

Mostly Ghost
A Hauntingly Good Vacation

A Haunting within the Hall

I woke up several days later with a completely new wardrobe, a pile of credit card debt, and dozens of phone numbers and texts from men I didn't know. I blocked every number that was sent in the last few days. I looked at the date and it was 4 days that he had me under. Four days of my life that I would never get back. Charlie had buried me so far into my subconscious I had no idea what he had done with these men, but from the texts, I saw before they deleted; it was obscene. I didn't want too, but I knew from the way Charlie was obsessed with my phone, I knew there would be evidence. I looked into my photos and there were hundreds of selfies; some by himself but most with him draped over much older men's bodies and those were always accompanied several naked pictures. I erased every image, well almost every image. Some of the pictures of the older man's beefy buttocks were too enticing to delete.

When I finally get my bearings back I realized that the ghost was gone, Charlie was nowhere in sight, but the effects of his several day excursion with my body was very apparent. My hair was bleached, my ears were pierced, and there was now a slight lisp in my voice that fluctuated whenever I talked. When I focused my voice was able to drop back to its normal deep tenor but if I spoke quickly or erratically; I sounded like a raging homo. I felt like I was losing myself in all these possessions, and turning into a completely different person. As I stared at myself in the mirror, I barely recognized myself and was fearful of what would happen next.

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I laid low the next few weeks, I ignored my friends, I locked myself in my room and tried to begin to obey my rules that had protected me for so many years. But it was like something in me was activated, ghosts seemed to be drawn to me now ever since the first possession. Ones that I had never seen before seemed to flood the campus as if searching for me. And my curse wasn't the only thing that tried to get under control. The gay feelings that bubbled inside me were beginning to get out of control.

I stared at guys in class, I jerked off solely to gay porn, even flirted back with a guy on XboxLive. Even though I knew I was straight, these thoughts were making me question. Was I truly as straight as I used to be?

The Spring semester finally came to an end, and my grades were subpar, to say the least, and my social life was none existent but that did not stop my friends from roping me into the Spring break vacation that we had planned prior to all the ghostly business.

“You’re going,” Jeremy said to me as I opened the door. I walked away from the entrance to my dorm room and sat on the edge of my bed. I stared down at my perfectly manicured hands and the clear coat that caused them to give off a slight sheen.

“I cant. I don’t have -,” I began to say, repeating the lie that I had already repeated to them multiple times before. Both Jeremy and Alex had been nagging me through text this last week, trying to plan the group trip to the cove but I stayed mostly silent. And when I spoke, it was only to say that I wouldn’t be going. A declaration neither of them accepted. I stared at Jeremy and wondered, would he ever bring up seeing me jerk off to our other mutual friend? Or would he bury it under our years of friendship, and chop it up to a weird coincidence that it happened at the same time.

“Afford it? Its paid for. Mom and dad already paid for it all.” Fuck. I opened my mouth to speak up my back up a lie, but he held his hand in the air. “Save it. You’re going. We are leaving tomorrow morning at 4 am. Be awake and packed or Alex and I are throwing you in the car and bringing you against your will. So the choice is yours, but you’re going. That’s that.” He said finally before crossed his arms and stared angrily at me. I sat silently on my bed like a child that was recently berated by his parent. I looked up to one of my best friends, and his eyes softened and he took a seat next to me.

“You okay dude?” He asked. “Alex and I are getting a little worried that you are going to, like, off yourself.” I bit my lip and considered telling him everything. Telling him about the ghosts, the possessions, and the increasing hard the gay urges were to suppress. “Cause you have been acting a little different. The last few months. And we want you to know Alex and I are both here for you if you wanna talk.” Jeremy placed his hand on my knee and I looked back at him and felt a thrill go through my spine. I stared at him, surprised that I had never seen how attractive he was; his dark features, his king eyes, and his full lips. I could feel my cock begin to plump up beneath my pants. I leaned towards him as if leaning in to kiss him. But when he shirked away from my attempt at a kiss; the spell was broken. I quickly pulled my macho persona into action, knowing of one way to salvage this interaction.

“What you don’t wanna kiss and paint each other’s nails.” I joked, pushing him towards the other edge of my bed. He laughed at my joke, completely buying into my joke. “I didn’t know you were sooooo emotional Jeremy.” I laughed, putting an extra emphasis on my lisp with little to no effort.

“Oh fuck off! This is what I get for being nice!” Jeremy said as he pulled himself from the bed. “Okay nevermind. I don’t care. GO jump out a window. Asshole.”

“But Jeremy I’m so in loooooooooove with you,” I said, continuing the joke. Jeremy rolled his eyes in annoyance.

“Well if you’re so in LOOOOOOOOVE with me. Then you better be up and at the front of the damn building at 4 am tomorrow. I don’t wanna go through this crap again. Got it?” He asked. His tone was joking, but his eyes gave way; he was genuinely scared and worried for me. I took a deep breath. I could do this. I could go on a vacation and not have the world come crashing down around me.

“I’ll be there,” I told him, finally giving into my best friends begging.

“Perfect! Don’t oversleep.” And with that, Jeremy slammed the door shut behind him, not giving me even a minute to second guess my agreement. How bad could it be?

I spent the rest of the night packing my clothes, and then repacking after I realized that all of my clothes were either; super tight, super lewd, or super gay. It was like two people in my head were packing the clothes. I finally zipped my suitcase shut with a weird hodgepodge of the newer more flamboyant me and the former muted version. I tried to dump out all the overtly gay clothes, but there was a constant voice that nagged in my head about how cute I looked in the clothes or how much Alex or Jeremy would like to see me in those.

By 4 am the next morning I was standing at the front door of the building when I saw Jeremy, Alex, and our other friend Austin pull to the front of the building. Jeremy was driving, Austin was asleep in the front seat and Alex was passed out in the back seat. I tossed my stuff into the truck and jumped into the back seat. At the early hour of the morning, the only people that were out were either runners or the undead. It was a briefly relaxing seeing the ghosts disappear in the rearview mirror as we drove away from the campus. Each of them searching for a person who was going to be gone for the next seven days, and I hoped that it would be enough time for them to give up and finally go back to where they belonged.