

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 27

"I haven't done anything you didn't deserve, Megan."

"Whatever you and Teach are planning," the bitch said, a forced smirk on her lips, "it won't work. Better for you to apologise and beg for forgiveness now."

"You know," Kyle said, shaking his ghostly head, "it didn't have to be like this. If you hadn't pushed me, blackmailed and threatened me, none of this would be happening."

"I don't make *threats*, Ghost Boy," Lucy growled, eyes narrowed at him. "I make promises. And I promise you-"

"Please," Kyle shrugged. "Don't bother. There's nothing you can do to me now."

"You mother. Tits and her mother. If I can't return to my body right now, I might as well have some fun with *theirs*, don't you think?"

She still didn't get it. Still didn't understand.

Kyle supposed that was a good thing. If Lucy had worked out what their plan was, she'd have shot off home in a heartbeat. But the cunt was too arrogant for her own good. She couldn't see the invisible walls closing in around her.

"Teach has this theory," Kyle began, looking away from the angry, naked girl and gazing out over the city instead. "These 'ghosts' we have, they're mental apparitions. Our minds projecting themselves away from our bodies so that we can explore and interact with the minds and bodies of others."

Lucy glared, didn't speak. No-doubt, she knew every one of Cindy Orion's theories about Wanderers.

"It's why we can't move too far away from our bodies while wandering. There's a limit on how far a mind can be from its physical brain. A large range - big enough to encompass over an entire city - but it's still a limitation."

"What's your point?" Lucy barked, the first specs of realisation entering her eyes.

"A Wanderer can't travel too far away from their physical body," Kyle smiled. "But what if the body moves away from the Wanderer? What if that body is being possessed by another?"

And there it was. The plan. The end of Lucy.

"Will the Wanderer get left behind? Get detached from their body permanently? Will they disappear and die if they end up too far from their physical brain? Will a big, invisible wall drag them along as their body moves away from them? Personally, I have no idea. And neither does Teach. But I suppose we'll find out soon enough, won't we Megan?"

"Someone's gotten a little full of himself," Lucy smiled, eyes staring daggers at Kyle. "Let me guess - you think you're some kind of hero; saving Mommy and Tits from the big, bad bitch. News flash, Ghost Boy, you're no better than I am. In fact, you're a whole lot worse. *I've* never tricked someone into falling in love with me. *I've* never-"

"Save it," Kyle shrugged. "By now, Teach will already be on the road. You stole her life from her, so it's only right she take yours for herself. She's leaving this city and going somewhere far away. What'll happen to you, I wonder, when your body gets too far away."

Lucy's head turned, glanced the direction her home was in.

"This isn't over, Kyle," Megan Baudes said softly. "Once I've dealt with Teach, I'll be back for you."

Before Kyle could say anything in response, the girl was gone - flying through the city fast as thought.

Kyle stared after her, mind filled with thoughts. Doubts and hopes and fears and possibilities. If everything had gone to plan, Teach was possessing Megan Baudes - driving a stolen car out of the city with her own empty body in the back seat.

If Lucy's ghost disappeared, vanished completely, that'd be the best possible outcome. If not, and she remained anchored to her body, she'd be trapped far away from

Kyle and his women. They'd be out of the girl's reach forever.

Teach would set up in a new city as 'Megan Baudes', would move around constantly to make it impossible for Lucy to find her body again.

It was far from a perfect plan, but it got the bitch out of the way. Prevented her from interfering with Kyle's life any more.

And, if any problems arose, Teach would contact Kyle and let him know.

Kyle stayed there for a long time. Hovering above the Morsen Building, thoughts bouncing around in his mind. Minutes ticked by, then hours. The city around him shifting and changing as time flowed by. Buildings went dark, the traffic on the streets below faded and disappeared, the entire city went quiet.

Finally, nodding to himself, Kyle flew home.

Back to Ana and her mother. Back to his new family.

With Lucy gone, there'd be no-one to mess with his plans. No one to get in the way.

And so, smiling softly, he got to work tweaking minds.

"Any trouble?" Kyle asked, holding the phone up to his ear.

"None," came an all-too familiar voice. "Spent the night sleeping in the car. I'll do the same for the next few weeks. If Shorty's still around, she'll probably be searching motels and hotels for me."

"Good," Kyle said with a nod. "Let me know when you've settled down somewhere. I'll come pay you a visit."

"Hah!" Teach laughed. "Looking forward to sticking your dick in Megan Baudes? Don't worry, you can have all the fun you want with this body. Consider it my thanks for arranging this new life for me."

"Just remember," Kyle said. "She's probably still out there. Flying around somewhere in that city, looking for you. If she finds you-"

"I know, Ghost. Don't wander, don't go anywhere obvious, use the name 'Megan Baudes' as little as possible. She won't find me."

"And if she does?"

"Then I'll do what needs to be done," Teach sighed. "Gotta go. I'll keep you updated."

As Teach hung up, Kyle slipped the phone into his pocket.

He walked down the stairs of his new home, headed to the kitchen to grab a snack.

When he saw Ana's mother leaning over the kitchen sink, shirt unbuttoned, with a breast-pump in hand, he froze in place.

At first, Ana's mother didn't notice him. She was too focused on the task at hand; holding the manual-pump mechanism to her breast, suction cup over her nipple, slowly milking her massive mammary dry.

With tits like those, it wasn't surprising that she produced too much milk for one baby to consume alone.

Kyle watched her for a moment, knowing all too well the ache she must be feeling – the pleasant sensation of release as her breast was slowly drained. But he didn't wait too long, didn't want to simply watch.

Not after the seeds he'd planted and carefully nurtured.

"Hey," Kyle said, making the woman jump on the spot, spin to face him. "I was just-"

"Oh God!" Ana's mother squealed, trying to cover herself. "I'm sorry!"

"It's fine," Kyle smiled, allowing himself to take in the sight of this wonderful woman. "It's my bad for intruding."

For a woman who'd given birth so recently, she looked hotter than she had any right to be. Still plump and bloated, yet somehow alluring at the same time. A pretty face, just like her daughter, and a bust that put Ana's massive tits to shame.

In a few months, once the effects pregnancy'd had on her body wore off, this

woman would be a prize equal to Ana in almost every way.

"Nonsense," Ana's mother smiled. "This is your home. Don't ever feel like you're intruding here."

That was good. Her acknowledging it - him living in her home - would make her mind accept Kyle as 'man of the house' all the more likely. And, once she accepted *that*, the woman would be as good as his.

"Even so..." Kyle said, meeting her gaze.

He'd planted the seeds yesterday, spend the early hours of the morning drilling the thoughts and fantasies into her skull. Would that be enough? Or would he need to do the same again tonight?

"Yes, well..." A faint pink crept into the woman's cheeks as she slowly lowered her arms, giving Kyle a direct view of her huge tits and swollen nipples. "We're practically family, so I suppose there's no real problem with you walking in on... This."

Kyle had read this woman's mind, seen her memories.

It'd been too long since she'd last gotten laid, too long since anyone had shown an interest in her.

Kyle gazed at her chest, hummed his appreciation – which only made Ana's mother blush all the brighter. She made no move to hide herself, though. Instead, she raised a hand and began stroking the soft flesh just below her nipple.

"Yesterday," she said, not looking at Kyle. "When I was nursing Junior, there was a bump on my bedroom door..."

When he'd returned to his body a second too late.

"Ah," Kyle said, hiding his smirk. "Yeah..."

"Were you watching?"

"I... was."

A simple lie. One of those rare cases where a lie was far easier to believe than the truth.

"You have Ana," the mother whispered. "I can't... We shouldn't..."

It's a woman's job to serve the man of the house. Not a difficult concept to teach a woman who already believed her place was to serve her husband. With Ana's father gone, training her mother to pin all her devotion and desire on another man had been a walk in the park.

All she needed now was a little nudge to push her over the edge.

Something to transform her thoughts, her secret desires, into action.

Something like catching the new 'man of the house' spying on her as she exposed her tits to breastfeed. Like being aware that he was interested in her, that he *wanted* her.

Kyle stepped forward, eyes drawn to the woman's naked chest.

"That looks painful," he said, reaching out to touch her. She didn't try to stop him. "All that milk. It must be uncomfortable. Would you like some help getting it out?"

Ana smiled, cheeks red. She leaned down, kissed the corner of his mouth. Her heavy chest pressed down on his, warm and damp with sweat. He could feel the goosebumps dotted across her skin, feel the rapid thumping of her heart under his fingertips.

"Babe," she cooed, lips moving to his earlobe. "Fuck me. Please."

He smiled, hands sliding up from her ass to explore her body.

"You're going to have to try harder than that," he told her.

She pouted, moaned her dissatisfaction.

"Please," she repeated in a whine. "Fuck me. Pound me. *Destroy* me with your cock, baby. Make me yours."

"You're already mine," Kyle said, giving his girlfriend a little thrust.

She gasped, clutched onto his body.

"I am," Ana purred into his ear moment later.

"Say it."

"I'm yours," she moaned.

"Again," Kyle commanded, grabbing Ana's ass.

"I'm yours," she gasped. "I'm yours."

"Ride me."

She didn't hesitate. As soon as the words were out of her lips, Ana pushed herself back up, hands on his shoulders. She lifted herself up his cock, slammed herself back down. The mattress bounced beneath them, one of the stuffed animals on her bed toppling over.

"I'm yours," Ana moaned as she lifted herself up again. "I'm yours, baby. I'm all yours!"

Her big tits danced with every motion, bouncing and jiggling wildly as she rode his cock. She moaned freely, gasped and groaned and cried out his name without restraint.

"Kyle!" Ana cried out. "Kyle! Yes!"

Directly below them, in the master bedroom, Ana's mother would be able to hear every word. Hear her daughter getting fucked; loving every second of it. And, thanks to Kyle's manipulations, she'd find herself feeling jealous at the noises her daughter was making.

"Louder," he commanded her with a grin. "Who do you belong to?"

"You!" Ana practically screamed. "I belong to you!"

Those words, coming out of Ana's mouth, were magical.

Her speaking them as she rode his cock like a woman possessed, her beautiful face morphed in open-mouthed pleasure, huge tits dancing for him, was something else entirely.

She was an angel.

"Say it," he commanded, thrusting into her as she slammed herself down on his cock.

"Master!" Ana cried, her pussy convulsing around his cock.

He gripped onto her waist as he came, holding her in place as he pumped her insides full of cum.

When he was done, when his balls had been milked dry, his lover collapsed on top of him, arms snaking around his neck. She leaned in, kissed his lips, sighed contentedly between soft pants.

"I love you," she whispered, holding onto him.

A month since Teach ran off in the body of Megan Baudes. One whole month since Lucy's disappearance. And life was *good*.

Kyle drifted from his and Ana's room down into the master bedroom, floated over to where Ana's mother lay on her back; knees up the air and legs spread. Between her legs, held in one wet hand, was a dildo.

"Kyle," the woman moaned softly, eyes shut. "Kyle..."

He smiled to himself, swept his hand through her body and planted a thought in her head.

"Master," Ana's mother breathed, hips bucking, eyes shooting open. "Oh, Master!"

He watched her for a moment, enjoying the sight of a sexy milf in heat. His Wanderer sense, as it always was these days, was active in the back of his mind. Always aware of where every ghost in the city was.

Neither Lanky or Tubby knew about the sense, nor were they aware that Kyle had used it to find out their real names.

Lucy must've done that too.

Odd that she'd never manipulated and toyed with them, like she'd done with Kyle himself.

Both men were in ghost-mode now; Tubby searching for a new project to work on, Lanky hunting for a man to borrow the life of for the night. And there, where he'd left it so long ago, a third ghost – fainter than the other two. Ana's father.

Perhaps Kyle would pay the man's ghost a visit later, slip inside his dreams and show him what his wife and daughter had been up to recently.

But, before that...

Kyle turned in the air, faced the direction of his old apartment building, shot through air and walls at bullet-speed. In the blink of an eye, he was in his mother's apartment. Though the place looked almost unrecognisable now.

No dirty dishes piled up, no air of misery. The beat-up old sofa was gone, in its place a fresh leather two-seater. The television had been upgraded, as had several other things. The place looked clean, new.

Kyle flew into his mother's bedroom.

And there she was, the woman who'd raised him.

In bed with two men that Kyle had never seen before.

Was this a product of Lucy fucking with her mind? Or was it the woman his mother had always been, deep down? Had Lucy created this, or simply let it out?

It didn't matter, Kyle supposed.

He looked down at his sleeping mother for a long few minutes.

She looked younger. Not the haggard, tired adult she'd been before, but a vibrant and beautiful woman. Even sleeping, she had a smile on her face.

*Your child is doing well.*

Kyle planted the thought in her sleeping mind.

*They're doing well. Don't worry about them.*

One day, maybe he'd fix his mother. But, until then, the least he could do was let her be happy. Let her enjoy herself and her newfound freedom. So what if she'd decided to become an escort? It certainly seemed to pay well enough, and she seemed to enjoy it a whole lot more than her old fast-food jobs.

Let her have her fun. For now, at least.

Maybe he could even have some fun with her. Explore and get to know the kinky, slutty side of his mother and-

A faint vibration tickled the back of Kyle's mind.

A fourth ghost.

Lanky, Tubby, Ana's father, and another.

Lucy?

It took only a single second for Kyle to make the decision. He flew through the walls of his mother's apartment, out over the city streets. Fast, but not so fast that he didn't have time to think and plan.

Whoever this new ghost was, he found them walking down an empty street.

*Walking*, as if they didn't know they could fly.

Female. And not Lucy.

Whoever she was, her tits were so massive they made *Ana's* look small by comparison. Wearing a set of pyjamas, with shoulder-length black hair. Looking around in confusion, back hunched as she timidly walked down the empty street.

A new Wanderer. And a pretty one at that.

Kyle drifted high above her, watched her.

Not once did she look up.

How peculiar.

When she reached a street corner, she turned – walked down the new street, searching for any sign of life. And, this time, she found some.

A man in a suit, climbing out of a car. Returning home after a long day at work, most likely.

"Hey!" The girl called to the man who couldn't hear her. "Excuse me! Hey! Mister!"

She ran over to him, waving her arms to catch his attention.

But, of course, he couldn't see her.

When she reached him, realised he was deaf and blind to her, the girl tried a new tactic. She tried to touch him instead.

Her hand slipped through his clothed shoulder and into the man himself. And, shrieking in surprise, the girl fell backwards. Actually *fell* onto the ground.

She watched the business man with wide, horrified eyes as he walked away from his car – totally unaware of the Wanderer's touch.

"What the hell..." The girl's voice spoke, soft and sweet. And utterly terrified. "What's going on?"

"Now *that*," Kyle said, drifting down so that he was hovering behind her, "is a loaded question."

The girl shrieked again, spun around as she shot to her feet.

"What's going on," Kyle continued, eyes roaming up and down the girl's deliciously obscene body, "is that you're a Wanderer."

The girl gaped at the floating, transparent Kyle.

"You-" She stammered, eyes wide. "You're a ghost?"

"I've been called that," Kyle smirked.

"Are you-" The girl gulped. "Am I... dead?"

"No," Kyle said, shaking his head. "No, you're very much alive, Ghost Girl. And you've got a *lot* to learn."