

Ghost Boy

Chapter 13

"My mother," Kyle said. "I choose my mother."

The gleeful smirk that crossed Lucy's lips made his insides boil. Amusement filled her ghostly eyes.

"I knew it!" Lucy laughed happily. "Ickle baby Kyle has a crush on Mommy. Bet you've been dreaming of her lips around your cock for years, haven't you? If I'm honest, I don't blame you. Your Mommy is pretty hott..."

They were atop the Morsen Building. The usual meeting place at the usual time, though neither Tubby or Lanky were anywhere to be seen. It was just the two of them – Kyle and Lucy. A full week since the last time they'd spoken, back when Lucy had given him the choice and his options.

Time was up. Kyle had to give her an answer.

"My mother," he repeated.

Ana. He had to protect Ana. From Lucy, from her father, from her nightmares. Protect her from everything and everyone. He'd keep her safe, no matter what.

If a blowjob from his mother was the price he had to pay, so be it.

"Why so grumpy?" Lucy teased, grin widening. "Admit it, you're excited to find out what it feels like. A lonely little virgin boy like you? I bet you haven't been able to stop jacking off at the thought all week. I've read Mommy's mind, so I know you're in for a treat. She used to *love* sucking dick back when she was—"

"Shut up," Kyle growled. He hadn't meant to speak, hadn't intended to antagonise Lucy at all. But he couldn't stop himself, couldn't push down the sudden spike of rage. "Don't fucking talk about my Mom like—"

"No."

The word was sharp, clear. Lucy stared hard into Kyle's eyes - challenging him to argue, to revolt against her. There was a warning in that cold gaze, an unspoken threat.

Kyle's mouth shut, his words dying in his throat.

"No, I don't think I will 'shut up'," Lucy smiled. She drifted towards Kyle, slowly started circling him.

In that moment, Kyle knew what it felt like to be prey. To be a helpless animal being encircled by a predator. No chance to escape, no hopes of survival. If Lucy wanted to, she could destroy Kyle. Utterly and completely. And he could do nothing to stop it.

Not yet, at least.

"Your milf-y Mommy used to be a real slut," Lucy said as she floated in slow circles around him. "Did you know that? She'd fuck anyone and everyone, no matter who they were. Classmates, teachers, strangers. She even fucked her best friend's father. And her mailman. And her neighbour; who, I might add, was old enough to be her grandfather."

The glee in Lucy's voice was palpable. Her eagerness laced every word.

"A real party-girl, too. She never left one until she had the cum of at least a dozen different guys inside her. Your Mommy was a *slut*. Without a doubt, the biggest nympho I've ever found."

It couldn't be true. Back in the early days, when he'd first been discovering his powers, Kyle had touched his mother's mind. If what Lucy were saying was true, Kyle would know. Wouldn't he? She *had* to be lying.

"Mommy told you that your Daddy ran off when she told him she was preggers, right? Yeah, well, she lied. Truth is, she doesn't know *who* your real father is. She'd fucked so many guys that she had no idea which one knocked her up. Back when you were born, Mommy was hoping you'd be a little mix-raced baby – because that'd at least narrow down the list of potential daddies. But, to her disappointment, she gave birth to an ugly, screaming, annoying, pink baby instead."

It *couldn't* be true. She was lying. She *had* to be.

"A disappointing baby boy that's been disappointing her ever since."

Fifteen days. Two weeks. All he had to do was put up with Lucy's bullshit until then. After that, the short cunt wouldn't be a problem any longer.

"Now then *disappointment*, follow me. Time to go find Mommy and see for yourself how much of a master cock-sucker she is."

It was impossible.

Weeks. It took *weeks* to rewrite someone's mind, make them willing to do something that they'd never have done before. Weeks, or even *months*. For Lucy to do it in one night, in just a few *minutes*, wasn't possible.

Why, then, was she acting like she could make Kyle's mother suck his cock tonight?

He followed her silently as they flew through the city in the direction of his apartment. His eyes, without thinking, roamed the petite girl's body – her slender legs and small frame, her subtle breasts, her shaved crotch.

Why was she always naked in ghost-mode?

Was there some special reason for it? A Wanderer trick or power that was only accessible if nude? Or was she just a freak nudist who got off on exposing herself?

Kyle averted his eyes, tried to slow his racing heart.

There was no way his mother would be sucking his cock tonight. At the very least, it'd take weeks for Lucy to brainwash her into being willing to suck her son off. Weeks.

But then, she'd *had* weeks. Or, at the very least, a week.

The week she'd given him to make his decision.

Was it possible? Could she have been warping his mother's mind even as he'd been agonising over which woman to choose?

And what about before that?

How long had Lucy known who he was, where he lived, before she'd revealed it? How long had she been twisting his mother's mind without him being aware of it?

They didn't slow as they reached the apartment complex, simply flew through the wall as if it were nothing and glided right into Kyle's cramped, tiny apartment.

It was dark. No lights on.

Kyle's mother, he knew, would be in bed by now. Sleeping soundly.

"Go back to your body, Ghost Boy," Lucy said, not bothering to look at him. "And be sure to put on a good show for me. I'll be watching the entire time."

Without waiting, she drifted through the air – passed through one of the apartment's thin walls. Right into his mother's bedroom.

Knowing where Lucy was, who she was with and what she could do, made Kyle's skin crawl. But, for now, he could do nothing to stop her. Had no choice but to obey and do as she wanted. Slowly, tearing his eyes away from the section of wall Lucy had disappeared through, Kyle floated over to his own bedroom.

He sat up in bed, heart pounding.

A light flicked on outside his bedroom, the sound of footsteps approached. Slowly, his bedroom door began to creak open.

In the doorway, a woman's silhouette stood – leaning slightly on the door-frame. The glare of light all but blinded Kyle, but he could still make out the shape of the woman's body. All curves and slenderness. A woman who spent her life on her feet, working hard. Lean and strong, but with round fullness in those parts of the body where roundness was appreciated.

Dark hair fell over her face which, paired with the silhouetted darkness and the glare of the light behind, hid his Mother's tired beauty. Yet, even if he couldn't see it, Kyle could imagine it. Imagine the mature sexiness; warm eyes with shadows underneath, full lips

curled into a naughty, loving smile.

She was wearing a thin – almost transparent – nightie. No robe to hide her sexy figure. And the nightie itself was far from modest; this was no ankle-length, plain white night dress. No, the hem of the nightie barely fell down past the woman's crotch. Her legs were in full view, from bare feet to pale thighs. The nightie itself was pink and sheer, adult and sexy.

Kyle hadn't been aware his mother owned such a revealing nightie.

The fabric of it was thin and revealing enough that he didn't need to guess at what kind of underwear she was wearing. He could see for himself that she wasn't wearing any at all.

A neatly-trimmed triangle of hair pointed down towards her most private of parts. Her breasts - sagging somewhat, yet still full of life – were nearly entirely visible under the nightie's cloth. Large, dark areola stood in stark contrast to otherwise pale skin, with two hard nipples poking visibly out under the fabric.

As she stepped forwards, those breasts swayed seductively drawing Kyle's eyes and hardening his cock.

Her face came into view; a smiling, beautiful woman with loving eyes and only the faintest of lines at the corners of her lips.

"You're awake," the woman breathed, voice softer and sweeter than it usually was. "That's good. I'm glad."

There was something not quite right about her.

Not just the fact that she was in Kyle's room, dresses as she was, with that seductive, sexual air about her. No, there was more to it. Her eyes were slightly unfocused, a faint awkwardness in her step, her voice a little slurred with words stretched out just a tiny bit too long.

When she sat down on the edge of his bed, turned her head to smile at him, Kyle tensed.

"You're so big now," she purred. "I remember when you used to be so tiny. So small and..."

She swayed a little, eyes drifting away from Kyle's face to look at nothingness for a heartbeat before retuning to him as if nothing had happened.

Lucy. She was doing something to his mother. Within arm's reach of Kyle right now. He could almost picture her floating there behind his mother, her ghostly hand reaching inside his mother's amazing body.

"Grow up so fast," his mother sighed, placing a gentle hand on Kyle's arm. "Now look at you, all big and..."

Drunk. She was acting like she was drunk.

Only his mother didn't drink.

But then, she didn't *need* to. Not really. Not with Lucy's Wanderer powers. Whatever effect alcohol had on the brain, a Wanderer could almost certainly replicate. Kyle's mother didn't need to drink for her to be drunk, not with Lucy hovering over her.

The loss of inhibition and reason due to drunkenness, paired with a week or more worth of Wanderer manipulation. It was, Kyle was sure, a combination that'd break the normal boundaries of a person's mind. Make a mother willing to do things with and to her son that she'd never have considered before.

Kyle's mother's head turned and, in the darkness, she saw the tent his cock made in the blanket. His boner, obvious and large.

"Oh," Kyle's mother breathed. She let out a soft, little gasp. Eyes on the tent, lips parted.

Kyle blushed, instinctively looked away from her.

"Big boy, indeed," his mother said softly. Her hand moved lower down his arm, slowly glided under the blanket. "Don't worry, baby. It's natural. Totally natural... Don't worry

about it at all. Mommy'll take care of it for you..."

Her fingers glided further under the blanket, moved over Kyle's belly. Her touch left a trail of tingling warmth in its wake. When her hand slid under his boxers, a jolt of heat shot through Kyle's body.

Her fingers circled around Kyle's shaft.

His mother was touching his cock. She was actually *touching* his *cock*.

"That's it, baby," she cooed, panting softly. "Be a good boy and let Mommy take care of you..."

Slowly, agonisingly, her hand began to move. Gently massaging Kyle's shaft under the blanket. Her eyes, Kyle saw, were filled with heat and longing. Almost desperation. Like an addict on the verge rebounding.

Even if he tried to stop her now, Kyle thought, it'd be to no avail. The woman in front of him wasn't leaving his bedroom without tasting the cock she'd entered it in search of.

This wasn't his loving, caring, selfless mother in front of him. This woman was someone else entirely.

Maybe, just maybe, Lucy *hadn't* been lying about who his mother used to be. Maybe the woman in front of him now was *her*, the insatiable slut Lucy had told him about.

He gasped, grunted, as the woman's grip tightened around his cock.

"Mom," Jake tried to say, the word coming out in a high-pitched groan. "You don't-"

"Shh, baby boy," his mother cooed. Her lips parted, let out a long, luxurious sigh. "Mommy's gonna take care of you, don't you worry..."

Her other hand reached for the blanket, began sliding it aside.

Lucy was in the room, watching. Probably, she had her hand inside Kyle's mother even now – twisting and toying with her mind. Kyle could picture the smirk without trouble.

With the blanket swept aside, Kyle felt the cool air on his skin. His stomach and thighs. His cock. All were exposed, in full view of his mother – who stared unabashedly at the meat in her hand. She gazed at it transfixed, eyes wide and filled with longing.

"Big boy," she breathed quietly, not even stopping to look at her son's face before she leaned in and kissed the cock's tip.

The sensation of that slight touch – that tiny peck – sent shivers down Kyle's spine. So warm and soft, so gentle.

His mother's lips. They'd touched his cock.

His mother, one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. A beauty that he'd thought about and fantasised about on more than a few occasions. An impossible, silly, unobtainable dream. And here she was, lips on his cock.

Wanderer powers.

When he'd dealt with the Lucy problem once and for all, Kyle would learn everything there was to know about the powers he possessed. He'd master them, become all but god-like in his ability to manipulate and control minds. He'd have *anyone* he wanted. He'd-

His thoughts were cut off as his mother opened her mouth.

Warmth engulfed Kyle a moment later. The warm wetness of his mother's mouth around his cock.

He gasped. He couldn't stop himself.

The feel of it was unlike anything Kyle had ever felt before.

As his mother lowered her lips further down his shaft, took more and more of his cock into her mouth, all Kyle could do was close his eyes and enjoy the moment – the unbelievable sensation.

He felt her tongue, felt it run down the length of his cock, massaging it. He felt her lips, the boarder between cool night air and the impossible warmth of her mouth – they squeezed tightly around him, wrapped around his cock so perfectly that they could have been made to do just that. And the sucking, the pressure pressing on his cock from all sides...

Kyle trembled, gasped.

"Mom," he breathed, tense body relaxing, mind going hazy with arousal.

His mother's only response was a wet gag. The tip of his cock brushed the back of her throat.

She didn't stop.

Head rising and falling, mouth working magic on her son's cock, Kyle's mother rode his shaft with her face and lips and tongue – not stopping for an instant. Gagging and slurping and choking. But never slowing. Not until Kyle couldn't hold back any longer, and shot his load into his mother's hungry mouth.

"Well that was a lovely show," Kyle's mother smirked at him, a twinkle in her eyes. "Your cumming face is *adorable*."

"Put her back," Kyle said. He'd meant for the words to be a growl, but couldn't find the energy in himself to make it so. His mother's mouth hadn't just drained him of cum. It'd sapped him of all his energy too.

Lucy laughed.

"I will," she said in the voice of Kyle's mother. "Don't worry, I won't hide her away like I did with Tits. Though, now that I think about it, having you live a day in the life of Mommy might be fun..."

Kyle pulled up his blanket, hiding his now-flaccid cock from sight.

Lucy was inside Kyle's mother. A woman who'd just drank down Kyle's cum. Was Lucy so really eager to tease and mess with Kyle that she didn't mind the after-taste of his cum in her mouth?

"A game for another time, maybe," the bitch continued. She stared down at the body she was possessing, moved her hands and began fondling it right in front of Kyle – groping and squeezing his mother's large tits. "Man, these things are really heavy. I can't imagine having to live with the constant weight on my chest all day, every day."

"What do you want?" Kyle asked, unable to tear his gaze away from his mother's near-naked chest.

Lucy wanted something. She *always* wanted something. Another 'game', no doubt.

Fifteen days. He just needed to survive another fifteen days.

"Oh, nothing," Lucy smiled. "Just, you've been such a good boy for *Mommy*, playing all these games and entertaining me so much, I decided I should reward you. For being a good sport."

Kyle said nothing. Whatever game Lucy had in mind this time, he'd play along. For now, he had no choice.

"So, if you want, I'll remove Mommy's memories of tonight. Make her forget that she ever sucked her son off. No awkward conversation tomorrow, no uncomfortable distance between loving family members. It'll be like tonight never happened."

Again, Kyle remained silent. Waited for the catch.

With Lucy, there was always a catch.

"Buuuut," Lucy said with her usual, arrogant smirk, "to do that I'll need to make *other* changes. In order to make Mommy forget all about sucking off her son, I'll need to make her forget about having a son entirely. Instead of Kyle, I'll make her think you're *Kylie* - her lovely, pretty daughter."

And there it was. More attempts by Lucy to humiliate him. Kyle pushed down his anger and loathing, forced himself to remember Teach's plan. Fifteen days. This would all be over in fifteen days. Then he could undo whatever bullshit Lucy was planning.

"Mommy won't be able to worry about sucking off her son if she doesn't *have* a son. Isn't that right, Ghost Girl?"

Fifteen days. Just two weeks.

Then he'd crush Lucy. Learn her real name and use it as a weapon against her, take

back his life. Holding onto that thought, a dozen different plots in his head about how he was going to make the bitch suffer, Kyle forced a smile onto his face.

“Go for it, cunt.”