

# Spiritual Awakening

Written by Princess Kay

**Warning:** This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

James lay on his bed. I watched him lie on his bed, floating above him slowly. The poor thing was depressed. I knew how that felt; I was often depressed, watching James live his life. Stumbling through life, trying to date a lesbian - a beautiful woman by the name of Eliza; a barista who's coffee he always bought, with almost stalkerish precision. She put up with his attempts politely, always refusing him, of course; he had yet to realize why. He would likely go there again, to harass the poor woman into a date, if not stopped. In the meantime, he would lay in bed; depressed, lonely, and a little bored, but not energized enough to do anything about it.

That was his way. That was how he operated. That was how he behaved. It was... boring to watch. Yet watching was all I could do. I had died in this house, after all; or rather, on the land that would become this house. I had taken ill, and the man I had been forced to wed had been too cheap to offer any doctor. Convinced I would get better on my own, or that it wasn't as bad as I claimed, he had watched me die on the spot where this man's bed now stood.

I could only leave the house by linking myself to this man who slept where I died. Even then, I could only stay away from this spot for a few hours at a time. Enough to see the pretty woman whom he stalked, every day. Enough to thirst after

her, despite myself, and wonder what life would have been like had I been able to marry a woman, like my heart desired, instead of a man.

I supposed I was no better than James. Watching someone I couldn't have, wishing I could ask them out like he did, wondering if I would have fared any better than him. I had no better chance than he did, after all; though she never spared him a second glance, she never had the chance to give me a first look. I was beyond her ability to even notice, as a helpless spirit.

So it was that I passed my days like this. Helpless, hopeless, watching a depressed man lay in his depressed bed, doing nothing but depressing things. Staring at the ceiling, waiting for his chance to ask out a girl that would never be his, while I myself lusted after that same brilliantly beautiful woman, who would never be with me. It was a horrible afterlife, and I often found myself wondering what I had done to deserve such a hell; was it so wrong of me to lust after women? So wrong, that I had to be given a terrible death, to match my life? Of course, not everyone I'd watched had been so terrible as this - occasionally there had been families, animals, people who actually... did things. Things I could watch unfold with something other than gloominess. Such things seemed far away, though, when I was being faced with untold weeks, months, or even years of this man stalking what he couldn't have. I sincerely hoped no woman would ever fall for him, while

he remained like this, though it meant the continuation of my own boredom, if all I could do was stare at this sullen boy. I did take what little entertainment I could, when he switched on the television, though the programs he chose to watch weren't always what I wanted. Shows of guns and violence, and mysteries of murder, coupled with occasional cartoonish shows from another country. The last were at least tolerable, though the "fanservice" - as I later learned it was called - could be a bit much for me. I also took entertainment by occasionally slipping my hand through his body, giving him a cold chill when he tried to ask the woman out. I suppose I was trying to dissuade him, put a negative chill through his body when he tried to ask her out in the hopes that it would convince him to hold back. Even if it meant I would never see the beautiful Eliza again. Occasionally I would even slip my entire body into his, feeling the warmth of his heartbeat and the touch of his flesh as if I were truly alive.

Perhaps I shouldn't have done so. It was thrilling to feel alive again, to look through someone else's eyes and body and pretend I was in control. Of course, it was always him making the shots, as I lacked the power to truly possess or even influence him; or at least, I thought I did. Truthfully, I started to notice small changes in his behavior, the more time I spent with him. His taste in programming was the first thing to change - though not to anything of my style; instead of

murder mysteries, it was supernatural mysteries. Things about ghosts killing people, possessing people. Perhaps it was less my influence than it was him wanting to understand the chills he sometimes felt, which temperature couldn't explain. Perhaps he was aware of my haunting him, to some tiny degree. It still seemed harmless, at first, and it wasn't enough for me to deny myself what little fun I was having.

Until he started to bring home books. Small ones at first, with fanciful titles like "how to tell if you're haunted!" or "using supernatural abilities to get the girl of your dreams". Eventually, though, he started to shift toward bigger books, heavy things with archaic looking designs and strange pale material on their covers. Books he bought from places I couldn't even enter, where I was banished back to the house the moment he stepped inside. It made my metaphysical skin crawl, even standing next to these books. Still, I managed to read over his shoulder, getting as close as I could despite the discomfort. He read about love potions, possessions, and demonic deals. Especially about the last.

Then came the day he drew the pentagram. Carefully inscribing it into the floor of a home as much hers as his, writing every sign inside it. Writing out in an ancient language what he wanted. A ghost. A possession. I had studied the books as much as he had, if with less fervor, and knew what he wanted. Someone to

possess Eliza, and force her to take him. The spell would give me the power to take a body, in return for coupling the two of them. It would also trap me in a new life, exactly like the one I had lost so long ago... me and Eliza both.

I reached out without hesitation, as he drew the final glyph. Though I didn't know what it would do, I pushed my hand through his and caused a little shudder to spin through him, making the last digit just a tiny bit off. Then the pentagram began to glow green. I worried I hadn't done enough, as he stepped into the pentagram, lifted his arms backward, and called Eliza's name. The green light enveloped him, making his skin glow, and a light shot out to pierce through me. I worried of what would happen, of where I would be forced, but I was drawn directly into the line. Directly toward James.

I felt the warmth of his body, the beat of his heart. The pleasure of life itself coursing through me. I felt James' shock, his uncertainty, his confusion, followed by the realization that he must have done something wrong. He had no idea that it was me who had caused him this problem, but he tried to reach out to correct the issue and try again. His fingers stretched toward one of the runes - and stopped. Without even intending to, I stopped his fingers from moving. I kept his hands locked in place, pulling them slowly backward as fear slid through him. A smile came across my features, though, as I realized that I was in control. That I was

alive again... and that I didn't want to give it up. Not for this cretin who would try to make a demon's deal, and seal a lesbian in the same fate as I had been in.

I had no idea what would happen to me, if I held on like this. I had no idea what it would mean for either of us, if the spell continued unabated. This strange summoning gone wrong, that had drawn a ghost directly into flesh. I could feel the comfortable warmth of life growing into a true heat, and I worried to myself that the power of this spell would not only burn James' body to a crip, but that it might actually destroy my soul in the process. Perhaps nothingness would be better than the torment I faced, however, especially if it spared Eliza what this man had been planning. Even if it meant nothingness awaited me, I was still determined to hold on rather than let this stalker escape.

The heat inside the body continued to grow, the flesh beginning to tingle as the body James and I shared was slowly lifted above the carpeted floor. I felt his hand burst into sudden light, the fingers slowly thinning, the hand shrinking ever so slightly, as the light and warmth spread up his arm, and across his shoulders. I felt the muscles in his body contract, what little mass he had slowly falling away, leaving him with a slender arm and narrow shoulders. His neck lolled on the head, face lighting up next as his nose shrank and his lips plumped. I had a suspicion as to what his new face would look like, as I felt his cheekbones lift and his his eyes

slowly burn; most likely changing color from brown to green. His hair, so far cropped short to his head and a deep dark brown was now lightening to blonde as it slid down his back, down to his hips. I recognized it as my own hair color, and my suspicion only grew.

Could it be, I wondered, that I was doing more than possessing James? That I was *replacing* him? That seemed too much to hope for, and I chided myself for giving in to such fantasies. Yet I couldn't help stretching out my limbs as I lowered my new hands, so like my living ones, to touch James' chest. I felt the warmth growing beneath his nipples, the heat of his body as my own breasts began to expand from beneath his masculine chest. There had always been a little fat there, honestly, but now it was growing out into true breasts beneath my attentions. I pinched the nipple, and shuddered, feeling James' penis beginning to harden, as the warmth of light slid down his stomach waist and hips. Shrinking the first two, widening the last, hips popping out of James' jeans. The poor thing let out a cry, the sound high pitched and feminine, and I let out a small gasp at hearing my own voice for the first time in so many years. I felt his legs shift, and weaken, the jeans falling down around my new feet as the light finally let go of me and I fell to the ground.



A moment passed. I stood. I took a wobbling step out of James's jeans, and toward his closet. There was no resistance from James, as I took the book he'd been reading from and stuffed it away in a corner of the closet, and pulled out a pair of slacks that James had outgrown long ago. I pulled them on, and then adjusted the red shirt that now draped across my wide hips, and clung to my bosom. Too tight, too large... I was going to need to go shopping, wasn't I?

After that, I had something to attend to. A girl I had been wanting to say hello to for a very long time. Someone I wanted to ask out on a date. Yes. I did, indeed.