

Ghost Boy

Chapter 2

The girl was pretty. Cute in an innocent-looking kind of way.

Big, round eyes. Short, pixie-cut hair. A slender and petite body with small breasts and curving hips.

She was naked. Ghostly transparent breasts exposed, hairless crotch on full display. Floating a foot above the floor, a faint smile on her face. Her eyes took Kyle in, roaming over him analytically.

Then her attention shifted to the night-stand, the black book which sat upon it. Wordlessly, the girl drifted through the air towards the night-stand.

"Attractive," the ghostly girl said, finger poking down onto Ana's Bible. "But devout. It'll take a lot of effort for you to 'corrupt' her into masturbating. You're much better off finding an easier target."

The girl twisted slowly in the air, gazed at Kyle.

"Unless, of course," she continued, "that's your *thing*. Twisting religious schoolgirls into 'committing sin'."

"I don't-" Kyle began, mind still reeling, unable to think properly. "Are you- are you a ghost?"

The question came out of nowhere. Some deep, fearful part of Kyle. It was possible, wasn't it? If he was in ghost-form, if he was able to detach his spirit from his body, wouldn't it make sense that he'd be able to encounter other spirits? Ghosts?

The girl stared at Kyle for a long moment, eyebrow raised.

Then she broke into soft laughter.

If his ghost-form were capable of blushing in embarrassment, he'd be doing it. Kyle watched silently as the transparent girl giggled for a moment. Her lips curled into a wide smile.

"Ghost," she spoke, laughter dying down. "That's good. No, I'm not a 'ghost'. And neither are you, *ghost boy*. We're *Wanderers*."

Kyle blinked at her.

Wanderers? What was *that* supposed to mean?

The girl shook her head, drifted to one of the attic walls.

"Follow me," she told Kyle, pausing before she slipped through the wall and out of sight. "You can corrupt big-tits another time."

Then she was gone.

Kyle stared at the wall that the girl just faded through, a wave of conflicting emotions rolling within him. Uncertainty and shock and disbelief and so many others. Of all those emotions, though, it was curiosity that won out.

Kyle willed himself forward, followed after the naked girl.

"There's one rule," Lucy-with-an-I told him. "Just one. Everything else you wanna do is fine, anything goes. Thinkin' about breaking the law? Do you. Feel like perving out and turning good Christian girls into sluts? Knock yourself out. Fancy murdering someone? Totally fine. Just don't break the one and only rule we have and you can do whatever your heart desires."

She paused, waited for Kyle to ask the question.

He forced his eyes away from the baldness of her crotch, pulled his eyes away from her small breasts with their equally small nipples.

"What's the rule?"

"Simple," she smiled. "Never share your real identity with another Wanderer. Ever. Under any circumstances. Take whatever steps you need to in order to hide your name and location from the rest of us, and *never* let any of us know where you live or work."

Seemed like an odd rule to have, but Kyle didn't question it. He had far more important things to ask.

The naked girl had said her name was Lucy. Specifically 'Lucy with an I'. But, after what she'd just said, Kyle guessed 'Lucy' probably wasn't the girl's real name.

"Us," he said, looking down at the rooftops passing by underneath them. "You said 'us'. How many Wanderers are there?"

"Including you?" Lucy grinned. "Four. There used to be another one, but she, ah... She *moved away*. So there's just the four of us. You, Me, Lanky and Tubby. I'll introduce you to them later. We meet up at the same spot every day at midnight."

What time was it right now? Kyle didn't have a watch on, couldn't check. But, judging from how low the sun was on the horizon, it was getting a little late. His Mom would probably be home soon.

"Where do you meet up?" Kyle asked, eyes drifting back to the girl's naked body.

Usually, he was all for busty, huge-breasted women. But, even with her smaller bust, he couldn't stop staring at Lucy's chest. Her nipples were tiny, dark and inviting. The girl's ass was big and round, a firm bubble-butt.

Why was she naked?

When she looked at him, did she see his ghostly t-shirt and clothes? Or was he naked in her eyes too?

"The Morsen Building," Lucy said, coming to a halt mid-air.

She turned to look at him, a hint of annoyance in her eyes.

"I've got something I need to take care of. Real world stuff. Go to the Morsen Building at midnight. We'll be waiting on the roof for you. Don't be late!"

And, right before his eyes, Lucy vanished. Evaporated to nothingness.

When Kyle's mother slumped through their apartment's entryway, done after another long day of work, she found Kyle sitting at their small dining table eating noodles.

Her entrance jarred him out of his musings.

Thoughts of Lucy, of everything the girl had told him. From Wanderers, to their meetup, to the one rule they had. What'd she said about Ana? Something about how corrupting her would be difficult, or take a lot of time?

His eyes shot up to his haggard mother.

Deep, dark bags under her eyes. Shoulders slumped and hair a tangled mess. She wore a fast-food uniform, complete with bright blue hat and grease-stained shirt – the top few buttons of which were undone.

Once upon a time, Kyle had thought his mother was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Years ago, back before life had taken its toll on her, his mother had been amazingly attractive. Flowing black hair, bright eyes filled with joy and life. She'd had an hourglass figure, a perfect body. And the most radiant smile in the world.

Kyle had been a kid back then. Unable to appreciate just how beautiful his mother had been.

And now, after years of being trapped in this shitty apartment, of constant worries over money and rent and the future, so much of that beauty had faded. Despite being in her early forties, his mother's hair had already begun to fade – losing its jet black sheen, becoming dull and lifeless. Her smiles, so easy and pretty back then, were too-often forced these days. Constant worrying had etched early wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, her once-amazing hourglass figure had lost its chiselled perfection. Even her eyes seemed to have lost a bit of their brightness.

But, every now and then, a hint of his mother's true beauty shone through.

When she saw him sitting at the table eating, Kyle's mother smiled at him. And, in that moment, she looked just as pretty and beautiful as she ever had. Life flaring behind

her eyes, brightness shining through her weary, tired exterior.

Even haggard as she was, his mother was one of the most beautiful women around.

"Got room for desert?" His mother asked, smiling.

She reached into her bag, pulled out a white paper box. The image of an apple pie was printed on the box's sides, though the box itself was only large enough to contain a slice or two.

Leftovers from work.

His mother sat down opposite him. And, for the first time in too long, the two talked. Chatted about school and work and everything they used to talk about all the time.

Rather than head straight for bed like she usually did, Kyle's mother dragged him to their small, two-person sofa and put a movie on for them to watch. An old action flick that they'd seen a hundred times before.

Kyle kept his eye on the clock. Watching the minutes tick by.

Finally, when there were only twenty minutes left until midnight, he pushed himself off the sofa, turned to his mother and opened his mouth to sprout some excuse about being tired and wanting to go to bed.

When he saw his mother's face, he closed his mouth without uttering a word.

She was already asleep.

Eyes closed, breathing softly. If he hadn't been paying so much attention to the clock, Kyle probably would've noticed sooner.

As he stared at his mother, looking down at her from above, Kyle's eyes wandered lower. From her face to her chest. To the cleavage - the dark space between his mother's breasts.

Big. They were big. Huge, even.

His mother had melons. Big and round and full, squeezed tightly together by her bra and shirt. They were probably the biggest pair of tits he'd ever come across; outside of internet porn, at least. Standing where he was, with the the angle he had – his ability to look down her shirt and...

Kyle shook his head, pushed the thoughts away.

He ignored the slight ache between his legs, his cock rousing and hardening in his pants.

This was his mother. His *Mom*.

Jake turned away from her, walked to his room.

The Morsen Building.

He could still make it in time, he just needed to lay down in bed and go into ghost mode.

He could fly as fast as he wanted. Faster than any of the cars below him. In the blink of an eye, he could travel from one side of the city to the other. Flying to the Morsen Building was as simple as *willing* it to happen. Kyle zoomed through the air, buildings zipping past him in a blur.

He flew to the top of the building, paused a moment to take in the view; His hometown, a modestly-sized city, spanned out before him.

It looked so... *small*.

It wasn't. Hundreds of thousands of people lived in it. Not the largest city in the world, sure, but neither was it the smallest.

Yet, from where Kyle hovered high above the tallest building, the city below him certainly *felt* tiny. A city of ants, most sleeping while a scant few drove in darkly lit streets. If he wanted, Kyle could drift down into any building he wanted – spy in on the lives of anyone in the city. Even touch their minds, make them think and feel what he wanted them to.

Not that he'd find much to do at night, unfortunately.

Most people would be sleeping by now. Ana probably would be. And he couldn't touch a person's mind properly if they were unconscious, nor watch them in a pitch-black room.

Going ghost-mode in the evening was much more fun. At night, nothing interesting ever happened.

He turned his attention to the figures of the rooftop he was floating above. Three incorporeal, translucent people. Lucy, the girl he'd encountered earlier, and two strangers. Men. One tall and thin with spindly arms and legs, the other short and portly.

Lucy was, just like earlier, naked. Body petite, breasts small. She could have been anywhere from a teenage girl to someone in their mid-to-late twenties.

The men both looked older. The taller one wearing a business suit looked like he was in his thirties, while the portly guy had a visible bald-spot atop his head – he was, for some reason, wearing what looked like a military uniform right out of the eighteenth century.

Kyle drifted over to the three, eyes moving between them – unable to resist the occasional glance at Lucy's body.

"So this is the new guy, eh?" The portly man grinned as Kyle came to a halt before them. "What's your name, son?"

"His name," Lucy interjected loudly before Kyle had a chance to speak, "is Ghost Boy. And I've already told him the rule, Tubby."

Tubby chuckled, a wide grin on his round face.

"Can't blame a man for trying."

Lucy rolled her eyes, gestured to both men. "Ghost boy, meet Lanky and Tubby. The only other Wanderers in the city. They're both idiots, so don't bother listening to anything they have to say. I don't. If you have any questions before we get to the fun stuff, now's the time."

Fun stuff?

"Why don't you have a nickname?" Kyle asked. Lanky, Tubby, Ghost Boy and Lucy. One of those things was not like the others. Was 'Lucy' the girl's real name? And, if so, didn't that go against the single rule she seemed to care about so much?

Lucy shrugged in response, pointed at Lanky and Tubby.

"Ask these dipshits, they're the ones who gave me the name."

The two men glanced at each other, an odd look passing between them.

"Long story," Lanky said quickly.

"An inside joke," Tubby added.

Briefly, an awkward silence fell on the four of them.

Then Lucy muttered something under her breath too quiet for Kyle to hear.

"No more questions?" Lucy asked louder and, not waiting for an answer, continued. "Good. Right then, lets go have some fun!"

Tubby's hand passed into the office worker's back without resistance.

"Been working on this one for a while," he said, glancing up and over at the three other Wanderers. "Married with kids. Loving husband waiting at home for her. Highschool sweethearts and very much in love. Took me weeks to get her here."

Save for the company's boss, the woman was the only worker in the office. She was certainly attractive; dark hair tied back neatly, business jacket and skirt not doing much to hide her decent figure. She wore glasses, a wedding-band, shoes with slight heels. A professional typing away at a keyboard, a spreadsheet on her computer screen.

"Back when I found her, the naughtiest thing Vanessa here had ever done was have sex in the back-seat of her then-boyfriend-now-husband's car. She's only ever been with one man and, until I found her, she intended to keep it that way. But..."

The woman – Vanessa – pursed her lips, stopped typing. Her eyes drifted over to

the door of her boss' office.

"She's been waiting on a promotion for months. All I've done is showed her how to *get* that promotion."

A wave of emotions crossed the woman's face.

Doubt, hesitation, determination.

She rose from her chair, began walking over to her boss' office.

"The most difficult part," Tubby said, drifting after the woman. "Was cheating. Vanessa was so intent on being faithful and truly believed she'd *never* cheat on her dear, loving husband. In the end, I got around it by making her convince herself that this isn't cheating-"

The woman reached the door, inhaled a deep breath, took hold of the door handle and turned it. She stepped into her boss' office without saying a word, slowly closed the door behind herself.

"-It's a part of the job," Tubby grinned, disappeared through the office wall in pursuit of his 'project'.

The other two – Lucy and Lanky – followed. And, seeing them do so, Kyle did the same. A moment of absolute darkness filled his vision as he passed through the wall, then he was in the boss' office along with the others.

"Being a working woman, wanting to rise up the corporate ladder, one needs to be willing to take certain... *actions*. It's all part of the unspoken job description," Tubby continued as Vanessa rounded her boss' table, leaned over and pressed her lips to his. "This isn't *cheating*", it's *business*."

When the kiss broke off, the woman – no longer showing a hint of doubt – lowered herself on to her knees. The boss smirked smugly as she undid his pants zipper.

Kyle shifted uncomfortably at the sight.

He'd watched people having sex before. Both online, and in ghost-mode. And he found that he didn't care all that much about *why* the two office workers were about to fuck each other. More like, he felt awkward watching it with the *other* Wanderers around.

Watching porn was fine. But watching it while surrounded by strangers?

He drifted backwards as the sounds of slurping and gagging began to fill the office room. Two eyes followed him as he phased through one of the office walls, though none of the three ghostly figures made followed him.

Kyle sat awake in bed, mind racing.

He wasn't the only one. There were others like him. Wanderers. Lucy and Lanky and Tubby. And another, the one who'd 'moved away' as Lucy had said. There were probably more, too. If not in his city, then certainly in others.

And they had *projects*.

People that, over the course of days and weeks, they twisted the minds of. Altered. Like Vanessa, the office lady.

A happily married, loving wife.

Who'd sucked off and probably fucked her boss for a promotion.

Could Kyle do that to Ana?

Make her see him, notice him at school? Make her desire him? Want to date him? Sleep with him, even?

Surely it was possible, right?

He was tempted, in that moment, to drift back into ghost-mode, go to Ana's home and try touching her mind again. But it was already too late for that. At this time of night - the early hours of the morning – Ana would definitely be asleep. Most people would be. He'd have to wait until tomorrow.

Why did the other Wanderers meet up at midnight? Why not earlier, when more people were awake?

Why was the 'no personal information' rule so important?

What would happen if he accidentally let slip his real name?

Why did they call themselves Wanderers?

How had Lucy found him in the first place? Had she just been passing by, seen Kyle floating and followed him? Or did she have some other way of knowing where Wanderers were?

Thinking of Lucy – why did she float around in the nude?

Who was she?

His mind filled with questions and thoughts about ghost-mode and the other Wanderers. A whole slurry of things he wanted to ask them. Tomorrow night, maybe. He'd learn as much as he could, get to know the strange trio.

For now, though, he needed to sleep.

Not an easy thing to accomplish, given how awake he felt. And the fact that he couldn't help imagining invisible eyes staring at him from the darkness.

Would he be able to tell if another Wanderer was in the room with him?

So many questions.

Kyle forced his eyes shut, tried to stop thinking altogether.

And, soon enough, he was snoring soundly.