

Ghost Boy

Chapter 19

Her mind was fractured.

Split in two halves.

On one side, the woman had a son. A boy that she loved very much, wanted to guide down a healthy path. She'd met a lot of bad guys in her life, had fucked more of them than she could count. Bad men were fun. Dangerous. But her son? No. He shouldn't be like them. Couldn't be. She had to raise him right, raise him to be respectful towards women. To care.

On the other side, the woman had a daughter. A girl that she loved very much, and who she saw herself in. Unlike the other half, all the memories the woman had of her daughter were fabricated. Made up by her mind, or planted there by another. The woman didn't need to worry about raising a respectful, caring son. She didn't have to worry about her child growing up to be a monster. And so, the woman indulged. Treated her daughter more as a friend than a child, an equal rather than someone she was charged with guiding and teaching.

That fracture, the two halves of his mother's mind, was what was causing so many issues.

Without feeling the need to act as a role model, without having to instil virtues and ethics into a young man, his mother was free to explore – to be like her old self again. The wanton slut, the masochistic, sex-loving nymphomaniac.

Kyle couldn't see if that was Lucy's doing or not, but one thing was painfully obvious as he gazed into his mother's mind: If left alone, as she was now, she'd completely revert into the woman she used to be.

Already, he knew from reading her mind that his mother was flirting with her boss and her colleagues. Sizing them up in her mind, wondering which would give her the best fucking. And, while she hadn't acted on those thoughts just yet, it was only a matter of time until she did.

The half of her that had a son didn't want to bring sleazy guys home. Didn't want her son to see dirtbags and assholes like that, didn't want him to see how those men treated her.

The half that had a daughter, though... Well, there wasn't any harm in a girl hearing her mother being screwed senseless through the thin apartment walls. 'Kylie' was old enough now, a woman in her own right. She knew *exactly* the type of needs her mother had. If she didn't like hearing her mother's screams of pleasure, Kylie could always listen to music. And, if she *did* enjoy it, it just so happened her mother's bed was big enough for three.

Kyle read these thoughts and felt his stomach churn, felt revulsion and disgust even as hot arousal coursed through his veins.

His mother was a slut.

Had always *been* as a slut.

Only now, thanks to Lucy's mind trick, his mother – for the first time in years – felt free to embrace that part of herself again.

How could it be? How was her child's gender such a definitive, decisive part of her life? How was it so important that, depending on if she had a son or a daughter, her entire mindset and view of the world changed so drastically?

She hadn't acted yet. Hadn't brought any guys home to fuck.

But she *wanted* to.

In her mind, she was already narrowing down the list of candidates. Her boss stood out on top; an ugly, chubby man that – for whatever reason – his mother believed had a massive cock. Not only would fucking him be fun, the woman reasoned, but it might well

help get her better pay, maybe even secure her 'daughter' a job alongside her.

Sinking into his mother's sleeping mind, Kyle searched through the woman's thoughts and memories – real and fabricated.

He had to fix her mind.

He had to make her better.

But where the fuck was he supposed to even *start* undoing the mess Lucy had made?

It wasn't as simple as making his mother see him as a guy again.

He could do that easily.

But it wouldn't fix what his mother was slowly becoming. It wouldn't stop her from embracing her inner slut. That door had already been opened, and Kyle had no idea how to close it.

If he made changes now, without knowing fully what'd happen, he might very well end up completely shattering his mother's mind beyond repair. If he poked and prodded around with the parts of his mother's mind that made her who she was, who knew what that might do to her in the long term?

He didn't have enough experience to fix her. Not yet.

But, if he didn't do it soon, it'd only be a matter of time before the woman fully embraced her former self again – and their small apartment would go from being a home, to being his mother's personal sex-palace.

He needed experience.

Tonight, he'd go out in ghost-mode and find victims to practice his mind-warping powers on. He'd shatter lives, alter personalities, twist thoughts. He'd learn everything he possibly could, as quickly as he could.

And tomorrow, he'd use that knowledge to put his mother right again.

That decided, Kyle was ready to pull away from his mother – go off into the night in ghost-mode. But something stopped him. A flare of curiosity. A whisper from his mother's mind urging him deeper in.

She was dreaming.

And, cautiously, Kyle sank himself into those dreams.

The room around him was identical to the one his ghost-form was already in. His mother's bedroom. Small and cramped, with only enough room for a queen-sized bed, some drawers, and a mirror.

On the bed, wearing a black, two-piece, string bikini, was Kyle's mother.

A MILF. Not a day older than forty, with huge tits and a slim waist. Dark hair, lusty eyes, kissy-lips turned in a pouty come-fuck-me expression. There were fake cat-ears atop her head, little whisker lines drawn onto her cheeks, a black collar around her neck.

And, standing at the foot of her bed, a man.

Unnaturally handsome, muscled and tall, a wicked grin on his face. Naked, of course. With a cock that belonged on a porn-shoot rather than in Kyle's apartment.

"Say it," the man said, voice strong and firm.

Kyle's mother blushed. "I shouldn't," she said, though the falseness of her hesitation could be felt in the air. She wanted to, would do. She was only playing the part of shyness. "My daughter, she's in the other room..."

"Daughter?" The man asked, eyebrow raised. "You didn't tell me you had a daughter. How old is she?"

Kyle's mother smiled.

"Old enough."

As if on cue, someone knocked on the bedroom door. A heartbeat later, it opened and in stepped a beautiful girl.

If his mother were twenty years younger or so, this was exactly how Kyle imagined

she'd look. Almost identical, save for the lack of mature features. Big, perky tits instead of huge, slightly-sagging ones. A leaner, more athletic frame. A wide, youthful smile.

No wonder his mother saw herself in 'Kylie'. The female depiction of Kyle was all but a clone of her.

"Hey Mom," the female Kyle began to say, paused when she saw the situation she'd just walked in on. "Oh."

"Mommy's not here right now, Kitten," the man said, turning to face Kylie. "It's only me and my Pussy Cat here. Would you care to join us?"

Kyle rolled his eyes, pushed away and out of his mother's dream.

He'd seen more than enough of *that*.

As he slipped inside Ana's dreams, something felt immediately off.

The world was hazy, blurred. Ana's thoughts – the sensations Kyle usually sensed from the girl when he invaded her dreams – were numb and slow and sluggish.

The usual nightmare wasn't there. Ana wasn't being chased.

Instead, she stood in an empty place. No sky or ground, surroundings so distorted that Kyle couldn't tell where in the world they were. It could have been a forest, or a city, or even Ana's bedroom. He had no idea.

Ana herself was wearing the same clothes her body was – plain, striped pyjamas. Not torn or shredded as they usually were in these dreams. She stood motionless, staring at nothing, a blank expression on her face. It was like staring at a statue, not a real person.

He made himself visible, drifted down in front of her.

"Kyle," Ana's voice rang out, echoing in the nothingness. "I was just thinking about you..."

Something was wrong.

"Ana?" He asked hesitantly. "Are you okay?"

The girl smiled at him dreamily.

"I'm fine," she said, voice detached from her body. "Tired. So tired. But I'm alright. I'll be fine. Just need to sleep..."

Kyle stared at her, not quite sure what to make of this dream.

"I have a brother," Ana smiled. "A little baby brother. I'm a big sister now."

"Congratulations," Kyle said, thinking hard.

What in the world was going on?

He'd been inside Ana's dreams countless times, yet none of those times had ever been like *this*. It was like Ana's brain was shutting down, unable to dream properly.

"Mom's still at the hospital," Ana continued. "With the baby. There were complications... Nothing serious. The doctors just want to keep her there for a few days, make sure everything's alright."

Kyle reached out a hand, placed it on Ana's shoulder.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

Again, she smiled at him.

"God wants us to be together," she said, gazing with unfocussed eyes at Kyle's face. "I don't know why, but he does. We should get married. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"

"Uh," Kyle said, drifting away from her. "Yeah. We should. But, right now, I think you should sleep, Ana. You seem..."

"Tired," Ana said, nodding her head. "So, so tired..."

As the girl closed her eyes, the entire world went black.

Her mind shut down, expelled Kyle back into the real world.

Kyle gazed down at the girl's sleeping face, laying snugly in bed, mind reeling from what he'd just experienced. He floated up, turned to leave the girl's attic bedroom – whatever was wrong with Ana could wait a day; right now, he had to practice his powers in

order to fix his mother.

The sight of a ghostly form froze Kyle in place.

A petite, small-breasted, smirking girl.

Eyebrows that, just a moment before, had been raised in confusion, narrowed at the bitch floating a few feet away.

"You," he growled. "What've you done now?"

"Hold the temper Ghost Boy," Lucy smiled. She pointed at Ana's sleeping body. "That wasn't my doing. Instead of getting all pissy with me, how about you try thanking me for saving Tits here for you?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Go downstairs and read Daddy's mind," Lucy shrugged. "Then check the bedside table. And, when you're done, come back up here and apologise to me for being so rude and thank me for being such a good *friend*."

Kyle glared at her. If she thought he'd leave her alone with Ana's body-

But... Something was wrong.

Probably, this was another one of the bitch's games. Another way to fuck with Kyle, make him do something he didn't want to. Humiliate him yet again. But, if it was a game, what power did he have to resist? His chance at revenge was still a week away. Until then, he was at Lucy's mercy regardless.

He didn't have a choice.

But that didn't mean he had to like it.

He stared daggers at Lucy as he drifted slowly downwards, passing through the attic's floor.

His last glimpse of Lucy was of her smug smirk.

The man's ghost had been pulled from his body. It was floating a few feet above where his body lay crumpled on the floor. Ana's father must have been pacing in the master bedroom or something when Lucy'd pulled his ghost out of its body.

Eager to get Lucy's game over and done with, Kyle flew over to the man's ghost – grasped hold of it and searched through the thin layer of dream-thoughts for whatever Lucy wanted him to find.

When he saw it, he snatched his hand out of the man's ghost with wide, horrified eyes.

It had to be a trick. Something Lucy had set up.

He flew down, possessed the man's empty body and climbed to his feet – quickly walked over to the bedside table and opened it up.

There it was.

A box of sleeping pills.

Powerful, prescription-only stuff. The kind that'd knock a person out all night, leave them with no memories and no dreams. The type that'd shut a person's mind down completely.

Either Lucy had somehow gotten a hold of those prescription-only drugs and physically planted them there for Kyle to find, or this had been something Ana's father had been planning all along himself.

Drugging his own daughter so that he could have his way with her.

Kyle had seen it as clear as day in the man's mind. His plan for Ana. His preparation going back months, starting not long after his wife had gotten pregnant.

A pregnant wife meant less sex. Less sex, more unfulfilled urges, more temptation. He'd feigned having sleeping troubled back then, had convinced his doctor to prescribe him heavy-duty sleeping medication. And he'd never used it. Just kept it safe, hidden away where no-one would find it.

He hadn't been certain he'd ever use the drugs.

At first, he'd made excuses for himself. They were only there to test his resolve as a father. He lied to himself, told himself that he didn't get them to use on Ana, but just as a 'maybe'. Then, once he'd accepted that he was going to use them on Ana, he'd had other barriers in his way. His wife, who always slept next to him, who might wake up and discover what was happening while he was in the act. He couldn't drug her, too. Not while she was pregnant. And not after she'd given birth and was breastfeeding. Doing either of those could have serious consequences for the baby.

And so he'd waited, never believing he'd actually do anything with those little pills.

But tonight? This week? The stars had aligned. His wife and newborn would be away for days, he'd be home with paternity leave. Ana would be none the wiser. No one would be. Just a pill or two dissolved in her drinks every night before bed.

Even as he'd slipped the pills into her drink that night, handed it to her with a smile, he'd lied to himself that he was just helping her sleep – knowing deep down that he'd be letting himself into her bedroom two hours later.

He could finally have her. *His* Ana. His *babygirl*.

Repulsed to his core, Kyle pushed out of the man's body – let it drop with a hard *thunk* to the ground. His eyes found the man's ghost, mind filling with an ocean of dark, justified thoughts. Ideas. Plans. The things he could do to this creep-

No, the things he *would* do.

But not yet. Not right now.

Lucy was waiting.

"Well?" The girl smirked. "I'll be accepting that apology now."

"Why?"

Lucy raised an eyebrow. "Because when someone does something nice for you, and you act like a giant butt to them, they deserve an apology for you treating them so-"

"Why did you stop him?"

She didn't have to. She could've let the man do as he wished. If she hadn't stepped in, Kyle would've certainly arrived too late to stop Ana's father himself.

"Because," Lucy shrugged, "I'm a good friend. That, and I don't like it when pawns move by themselves."

"What do you want?"

There was no way Lucy didn't have ulterior motives. No way she wouldn't use this situation to torture Kyle in some way.

Let her.

When she was done, when she left to go wherever it was cunts like her went when they were done fucking with people, Kyle would return downstairs to the ghost of Ana's father. And he'd make sure the man would never be able to lay a finger on Ana. He'd make sure the man wouldn't even be able to *think* of touching his daughter ever again.

"Not gonna thank me then?" Lucy said, shaking her head. "Didn't your mother teach you any manners? Oh, right. Yeah, she was probably too busy taking cock back then... Fair enough."

Kyle turned to look at Ana. Sleeping so peacefully on her bed.

He'd protect her.

Deep down, she might see him as a monster – a nightmare – but he'd change that. It was her father who was the real monster. And Kyle would protect her from him. Though Ana didn't know it yet, Kyle would be her hero.

He'd deal with Ana's father.

And he'd deal with Lucy – after all, who knew how much of the father's thoughts and plans were because of Lucy in the first place.

Then, they'd finally be together. Kyle and Ana. Happy. As it should be.

"Get on with it," Kyle said, eyes still on his love. His future bride. "I've got things to

do tonight.”

“Is that so?” Lucy laughed. “Well, I wouldn't want to keep you waiting, Ghost Girl. Those cocks aren't gonna suck themselves, am I right? Like mother, like daughter.”

He said nothing. Waited.

“Actually...” Lucy said. He could hear the smirk in her voice. “Speaking of sucking cock, there is this one idea I had...”

Tonight, Ana's father. In a week, Lucy herself.

Both were unforgivable. Both would be dealt with. Permanently.

“It kinda comes down to preference, I suppose,” Lucy was saying, her usual irreverence and mocking playfulness drenched every word she spoke. “One is for-”

“Get on with it,” Kyle growled. “What are the options and how long do I have to decide?”

Lucy's eyebrow shot up and, for just a brief moment, her smirk wavered.