

anita
2025



Bedtime Routine

FIRST NIGHT

**UNLOCK OUR PREMIUM
FEATURES FOR 7 DAYS**

LAST OFFER!!!!

“Of course it's a shitty subscription.”

**CLICK HERE TO UNBLOCK
OUR PREMIUN FEATURE S!**

Let’s bite yet another bullet, why not?

After finishing the questionable purchase, Laura returned to her bedtime routine.

- **unblock her on IG**
- **doomscroll her feed until eyes start burning**
- **compare yourself to all the girls she's hanging with**
- **masturbate**
- **pass out**

Even though it's always so hard to wake up and stay awake during the day, no matter how many hours of sleep she manages to get every night.

A steady streak of 6-7 hours for two weeks is already luck and privilege, but the tiredness seems to have made a permanent nest in her heart.

So maybe the questionable app would shed a light on it in time for cancelling the premium subscription.

morning routine

- **block her on IG**
- **shower**
- **black coffee**
- **leave for work**

SECOND NIGHT

“It’s not so different from the free version... just some extra songs and audio recording.”

“Four audios from last night... Let’s check out.”



“Could it be the cough...”





~~what the fuck?~~

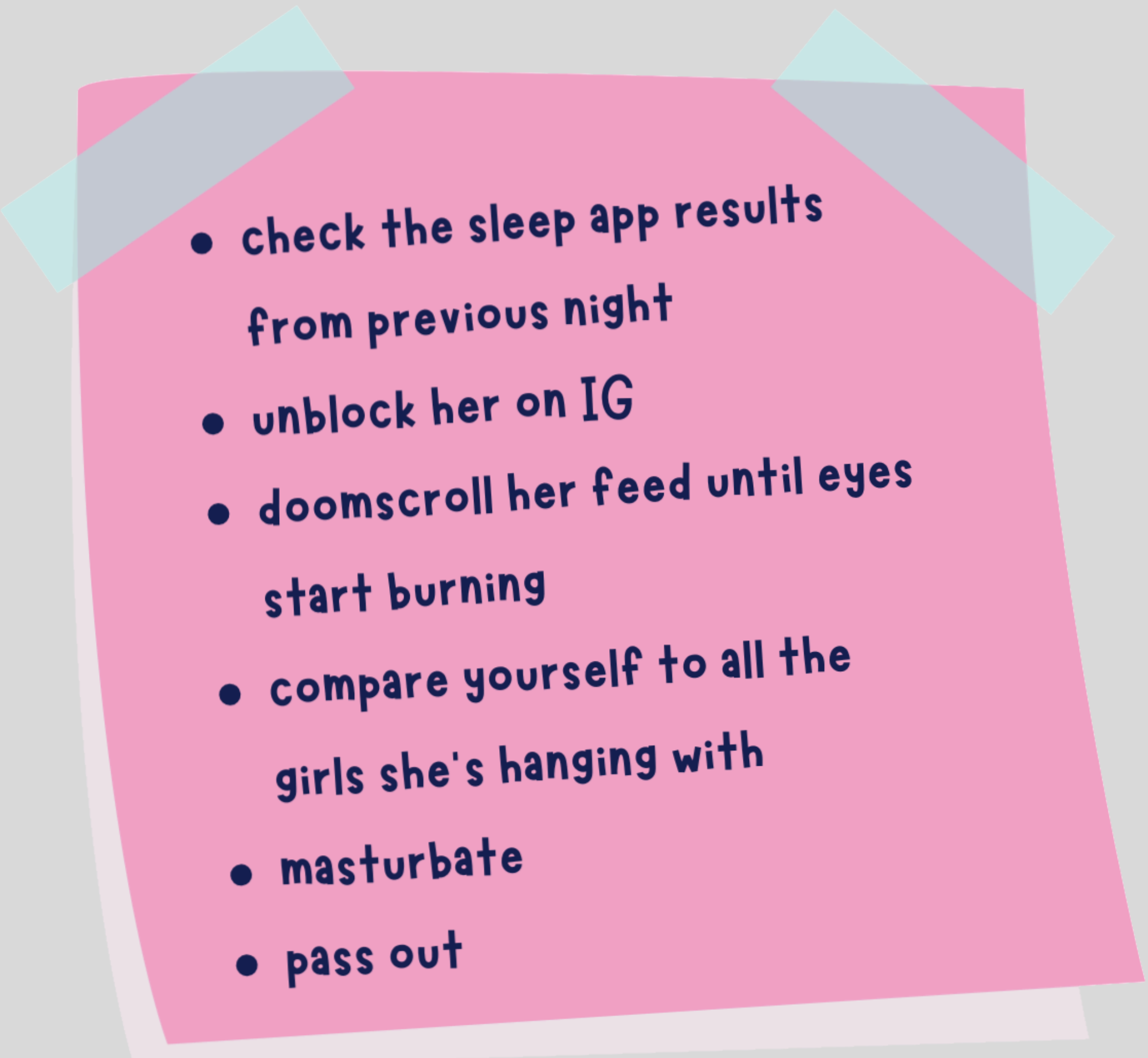
“... so... do I talk in my sleep...? Heh. That’s. New.”

~~haha.~~

The distorted voice gotta be a glitch, a phone issue or maybe the sign of a worse breathing problem... that’s something difficult to detect when you live alone. And it can ruin someone’s sleep very fast.

So perhaps the questionable purchase is gonna give a hint about the problem, after all.

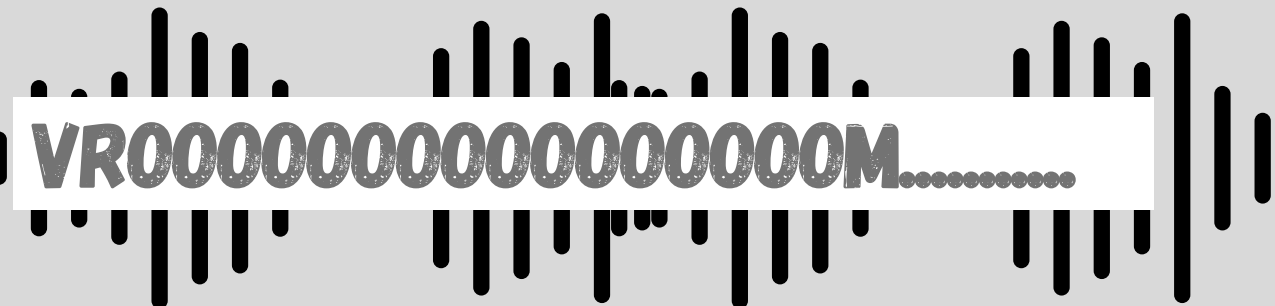
Therefore, ignoring the impulse of throwing away her phone, Laura kept the app as part of her bedtime routine.

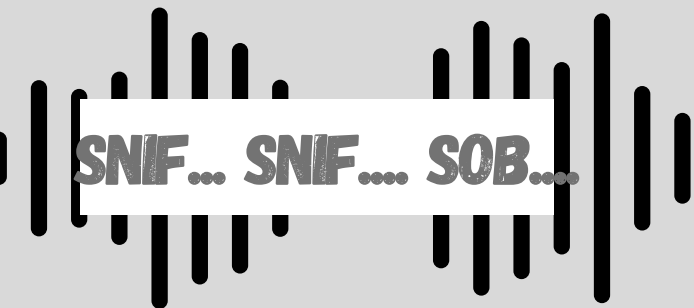
- 
- check the sleep app results from previous night
 - unblock her on IG
 - doomscroll her feed until eyes start burning
 - compare yourself to all the girls she's hanging with
 - masturbate
 - pass out

THIRD NIGHT

“Ok, five audios from last night. Let’s check out.”











Laura played the audio 4 again.

▶ *And again.*

▶ *And again.*

▶ *And again.*

No matter how many times she clicked to play, the same glitchy, twisted and breathy voice told the same words of comfort.

A voice eerily similar to her own, but unrecognizable in the same proportion.

don't cry
pretty doll



Who are you.



What. Do. You. Want. From. Me.

*Laura spoke out loud enough to
register the audio in the app.*

check the sleep app shit

DON'T FREAK OUT

pass out PLEASE

FOURTH NIGHT



fufufu... what do I want?



I wanna watch ya having fun every night .

~~So do you do like that?~~





A freaky ghost?!



For real, bitch? For fucking real?



Do you like girl cock, huh?



That's what you like?



You fuckin' rotten weirdo???



***GHOST OR NOT I
DONT GIVE A FUCK!!!***

So do you like that?



Then watch out.

Laura kicked her pants roughly, pouncing on the middle of the bed and taking off her shirt as well.

Sitting on her knees, she held back an urge to spit on the phone laying motionless on the pillow.

But that would be the only urge to hold back tonight, a courtesy to the sleep app running and ready to register any sound in the room.

Laura grabbed the K-Y bottle that was dropped on the floor next to the bed, splattering loads of lube on her hands and not caring about spilling some drops on the sheets.

She did not hate herself that much to go raw. At least not tonight.

Laura coated her erection from the base of the cock to the tip of the swollen head, already biting her lip in response to the light caress of the cold, thick substance in contact with her sensitive flesh.

“Fuck... a-ah, fuck...” She hissed between teeth, letting her loud breathing join the wet noises of her fist stroking the shaft.

Closing her eyes, she focused on the feeling of the slow pumps scratching the itching his body and mind craved night after night.

“Look at me... have a damn good look...”

Her fist closed tight around her pulsing shaft, squeezing it impatiently along with the spiteful whispers escaping her humid lips. A louder moan interrupted the words in the instant she pinched her nipple with the other hand, squishing the delicate teat between thumb and index.

Laura gasped, looking up to the cracked ceiling with tears in her eyes and feeling the length growing wider between her fingers. The familiar, blissful sensation of her brain getting foggy with arousal caused light goosebumps to travel across from her shoulders all the way down her belly.

The perfect moment to slide her busy hand up to her cockhead, palming and massaging it in circular motions, pressing the tip with thumb and rubbing the foreskin in faster strokes.

“T-that’s it, bitch... slutty, slutty, whore...”

Her hips bucked back and forth, head tilting to the side and hands turning into separated entities from her mind, moving and exploring her body to their own devices.

Just like her thoughts had turned into a force beyond her control, making her voice whisper the dirtiest things to her ears and rilling her up into submissive shame.

“You like it... that’s how you like it... ~

Her nipples were pulled and twitched, cock stroked fast and squeezed among mellow sobs of pleasure and humiliation, her knees sinking further in the mattress as the strength left her sitting legs.

“D-do that for me... do that for me, please...”

Letting go of the purplish nipple, her hand moved down, making a V upside down with fingers, brushing the base of the cock, poking her balls around as if looking for a secret button to push.

And the crooked ceiling turned into a white blur as her index finger found the prize.

“Ah... fuck..... ~ keep going.... ”

Her shoulders relaxed in a meek bliss and her words into sweet pleas as her finger slowly and carefully penetrated that tight little hole hidden next to her cock through the soft skin. Her hips rolled without shame, meeting the thrusts filling her up to the second knuckle of the finger in a single push.

Meanwhile, she kept jerking off in a hungry pace, firing up her sensitive meat.

“Don’t stop. Don’t stop. Don’t stop now, bitch, bitch, bitch!”

Tears rolled down her cheeks among the nonstop moanings and cussings reverberating in the walls, her mind splitting into player and toy at once.

Her fingers in V knew what to do, filling up the holes under both sides of her balls and fucking her from inside out, finding a sweet sync with the hard pumps of her fist stimulating her leaking cock throbbing in the air.

Laura feasted on her fingers buried inside to the last knuckle, bouncing in bed and spilling precum on the sheets and pillows. Those hands playing her had no interest in slowing down the ride or assure a soft landing.

No, they craved the pleasure like a stormy wave crashing on the beach at full force and damping the sand in fluids.

“M-more... more... t-that’s... it!”

Laura arched her back further, pushed by the strong quivering of the orgasm building up in her guts... and then she felt it.

Her nipples squished and pinched from behind between a thumb and an index finger invisible to the eye.

“AH...! ♥”

Her eyes rolled back and her hips jolted forward, splashing generous loads of cum through the intense stroking and vigorous finger fucking that didn’t stop to the very last drop.

For a moment of bliss, a roar of sheer pleasure echoed in the single’s bedroom.



FIFTH NIGHT



That was a damn show.



I do like that...



except when you cry, sweetheart.

You weren't quiet enough.

Laura gently placed the phone on her pillow before pushing her blanket fully over her head and kicking her pants off, finding the vibrator already waiting for her.

Purple, silicon, three speeds, 360 rotation mode, remote control, the whole package. Her pride and joy in its 4.3 x 1.2in. full glory, good as new even after a few months.

“Hey, friend.” She whispered with an empty smile, gently holding the vibrator upside down and diving the whole silicon shaft into the lube bottle. “Care for a ride?”

Thankfully no answer, so perhaps there was still hope.

In any case, she would make sure to be quiet enough this time, shoving her crumpled pants in her mouth and biting the fabric between teeth. The gesture alone helped to bring a wave of peace to her heart, reflected on the tension fading from her shoulders. And the absolute silence of the night out there was like a blessing giving her permission to not think about anything else.

Laura did as usual, having the vibrator standing on the mattress, some lube dribbling in the sheets. She caressed the tip, poking the head and smearing her finger with the sticky substance too. It was more than enough to pump her own mast into a full erection, spreading sweet goosebumps through her hot and bothered body.

A muffled sigh escaped her lungs as she lifted her legs and ass to hover over the toy, sheltered under the blanket even though she was – or should be – alone. But joke on the ghosts when she actually used to do it like this more often than not, hiding the moment even from herself.

However, maybe the ghost already knew that, a thought she forcibly brushed off before it could take any shape.

Sitting on her knees with the slick vibrator poking at her asshole, she closed her eyes and let her weight guide her down to the prize with a perfect aim.

Laura threw her head back, biting her pants harder between teeth as she accommodated the wide head stretching her entrance, no vibration turned on yet. But the invasion was already pleasurable enough and the remote control was at reach if she wanted an extra kick.

For now she just closed her eyes, rolling her hips slowly to take the toy at her own pace, hands on the mattress for balance even though her throbbing cock also claimed for attention. But she just focused on the vibrator filling her up, slipping down the rim and making her legs tremble slightly, teeth clenching and timid noises escaping her throat stifled in the fabric.

She clenched tighter around the length, bouncing up and down in short movements and making wet noises join her heavy breathing at each thrust taking more inches inside her.

Every time she reached this point, the comfortable heat started spreading across her body and she asked herself again why she didn't play more often with her friend. It always guaranteed her a good time, treating her needs and numbing her mind from stress.

And she was hella needy of that tonight.

Her hands grabbed the sheets as she bounced faster, picking up the pace and getting used to the pressure again, feeling every inch of the toy opening way through her tight, sensitive muscles. She loved to take her time exploring every bump and crevice, warming up for more and working out a sweat from the pleasant friction alone.

Her cock was begging to be touched but the edging was also part of the game. Not the time yet.

Not while she was busy fucking herself in the toy faster and faster, bouncing up and down in deep thrusts that claimed more of the silicon shaft at each sit, until she finally hit her butt against the base, swallowing the vibrator whole.

A deep sweet sigh escaped her nose as she basked in the sensation of being filled up to the brim and completely in control of each step. She could masturbate, play with her prostate, turn on the rotation or...

... or leave it to me.

Laura opened her eyes abruptly, unsure of the source of her own thoughts and feeling a sudden chill across her spine. Before she could process why the sensation of something else whispering in her mind was so overwhelming out of nowhere, a loud moan escaping her mouth forced her to drop the pants out.

“A-AH! W-what... a-ah!”

Her hands were still holding tight at the sheets.

And yet she yelped beyond help, rocking hips instinctively to follow the pace of her throbbing cock being jerked off as if wrapped by an invisible fist.

“C-can’t... be... how...” Pleasure and confusion were shaking her jumbled thoughts, mind looking for an explanation but her body just chasing the sensations caused by that hungry force squeezing and stroking her cock just the way she loved it. In a few seconds she was just moaning loud and shameless, clutching the sheets and moving back and forth. Of course, the toy still shoved inside her ass just added to the intense stimulation even though the focus had been scattered without warning.

This was about to change, too.

*“AH! AH! A-AH, GOD, DAMN, YES! AH, YES!!!!
FUCK!!!”*

She did not touch the remote, but the toy rotation started at the strongest level, hitting her prostate over and over and making her see stars very fast. There was no room for any questioning anymore and Laura just let go of the sheets to pinch and twist her own nipples, now craving the full course meal with dessert.

The invisible hand didn't falter, attending her cock like an extension of herself, playing with her balls, massaging the head and stroking faster as she screamed for it, rolling clumsily her hips to chase both the handjob and the prostate fucking from behind.

"I'm coming... I'm coming, I'm coming...!"

She arched back in the bed, resting head against the mattress with legs spread and cock in the air leaking precum, the vibrator pressed further down while the intense rotation rimmed her prostate without rest just like a toy is built to do. Gripping her own breasts and biting her lip were the only way to take the overstimulation bringing tears to her eyes, unable to stop the ride until the climax.

That was a damn show.

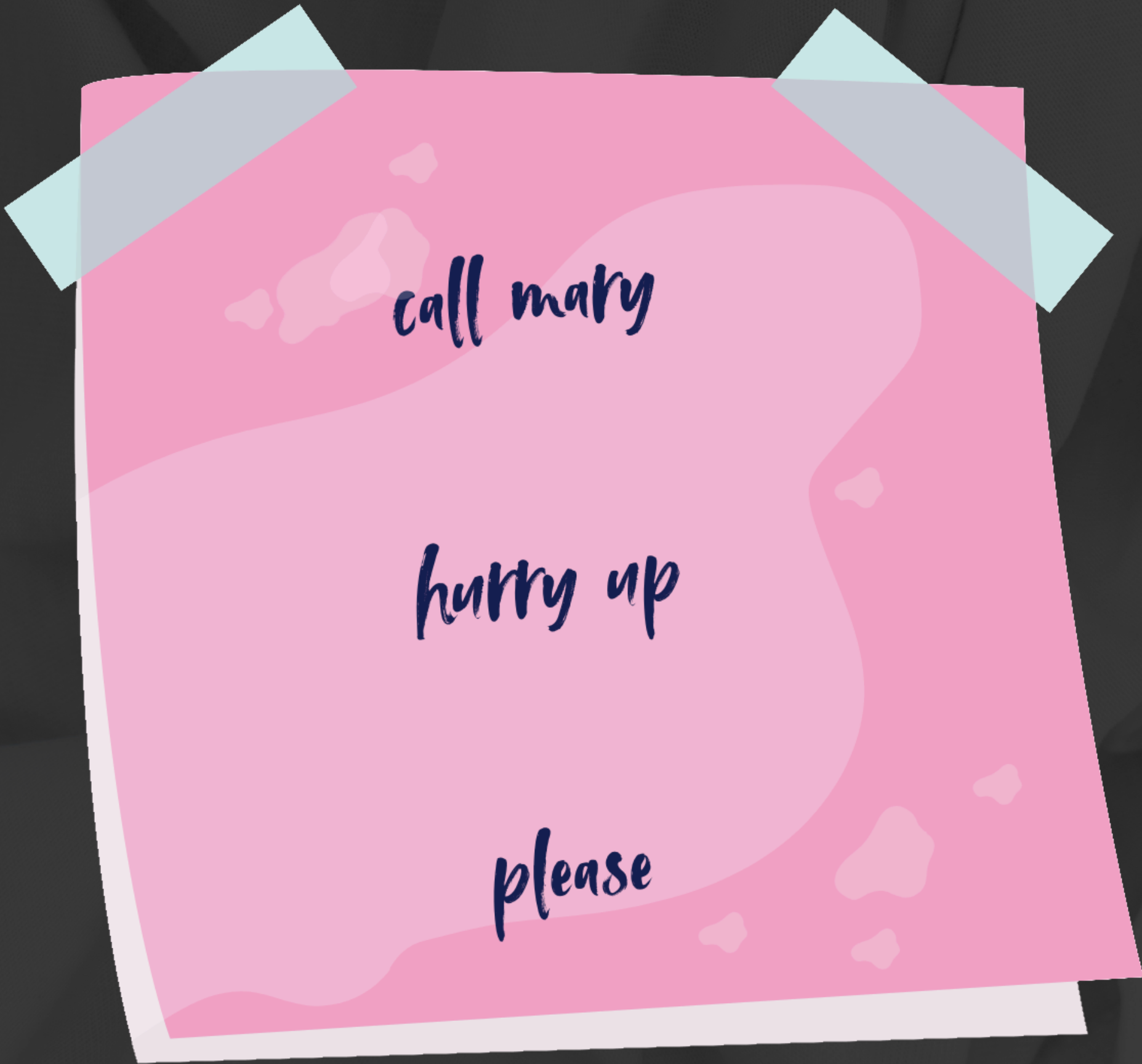
Her body started quivering violently and her heavy breathing turned shorter and faster, following the build up in her stomach, along with the fast-paced masturbation not giving her a break. Finally she collapsed on her back, fully laying on the bed and kicking legs in the air as her eyes rolled back seeing double and generous loads of cum splashed on the blanket, dripping down to her stomach.

She splurged to the last drop under the rhythm of the prostate orgasm, until her cock was totally emptied and her hips were left to weakly fuck the air in light spasms.

Then the toy finally turned off as mysteriously as it started working, now just filling her up with a gentle pressure through her twitches and gasps after taking her to the limit. Just like the invisible force had disappeared quietly once her erection was taken care of.

Only the softness of the blanket sheltering her from the world outside was left as a quiet witness.

A witness of the best orgasm of her life.



call mary

hurry up

please

SIXTH NIGHT



Dear Birdy,

I'm not kidding when I say you're the best damn thing that happened in my life. I told you all about how I feel and today I'm the happiest chick in the universe because I can let the whole world know I love you with all I got. You're my partner, my rock, my Sun and my babe. Nothing in the whole universe can compare to you. And now I can thank every bump in the road so far, because the gritty path lead me to your arms in the end. About damn time to find happiness, right?

I love you. I just wanna make you so happy just as you make me happy, and I'm gonna work my hardest for that. You know, Birdy.

ps: your song is on the way ;)

forever yours,

Mary.

Block

SEVENTH NIGHT

**ARE YOU SURE YOU
WANT TO CANCEL YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION?**

YES

NO



don't cry pretty doll

Laura payed no mind to the light ruffle of the sheets covering her legs, fully aware of the ghastly version of herself sneaking into the mattress. She did not have to look to recognize the opaque ginger hair and the skin even paler than the living counterpart, making the freckles barely noticeable, unfortunately.

But perhaps ghosts don't care about it too much and she'd rather not look too close to not risk meeting the empty eyeballs lost in pitch black darkness instead of her own lovely grayish-blue pupils. No one told Laura that, but she knew she should not look directly in her eyes, no matter what else she was about to allow with no hesitation.

Her own cold hands opened her knees with grace, just the perfect balance of strength to express desire without pushing an invasion. Laura had no reason to protest, leaning back on the pillows and letting her cock bounce freely between her legs, already as hard as it could get.

A shared hitched breath filled the air, causing goosebumps in her warm flesh from cold puffs hitting her inner thighs and cockhead.

Laura looked up to the white ceiling, catching glimpses of the glitchy curls between her legs and soon feeling the blue-ish version of her own fingers fondling her skin with no rush. The ghost nails wasn't even the coldest touch she had experienced in life, to be honest, so she just closed her eyes hoping to empty her mind from any thoughts soon enough.

It didn't take long for the holes between her balls to be softly poked, causing her more goosebumps and a pleasant craving to spread in her stomach. The hand in V shape found the holes in both sides of the cock at same time, pulling the skin and filling her up at once.

Just the way she likes it.

A muffled moan escaped her throat and Laura clutched the pillows out of instinct, spreading her legs further in response to the stimulation. She didn't mind the ghastly giggles in her ears and the chill touch of curls on her legs, not when the payoff was a nice fast pace of fingering in that particular way that few could provide so well. Her cold fingers were knuckle deep in her holes, thrusting in and out and making shameless wet noises along with her fast breath and grinding hips in sync with the moves.

‘A-ahn!’

She didn't hide back louder noises when her cockhead was sudden taken in her wet mouth while her ball holes were being fucked silly, adding to the pleasure with no pause. The sticky ghost tongue wrapped around her cockhead, wetting it plenty and eagerly sucking the tip, alternating with circular motions of the long tongue taking up the shaft inch by inch in slow bobbings of her head. Laura could feel her legs bouncing in the air as her length was swallowed up by the hinged ghost jaw.

Her body sprawled in the middle of the bed was at the mercy of the thrusts in her small holes and the vigorous sucking of her throbbing cock. It was for sure different to feel her pulsing flesh surrounded in a peculiar chill pressure making up for the lack of warmth of her eager lips and translucent throat filled with cock. Not that Laura, alive, was bothering to look down in curiosity of how her shaft looked buried in that back and forth motion apparently effortless from her counterpart's side.

No, she was fine in the darkness of her eyes closed shut and engrossed in the pleasure of the blowjob. Until a coldish wet sensation poked her cheek, making her open eyes only to see herself hovering over her, mouth still working diligently buried in her cock and thighs sprawled on her face, pointing the ghost cock and balls near her nose.

Fair enough.

Laura hinged her jaw as well and tilted her head up enough to guide her ghostly cock inside her mouth with no effort, joining her partner in a position she wasn't unfamiliar with. And it was undoubtedly the cock she knew and touched for so long, in every vein and curve that she knew how to stimulate the best on her own even if it was obviously she had the chance to gobble it.

Laura sucked diligently in the same pace she was being pleased between her legs, just opening eyes for a second to look for the holes around her own balls too and filling up the translucent flesh.

It was fascinating to see her fingers in V pushing the skin up and filling up those holes up to the knuckles, causing immediate reactions reflected on the length throbbing in her throat and the faster pace of her fingers. The feeling around her hand and throat was noticeably cold, but still tight and pleasant to thrust in and out.

Just the way she (she) liked it.

Their hips rolled together in a perfectly mirrored reaction to every move, wet noises and synced motions overlapping in a cycle of stimulation that would only lead to the very same orgasm built up in a kaleidoscope of self.

A blissful loop with no start and no end, only the peace of an unwavering truth.

I am in control.

The End.

CREDITS

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images edited from freepik.com

NO GENAI WAS USED IN THIS DESIGN.