



Restless Spirit

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A trade with KennyTheBobcat



A light breeze blew down the crowded street, rustling loose decorations and sending shivers through those not dressed warmly beneath their costumes. Children and parents alike ran the length of the sidewalk, exchanging sweet candy and tasteful antics respectively. It was a perfect Halloween night in nearly every regard, from the full moon hanging in the cloudless sky to the Jack-o-lanterns peering from open windows. The entire neighborhood had been swept up by the festivities, but not everyone celebrated quite the same way. While most made it their mission to collect as many treats as possible, some focused on the more horror oriented elements of the holiday.

A small group of such individuals had gathered at the front gate of the local cemetery, where they argued amongst themselves over who was brave enough to spend the night within the wrought-iron perimeter. They all talked a big game, but every time attention shifted to one teenager in particular, they found a convenient excuse to nominate someone else. Rationality claimed there was nothing to fear on the eerie patch of land, but the way moonlight shone through the mist-wreathed skeletons of trees stirred up something primal and fearful. As the buck passed from one fur to another, more and more of them joined forces to avoid being the unfortunate soul sent in. Eventually, it came down to the entire group uniting against Dawn.

After a few verses of heated banter, it became apparent that the fit unicorn had two options: walk away and shatter his reputation or brave the cemetery and return a hero. With a somewhat heavy sigh, the blue-furred equine chose the latter. There were thousands of other things he'd rather do with this enchanted evening than waste it in a graveyard, but a challenge is a challenge. Plus, he had to admit the thought of walking into that darkness alone sent a chill up his spine. His friends offered a final round of "encouragement" as he stepped through the gate, offering to send a search party if they didn't hear from him by morning. Dawn brushed them off with a flick of his tail and a flutter of his wings, then steeled himself as he walked out of sight.

The mist embraced him as he wandered between rows of headstones, searching for a nice place to try to relax and wait out the night. As expected, this was quite the task. It seemed disrespectful to prop himself against one of the grave markers or mausoleums, and there simply weren't many options beyond those. Eventually he found himself standing before the largest tree in the area, an ancient thing that had likely been around longer than the town itself. Thoroughly convinced he wouldn't find a better spot, Dawn brushed away some of the leafy litter strewn about its base and took a seat. It wasn't the most comfortable place to rest, but considering his surroundings it wasn't terrible.

Of course now that he had found a place to settle in for the night, his mind was free to drift on to other things. Every breeze that wove through the morbid park stirred up a whirlwind of dried leaves, drawing the unicorn's attention all across the landscape. Bare branches swayed

and creaked in the wind, occasionally dropping to the ground and jolting him with surprise. The first hour was by far the most nerve wracking, but as time passed Dawn grew more comfortable with his environment. Everything that inspired his fear was something projected onto the blank canvas of darkness, and his apprehension was gradually overtaken by a pleasant calmness. This was a place of rest after all, and once he had become more accustomed to the various sights and sounds, Dawn tried to get some of his own.

The unicorn's eyes drifted shut as he reclined beneath the venerable tree, the excitement of the day beginning to catch up with him. If he fell asleep now, he could wake up in the morning and claim his glory with almost no work whatsoever. He wrapped his wings around himself in a makeshift blanket, but it didn't ward off the wind completely. His ears twitched every time a stray noise caught them, bringing him back from the cusp of dreams on multiple occasions. Perhaps this wasn't going to be as easy as he thought. Dawn shifted a bit where he laid, thankfully finding a spot that blocked most of the breeze. Unfortunately this brought about a new set of problems, including the unshakable sensation of being watched.

The chill of observation intensified as Dawn struggled to reason it away, and after a few minutes of fruitless tossing and turning he was forced to investigate it to put his mind at ease. Fortunately, he wouldn't have to search long for an answer. The blue equine recoiled as he opened his eyes, a pair of floating yellow lights dominating his vision. He nervously brushed the encounter off and wiped his eyes to dispel the hallucination, but the dual orbs unnervingly persisted. A form began phasing into existence around them as he tried to piece together exactly what he was seeing, binding him in place with mixed curiosity and fear.

He was unable to look away as translucent blue pseudo-flesh materialized before him, taking the shape of an exceptionally voluptuous woman. Violet strands poured from her scalp as her form gradually came into focus, framing her piercing eyes and slight smile with flowing hair. Her bust emerged into reality as the wave of coalescence swept down her body, hanging with simulated weight in the cool night air. The flare of her hips followed the narrow of her waist, endowing her with a rear that would have caught the attention of everyone she passed in life. A pair of thick thighs stemmed from her abdomen, but instead of continuing into a pair of legs melded together and tapered off in a ghostly tail.

The figure floated in curious silence as Dawn wrestled with the impossibility of what he had just witnessed, her smile widening as she watched his thoughts play across his face. She didn't make a habit of showing herself to mortals, but she always enjoyed their reactions when she did. When he finally seemed to accept that he was in fact awake, the gloriously nude phantom introduced herself as Spectra. Through his stunned stupor Dawn managed to present himself as such, unwilling to risk offending the spirit. The spectral woman lightly giggled with his hesitation, her eyes sparkling with mirth and dispelling any hint of hostility the unicorn may have imagined.

Spectra offered to stay with him through the night, giving rise to an initially tense conversation that bloomed into something wonderful. The pair warmed up to one another as the moon followed its celestial arc across the sky, and within an hour of meeting, the sound of their laughter rang through the desolate yard. Dawn found it increasingly difficult to meet her luminescent gaze however, as every motion of her thick body set her tantalizing breasts in hypnotic motion. A blush tinted his muzzle as he noticed the tent growing in his pants, but much to his relief the spirit considered it a compliment. Seizing the blatant invitation, Spectra caressed the unicorn's spire through his clothing and asked if he would like to have a little fun to help pass the time. He accepted, pausing only long enough to make sure she was serious.

Dawn's clothes literally vanished as Spectra demonstrated her magic, freeing his blue pelt to shine in the moonlit chill. His member pulsed with anticipation as it was sprung from its confines, slinging a drop of lust onto Spectra's bare chest. A melodic giggle left her lips as she dabbed the pearl from her breast, making a show of bringing it to her waiting lips. The unicorn's cock gave another hardy throb as she licked the bead of fluid from her finger tip, showcasing her desire and giving him a sample of what was to come. Her tongue traced over her the edge of her mouth as she searched for any lingering essence, turning her sights towards the source when she found none.

A shiver ran up Dawn's spine as they locked gazes, decades of unfulfilled lust pouring into his consciousness in that brief instant. The realization of her lengthy isolation hit him all at once, rendering him powerless to resist her advances, even if he wanted to. The voluptuous phantom cupped his ample sac as she brought her lips to the peak of his tower, hanging there for just a moment before enveloping him. The unicorn gasped as he was plunged into her cool mouth, the sensation odd but welcome nonetheless. Her supernatural throat warmed with his lust as she took him to the root, filling her with the dual pleasures of being filled and heated. She bobbed up and down his length once he acclimated to the subtleties of her form, palming and massaging his balls as she did so.

The unicorn's digits dug shallow furrows into the grass around him as he endured the bliss she inflicted upon him, attempting to resist and prolong the sparks of rising orgasm. He opened his eyes just long enough to catch a mischievous twinkle in her eye before a tidal wave of pleasure crashed down upon him, drawing his breath in a lengthy moan. His exposed chest heaved with the sudden escalation, and his paws gripped chunks of earth as Spectra's magic began to flow into him. A sharp chill radiated from her touch into his sensitive flesh, overloading his nerves as it mixed into the fire of his lust. His spire and sac began to grow as the sensation persisted, forcing the grinning spirit to adjust her hold on his swelling equipment.

The complex signals of rapture became more so as Dawn's lengthening shaft pushed deeper into her otherworldly core. The unicorn shivered and moaned as he was met by more of her cooled throat, the spirit taking the added inches in stride. He vividly felt each infinitesimal bit of growth, and it took the totality of his willpower to keep himself from firing his seed directly

into her belly. Spectra chuckled around him as she noticed his desire to draw this out as long as possible, slowing down somewhat to oblige him and savor his growth. The equine rolled his head back as she settled into a more relaxed pace, the new speed enhancing the pleasure of delving into her oral passage. All the while he continued to expand, pushing him towards divine proportions at a gradually slowing rate

Any other partner wouldn't have been able to accommodate the scale Dawn soon reached, but Spectra was no ordinary lover! Her malleable body wrapped around his massive girth without complaint, accenting the tightness of her throat and bringing both of them to unimaginable heights. Before either of them could summit their climactic peaks however, she teasingly pulled away from his waist. Dawn couldn't stifle the sound of his disappointment, but fortunately Spectra wasn't cruel enough to just leave him on the edge. The spirit licked his flavor from her lips as she floated up his body, bringing them eye to eye and chest to chest. The unicorn shivered as her lust-hardened nipples combed through his pelt, and trapped her in a passionate kiss once close enough.

There was a brief pause as they wrestled tongues, but such a distraction was unable to reign in their mutual desire for long. Spectra broke the kiss first, looking into Dawn's eyes with a sly grin as she ground her hips against his. He let out a low moan as her slickened folds traveled a small section of his member, bathing him with her cool lust before sliding up and granting him entry. The spirit shuttered as the thick head of his spire parted the opening of her nethers, sending sparks of pleasure through her semi-corporeal form. A sigh of bliss left her lips as she started her slow ride down the monumental length, reveling in the sensation of being filled so completely. The unicorn tossed his head back as he was plunged into her welcoming depths, almost reaching orgasm from the entry alone.

Spectra finally hilted him after what seemed like hours, his member throbbing and sending bolts of pleasure through her body. For a few moments she simply rested atop him, rippling her passage around him and stroking the bulge he created in her middle. Dawn screwed his eyes shut in an attempt to contain himself, but it was a battle he was rapidly losing. His spire had more than doubled its size thanks to the zealous spirit, and with it came vastly increased sensitivity. This combined with the novelty of being embedded in someone so refreshingly cool, creating a sensation he never wished to see the end of. Things only got better as the spirit began to lift her hips, exposing a few inches of his cock to the night before hiding it in her translucent body.

Muffled sighs of bliss filled the graveyard as the pair fell deeper into their loving ritual, giving the headstones a concert they had likely never heard. Their performance intensified as it progressed, layering the sounds of damp flesh on flesh into their breathy melody. Dawn wrapped his arms around Spectra's shoulders, crying out in pleasant shock as she milked him with her passage while bouncing in his lap. He throbbed with impending orgasm as the spirit did away with restraint, her tunnel begging for the burst of molten heat that would send her over the edge.

The unicorn grit his teeth as he struggled to prolong their dance, but not even the promise of exponentially greater delayed pleasure could stem his release.

A cry of rapture reverberated through the trees as Dawn succumbed to his climax, the wails of his partner joining in seconds later. They embraced one another as they weathered their shared release, reveling in the overwhelming sensations. The magically enhanced unicorn gripped his partner for two solid minutes as his sac pumped away its contents, filling her to the brim and then some. A tide of seed spilled from her nethers as she met her capacity, covering the ground around them in the mixed products of their lusts. Finally his spectacular release abated, allowing him to drift into an exhausted afterglow. Spectra laughed to herself as she watched the adrenaline drain from his body, dropping him unceremoniously at the shores of his dreams. The spirit placed a tender kiss on his forehead before vanishing away, leaving the prone unicorn fully nude and unconscious in the empty graveyard.