

ADULTERGEIST  
by Dave Biscella

Fallyn sat up quickly from the middle of a deep sleep. It was happening again.

There were banging sounds, like somebody slamming against the wall, coming from the library of the house they purchased three months ago. The library was just below their bedroom, so the noises were very loud and easy to isolate where they were coming from.

She looked next to her to wake up her husband Todd, who hadn't believed her that the noises had been happening a few times a week for the past few months. He was never there when the noises were taking place. He was always either working late, or had fallen asleep on the couch downstairs, or went down to the kitchen for a midnight snack, it was always something. He always had an excuse for why he didn't hear the noises. Fallyn wasn't sure if he heard them and just didn't want to admit it, or if she were going insane.

Moans started to join the thumping sounds, as they often did. Long, loud, moans. Moans, clearly from a female. Mostly indistinguishable noises, but occasionally you could try to make out a word if you really convinced yourself. Fallyn had tricked herself into being fairly certain she had heard the terms "don't", "naughty boy", "stop", not necessarily in that order, and a few others that she couldn't quite make out.

This was happening every few nights. It would go on for twenty minutes or so, then stop. And in that twenty minutes, Fallyn could never find the courage to go into the library to investigate. Instead, she'd sit there terrified for the entire time, then lie awake the rest of the night in fear, then spend the entire next day worrying about the sounds coming back.

The noises were consuming her life. During the day she would research the past history of the house, looking for anything that could help explain why these noises are haunting her.

The house was built a little over 80 years ago. It was designed by the architect Alfred Millard, who secretly had it built for his wife Mable as a tenth anniversary gift. They raised five children in this house, Alvin, Albert, Evelyn, Gerald, and Geraldine. The kids all grew up and moved out, and eventually Mable passed away in her sleep while visiting their oldest, Albert, on the East Coast. This prompted Evelyn to move back to town to help her father. The house is much too big for just one person. A few years after that, Alfred's health had began deteriorating beyond a point where Evelyn could be of assistance, so her brothers and sisters decided on a home and move Alfred Millard into assisted living. They then sold the house and split the money among themselves. The Millards spent 47 years in the house that was built for them.

The Millard children sold the house to the Wanding Brothers, two local entrepreneurs that owned a handful of businesses throughout town. They were both single party boys who used this house as a bachelor pad for 12 years. Perhaps one of their parties had gotten out of hand one night and something happened here that nobody ever found out about?

After the oldest Wanding Brother found love and settled down with a wife of his own, they sold the house to Charles Lundberg, a big city banker who had just retired and was looking for more of a small town to wind down his life in. He got bored after two years and wanted to move back to the city.

Charles Lundberg sold the house to Chelsea Denton, whose husband had recently passed away and wanted her two boys to graduate from the high school she did so many years ago. She lived there with her sons for seven years. The boys moved out and went off to college, and Chelsea moved into an apartment just outside of town and started renting out the house.

There was a family of four that she rented to for two years, then a single woman in her late 20s rented off of her for a little more than three years before passing away quietly in her bathtub one evening. After that, Chelsea didn't try renting the house out anymore, and stopped

taking care of it altogether. She eventually passed a few years after that, leaving the house to the boys. They did nothing with it until a few years ago when they sold it to a young couple who were looking to get into the house flipping business. That young couple is who Fallyn and Todd had bought the house from.

So, somebody did die in this house, but it was peaceful. Could it be the single woman that passed in the bathtub?

Her name was Stacey Devereaux. When looking her up, Fallyn couldn't find much information. She was a teller at a bank in town, didn't seem to have many friends or many interests, and didn't seem to do much of anything. She could only find two pictures of her in her research, but Fallyn thought she was very beautiful. She had wavy brown hair, with light green eyes, and the sweetest, most innocent smile she'd ever seen. Clearly somebody this boring couldn't be the one haunting her? Actually, in a house with this boring of a history, why would anybody bother haunting it?

These thoughts all ran through Fallyn's mind every time the noises kept her awake. And that was still happening. The thumping and the moaning was still going on.

Fallyn had finally had enough. She knew within the next five minutes or so, these noises would be gone, and the whole process would repeat itself in a few nights. She had to find the courage. She had to be brave.

Now was the time to go to the library.

Fallyn took a deep breath and stepped out of bed, quietly. She slipped her slippers on and grabbed the flashlight she always kept on the table beside her bed. She walked slowly down the stairs, trying not to make a noise. She didn't know if ghosts could be caught by surprise, but if they could, she wanted to try.

Or was it even a ghost? Was Fallyn going absolutely crazy? Every scenario was running through her head as she walked down those steps.

Now there she was, right in front of the library door, the thumping and moaning even louder.

Fallyn took another deep breath, terrified of what she might see. She reached for the doorknob, turned it, and shoved open the door.

Fallyn screamed a scream louder than any of the moans, a higher pitched shriek than any one knew was humanly possible. Her hand loosened and the flashlight she was holding slammed to the floor.

Inside the library, she saw a horror worse than anything she had ever imagined. Against the wall, there stood her husband Todd, with his pants around his ankles having sex with the ghost of Stacey Devereaux.

“What the fuck, Todd?” she screamed out when she could finally get past the horrific site enough to form words.

“Fallyn, sweetie,” Todd said clumsily as he tried to pull his pants up in a hurry. “It’s not what it looks like...”

“It looks like my husband is having sex with the ghost of Stacey Devereaux, the lonely woman that used to live here and died almost 10 years ago!”

Todd looked surprised and turned to Stacey, “You didn’t tell me you used to live here?” She bit her bottom lip and shrugged, looking even more innocent and adorable than she did in the two photos Fallyn had seen of her.

Fallyn’s fear was now gone. Her curiosity had been resolved. All of that had now turned to anger. Anger at her husband, obviously, because he was cheating on her with a ghost. And anger at Stacey Devereaux, a woman she had only known through research and two photos,

but in some odd way had grown to admire and develop a sort of crush on. As pissed off as she was at her husband Todd, she couldn't help but admit to herself that she was even more jealous than angry.

“But, why?” Fallyn asked, staring the ghost of Stacey Devereaux in her beautiful light green eyes, made even more breathtaking by the paranormal illumination behind them. “You seemed so sweet and innocent.”

“What can I say?” Stacey Devereaux answered with a shrug of the shoulders. “Ghouls just wanna have fun.”