

Ghost Boy

Chapter 5

Cindy Orion. The name hadn't rung a bell when he'd heard it. But, when Kyle typed it into a search engine, saw the woman's face, his jaw dropped.

He knew who Cindy Orion was. By reputation if not personally.

Two years ago, she'd been the wet-dream of every schoolboy around. A sexy, unbelievably good-looking woman who'd been caught sleeping with her students. Unfortunately, she hadn't taught at any school Kyle had ever gone to – but he did know that face, had fapped to it numerous times back when it'd been plastered on every news channel and posted all over the internet.

There was a lot of information about the woman – Teach – on the web. First-hand accounts from people claiming to have been her students, talking about the affairs and classroom orgies and special 'sex-ed lessons'.

Cindy's nymphomaniac streak hadn't ended with her being fired and disgraced, either. Public indecency, exhibitionism, sex outdoors in broad daylight, prostitution, attempting to bribe a judge and the entire jury with sexual favours.

Currently serving time in jail.

In what the judge described as a rare moment of lucidity, Cindy Orion had pleaded – begged – the judge to send her as far away from the city as possible. Kyle read news report after news report of the trial. Numerous times throughout the proceedings, he read, Cindy Orion had 'passed out' only to wake up a few seconds later acting in a completely different manner. One moment pleading, the next laughing and mocking. One moment reserved and beaten, the next lewd and amused.

Most of the news reports chalked it up to a failed attempt at an insanity plea. But Kyle felt his heart pound as he read and re-read the lines.

Was it possible for one Wanderer to possess another Wanderer's body?

What was it that Lucy had said?

'I can't drag your ghost out of a body. It doesn't work on Wanderers.'

Had she been lying? Not telling the whole truth?

Could the petite, innocent-looking girl really be capable of destroying someone's life?

It seemed unlikely. Impossible. Yet, the more Kyle read, the more little details he picked up. Things only a Wanderer would notice and understand. Like how so many of the boys Miss Orion had seduced were suddenly, out of nowhere, overcome with horniness and arousal just before the act.

To most people, that would've seemed like nothing more than teenage hormones at play. But what if it wasn't?

What if they'd been touched and manipulated by a Wanderer?

Could Lucy have *really* done all this to another person?

Sleeping with Cindy Orion's students – or else somehow forcing Cindy herself to do it. Throwing classroom orgies, turning the teacher into a whore. Ruining her career. Getting her sent to *jail*.

Kyle shook his head, pushing down the cascade of thoughts bombarding him. The endless, unanswerable questions. He set aside everything else and focused on one question he *could* answer.

What information had he given the other Wanderers that might lead them to discovering his real identity?

He thought long and hard, replaying every conversation and meeting he'd ever had with Lucy and Lanky and Tubby. Had he ever said anything that might lead one of them back to his real life self?

No. No, Kyle didn't think so.

What about clothes? Had he ever worn his school uniform while Wandering?

Yes. But, luckily, he'd never been wearing it any of the times he'd seen or interacted with another Wanderer.

What about the directions they'd seen him fly in?

He'd never tried to mask or hide the direction he'd been flown before. But, at the same time, he rarely flew above the buildings. Kyle liked to fly through the streets, twisting and turning around corners. If the other Wanderers were paying attention to where Kyle flew in from every midnight meeting, they'd know which side of the city he lived in, yes. But they wouldn't know exactly *where* on that side of the city he lived.

As far as Kyle was aware, there was only one thing that another Wanderer could use to track his real identity down. Only one bread-crumble he'd unintentionally dropped.

Ana.

Kyle's face was in her memories. The dumb, weird guy who'd bumped into her in the corridor and ran off. Anyone prying around in Ana's mind, sifting through her memories, might stumble across that moment – see Kyle's real face and know where he went to school.

Kyle walked through the school corridors, an air of nervous dread surrounding him. His eyes darted above the heads of other students, searching the empty air for ghostly figures.

Would he be able to see Wanderers without going ghost-mode himself?

If Lucy wanted to find out who Kyle really was, all she'd have to do was follow Ana to school and glide through the corridors in search of him. Eventually, she'd spot his face. And, from there, all she'd need to do was follow him home.

She could be hovering up there right now, watching him, planning wicked and twisted things.

Yet, if Kyle was a target for Lucy, Ana was *even more* so.

Kyle could still remember the sweet taste of breast milk. An echo of the flavour, the feel of a woman's extended nipple in his mouth.

Ana had no idea she'd been used like that.

At any moment, Lucy could decide to pluck Ana out of her body, possess it for herself and make Kyle's crush do any number of horrible, messed up things. Ana was powerless to stop her. She was so powerless, in fact, that she wouldn't even be aware that anything bad had even happened.

Kyle was the only one in the world who could protect her.

But how? How in the world was *he* supposed to defend Ana from another Wanderer's meddling?

As if she'd known she was in his thoughts, Ana's face appeared from the endless crowds of people filling the school corridors. An angel shining with unmatched beauty amidst an ocean of bland and boring faces. Smiling brightly, eyes happy and beautiful.

Briefly, the image of Ana's mother popped into Kyle's head. Topless and braless, colossal tits exposed.

He shook the image away, took a single step towards Ana before hesitating.

Ana let out a joyous, pretty laugh. Her gaggle of friends were gossiping about something, surrounding the beautiful girl on all sides. Like moths to a flame. They swarmed around her, vied for Ana's attention.

How was he ever supposed to talk to her - introduce himself and leave a good impression – if she was surrounded by these other girls all the time? If the other bitches would've just left Ana alone for a little while instead of bothering her constantly, Kyle might've been able to make a move - catch his crush's attention and give her a chance to get to know him.

She'd fall for him. If he only had the chance, Kyle *knew* he could win Ana's heart.

But...

Should he try to get closer to her?

If Lanky was right, and if Lucy saw Kyle in Ana's memories, who *knew* what'd happen? Nothing good, that was for sure.

But this was *Ana*. The most beautiful girl in the world. An impossibly pretty, pure girl. A girl that, thanks to his Wanderer powers, Kyle *actually* had a chance at being with. With a bit of Wanderer nudging and guidance, Kyle could claim Ana's heart – actually have the girl of his dreams.

How could he *not* try and get closer to her?

He turned away from the sweet music that was Ana's laughter, strode in the opposite direction.

Ana would be his. He'd make sure of that.

But first, he'd deal with the Lucy problem.

"She's off-limits," Kyle told the gathered Wanderers. Tubby and Lanky and Lucy. "The Christian girl - and her family – are my projects. Stay away from them."

Kyle's eyes were locked onto Lucy as he spoke the final words.

"A good ol' family gang-bang, eh?" Tubby chuckled. "Make 'em worship cocks and cunts instead of their usual nonsense. I approve! And you needn't worry about us interfering, son. We established that rule a long time ago. No touching another Wanderer's toys without permission."

Lanky said nothing, though his eyes held a warning. A slight, almost imperceptible shake of his head – his way of telling Kyle to stop talking, that Kyle was somehow making a mistake. Kyle ignored him.

"Tell that," Kyle said, nodding to Lucy, "to her."

Dead silence followed.

Tubby glanced back and forth between Kyle and Lucy, his already pale and translucent face almost seeming to turn even paler. He shifted uncomfortably in the air, drifted slowly backwards a few feet.

Lanky stared at Kyle, eyes hard.

Lucy, though, was smiling.

"You didn't seem to mind my 'interfering' last time," the naked girl said. "As I recall it, you had quite a bit of fun thanks to my 'interfering'. A little sloppy to start with, sure. But you were plenty *eager* by the end of it."

"Stay away," Kyle stated firmly, "from my toys."

Toys. He was claiming Ana and her entire family as his 'toys'.

Whatever it took to keep Lucy from finding out the truth.

Lucy shrugged, smile never wavering.

"If that's what you want," the petite girl smirked. "Just make sure to let us all know when you're done with your little *project*. I think I speak for everyone here when I say we'd *all* like to watch the show. That is, of course, unless you don't actually have any interest in making your 'toys' dance. Your progress with them so far *has* been rather slow..."

"Stay," Kyle repeated. "Away."

After a few seconds of tense silence, Lucy spoke.

"If you want me to leave them alone, Ghost Boy," she said, ethereal eyes glinting with amusement. "Then that's what I'll do."

Kyle's eyes roamed the faces before him. Lucy and her glee. Tubby and his awkward discomfort. Lanky and his silent disapproval.

"Good," Kyle said loudly, drifting up into the air.

He turned away from the other Wanderers, flew into the night's sky.

Ana was sleeping.

A soft, serene beauty – relaxing and resting after a long day of schoolwork.

Tomorrow was Saturday. No school.

Kyle wondered what his crush would do. How she'd spend her Saturday. So far, he'd only ever really visited her on school days. And she'd spent practically all of those times doing homework alone in her bedroom. Now that she didn't have any homework left to do, how would Ana spend her free-time?

What were her hobbies? Her interests?

Who was Ana, really?

For all the girl's many friends, Kyle had never seen her spend time with any of them outside of school. And the messages she sent them in the evenings were a rarity, often only simple replies to texts they'd sent her first. He'd never seen her call any of her friends and chat with them over the phone.

What was up with that?

Perhaps she'd spend tomorrow hanging out with some of them, going out somewhere – doing whatever teenage girls liked to do.

Kyle would have to wait to find out.

His mother worked this Saturday, would be out most of the day. Which meant he'd be able to wander and follow Ana around the entire day. Finally get to see her some place other than her attic bedroom.

Silently, he drifted around her room – searching for any hints about Ana's personality. The dark room was lit only by the glow of a small night-light on Ana's desk, barely enough to see by.

Nothing. Kyle found nothing.

No pictures on the walls, no photos of Ana with her friends. No items or objects that might hint at any hobbies Ana may have had. Save for the huge piles of teddy bears and cute animal plushies, and the pink walls, the room was utilitarian. While there were certainly creature comforts – a large TV, filled bookcases, a computer, beanbag – nothing in Ana's bedroom gave any hint about her actual personality.

Except that she liked cute teddies and plushies, and the colour pink.

Frowning, Kyle floated over to the sleeping girl, hovered inches above her. Slowly, he reached his hand down, let his fingers slip through her blanket and into her body.

Inaudible whispers. Not the usual bombardment of information he was used to; the rush that seemed so similar to a raging ocean of loud voices speaking over one another. Instead, the information flowing into Kyle was so faint, so quiet, he couldn't make any of it out.

Same as every time he'd ever tried to touch a sleeping person.

It'd been one of the things that'd confused Kyle about why the Wanderers did their thing at night instead of during the day. More people sleeping meant less minds open to being touched.

Or so he'd thought.

His encounter with Lucy – where she'd plucked Ana and her mother out of their bodies, forced Kyle into Ana's body while occupying the mother's body herself – had taught Kyle a lot. More than just what breast milk tasted like. More than that it was possible to possess bodies. More than how to put a detached 'ghost' back into its body.

Carefully, Kyle grasped hold of Ana's quiet thoughts. Mute and insignificant as they might've been, he *could* still feel them.

And then he moved his arm, pulling Ana's sleeping 'ghost' from her sleeping body and setting it aside – floating in the air a few inches to the side of her bed.

Kyle drifted higher, stared down at the two versions of Ana.

On one side, the sleeping body wrapped up in blankets and surrounded by plushies. On the other, a levitating, transparent replica wearing the exact same nightie as Ana's body must've had on underneath those blankets.

In the last few moments, when he'd been setting Ana's 'ghost' aside, Kyle had *felt* it.

Heard it.

This was why the other Wanderers operated at night.

For just the briefest of moments, Kyle had heard Ana's dreams.

If he made contact with Ana's ethereal form again, he knew that's what he'd sense. Whatever dream the girl was having. Her mind was quiet with sleep, but not totally silent.

It wasn't that touching a sleeping mind was impossible. It was the opposite. A sleeping mind was less active than one awake and alert, with less noise and no bombardment of senses and thoughts and feelings. It was actually *easier* to touch the mind of someone who was sleeping.

All Kyle had needed was this one secret. This one trick; separating Ana's 'ghost' from her body.

He reached down once more, intent on touching Ana's ghostly form.

He hesitated before his transparent fingers made contact with her transparent body, eyes moving towards her real, physical body.

If he drifted down, flew into her real body, Kyle would possess it.

The body would wake up with Kyle inside it. Free to do whatever he wished. He could turn Ana's bedroom lights on, take her clothes off and stare at her naked body in the mirror. He could search her room properly, look through her drawers and wardrobes to his heart's content. And, when he was done, all he'd need to do was put her body back in bed and put Ana's ghostly form back inside it. Ana would never know. She'd wake up in the morning never realising her body had ever gotten out of bed during the night.

For a few long moments, Kyle actually considered it.

So much of what'd happened with Lucy – when he was Ana, sucking on Ana's mother's tits – was a hazy blur. He remembered the taste, remembered the feel of a woman's nipple in his mouth and her milk on his tongue. But, for all that he'd enjoyed feeling Ana's mother, he hadn't really had the chance to play with *Ana's* body.

But no, that wasn't what he wanted.

Well, it was. He very much *did* want to see Ana naked, play with her body and hear her moans.

Just not from the inside.

He wanted to be in his own body when he experienced all that. He wanted Ana to be the one moaning and gasping and begging for more.

And there was only one way he could make that happen.

He lowered his hand into Ana's ghostly body, closed his eyes and focused.

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Ana dreamed of a mountain. A tall mountain whose peak was high in the clouds. She was climbing it, trying to rush to the top before *it* happened. Before the thing chasing her caught up.

She was in her school uniform. Tattered and torn from all the times she'd fallen down onto the jagged mountain rocks. Her skirt was shredded, tights torn and full of holes. Bruises and cuts covered her knees and hands – all painless.

Still, she kept going – heart racing.

Whatever was chasing her – she never got to see exactly *what* it was – would catch her if she didn't go as fast as she possibly could. Even then, it might still get her.

The dream was familiar. Though different.

She was always running from something, or running to something. And she was always in her school uniform. And, when she woke up, she'd remember little or nothing about the dream. Somehow, while she was in the dream, she knew she had it every night. But, when the dream ended, so did her memory of it.

But tonight was different. She could *feel* it.

The world seemed more detailed, somehow. Sharper.

She raced through a maze of boulders, sweat dripping down her face. Dodging left and right, running as fast as she could. Whatever was chasing her was getting close. She could feel it.

Ana darted around one particularly large boulder, crashed into something soft and went tumbling to the ground. The world spun around her, pure terror filling up her insides. She was going to get caught! She was-

Then she saw the face. The boy standing over her.

Around her the world vanished, mountain and boulders fading away. And suddenly Ana was in a school corridor, having just rounded a corner carelessly and collided with a boy around her own age.

A sensation of déjà-vu. She'd been here before, in this exact situation.

Only this time, it was the unnamed boy smiling at Ana in apology.

He held out a hand to help her to her feet.

Oddly, he wasn't wearing his school uniform. Instead, he had on a plain white t-shirt and sweatpants. And there was more that was different about him, too. Back when he'd ran into her for real, the boy had looked plain, ordinary. Now... Well, he looked the same. But *different*. Instead of plain and ordinary, Ana stared at him – saw cuteness. He was plain, yet somehow also handsome.

Last time he'd ran into her, he'd said something.

'You're beautiful'.

The words had surprised Ana, made her blush.

When the dream version of the boy opened his mouth to speak, that's what Ana thought he'd say – tell Ana that she was beautiful again.

"You're safe," he said instead, smiling.

That was what his mouth said, at least. The air and aura surrounding the strange boy said more.

'You're safe,' it said, 'with me.'

Ana opened her mouth to speak, but before she could say anything, the world went dark and her dream ended.