

Ghost Boy

Chapter 22

There was an ache between his legs. A tingling pain.

Kyle could ignore it for the most part. A little pain was manageable, especially when he knew *why* the pain existed in the first place. Ana, deflowered. He'd finally claimed her, fucked her. Popped her cherry.

A little bit of hurt between the girl's legs was fine.

It was Ana's breasts that caused more discomfort. Not pain, but instead an ever-present ache. All down the spine, at the small of the back, on the shoulders. A consequence of how huge and heavy as Ana's tits were.

As he walked to his bedroom door in her body, Kyle found himself slumping forward, not used to the weight. He straightened his back, tried to ignore the ache along his spine.

He stopped once to look back at his bed, at his own naked, comatose body laying there.

Then he stepped into the apartment proper, shut his bedroom door behind himself. Unfamiliar heart beating rapidly in a heavy chest, Kyle waited – eyes on the apartment's entryway.

Any moment now...

A key turned in the door's lock, a metallic clicking sound.

The door opened.

And there she stood, a smug grin on her face. Wearing the body of Kyle's mother like she owned it, eyes filled to the brim with amusement and dark joy.

"Looks like you're ready to go," Lucy winked. "No need to be so shy, Ghost Girl. Just admit you like possessing your girlfriend's body already. It'll save us both a lot of effort in the long term."

"Fuck you," Kyle said before he could stop himself.

"Temper, temper," Lucy scolded with a smile. "If you don't watch your mouth, young lady, I'll have to do something about it. Gag you with a nice, fat cock, maybe."

Careful, Kyle warned himself. *Don't antagonise her.*

"Let's get this over with," Kyle sighed. "I don't have time for-"

"Nope," Lucy grinned. "I can't go out dressed like *this* now, can I?"

His mother's body was wearing the work outfit from one of her part-time jobs, a fast-food place. A branded polo-shirt that stretched tightly around her chest, dirty with greasy stains.

"Come on," Lucy continued, closing the apartment door and walking over to his mother's bedroom. "Let's go see what slutty outfits Mommy has hidden away. With her past, she's *got* to have something sexy to wear."

Under normal circumstances, watching a beautiful woman stripping down and trying on different revealing outfits would have been a treat. Big tits, a decent enough figure, round ass. There was a lot to look at and admire.

Yet, somehow, Kyle felt no arousal at being forced to watch Lucy treating his mother's body like a dress-up doll.

The bitch tossed his mother's more conservative and ordinary clothes aside with indifference, sought out only the sexiest and sluttiest clothing to found. She tried on different bras and panties, settling on a set of black lingerie that seemed a few sizes too small for his mother's body.

"Not bad," Lucy said to herself, staring at her reflection in a full-body mirror. "a little tight, but it'll do. What do you think, Ghost Girl?"

I think that you're a cunt.

He held back from saying the words aloud. Instead, he pretended to ignore the

question entirely. Lucy might be forcing him to participate in her game, but that didn't mean he'd play along and act the part. The sooner this was all done with, the better.

"Come on," Lucy muttered, pawing through the wardrobe. "There has to be something here. If I was a sexually repressed woman with a weirdo for a son, where would I put my... Ah! There!"

Kyle watched as Lucy lifted up what, at first glance, looked like a tight, black skirt.

Lucy turned to look at him, a twinkle in her eye.

"This is the one," she smirked.

A shiver ran down Kyle's spine at the sight of that smirk.

"Told you your Mommy is a slut, Ghost Girl."

It wasn't a skirt. It was a dress.

Or could it even be called a dress?

The black cloth started low on his mother's chest, barely above the woman's nipples; holding her tits together through sheer tightness. And it ended just *above* his mother's thighs. The 'skirt' part of the dress was so short, so small, that it didn't even fully cover the woman's black thong.

Kyle had tried to protest as Lucy walked his mother's body out of the apartment, wearing nothing but that dress, a thong, and high-heels.

Now, red-faced, he walked aside his mother's body. A woman who wore so little and revealed so much that even the skimpiest of hookers would've considered it vulgar.

Heads turned their way, judgemental and lust-filled eyes following their every move.

To the rest of the world, it appeared like two women – perhaps a mother and her daughter – were striding through the city. The younger one in jeans and a pink hoodie, looking angelic and pure. The older one in a whorish black dress, a woman that could only be a prostitute or an exhibitionist.

Lucy led the way to a seedy side-street, a run-down neighbourhood where there were few other people to be seen.

"Here's another decision for you to make," Lucy said, eyes searching around. "Either I fuck a random stranger in Mommy's body and, when I'm done, you eat their cum right outta Mommy's snatch. Or *you* fuck a random stranger as Tits, and I eat their cum out of you. You've got ten seconds to decide, or we're both getting porked."

Kyle had known it was coming. Not this choice specifically, but *a* choice. He'd known instinctively that Lucy would try to push him further, make him do more things for her sick pleasure. He'd known it, and yet he still felt the revolted shudder coarse through him.

"Tick, tock, Ghost Girl."

"You," Kyle sighed.

"Me what?" Lucy grinned, head turning to look at him.

"You fuck the stranger."

He looked dangerous. A single guy, standing by himself next to a dark alleyway. A drug-dealer, probably. Tall and muscled, with leering eyes and a yellow smile and pale, sickly-looking skin.

Lucy walked right up to him, smiling all the while.

"Ladies," the man grinned, eyes roaming the bodies of the beautiful women in front of him. "What can I-"

"I'm going to cut right to the chase," Lucy said, voice confident and unafraid. "Kylie here," she pointed at Kyle, "my daughter, is a dyke."

The man raised an eyebrow, gave Kyle a once-over.

"She's only interested in pussy, and the only boy she's ever fucked was a small-dicked loser."

Kyle glared at the back of his mother's head, counted down the days in his head for the hundredth time in the last hour. One, two, three, four. That was it. That was all. Just four more...

"Personally, I think she's just had the one bad experience. If she could just see how *amazing* it is to be fucked by a real man, she'll realise she is, in fact, into guys."

"Okay..." The ugly man said, eyes moving between the two beauties in front of him. "So what does that-"

"Long story short," Lucy smiled. "I want to *show* her what a real man can do to a woman. How he can make her scream. So, that's why we're here. In search of a man to fuck me in front of my daughter, to demonstrate to her how good a nice cock feels. And to prove to her, once and for all, that she's not a true lesbo."

The man's eyes widened, not quite believing what he was hearing. He glanced around, maybe looking for cameras or an audience in case he was being pranked. But no, there were no cameras, no snickering people on the sidelines. Lucy was, despite her lies and horrible porn-worthy story, completely serious.

Why she'd chosen this man – a guy who wasn't attractive, had missing teeth, looked like he'd seen the inside of a prison cell on multiple occasions – Kyle had no idea. With his mother's face and body, she could've propositioned any guy at all and found success.

Nevertheless, here they were.

"Well?" Lucy smirked. "What do you say. Are you up to the job?"

The sounds that came from the alleyway were unreal. The moans and cries of pleasure, the begging for more, the sound of skin slapping skin. Kyle couldn't look, kept his eyes as far from the sight of his mother's body being fucked as he possibly could.

It was fake. Those moans. That begging. It *had* to be exaggerated. Just Lucy trying to fuck with him.

Against his better judgement, Kyle looked into the alleyway once – saw an image that'd be burned in his mind forever. His mother, pressed up against a dirty alleyway wall, an ugly guy humping her like a mindless animal.

He wanted to vomit. To walk into the alleyway and punch the guy, protect his mother's body.

But he couldn't. Not in Ana's body. Not while Lucy still had so much control over him. All he could do was stand there and listen, wait for it to be over. And then...

And then he'd have to eat her out.

Kyle's stomach churned. He felt queasy.

Four days. Just four more days.

Finally, the grunting and moaning stopped.

Kyle shut his eyes, tried not to picture the asshole pumping cum inside his mother's body.

"Kylie," a woman's voice called a little while later. "Come over here, honey. Show our friend here just how much of a lesbian you are."

Four days.

Just. Four. More. Days.

Kyle hovered above his unconscious body, mind reeling.

Besides his body, lay Ana's sleeping form. And, above her body was his girlfriend's ghost. His fiancée's ghost.

What'd he'd done today. What Lucy had made him do...

He shook his head, reached out and touched Ana's ghost.

Slipping inside her dreams had never been easier.

A nightmare, as always. Ana running. Torn clothes. Panic and dread, fear of the unknown. Kyle willed it all away with barely any effort, reshaped the girl's dream so that

the two of them stood atop a snowy mountain, Ana's torn clothes disappearing entirely. Not cold, despite the fact they were both now naked.

Ana gasped when she saw him, tried to cover herself.

"You're beautiful," he told her, soothing her mind as he spoke the words. "Don't hide it."

Blushing, Ana slowly removed her hands and arms, let them fall to her sides and allowed her body be shown in all its naked glory. And glorious it was. Perfect beyond perfection. Lean and strong, smooth and soft. So stunningly beautiful that she took Kyle's breath away, even here in a place that he didn't technically need to breathe at all.

"We... We had sex," Ana said, voice soft and cute. "Was that a dream, or was it... You know..."

"Real?" Kyle smiled. "Yeah. It was real. It really happened."

Ana's face flushed bright red.

"Did you enjoy it?"

Slowly, the girl nodded her head.

Kyle waved his hand, materialised a comfortable sofa out of thin air; right there on the snowy mountaintop. He sat down, looked out at the beautiful view before him, let out a soft sigh.

"Are... Are you alright?" A kind, caring voice asked.

Kyle shook his head. "I'm fine. Just got a lot on my mind."

Ana tilted her head to one side, her blush fading away. Slowly, she moved; sat down next to Kyle on the sofa.

"It's beautiful," she said, eyes on the same wonderful view as Kyle. "Thank you."

"For what?" Kyle asked, turning to look at her.

"You made it, didn't you?" Ana smiled. "The view?"

Kyle hesitated before nodding his head.

Ana being aware that he could alter her dreams wasn't dangerous, but that knowledge might lead to actual dangerous questions. Like 'how' and 'why' he could alter things in her dreams.

"Thank you. It's really pretty. I hope I remember it when I wake up."

"You will," Kyle promised.

After that, the two of them remained silent for a while. It was impossible to tell how long. This was, after all, still just a dream. It could have been minutes, or it could have been hours. They sat there silently, admiring the mountain-top view of an imaginary landscape.

Finally, Ana let out a happy sigh.

"I could really go for some hot chocolate right now," she said, a hint of mischief in her otherwise innocent voice.

Kyle raised an eyebrow at her.

"Hint, hint," she smiled back at him. "Nudge, nudge."

"Oh!" Kyle blushed.

He waved his hand, materialised a streaming mug of hot chocolate in front of Ana. It hovered there motionless until she took hold of the handle, had a tentative sip of it.

"Yummy," Ana winked. "Though, next time, it wouldn't hurt to throw a marshmallow or two on top."

"Noted," Kyle smiled.

She raised the cup to her lips again, let out a satisfied sigh as she drank down a mouthful of the imaginary drink.

"You know," she said casually, looking out at a landscape that was no-where near as beautiful as the girl herself. "I've always wanted to go to Paris. The romance capital of the world. A great place for a honeymoon, if you ask me..."

Kyle let out a laugh.

"Say no more," he grinned, waved his hand through the air once again. "Your wish is my command."

The first thing Kyle saw when he woke up in the morning was an angel's face sleeping next to him.

A smile spread his lips instantly.

He lay there for an eternity, staring at the beauty in front of him, unable to tear his eyes away from her. A few strands of bright blonde hair fell over Ana's face, her lips were parted slightly.

Truly, the most beautiful girl in the world. Hands down.

It was only as he was getting up to go answer nature's call that he remembered an important fact. Quickly, he shut his eyes, went ghost-mode and returned Ana's ghost to her body; something he hadn't wanted to do last night.

Instantly, the girl's eyes flickered open.

Kyle returned to his body just in time to receive a little kiss on his nose. He grinned at the girl, who grinned right back at him. Warmth blossomed in Kyle's chest, a joy unlike anything he'd felt before in all his life.

"Mmm..." Ana sighed sleepily. "Paris was lovely. Thank you, dear."

"I aim to please," Kyle smiled.

A cute pink blush appeared on Ana's cheeks, she nodded her head, spoke in a voice that was almost too soft and quiet to hear.

"You didn't miss."

"I never do."

Ana rolled her eyes, still blushing. She sat up in bed, stretched her arms and yawned loudly.

"Do you have any food? I'm starving. How long did we sleep for?"

As the girl climbed out of her bed, went in search of her clothes and her phone, Kyle felt a pang of loss. His amazing moment evaporating away. When Ana found her phone, saw the time and – more importantly – date, she let out a loud gasp.

She hadn't just slept through most of the day, she'd slept through the *entire* day and the whole of the night that followed it. Or, well, not quite 'slept'. Her body had been very much awake during the day. Only it hadn't been her who'd been piloting it.

As far as Ana was aware, she'd slept for almost twenty-four hours straight.

"Oh crap," she gasped, a lot more awake and alert than she'd been just seconds before. "I've got to call Dad. He'll be worried. And-"

She shook her head, tried to calm herself.

"It's alright," she said softly, almost seeming to forget Kyle was in the room with her. "It's normal for girls my age to... But why aren't there any messages? Dad would've messaged me, asked me where I am. No missed calls. No new messages. What's..."

With every word she spoke, her voice grew in pitch and panic.

"Ana," Kyle spoke loudly, clearly. The girl froze, turned to look at him with wide eyes. "It's okay. Nothing happens that God doesn't want to, right?"

The girl nodded her head.

"And God wants what's best for you. So, whatever happens, it's what's best for you. I mean, it has to be, right?"

The girl let out a little sigh, nodded her head again. She smiled, though it looked forced and small to Kyle's eyes.

"Everything is going to be okay," Kyle promised.

"I know," Ana said, though there was still a hint of panic and doubt in her tone. "But... Dad would have messaged me. You don't know him, he's *super* overprotective. There's no way he wouldn't have tried calling me. Unless something-"

"Tell you what," Kyle said, heart clenching in his chest. He forced a smile onto his

face. "Why don't you message him while I make us something to eat? Everything will be fine, you'll see."

Ana nodded her head, smiled.

"Yeah... Okay," she said. "It's probably nothing. I'll just call him up and let him know I'm okay..."

Kyle quickly threw on some pants, left his bedroom in a rush.

Behind him, the girl he loved held her phone up to her ear, calling someone who'd never be able to answer her. She didn't know yet. But soon, probably in just an hour or two, she would. Her father was gone.

Kyle swallowed, ignored the churning in his gut and the guilt he felt; focused on the task at hand instead.

What should he make Ana for breakfast?