

Ghost Boy

Chapter 24

Her lips wrapped around Kyle's cock.

Full, hungry lips. His mother's. On his cock.

Kyle groaned, felt his hips moving by themselves. Tiny, little thrusts into his mother's mouth. His hand on her head, her eyes flicking up to him and back down again.

In the back of his mind, a thousand thoughts vied for Kyle's attention. He ignored all of them, pushed it all aside and let himself enjoy this moment. Enjoy his mother giving him head again.

She was beautiful.

Dark hair and shadowed eyes, a deliciously curvy body.

"Mom," Kyle grunted, guiding her head. "Don't stop."

In the woman's mind, she was pleasuring a strap-on. Just a lifeless toy. There was nothing wrong with that, nothing taboo about it – even if it was her 'daughter' wearing it. Yet, for the fact that it was only a toy she was sucking on, her daughter sure did seem to be enjoying it plenty.

She slid her lips up and down the length, holding the base with her fingers. She bobbed her head up and down, corkscrewing Kyle's cock with her mouth, slathering it with saliva.

"Suck it," Kyle told her, shutting his eyes against the pleasure. "Suck me, Mom."

Her tongue swirled around his cock, licking it from all sides as she alternated between sucking and blowing. So many sensations, the heat and the pressure, the texture of her tongue. It was too much. All Kyle could do was stand there, eyes shut tight, as his mother made sweet, oral love to his cock.

She hadn't, it turned out, been all talk.

His mother *could* back up the statements she'd made, the stories she'd told. She was a fantastic cock-sucker.

Before long, Kyle was holding his orgasm back with everything he had – struggling to hold it in as his mother slobbered all over his shaft, gagged on its head.

He tried to warn her before it happened, told her he was close.

She ignored him, didn't slow down or stop. If anything, she sped up her motions, began going faster.

He came.

His mother let out a surprised gasp, kept her lips in place and began drinking down Kyle's cum. She sucked, not stopping even after he was done, draining him dry.

When Kyle pulled away, collapsed backwards onto his bed, his mother gave a girlish giggle. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, rose to her feet, stumbled slightly. He watched as she put a hand on her head, tried to regain her balance. A wave of confusion seemed to wash over his mother's face.

Her mind trying to work out how she'd just drank down a guy's cum after sucking off a strap-on worn by a girl.

Whatever answer her brain came up with, she stood up straight and confident, smiled over at a breathless Kyle.

"Not done already, are you?" The woman teased, stepping forward with swaying hips and a seductive smile. "That's no good at all. You've gotta have a lot more stamina than that, if you're gonna be pleasing all the guys you bring home, Kylie."

She climbed onto the bed, crawled along it until her hands were planted on either side of Kyle's head.

"Ever kissed a girl before?" His mother cooed.

Blushing, Kyle nodded his head.

"Did you like it?" His mother breathed, leaning down.

Before he could answer, his mother pressed her lips to his.

"I don't know what to do."

The girl's voice was shaky, uncertain, scared. A voice filled with pain and doubt, quivering softly. With the loss Ana was forced to endure, Kyle couldn't blame her. Of course she had no idea what to do, where to go.

"Your mother is still stuck in hospital, right?" Kyle asked. "She won't be home tonight?"

"Mm'hm," Ana's voice choked. "I'll be alone. I..."

A muffled sob.

Kyle could feel it, even with all the distance that separated them. He could feel her pain. Her sorrow.

"You can't stay in the hospital over night," he spoke softly, reassuringly. "You have to go home eventually, babe."

"I can't," the girl sobbed so loudly that Kyle had to pull away from his phone for a moment. "I can't. It'll just be me there. On my own. I *can't* go back. I just-"

"What if you're not?" Kyle shot in. "Alone, I mean. What if you're not on your own? Would that make things easier?"

A few moments of silence. Kyle could easily picture his girlfriend nodding her head, tears running down her cheeks. A beautiful girl hanging on to any thread of hope he gave her.

"Yeah," she replied at last. "It would. But-"

"Then I'll come over," he told her. "I'll spend the night if I have to. But you won't be alone, I promise."

Neither of her parents home, the whole house to themselves. With a bit of Wanderer nudging, he could soothe Ana's pains and doubts, give her the encouragement she needed to let go and enjoy herself.

He couldn't help but grin at the thought.

Spending the night with Ana, in her own bed.

It'd be *beautiful*.

He waited outside her home, checking his phone multiple times a minute. Ana was on her way, being driven home by a friend of the family. Any minute now, she'd be here and their evening together would begin.

Just the two of them, home alone.

It'd be like they were married, a proper couple living together in a nice house. They'd hang out, chat, enjoy each other's company; just like in Ana's dreams, only this time it'd be *real*.

And, tonight, they'd fuck again.

He'd probably need to go ghost and help her set her negative emotions aside, but that was fine. Sooner or later, Ana would get over her father. All Kyle was doing was helping speed up the process, assisting her through her grief and guiding her towards acceptance. He'd be making things easier for her. Happier. Just like a good boyfriend should.

Smiling, he looked up at Ana's home.

A nice building in a nice neighbourhood, with an immaculate garden and a white-picket fence. The perfect place for a married couple to start a family.

Kyle and Ana, here together. Ana's mother, too. His future mother-in-law. This was it, this was where his life would truly begin.

Would their first child be a boy or girl? What would he name it?

A car pulled up outside Ana's home, a beautiful blonde girl sitting in the passenger seat. She turned to the driver, a middle-aged woman, said something. The woman nodded, smiled, her eyes briefly flashing towards Kyle.

Then the passenger door opened, and out stepped Ana.

Save for the puffy red eyes, the obvious sorrow in her expression, the girl looked as stunning as ever. Her blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail, a little frazzled but otherwise fine. Her shoulders a little slumped, a stark contrast to her usual straight-back, head-held-high, confident look.

She gave Kyle a weak, forced smile.

The car behind her didn't move right away, the driver was too busy watching Ana; making sure she got inside okay.

"Hey," Kyle smiled at Ana as she approached.

"Hi," Ana said, her usually-soft voice coarse and ragged.

She stepped past Kyle, unlocked the house's front door and stepped inside. Glancing back once at the woman in the car, who was watching Kyle through narrowed, judgemental eyes, Kyle followed his girlfriend into her house.

As soon as the door was closed, Ana trembled – sobbed loudly and stumbled into Kyle's arms. She wept silently into his chest while he stood there stunned.

It took him a moment to wrap his arms around her.

And it took several minutes more until Ana could stand by herself again. Knees still wobbly, face wet with tears, eyes bloodshot, sockets red and puffy. She pushed away from Kyle, apologised in a gravelly, strained voice.

"It's fine," he smiled at her. "It's gonna be okay. I promise."

She nodded her head, though Kyle could see the lack of belief in her eyes. How could everything possibly be alright, she must be asking herself. How could *anything* be okay? Her father was gone, maybe forever, and there was nothing she could do about the pain and sadness and misery that fact gave her.

But Kyle could.

"Uh," Kyle said, determined to put a smile on his love's face. "Where's the bathroom?"

He knew where it was. In fact, he knew this house had two bathrooms. He'd been here so much in ghost mode that he knew the layout about as well as he did his own apartment's. Still, best not let *Ana* know that. As far as she was aware, this was his first time setting foot here. And, technically, it was.

Ana pointed the way, forcing herself to smile as she did.

As soon as Kyle shut the bathroom door behind himself, sat down on the toilet seat, he shut his eyes and went ghost mode.

"Have you had anything to eat since this morning?" Kyle asked.

Ana shook her head, a genuine smile on her lips.

"Right then!" Kyle grinned. "Show me where the kitchen is. I'm gonna make you dinner!"

It was late in the day, evening pretty much. That Ana hadn't eaten at the hospital wasn't surprising. It made sense for her boyfriend to want her to eat, not starve herself. Still, the raised eyebrow Ana gave him as she led the way to the house's kitchen made Kyle second-guess himself.

Being from a conservative, traditional family, would Ana insist on cooking herself? Had he made a mistake in offering to cook for her?

She didn't say anything, nor did she try to stop him as he searched through the fridge for ingredients.

"Ah! This'll do just fine."

He pulled out a block of cheddar cheese and some packaged bacon.

All the cheese his mother bought came pre-grated, but otherwise he should be able to make his speciality bacon and cheese sandwiches easily enough. All he needed to do was find the bread, maybe go in search of some chilli powder while he was at it.

First things first, though. Kyle walked over to the cooker, turned one of the hobs on and searched through cabinets for a frying pan.

"I didn't know you like cooking," Ana said just as Kyle found the pots and pans cabinet.

"Wouldn't say I 'like' it," Kyle said, tossing her the block of cheese. "Could you grate that for me? Don't need a lot. Just a handful or so."

"Uh, sure."

"I just kinda had to learn, what with my Mom working all the time. It was either that or stick with microwave meals forever."

"I see."

Kyle walked over to the bread-box while the frying pan heated up, opened it to find an uncut loaf of bread.

Holding back a sigh, Kyle rolled his eyes. He should've known this middle-class family would do things the difficult way. Why not just buy regular, pre-sliced bread? Why go through all the unnecessary effort of cutting it themselves?

Oh well, at least it'd give him something to do while the pan heated up.

"I guess you don't see you mother very much, then," Ana said, grating the block of cheese over an empty bowl. "My mom's always home. Or, well, she's not right now. But normally, she's here all the time."

"Mm'hm," Kyle mumbled as he sliced.

"Do you miss her?" Ana asked quietly. "When she's not there?"

"Sometimes," Kyle shrugged.

"Are you and her very close?"

"We, ah, used to be," back before he'd discovered his Wanderer powers, he and his mother used to hang out a lot – when she didn't have to work, at least. "Not so much these days. But that's okay. I have a new woman in my life now."

Ana said nothing for a while after that. The kitchen was quiet for the next few minutes, the silence only broken when Kyle tossed bacon into the hot pan. Then, the sound of sizzling and spitting took away the empty silence.

"Can I meet her?" Ana asked, handing Kyle a plate with a tiny pile of grated cheese. "Your mother. Can you introduce me to her?"

"Uhh," that might be a little awkward, what with how Kyle's mother currently thought her son was a girl named Kylie. "Sure. I'll have to find a gap in her schedule for you, but I don't see why not."

No way was Ana ever meeting his mother, not while the woman was under Lucy's spell. After he'd fixed her, maybe. But not a chance in hell was Kyle going to introduce the two until then.

Once the bacon was half-cooked, Kyle flipped the rashers over and sprinkled the grated bacon atop each piece – adding a pinch of chilli powder on top. He watched, stomach rumbling, as Ana's delicious meal cooked through – the scent of crisp bacon and melting cheese filling the kitchen.

"Thank you," Ana whispered behind him, so soft that Kyle wasn't sure if he'd heard her correctly over the sounds of frying bacon.

He turned to look at her, eyebrow raised.

"For what? Letting you meet my Mom? Isn't that something couples normally-"

"No," Ana blushed, lips curving into a small smile. "Not that. Thank you for being here."

"No worries, babe," Kyle grinned. "I'm glad to be here."

"Babe?" Ana mused softly. "It's weird, no-one's ever called me that before. Not really."

"Should I stop?" Kyle asked quickly, cheeks turning pink.

"No," Ana smiled. "I like it."

That only made his cheeks burn brighter.

He turned back to the bacon, waited until it was perfect. Then, spatula in hand, he began moving the cheese-coated meat from the frying pan to a slice of bread once piece at a time. When he was done, he handed the sandwich to Ana, turned off the cooker.

She eyed it, glanced up at Kyle.

"What about you? Aren't you going to make one for yourself?"

"Nah," Kyle smirked. "I'm planning on eating something else tonight. Go on, have a bite. It tastes best when it's eaten right away."

Kyle was holding on to Ana's naked body when his phone vibrated; one hand on a massive, soft breast, the other on her hip. Such nice, pleasant positions for his arms to be resting in. With his eyes closed, he could've easily drifted off to sleep, ignored that message and left it for the morning.

But, sighing softly, he moved away from Ana anyway.

She stirred but didn't wake.

His phone was on the floor, in the pocket of a jacket that'd been discarded hours ago.

Had it *really* been hours?

Kyle smiled to himself, enjoying the thought and the memories of what he and Ana had gotten up to earlier. A smile that, as soon as he saw the message, wavered.

He set the phone down immediately, laid himself down on the floor and shut his eyes.

Going ghost mode, he quickly glanced around Ana's room.

No sign of Lucy.

But that didn't mean she wasn't nearby. The cunt could've been in the room seconds ago, could've seen how Kyle had reacted to the text and made herself scarce long enough to put Kyle at ease. It might be that, as soon as he returned to his body, she'd return to snoop on the phone-call; and would discover Kyle's plot with Teach.

Or bad luck could strike, and the bitch would happen to stumble into Ana's bedroom just after Kyle returned to his body, would snoop in on the conversation by accident.

If she found out - or even just suspected - that Kyle and Teach were conversing with each other in secret. Well it'd put an end to his plans, to say the least. All his hopes of ending Lucy's games, her constant torments, would go down the toilet right there and then.

He scanned around Ana's room again, ghostly eyes peering into every dark crack and corner.

Nothing.

But, even so...

He shut his eyes, focused.

There must be a way, there just *had* to be a way to know if another Wanderer was nearby. Kyle was *certain* of it. A way of being sure if Lucy was there or not. A way to sense-
A vibration.

A tiny trembling coming from somewhere in the city. An echo of an echo. Not a sound or smell, not something that could be seen or heard or touched. But he could feel it all the same. A sensory perception he'd never experienced before. A faint, soft vibration that somehow felt familiar.

Kyle followed it, flew through the walls of Ana's attic bedroom and out into the city, following that vibration like a dog on a leash. And, as he got closer, he realised *exactly* what it was.

He arrived at the sewage treatment plant, flew over the churning vat of excrement that he'd hidden the ghost of Ana's father inside. The source of the soft vibrations.

Kyle could *sense* ghosts.

And, if he could sense *this* ghost, he'd probably be able to sense a Wanderer's

when they were in ghost mode too.

He didn't have time to ponder that realisation before another struck him.

This was how Lucy had found him. Back at the beginning, the first time he'd met her in Ana's bedroom. *This* was how she'd managed to discover a lone Wanderer in such a large city.

Probably, it was how she'd found out who he was, too. Where he lived. He *had* spent time there as a ghost.

Did the others know? Lanky and Tubby and Teach?

Was it Lucy's secret?

Could Kyle use it against her?

He grinned, closed his eyes and returned to his body in an instant. When he opened them, he crawled over to his phone, replied back to Teach. When the phone rang, he answered it. But he didn't ask her about or mention his new discovery.

A Wanderer's secrets were their power.

This, Kyle was certain, was one of Lucy's.

And now Kyle knew it too.