

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 21

Sparks didn't fly. Time didn't stop.

It wasn't like in movies or fantasies, there was no special magical moment where the two of them were connected as one. When Kyle's lips brushed Ana's, their deeper instincts didn't take over. They didn't start making out, weren't overwhelmed by the contact and closeness.

Their lips touched each other, gently pressed together.

That was it.

Ana pulled her head back, cheeks a shy pink. She was smiling softly, eyes twinkling. Her first kiss.

And Kyle's first kiss too.

It'd been nothing more than a gentle peck, and yet fire rushed through his veins all the same. His heart pounded a hungry beat, his entire body filled with warm, happy tingles. The girl before him, the girl he'd just kissed, was the most beautiful creature he'd ever encountered. The prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

He smiled at her. She giggled shyly, mirrored his smile with one of her own. A few stray strands of hair fell over Ana's face, over her nose and lips.

God, she was *beautiful*.

And *his*. Ana was *his* at long last.

Here, in Kyle's apartment. In his bedroom. On his bed. The two of them alone together in the flesh, with no-one to interrupt or stop them.

Slowly, Kyle leaned his face towards her again, moving in for another kiss. And, amazingly, Ana didn't pull away.

She shut her eyes, cheeks round with a happy smile.

Their lips met again. A gentle, innocent peck.

This time, neither of them pulled away.

Though both were inexperienced, though it was the first time for each of them, they knew what a lover's kiss was. Not the gentle, chase kiss that they'd just shared. No, a kiss between lovers, they knew, was one of locked lips and tight embraces and wrestling tongues. It was of closeness and heat and passion.

It started with little pecks. Barely more than their lips brushing against each other.

Then, Kyle got bolder, moved a little closer to his love and placed his hands on her body. His lips pressed a little harder to hers, parting slightly.

It was clumsy. Even as he kissed her, Kyle could feel that.

And yet, for as awkward and unskilled as their kissing might be, it was still *them*. He and Ana, sharing a romantic embrace.

They lay there on his bed for a long time. Soft pecks morphing into mashing lips morphing into something more. As the minutes faded by, their awkwardness ebbed and vanished. Their lips mingled, their tongues danced. His hands roamed her perfect curves while her hands held him close.

When they finally broke apart, over an hour had passed.

Ana panted softly, breath warm on Kyle's wet lips.

She was still smiling, still beautiful. Her face was flushed, chest rising and falling.

"Hi," the girl said, her eyes locked with Kyle's, staring into his irises like they held everything she'd ever wanted.

"Hello," Kyle said back, one hand on her hips while the other rested on her chest.

Ana giggled softly, lips curved in a joyous smile.

Kyle's mind raced for something to say. Anything at all.

He'd just made out with the love of his life, finally crossed that line with Ana. They were, unofficially at least, dating. Weren't they? Yet, as hard as he tried to think, no words

came to him. His mind, filled as it was with nothing but thoughts about how beautiful the girl in front of him truly was, could not summon up a single thing for Kyle to say.

"Hello," he repeated, staring into Ana's icy blue irises.

She giggled again, smile widening even further.

"Hi," Ana said, leaning in a little closer.

How was it possible for someone to be so pretty? So amazingly, stunningly beautiful?

"This," Ana said in a whisper, voice filled with the same happiness that was making her grin so widely, "is..."

"Amazing," Kyle said.

"Insane," Ana smiled, shaking her head.

He raised an eyebrow at her, unable to pull his eyes away from her icy blue irises, her too-pretty face.

"This is, like, the first time we've ever actually met each other, isn't it?" Ana sighed contentedly. "Before today, and not including the dreams, I don't think we've ever spent more than a minute or two talking to each other. And now look at us."

Making out on Kyle's bed, smiling and giggling and touching.

"It shouldn't be like this," Ana said, delicate fingers trailing slowly up and down the length of Kyle's arm. "My brain is telling me to slow down and to stop. That we're moving too fast. But, at the same time, it feels so *right*. Like this is where we're meant to be. This is where He wants us to be."

"Together," Kyle smiled.

Ana nodded her head, smiling widely.

"I always wondered what kind of man I'd marry one day," Ana told Kyle. "I could never picture it."

She leaned forward, gave Kyle a little peck on his nose.

"Now I can't stop picturing it. You and me, together. A little house with a nice garden and a white-picket fence, two kids and a pet dog. Whenever I close my eyes, that's all I see. Us."

Giddiness. A warm, happy excitement.

Kids with Ana? A little home together, with her as his wife? Kyle couldn't imagine any future he'd want more than *that*.

"God wants us to be together, right?" Kyle asked, gulping down his nerves.

Ana nodded her head.

Kyle's eyes flicked down, took in the sight of her body – his hand on her chest. They were on his bed. Alone. What better time and place could there possibly be than here and now?

"Then..." Kyle hesitated. "Then... Maybe we should, you know, seal the deal. Maybe that's why he wanted you to come over today."

Ana raised an eyebrow, genuine confusion crossing her otherwise happy face.

"Seal the deal," Kyle repeated. When the confusion didn't disappear from Ana's face, Kyle gulped. "You know... Have sex."

The reaction Ana had to his words was not the one Kyle had been hoping for. Her eyes widened in surprise, her smile vanished. Ana's body tensed as she pulled away from Kyle.

"Why else," Kyle said quickly, "would God have sent you here today?"

"I..." Ana shook her head, sat up in bed. "I don't- I think I should go. Dad will wonder where I am and-"

"Wait," Kyle grunted, rolling off his bed – heart racing. "I've got something I need to do real quick! Stay here. I'll be back in a minute, okay?"

Before Ana could reply, Kyle was gone – rushing out of his small bedroom and practically sprinting to the bathroom.

No way was he going to waste an opportunity like this.

Quickly, he sat down on the toilet, leaned his head back and made sure his body was relaxed in place. Inhaling a deep breath, eyes closed, Kyle left his body – went ghost-mode.

Fast as thought, he flew through the walls of the apartment, right back to his bedroom.

Ana was still sitting on his bed, eyes wide.

The relaxed happiness she'd had just a minute ago was long gone, replaced with trepidation and uncertainty. Kyle didn't even need to pass his hand into the girl to know she was uncomfortable.

But it was okay. He could *fix* that.

Not wanting to waste a single second, unwilling to let this golden opportunity be squandered, he reached a hand towards his love.

Before his fingers passed into her body, Kyle focussed – filled his ghostly touch with will and intent.

*Everything is fine*, he pushed onto Ana as he swept his fingers through her. *Relax. Everything is okay.*

*God wants you to be here.*

*This is where you're meant to be.*

With every swipe, Ana relaxed a little more.

Kyle took away her doubts, erased her worries and anxiety. He cleansed her mind of questions, pushed aside all negative emotion. Swipe after swipe; first suppressing the girl's desire to leave, then making her want to stay, and, finally, opening her up to the possibilities Kyle wanted to explore.

*God wants you to be with him.*

*In His eyes, you and Kyle are as good as married.*

*Wives have a duty to satisfy their husband.*

*You want to make Kyle happy, you want to please Him.*

It wasn't enough. Kyle could see that in Ana's face, in her posture. Her will to leave was gone, but what he was doing right now wasn't powerful enough to make her have sex with him.

He needed to go further.

So, steeling himself, preparing for the onslaught, he pushed his hand inside Ana and held it there.

Emotions and memories and thoughts crashed over Kyle like a tsunami, an endless flow of everything that made Ana who she was, from her earliest memories of childhood to her recently obtained first kiss. All the memories events and feelings of Ana's life that defined her as a person, all colliding with Kyle at once.

He held on. Battled the tide.

And, with willpower fuelled by his desire for Ana, he pushed new thoughts and emotions onto the girl.

Arousal. Pure and raw.

Desire. All-consuming and hungry.

Desperation. Want. *Need*.

Kyle knew a woman's heat. He'd possessed Ana's body, knew how it felt arousal. All tingles and electricity and hazy warmth. He knew what Ana's arousal felt like, and he knew how to give it to her. Flood her with it. Overpower her.

The girl on the bed blushed, her full lips parted in a breathless pant. Goosebumps tickled her skin all over, a sudden flood of heat washing away all the thoughts and hesitations she'd had a moment before. Her nipples hardened while dampness began to form under her panties. Thoughts filled her head, the kind she'd had before and had always tried her best to ignore; of Kyle atop her, her legs spread wide open, his cock to her

opening.

Her thighs pressed together tightly, knees trembling.

As Kyle pulled his hand away from the girl, released his hold on everything that made Ana who she was, she let out a soft, shaky moan.

*There*, Kyle thought, admiring his handiwork. *That'll do the trick.*

It took everything Kyle had not to pounce on Ana the moment he stepped back inside his bedroom.

She was curled into a ball on his bed, panting heavily as her hands massaged her thighs. As far as Kyle could see, she wasn't touching her crotch directly, only fondling the few inches of skin that led up to her privates. Her eyes were closed, face flushed hot.

Ana didn't react as Kyle closed the door behind himself, didn't seem to be aware he was even in the room with her until he climbed onto the bed – towering over her.

"I can't-" Ana tried to say, voice coming out as a soft whine. "I can't. I have to..."

"God wants us to be together," Kyle said, leaning down and kissing Ana's cheek. "He wants us to be married."

"Yes," Ana moaned. "Yes..."

"Look at me Ana," Kyle whispered into her ear.

She obeyed, turned her head and gazed longingly into Kyle's eyes.

"I'm going to fuck you," he told her, heart throbbing in his chest, feeling more powerful now than he ever had before. "If you don't want me to, say 'no' and I won't."

Ana's lips parted to speak, but no words came out.

"This," he said, reaching down and undoing the top button of Ana's jeans, "is meant to be."

Ana let out a gasp, didn't resist as he pulled her jeans down smooth legs, tossed them across his room.

"You and me," he smiled, wrapping his hands around the girl's legs, moving them apart so that he was between them, "are meant to be together."

Ana was wearing white and pink panties. Thin, almost translucent white fabric with pink trim and a little pink bow. They were soaked with her wetness. And, as Kyle trailed a finger over them, Ana shuddered and shook from the pleasure of it.

She was sensitive down there. Kyle knew that from experience.

"Do you want me?" Kyle asked, sliding his fingers under warm, wet fabric.

Ana gasped, moaned.

"Do you," Kyle repeated, peeling the girl's panties aside to reveal her drenched pussy, "want me?"

Hazy-eyed, Ana nodded her head.

"Yes," she whispered so softly that Kyle barely heard it.

Kyle pulled his hand away from Ana's exposed crotch, began tugging down his own trousers instead. His rock-hard cock felt crushed under the two layers of clothing he had on, his trousers and boxers.

When it bounced out, Ana let out a tiny, girlish squeal.

The first cock she'd ever seen.

"Say it," Kyle said, gripping his cock in one hand, guiding it to his love's crotch.

Ana covered her mouth when his cock's head came into contact with her wet pussy. She let out a muffled gasp, eyes wide. Her entire body shuddered.

"Say it," Kyle repeated, rubbing his cock's head against her pussy. "Say you want me."

He'd dreamed of those words coming from Ana's lips for so long.

'I want you,' spoken in a soft, loving voice.

But the girl before him was in no way capable of speaking those words today. Hand clamped over her mouth, body tense, eyes hazed over to the point that Kyle wasn't certain

she'd be able to speak actual words at all, let alone complete sentences.

So, he took a deep breath, a victorious grin on his face.

And he pushed forward.

At first, nothing. He'd seen cunts online before, knew where his cock was supposed to go. But, when he guided his cock to the right place, tried thrusting forward, he was met with resistance.

Ana gasped, her hips moving by themselves – thrusting and swaying in front of Kyle, hungry for his cock.

He tried again, slower this time, pushing his hard cock to Ana's opening.

And this time, he felt it.

The impossibly hot tightness.

Slick with Ana's juices, yet still such a small hole. Slowly, firmly, Kyle moved his hips forwards.

She clamped down on him as he penetrated her. A vice-like grip on the tip of his cock, crushing it so wonderfully that Kyle was already beginning to feel the pressure of his climax building. He kept going, slow and strong, pushing forward.

The whole of his cock's head disappeared inside the gasping, moaning Ana. More resistance, more tightness gripping down on him.

And still he kept going.

The pressure was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Nothing at all like using his hand, or the blowjob he'd received. *This* was on a whole other level. The cunt convulsed around his cock, simultaneously gripping him in place and urging him deeper.

Another inch pushed inside Ana, spreading her opening wide.

She gasped into her hand, body writhing. Her hips bucked, claimed more of Kyle's cock for itself.

Another inch, and another.

Impossibly, wonderfully, amazingly tight. The way Ana's pussy squeezed down on Kyle's cock was the last confirmation Kyle hadn't known he needed. Ana was *made* for him. The girl herself, her pussy, everything about her, it was for Kyle. All his.

He pushed forward hard for the last few inches, impaled Ana with his cock.

Panting, unable to quite believe it was real, he stared down at the place their two bodies met – his crotch and hers pressed together, his cock buried completely inside her cunt. He didn't move, couldn't move. Just stared at that spot for a long, wonderful moment.

He was no longer a virgin. And neither was Ana.

He'd deflowered her. Made her into a woman.

*His* woman.

"Are you ready?" Kyle breathed, gaze moving up from Ana's crotch to her face.

She was panting into her hand, eyes locked with his. Sweat trickled down her brow, her cheeks were flushed pink, her eyes hot with arousal. She'd never looked more beautiful than in that moment.

When she gave a single nod of her head, Kyle grinned at her.

And, finally, he began to thrust.

It didn't last long. Not nearly as long as he usually did when he was masturbating on his own. With how tight Ana was, the overwhelming warmth, it was like her body was trying to milk the cum from him with all it had – squeezing his cock from from directions at once.

His bedroom, for a brief minute or two, had filled with the sounds of muffled moans and grunts, squeaking bedsprings and the thumping of his bed-frame against the wall, skin slapping wet skin. And then it was over.

Kyle collapsed panting atop his unofficial bride.

She lay there in a daze for a few minutes afterwards, almost unaware of the fact that Kyle was resting his head on her hoodie-clad chest. But, as Ana regained her senses,

she did something Kyle hadn't been expecting.

She wrapped her arms around him, kissed and cuddled him.

As her arousal died, Kyle had been afraid she'd realise what they'd done and freak out, panic about breaking her long-held beliefs on chastity and the like. Instead, though, Ana embraced him. Kissed him. Pulled him close and held on to him as she closed her eyes.

Before long, Ana was asleep. Laying in Kyle's bed, her body pressed to his, Ana off to dreamless slumber.

Kyle grinned, chest glowing with gentle warmth.

He stayed awake, arms wrapped around the most beautiful girl in the world. The girl he'd just had sex with. The girl who saw him as a boyfriend at least, if not her full-blown husband. The girl he'd always wanted, always fantasised about. And here she was, in his bed. She was *his*.

Kyle could have stayed there forever, enjoying the mild scent of strawberries and the warmth of Ana's body next to his.

One day, this would be it. His life.

He'd marry Ana, love her every day and fuck her every night. They'd have two kids and a dog and a house with a white-picket fence. He'd have everything he ever wanted.

One day, but not yet.

Not long after Ana fell asleep, her body began to move. It pushed away from Kyle, stretched out and yawned, laughed out loud and turned to look at Kyle's annoyed face with an ugly smirk on otherwise beautiful lips.

"Looks like you've finally fucked Tits then," Lucy said, looking down at Ana's body. "Certainly took your time with it, didn't you?"

"She's not home," Kyle growled. "You're here way too early."

"Not at all," Lucy smirked. "Mommy 'decided' to leave work early today, she's on her way here now. Our game starts to moment she arrives."

Kyle glared at her, counting down the days in his mind.

Four. Four more days until he removed this cunt from his life for good. Just four more days.

"You know," Lucy laughed, "for a guy who just nuttled inside a big-titty, corrupted Christian girl, you seem awfully grumpy. Relax, Ghost Girl. Today is gonna be fun. I promise."