

Ghost Boy

Chapter 18

A soft, gentle whimper passed through Ana's lips. So quiet that it was almost entirely drowned out by the sound of falling water droplets. A tiny, wonderful sound.

Kyle focused on his hand, filled it with thought and intent, swept it through Ana's body.

She squeezed the sponge tightly, moving it slowly over her mound. Her eyes shut tight, body rigid and naked, water flowing down her body in small rivers. Subconsciously, the girl's thighs moved further apart; legs spreading open as she gently caressed herself with her soapy sponge.

Her lips parted, let loose another barely-audible whimper.

Think about Kyle.

Swipe.

Picture him.

Swipe.

Want him.

Swipe.

Need him.

Long ago, so distant now that it felt like it'd happened in another life, Kyle had tried to force arousal onto Ana. He'd placed his ghostly hand insider her, pushed back against the onslaught of thoughts and feelings and memories, and tried to overwhelm her with pure, raw lust. The same type of animal hunger Kyle felt whenever his eyes fell upon her curves.

He'd failed then.

Oh, he'd made her aroused. Gotten her horny. But her mind had rejected it, refused to succumb. Her faith had been too strong, too great a part of Ana's life for her to set aside.

He wouldn't make the same mistake again.

Kyle is your soulmate.

Swipe.

You and he are more closely connected than any married couple could ever hope to be.

Swipe.

God put you with Kyle.

Swipe.

This is what He wants.

Ana's mouth dropped open, a loud moan pouring from between two full lips. Her body trembled, knees shaking beneath her – barely able to hold her up as the sponge continued to rub and scrub her naughty cunt.

Accept it. Give yourself to it.

Small, rock-solid pink nipples. Two humongous, marvellous tits that jiggled before Kyle's eyes. If ghost-mode were capable of it, Kyle knew his mouth would be watering at the sight. In the back of his mind, he couldn't help but wonder if Ana's titty-milk would taste as sweet as her mother's.

He'd have to knock her up in order to find out.

Give yourself to him.

Ana's grip on the sponge tightened so much that Kyle could see the white of her knuckles. Her entire body tensed.

"Oh!" The beautiful girl gasped, freezing in place. "Ahh!"

Kyle's hand swept through the air even as Ana's knees gave out. As she dropped down to the shower floor, his hands passed through her – leaving behind his will, his

command.

Be Kyle's. You want it. You need it.

The girl yelped as her round bottom bounced on the wet shower floor. Her eyes shot open, face flushing a bright red. She looked down at herself, her perfect body, the hand pressed to her juicy, leaking cunt. The sponge had gone flying as Ana fell, tossed aside and forgotten.

"Wha-" Ana breathed, face morphing from blissful pleasure to shock to horror in the blink of an eye. "What just..."

It felt good.

He swiped the thought through Ana before she had a chance to react.

It felt right. This is what He wants.

Ana's lips pursed, hand still pressed to her slit. Her expression softened, eyes locked on to the hand that had so willingly betrayed all she'd ever know. Yet, for the fact she'd just sinned so blatantly, Ana's eyes held a distinct lack of regret.

"You're too perfect," Kyle said aloud. Though, of course, Ana couldn't hear him – had no idea he was even there.

How long had he dreamed of the girl before him? How long had he fantasised about being with her? The school's idol. A beauty that put even dazzling models to shame. How long had Kyle lusted after her while she'd had no idea he even existed?

Long before he discovered he was a Wanderer. So far back he couldn't remember the first time he'd imagined it – being with her.

"I'm going to make you mine," he promised her, eyes roaming her amazing, flawless body.

He could have stopped there.

A lesser man would have.

But not Kyle.

Not ever again.

Move your hand, he commanded his fingertips. Keep rubbing yourself. Deep down, you know want to. Do it. Touch yourself.

When he swept his hand through her body, Ana shuddered.

Her hand moved by itself, began rubbing her pussy directly. Just two fingertips, the index and middle. A slow, careful caress. Gentle and sensual. Her fingertips trailed up and down her slit, spreading her lips open one moment, massaging her bald mound the next. Not teasing or playing, just exploring.

It was, Kyle realised, the first time Ana had ever actually explored her feminine parts like this. The first time she'd ever opened herself up to experiencing sexual pleasure.

As he watched, Ana discovered womanly satisfaction for the first time.

Her fingertips followed along the folds of her cunt, feeling out the shape of herself in a way she'd never dared to before. Her eyes filled with warmth, all shock and disgust fading away under the haze of arousal.

"Wow," she breathed as her fingertips brushed over her opening. Her eyes widened, lips parting. "That's..."

A single finger, just the tip of it, pressed passed her opening.

Her eyes rolled back in their sockets.

For the first time, the pitter-patter of water couldn't drown out the sounds Ana made. Her moans and gasps rang out loud above the sound of endlessly falling water. Her eyes shut once more at the pleasure, back arching as she lay down flat on the shower floor and spread her legs wide apart.

One hand roamed her crotch, a single finger penetrating her to the first joint. The other hand explored her chest, fingertips drawing little circles around a protruding pink nipple.

"Oh God," Ana breathed, hips swaying by themselves. "God, that feels- Ah!"

Enjoy, Kyle commanded his soon-to-be lover with a swipe of his hand. *Let go. Have it all.*

"Mmm..." Ana sighed in contentment.

The finger in her cunt began to move; sliding slowly in and out. Her middle finger – slowly fucking herself with such small object, yet seeming to love every single second of it.

Briefly, Kyle placed his hand inside the girl without holding a command – feeling every thought, every sensation, that Ana did in that moment.

Electrical warmth. The same type Kyle had experienced before when possessing a woman's body. Only this time it was different somehow. More relaxed and subdued, less intense and demanding. It was the type of pleasure that could last hours. Not hungry for release, not desperate for more. It was a gentle warmth instead of a blazing heat. A pleasant, calm excitement.

Left alone, Kyle knew, Ana would explore herself – this newfound sexuality and pleasure – for hours.

He was almost tempted to leave her to it.

Come back tomorrow, see what the girl had learned about herself and her body. Then use that information to pleasure her himself – guide her to orgasm after orgasm, each one of them claiming a little more of the girl's love and affection.

Instead, though, he acted. Filled his hand with command after command after command – each one swept through Ana without hesitation or concern.

Doubt and hesitation were weakness.

And weakness was a thing of the past.

Kyle sat up in bed, feeling strangely uncomfortable.

He was back in his own body, warm blood pumping through fleshy veins. He could feel the hair on his head, hear the muffled sound of activity all around him – neighbouring apartments, cars driving by outside. And the smell. Clothes that needed Washing, trash that needed discarding.

Every time he returned to his body after going ghost-mode, it was the same. A reminder that he wasn't, in fact, some incorporeal being with god-like powers. He was human, with a living body and all the mundane needs associated with it.

Hunger. Thirst. Not tired, though.

It was odd. One minute, he possessed all the power a man could ever want; from invisibility to mind-reading to flight. And the next, he was ordinary – just a regular, unremarkable guy. Powerless.

Frowning, Kyle pushed himself off his bed, walked out of his cramped bedroom and into the apartment's main room.

His mother would be home soon. With food.

A stomach-grumble sounded inside the small apartment at the thought. Would it be pizza again? Chinese? Thai? Burgers and fries?

He didn't have to wait long to find out.

Before he even had the opportunity to sit down, the apartment's door flew open.

Kyle's eyes shot up, took in the sight of his mother as she strode happily into the apartment carrying two bags; one in each hand. One was obviously dinner – takeaway of some kind, Kyle couldn't make out exactly what it was through the plastic bag it was held in. The other bag, though, Kyle knew instantly.

His gut clenched.

A shopping bag. From a clothes store. The exact same place she'd bought girls clothes from last time.

"Kylie!" His mother smiled brightly. "You're awake! Good. Go grab some knives and forks and plates. Food's getting cold."

It was impossible to tell if Lucy was in the room with them or not.

She could be – this could all be part of one of the cunt's games. Or, equally, she could be somewhere else completely – playing no part in his mother's actions at all.

Clothes.

More girly clothes that he had no choice but to wear.

This time, his mother had bought matching dresses for the both of them. Yellow and white sundresses, identical save for the fact that one was made with busty women in mind while the other was meant for more flat-chested girls.

When Kyle took the smaller of the dresses, turned to walk to his bedroom to change, his mother stopped him.

"Don't be silly," she laughed much too happily. "You don't need to go in there to change. Just do it here."

And, before he could protest, Kyle's mother began stripping right there in front of him. Top pulled up over her head to reveal a surprisingly naughty black bra, large breasts shifting in their tight confines as she moved her arms.

"Mom!" Kyle groaned. "That's not-"

"It's fine," the older woman laughed. "Why are you always so fussy when it comes to clothes? It's not like I have anything you don't, Kylie. They're just boobs. No big deal."

As if to illustrate her point, she cupped both melons in her hands, lifted them up, then dropped them and let them bounce.

"Come on," she waved enthusiastically. "Let's see how it looks on you."

What else could he do?

Even if Lucy wasn't there in the room watching, plotting something humiliating for Kyle to endure, he'd still have to play along. He didn't know enough about what Lucy had done to his mother's mind to undo it. And, until he *could* put his mother back to the way she used to be – was supposed to be – he didn't dare risk contradicting her warped reality.

So he took his clothes off. Stripped right there in front of his own mother, boner standing to attention all the while. He slipped on the yellow and white dress, gave his mother the twirl he knew she'd want to see.

"There!" The woman grinned. "See? You look fantastic! We both do!"

Kyle said nothing, eyes on the floor while his cheeks burned a bright, florescent pink.

"We should go to the beach some time. I bet there are a ton of hunky guys out there that wouldn't mind bagging a mother-daughter wombo-combo! Now wouldn't *that* be an interesting day out."

Kyle's heart thumped loudly in his chest.

She wasn't serious, right? She couldn't possibly mean what she said. She was just playing around...

He glanced up, saw the strange, excited look in his mother's eyes.

Somehow, she looked younger. More energetic.

Different.

"I- I don't know, Mom," he managed to say, stomach twisting.

"What's not to know?" His mother laughed. "Did I ever tell you about that one time I-"

Kyle shut his eyes, as if that'd protect him from the words that spilled from his mother's lips. Silently, he wished he wouldn't hear it. That his ears would pick something else to focus in on – anything other than his mother's voice.

"-Lost a bet and had to become a frat-house maid? Didn't get much cleaning done, but all the guys seemed more than happy with my *service*. Imagine how much fun *that* would have been with a little extra company, a spare pair of hands."

It couldn't be real. It *had* to be Lucy.

"Oh," Kyle murmured, red-faced. "Uh. That's great, Mom."

She winked, waved Kyle over to their small dinner table and began laying out food – all the while talking about the exploits of her youth.

The more he heard, the more Kyle wanted to gouge his ears.

He did *not* need to know about his mother's first orgy, or about the time she'd fucked her father's boss. He didn't need to know. He didn't *want* to know. This person sitting across from him wasn't his mother. It wasn't the woman who'd raised him.

What had Lucy *done* to her?

Would Kyle even be able to fix it when all was said and done?

The woman she'd once been – Kyle's *real* mother – would never have spoken to her son like this. Until he'd learned it from Lucy and peaked into his mother's mind himself, he hadn't known *anything* about his mother's past. And he'd *certainly* known nothing about her sexual exploits.

How he wished he could go back – unhear everything his mother had told him. Everything he'd seen in her mind.

Now, as he gazed across the table, he could barely see the woman his mother used to be any more. All he saw was the wanton slut. The whore who'd taken more cocks that she could count, and wore that fact like a badge of honour.

"What about you, Kylie?" The woman asked after regaling him with yet another horrid, horny tale. "What was your first fuck like?"

Kyle gaped at her.

What kind of a mother asked her son – or even her 'daughter' – a question like that?

Lucy. It *had* to be Lucy. The bitch.

Kyle opened his mouth to give the woman in front of him the honest answer – that he'd never actually had sex before. That he was still a virgin. Only, as the thought occurred to him, it *wasn't* the honest truth. His body might never have experienced sex, but *Kyle* had.

And Lucy knew all about *that*.

If the bitch was there, and she *must* be if Kyle's mother was asking her child that question, Kyle knew what she'd want him to say.

And what choice did he have?

"It was..." Hell? Torture? Disgusting? Terrible? "Nice."

"I bet!" His mother grinned, eyes twinkling. "So? Spill the beans. Who was the lucky guy who got to pop your cherry?"

Again, Kyle knew exactly what Lucy would want him to say.

"It was Ana's - my, ah..." Girlfriend? Lover? Acquaintance? "My best friend's father."

His mother's eyes widened and, for the briefest of heartbeats, Kyle thought maybe – just maybe – this was a step too far for the slutty woman. That somewhere deep down, his mother still existed inside her. That her old self – her *true* self – was appalled at what her 'daughter' had just confessed.

Then her grin widened too.

She leaned forward eagerly, all traces of the tired, humble, kind woman Kyle had grown up with were gone. Only the horny nympho remained.

"Well?" The woman said, voice filled with energy. "What're you waiting for? Tell me everything!"

Kyle's heart pounded in his chest.

The last time he'd slept in his mother's bed had been years ago. So long ago that he couldn't even really remember it. He'd been a child, scared of nightmares, seeking the gentle comfort of his mother.

As he'd grown up, the idea of sharing his mother's bed had been pushed further and further back in his mind. A young boy didn't need his mother for comfort, not if he wanted to be big and fearless one day. A young teenager saw no appeal in being so close to their

parent. And a young man, aware of sex and all things erotic, might dream of the idea and its possibilities, but would never dare act on them.

But Kyle wasn't a young man. Not in his mother's eyes.

He was a 'her'. A girl blossoming into a young woman.

And there was nothing wrong with two women sleeping in the same bed. A mother and her young adult daughter. Nothing naughty or questionable about that.

His mother had insisted, and Kyle had been unable to refuse.

Even now, as she breathed so softly and soundlessly, Kyle's arms were wrapped around her from behind, he felt utterly powerless. One had on a smooth belly, the other on her side. Each one inches away from large breasts and panty-clad crotch.

The thoughts filling Kyle's mind were overpowering. A deep, hungry desire – fuelled on by all he'd learned of the woman's exploits.

How would the woman react if he moved his hands? Squeezed a breast, or slid a hand under her panties?

Somehow, through sheer willpower, Kyle resisted the temptation.

Much as he wanted to, he held back – controlled himself.

He wanted her.

If he chose to, he could *have* her.

But...

But that's what Lucy wanted.

To break him.

To beat him.

To *control* him.

And *that*, Kyle would *not* allow.

As soon as he was certain the woman in his arms was asleep, Kyle shut his eyes and forced himself into ghost-mode. Without hesitation, he scanned the room, searching for the short bitch and her ever-present smirk.

Nothing.

He was alone. Just him.

And his mother.

Temptation.

His eyes turned to the bed, to the two figures laying in on it. One with its arms wrapped around the other.

If he wanted to...

No.

He wouldn't. Not tonight.

But, eventually, he'd crack. Break under the pressure and take advantage of his mentally-warped mother. One day soon, he wouldn't be able to hold himself back any longer. He knew it as deeply and truly as he knew the sun would rise in the morning.

Unless he fixed her. Healed his mother's broken mind somehow.

Or, at least, unless he altered her himself.

Ghostly hand shaking, Kyle reached towards his mother's sleeping form. A beautiful woman, with her dark hair and shadowed eyes.

He wouldn't succumb to temptation, he swore to himself.

Though, deep inside his chest, he knew it was a lie.