the headboard – the blankets falling around her waist revealing her bra-covered breasts. “OH GOD PLEASE DON’T HURT ME!” She pleaded.

“Hurt you?” the figure replied with a bemused female tone. “Oh dear Hannah, I’m here to help you, not hurt you.”

“W-Who are you? What...what d-do you want from me?”

“Oh, come now, Hannah, you know exactly who I am and why I’ve visited you this night. Go on, I’ll give you a moment to think about it.”

Stricken with terror, Hannah was frozen to the bed. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, the silhouette of a woman kneeling at the foot of her bed became clearer. She had heard the rumors, listened to the stories, but she never believed for a second they were true until now. “Y-You...you’re the...oh god! What are you going to do to me?”

“I’m the what? Say it, Hannah. Say my name.”

“You’re the Ghost...ahem...the Ghost of Hanover,” Hannah stammered as her heart thumped in her chest as her brain fumbled with recalling the details of the stories she had heard. It was said the Ghost of Hanover – named for her ability to appear and disappear without a trace rather than being an actual incorporeal being, would show up in the dead of night in the bedroom of a seemingly random woman and when she left their lives were irrevocably changed.

Unfortunately, no too stories were the same and got more dramatic and perverted with each telling so it was nigh impossible to corroborate anything. She was tall. She was short. Blonde. Brunette. Redhead. She was dominant. Submissive. She was, to put it simply, whatever her so-called victim needed her to be to accept her help in opening their minds to new realms of sexual possibilities and unimaginable pleasures. In fact, the only thing anyone can agree on is her pale skin and silvery blue eyes gave her an ethereal beauty that was exotic, intoxicating and virtually impossible to resist.

Some say she is the specter of a long dead nymphomaniac inhabiting the body of another – unable to rest in peace until her insatiable sexual appetite is finally appeased. Others claim she is a one-of-a-kind, top of the line android built for sex with the ability to change her appearance to suit the needs of those she deems worthy of her attention. And then there are the rest that believe she is nothing more than a stunningly beautiful human woman with a natural gift for pleasure.

“And I’m here to make all your wishes come true.”

“W-Why me?”

The Ghost remained as silent as her namesake. Moving off the bed, she stood looking straight into Hannah’s wide green eyes. With a quick tug and shake of the hips, her short pleated skirt was on the floor. Crawling back on the bed, she did not stop until she was practically nose to nose – giving her frightened victim her first good look and Hannah stared. The Ghost’s long red hair was braided and hung over her left shoulder. Her eyes were silvery-blue as described in every story she heard and her lips were deep red like the color of blood. The front of her shirt hung open, allowing Hannah an almost unobstructed view of her firm breasts.

“P-Please, what are you going to do to me?”

“Your relationship with Steve is strained. You’re one refusal away from losing him and you’re too blind to see it. I’m here to teach you to be the lover you both deserve. That is what you want isn’t it?”

“What are you talking about? My boyfriend and I are...”

“Headed for breakup if you do not learn to open yourself to new and exciting things. Do you love him?”

“Of course I love him!”

“Then you should be willing to do whatever it takes to please him. That is what you want is it not?”

“Y-Yes, but I’m not...I’ve never...why do you only show up for women when it’s the men that need the help?”

“Do you want me to go?”

“NO!” Hannah said a little too fast and with far more desperation than intended. *I may not be a lesbian, but I’ll suffer a night of humiliation for the bragging rights alone*, she thought as the woman kneeling inches from her face smiled seductively.

“So you want me to stay?”

“I...yes.”

“Then say it.”

“Please stay.”

“And why do you want me to stay, Hannah?”

“To help me be a better lover for my boyfriend.”

“Are you willing to do whatever it takes without complain, hesitation or letting your personal feeling get in the way?”

“Yes.”

The Ghost arched her back slightly and moved closer. Their lips met and her hand gave Hannah’s right breast a gentle squeeze. Hannah froze, but did not pull away as a tornado of mixed emotions swooped in and threatened to blow her mind. It was soft but intense. Electrifying, stimulating. It was unlike any other kiss she had ever experienced and the fact that it came from another woman made her blush. Taking hold of the covers with her right hand, the Ghost yanked them away leaving Hannah sitting there in her lacey green bra and panties.

“W-What is your name?”

“I do believe the people of this city call me the Ghost of Hanover.”

“Yes, but what is your real name?”

“That is unimportant, but if you must call me something, call me Mistress. Understand?”

“Yes Mistress. How are you going to teach me to be a better lover? What am I doing that is so wrong?”

“It’s not what you’re doing, Hannah. It’s what you’re *not* doing that’s going to be the end of this, and most likely every relationship you ever engage in. You’re a prude, Hannah.”

“I’m no such thing.”

“No? You are stuck in a narrow mindset when it comes to sex and are unable or unwilling to even consider new things. How many times has Steve asked you to suck his cock and swallow his cum? How often does he ask to fuck your sexy ass only to be denied and made to feel like a freak for even considering it? You’re so damn close-minded you won’t even show affection in public. This is the twenty-first century, Hannah, not the eighteenth.”

“How in the hell do you know so much about my damn sex life? Have you been talking to my boyfriend? Did Steve put you up to this?”

“As the Ghost of Hanover it is my duty to know these things and more. For instance, you are twenty-four year old Hannah Collins. You stand five feet seven inches, weigh one hundred twenty-nine pounds and your measurements are thirty-four-bee-twenty-four-thirty-five and you have a tattoo of a butterfly on your right hip. You have few friends, but are incredibly close to your family. So close, in fact, that you had a secret seven month relationship with your step-brother Greg that ended only when he went into the military.”

“H-How did you...I’ve never told anyone!”

“As I said, it is my job to know these things. You’ve been dating Steve Randal for two years eight months. He is a very fit six foot three, two-hundred-thirteen pounds with a respectable eight cock that he seriously wants to shove down your throat and up your ass. He loves you more than life itself, but your continued denials has him on the verge of leaving you for someone that will give him everything he wants. I ask you again, Hannah, do you want my help?”

“Yes, but I don’t see how you can do anything unless you’re hiding a cock between your legs.”

“And what if I am? Would that excite you? Would you let me fuck your ass with it? Would you beg to swallow my load?”

“I...I don’t like anal,” Hannah sighed. “That hole was designed as an exit, not an entrance and I can’t seem to get anyone to understand that.”

“Have you ever had your temperature taken rectally, or given yourself an enema?”

“Yes, but that’s...”

“Putting something into your ass. Therefore, it is as much an entrance as an exit and is used as such by millions around the world. What about cum? Have you ever tasted it?”

“No.”

“Then how do you know you don’t like it? What would you do if I told you to strip naked and go outside?”

“No way! What if someone saw me?”

“That’s the whole point,” the Ghost said, shaking her head in frustration. “You need to stop putting so much emphasis on what others may or may not think. Perhaps going naked outdoors will excite you to the point of opening up to more.” Leaning in, she kissed Hannah on the lips for several seconds and then moved back. Taking the trembling woman by the hand, she pulled her off the bed. “Come, the night is young and you’re in need of a lot of lessons.”

“Where are we going?”

“What happened to doing as I say without complaint, hesitation or regard for your own feelings? Was that all just a lie?”

“N-No.”

“Then follow me.”

“Is this what you do to all of your victims?”

“Victims? That implies I’m forcing you to do something against your will. Am I forcing you, Hannah? Do I have a gun to your head? A knife to your throat? Have I threatened you in any way?”

“No, but you did break into my house and...nevermind, lead the way, Mistress.”

“I will, but first there’s the matter of disciplining you for disrespect.”

“Discipline? What are you talking about?”

“You will bend with your hands on the foot of the bed, legs shoulder width apart and face forward. You’ll remain in position throughout the discipline or it will increase until you get it

right,” the Ghost said as she moved across the room. Bending, she rummaged through the bag she brought while looking back at Hannah whom was still standing there looking dumbfounded. “If you are not in position by the time I stand the discipline will be doubled.”

Unsure of what was going to happen, Hannah never the less turned around and bent over. Placing her hands on the edge of the bed, she spread her legs, bit her lower lip and stared straight ahead as commanded. Finding what she was looking for by touch alone, the Ghost of Hanover pulled two items from the bag and walked up behind her target. Opening the bottle in her left hand, she generously applied some to the plug in her right. When she placed the narrow tip against Hannah’s ass, the bent over woman tensed and fought the urge to jump on the bed to get away.

“M-Mistress? I was expecting you to spank me or something, not fuck my ass. Wait, how are you going to double fucking my ass?”

“The plug I am about to shove in is an inch and a half thick, or about the same as the average cock. If you move or continue talking I will use a three incher instead.” Applying firm, steady pressure, the Ghost did not stop until the plug was buried in Hannah’s ass. “See, that isn’t so bad now is it?”

“It hurts, Mistress.”

“You’ll get used to it soon enough. And now it’s time for your discipline.”

“But I thought taking the plug was my discipline, Mistress.”

“Hardly. That’s just to get you used to what’s coming. For the actual discipline you will remain in that position while I swat your ass. After each swat you will count and say thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson. Remember what I said about starting over from the beginning until you get it right?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Those rules apply here.” Going back to her bag, the Ghost grabbed her cane and stood to Hannah’s right. There was no warning. The cane swooshed through the air and made contact across the center of her temporary submissive’s ass.

Hannah was expecting the swat, but that did not prepare her for the force and pain of the swat. Falling forward, she threw her arms back and grabbed her ass. “Oh my motherfucking god that hurt! God damn! Did you have to hit me so hard?”

“Yes, yes I did. Otherwise it wouldn’t be punishment. And for whining instead of counting and giving thanks we will begin again. And for moving you will receive twenty swats instead of ten. Now get back into position or I’ll double it again.”

“Or you can get the hell out of my house!”

“Fair enough. I guess you really love Steve after all.” Walking to her bag, the Ghost dropped her cane inside and grabbed the zipper. “Since it’s already up your ass you can keep the plug.”

“Wait,” Hannah said, her voice trembling. “I’ll do it,” crawling backward off the bed, she stood and then got into position.