

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 26

Kyle stepped onto the platform, hood up and face down. It wouldn't do to have come this far only to stumble at the very last hurdle.

If the bitch saw him now, he'd lost the element of surprise.

He walked away from the train, keeping his back to it despite the overwhelming urge to look back. Would he see her through a train window? Would she see him? Better not to risk it.

The further away he got from that train, the further he got from the woman aboard it, he more Kyle relaxed.

As he turned a corner, out of sight of the train, he smirked.

Just like that, he'd gotten away with it. Teach's plan had been a total, complete success. He knew Lucy's real name!

Megan Baudes.

More than that, he knew where she *lived*.

All it'd take was a bit of snooping, a little bit of spying, and Kyle could learn as much about *Megan* as she knew about him. In a matter of hours, he could even the playing field. Put them on the same footing. He could... What?

What *could* he do?

He'd spent weeks thinking about it, plotting all the nasty things he could do to the bitch – the thing make *her* do. Fucking old men, sucking off strangers, offering her body to the homeless. Possess a guy near her and fuck her petite body himself – just like she'd fucked him. In his darker moments, he'd pictured enslaving her; chaining her up, keeping her as a pet.

But that wouldn't work, would it?

He might know who she was, but Megan Baudes was still a Wanderer.

She still had all the same powers at her disposal that Kyle did. More, even. She'd been doing this a lot longer than he had, knew a lot more Wanderer secrets.

Kyle knowing her identity didn't give him power over her. It just levelled the playing field.

If he acted against her, fucked with the people she cared about, she could just do the same to him.

Did she even *have* people she cared about?

Anything he did to her, she could do to him. And anything she did to him, he could do to her. It wasn't an advantage that Kyle had gained in discovering Lucy's identity, all he'd done was remove the advantage that she'd already possessed over him.

He kept walked, mind churning.

How? How could he use this newfound information to get revenge on the bitch?

Sure, he could do a bit of snooping and spying, find the cunt's weaknesses. He could threaten her with them, make sure she stayed away from Kyle and his women. But that would hardly be satisfying, after everything she'd put him through.

He wanted justice.

But, if he actually tried anything, the bitch would just retaliate.

It was mutually assured destruction.

Both of them would have power over the other, but would be unable to *use* that power for fear of retribution.

It'd mean Lucy would no longer be a problem for Kyle. She'd no longer be an influence in his life, a thorn in his side, a source of torment. She might as well not exist...

Hut that wasn't good enough.

She needed to *suffer*.

Kyle rang the doorbell, waited.

Waited.

After a minute had gone by, he pressed it again. And again.

The mother's car was parked in the driveway, so she was probably home. Likely, the woman was sleeping. Catching whatever shut-eye she could while the brat allowed her.

Sighing, Kyle sat down in the doorway, rested his back against the wall and shut his eyes.

It took only seconds for his ghost to find Ana's mother.

Passed out in bed, a baby's crib just a few feet away.

He swept a hand through her, dragged out her ghost, passed into and possessed the empty body.

His first sensations were of fatigue and discomfort. Aches and pains all over the woman's body. Between her legs, her thighs, her breasts and nipples in particular. He felt the muscle-deep weariness, the exhaustion.

It took more effort to get up that Kyle thought possible.

He struggled to pull the woman's body upright, strained to get off the comfortable, soft bed.

Somehow, the woman's tits felt even larger and heavier than the last time he'd possessed her. Her nipples stung, watermelon breasts aching.

It took him actual *minutes* to get the body downstairs. Each step taking more effort than Kyle cared to muster. But, finally, he made it to the front door. He unlocked it, sat down the body he was possessing, and went ghost-mode once again.

Back in his own body, he strode into his new home, stepping over the limp form of Ana's mother.

He shut the door behind himself, looked down at the beautiful, unconscious woman.

"Maybe," he said to himself, shaking his head and smiling, "you should've walked her back upstairs after unlocking the door, huh Kyle?"

It was no big problem. Possessing her again would be an easy enough solution to getting the woman back upstairs and in bed. Or he could just carry her himself, enjoy copping a feel or two while he was at it.

"Alright then Milky-Tits," he grunted, wrapping his arms around the unconscious body and lifting it up, "lets get you back to bed."

She was heavier than she looked.

Or perhaps Kyle needed to work out more.

Either way, he struggled with getting the woman upstairs for a little while. Not that he minded all that much, what with the access his hands had to her tits and ass. As he reached the top of the stairs, was carrying the woman to her bedroom, Kyle even felt a sudden dampness under his fingertips.

He'd been gripping her tit so hard, squeezing it as he carried her along, that she'd squirted out a bit of milk.

Smiling, he laid her down in bed, climbed atop her.

With all the exertion he'd just put himself through, Kyle could do with a nice, refreshing drink. And, with all the good work he'd done today – all the decisions he'd made on the walk home – he deserved a reward.

He was in the process of pulling up the woman's blouse when the baby began to stir.

Perhaps the little brat had somehow sensed that another guy was about to plunder his milk supply. Or, more likely, all the noise Kyle had made dragging this milk-cow's body upstairs had disturbed the brat's sleep.

As Ana's baby brother began to scream and wail, Kyle sighed.

He leaned down, lips to the mother's ear.

"Next time," he whispered softly.

There was temptation. The desire to ignore the screaming brat and continue with his merry enjoyment of the mother's body. More than a little temptation, at that. But the sound of a screaming baby wasn't exactly great for the mood.

So Kyle climbed off the bed, giving the woman's tits a nice slap as he did.

He left the bedroom, shut the door behind himself, slumped against the door-frame and went ghost. Returning the mother's ghost to her body was simple enough, but Kyle didn't return to his body right away. First, he watched the woman blink awake, utterly oblivious to the fact that her body had gone for a little walk while she'd slept. She looked down at herself in confusion, noticing the blouse bunched up near her shoulders. She shook her head, shrugged.

As she moved towards to screaming brat, Kyle left her – returned to his body just as his limp head lolled to one side and lightly bashed against the bedroom door.

Cursing softly, he rose, made his way up to Ana's attic bedroom while rubbing the new bump on his head.

So much to do today, so many plans to share.

Would Teach agree, though?

So much of it relied on her cooperation.

Kyle open the door, was immediately tackled in a soft, loving embrace.

"Babe," Ana squealed into his chest, holding him tight. "I missed you so much!"

Pushing back his surprise, Kyle wrapped his arms around Ana. Wearing her school uniform as she was, hugging him in a way that made her tits squeeze tightly to his body, telling him how much she loved him. It was a literal dream come true.

"So, so much," the girl breathed, looking up at his face.

"I-" He was too taken aback. He hadn't been expecting *this* when he'd gone to answer the front door. "I missed you too."

She squeezed him even tighter, lifted herself onto tiptoes and pressed her lips to his.

He accepted the kiss wordlessly. His body untensing as hers relaxed into him. Tasting strawberry on her lips, Kyle lost himself in that embrace. Felt all his thoughts and plans and worries drift away until all that remained was strawberry sweetness.

When they broke apart, Ana smiled at him, eyes filled with affection.

"That thing you needed to do today, did you do it?"

Kyle nodded his head. "For the most part," he told her. "There's still one more thing I need to do. And it means I'm going to have to get to sleep early tonight."

Ana nodded her head slowly.

"How was school?" He asked, eager to change the subject.

You never knew who might be listening in.

"It was... fun," Ana blushed. "I guess. I got to hang out with Emma and Nat and the rest, which was great. But..."

"But what?"

Ana shook her head quickly. "It's silly, really. Just lots of gossip and people asking me about you. If we're really together."

"What'd you tell them?" Kyle asked with a smirk.

"That we are," Ana blushed brighter. "And that we're engaged."

If only he'd been there to see the look on peoples' faces.

"Come on," Kyle grinned, taking Ana's hand and leading her away from the front door. "Since I'm going to sleep early tonight, we might as well start the fun early too!"

"Try it," Kyle said, trailing a finger between Ana's breasts. "You might like it."

Her face was bright red, hidden behind her hands.

"It's embarrassing," she whined. "What am I even supposed to say? I've never-"

"Try," Kyle whispered, leaning in and kissing her chest.

"But..."

"If you don't like it," he said, kissing a little lower, "you don't have to do it again."

Not quite true, but that didn't matter. If Ana didn't enjoy what Kyle was trying to make her do, he had ways of *making* her enjoy it. Hopefully, though, Wanderer manipulations wouldn't be necessary for this.

"I..." Ana muttered. "But... Fine!"

Kyle grinned, looked up at her blushing face as she removed her hands.

"Please fuck me, Master," she said, the words escaping her lips in a rush. "Pound my tight, little- Ah! No! I *can't*."

She covered her face once more, sank back into the pillow as if that'd do any good at hiding her embarrassment. She held her lips together, refused to give a reaction as Kyle kissed her nipples – one and then the other and back again.

"Dirty talk," he said, speaking one word between each kiss, "is a staple of healthy, sexual relationships."

"If that's the case," Ana murmured, eyeing Kyle between her fingers, "why don't *you* do it?"

Kyle laughed, sat up in bed and looked down at his beautiful girlfriend.

"Okay," he smiled. "If you insist, I will."

Ana watched him, didn't speak as he leaned down and kissed her forehead. When he tilted his head, whispered into her ear, she tensed.

"I want you," he told her softly. "I want to kiss you. To touch you. I want to be *inside* you. I want to feel you, Ana. Your tight hole. Your cunt. I *want* you. And I'm going to *have* you."

Ana inhaled a sharp, little breath.

"I'm going to fuck you, baby," he continued, his hand roaming down her body. "I'm going to pound your sexy, slutty hole. I'm going to make you scream."

As his fingers slid between Ana's legs, the girl gasped and shuddered.

"Do you like that, baby?" He asked her kissing her flushed cheek. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Mm'hm," Ana moaned. And, when Kyle didn't move, remained in place and watched her expectantly, she spoke again. "Yes."

"Yes *please*," Kyle whispered, fingers spreading her lips, teasing her.

"Yes..." Ana gasped, wide eyes locked onto Kyle's. "Yes please."

"You want me to fuck your slutty hole?"

"Yes please," the girl groaned.

"Say it."

She stared at him for a long moment, her red cheeks turning a brighter shade of crimson, her body shivering and trembling. Finally, though, she opened her mouth to speak.

"Please," Ana said, voice impossibly soft, "fuck my slutty hole."

She gasped at the last word, pursed her lips, her eyes never leaving Kyle's face. He could see the lust-filled thoughts flowing behind her beautiful blue irises. She opened her mouth again, spoke one more word.

"*Master*."

There was something immensely satisfying about flying through a city. Gliding between buildings, ducking under and soaring over bridges, moving faster than any of the cars below.

He didn't go straight to the Morsen Building. Instead, he took a minute or two to just enjoy the sensation of flight. The freedom.

Compared to all those people below, all those ants, he was a god.

Powerful in ways they could only dream of. Free in ways they could never imagine. He had everything. A beautiful girl who loved him beyond compare, a sexy woman to make his own, a lovely home, a life filled with limitless potential. He had *everything*.

And, in just a few minutes, he'd have something more.

Revenge.

He could already taste it. Already feel the pieces falling into place. He'd checked his phone after Ana had fallen asleep, had seen the breaking news alert he'd been hoping for. Not as big as he'd been expecting, probably wouldn't even be front-page worthy stuff tomorrow. But it changed *everything*.

Had Lucy seen it? Probably not. It wasn't 'big' news, apparently.

How would she react when she found out?

Kyle grinned at the thought.

It wasn't a perfect plan; there were certainly things Kyle didn't like about it, like not being there to witness the destruction of Megan Baudes himself. But it'd have to do. He'd have to be content in the knowledge that the bitch's life was over. That would have be enough.

He stared down at the city beneath him, gave himself one more moment to take it all in, then turned his gaze to the Morsen Building. The tallest building in the city.

There were two Wanderers up there right now.

With his newfound senses, he could feel them there.

And he could feel the third slowly approaching.

And yet another ghost elsewhere in the city, limp and unmoving.

Almost midnight. Time to make his move.

"Ghost Boy," Lucy smirked as Kyle landed on the rooftop. "Been a while since we've seen you here. Keeping busy?"

"Something like that," Kyle shrugged.

She floated opposite him, Tubby on the left and Lanky on the right. Lanky was wearing a plain business suit, as always, and Tubby had on an old-school military outfit from centuries past. Lucy, of course, was naked – petite figure on full display.

"Been working on that little project of yours, eh?" Tubby grinned. "The religious family, yes? I had wondered how that was progressing..."

Kyle's eyes never left Lucy's face, her lips stuck in that familiar cocky smile.

Watching that smirk die would be satisfying beyond belief.

"Really?" Kyle said, eyes remaining on Lucy. "I actually have something I've been wondering about myself, now that you mention it."

"Ah!" The fat man laughed. "Want to learn more tricks of the trade? Well I-"

"Quiet, fatass," Lucy's voice cut across the rooftop. Immediately, Tubby's mouth shut. "Well, Ghost Boy, what is it you want to know?"

Kyle allowed himself a smirk of his own.

Lucy watched him, eyes filled with curious malevolence.

The other two Wanderers shifted nervously.

"I was just wondering," Kyle said, watching Lucy's eyes intently, "why a Wanderer would ever let themselves be imprisoned."

The subtle shift in Lucy's expression spoke volumes.

A twitch of her eyelids, a slight narrowing of her eyebrows, the forced way she continued to smirk.

"I mean," Kyle continued, "with all the powers we have, escaping prison would be the easiest thing in the world to do, right? Possess or manipulate or knock out any guards you need to. Really, it'd be as simple as walking out the front entrance. So why would Teach not just do that? Why would she not escape?"

Slowly, Lucy's gaze turned on Lanky. The tall man backed away from her, his eyes

wide with terror.

"You told him about Teach?"

"I..." The man blanched. "I..."

"Lanky," Kyle said, "Tubby, fuck off both of you. Mommy and Daddy need to talk. Alone."

In the blink of an eye, both men were gone. Kyle didn't watch them fly away, but he did *sense* their flight. And, at the same time, he sensed something else in the city. A blip of activity that disappeared almost instantaneously. It was the kind of thing he'd never have noticed unless he was waiting specifically for it.

"So you know about Teach," Lucy smirked, oblivious to the blip of activity elsewhere in the city. "The silly woman who got herself thrown in prison for-"

"*You* got her thrown into prison."

"I did," Lucy shrugged. She tilted her head to one side. "Do you want to know *why* I put her there? Why I did what I did to her?"

"Because you're a cruel, heartless bitch?"

"No," Lucy sighed. She shook her head, looked over at Kyle with an expression he'd never seen on her face before. "She was going to expose us."

Kyle stared at her, ready for whatever lie the bitch was about to tell.

"Cindy Orion wanted to be famous," Lucy told him. "A failed scientist who'd ended up as a teacher, always dreaming of becoming an award-winning icon. When she discovered she was a Wanderer, she began documenting everything she could do. She kept records – which I made sure to destroy – detailing every Wanderer ability she uncovered. She was going to expose us and what we can do to the world, all so she could pretend to be a successful scientist."

"You ruined her life," Kyle stated simply.

"She would've ruined ours, if she'd been allowed to go public."

"Bullshit," Kyle sneered. "You did it because you enjoyed it. Just like you've been doing to me."

Lucy shrugged.

"That's it?" Kyle drifted forwards, closer to the bitch that'd made his life a living hell. "You've got nothing to say?"

"I'd be lying if I said it wasn't fun," Lucy smirked. "And you'll be lying if you say you didn't enjoy our times together too. I know what orgasms look like, Ghost Girl. I *know* how much you enjoyed me having fun with you."

"It's over," Kyle told her, crossing his arms over his chest. "No more games, no more choices. It's over."

Lucy let out a bright, happy laugh. The sound of it rippled across the roof of the Morsen Building. Echoed down into the city below where none would be able to hear it. Only when her laughter died did Lucy speak again, eyes hard on Kyle.

"It's over when I say it's over, Ghost Girl."

"No," Kyle said, meeting her cold gaze with one of his own. "It's over when *I* say it's over, Megan Baudes."

Lucy's smirk died.

Her eyes widened, her lips parted in surprise and shock. The arrogance and self-assuredness in her eyes gave way to something far more appealing. Panic. Fear.

It took only a heartbeat for Lucy to catch herself, to plant a fearless scowl on her face. But Kyle would remember that moment of terror he'd seen on her face for the rest of his life.

Lucy was quick. Smart. In her irises, Kyle saw the young woman working through all the information she had. Panic and fear were pointless, Kyle couldn't act against her without her retaliating against him – She knew that. There was nothing to fear. And yet... Today was the day she'd visited Teach. That couldn't be a coincidence. The day she'd

been exposed was the same day he'd mentioned Teach, revealed that he knew about her, asked that silly question-

Why would Teach not *escape from prison*?

Teach, whose life she had destroyed. Teach, who had every reason to hate her and want brutal payback. A woman who, thanks to Lucy, had *nothing* to lose by coming after her.

Once more, a flash of horror entered the petite girl's pupils.

She shut her eyes quickly, concentrated.

And nothing happened.

Trying to return to a body that was already possessed by another.

Her eyes shot open, filled with unmasked fear.

"What the fuck have you done?"