

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 14

If only she knew. If only Ana knew what Kyle was doing for her, how far he'd gone to protect her. He was her hero, and she had no idea. He was her protector, and she had no clue. He watched her as she gazed up into the night's sky – up at the beautiful, dream-forged aurora Kyle had created for her.

She'd never know what he'd done for her, what he'd *do* for her. He'd never allow her to learn the truth, and so she'd never understand just how far he was willing to go to keep her safe and happy. While she stared at the shifting lights above, oblivious to all Kyle had done for her, *he* stared at *her*.

Beautiful. Breathtakingly, impossibly beautiful.

This time, the nightmare had been her running through a forest wearing her school uniform – torn and shredded as it always was. Her hunter, of course, remained unseen. Though the more Kyle thought about it, the more certain he became that he knew exactly what was chasing Ana in her dreams.

No, not 'what'. Who.

Now, after he'd put an end to the nightmare, replaced it with a beautiful scene instead, Ana relaxed. Still in her tattered school uniform with its revealing tears and rips, still dirty and muddy from the several times she'd fallen over in her flight from her invisible pursuer. Yet still flawlessly pretty.

Her bright blonde hair, as it often was, was tired back into a ponytail. Dishevelled and messy, with more than a few golden strands loose. Her cheeks were flushed, pretty lips open in awe as she stared up at the sky. Her eyes, usually a cool, icy blue, now reflected all the colours and hues shifting above – red one moment, green the next. Waves of beautiful, ever-changing light mirrored in Ana's irises.

And her body...

It was impossible for Kyle to resist the tugging pull of his eyes. They wanted to take in that curvy, lean figure and he was powerless to stop them.

Huge, heavy tits. Kyle still remembered their weight, their rounded perfection. Pretty pink nipples that were hidden beneath a school blouse and bra, yet that Kyle had no trouble picturing in his mind. Her slender waist made for a perfect contrast to Ana's insane bust and ample ass. An hourglass that Kyle, for the life of him, could not pull his eyes away from.

Why had Ana dreamed of wearing her school uniform? Why had her mind summoned up that long, revealing tear in her skirt? Why did her subconscious clothe her in such a way as to expose *that* much sweaty cleavage?

It was like the deepest parts of Ana's mind, the parts she wasn't even aware of, *wanted* Kyle to see her like this. Exposed, vulnerable. Sexy.

Could that be the case?

Could Ana, on some level, *want* Kyle to look at her body?

As if she'd heard him thinking about her, Ana turned her attention away from the brilliantly beautiful sky and gazed directly at Kyle.

"Are you alright?" She asked, voice filled with gentle compassion.

"Huh?" Kyle blinked, dragging his eyes up from her chest to look her in the eye. "Oh. Yeah. I'm okay. Just thinking about stuff. Nothing to worry about."

"Are you sure?" Ana said, tilting her head to one side. "You seem kinda quiet recently. Are you sure everything's okay?"

"I-" Kyle paused, thought for a brief heartbeat about telling Ana the truth. He dismissed the thought immediately. No, Ana could *never* learn about what Kyle was, what he could do. "Yeah, I'm sure."

Ana pursed her lips. She seemed to think about something for a moment, then took

a step towards him.

"We're sharing dreams," she stated, voice soft. "I don't know how that's possible or why it's happening, but there must be a reason. God wouldn't have done it otherwise."

She could never be allowed to learn the truth. If she knew what Kyle was capable of, she'd always question where her thoughts and feelings about him came from – wonder if he'd manipulated her into thinking and feeling what she did. That'd be death for any relationship Kyle wanted with her. If she couldn't bring herself to trust him...

"What if-" Ana breathed in, though she didn't need to. Since they were in a dream, neither one of them actually needed to breathe here. "What if you're here because you need my help?"

Kyle blinked at her.

"I don't know about that," he said with a smirk.

If anyone was supposed to help anyone, it was Kyle who was to help Ana. Not the other way around.

"Why else would God put us together?" Ana smiled, eyes filled with nothing but caring and compassion. "It's okay, if you don't wanna talk about what's bothering you. I know that can be difficult. But I'm here if you ever need to. Even if it's just venting or complaining about tiny, irrelevant things. I'm here for you."

The earnest, serious tone in Ana's voice made Kyle hesitate.

She meant it. Every word. She wanted to help him, even though she had no idea what was really going on.

"I..." How was he supposed to respond to that? "Thank you."

Ana smiled brightly, shrugged.

"Us dream-buddies have got to stick together. Just remember, if you ever need to talk – about anything – you know where to find me."

Before going to sleep, Kyle checked his phone.

One new message, from an unknown number. It was a string of random letters with no spaces and no punctuation. Line after line of letters that, to anyone by Kyle, would've been indecipherable.

He read the first letter, skipped the second and read the third, then skipped two and read another, skipped three and read another. The four letters, when put together, formed a single short word. A hidden message within the jumbled mess.

Safe.

Kyle closed his eyes, went ghost-mode for a moment and searched around his room.

No sign of Lucy.

He returned to his body, tapped out a quick 'yes' and sent it. Just a few seconds later, the phone began to ring. Heart thumping, inhaling a deep breath, Kyle answered the phone.

"Alpaca," Kyle said, keeping his voice as quiet as he could.

"I know the correct train," a woman's voice said. Teach, calling him from her prison cell. "I'll send the time it leaves and the station and platform in a message. Memorise it quickly, then delete it."

"You're certain she'll be on it?" Kyle asked, glancing around his bedroom.

There was no telling when Lucy might pop into his bedroom for an invisible visit. If she overheard Teach's voice, or saw the information Teach was about to send him, their plan would fall apart in an instant. They *had* to keep these calls as short and quick as humanly possible. All the precautions – the hidden words in otherwise incomprehensible messages, going ghost-mode to check if Lucy was there or not, the changing password – were absolutely necessary.

"She'll be there. Don't fuck it up."

Teach hung up before Kyle could speak another word.

He waited and, sure enough, she sent him a new message a few moments later. The name of the train station he'd been to before, along with a platform number and a specific time in the morning.

Kyle memorised it, erased all the messages in the conversation.

He set his phone down, suddenly wide awake.

Lucy. Finally, he was going to find out who the bitch really was. Just thirteen days now. Less than two weeks.

She'd be on that train.

Her real, physical body. She'd be riding that train, and so would Kyle. He'd find her on it, learn who she was. And then he'd get payback on her for all that she'd done, all that she'd forced *him* to do.

Once a month, every month, Lucy visited Teach in prison. Possessed one of the other inmates so she could have a 'conversation' with Teach. What the cunt and Teach talked about during the visits, Kyle didn't know – Teach hadn't provided him with *that* information. Though, if Kyle knew Lucy, those 'conversations' would mostly be Lucy gloating and taunting the other female Wanderer.

Every month, on the same date, at the same time.

Lucy would be on that train. She'd use it, just as Kyle had done previously, to get to Greenwater Prison. Teach had tasked herself with finding the exact train Lucy would be on, and now she'd done just that.

The rest was on Kyle.

He'd be on that train too. Search train car by train car if he had to. And he'd find Lucy; her real, physical body. The bitch in the flesh.

And he'd make her *suffer*.

Just thirteen days, and it'd all be over.

"Kylie!" Kyle's mother called, jarring him out of his focus. "Come look what I've got!"

He opened his eyes, a moment of confusion muddying his thoughts.

What was his mother doing home so soon? She wasn't supposed to get out of work today for hours yet. From the very moment he'd heard her voice, heard their apartment door slamming shut as she entered, Kyle knew something was off.

Quickly, he closed his eyes again, tried to focus.

Nothing.

He was attempting to 'sense' if other Wanderers were around. While still in his body, without going ghost-mode, he was trying to find out if it was possible to 'feel' the presence of other Wanderers nearby. So far, he'd had no luck.

Was that because Lucy wasn't around? Or was it simply not possible to sense other Wanderers the way Kyle was trying?

"Kylie!" His mother called again.

She sounded eager. That put Kyle even more on edge.

He rose from his bed, walked out of his small bedroom into the cramped apartment where his grinning mother stood waiting. Her usual tired expression was no-where to be seen, instead her eyes were alive with energy and excitement. In her hands, she carried two bags filled with newly-bought clothes.

"Surprise!" She grinned, raising the bags. "Look what I got you!"

Lucy was here. Kyle knew it. He might not be able to feel it or sense her, but he *knew*. Whatever *this* was, his mother with bags of new clothes, it was Lucy's doing. Of that, Kyle had no doubts.

"Look, look!" Kyle's mother said, putting down the bags and riffling through them. "I got you all sorts. Dresses, skirts, tops, bras and panties. The works!"

"Uh," Kyle said. "No thanks."

When she looked up, saw Kyle's lack of enthusiasm, his mother rolled her eyes.

"I just spent a lot of money on all this," his mother stated firmly. Kyle winced – he knew how little cash his mother had to spare. "So don't be a moody drama-queen. The *least* you can do is try some of it on. I know you like your tomboy aesthetic, and that's fine. But if you *really* want that boy you like to notice you, you've gotta show a bit of your feminine side too."

Twelve days. Just twelve more days, and he'd crush the bitch.

"No complaining!" Kyle's mother grinned, reaching into one of the bags and pulling out a pink dress. She handed it to him, and he knew he had no choice but to take it. Lucy would make sure there were consequences if he didn't. "Go put that on while I order some food. We'll have a little fashion show. It'll be fun, I promise!"

It was not fun. It was anything but 'fun'.

What it was, was humiliating.

Kyle, red-faced, stepped into the apartment's main room wearing nothing but the pink dress and his boxers.

The dress itself wasn't modest. With spaghetti straps and a plunging v-neck, ending mid-thigh while clinging tight to the body, if it'd been worn by a girl like Ana, the dress would have looked amazing. On Kyle, it was just *wrong*.

"Oh my!" Kyle's mother giggled. "No bra? How risqué! Come on. Do a little twirl for me."

What choice did he have? With Lucy pulling the strings, how could Kyle say no? He did as his mother wanted, twirled on the spot - shutting his eyes tight as the dress skirt fanned out. When he stopped, faced his mother, he saw her shaking her head and tutting.

"Boy boxers?" His mother chided playfully. "Really?"

When Kyle didn't respond, his mother reached into one of her shopping bags. When she pulled out a matching set of bra and panties, bright white with a floral design, Kyle suppressed a sigh. He took them wordless, went back to his room to put them on.

Humiliation. Petty, silly, pathetic attempts to get digs in at him. Lucy thought she could mock him, toy with him. But she was wrong.

Twelve days more, and her fun at his expense would end.

Kyle imagined the cunt's face as he climbed into the uncomfortably tight panties. He imagined his hands around her throat, her eyes bulging. As he put the bra on, struggling with the back straps, he couldn't help but smirk.

Yeah, he'd have his payback. And then some.

Was she in the room with him right now? Could she see his smirk? If so, what would she think of it?

Who cared?

Kyle was going to dominate the vicious little cunt. Put her in her place, make sure she knew *exactly* who was in charge. And for this? Making him play dress-up and having him humiliate himself in his own home? He'd make her *suffer*.

Kyle stepped back into the apartment's main room where his brainwashed mother was waiting.

She clapped her hands together excitedly, told Kyle to strike this pose and that pose. Before long, she was handing him new clothes to try on. And, without complaint, he did as she wanted. All *this* was doing was adding fuel to the fire that would be his revenge.

Perception Altering. It was a new trick, thanks to Lucy and what she'd done to his mother, that Kyle had discovered.

It was fragile. Easily broken when confronted. And in no way was it a reliable, long-term method of altering a person's mind. But, while not the most powerful ability in a Wanderer's arsenal, it certainly had its uses.

Rather than attempting to directly twist a person's mind and core beliefs, Perception Altering was just that – altering a person's perceptions.

In the case of Kyle's mother, Lucy had changed a very specific aspect of how his mother perceived the world. Instead of seeing a son, she saw a daughter. That, along with some deeper mental changes Lucy had made, meant Kyle – in his mother's eyes – became Kylie. The vast majority of their relationship as child and parent was the same, Lucy hadn't turned his mother into a different person at all. But, from now until Kyle was able to safely undo Lucy's alterations, his mother would see him as a girl – breasts 'n' all.

Kyle would play along. Really, he had no choice but to play along - for now, at least. He'd have to be cautious around his mother, making sure that she didn't ever realise he was actually male. If the altered perception Lucy had given her shattered, there was no telling how his mother's mind would react.

But, when this business with Lucy was done. One's he'd removed *that* particular problem from his life, Kyle would fix his poor mother's twisted mind.

And, once Lucy was out of the picture, he'd also make his move on Ana. Finally claim her heart and soul as his own.

That happy thought brought a smile to Kyle's ethereal face as he drifted through the roof of Ana's home, right into her attic bedroom. To be with Ana, it was all he wanted. And soon, he'd have it. All he needed to do was get rid of-

Lucy.

She was hovering in the room, staring down at Ana's sleeping form.

"About time you got here, Ghost Girl," Lucy said, not even bothering to look up at him. "Did'ja have fun trying on your new wardrobe?"

"What do you want now?" Kyle growled, his happy smile evaporating in an instant.

"Oh, nothing really." The girl smirked, slowly pulling her eyes away from Ana's sleeping body. "Just thinking about how much you seem to love being a girl. It's kinda cute, if you ask me."

Games. Always more games.

"What," Kyle snarled. "Do. You. Want?"

"No," Lucy giggled. "You're doing it wrong! You're meant to act all offended and tell me how much of a 'man' you are, that you'd *never* want to be a girl. Etcetera, etcetera."

Kyle glared at her, said nothing.

"You're no fun," Lucy smiled. "Lighten up. It's a brand new world out there, full of acceptance and openness and shit. You and your secret desire to have a pussy instead of your little pee-pee is pretty normal these days. You just have to accept yourself and *love* yourself and you'll-"

Kyle turned in the air, began drifting to one of the walls.

If Lucy wasn't going to get to the point, he'd just leave. Simple as that.

"I'd stay put, if I were you," Lucy said behind him, voice loud and clear. "Unless you *want* Tits here to spend the next twenty-four hours having all her holes filled up with daddy-spunk."

Kyle froze, turned back to the cunt.

"There," the girl smirked. "That's better."

Kyle folded his arms and waited.

"Alright, alright. Down to business, then. You're such a buzz-kill, Ghost Girl. But don't worry, I still love you."

Twelve days. That's all. Just twelve more days.

"In fact, I want to *show* you how much I love you. See, I want you to accept yourself for the girl we both know you are. I want to help realise that it's *okay* to be a cock-hungry slut. And I've thought up just the game to *prove* to you who you really are."

Lucy's smirk could be heard in every syllable she spoke. Malicious glee laced very sound that came out of her whore mouth.

"If you pick option one, it means you might just be the man you pretend to be. If you pick option two, it proves that your deepest desire is to be a slutty little girl lusting after the cocks of *real* men. Pretty simple, right?"

Twelve days. He's show her *exactly* what type of a man he was then.

"Option one; I possess Tits and you possess her father. And you fuck me. As hard and rough and painful as you'd like. I love a good hate-fuck. Or option two; I possess the father and you possess the mother. And *I fuck you.*"