

Ghost Boy

Chapter 4

What the *fuck* was happening?

He was *inside* Ana. He *was* her.

How was that even possible?

And Lucy. She was Ana's pregnant mother?

"This," the older woman smiled, eyes twinkling, "is something cool us Wanderers can do, Ghost Boy."

The woman was beautiful. There was no denying that. Kyle could see where Ana got her looks from. Even pregnant and slightly bloated as she was, Ana's mother was radiant. The same full lips and blue eyes and blonde hair as her daughter, only more matured. A middle-aged woman at the peak of her beauty. If not for the very round belly, Kyle knew Ana's mother would be just as slender and sexy as her daughter.

Though, where pregnancy had caused the woman's belly to expand outwards, it'd also caused her breasts to balloon. Two colossal, round watermelons straining at the woman's cardigan top – begging for release.

"Anyone," the woman said. "Anywhere. It's what Lanky likes to do – take the place of men who are about to have sex with beautiful women. Pulls their 'ghost' right out of their body, slips inside, has their fun for them, then puts them back afterwards."

Ana's mother closed the bedroom door, stepped forward.

"Lucy?" Kyle asked, voice sounding impossibly soft and feminine. "Is that you?"

"Who else would it be?" She grinned. "Lanky only possesses men and Tubby would rather manipulate this chick into participating in an orgy than take over her body."

"How?" Kyle breathed, shuddering slightly when he heard the word come out in Ana's voice. "*Why?*"

Lucy – in the body of Ana's mother – took another step forward, winced uncomfortably. She plodded over to Ana's bed, sat down on the edge and visibly slumped.

"Fuck," the older woman's voice rang out. "Being pregnant sucks ass. Everything *aches*. Jesus. Remind me never to get knocked up. This is *hell*."

She reached around, tried rubbing the small of her back.

"Next time, you can have Mommy and I'll take Tits. Deal?"

Kyle blinked, mind finally beginning to catch up with where he was. *What* he was.

A girl.

He was inside Ana's body. Not exactly in the same way he *wanted* to be inside her, but still... He could *feel* her. Every inch of her body. He could feel the weight on her chest and back, her large breasts. He could feel her long hair, taste the cherry balm on her lips, hear the rapid beating of her heart. He could feel the total absence of his cock.

It felt bizarre. *Wrong*.

"What do you mean 'next time'?" He asked, wincing at the tone of the voice he heard. It sounded like a girl having a tantrum. Upset and whiny. He forced his – Ana's – voice to come out deeper. "There isn't going to be a 'next time'. Pull me back out of Ana and put her back. Her Mom, too."

What'd meant to be a commanding tone, thanks to Ana's soft voice, sounded more like a plea than a demand.

Lucy rolled her eyes.

"I can't drag your 'ghost' out of a body," Lucy explained, shrugging. "It doesn't work on Wanderers. I can move you around and put you places when you're not attached to a body. But, if you're connected to a living body, I – and other Wanderers – can't touch you. If you want to detach from Tits, all you gotta do is the same thing you do when you detach from your own body."

His own body? So all he needed to do was close his eyes and focus, and he'd leave

Ana's body – just like that?

Kyle closed his eyes, began to focus.

"But," Lucy said loudly – interrupting Kyle's concentration. "If you do detach yourself from Ana right now, bad things will happen."

Kyle's – Ana's – eyes opened, locked onto the pregnant woman.

"What *bad things*?"

Ana's mother grinned, eyes wicked.

"Simple," she said. "I'll tell Tubby all about Tits and Mommy here. Before you know it, both of them will be sucking cock for cash and whoring themselves to total strangers. Knowing that lardass, you bet there'll be a three-way between Mommy, Tits and their priest at some point. If you leave before I tell you to, I tell Tubby."

Blackmail.

Lucy was blackmailing Kyle to stay in Ana's body.

Why?

Still grinning, Lucy raised her hands to the cardigan Ana's mother was wearing. Slowly, she began undoing buttons.

"Talk about bazookas, am I right?" She said, removing the cardigan and pressing her hands on the blouse underneath, gently squeezing the pregnant woman's tits. "They're really fucking sore, though. How has this bitch not gone crazy from the aching already?"

Awkwardly, Lucy pulled the woman's blouse over her head. First the pregnant belly came into view – a bulging, tight tummy marred with stretch-marks. Then the woman's tits and the big, ugly bra which contained them. Lucy set the blouse aside, right next to the removed cardigan. Then she reached behind her back to undo the woman's bra.

"What-" Kyle choked. "What're you doing?"

Lucy spared him an eye-rolling glance.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" She asked, as if that in any way answered Kyle's question. "I'm taking Mommy's clothes off."

"Yeah," Kyle said. "I can see that much. *Why* are you taking her clothes off?"

"The real question," Lucy smiled. "Is why are you still wearing yours? You can't tell me you don't wanna see those big tits out in the open. I mean, you've probably spied on Tits showering, so seeing them will be nothing new. But now you can *feel* them, in the flesh. Are you really going to sit there and tell me you don't wanna grope the shit outta yourself right now?"

"No!" He'd never spied on Ana showering. Never peeked in on her while she was in the bathroom. "I don't. What's *wrong* with you?"

For the first time, amusement disappeared from Lucy's eyes. Her smile remained but, behind those irises, all childish glee evaporated.

"Everything," Lucy stated, eyes chilly. "Keep the clothes on if you want, Ghost Boy. Here I was thinking we could have some fun mother-daughter bonding time; you eat me out, I eat you out, maybe we find a cucumber to enjoy together. But, if you're too much of a pussy, that's fine by me."

The bra came undone, shoulder straps falling down the woman's arms, cups slackening and dropping away from the colossal mammaries underneath.

Two impossibly huge tits, round and firm and heavy. Blue veins webbed out, visible on pale skin. They looked hard and full; nipples dark, areola large puffy and extended. As Lucy breathed, the two mountains rose and fell slowly, drawing Kyle's eye no matter how much he tried to resist staring.

"Whatever you do is up to you," Lucy continued, eyes on Kyle. "You can detach yourself from Tits and let Tubby have his way with her. Or you can stay, stop asking stupid questions, and put your mouth to a better use. Mommy has aching tits full of yummy milk for you to drink."

The words struck Kyle like a slap to the face, stunning him stupid.

"You... you want me to drink..."

It couldn't be. He must have misheard. Surely Lucy hadn't said what he thought she'd said.

"Suckle this MILF's milky titties dry," Lucy smiled. "Or I'll give both Mommy and Tits to Tubby. Those are your options."

"Why?" Kyle found himself asking again. "Why are you doing this?"

Lucy shrugged.

"Because it's fun."

Kyle stared at her, deep into those pretty blue eyes. How was it possible that he could see Lucy in those irises, despite it being another person's body? That malicious glee, the challenge and the curiosity over what Kyle would choose.

She'd follow through with her threat. He knew it. Somehow, he could feel it. If he didn't do as she said, Lucy would tell Tubby all about Ana and her mother – and the fat man would ruin them both. She'd do it. And she wouldn't feel a hint of remorse.

How did he know that?

And what was he supposed to *do* about it?

Was there anything he could do?

It'd be incest. Kyle would be forcing a daughter to drink her mother's breast milk from the source. That was wrong... Wasn't it?

Had Ana's mother breast-fed Ana as a child?

At the end of the day, would Kyle – using Ana's mouth – drinking the mother's milk *really* be that immoral?

Was he *really* considering doing it?

"They won't remember," Lucy piped in. "From the moment I detached them from their bodies right up until I put them back, they'll have no memories of what happens. It'll be like they fell asleep and woke up again. They'll never know."

Two large, dark, hard nipples beckoned Kyle. Tempted him.

He'd never seen a woman naked before – not in person. Never felt a breast, never done *anything* sexual with one. And yet here he was, feet away from a stunningly beautiful woman offering him something he'd never even dreamed of before.

Could he really do it?

More important than that, could he *not* do it? Would he truly be willing to submit Ana to the perversions of the fat Wanderer? Was he really the type of man who'd let that happen to Ana because he was too awkward and uncomfortable to suck on a beautiful woman's tits?

Holding onto that thought, Kyle rose from the chair.

He was doing this for Ana. To protect her.

His body felt warm. Unusual – thought not unpleasant – tingles spread through his body. He felt his – Ana's – face flush hot. Felt the tightness of her bra around her chest. Felt – and tried to ignore – the warm moisture between the body's legs.

"That's it," Lucy grinned, cupping one of the huge, swelling breasts. "Come to Mommy."

Kyle walked over to her, stood in front of her awkwardly.

"What do you want me to do?" The words were soft, quiet. Ana's voice, adorable and innocent.

The pregnant woman smirked, a very unmotherly expression on her face. She leaned back on the bed, lay down with only her knees and feet dangling off the edge. She waved her hand, urging Kyle forward.

He did as she instructed, climbed onto the bed atop the older woman. Ana's bright blonde hair fell over his face, hiding the beet redness. Inches from his face, a huge, heavy breast.

"Well?" Lucy's voice spoke after a few seconds. "What're you waiting for. Suck

Mommy off, Ghost Boy.”

The dark nipple; its puffy, wide areola. It seemed so *inviting*. Like the middle-aged woman's body *wanted* this to happen. *Needed* it to happen. Slowly, a heart that wasn't his pounding rapidly in a too-heavy chest, Kyle lowered his mouth towards the nipple.

He hadn't known what to expect. What it'd taste like.

Somehow, he hadn't expected it to taste of nothing. Just hard, flavourless skin. He wrapped his lips around the nipple, slowly and gently began suckling.

“Jesus,” Lucy murmured under her breath, “you're shit at this.”

The comment made Kyle blush all the more.

How was she supposed to know he'd never done anything like this before? Of course he wouldn't be good at it! Yet, he still felt shame and embarrassment wash over him at Lucy's words.

He concentrated on the nipple in his mouth, closed his eyes and suckled harder, teasing it with his tongue as best he could.

He'd watched porn. Seen people having sex while roaming around in ghost mode. Sure, he'd never paid much attention to foreplay or nipple-sucking before. But how hard could it be, really?

Focusing on the task at hand, he let himself forget everything else – forget that he was in Ana's body, forget that this was Ana's mother, forget about Lucy, about Wanderers, about *everything*. He suckled, kissed, licked, teased, nibbled. He tugged on the hard nipple with his mouth, sucking on it eagerly.

After a few minutes, Lucy let out a happy sigh.

And Kyle tasted something sweet.

Far sweeter than regular cows milk, that was for sure. And more watery and fluid. After that first tiny droplet, the breast milk began to flow quickly. Not entire mouthfuls, but close enough. Every time Kyle sucked hard on the MILF's nipple, more milk filled his mouth.

“Wow,” the older woman said, sounding mildly surprised. “That actually feels pretty nice. Keep going.”

Time passed. It could have been minutes or it could have been hours, Kyle had no idea. He was focused solely on the delicious nipple in his mouth, the huge tit he was holding in place with his hands, kneading gently in tune with his drinking. When Lucy had him switch breasts, he did so without question.

And, by the time Lucy patted his head and told him they were done, that he'd been a 'good boy', Kyle had almost forgotten he wasn't in his own body.

He looked down at himself, shocked to see two big boobs ballooning outwards from his chest.

“See?” Lucy said, pushing herself off Ana's bed. “That wasn't so bad now, was it?”

Kyle didn't answer, didn't speak as the beautiful MILF put her clothes back on, walked casually to Ana's bedroom door. She opened it, stopped before walking through it and looked back at Kyle.

“Put Tits back where you found her,” she said, nodding to the chair at Ana's desk. “And slip outside of her body. I'll do the same with Momma-Tits. Try putting her 'ghost' back into her body if you can. It shouldn't be too difficult.”

Kyle drifted through the city, mind replaying the events that'd just transpired. Going over them again and again.

He'd been inside Ana. He'd *been* Ana.

Wanderers, apparently, could possess anyone they wanted at any time.

He'd sucked on a woman's tits, drank titty milk.

Lucy had threatened him, essentially blackmailed him into doing what she wanted.

He'd *sucked* on real, actual *tits*.

It was too much to take in at once.

He'd never so much as *kissed* a girl before. And, at the same time, he'd drank breast milk right from its source. And not just any breast milk, either. Ana's mother. A married, pregnant woman.

And he'd been her *daughter* when he'd done it.

It was too much.

Thankfully, neither mother or daughter knew what'd happened with their bodies – what they'd done with each other. After a few failed attempts, Kyle had managed to put Ana's ethereal form back inside her physical body. She'd blinked awake as if she'd just been taking a nap, completely unaware of anything happening.

Just to be sure, he'd put his hand inside her – read her thoughts and emotions. And, save for wondering what the odd taste in her mouth was, Ana had absolutely no idea.

Not only could he fly around invisible, pass through walls and spy in on people in their most intimate moments. Not only could he touch their minds, read their thoughts and feelings, even alter them. But Kyle could also *possess* people, take control of their bodies at a whim.

What *e/se* was he capable of?

His thoughts drifted, searched through his encounters with the other Wanderers – replaying conversations and comments they'd made – searching for hints. Those three had been at it longer than Kyle, they knew a lot more than he did.

He should ask them, get them to teach him.

Of the three, Lucy seemed to be the ringleader. The one the other two looked to. Tubby was the mind-altering expert, the one who could completely warp a woman's brain in days. And what'd Lucy said about Lanky? That he liked to possess men who were about to fuck beautiful women, take their place?

Kyle froze in the air, glanced around dark city streets.

What time was it?

Lanky had told Kyle to meet him at the Morsen Building two hours before the regular gathering. Kyle'd completely forgotten.

He twisted in the air, darted towards the city's tallest building.

"About fucking time," Lanky growled as soon as Kyle reached the rooftop. The tall man did *not* sound happy.

"Sorry," Kyle shrugged. "I was preoccup-"

"Shut up," Lanky barked, "and listen. We don't have much time and I do *not* want to get caught helping you."

Kyle raised an eyebrow at the man.

Lanky shook his head, seemed to calm down a little.

"Don't trust Lucy," were the first words out of his mouth. "She will ruin your life, if you give her the chance. If you think Tubby's kinks are fucked, well..."

The tall man's ghostly body visibly shuddered.

"Let's just say that his *interests* are far tamer than hers. Do not, under any circumstances, let Lucy find out who you really are. Your name, your address, people you care about, *anything*. If she figures out who you are, she *will* fuck up everything for you. Do you understand?"

Kyle stared at the man.

Was this some kind of joke? Lucy, destroy his life? She was a little weird, sure – possessing a pregnant woman and forcing Kyle to milk her like a baby was hardly *normal*. But it hadn't been *that* bad. Kyle was almost kinda grateful to the girl for forcing him into that situation, truth be told.

"No," Kyle said, shrugging. "I don't understand."

The tall man sighed, glanced around the rooftop in search of other Wanderers.

When he saw none, he hovered closer to Kyle, spoke in a hushed whisper.

"Back then, we didn't call her Lucy. Her nickname was Shorty and there were four of us. Me, Tubby, Shorty and Teach. Teach was the one who figured out what us Wanderers are, what we can do – and she showed the rest of us. How to alter minds, how to possess people, how to create mind-snares, how to forge a group bond. All of it. And it was good. Everything was *great*."

Again, Lanky glanced around the rooftop. Lowered his voice even further.

"Then Shorty – Lucy – found out Teach's real name. Who she actually was. And she went fucking *crazy*. Tormented Teach every waking moment, made her life a living hell, destroyed everything Teach had. She *broke* her. And she'll do the same to you, to any of us, if she finds out who you really are. Don't *ever* let her find out your real name or where you live."

Lanky began drifting backwards, away from Kyle.

"I know she's interested in you, Ghost," he said. "I know she's trying to find out who you are. She watches to see which direction you fly in from, which parts of the city you're familiar with. Don't let her figure it out."

"Wait," Kyle found himself saying, following after Lanky. "If she's so eager to find out who I am, why did she stop Tubby from asking my name the first time we met?"

Lanky shrugged.

"It's a game to her. A hunt. Where's the fun in winning without having a chance to play?"

Lanky turned his back on Kyle, drifted further away and made to fly away. He paused, however, and glanced over his shoulder – meeting Kyle's eyes.

"Cindy Orion," he said. "That's Teach's real name. Look it up. After what happened, we stopped calling her Shorty and started calling her Lucifer. Lucy for short. Tread carefully, Ghost. She has her eyes on you."

And with that, the man flew away – disappeared with blinding speed.

Kyle stared after him, mind totally overwhelmed.

So many thoughts and feelings, so much that he'd learned and experienced in such a short amount of time. And yet, all his brain could focus on was the name.

Lucy-with-an-I. Luci.

Short for Lucifer, apparently.

Surely the short, petite, pretty, innocent-looking girl couldn't be that bad. Could she?