

Ghost Boy

Chapter 1

Kyle drifted down the street, feet hovering several inches above the surface of the road.

He was in a suburb, a pleasant little cul-de-sac with large segregated houses and flawless white picket fences. A few of the homes had large, old trees towering in their front lawns – the only things around that weren't totally modern. Electric cars in driveways, solar panels on roofs, spotlessly manicured gardens.

It was like staring into a different world.

He and his mother lived in a run-down apartment complex on the other side of town. The 'bad side' of town.

What must it be like to live here? Not having to worry about your home being broken into at night, knowing and trusting your neighbours, being a part of an actual community of locals. Did they have personal, professional gardeners? Pools in the back yards? Did they have to worry about landlords kicking them out for unpaid rent? Did they even *have* landlords?

Kyle took in the sights, eyes roaming over each immaculate building and garden and shiny, new car. Some of the homes had *several* of those.

His mother could barely afford to own one. And it was *anything* but new and shiny. A rusty old pile of shit that was always breaking down, creaking and clunking whenever she drove him to or from school.

What would it be like, living in a place like this? Having *this* kind of money?

He continued to drift along, eyeing cars as he went.

This was the street. He knew it was. It *had* to be.

There were a few people outside, jogging around the neighbourhood or tending to their gardens or otherwise just enjoying the cool evening air. None of them batted an eyelash at the floating teenager, none even so much as looked at him. He was, he'd learned fairly early on, completely invisible. He could scream and shout and fly right in their faces, and they wouldn't hear or see a thing.

When he reached a particularly large home, with a huge apple tree on its lawn, he finally found what he was looking for.

A shiny, black sedan with dark tinted windows. Modern and sleek and ridiculously expensive. The kind of car that unashamedly screamed 'upper-middle class and very well off'.

Kyle glanced from the car to the house, then back again.

He found himself attempting to inhale a deep breath, though no air filled his lungs. He didn't need to breathe, not in this form.

Slowly, he pushed himself forward – floated right up to the house's brick walls. Blackness filled his vision as he passed through the solid surface, followed by a shock of pale blue.

A bedroom. A baby's room, judging from the cradle.

The walls were painted sky blue, fluffy white clouds here and there. A perfectly white, recently painted ceiling. The cradle was empty, no baby in sight.

Kyle shook his head, drifted through another wall.

The next room belonged to the family's parents. A king-sized bed and wooden cupboards and drawers. Family photos on the walls.

Again, not what he was looking for.

He moved on to the next room, drifted through the home one room at a time. Small storage rooms, a home office, kitchen and dining rooms, a living room, the garage, multiple bathrooms and another two bedrooms.

Feeling defeated, Kyle made his way to the last room in the house – the attic – and *finally*, he found her.

A girl's room. The same age as him.

Pink walls and a relatively large living area; bookcases and a computer desk and a queen-sized bed laden with fluffy animals and teddy bears. On one wall was a huge television – not as big as the one downstairs in the living room, but still *much* larger than the one in Kyle's apartment. And there, sat in one corner on a huge, fluffy beanbag, was Ana.

The most amazing girl in the world.

Ana was, and very much deserved to be, the school's idol. Not only beautiful beyond compare, but also the highest-scoring student on every test and exam, and an award winning athlete to boot. She was, in a single sense of the word, perfect. Amazing at everything she did, making even the most difficult things look easy. Kind and caring, compassionate and charitable.

She was the one in a million. The dream girl.

And there she was, sitting back and relaxing, reading a book and listening to music – still wearing her school uniform. Totally unaware that Kyle was in the room with her.

To be fair, it wasn't spying. Not really.

He wasn't creeping about or anything.

He was just... *observing*.

Floating slowly over to her, his eyes couldn't help but roam Ana's body – what he could see of it, at least.

Her school shoes had been discarded somewhere - tossed aside as soon as she'd gotten home, probably. Thin, white tights stretched over Ana's legs, doing nothing to hide the lean, firm muscles she'd gained from playing on the girl's soccer team. A plain black skirt ended just below Ana's knees, with a matching black blazer folded neatly on her bed. A plain white blouse covered Ana's torso, fabric tight around her chest. The top few buttons were undone, school tie no-where to be seen.

Being dressed like that, no tie or blazer, buttons undone – though not enough to show cleavage – would have gotten Ana, or anyone at school, reprimanded. And someone like Ana, a 'good girl', would never break school rules. This was, Kyle was certain, the first and *only* time he'd ever seen the school's idol - his crush – sitting back relaxed and casual.

His eyes moved up from her tightly-clad chest – and the black shadow of a bra under the stretched white blouse – and focused on the girl's face.

For as amazing as her body may be, it was Ana's face that filled Kyle's thoughts whenever he closed his eyes at night.

Long, natural blonde hair. Round, icy blue eyes. Rosy cheeks that were always round and wide, even on the rare occasions that Ana wasn't smiling. Little hints of make-up, light lipstick and eyeliner and the slightest suggestion of eyeshadow, but not enough to distract from Ana's natural beauty. When she smiled, it was like the world itself grew brighter. When she laughed and giggled, the sound of it sent tingles down Kyle's spine.

Breathtakingly beautiful.

And, sat there, humming softly to music as she read a novel Kyle had never heard of, he couldn't help but fall even more hopelessly in love with her that he already was.

It should be a crime, to be so beautiful.

Kyle inched closer, hovering above the floor. When he was just a few inches away from her, gazing down at her perfect body, he felt a cool shiver run over his body.

A heartbeat later, Kyle felt a hand grab his shoulder.

Instinctively, he spun in the air. And, of course, he saw nothing. No one was there. Yet, the feel of a hand on his shoulder remained. He felt someone firmly shaking his body. Distantly, an echo of an echo, he heard a woman speaking his name.

Kyle sighed, closed his eyes.

When he opened them, he was back in his room.

His mother was leaning over him, her hand on his shoulder as she shook him.

"Come on," she said, sounding tired. "Wake up. Food's here."

Kyle blinked up at her, groaned softly. The vertigo and nausea. An annoying side effect of his ghost power. It'd pass in a few moments.

"I'm awake," he grumbled, forcing himself into a sitting position.

His mother backed up a bit, rolled her sleep-deprived eyes.

"You wouldn't need to sleep in the afternoon so much if you didn't stay up all night," she told him for the hundredth time. "Hurry up and get out of bed. The pizza's getting cold."

Kyle nodded his head, queasiness beginning to wear off.

It wasn't his fault he couldn't sleep at night. He didn't make the rules for how his out-of-body, ghost-like ability worked. And, even if he *did* make the rules, not like he could explain them to his mother. What could he do? Tell her that he could slip outside of his own body and float around, invisible to everyone? She'd think he was crazy.

As his mother left his cramped bedroom, Kyle pushed himself out of bed – stumbling slightly.

His body felt heavy. It always did, after he did his *thing*.

One moment, he was weightless – floating along easily, guided by nothing but his own will and desire to move. The next, he was trapped in a heavy body, bound by the weight of gravity. It wasn't even like he was fat or anything. He was, if anything, underweight for his height and age. Yet, he *always* felt weighed down when he woke up from ghost-mode.

He stood still for a moment, allowed himself to adjust to having a real, physical body again.

Then he followed his mother into their apartment's main room – a combination of kitchen, dining room, living room. His mother ordering pizza was a rare, delicious treat. Much better than the microwave meals and cup noodles and plain, boiled rice they usually ate.

Kyle stared at his crush from across the dining hall.

Fully in her school uniform now, black blazer and tie to go along with the skirt and white shirt. She was, as usual, smiling. Talking to a gaggle of friends, giggling and gossiping and eating lunch together. Kyle was too far away to hear what they were saying, was half tempted to switch into his ghost form and go listen. But he knew he couldn't. Not unless he wanted everyone to think he'd passed out cold for no reason.

Whenever he went into ghost-mode, his body became unresponsive – as if he were asleep. He could feel it, no matter how far away he drifted. He was still *connected* to his body, even if he wasn't *in* it any more.

The first time he'd left his body, he thought he'd died. Become an actual ghost.

The girls laughed, Ana smiling radiantly. A beacon of beauty in a sea of plain, boring faces. Everyone at school wore the same drab uniform, boys cutting their hair short and girls keeping theirs long and neat. Everyone was expected to follow the same dress code – and they did. Yet, somehow, it was Ana who stood out. The uniform, bleak and boring on every other girl, looked amazingly cute on her.

Some of the girls accessorised the uniform. Styled their tie in a slightly different way, wore shoes with slightly larger heels than was strictly allowed, or put on interesting or unusual make-up colours. Anything to stand out from the crowd.

Ana didn't need to do that. She stood out without even needing to try.

Seeing her yesterday - blazer and tie removed, buttons undone – looking so casual, had been on Kyle's mind ever since. When he'd been eating pizza with his mother, when he'd gone back to his room and debated going back into ghost-mode or not, all the while he'd been trying to fall asleep. It'd been his first thought in the morning – an image of Ana sitting there, all her blouse buttons undone and bra missing. Pictures of her filled his mind

all day through school, drowning out everything else.

Today, he'd visit her again. He knew where she lived now. He could see her any time he wanted. When he got home from school today, that's exactly what he'd do.

There was a note waiting for him in the apartment. His mother letting Kyle know she wouldn't be home until late. Extra hours at work. There were noddles in the kitchen for when he got hungry.

No interruptions today, then. Good.

Kyle stripped out of his school uniform, put on a plain t-shirt and baggy pants instead. Comfortable clothes.

Then, he laid himself down on his small bed, closed his eyes, and focused.

The sensation was a familiar one, now.

How many times had he done this? A dozen? More?

He drifted up off the bed, twisted around in the air and stared down at his own, physical body.

It really did look like he was sleeping.

Then he glanced down at his ghost form. Transparent and pale, but otherwise a mirror image of the physical body. His ghost form was even had on a transparent version of the t-shirt and baggy pants his real body was wearing.

Why could he do this? Leave his body and float around like a ghost?

How was it even *possible*?

He shook his head. Neither of those questions were important. Right now, all that mattered was going to see Ana again.

And this time, he'd do more than just *look*.

She was in her attic room, sitting on the same beanbag and reading the same book. One again, she'd discarded her tie and school blazer, undone some buttons of her blouse – though not enough to be revealing. Music was playing softly in the background, a soft and relaxing tune.

Kyle watched Ana for a few minutes, hovering a few feet away.

He couldn't help but stare at her.

She seemed so perfect. In every single way. Attractive, kind, talented, beautiful. She came from a well-off family, had a nice home with two loving parents and two sibling – a third on the way.

In a way, Ana was the total opposite of Kyle himself. She was blessed with everything, while he had nothing.

Though, *nothing* wasn't quite true. Not any more.

He had this *power* now.

Slowly, he drifted towards Ana and reached out with a transparent hand.

When his ghostly fingers passed into her shoulder, a flood of sensations washed over Kyle. Emotions and thoughts and feelings, none of them his. Tired, not so much sleepy tired, but more like drained. Exhausted after a long day at school. She just wanted to relax and read for a little bit before bed...

Ana had a bed-time. A curfew. An early one at that. Her parents expected her to be in bed by ten at the latest.

Before Kyle could think on that, more thoughts flowed into his mind. Characters from the book Ana was reading, the story and Ana's enjoyment of it. And more. Her back ached, the small of her back. And fears; she was afraid of not being good enough, of failing. So many people expected so much of her.

Emotions flowed from the deepest parts of Ana right into Kyle and, for a single moment, he *knew* her. Knew Ana better than anyone else in the world. Better than she knew herself.

Then it was over. All the information was too much for him to take in and hold. He had no choice but to push it all aside, ignore it. Her fears, so clear a moment before, were lost to him. Something about school? What did Ana have to be afraid of when it came to studies? She was the top of every class, every time. Literally.

He pushed all her thoughts and feelings aside, focused in on only what he wanted. His goal.

Ana let out a gasp.

She blushed, glanced down at her body.

Slowly, she set her book aside. The flush in her cheeks went full crimson as she leaned backwards, reached for her stereo's remote. Eyes on her bedroom's door, she pressed a button on the remote, turned the volume of her music up.

Kyle floated backwards, eyes wide.

Had it worked?

He'd only ever tried something like this once before.

Ana had a crush on someone. A character in one of her books, or a celebrity. Something like that – Kyle couldn't remember who, exactly. When he'd been connected with her, he'd known *exactly* who it was. But now, that information was gone. Like a word in the corner of his mind that he couldn't quite remember.

Whoever it was, Kyle had filled her mind with thoughts of her crush.

Naughty thoughts.

He watched, eyes wide, as Ana closed her eyes – her hands moving sensually over her body.

She bit her lip, fingers trailing down her flat stomach. Let out a soft sigh as the fingertips of both hands moved slowly down her legs. When they reached them hem of her school skirt, they grasped the fabric lightly, began pulling it up.

Her knees, hidden only by thin, white tights, came into view. Then her muscled thighs.

Legs spread wider apart as the skirt was pulled further and further up her muscled legs until, finally, a flash of green caught Kyle's eye.

Shadowed under the skirt, half-hidden under white tights, but still visible enough to be made out. Green panties.

Ana's fingertips moved from her skirt, slowly glided over her inner thighs. And, with a loud, sensual gasp, they came into contact with the green fabric. Ana's body trembled at the slight touch; a soft, erotic whine escaping her lips.

Then her eyes shot open wide. She shut her legs, knees pressed tightly together as she rushed to pull her skirt back down.

Her face was beet red, hot from embarrassment and arousal both.

"No," she said softly, speaking to herself. She pushed herself up and off the beanbag. "No. *Bad*."

Ana paced about her room for a moment, glancing over at the black book on her night-stand nervously. Then, after brushing over and straightening her skirt, she strode over to her bedroom door, slipped through it and began walking down a narrow staircase out of view.

Kyle was about to float after her when two words cut through him.

"How disappointing," a feminine voice said.

Kyle spun in the air, looking for the speaker. He froze, eyes bulging, at what he saw.

Floating a few feet above the floor, transparent and ethereal, was a woman. Petite and slender and ghostly. She was staring right at him, head tilted to one side and smiling in amusement.

"And here I was, looking forward to a fun show."