

Ghost Boy

Chapter 15

"So," Lucy smirked, "what's it gonna be?"

What?!

What kind of a choice was *that*?

Either possess Ana's father and violate the girl he loved, or possess her mother and be violated *himself*. How the fuck was he supposed to make a choice when *those* were his options?

"H- how long?" Kyle said, eyes on Lucy's ethereal form. "To make a decision. How long do I get?"

If he could stall her for twelve days – just two weeks – then he wouldn't *have* to choose. He could get rid of Lucy, put this whole thing behind him. She'd given him a week to make a decision once already, if he could trick her into giving him two-

"Ten minutes," Lucy said. "Or I'll hop inside daddy's body and give Tits the fucking of a lifetime – regardless of if you're possessing her or not."

Bitch.

Bitch!

If he could have, Kyle would've reached out and wrapped his hands around the cunt's throat – squeezed and squeezed. If he'd been able to, he'd have attacked her there and then, taken all his righteous rage out on Lucy, holding nothing back.

But he couldn't.

He couldn't do *anything* to stop her. Not yet. Not until he knew her name, who she *really* was.

He was powerless.

"Don't worry," Lucy smiled. "I'll be gentle. In the beginning, at least..."

If he possessed Ana's father, he'd be able to fuck Ana's body. Finally get to experience what she felt like. He'd be able to feel her curves, taste her lips, spread her open and claim her cherry. Not just that, he'd also be fucking *Lucy*. Hard and rough. Painfully. He could make it hurt – make her suffer. Show the bitch her place. If he chose that, he could experience Ana and punish Lucy both at the same time.

Only, it wouldn't be Ana. Wouldn't be the girl he wanted, only her body. A sexy, perfect body, sure. But it wouldn't be *her*. Wouldn't be right. And he wouldn't be in his own body, either. He'd be in someone else's. Ana's father.

Could he *really* go through with that, knowing he'd be giving Ana's virginity to her own *father*?

And what about the alternative – possessing the mother?

He'd be at Lucy's mercy. A woman's body – and a pregnant one at that – being penetrated by an actual cock. With him being in the female body; even if it was Lucy in possession of it, he'd still be having sex with a man. His first time, and it'd be Lucy thrusting a cock inside him.

Just the thought made Kyle's stomach churn.

And yet, the thought of Ana being penetrated by her father. Her virginity stolen away while she was unconscious...

How? How was he supposed to make that decision?

"Admit it," Lucy teased. "You want to know what it feels like having a dick inside you. I can see it in your eyes, you *want* to experience it. Just let go, accept yourself as the sissy girl you are."

Gloating. She was goading him. Trying to sway his decision.

Lucy was trying to make him angry – make him choose the first option just to spite her and prove her wrong. She was succeeding in the first part. He *was* angry. But he wouldn't fall into her trap. Whatever she was planning, he wouldn't play along like some

puppet under her control.

If she wanted him to pick the first option – possessing Ana's father – then he'd go with the opposite.

But... That would mean possessing Ana's mother.

It'd mean being fucked as a woman, violated and humiliated by Lucy.

"Tick, tock," Lucy giggled, watching Kyle's face with open amusement. "Time's ticking by, Ghost Girl. You don't wanna see what happens when it runs out."

Ana. He had to protect Ana.

No matter what.

He had to keep her safe, keep her pure and innocent and untainted.

"Option two," Kyle sighed, unable to look Lucy in the eyes. He knew the glee he'd see there, knew the smirk she'd flash him. "I'll take the mother."

"I knew it!" Lucy shouted happily. "No need to be so shy, Ghost Girl. If you want to experience all the pleasures and joys of being a woman, I'm more than happy to help you out. No judgement here, only us two girls having a bit of harmless fun."

"Let's just get this over with," Kyle growled, drifting down to the attic bedroom's floor. The parents' room should be just below.

Twelve days.

He'd make her pay for every insult, every humiliation. And then some. Just twelve more days.

The body was heavy. Two breasts, huge and swollen with milk. A massive, pregnant belly. Every inch of the body felt bloated and tired and strained.

Ana's mother was a beautiful woman, comparable to her angelic daughter. Older, more mature, but still radiant. If not for the fact she was pregnant, Kyle was certain the woman's figure would've been as mouth-watering as her daughter's was. A knock-out that would've accompanied Ana in Kyle's sexual fantasies.

And yet here he was, in her body – about to be used and humiliated for Lucy's entertainment.

Besides him, on the king-sized bed, Ana's father stirred.

The man sat up in bed, stretched his arms and glanced over at the pregnant woman next to him. A smirk spread his lips.

"Calling you 'Ghost Girl' feels kinda wrong given the body you're in." The voice was deep, gravelly. "But I don't want to call you 'Ghost Woman' either. So, what should I call you in the mean time?"

Kyle ignored the words. Tried to ignore the fact that he was a woman, in bed with a man, wearing nothing but a nightie and panties.

"Guess I'll just call you 'Slut'. It fits you so well, after all."

He said nothing, waited.

Revenge. Payback. Justice and retribution. He'd claim them all soon enough. Lucy could have her fun for now, she could force him into these perverse situations, but he'd have the last laugh. When the time came, the bitch would wish she'd never met him.

All he had to do was endure. Survive. Easy enough, right?

Lucy rose from the bed, tossed the blanket aside, walked along the walls of the master bedroom until she found the room's light switch. Without hesitation, she flicked it on – near-blinding Kyle with sudden brightness in a room that'd been almost pitch-black a moment before.

"There!" She grinned. "Much better!"

Shirtless. Ana's father slept shirtless, apparently. His upper body, while not extremely muscled, was far fitter and leaner than Kyle's own body was. And hairy. Boy, did the man have a hairy chest. Bushy with dark, thick curls.

Kyle felt the heart inside his chest stutter, felt a ripple of fear twist his insides.

Lucy was staring at him. She wasn't looking at the woman's body, wasn't admiring the ample chest or the beautiful face. Her eyes were locked onto Kyle's. And they were *hungry*.

"Take the nightie off, Slut."

Kyle didn't move, didn't obey. He simply lay there, the skin on his arms prickling in the chilly night air.

"It's up to you," the man in front of Kyle said with a shrug. "I can tear it off you easily enough. Just think hard about where and *who* you are, and if you *really* want to antagonise me right now."

Kyle glared, refused to speak.

But, slowly, his hands moved over the fabric of the nightie. What choice did he have? He *had* to obey. To protect Ana, he'd have to play along with Lucy's petty games. It was the only way.

He sat up in bed – with difficulty – and pulled the nightie up and over his head.

The weight on his chest seemed to double in an instant. The woman's back ached, screamed at the pressure of having to sit up. As soon as the nightie was removed and discarded, Kyle dropped back down, returned to laying with his head on the pillow.

"Good Slut," the man's voice chuckled. "Since you're all preggers 'n' shit, we'll have to do it missionary. But that's fine – it's like the traditional position for losing your virginity."

Springs creaked as Lucy climbed onto the bed.

Kyle shut his eyes tight, refused to look as Lucy began lowering the man's pyjama pants.

If he didn't look – didn't see – maybe it'd be better.

The thought of a man mounting him, cock dangling-

No. Best not to think about it.

Endure. That's all he had to do. Lay there and endure it. Wait it out until Lucy got bored and decided to fuck off.

He could do that.

He could do this.

"Spread your legs, Slut," the deep, gravelly voice commanded. "Show me how wet you are at the idea of taking cock."

Eyes clamped shut, Kyle opened his legs.

The sooner it began, the sooner it'd be over with.

He could feel the man's body above him, feel the chill in the air against his skin. Heavy, huge breasts. The bladder-crushing weight of a pregnant belly. Long, blonde hair flowing down shoulders and over the pillow. He could feel the sore swell of nipples, the agonising ache of milk-filled breasts. No cock – only a cold, wet, sensitive slit. A throbbing clit.

Then fingers. Warm, rough fingers slipping under the fabric of the woman's panties – peeling them aside to expose her pussy.

"Hah!" The man's voice barked, amusement in his gravelly, rough voice. "Someone's excited! Deny it all you want, Slut. We both know how eager you are to take a real man's cock."

Fingertips brushed gently against the wetness.

Despite himself, Kyle gasped – the sound erotic and hungry.

"Trust me," the man's voice spoke. "Once you've tasted it, once you've experienced what it feels like to have a cunt and to have it be well and truly *fucked*, you'll never want to have a cock again. Not that you exactly had much of a cock to begin with..."

Words. They were just meaningless, hollow words.

The bedsprings creaked as the man's body moved – its weight shifted. With his eyes so firmly shut, Kyle couldn't see what Lucy was doing. He didn't want to think about it, didn't want his mind to wander in *that* direction. A moment later, the question he didn't ask

was answered for him.

Warm, tickling breath.

Lucy exhaled a soft breath, sending a little wave of air tickling over a very wet pussy.

Kyle's – no, Ana's mother's – chest rose and fell rapidly. Lungs heaving under the weight of the woman's breasts, heart pounding a fast beat inside her chest. Heat radiated out from the body, hot and clammy – battling with the chilly air against her skin. So many goosebumps and skin prickles. Too many.

Why was he so horny? Why was this body so aroused?

Lucy. She'd done something. Somehow, this was the short cunt's fault. She'd set it up so that the body would be this excited and sensitive. That *had* to be it.

"This is gonna be fun," a man's voice whispered.

A gentle, electrical sensation. The feel of lips. A mouth kissing the wetness between Kyle's legs. A tiny, insignificant amount of contact, yet it sent tingles and heat rushing through his body all the same.

Somehow, Kyle managed to stop himself from moaning out loud.

Again, the bedsprings shifted – the weight of the man's body moving. Hands grasped Kyle's hips, held him in place.

Lucy moved in between the spread legs, uncomfortably close.

"Are you ready Slut?" The man asked, voice curled around a smirk.

Something pressed against the wetness. A smooth, hard object up against the mother's slit.

Kyle trembled, said nothing.

"The silent treatment? Really?" The man huffed, though Kyle could still hear the smirk in his voice. "If that's the way you want to play it then fine. We'll just have to see how long that silence lasts, won't we?"

Slowly, Lucy pushed forward.

Between his legs, Kyle felt flesh give way – a tightness being forced open around Lucy's hard cock. He felt the heat of it as it penetrated him inch by inch, moment by moment. Hot, painful, electrical heat. And, despite his best efforts, the body he was occupying let out a long, loud sigh of pleasure.

Kyle lay motionless, dazed and exhausted. He stared at the ceiling above him, mind refusing to work. The only noise in the master bedroom was the sounds of snoring – Ana's father knocked out cold on the bed beside him.

The cunt was gone. Disappeared off to wherever it was she went whenever she wasn't tormenting him. Living her life without a care in the world.

He'd change that. He'd make her *suffer*.

Twelve days.

It seemed so long away. A lifetime. An age. Too far into the future to matter. Yet, Kyle held on to that number. Repeating it over and over in his head.

Cum leaked out from inside him.

A man's cum. Inside him. Spilling out.

Kyle blinked, shuddered.

He shut his eyes tight, not bothering to cover the body he was in with blankets or clothes, not caring enough to clean up the mess so that Ana's parents would never know what'd happened. Instead, he focussed – concentrated on that special part of his mind and awareness that made him so different.

With barely a thought, he slipped out of the woman's body.

Head spinning, eyes narrowed, Kyle searched for the cunt. Lucy. For any hint of her at all. But there was none. Only him floating there above the bed and the two bodies resting upon it.

Red hot anger blossomed inside Kyle's ghostly chest. Pure rage and unrestrained fury.

Twelve days.

Just twelve more days of the bitch's games, and then he'd put an end to it once and for all.

After tonight, after what she'd just done to him, there would be no mercy. No holding back. He'd destroy her. Make her regret ever fucking with him, his mother, the girl he loved. He'd make her *pay*. And every humiliation and insult and torment she put him through, he'd deliver right back to her a hundred times worse.

She. Would. *Suffer*.

That thought fuelling him, Kyle floated upwards into Ana's attic bedroom – drifted over to where the beauty lay sleeping in bed peacefully.

After what he'd just been through, he needed to see her. To hear her voice.

She was his oasis. His haven.

If anyone could make him feel better, it was Ana and her angelic smile.

He reached out, snatched her soul from her body and effortlessly slipped inside her dreams – heart filled with a deep, impossible longing. The pull of true love.

She was, as usual, in the midst of having a nightmare.

A endless corn maze with a black, sunless sky. The first time Ana's mind had dreamt up these particular surroundings. Usually it was streets or wilderness or, more often than not, school corridors.

Instead of doing what he usually did – following Ana while flying invisibly, watching for a bit before inevitably interfering – Kyle materialised himself right in front of Ana straight away.

The girl's first reaction upon seeing him was to scream.

Not surprising, really. She was running away from something utterly terrifying to her, after all. Popping into existence right in front of her without warning was bound to shock her. It was basically a jump-scare in the middle of Ana's perpetual nightmare.

A moment later, after she's screamed so loud that Kyle's fake dream-ears were left ringing, Ana saw his face. Her eyes – which were already wide and terrified from the jump-scare – bulged as she recognised who he was. She visibly relaxed, breathed out a soft, cute sigh of relief.

"Kyle? Where did you- You almost gave me a heart attack!"

"My bad," he said, felt a smile tugging at his lips.

The dream version of Ana was wearing the same plain pyjamas that the girl's real body had gone to bed wearing. They were torn and ragged, as was usual in these nightmares, but otherwise the girl looked as cute and pretty as ever.

Her bright blonde hair, while a little scruffy, framed her face in flowing rivulets. Icy blue eyes shone with kindness and acceptance and caring, and perhaps – maybe - even something more?

As soon as she'd recognised him, the very air around them seemed to shift. The panic and dread fading, replaced with easy comfort. The howling, scary winds rushing through the corn maze stilled, and the maze itself seemed to brighten a little, lose a bit of its gloom.

Distantly, Kyle could still feel the thing that was chasing Ana. The invisible, unseen monster that haunted her every night.

If he wanted to, he could will the dream to change – make the invisible monster disappear completely, take Ana somewhere nice and pleasant and warm. If he wanted to, he could snap his fingers and will the girl to be utterly naked – not that'd he's ever embarrass or humiliate her like that, though. Here, in this place, Kyle was God. Able to affect this reality with effortless thought.

All it'd take was a moment of willpower, and he could take Ana somewhere nice. And, thinking of a tropical beach, he did just that – sent her away to a better, happier place.

But, instead of going with her, Kyle stayed behind. Remained in the corn maze.

Twelve days. That's how long he'd have to wait to do something about Lucy. Until then, he was powerless against her.

But he wasn't powerless *here*.

It'd take twelve days for him to solve his own problem, but he could take care of Ana's here and now.

Whatever was confronting Ana, he could face it. Destroy it. Show Ana that there was nothing to be afraid of. That he'd always be there to protect her.

He couldn't help himself, not yet. But he could help *her*.

Besides, he was curious.

In his mind, Kyle knew that there could only be one of two things chasing Ana – relentlessly pursuing and haunting her. Only two *people* that Ana's subconscious mind might know of and see as threats.

Would it be her father, the man who was supposed to protect and guide her, yet lusted after her instead?

Or would it be Lucy? The one who manipulated and twisted her from the shadows, using her to mess with and torment Kyle.

Was Ana's mind, on some subconscious level, aware of the short cunt's meddling and manipulations? Did she see the way that her own father looked at her with hungry, disgusting, lecherous eyes? Of the two, Ana had to be aware of one. Not so aware that she knew it consciously, but aware enough that her mind knew to fear.

Whichever one it was, Kyle was very much looking forward to destroying the nightmare-fuelled version of them.

He closed his eyes, willed Ana's terror to materialise in front of him. Not a shred of fear or panic in him, just cold control. Here, he was God. Here, he had nothing to fear. He'd obliterate whatever nightmare image appeared before him, remove it from Ana's dreams forever. And, when the time came, be it Lucy or Ana's father, he'd end them in the real world too.

Ana would be his, and his alone. And together, they'd be happy.

He opened his eyes.

And saw an image of himself staring right back.