

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 25

"So, Kyle," Ana's mother said, gazing at him across the table. "What would you like to do when you get out of school?"

Kyle shrugged, eyes moving between the two blondes.

Mother and daughter, so alike in their elegant beauty. Two angels with bright blonde hair and cool blue eyes. Ample busts on both, though the mother easily had the larger, heavier tits.

"I don't know," Kyle shrugged, smiling sweetly. "Haven't given it much thought yet."

Whatever job he ended up with one day, it'd have to be one that took full advantage of his Wanderer powers. A reporter, maybe. Snooping around invisibly, reading minds, discovering secrets to sell. Or perhaps a therapist; using his ability to warp minds and manipulate thoughts to fix all the troubled people who came his way.

As a Wanderer, though, would Kyle even *need* a job?

Money wouldn't be that hard to come by, surely. Any time he wanted, he could go ghost, find some wealthy tool, and part them of cash.

"There's no rush," Ana's mother said with a smile. "You still have years of education ahead of you. Still, it is nice having a clear goal in mind. Something to aim for."

"Mom," Ana sighed, rolling her eyes, "isn't it time to feed Junior?"

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, a soft beeping began sounding in the room. Ana's mother reached into her pocket, pulled out her vibrating, buzzing phone. An alarm that Kyle had grown very accustomed to over the last few days.

"Ah," the older woman smiled, rising from the table. "Right you are, honey. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Kyle watched her leave, eyes on the woman's round backside.

"Sorry about that," Ana said when her mother was gone – off to go nurse Ana's baby brother. "If she's asking too many questions and bothering you, we can go upstairs."

"It's fine," Kyle grinned.

The last two days, he'd been living the dream. Sharing a bed with Ana, being made breakfast and dinner by her mother. Living as a happy, little family.

Outsiders looking in probably thought it was strange; Ana's father hospitalised out of no-where, his place in the home immediately usurped by a total stranger. The family's mother being fine with her daughter's boyfriend living with them. It wasn't the standard suburban story, to say the least.

But neither Ana or her mother cared. Kyle made sure of that.

The conservative, religious mother saw nothing wrong with her daughter's boyfriend living in their home – fucking her daughter every night and morning and quiet moment in between. And the kind, pure, loving daughter didn't mind in the slightest when she noticed her boyfriend gazing at her mother's body with lust-filled eyes.

Ana was his. And, soon, the mother would be too.

"I actually like spending time with her," Kyle continued, eyes falling on the most beautiful girl in the world. His love. Ana. "I wanna get to know her as much as I can, seeing as she's going to be my mother-in-law."

Pink spread through Ana's cheeks. She nodded her head, a tiny smile pulling at her pretty lips.

"Come on," Kyle smirked, pushing away from the table and standing up. "Tomorrow's your first day back to school, best get to bed early."

"Early?" Ana laughed, checking the time. "It's barely seven!"

"I said we're going to bed," Kyle said, walking around the table and leaning down to kiss his lover. "I didn't say anything about us sleeping."

Ana pinned him to the bed, fingers intertwined with his above his head and knees planted either side of his waist. She gazed down at him, her beautiful irises filled with so much heat and desire and affection that it made Kyle shudder.

They were naked, with only the dim illumination of a bedside lamp to see each other by. The light, soft and gentle as it was, painted the curves of Ana's body beautifully. Darkness between her heavy, swaying breasts. Shadows cascading down her slender frame. A reflective glint of sweat on her pale skin.

Her nipples stood out, hard and sharp in the dim light.

Her lips were parted as she panted shallow, hungry breaths.

Strands of blonde fell across Ana's face, icy blue irises shining, a single bead of sweat trickling down her brow.

"Kyle," she whispered, the word soft as a breeze. "Baby."

"Ana," was all he could think to say in return.

When she lowered herself onto him, he gasped.

A high-pitched, erotic moan reverberated through Ana's attic bedroom. An almost animal sound, filled with lust and desire. She sank lower and lower, squeezing more and more of Kyle's cock inside herself – pausing once to catch her breath before continuing, her eyes shut tight while her body trembled.

She leaned forward, let out a soft, girly gasp. Opened her eyes and stared into Kyle's face.

"We're..." she breathed softly, face lowering to meet his. "Connected..."

Her huge tits pressed tight against his body as their lips mingled.

He held onto her hands, moved his hips up – pushing the last inch of himself into Ana's hungry cunt. She moaned into his mouth, didn't break the kiss. As he thrust, she swayed her hips, matched his slow rhythm without missing a beat.

Steady, strong thrusts. Each one tugging a gasp or a moan from Ana's lips.

Their bodies were fire. Every inch of skin from one that touched the other, a miniature inferno. Electricity shot through Ana's body, hot pressure through Kyle's. Bedsprings creaked beneath them, rhythmic thumping of the bedpost against the wall. Directly below them, in the master bedroom, Ana's mother must be able to hear – must know what was happening to her daughter.

When the girl pulled away, finally broke their long kiss, she smiled.

"I love you," she whispered breathlessly.

Kyle grinned up at her, thrust his cock into her. She gasped, moaned freely. With her voice no longer muffled by her boyfriend's tongue and mouth, the sound of Ana's pleasure rippled through the room. She whimpered; a trembling moan, a sigh of passion.

"Show me," Kyle grunted, tightening his grip on her hands, staring into her eyes. "Show me how much you love me."

Ana bit her lip, nodded her head.

And, heaving herself up – lifting her body so high that all but the head of Kyle's cock slipped out of her – Ana smiled down at her love, a twinkle in her pale blue irises.

She slammed herself down, screaming in pleasure as her lover's cock pounded her deepest parts.

"My first day back at school," Ana whispered as the two cuddled afterwards. "My first day back."

Kyle raised an eyebrow, looked to his girlfriend.

"You said... *My* first day back at school. Not *our* first day back. *Mine*."

Kyle nodded his head slowly, pushing down the pang of regret.

He wished he could be there, holding hands with Ana as she stepped into school. He'd have loved to see all the faces, all the guys and girls who couldn't believe the pairing they saw. Kyle and Ana, a couple. Lovers.

Kyle with his arm around the hottest girl at school, for all to see. They'd only been away for a few days, Ana because of her parents being hospitalised and Kyle so he could be there with her, yet it felt like an age.

The last time he'd been at school, Kyle had been a nobody.

Now, he'd be returning a king.

Or, at least, he *would* have.

"There's..." What if she was in the room right now? What If Lucy was listening? "There's something I have to do. Clothes to pick up from my mother's place and stuff."

"What," Ana said, perking up. "During school?"

"Mm'hm," Kyle shrugged, closing his eyes. "Better to do it in the morning. Not like school's all that important for me, anyway."

Ana was silent for a moment after that, considering.

Figuring out the blatant lie? Wondering why Kyle didn't care about his education? Or was she simply too sleepy to speak?

"Can I come with you?" She asked at last.

Kyle shook his head, gave the girl a loving squeeze.

Unlike him, Ana cared about her education. She was probably the only person Kyle knew who was actually excited to be going back there. That she'd be willing – no, that she *wanted* - to skip school so she could spend more time with him... Kyle's chest tingled happily.

"Not this time," he told her softly.

He could feel her disappointment, but she didn't say anything. Didn't question or push him. She just accepted it, his will. Her soon-to-be husband's authority.

Kyle watched as the car pulled out of the driveway, Ana in the passenger seat.

Behind him was Ana's house. His girlfriend's mother was probably fast asleep, enjoying whatever rest she could while the newborn allowed her.

The car turned left, drove away. Ana gave a smile and a wave before disappearing around a corner. Heading to school, where she'd no-doubt update her friends on her life's happenings. New baby brother, comatose father, new boyfriend. How long before Kyle's name spread around school like a wildfire?

A shame he couldn't be there to witness it.

He set off as soon as Ana was out of sight, walking down the street in the opposite direction. His heart thumped in his chest with each step, thoughts racing through his brain too fast to catch.

This was it. Today was the day.

When he'd walked a few streets, Kyle stopped. He sat down on the floor, shut his eyes and went ghost mode.

Not even bothering to look around, he searched with his new-found Wanderer sense instead. Save for a single vibration, a single ghost in the city other than Kyle himself, there was nothing. And that ghost, he knew, was Ana's father.

Lucy wasn't out. She wasn't following him.

She didn't know.

He returned to his body, rose to his feet, continued walking. Just in case, he pulled up his hoodie's hood, tried as best he could to hide his face from as many angles as possible. If she happened to cross his path, he'd be just another regular citizen, not worth Lucy's time. Not a Wanderer, not a threat. Just as long as she didn't look too closely.

The walk to the train station was the longest of Kyle's life.

His entire body was tense as he bought tickets, walked to a dark corner and waited for the train to arrive.

The train that Lucy would be on.

The real, physical Lucy.

He kept his eyes sharp, looked at every face he could. Any second now, the bitch could walk right into the station, not a care in the world. And he'd *have* her.

Short. Petite. Small-breasts. Pixie-cut, dark hair. Twenty-something years old.

He'd only ever seen her naked, in her ghost-form. Would she look the same in the real world?

Of course she would. Every other ghost that Kyle had encountered had been identical to their real-world counterpart. She might not be naked, but Lucy would still look like Lucy. She *had* to.

As the clock ticked down, there was still no sign of a short, dark-haired girl.

Kyle inhaled a deep, calming breath. He had to remind himself over and over that there were multiple train stations in the city, multiple different points at which Lucy could board the train. He wasn't here to catch her at the station, he was here to catch her on the *train*. A train that she might already be on as it made its way to Kyle's station.

Still, it was difficult to breathe.

So much hinged on this. If something had gone wrong-

But he couldn't allow himself to think like that. He had to keep cool, stick to the plan. If it didn't work, he and Teach would figure something out later.

If it did, Lucy's games would come to a very abrupt end.

When the fated train finally pulled into the station, Kyle joined the small line of passengers boarding it. He did what he could to avoid drawing attention to himself as he stole glances at the people around him.

A few minutes later, he was seated in the most out-of-the-way seat he could find, eyes forward, waiting.

Just a few more hours now.

Once a month, every month, Lucy visited Teach in prison. She possessed an inmate, chatted with and mocked her former victim.

Always for just a few minutes. Ten at most.

Always on the same date, at the same time.

Teach, having nothing better to do with her time, put the pieces together long before Kyle introduced himself to her. She'd looked at the timetables and maps, she'd done the calculations. She'd worked it all out.

Every month, on the same day, at the same time, Lucy rode this exact train.

The city was way too far away for the bitch to wander her way to the prison. If Lucy wanted to come pay Teach a visit, she'd have to come to the town nearest Greenwater Prison with her real, physical body. And, with the consistency of the times Lucy visited, she was unlikely to be driving the distance herself. No, she *must* be taking a train.

And, since Lucy's visits were never more than a few minutes long, Teach had deduced something else, too.

Lucy didn't get off the train when it stopped in that cosy, little town. She stayed on it. Or, at least, her *body* did.

When the train came to a stop in the small town of Greenwater, Lucy would go ghost mode and head straight to the prison in search of Teach and a body to possess.

Which meant Kyle could search the train freely.

He could hunt down the girl's unconscious body. And, when he found it...

So many thoughts. So many ideas. So many *games* he could play.

Those dark imaginings filled his mind as the train rattled beneath him. Inching ever closer to Lucy's demise. He sat back, let his guard down as the miles rolled by. Content with his fantasies of revenge and retribution.

He was so caught up in his daydreams, in fact, that when the train rumbled to a halt, it took Kyle several moments to realise.

He looked out the window, saw a familiar countryside landscape.

He'd only been here once before, but he recognised the place immediately. His heart just about stopped dead in his chest.

This was it. This was the stop.

He waited, listened as train doors opened and people stepped on and off. He remained frozen in place, counting the seconds.

If he acted too soon, Lucy might catch him.

He needed to wait until her ghost got to the prison, possessed one of the inmates there.

While in a physical body, she'd have no way of sensing another ghost's presence nearby. He'd be free to move, free to hunt for her real body without worry.

So he waited. Against the excitement, the anxiety, against the rage and fury, he waited.

Ten seconds.

Fifteen.

Twenty.

Thirty.

It was agony. Torture.

Right now, the cunt was vulnerable. Her body was exposed.

Forty.

Just a little longer...

Fifty.

A few more seconds...

Sixty!

Kyle went ghost instantaneously, not caring that his body slumped forward and fell out of its seat. He darted away, shot down the length of the train, through all its compartments, eyes searching every face he saw.

There weren't many. Three dozen people in the train tops.

He reached one end, shot down the centre-aisle in a panic to check every face again.

Where was she?!

In ghost mode, he couldn't check the time on his phone – had no idea how much time was left. Not long, surely. Teach would stall for as much time as she could, but – even then – Kyle only had minutes to work with.

Where the fuck was she?!

There were men in suits, a pair of girls all dolled up and giggling by themselves for some reason – both too tall and busty to be Lucy. There was a father and his son, an old man sleeping and snoring. There was a short, middle-aged woman with long, red hair taking a nap. A sporty-looking guy listening to music. A farmer-girl with torn overalls.

Where was *Lucy*?

Why wasn't she here?!

Kyle stopped himself before he had a full-blow, ethereal panic attack. He inhaled deep lungfuls of nothingness, forced himself to calm down and think.

She could be wearing a disguise, or maybe her ghost simply didn't resemble her real body.

If she was on the train, if she was Wandering, she'd look like she was asleep. That narrowed it down. There were only three people Kyle had seen who were sleeping.

A business man laying across several seats.

An older man who'd been snoring loudly – definitely not him.

And the short, middle-aged...

Before he'd even finished the thought, Kyle was shooting through the train cars and coming to a halt directly in front of her.

This close, with eyes searching for it now, Kyle saw the make-up on the girl's face.

Saw how it made her look older than she actually was. He saw her hair – a wig, no-doubt – and her short, slender frame.

When he swept a hand through her body, tried to snatch out her soul, nothing happened.

There was nothing to take.

Because this girl's ghost was currently at Greenwater Prison.

Kyle grinned, moved forward and slipped inside Lucy's actual, physical body.

A wave of senses hit him, touch and taste and smell. But Kyle was used to that feeling by now. He sat up straight, ignoring the odd sensation of suddenly having breasts and no cock. Without waiting, without slowing even to breathe, he reached into the girl's handbag, pulled out her purse.

Inside, he found her driver's license.

And on it, he saw the girl's address.

And her full, real name.

"Got'cha bitch."