

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 3

Kyle floated in the air above Ana, watching her.

Beautiful as ever, with long blonde hair flowing down her shoulders and icy blue eyes intent on the homework she had in front of her. She was seated at her bedroom desk, still wearing her school uniform and still making the drab outfit look utterly sexy. As she leaned forward, wrote her essay, her large, full tits hung down delightfully – enough cleavage exposed that, at the right angle, Kyle could just about make out the colour of her bra.

Blue. A soft, cute sky blue.

She'd been working on the essay for what seemed like forever. Over an hour, at least. And he'd been there watching her the entire time. As soon as he'd gotten home, he'd hopped into bed and gone into ghost-mode.

How was it possible someone could be as amazingly beautiful as Ana?

When she smiled, the whole world lit up around her.

Not that she was smiling right then. She was too focussed on the work in front of her; concentration taking the place of easy-going happiness. And, even with the lack of a smile, even with her eyebrows knit together like they were, Kyle saw only beauty. The alluring intensity in her eyes.

He watched her for a long while, waiting patiently.

And, when the unnaturally pretty girl finally put her pen down, leaned back and stretched her arms out, relief washed through him.

She was done with her homework.

He reached a ghostly hand towards her shoulder, braced himself for what came next.

The moment his had passed inside Ana's body, a tidal-wave of thoughts and feelings and instincts and sensations and memories crashed into him. A lifetime's worth of experiences and growth and learning. Ana's entire past, her personality and identity, her dreams and goals. Her *everything*.

It was too much to grasp all at once. Like trying to sweep up an entire ocean in two hands. Impossible.

Kyle fought the overwhelming influx of information, closing his ghostly eyes and focussed – just like the other Wanderers had told him to. He let Ana's thoughts and emotions sweep over him; pushing aside her memories and deeper desires, focusing only on the moment, the things she was feeling right there and then.

Satisfaction. She believed she'd done a good job on her essay. Contented weariness. Tired, but happily so – a well-earned fatigue.

He couldn't grasp her specific thoughts. Not yet. One day, perhaps. For now, Kyle pushed all else aside, kept hold of nothing but Ana's immediate emotions.

And, ever so slightly, he tweaked them.

All he had to do was 'remember' an emotion, recall the *feeling* of anger or fear or joy or whatever, and 'push' that emotion onto Ana.

Horniness. The feeling he got whenever he gazed at Ana, the desire that he was all too familiar with.

Kyle focused on the feeling, the desire and arousal.

And he *pushed*.

The reaction, as always, was instant. Ana's face flushed. Her relaxed posture tensed slightly, a shiver running up her spine and down her limbs. She let out a soft, erotic sigh – froze and blushed at the sound she'd made. She glanced around the room, making sure no-one had seen her. Then she looked down at her body, the same conflict appearing on her face as usual.

She was horny. *Very* horny. And not all because of Kyle. It was less like he was overwhelming her with arousal, and more like he was flipping a switch inside her and allowing Ana's own horny, slutty nature out of its cage.

Was that the same with all women? Unbelievably horny, but constantly restraining themselves from acting on it? Or was it just Ana herself? A product of her conservative upbringing, perhaps. Or simply the fact that she was a hormonal teenage like Kyle himself.

Whatever it was, Kyle could see it. Right there, behind her beautiful eyes.

Ana wanted to touch herself. Play with herself. She wanted pleasure.

And, just like always, she resisted.

For the briefest of moments, Kyle thought this would be it. The time Ana caved to her desires, allowed herself to masturbate. A flare of heat behind her eyes, quickly smothered away.

Closer. She was getting closer to it.

Every day, it took that little bit longer for her to stop herself.

Soon, she'd crack. Give in to the temptation.

And, when she did, Kyle would be there to witness it. To watch as Ana, the most beautiful girl around, played with herself for the first time – experienced her first ever orgasm.

Ana shook her head to clear it, pushed herself away from her small desk.

As she left her attic bedroom, Kyle glanced at her alarm clock.

His mother would be home soon.

Sighing, he closed his eyes – felt the odd sensation of returning to his sleeping body.

Why did the Wanderers have to meet up at midnight of all times?

Right when most people were going to sleep, their minds shut off and immune to being tweaked or toyed with. When most of the city was dead, with nothing interesting to see or observe.

When Kyle flew up and onto the Morsen Building, he found only one of the Wanderers there. The taller man, wearing a business suit as he always did.

"Hey Lanky," Kyle said, drifting over to the man. "The others not here yet?"

"Not yet," Lanky replied, voice sounding a bit gruffer than usual. He looked at Kyle, an odd uncertainty on his face, then glanced around the building – eyes searching for the other Wanderers. Kyle couldn't help but sense the man's nervousness.

"Is everything okay, dude?" Kyle asked. He'd never really spoken to Lanky before. Never even been alone with him. It kinda made sense that the guy wouldn't be happy with a stranger joining the midnight ghost gang gatherings. "I know I'm new 'n' all-"

"Tomorrow," Lanky said quickly, leaning in towards Kyle. "Meet me here two hours early. There are things-"

He swore, eyes off to one side. Kyle looked in the direction he was staring, saw an ethereal Tubby flying towards them.

"Tomorrow," Lanky repeated in a whisper. "Two hours early. Don't tell *them*."

The tall man drifted away from Kyle as Tubby arrived, grinning his usual grin and wearing his usual old-school military costume.

"He likes the *pure* ones," Lucy smiled, speaking before Kyle had a chance. "The holier-than-thou, uncorrupted girls. Isn't that right, Ghost Boy?"

Kyle shrugged, gaze drifting over the faces of the other Wanderers.

"Those are always fun," Tubby chuckled. "Taking a virgin nun and turning her into a cock-hungry seductress. Never gets old. All that repressed sexuality..."

Lanky said nothing, floating a few feet away from the rest of the group.

"Tubby here likes a challenge," Lucy went on, a wide smile on her face. "Making

happily married women cheat on their husbands, turning innocent virgins into sexaholics, warping ardent feminists into hooking up with misogynist pigs. For him, it's all about the chase, isn't that right Tubbs?"

"Guilty as charged," the portly man smiled.

"And Lanky... Well, he's into something else entirely. You'll learn about *that* aspect of being a Wanderer soon enough."

Her eyes were on Kyle. Big, round eyes filled with excitement and glee. Pretty eyes overflowing with energy.

"What about you?" Kyle asked, meeting the girl's gaze. "What do you use these powers for?"

Lucy's grin widened.

"I guess you could say," Lucy said softly, "I like pushing boundaries. Giving people choices they never thought they'd have to make, and seeing what they do – how far they'll go."

Kyle raised his eyebrow, expecting the girl to say more.

"Now," she said instead. "Why don't you tell Tubby and Lanky about the big-titty project you're working on? That cute Christian schoolgirl you're trying to corrupt."

Kyle flinched, eyes darting instantly between the faces in front of him.

Mention of the corruption of a religious schoolgirl had certainly caught Tubby's interest. The man – or the ghostly body of the man, at least – leaned forward eagerly. Lanky, on the other hand, didn't even seem to be paying attention.

Lucy, of course, was smiling widely.

"Not much to say," Kyle said, not wanting to rouse the fat man's interest in Ana, or give him any information about her. "It's... progressing. Not as fast as I'd like, she's very resistant to my nudging. But I'm getting there."

"And what's the end goal?" Tubby grinned wickedly. "Make her fuck her priest? That could be fun. Or a family member? Lots of incest in the Bible. What're you gonna do with the little minx?"

"I don't..." Kyle glanced at Lucy for help, but the girl was just watching silently, eyes bright. "I don't have any big plans. Not yet."

The fat man seemed to deflate a little at that.

"No plan?" He said, shaking his head disapprovingly. "My boy, you've *always* got to have a plan. An end goal. What's the point otherwise?"

Kyle shifted uncomfortably.

He *did* have a plan. Kind of. To watch Ana play with herself. Maybe implant images of himself in her mind, make her interested in dating him.

Not that he was going to tell *Tubby* that.

Ana was Kyle's. The last thing in the *world* he wanted was for the fat man to find out about Ana, start wanting to 'corrupt' her himself.

"I've gotta go," Kyle lied. "Someone's trying to wake me up."

He closed his eyes quickly and, a heartbeat later, he was gone.

It was strange, living a normal life during the day. Kyle could, at any moment he wanted, slip outside of his body and float around invisibly. Yet there he was, stuck in a classroom listening to a passionless teacher drone on about crap no-one cared about.

Unless he was learning about his ghost-mode, or his strange powers as a Wanderer, Kyle wasn't interested.

When the school bell rang, signalling the end of the class and the beginning of lunch hour, Kyle smothered a sigh of relief. He pushed himself up, left the classroom before half the other students had even gotten out of their seats.

He half-jogged, half-sprinted down the almost empty hallway, hand slipping into his pocket – clutching what little money he had.

If he got to the cafeteria quick enough, he wouldn't have to stand in line for-  
He rounded a corner, collided with someone.

A feminine yelp, more in shock than in pain. Kyle tumbled to the floor, body tangled with whoever had been unlucky enough to be rounding the corridor corner at that moment. The world spun for a moment, then his back hit the ground with a loud *thump*. Whoever he'd collided with landed on top of him.

It took him a heartbeat realise he knew exactly who the girl was.

Ana rose to her feet, looking momentarily befuddled. Her neat hair was a little messy after the fall but, other than that, she seemed perfectly fine and unhurt.

She looked down at Kyle and, unexpectedly, she smiled.

"I'm sorry," she said, voice sweet and kind. "I wasn't looking where I was going. Are you hurt?"

"I..."

What was he supposed to say?

This was his chance. His perfect opportunity. Years from now, this could be the story Kyle and Ana told their kids – how they'd met and fallen in love.

Or, it could be nothing. Another day. Unremarkable.

Ana could walk away from this chance encounter and immediately forget about Kyle, not even bothering to remember the face of the guy who'd ran into her in the hallway.

Whatever he said next would decide everything.

He had to make a mark, make sure Ana remembered him. He had to say something witty and charming, something suave and cool. Something to make her smile or giggle or-

"You're beautiful," Kyle breathed, mouth moving before his brain could catch up.  
"I..."

Kyle blushed, felt the embarrassment spread through his body like a ripple of heat. He opened his mouth to say more, saw the way Ana was looking at him – surprised and shocked and bewildered. No words escaped his lips. What could he *possibly* say right then? Right after blurting out what he had?

Pink appeared on Ana's cheeks.

Beautiful.

Kyle rolled to his feet, back to the stunningly pretty girl.

He couldn't look at her. Not after what he'd just said. Not with his face burning hot with shame and embarrassment.

Instead, he walked quickly away from her, not daring to look back.

He felt Ana's eyes on his back as he fled from her.

He'd fucked it up. A perfect opportunity to introduce himself to Ana, to make a good impression. And he'd *fucked* it. Made a fool of himself. Ruined the chance.

If Ana remembered him now, it'd be as the weird creep who'd knocked her over in the hallway and called her beautiful. If she remembered him, she'd remember how he'd tucked tail and ran away from her.

How pathetic was that?

He'd hidden away in a bathroom through the entire lunch hour. Thankfully, he didn't spot Ana on his way to the next class, or at any point later in the school day.

In a way, not coming across her had been worse than if he had.

He imagined seeing her across a hallway, surrounded by a group of her friends. All giggling at the weirdo who'd ran into her.

And, again, Kyle's face reddened.

How was that even *possible* in ghost-mode? How could an invisible, ethereal being *blush*?

He could feel it. The heat in his cheeks, the tingling shame underneath his transparent skin. Did that mean his ghostly form was blushing, or was it the body back in

the apartment? If his mother walked in on him, would she see her son sleeping with a bright red face?

There was still so much about ghost-mode he didn't know.

What the fuck was a *Wanderer* anyway?

Kyle flew through the city at a blinding speed, crossing distances in the blink of an eye that would've taken over an hour on foot. He sped his way to the suburbs, the middle-class area of town. And, within seconds, he was passing right through a house's roof and into Ana's large bedroom.

She was, as usual, studying. Reading notes from one of her classes.

Of the numerous times Kyle had spied in on her over the last weeks, he'd only ever found her outside her bedroom a few times. And, even then, she'd simply been downstairs with her family. It seemed that, outside of school, Ana didn't have much of a social life.

He drifted over to her, pushing thoughts of their embarrassing moment together aside.

Making her horny wasn't working.

If he kept trying, he might get lucky one time and get to watch the girl masturbate. But, by the same measure, she might never cave to the arousal he flooded her with daily.

She hadn't so far.

Kyle thought back to the office worker. The 'project' that Tubby had show the rest of the Wanderers. What'd he said about the woman? That she'd have never cheated on her husband under normal circumstances?

Tubby had said he'd changed the way the worker saw things. Made her think that fucking her superior was a part of the job, the only way to rise up the ranks as a woman. Tricked her into thinking that fucking her boss *wasn't* cheating.

That was a lot more complex than anything Kyle had ever attempted.

Up 'til now, he'd only been pushing simple thoughts and emotions.

Arousal. Horniness.

Surface level stuff.

If he wanted Ana to change – make her really *want* to touch herself – Kyle needed to change the way he was doing things. And, if he was ever going to convince her mind to give that weirdo she'd bumped into today a chance, Kyle *had* to be bolder.

So, how was he supposed to do it? How could he reprogram Ana's mind?

"You're a little strange," a familiar voice spoke behind him. "Just staring at her like that. Not that I'm judging or anything. I'm pretty strange myself."

Kyle twisted in the air, turning to face Lucy.

Naked, as usual.

"I'm surprised you haven't cracked her yet," Lucy smiled, drifting over to where Ana sat – unaware that there were two Wanderers hovering inches away from her. "If it were Tubby, big-tits over here would be fucking herself silly with her hairbrush right now, plotting to seduce her teachers for better grades."

Ana didn't need better grades. She was already the best.

An odd thought to have in that moment, but true all the same. Kyle crossed his arms, watching Lucy closely – eyes only *occasionally* drifting to her small, perky tits.

"I'm kinda new to all this, if you hadn't noticed," Kyle said, a little too defensively.

"You don't say," Lucy smirked. She tilted her head to the side, as if considering something. "If you'd like, I can show you a little trick. Something we Wanderers can do that you probably don't know about yet."

"Little trick?" Kyle raised an eyebrow.

"A demonstration," Lucy said. "Watch closely."

She reached a hand out, ethereal fingers slipping inside Ana's body.

Kyle's chest seized.

He didn't want *anyone* touching Ana. Not Tubby, not Lucy, no one other than Kyle

himself. He didn't want them to turn his crush into some warped, cock-hungry whore. He was about to say as much when Lucy raised her hand – the one that was inside Ana – up above Ana's body.

And pulled out Ana's ghost along with it.

A pale, ethereal version of Ana; floating eyes-closed above her real, physical body. The real body slumped in its seat, passed out just like Kyle's body did when he went into ghost-mode. The ghostly version of her remained motionless, as passed-out and unresponsive as her real body.

"Since bit-tits here isn't a Wanderer," Lucy said, eyes locked onto Kyle, "she can't *wander* like we can. She won't remember anything that happens between now and when I put her back inside her body. Now, stay put and don't freak out."

Lucy's hand reached out again, this time grabbing hold of Kyle's ghostly body.

He had only an instant to be shocked – how in the hell could one incorporeal, ethereal body *touch* another? - before Lucy swung him effortlessly through the air, slamming him down and-

Blackness.

A familiar sensation. Sound and smell and *skin*.

He was inside his body again – snapped out of ghost-mode somehow. Only, something was different. *Wrong*.

Heart racing in a chest that felt *far* too heavy, Kyle opened his eyes, saw a familiar desk in front of him – a familiar room surrounding him.

Not his room, though.

Ana's.

"What," he breathed, voice high-pitched and feminine, "the *fuck*."

He was staring down at his body – Ana's body – when, less than a minute, Ana's bedroom door swung open and in stepped a very beautiful, very pregnant woman.

Ana's mother.

*Fuck*.

"Well then Ghost Boy," the older woman said, smiling a smile Kyle recognised easily. "Ready to have some *real* fun?"