

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 16

Bitch.

*Bitch!*

Everything he'd done, all the humiliations he'd endured, all the things Lucy had made him do... And *this* was how Ana repaid him?

He'd protected her! Kept her safe!

And *this* was how she felt about him?

Nightmares. Every night, running away from an image of Kyle. Terrified of it. She might not know it consciously, but it was clear as day what Ana's subconscious thought of him. Every fucking night, fleeing the same terror. Trying to get as far away from him as possible...

Bitch.

All he wanted to do was protect her. To keep her safe. All the things he'd done, the choices he'd made, it'd all been for Ana.

He'd let Lucy *fuck* him.

And *this* was what Ana *really* thought about him?

That he was some horror to run away from?

He stared at his own reflection, shock dissolving into something darker. A deep, cold rage. A bubbling pit of anger and contempt.

After everything he'd done, Ana should see him as a *hero*.

Who was it that ended her nightmares every night and took her some place nice and happy and joyous? Who was it who listened to her as she talked about school and bullshit drama involving her friends? Who'd been the one who guarded her from the shadows, protected her from Lucy? Who was it that loved her, would do anything for her?

And she couldn't care less.

Oh sure, Ana was 'fond' of Kyle. He could sense that much from their dream connection. But that was just surface level. It was just Ana being 'nice'. *This* was what Ana's mind *really* thought about him. A monster to run and hide from. A nightmare that terrified her to her core.

Bitch!

He deserved so much more. He'd *earned* so much more than to be seen like this. After everything he'd done for her-

Distantly, Kyle could feel the bitch's unease. Sense her discomfort. Their minds were connected, and she could feel an echo of his anger. Ana was uncomfortable, concerned.

Good. She *should* be.

He'd thought she was different. Special. A beautiful girl with a pure heart, kind and caring and compassionate. Pretty, but not arrogant or egotistical about it. Outgoing and charismatic, but not a slut like so many other girls were. He'd thought she was the one. His destiny. His love.

But all she saw him as was a bad dream. Something to be avoided.

She was just like every other bitch. Unwilling to give Kyle a chance, even when he'd done *so much* to earn it.

How long had she been having these nightmares anyway?

From the beginning. Right from the fucking start. She'd *never* given him a chance. And she never *would*. Beautiful girls were all the same. Pretty smiles hiding callous hearts. All of them knew how good looking they were, looked down on guys like Kyle because of it. They thought their attractiveness put them above other people.

Ana was supposed to have been different.

But now Kyle saw the truth.

She was just like everyone else. Not the beautiful princess he'd thought she was, not the pure-hearted angel he'd wanted. No, she was just another bitch. Just like the rest. Just like Lucy.

Kyle glared at his reflection, and it glared right back at him.

Fuck it.

If this was how Ana saw him, if she thought of him as a nightmare, then that's *exactly* what he'd be.

After everything he'd done for her, he *deserved* a reward.

Kyle closed his eyes, willed the copy of himself to disappear. Reaching out with his mind and, touching Ana's own, he made himself appear in front of her with the barest amount of effort. Her, in her dreams, he was practically a god, after all. Anything he wanted, he could make happen.

When he opened his eyes, he saw her.

A blonde bombshell. The kind of girl a guy could search his entire life for and never find. Ana was the most beautiful person he'd ever laid his eyes on; not just leagues above him, but in a league entirely of her own. No-one else could ever hope of matching, or even come close to matching, the girl's angelic radiance.

Bright blonde hair flowed down her shoulders, a little wild and uneven in places, but soft and shining all the same. Her round cheeks were flushed pink in stark contrast to her otherwise pale-as-snow skin. Her pretty lips curled into a frown of uncertainty, discomfort clear as day on her heart-shaped face.

And her body... How had Kyle been able to resist that figure for so long? How in the world had he ever been able to hold himself back?

A perfect, athletic hourglass. Strong, firm legs. Slender waist with a toned tummy. Hips for days, with an ass that'd bounce beautifully when Kyle spanked it – round and full enough that it was near-impossible to imagine that butt and not picture a red hand-print on each cheek. And, of course, Ana's chest. Her giant globes. Her head-sized tits, easy rivals in size to her own pregnant mother's. Wonderfully huge melons that'd filled and fuelled countless fantasies.

She was clad in torn and damaged pyjamas, plain and ordinary pyjamas made slutty and downright obscene by the raw sex-appeal of the body beneath. Even in this dream world, where the normal rules of physics needn't apply, Ana's clothes were strained to the breaking point by the sheer size of her bust.

Kyle's eyes roamed the girl's body freely, not caring that she was looking right at him.

"Uh," Ana said, shifting uncomfortably. "Kyle? Are... are you okay?"

His eyes snapped up instantly, scowled at soft, pink lips.

He could feel it in the air, Ana's concern. Her *compassion*.

She was 'worried' about him, she wanted to 'help'. Her lips were curled into a forced, kind smile. She wanted to be approachable, to be nice and caring.

But he's seen what she *really* thought.

This? What Ana was feeling? It was an act. One that she'd convinced everyone else was true. That she was a good person, a kind and noble and pure soul. She'd tricked Kyle into believing it, even convinced herself that it was true.

But Kyle knew better now.

He didn't speak. Instead, he focussed. Summoned all his willpower, all his desire and strength. Here, he was a god. He was all-powerful. Here, *he* made the rules. He gathered up all his will, formed it and shaped it, unleashed it at the lying bitch in front of him.

She recoiled as if she'd been struck by something physical.

The dream-world blurred around them, became unfocussed as Ana's mind began to wake. In other situations, the dream might have ended there – Ana snapping awake from

shock. But Kyle's grip was strong. He willed Ana to remain sleeping, to remain dreaming. And that's exactly what she did.

Her dream body stumbled, collapsed onto the sandy beach.

A hot, tropical sun loomed overhead.

Before his eyes, Ana's clothes morphed. Pyjamas disappearing, replaced with a skimpy pink bikini. Bruises and cuts from her nightmare disappeared, skin shining flawlessly in the warmth of the sun. Her hair rippled, suddenly neat and perfect.

"Wha-" Ana blinked, eyes unfocussed. "What's-"

"Shhh," Kyle smiled, crouching over her. "Everything is fine. This is what God wants. You feel it, don't you?"

He pushed his thoughts on her, forced the girl to feel exactly what he wanted her to – faith and trust and rightness. Made her dream-addled mind believe that this was where she belonged, where she wanted to be. Her faith and dedication to her God crippled Ana, opened her to Kyle's words and his will.

"God put us together," he whispered as he pushed arousal onto her, made it flood her – both the dream version of Ana *and* her real, physical body. "He wants us to be together. We're soulmates. We were *made* for each other."

Ana's lips parted. She wanted to speak, but didn't know what to say. Couldn't think straight.

Kyle leaned forward, kissed her.

And, with a little mental nudge, she kissed him back.

Heat filled Kyle. Powerful, thrilling heat. No more games, no more tricks or waiting. This was it. He was finally going to taste it, experience Ana. He was going to fuck this dream version of her. And, when he was done, he'd sink his hands into her mind and warp her thoughts fully. Make her want nothing more in the world than to please him.

The gloves were off. No more hesitation. No more being a good guy to someone who viewed him as a nightmare.

Without a care in the world, he reached out his hands and groped Ana's tits.

She gasped into his mouth, tried to push him away. He could feel her shock, feel her morals stir and surface. She'd been raised her entire life believing sex was for marriage. But, fuelled by his rage and his lust, Kyle was easily able to crush Ana's restraint – push aside all her thoughts of resistance, leaving behind nothing but animal desire.

She moaned as he caressed her curves, shuddered as his fingers slipped under the strings of that skimpy bikini top, began pinching and playing with her nipples directly.

When the kiss finally broke – Kyle pulling back with a smirk on his face – Ana slumped to the sand, sprawled out.

Her bikini top was now nothing but a few pink strings that did nothing to hide Ana's indecency. Pretty pink nipples pointed skywards, hard and inviting. Her body was covered in a sheen of sweat, chest rising and falling rapidly. Between her legs, the bikini bottoms were soiled. Fluid leaked out from behind the pink cloth, stained the sand beneath her.

"We're married," Kyle stated, willing for his own clothes to vanish. His cock sprang out into the open air – hard and ready. "God put us together. He married us. There might not be a church or contracts signed, but we are as married as two people can possibly be. God wills it."

It was true. Kyle did will it. And, as far as he was concerned, he was the only god Ana would ever need or want or worship.

He placed firm fingers on Ana's bikini bottoms, peeled the fabric away from her crotch. Without hesitation, he positioned himself between her legs.

"You are mine," Kyle told the girl.

And he drove forward, rammed himself inside her.

Here, in this place, there was no pain. No doubt or awkwardness or clumsiness. This was a dream, and dreams could be whatever the dreamer wanted them to be. And,

while Ana might be the dreamer in this case, it was Kyle who controlled it.

No pain. No discomfort. Only pleasure.

Pure, unrestrained pleasure.

Ana howled, body tensing as Kyle penetrated her. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets, mouth hanging open as she released an erotic scream. Her tits jumped beautifully when Kyle's cock struck Ana's deepest parts.

The world around them blurred, Ana's mind unable to fully comprehend what was happening – the pleasure of it. If not for his firm grip on her mind, Ana would've snapped awake right there. But hold tight he did, to her mind and to her dreamy, perfect body.

He grasped her hips, began thrusting.

Ana moaned and mewled, her too-tight pussy clamping down on Kyle's cock as he ravished her insides. Her body shook and trembled in delight, tingles and warm shivers pulsing through her body.

Kyle knew the feeling, knew the pleasures a female body experienced.

It was almost too much, the pleasure and hunger and lust, the writhing of a perfect body beneath him as he thrust into her, the sounds Ana made as he had his way with her. He could feel the overwhelming pleasure of two people at once; Ana's and his own. A mixture of tingles and heat, of pressure and desire, of lust amplified and amplified again.

But he held on, kept on fucking the beautiful bitch even as the world distorted around them. The sky fading, the sand disappearing. He fucked her hard, without remorse or restraint. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else *existed*. Just the two of them in infinite nothingness, his body and hers.

"Kyle," Ana gasped, wrapping her legs around his waist – pulling him closer to her. "Kyle! *Fuck*."

He gripped her, held her body. Gazed at it with hunger.

His. She was *his*.

Kyle could feel it building. A deep, electrical pressure. Ana's orgasm approaching, and his own alongside it. Their pace increased, became frantic. He pulled at her, pawed at her body. Watched her tits jiggle and bounce, watched her beautiful face warp in expressions of pleased agony. And, all the while, he held her mind in place – kept his hard grip on her subconscious.

When it came time, their intertwined bodies trembled as one.

She clenched around his cock, he exploded inside her. Ana let out a loud, screeching howl, her entire body tensing and shivering as she climaxed – perhaps the first orgasm the conservative, religious girl had *ever* experienced.

And, as Kyle felt their combined pleasures overwhelm him, his grip on her mind finally faltered.

As she slept in her bed, her lower regions soaked with arousal from the dreams he'd given her, Kyle sank his hands into the beautiful girl's mind.

Weeks and weeks of taking things slowly, of trying to win over Ana's heart naturally, and what did he have to show for it?

An image of himself looking back at him.

He was certain now, after seeing that *thing*. He knew what he'd been unwilling to admit to himself before. That no matter how hard he tried, no matter how nice or kind he was, a girl like Ana would *never* be interested in him.

Not unless he *made* her.

He'd tried the slow and gentle approach, and it'd failed.

Now, it was time to take a page out of Lucy's book. Time to make his desires a reality, one way or another. With all the powers he had as a Wanderer, there was nothing he couldn't do. Warping Ana's mind into loving him, worshipping him, was entirely possible. Especially if he didn't have to worry about being 'nice' about it.

And so that's what he did.

He probed her sleep-dulled mind, prodded at it, twisted what he could twist and plucking what could be plucked.

Since the girl was asleep, her mind shut-down for the most part, the power Kyle had over her was limited. He couldn't dig as deep as he'd have liked, couldn't change parts of Ana's consciousness that needed changing. He could twist surface-level thoughts, toy with the girl's baser instincts and desires and opinions, but anything too grand was beyond him – at least while she slept.

He couldn't make himself her God, not yet.

But he could plant seeds. And tomorrow, when Ana was wide awake and alone in her bedroom, Kyle would *really* begin sinking his teeth in.

No more nice guy. No more understanding friend.

If Ana wanted to see Kyle as a monster, so be it. That's exactly what he'd become for her.

When he was done with her for the night, Kyle drifted down through Ana's bedroom floor and into her parents' bedroom. He examined the two sleeping figures through narrowed eyes.

Lucy would pay for everything she'd done.

Ana would be his and his alone.

And these two? Kyle would warp each of them also. Remove the father's twisted desire for his own daughter, take away his libido entirely – leaving him a limp-dicked loser. And the mother, he'd turn into a slut - a milf for his personal use. After all the things he'd had to go through on the woman's behalf, she owed him that.

Kyle drifted down, watched Ana's parents while his mind summoned up images and thoughts and plans and games. An ocean of potential situations he could put them – and their daughter – in.

He was about to leave when Ana's mother stirred.

Blinking herself awake in the darkness, the woman groaned softly. Kyle drifted over to her, watched closely.

She was still in a dishevelled mess from when he'd possessed her; clothes askew, body sprawled, cum leaking out from inside her. And, as the dullness of sleep faded, the woman herself slowly began to realise that something was wrong.

She frowned, pushed the blanket aside and forced herself to sit up in bed – eyes staring down past her big, pregnant belly.

The woman's head turned, she looked at her husband in confusion.

Kyle didn't need to slide a hand inside Ana's mother to read her mind. He could see her thoughts written on her face.

Had she and her husband had sex? It certainly *felt* like they had, but she couldn't remember. Had he fucked her while she was asleep? Had she been awake but so tired now she couldn't remember?

The woman put a hand on her head, confused and uncertain.

Slowly, she climbed out of bed, groaning in discomfort all the while. Her breasts and back and belly – practically every part of her body – ached, Kyle knew. And, from what he'd experienced possessing the woman, she'd have much rather stayed in bed than have to get up. But nature called, and the last thing the woman wanted to do was wet the bed.

She was dazed as she plodded to the bedroom door, mind still not comprehending what must have happened while she'd been asleep.

As she reached for the door handle, the woman froze.

More fluid began to spill from between her legs - clear and colourless, unlike the milky white that'd been dripping a few minutes before. The woman, eyes wide, reached both hands to her pregnant belly and then to her crotch.

Curious, Kyle passed his hand through the woman's head, quickly read her thought.

He floated backwards, eyebrows raised.

Ana's mother, it seemed, just had her water break. The woman was about to give birth.