

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 17

The news was all around school the next day. Ana's mother was in hospital, giving birth. The school's idol was going to become a big sister, if she wasn't one already.

For some reason, she'd been forced to come to school.

Ana wasn't in the hospital waiting alongside her father, nor was she at home anxiously waiting to find out if she had a little brother or sister. Instead, she was walking school corridors and sitting in school classrooms – as if today was no different from any other.

Kyle watched her, scanning her pretty face for any hint of emotion. Trying in vain to read her thoughts from a distance.

Was she happy? Worried? Was she upset, or proud, or annoyed?

He had no idea.

After finding out who she really was, what she *really* thought about him, Kyle couldn't read anything from the girl's expression any more. Were those smiles fake? Was her laughter hollow? It was impossible to tell.

And the way she looked at him...

Every now and then, he'd catch her glancing his way. And, whenever he'd meet her gaze, she'd quickly look away.

Was that blushing natural, or was it a front?

The thoughts and questions rattling around inside Kyle's skull were a more vicious torment than anything Lucy could've been able to come up with. The need – the hunger – for answers. The desire to know what the beautiful girl was *really* thinking behind those pretty blue eyes of hers. It was too much. The not knowing, when he had all his wonderful Wanderer abilities at his disposal but lacked the opportunity to use them, was torture.

When lunch hour finally came around, Kyle rushed to one of the school restrooms and locked himself in one of the dirty, smelly cubicles. Ignoring the badly-drawn graffiti on the walls, the names of students who graduated long ago yet still left their mark in this shitty place, Kyle closed his eyes and focused.

His physical body slumped on the toilet seat.

His ghostly form rose above the bathroom stalls, drifted out of the restroom through one of its walls. Down the corridor, flying unseen towards the school's cafeteria.

Finding Ana wasn't difficult.

She was an island of true beauty in a ocean of mediocrity, a goddess standing out amongst the unremarkable masses. A gaggle of inferior girls surrounded her, as always. Every one of them average or ugly in comparison, all of them uninteresting and bland when standing near the radiance that was Ana.

Kyle flew over to the girl that, though she didn't know it yet, was his. Floated above her head, gazing at her perfect face and even more perfect body.

And, slowly, he reached down to touch her.

As always, the moment he made contact with her – his ghostly hands passing through her skin and into her body – Kyle was bombarded with the girl's thoughts and experiences and sensations.

All at once, he was aware of how warm the girl felt. How uncomfortable and conflicted she was. Her concern over her mother, her worry and fear, was like a sledgehammer blow of raw emotion. And, on top of that, a lifetime of memories and lessons and experiences hammered down on Kyle's mind – too much for him to take in, too much for him to grasp at and pluck out a single stray thought from the mess. Finding what he was looking for would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Kyle snatched his hand away, glaring down at the beautiful girl.

There was a reason he'd stuck mostly to altering Ana's mind while she slept.

Accessing a person's mind was difficult, required effort and concentration to pull off. And, right now, Kyle didn't exactly have the time needed to apply that kind of focus. His body was still in that toilet stall, unconscious and vulnerable.

But he had to know.

He *needed* to know.

If it was one of the other Wanderers, they'd be able to pluck the knowledge from Ana's mind with ease. Lucy and Tubby and Lanky and Teach. They all had so much more experience than he did, knew so much more about Wanderer powers.

He had to catch up. Surpass them.

Even after he'd dealt with the Lucy problem, he'd have to make sure none of the other Wanderers tried anything. He had to be *better* than them. *Stronger* than them.

If they could do it – reach into a person's mind and read only what they wanted to – then he could do it to.

He was a Wanderer, just like them.

Anything they could do, so could he.

And so, once more, Kyle reached down and passed his hand into Ana's body. Was instantly bombarded by the information in her mind, a lifetime's worth of knowledge and understanding and opinion and emotion.

He snatched his hand away again, glaring daggers.

There had to be an easier way than this. There just *had* to be.

All he wanted was a single thought. A simple question answered.

How did Ana feel about him?

Nothing else. Nothing more. He didn't need flashes of random memories, didn't need to relive moments in Ana's life that'd stuck with her. He didn't need to know how much she disliked heavy metal or rap music, or how she sometimes listened to 'clean' country music when she felt particularly lonely.

He just needed that one question answered.

*How do you feel about Kyle?*

That's all he wanted to know.

So that was what he focused on. That one, burning question. He shut his eyes tight, focused on those words, the desire and intent behind them. Repeated it over and over in his head, held out his right hand and pushed that single, deep, hungry question into it.

And, eyes widening, he *felt* it there.

Felt the question in his ghostly hand, as if it were inside his very fingertips – a part of him.

When he swiped that hand through the air, passing it through Ana's body for only a heartbeat – not even long enough for him to be struck by a wave of her emotions – the girl flinched. Visibly flinched at his ghostly touch.

That'd never happened before.

And, where a moment before he'd held a question inside his fingertips, now his ghostly hand contained something different. Something new and unexpected.

An answer.

She cared about him.

Not in a loving, whole-hearted way. Not in the way he wanted her to. But she *did* care. It was a soft, small, kind thing. The same type of empathy that she had for strangers, people who were hurting and needed help. Open-hearted compassion.

And curiosity. Wonder over the fact that they shared dreams.

She didn't know how it was possible, other than that it was the will of her God. And, in that, her faith was absolute. In Ana's mind, God did nothing without reason – and so the fact that they were sharing dreams could only mean God wanted them to. For what reason, she didn't know. But she didn't question it. Simply followed along to what she

thought was 'God's plan'.

Gratitude, too. Thankfulness towards Kyle for helping her escape the nightmares she'd suffered from for so long – though something felt off about that. Something about the nightmares didn't add up, didn't make sense. Though Kyle didn't know what.

And, on top of all that, Ana felt something more.

Something hotter.

It was a part of herself that she tried to push down and suppress as much as possible, a 'sinful' part of her. The part of Ana's soul that *noticed* boys. Was attracted to them. It was the part of her that was temptation. Desire.

And she felt it towards Kyle.

She hadn't before. Not towards him. Not until last night.

But now? After what'd happened in her dream?

She couldn't *stop* thinking about it.

It felt wrong to her, disgusting. She loathed herself for her naughty, dirty thoughts. She felt guilty over them, thought they made her a monster. A sinful pervert.

But, every time she saw his face, she remembered the dream.

Remembered how *good* it felt.

There was more, too. More emotions, more thoughts. All focused around Kyle. All about him. Some faint, some strong. All complex; though no-where near as impossible to understand as reading minds usually was.

He'd swept his hand through her, holding a question. And he'd gotten that question – and that question alone – answered.

It was a power he'd never witnessed before.

None of the other Wanderers had ever mentioned something like this. None of them had ever hinted that this was possible. That reading minds could be simplified in such a way.

Did they know?

It seemed like every Wanderer had secrets; abilities that they'd uncovered and not told the others about, powers that they kept to themselves. It wouldn't be *that* surprising if the others knew about this trick and simply hadn't told Kyle about it.

But what if they *didn't* know?

What if this was Kyle's first secret, hidden power?

That thought put a smile on Kyle's face as he floated above Ana's head, eyes staring down her top into the soft, slight cleavage she had on display.

He focused on his right hand again, filled his fingers and palm with a new question.

*Do you want what happened last night to happen again?*

This new ability. It needed testing.

If it were true, and Kyle was the only one who knew about it, he needed to know exactly how it worked. Its limits. How to use it, and what it could be used for. He needed to *experiment* with it.

He gazed at his ghostly right hand for a moment.

It didn't look any different than usual. He could feel the question there, as if it were a part of his body. But everything looked exactly the same as it always did. Ghostly and transparent. Though maybe his hand was a slight bit brighter than usually.

He shrugged.

Then swept the question through Ana's body.

And got his answer.

As soon as he got home after school, Kyle rushed to his bedroom and plopped down on the bed – shutting his eyes tight and going ghost-mode immediately. In the blink of an eye, he was zooming through the city, flying faster than thought towards Ana's home.

He got there just as she was climbing out of a friend's car.

Ana waved as her friend drove away, a smile on her lips. Yet, the moment her friend's car disappeared around a street corner, the smile disappeared. Ana stared out onto the empty street, lips pulling into a tiny frown.

When she turned, opened her house's door and stepped inside, Kyle followed.

*What are you thinking right now?*

Kyle swept his hand through Ana, holding the question one moment and knowing Ana's answer the next.

She was worried about her mother.

There had been no news from anyone in her family. No-one had told her anything since her father had woken her up in the early hours of the morning, told her what was going on then drove off with her mother in the passenger seat.

That was the last time she'd seen either of them.

Her father's car wasn't in the driveway, and it didn't seem like anyone was home. The house was eerily silent.

Ana was afraid.

The invisible ghost floating behind her tilted its head.

He could read her thoughts any time he wanted now. Get answers to all of his questions. With this Wanderer secret unlocked, this new power at his disposal, he could *read* Ana in a way that he'd never been able to before.

But what else could he do with it?

He could snatch thoughts from Ana's mind, sure. But could he also use this method to *place* thoughts in her head?

Only one way to find out.

Kyle focused on his hand, concentrated hard. Not on a question this time, but a command. An order.

*Take your shirt off.*

She was in her school uniform. White blouse with a black school blazer on top of it, a school-branded tie around her neck, a plaid skirt around her waist that fell down to her knees, plain white tights. Barely any make-up, either. So little that it was barely even noticeable.

Kyle stared at his right hand, filled it with his will. His desire.

And, in one smooth motion, he swept his hand through the girl's body – leaving the command inside her.

Ana froze mid-step, walking up the stairs to her bedroom.

She shuddered, hands moving automatically to her blazer and undoing a button. Only a single one had been undone, though, when Ana looked down at herself, eyebrow raised in confusion.

Not shocked or scared. Only confused.

She shook her head, as if to clear it, then continued walking up the stairs to her attic bedroom.

He spent an hour experimenting on her.

Trying different commands, different intensities. He read her thoughts after each time, learning all he could.

He could make Ana sip water without thinking or noticing, have her go use the toilet. He could make her take short breaks from doing her homework, though Ana was too stubborn to take any breaks that were longer than five minutes. He'd managed to get her to, with a bit of effort, take her school blazer off.

Her blouse, however, remained firmly in place.

However the trick worked, it had something to do with Ana's subconscious. He wasn't making her *think* of doing things, not unless his commands specifically ordered her to consider something, but instead he was making her body act without Ana consciously

thinking about it. He could make her do anything that she'd usually do, and she'd never even notice it. But, when he tried to get her to do something she normally wouldn't – like strutting around her room topless – she'd stop herself, looking slightly confused about why her hands were moving by themselves like that.

If he wanted to get Ana naked, if Kyle wanted to watch her masturbate, he'd need to be more creative about how he used this new power.

And he most definitely *did* want to see the girl masturbate.

This devout, pious angel. Giving into 'sin'. Calling out Kyle's name, wanting him and lusting for him. With all the effort he'd put into shaping her dreams, all the time he'd spent trying to win her over, he *deserved* to have that much.

And so, once again, Kyle focused on his right hand. Filled it with a command. Poured all his will and strength into his ethereal fingertips.

*Think about taking a shower, to help you relax.*

He swept his hand through her, waited and watched.

Ana pursed her lips, pondering the idea he'd forced into her mind. When she nodded to herself, set her homework down and rose from her desk, Kyle smirked. And, as the girl walked out of her bedroom, Kyle followed right behind her.

Ana truly was the most beautiful girl alive.

Staring at her as she showered, water and soap running down her naked, perfect body, was unlike anything he'd ever witnessed before. He'd watched porn, seen clips of girls showering on camera, even seen Ana herself naked before – seen her dream body writhing in pleasure just last night. Yet none of that compared to what he saw right then.

Her eyes were closed, face serene and happy as she stood under the water-stream. Droplets fell from her nose, ran down her cheeks and lips and brows. Her hair, usually held back in a ponytail, now clung to her skin a darker shade of blonde than it usually was.

Hands moved across her slender frame, one hand holding a soapy sponge while the other trailed wet fingers over delicious curves.

Unbound as they were, Ana's tits looked *amazing*.

Round and full, massive in size yet barely sagging at all. Little nipples dripped water, tiny rivers of it flowing on and between the girl's breasts. More perfect tits, Kyle had never laid eyes on.

And, when her sponge started moving lower down her body – leaving white soap trails in its wake – Kyle found his eyes and attention drawn solely towards the treasure between Ana's legs.

He could hold back no longer.

Kyle drifted to the girl as she began cleaning her nether regions, filled his hand with a single, clear command and passed it through her.

*Think about last night. About Kyle.*

Ana shuddered.

Then she gave a tiny, almost inaudible moan.

Her eyes shot open, her hand and the sponge it held freezing in place. Kyle saw the shock in her eyes, the uncertainty, the fear.

He didn't have to pluck the thoughts from her head to know what Ana was thinking in that moment. The conflict in her eyes told him everything he needed to know. The Christian girl was worried about sinning, didn't want to betray her faith and do something she'd been told her entire life was wrong and immoral. Yet, there was temptation. And that *terrified* her.

*You need to clean. You can't just stop.*

Kyle swiped his hand through her.

*If you don't continue, you'll still be dirty down there.*

Swipe.

*God is forgiving. No-one is perfect. He understands.*

Swipe.

*Clean your body. A clean body is a clean mind.*

Slowly, the sponge started to move again. The hand that held it was shaking. Ana's body trembled at her pussy mound's gentle, spongy massage.

He kept swiping his hand through her, giving the girl all the reasoning and excuses she'd need to continue the act.

And, before long, Ana was moaning once again.

Eyes closed.

Legs open.