

Ghost Boy

Chapter 10

He was going to kill her. When this silly little game of hers was over, when Kyle had his body back, he was going to-

Mom!

If Lucy was possessing his body, that meant she knew where he lived. And, if she knew where he lived, she knew about Kyle's *mother*.

Words spoken an eternity ago echoed inside Kyle's mind.

'I have a little family project of my own to work on'.

Lucy's words.

Was *this* what she'd meant? Was the 'little family' she'd mentioned actually Kyle's; he and his mother?

How the fuck did she even know where he lived?

He began walking towards Lucy – towards his own body. For a moment, he forgot all about being inside Ana's body. Forgot he was supposed to be blending in, not drawing attention to himself. He strode over to that smirking, oh-so punchable face with his fists clenched.

His body shook its head at him, raised a single finger up to its own lips.

"Ana!" A feminine voice called from behind Kyle, bright and happy and oblivious. The word shot through him like a bolt of lightning. He froze mid-step, finally remembering where he was. Who he was. "Hey Ana, over here!"

Slowly, Kyle turned.

A small group of girls, Ana's friends, stood clustered a few feet away. They were staring at him, smiling. One – the girl who'd called out – was waving him over.

Kyle hesitated, glanced back to where his body had been standing. But it was gone.

Slowly, he made his way over to the group of girls, forcing a smile on his face. Ana was always smiling. Inside, his heart was racing and his stomach was twisting and knotting. But he showed none of that on his face as he joined the girls in their little circle.

Whatever Lucy was doing with his body – whatever she'd already done – would have to wait. For the next few hours, Kyle had only one job; pretend to be Ana and hope no-one noticed otherwise.

It was difficult. And people *definitely* noticed that 'Ana' wasn't acting like her usual self. Students and teachers alike commented on how quiet and out-of-character she was acting. Ordinarily, it was Ana who knew all the answers in class, the first one with her hand up in the air. Now, with Kyle possessing her body, it was as if the school's star pupil had forgotten everything she'd been taught and lost a couple-dozen IQ points to boot.

Luckily, Kyle got away with most of the quietness and irregularities using the excuse of 'I'm feeling ill today'.

Ana's friends doted on him when he faked coughs and feigned being sickly, the teachers smiled sympathetically and let him off easy when he didn't hand in Ana's homework – work that she'd no doubt done, but which Kyle hadn't known to bring to school. Even random strangers showed empathy and understanding when they thought Ana was ill.

It was so odd. The way everyone treated the school's idol.

Kyle, in his own body, would *never* have gotten the special treatment Ana received. Even if he was actually sick, visibly ill as opposed to just pretending like he was doing in Ana's body, no-one around would've given the slightest shit. But, when it was *Ana* saying she was ill? Everyone bent over backwards to accommodate her.

The privileges that came with good-looks, Kyle assumed.

He used the excuse of being ill, and the slack Ana's teachers gave him as a result,

to think hard on his Lucy problem.

She had his body. She knew who he was.

If Lanky was to be believed, that meant Lucy was going to try ruining his life. Just like she'd supposedly done with Teach. Cindy Orion.

Everything he'd read on Teach sprang to mind as Kyle considered his options. From who she'd been – a teacher at a different school than the one Kyle attended. To where she was now – in a prison somewhere, trapped in a jail cell for who knew how long. He recalled the news articles, the accusations. Tales of sex with students, prostitution, public orgies. Rumours of secret websites that hosted pornographic videos and photos of the woman's many exploits.

Things that Lucy had made her do.

But why?

Why would the naked bitch go so far, do so much to ruin a person's life? What could Lucy possibly have to gain from it?

If Lanky was telling the truth, if his warning had been honest, Kyle needed to do something. Now that Lucy knew who he was, he *had* to put an end to her games.

But how in the hell was he supposed to do *that*?

He'd spent weeks thinking about the problem, and still he had no answers.

Lucy knew who he was now. Knew where he lived. And he had no idea in the world who *she* was. She could do whatever she wanted to him and he had no way of retaliating. If the little cunt wanted to, she could brainwash Kyle's mother - turn her into a plaything. Hell, with how she was currently in possession of Kyle's actual, physical body, Lucy could go ahead and *fuck* Kyle's mother if she wanted to.

And what could Kyle do to stop her?

Nothing.

Not a damn thing.

Until now, he'd been hoping that avoiding the bitch would be good enough. Thinking maybe, if he didn't do anything to antagonise her, she'd leave him alone.

Evidently, he'd been wrong.

So, what were his options? What *could* he do?

Lucy didn't approach Kyle at school.

He'd been expecting her to come talk to him at some point, mock him or something. But no. She stayed far away.

Which, in turn, stirred the ever-present discomfort Kyle felt.

What was she doing in his body? What was she using it for?

He couldn't help imagining her groping random girls, getting him into trouble. Maybe starting fights, or making him look bad in other ways. If she wanted to, she could walk around the school without clothes on in his body – humiliate him in front of the entire school - and Kyle would be powerless to do anything about it.

But no. There was no drama, no gossip about fights or streaking or anything.

When it came time to go home, Kyle dared to hope that he was overthinking things. That Lucy was just having some harmless fun at his expense, making him panic over nothing.

Then, as he walked off the school grounds, he saw his body standing next to a familiar-looking car, talking animatedly to the woman in the driver's seat.

Not just any woman. Ana's mother.

Who was smiling.

Kyle's body leaned its head back, laughed.

Kyle strode forward quickly, ignoring the bouncing weight on his chest. Whatever Lucy was saying-

As if the cunt could hear him thinking about her, Kyle's body turned to look at him,

Lucy's smirk flashing on the boy's lips for a heartbeat. She turned back to Ana's mother, said something quickly and quietly, then turned and began walking away.

"A friend of yours?" Ana's mother smiled when she saw her daughter's body approaching.

Kyle nodded his head, eyes following as Lucy strutted his body down the street. She was heading in the rough direction of Kyle's apartment complex.

"Yeah," Kyle murmured, voice still jarringly soft and girly to his ears.

He climbed into the car's passenger seat.

Ana's mother looked him over, likely wondering what was wrong with her daughter today. But, mercifully, she said nothing more. Simply drove the two of them home in silence.

When Ana's bedroom door creaked open, a shiver of revulsion ran down Kyle's spine. He glared at the smirking face, made no move to get off Ana's bed.

"I think," Lucy said, the voice masculine and gruff. "It's about time we kicked things up a notch. Don't you agree, *babygirl*?"

Not in Ana's mother this time. No, now Lucy was possessing Ana's *father*. The man who secretly dreamed about fucking his daughter.

"What did you do?" Kyle said, ignoring what the cunt had said.

He was still wearing Ana's school uniform. Hadn't felt comfortable stripping Ana's body. He sat on her bed doing nothing, determined not to snoop in on her life – despite the temptation to go ruffle through drawers and dressers.

"Now now," the middle-aged man grinned. "That's no way to talk to your father, young lady."

"Cut the shit, Lucy," Kyle snapped. "I know it's you. What did you do with my body?"

For a long moment, she said nothing. Didn't move.

"Nothing," she said finally, shrugging. "Nothing yet, anyway. I'm thinking I might pop back, show your mother a good time. That woman hasn't had dick in years, poor thing. I wonder if—"

"Stay away from her," Kyle growled.

Lucy narrowed her eyes at him, took a single step towards the bed.

She was in the body of a tall man, muscled and strong. Kyle didn't realise quite how intimidating Ana's father looked until the man's body stood towering over him. Lucy stared down at Kyle, eyes filled with a warning.

"Or what?" She said, voice deep and clear.

Kyle didn't answer. *Couldn't* answer. There was nothing he could do, no threat he could make that wouldn't be utterly hollow.

"The way I see it, *Kyle*," Lucy said in the voice of a middle-aged man. "You have two options. You can either resist. Or you can play my games. Now, one of those two things doesn't end well for you. Like in the 'bending over in the shower and taking Bubba's sausage in exchange for prison-yard protection' kind of way. All I need to do is possess your scrawny body and have one wild night, and that'll be your future."

She gave that a moment to sink in. Her words, delivered in that body with that gruff voice, were far scarier than if she'd been possessing Ana's mother again.

"So, whaddya say? Wanna play my little game, princess?"

"What do you want?" The words came out as barely more than a whisper.

He'd play along. He had no choice in that.

Right now, Lucy had all the power.

But – somehow – he'd stop her. He'd figure out who Lucy really was, her real identity. And he'd put an end to all this. Make her stop fucking with him, one way or another.

"I have another choice for you to make," Lucy said in a happy voice – the tone

switch from threatening to pleasant was almost enough to give Kyle whiplash. "A really simple choice, actually."

"Yes?" Kyle said. The sooner he got this over with, the better.

"First option; you masturbate with Busty's hairbrush. Pop her cherry here and now and put on a good show for Daddy while you're at it. I know you've probably been wanting to take her virginity yourself, Ghost Boy, but coming second after her hairbrush isn't really *that* bad, is it?"

Kyle gaped at the girl. She wanted to watch Kyle – in Ana's body - fuck himself with a hairbrush? No way *that* was happening. He was *not* going to use Ana like-

"Second option," Lucy said with a smirk. "You wank Daddy off and let him cum on that pretty face."

The words were like a slap to Kyle's face.

She wanted him to give Ana's father a *handjob*?

Kyle felt his stomach twist, felt the bile threatening to rise up his throat.

Lucy couldn't possibly be serious, she couldn't-

"Of course," Lucy continued happily. "If you decide you don't wanna play my game, I can always pay a visit to your mother and *convince* her to have some fun instead..."

All Kyle could do was shoot a glare up at Lucy, standing there in the body of Ana's father, smug smile curling her lips.

"So, what's it gonna be?"

It was the only way. Either this, or he'd basically be raping the girl he wanted to be with. He couldn't do that to Ana. No way. This – what he was doing instead – it was fine. It was nothing unusual at all. It'd be just like he was masturbating his own cock.

Only it wasn't his cock. Not even close.

It was Lucy. He'd be pleasuring Lucy, a girl. Even if she was in a guy's body. She was still a-

He reached out a shaking hand, eyes on the rigid cock in front of himself.

All he had to do was touch it and...

Kyle snatched his hand back, shut his eyes tight.

No! No, he couldn't. Jacking off another guy? Ana's father. He *couldn't* do it.

"I'll masturbate," he said, defeated. "The first option. The hairbrush. I'll do that."

Lucy laughed, voice deep and gleeful.

She didn't put the cock away, though she did back up a little.

"Hairbrush is on the night-stand," she said, nodding her head towards it. "Make sure you get naked before you start. I want a nice, entertaining show from my *babygirl* today. Get to it, Ghost Girl."

There was no helping it. Kyle *had* to do it.

Slowly, trying not to think of it as a betrayal of Ana, he began stripping out of the school uniform. School blazer first, then tie and blouse. He tugged off the knee-high socks, yanked off the school-issue plaid skirt and tossed it onto the growing pile of discarded clothing.

He looked down at himself, saw the bra he'd somehow managed to put on himself that morning. A cute, pink bra with little frills and a tiny bow between the cups.

He reached around his back, found the hook that held the bra tight to Ana's body. And, after a few moments of clumsily fingering at it, he managed to unhook it. Instantly, the tightness and constriction of the bra vanished, it went slack around his chest. All he had to do to remove the thing completely was allow the straps to slide off his shoulders, let the bra fall down onto the bed in front of him. And he did exactly that.

The cool air of Ana's attic bedroom tickled the body's nipples as soon as they were exposed.

Kyle refused to look down as he removed the very last item of clothing. Panties. He

did his best to ignore the shame and humiliation, the guilt of stripping Ana, did everything he could to ignore the dampness soaked into the fabric of Ana's panties.

"I can see why Daddy wants to fuck his daughter's brains out," Lucy said as Kyle sat there motionless, completely naked. "Can't say pornstar bods are really my thing, but I get the appeal. And with a body like that? Tits was *made* for the big screen."

Kyle pretended not to have heard.

With trembling fingers, he reached towards Ana's chest. The moment fingertips brushed smooth, soft skin, shivers ran up his spine. Little, tiny tingles of warm pleasure. Faint at first, but quickly those small tingles grew in intensity.

His fingers moved mostly by themselves, not needing instruction to find the sensitive spots that were Ana's nipples.

"Not a bad idea," a man's voice said. Lucy, sounding further away than she actually was. "Warming up before the main course. Gotta get those juices flowing before you fuck yourself silly with Tits' hairbrush."

Electricity flowed through Ana's body like fire, jolts of pleasure arcing up and down the spine. It was unlike anything Kyle had ever felt before. Totally different from jacking off in his own body. That, jacking off in a male's body, was more like pressure - an ever-building need to reach climax and release. This? This was something else. He felt his brain shutting off, giving way to the waves and ripples of constant electrical pleasure.

When he reached a hand down towards Ana's crotch for the first time - touched her wetness directly - the entire body jerked and convulsed in pleasure.

He heard the moans filling Ana's bedroom, could almost imagine it was her making the sounds and not himself.

When he felt something hard press into his chest - poking into the soft, malleable flesh of Ana's breast - his eyes snapped open to find Ana's father standing in front of him holding Ana's hairbrush. The man was smiling a very Lucy-like smirk, eyes moving from Kyle's face to the hairbrush and back again.

Kyle knew what the bitch wanted. He reached out, took the hairbrush from her.

It had a hard plastic handle, curved and rounded and more than a little phallic in girth and length and shape.

"Time for the main event, princess," Lucy sneered. "Be a good girl and put on a nice show for me. I mean, you are about to go ahead and pop Tits' cherry. Might as well make it memorable."

This was it. Kyle was about to defile Ana in a way he'd promised himself he never would.

And, in that moment, he couldn't think enough to really care. His mind was hazy, thoughts little more than murmured whispers that he couldn't quite hold on to. It was just heat and tingles and pleasure and abandon.

He leaned back in bed, holding the hairbrush in a firm grip.

I'm sorry, he thought silently as he pressed the hairbrush handle to Ana's dripping-wet pussy.

"Well done!" Lucy grinned, now occupying the body of Ana's mother instead of her father. "Twenty-four hours as of... Now! You did it!"

It was late. Past midnight.

Ana's body *ached*. No where more so than between the legs, the insides.

Kyle tried to ignore it, to push the thought aside.

"You can leave Busty's body now, if you want. Though, if you wanna go a second round-"

Kyle shut his eyes, willed himself out of Ana's body.

His senses warped instantly. The ache disappeared, the echo of pain vanished. The sensation of cold air on his skin was no more. Even the weary exhaustion he'd felt in Ana's

body faded away into nothing.

He floated upwards, turned around just in time to see Ana's body flop down onto the bed limply.

Lucy froze, mid-sentence and rolled her eyes.

"Give me a moment to put Mommy back in bed and I'll be right with you, Ghost Boy," she told the otherwise empty room. "Give me five minutes. Don't go anywhere."

The pregnant woman walked out of Ana's bedroom.

And Kyle waited.

After a few minutes had gone by, Lucy – short and naked and ethereal – flew through one of the attic walls. In one hand, she pulled along another ghost. Ana; whose ghostly eyes were closed and who floated as limp and lifeless as her physical body lay on its bed.

Without waiting to see what Kyle would say, how he'd react, she flew over to Ana's physical, empty body and dragged Ana's ghostly form into it.

As if she were a princess in a fairy tale, having just been kissed by her Prince Charming, Ana's eyes fluttered open from her deathly slumber. She blinked, looked around her room in confusion, stared down at her still-naked body.

Her mouth dropped open, all the blood drained from her face.

Kyle turned to go – leave and not look back.

He didn't want to see this. See Ana realising *something* had happened to her. He didn't want to witness the look in her eyes when she realised...

"Before you go," Lucy said, voice radiating glee. "I have another choice for you to make."

Of course she did. Another *game* for Kyle to play.

And there was nothing he could do about it. No way he could deny her or reject her. Not now that she knew who he really was, not now she knew about his mother.

"Don't worry," Lucy laughed as Kyle's tensed and froze mid-air. "I'm gonna give you a whole week to make your choice this time. Seven days for you to decide what option you want to go with. And it's a really simple choice, too!"

Kyle didn't turn to look at the girl. Didn't react in any way to her other than hover there listening.

"Option one; you make your mother suck you off. And I'm talking a proper cum-in-the-belly blowjob here. No tame, non-committal shit." He could hear the smirk in Lucy's voice. He didn't need to see it again, that smirk was etched forever in his mind at this point. "Or, option two; I make Tits suck off her father instead."

Of course. Why would he ever expect anything less from the bitch?

"One week," Lucy said happily. "Let me know what your decision is then."