

Night at the Opera - Ghosting

Mrs. Merriweather had wanted to tongue Mr. Merriweather's nuts since the day that they caught eyes in the operatorium. She was singing soprano, lugubrious as always, letting the ululavits really tongue in her jowls. He was sitting in the third row, tank topped as many jack offs but she found in him a form that suited her new and young propensity to want to be different. How how she had aged. Wrinkles accumulating around our lips, eyes, and ears. Singing takes a strain even if done casually as she had done it for all these years. When it came down to it, she wanted more hard cocks and cum than you could wink a one-eyed monster at. Her hips practically strained against her if only to reach for that which she knew not where to ask for. What door could she old as she was knock at and not be answered with a laugh from a man with a dick who could slice cold butter in half?

So she sang and she sang, threading her eyes again and again at the same zone. She hoped that he would play ball too, that he was one to have his balls played with as tight and abbreviated as any young man's balls should be. When she wanted to feel a little less perverted, to calm down as it were she would direct her gaze beseechingly at the pianist, young but already sinking into the pit of doldrums and asceticism that the order of any art calls for. Mrs. Merriweather clutched a fist. How the young do waste away their talents! Here was this pianist, buxom as any school teacher already falling down three flights of stairs, and with each jounce and jounce, the gala dress displaying these wondrously tight curves that the young display like they will always be there. The pianist could be surrounded by horny studs in the bullion yards that the public call colleges and Mrs. Merriweather tended to call salt pits but no this pianist bitch, Cindy, as it were was crumbling her hands across a speck of white keys. And all for what?

So the people in the crowd could stare at her boobs and picture her not playing music? If Mrs. Merriweather had Cindy's drive with the age she had now, why she would not be caught dead, giving throaty calls to the old and decrepit.

But wasn't the soon to be Mr. Merriweather a needle in the haystack? How much yardage is he popping she wondered now looking at the leg's of the piano, now looking at the corner where it appeared Mr. Merriweather was jiggling his legs. Mrs. Merriweather did not dare show her own self to her eyes. She already had enough eyes on her as it was. She was wearing some vomit green thing that sparkled. She was in heels. She would be offstage soon, making wondrous love to her fingers, thinking of this tank-topped man. They would be on a beach together, toes in sand but hands on each other. She would be his finger painting project. Better she would be his splatter painting project. Bring the foam and she would deliver. Let me see it shovel heap after heap of fluid, she thought to herself while maintaining her operatic lyrics. Let it be warm as the noon sun and so much more. So much more to have it stream all over face, hair, and ears. She felt the stage fall away from her. She felt gathered as if her eyes were no longer suspended in cotton. She could beam her way through the darkness.

Lo and behold. Mr. Merriweather, who she now knew as her future husband, was straining his shorts, already a hop and a skip from baiting her tackle. She watched through the shorts (who knows how she had managed to disengage herself from singing but she was certainly out of her body, watching herself continue to sing as she hovered close to him) as tiny threads of ejaculate coasted down his shorts and scattered in his thigh hairs. She reached out to catch what she saw as wasteful. Whatever she was, a bubbling over of self? no, a roller coaster? no, a jumbo jet? no but close, could not catch up the semen. Lost, lost, what a loss. She consoled herself,

thinking if only I find my way back to my body, I will make good use of this information. He will be on the beach, spreading his shorts, already his hose ready to pump, ready to fuck my face. But what am I now all nothing and no hands and nowhere to put them? Everything she saw came back to the pianist. What was that dress she was wearing? Down to the knees and giving a hint of nothing in between. Let it rise like a gentle curtain, blowing the breeze. She watched it sneeze, hiccup up the thigh until it was barely covering the underwear. Mrs. Merriweather would have rubbed her eyes if she had any, bodiless as she now was. Was this a fever dream? Were the lights all bent upon her final attempt? Had the gods looked so kindly upon her final day? She knew that Mr. Merriweather would be her husband but that was an odd sense as amputated as she was now. Working changes on the world around her...this was something else.

She found herself next to Cindy, sitting on the bench, unfazed, coolly playing, face red but eyes focused on the keys. Could she really be wearing sleeves? Mrs. Merriweather's ghoul? watched the sleeves fold up over the elbows and suction cup into the space right above the armpits. There was now side boob action coming on. What else could Mrs. Merriweather change? The breasts although noticeable were nothing to sneeze at. Mrs. Merriweather watched the boobs bloat the top and offer a sizable sandwich to any dick that happened to be in that neck of the woods. So she could play with boobies and bodies, eh? Mrs. Merriweather appeared beside her acting self. Wouldn't it be nice if you were younger and more bouncy? The vomit green dress that Mrs. Merriweather had spooled over herself that morning and coated in the musk of old lady perfumes turned itself inside out to sequins. Mrs. Merriweather could have sworn she saw herself naked there for a second. But then all the weight that her complaint bore blew out this sequin dress like a disco ball. Her ass tightened up. To attention, my ass! The cups could

now be confused for two teapots, sharp and smooth, ones to cup, ones to cum all over and within. What they had been before she had rather not mention. Her legs lengthened, alleviating any back trouble that she had. Her breasts ballooned out, no longer flabby and held tight to her like some secret waiting to be released with her heart, waiting to be released like some movie on Valentine's Day to your most liquid lover on the prettiest beach. She found herself floating into the beach. But then opted out. Because why not stay where she was?

She had altered herself and Cindy on a surface level. But Mrs. Merriweather wondered if she could collect information as well. She swilled herself to Mr. Merriweather's side hoping to fill herself with his swirling brain fluid. Low and behold, his ear cracked to her, whispering *I would like to fuck that prig. Take her around back. Have one leg crept up on the dumpster. Have her from behind. Breasts jiggling. Ass sashaying to my column. She would look up and her hair, blond as any star, would swing back and I would have to blow it from my face. What a marvel to hold my hands around. Those hips are ones to make a heart skip.* Mrs. Merriweather took the time to unwind from his mind to truly appreciate all that she wrought. It was true her hips were now two branches splitting the crotch of her sequined dress. It was true that her silvery hair had flashes of platinum and blond like the argon in a star. She was making headlines for sure. Song or no. Mr. Merriweather's other head, at this point, was starting to become a crow in his throat. Mrs. Merriweather noticed he was no longer content playing with his shoe and was now creeping his hand up the twirls of hair on his legs. The hair fell off. Blown like so much dandelion tuft. She did not mean to unman him. But she hated hairy things. She looked through the cup of his shorts to ascertain that his shaft and balls were bald too. She looked back at herself, making a similar comment. She watched the tufts float their way through her dress and

to center stage. Cindy's would have to pool up under her ass until she took a pause for applause. What was Mrs. Merriweather waiting for? She floated over to Cindy, beaming her way into her head. *I have to keep control of the keys. Is anyone looking at me? The keys. The keys. They need to be organized. Nothing out of place.* Cindy needs to loosen up, Mrs. Merriweather sarcastically mimed to herself. *The keys of crack I left in the car. I hope it won't be far. I need to cradle my cooch. I need to cradle my cooch. By four fingers or five or fist I know not. Little. I like to fuck, suck, and knuckle myself. Pink. Pink it all. God never made me a fuck toy. What boy wants to put me on the couch?* Mrs. Merriweather, hearing these things, wondered if she had gone too far. Then ditched that wondering in favor of why the fuck not go further? Cindy was not enough of an exhibitionist. She had control of these keys. She can take care of so much else. Mrs. Merriweather watched as Cindy continued to play but the fingers now lacked a certain adroitness, at the end of each strike they lingered as if they would rather be in a warmer place.

Fuck the foreplay. Cindy pulled her hands to herself, clutching crotch and massaging up the dress and underwear to her steamy genitals. She turned herself on the bench, lowering herself on her back, and hanging her legs in the air in a V so as to flaunt her newfound anatomy. Of course, much of the details were lost in the workings of her hands, which proved a new benchmark in lyricism. She was cooing and moaning as if she were being struck by a thousand tiny hammers. She was crying "Fuck me. Fuck me. The piano is done. Fun time is begun. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck. Fuck." Her legs shook. Her hands tightened to herself. And she nearly fell off the bench as everything collected in her gut. Mrs. Merriweather had now had some fun sure. She had humiliated this woman. Although come to picture it, the crowd remained rapt throughout the performance. Perhaps if Cindy applied a little more jiggle. Cindy

then closed her legs, stepped up on the piano in her newly lacquered fuck-me pumps with the price tag still on them and the strings still her pinching her foot as a pole rose from the piano, and Cindy met it crotch on, plenty of wiggle room for her ass and vagina to kiss, moisten, pelt the warming steel. Cindy pulled herself across it while Mrs. Merriweather continued to sing. Cindy then possessed by whatever tune she was put her feet back on the ground and shook her steady badonkadonk to the invisible tune wrapping through her head. Said song went something like: “Shake it with all you got, you gyro monster. I’ve seen cleets with clits bigger than yours. But an ass as squirky or a vagine as smirky. You should besmirch me. After you wet shirt yourself that is. You wet as a fire hose. You live as the fabric count on lingerie. Will you be my baby tonight?” Cindy was hands on thighs, ass cheeks wobbling, legs splayed as the tune squirreled its way through her head.

Mrs. Merriweather decided to check on the Mr. He was so, so, drawn between Scylla and Charybdis as it were. Who was Mrs. Merriweather kidding? She was jealous because Mr. Merriweather now had all eyes on Cindy? And who wouldn’t with an ass as effulgent as tear drops, smooth as a marble floor? Should she be vying for his affection? Her dignity was only on the line so far as she wanted to spew for it. Then Mrs. Merriweather noticed her other half cupping his shaft through his shorts, slowly beginning to milk his babies to be into his shorts. She saw his eyes locked in the magnetic, glassed look of one out of this world. Heavens. She had to preserve him from this pianist turned masturbatist. What could she do? Whisper sweet nothings into his ear? No, she had to take direct attention. She appeared next to herself, all shiny and rotund as a disco ball. She pumped the volume, blasting her own already failing platitudes. Boobs, too small. Ass, too small. Hair, too short. The results were more than she

could have wished for. The breasts dug trenchant holes through the dress, so much so that Mrs. Merriweather had to bend over to keep from falling. She could reach back and feel the ass curving out behind her. But had she fallen back into her body? Could she get out? Mrs. Merriweather looked to the lights and felt herself loosen. Her body fell away. This had to come to finale. Otherwise all that seed would be lost. Mrs. Merriweather as quick as she had decided to leave returned to her body. Holding the mic, she clattered past the stripping Cindy, both hands now on the poll, legs in the air, hair falling out underneath her. It was a struggle for Mrs. Merriweather to keep balance so she complained. And she had the proficiency of a stripper when it comes to wielding weight. She shook those breasts and turned that tail, the audience newly enraptured, the spotlight falling across her curves as she paced the stairs and took Mr. Merriweather's hand away from his penis and into hers. She lead him back center stage where she motioned for him to sit tight. He squatted Indian style enraptured as any pilgrim his head straining his gym shorts. She had to get outside one last time. Entering his mind, she heard *What a good lay this will be. One quick pop and squat. I will be coming outrageously. It has been so long. It has been so trying. Would that she would bend, sway, move one last time that I know what she is packing.* Mrs. Merriweather flew to Cindy's ear. Asked her to quiet down. The stripper came to rest on the piano edge, legs dangling, her eagle as bare as any egg shell. Mrs. Merriweather returned.

It had been a long day, filled with many transformations and fever dreams. But Mrs. Merriweather would not have it any other way. She slipped out of her sequined dress, nipples as puffy as starfish and already burgeoning with milk. She felt at the center of someone else's fantasy as she stooped to her knees and crept the boxer shorts down Mr. Merriweather's thighs.

His penis, hairless and prideful, bounced out, already squirming with fluid. She traced her tongue along its cliff edge of veins. She cupped the spry balls. Mr. Merriweather quavered. Breath coming sharp. She lowered her mouth, kissed, and did a little lip dance across the head. She was sure he was going soon as she let the length of him inside. She sent her eyes up at him, he looking down at her, already seeing the doom written in his eyes, telecasting the foreclosure that hadn't even had a chance to open up. The warmth opened in her throat, his length spasming in quaver after quaver. She watched his stomach pour itself out to her. When it was thick enough in her throat, she popped her lips off and let the spunk fly, cresting her eyebrow, hair, shoulder, breasts. It was not a thorough cum shower. It was not long lasting. But it was enough. And Mrs. Merriweather bowed into her future husband.