

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 6

Kyle drifted a few feet away from the other Wanderers, barely listening as Tubby prattled on about his most recent projects. Neither Lucy or Lanky spoke very often during these nightly meetings. Kyle, ever since he'd claimed Ana and her family two weeks ago, had barely said a word to any of them.

Yet, every night, the four of them gathered. Same time, same place. Without fail. They'd come to the top of the city's tallest skyscraper, exchange pleasantries, listen to Tubby talk about his conquests, then all go their separate ways.

It was like some kind of Wanderer tradition.

Lucy hadn't show up at Ana's place again, hadn't even mentioned her. She'd barely spoken to Kyle at all – though she always seemed to be watching him out of the corner of her eye, a smile tugging at her lips.

Whatever the girl was thinking, Kyle had no idea. He kept an eye on her, too. But otherwise, he ignored her existence.

He had more important things to think about.

Like pretty, perfect Ana.

She'd started to notice him.

At school, he'd caught her staring at him more than once. Her beautiful blue eyes following him through corridors, gazing at him in the few classes he was lucky enough to share with her. She hadn't spoken to him, not yet. But she would soon. Kyle could feel it.

The dreams he was planting in her mind were working.

Kyle turned his attention back to the small group of Wanderers as Tubby finished sharing a story about a pair of twins he'd found and corrupted. He pushed thoughts of Ana aside for the moment – he'd be with her again soon, after all. When interacting with the other Wanderers, he needed to be alert. Focused.

"You'll have to show us your twins sometime," Lucy told Tubby, her lips curled into a sweet, innocent smile. "It's been a while since I've had some girl-on-girl incestuous fun."

Her eyes turned to Kyle, smile widening as she continued.

"Speaking of which, how are Mommy and Melons doing these days?" She tilted her head to one side, eyes unreadable. "Have you managed to break either of them yet? Gotta say, I'm looking forward to seeing the family dynamic when you're done with them."

"Not yet," Kyle shrugged. "I'm still new to all this, remember? There's a lot for me to learn before I'm as *proficient* at manipulation as any of you."

It was as good an excuse as any, and one he'd decided on beforehand.

Ana and her family would be safe, as long as Kyle convinced the other Wanderers to leave them alone. What better reason for him to spend so much time with that one family, and not wanting the other Wanderers to intervene, than because he was simply 'practising' using his powers?

It'd explain away his lack of 'progress' with them, at the very least.

"That's a shame," Lucy sighed theatrically, drifting closer to Kyle. "If you want me to show you the ropes, Ghost Boy, all you have to do is ask. I'd be more than happy to teach you a thing or two. Just like last time–"

"No," Kyle spoke quickly, interrupting the naked Wanderer girl. He forced the tension from his voice, tried to calm himself. "No, I'm good. I'd rather learn at my own pace. Last time was fun and all, but I like figuring things out for myself. Thank you for the offer, but the answer is still no."

Lucy smirked, shrugged.

"Up to you, Ghost Boy," she said. "I'm actually glad you don't want my help. I have a little family project of my own to work on."

She didn't say anything more, instead drifted up into the air and turned on the spot.

A moment later, she was gone. Gliding downwards and disappearing in the city streets below.

Ana was still awake when Kyle drifted into her attic bedroom.

That was unusual. She usually liked to sleep early, especially when she had school the next day.

He drifted over to where she sat up in bed, tapping intently at her phone's screen. Without a care in the world, Kyle twisted himself in the air, positioned himself next to Ana in the same relaxed sitting posture she was in – not so close that he'd accidentally ghost-touch any part of her body, but intimately near all the same. And, leaning in to get a better look, he read the messages on Ana's phone screen.

Ana's friends were teasing her, Kyle saw. Poking light-hearted fun at Ana for something. Something involving a boy Ana liked.

He couldn't scroll up the conversation – not without actively possessing Ana's body and doing it himself – but the more he watched and read the conversation unfold, the more Kyle found himself grinning.

The boy Ana was apparently 'interested' in, it seemed, was someone she kept having dreams about.

That could only be Kyle.

Ana had asked her friends if the same thing had ever happened to them – dreaming constantly about a boy. And they'd started having fun at her expense in the group chat.

'Ana interested in a guy? No way.'

'I thought you were gay lol.'

'Who is it? Is he...'

Ana was blushing, tapping her phone screen furiously to defend herself and end the friendly mocking. She didn't 'like like' the boy, she insisted. She told them she didn't even know his name. It was just a guy that was constantly appearing in her dreams, nothing more.

She didn't add that, in those dreams, Kyle was always saving her – ending nightmares and giving her happy, comforting fantasies instead.

Turning her running from an invisible, shapeless *something* into a dream about resting in the shade of a big tree on a hot summer day. Or making it so that she dreamed about being surrounded by her friends, not a worry in the world.

When she slept and dreamed, Kyle had almost complete control.

Every nightmare he interrupted – and Ana seemed to have a lot of *those* - ended with joy and contentedness. And, every time, Ana grew happier and happier when he appeared in her dreams. Her nightly saviour.

Tonight, though, his plans were to take it a step further.

Turn things up a notch.

He waited patiently, reading the messages between Ana and her friends as they were written. It was, he realised, the first time he'd ever seen Ana so animated when talking to them – or anyone for that matter. She rarely seemed to actually talk to people outside of school except her own family. Even on days off, she stayed at home and studied, or read books by herself.

It surprised Kyle to see just how much of a loner Ana was, given she was constantly surrounded by a gaggle of people at school.

Eventually, Ana put her phone down.

She pushed herself off the bed, walked out of her bedroom to quickly go brush her teeth and take care of 'business'. Kyle didn't follow her – creeping on her while she was in the bathroom wasn't a line he'd ever cross. Instead, he hovered silently in her bedroom, mentally going over his plan again and again.

When Ana returned to her bedroom, Kyle's eyes followed her every step.

She was wearing pyjamas. Cute, pink pjs. Thin cotton, loose and not particularly skin-tight. The cloth didn't cling Ana's body, but certain parts of it did hug her tightly – notably around her chest. Her two large breasts filling out the fabric beautifully.

No cleavage, unfortunately. But that'd change soon enough, if everything went to plan.

Kyle watched as his crush turned the lights out, climbed into bed and under the covers. He waited, unmoving, as Ana closed her eyes and slowly started to fall asleep – her beautiful face relaxing, lips parting as her breathing gradually slowed.

Then, he made his move.

This time, the girl's nightmare was set in some unknown location. Unfamiliar streets surrounded Kyle as he drifted invisibly after Ana. Suburbia, but not the one Ana lived in. The sky above was dark, the streets deserted. No lights were on in the houses around them, no sign of life anywhere – save for Ana.

She was, as always, running. Sprinting endlessly through suburbs that never seemed to end. Refusing to turn her head, look back at whatever she thought was chasing her.

Always different places, always the same situation. Ana being chased by something unseen.

Kyle had never seen what it was. And, from what he'd seen in Ana's mind, she'd never actually seen it either. Or, more accurately, she *had* seen it - she just couldn't remember what it looked like. And so Kyle hadn't been able to paint a picture of it from her memories. Likely, he guessed, it wasn't something that *could* be pictured. Whatever Ana was running from in her dreams, Kyle wagered, it was something symbolic. Her fear of failure, or dread of adult responsibility, or something along those lines.

Regardless of what 'it' was, Ana was always running. Always trying to escape.

He flew out in front of her unseen, invisible until he willed for Ana to see him. And he waited; allowed the nightmare to continue, and for Ana's panic to grow. He could see the terror in her eyes as she ran, feel the fear radiating from her like the heat of an open flame.

She was in pyjamas, he noticed – eyes roaming her body. The same ones her physical body was wearing. Odd, that. She'd always be wearing one of two things in her nightmares; either she'd be in the clothes she had on when she fell asleep, or she'd be clad in her school uniform. Never anything else.

And always, the clothes would be torn.

There were scrapes on Ana's knees and elbows, the thin fabric of her pyjamas ripped in several places. More buttons were undone on the pink pyjama top than had been in real life; beautiful, sweaty cleavage showing instead of Ana's usual chaste modesty.

And they *bounced* as she ran.

Heavy. Kyle could see how heavy those breasts were from the bouncing and jiggling, the heaving of Ana's ragged breathing.

It was hypnotic. Titillating. *Tempting*.

All it'd take was a moment's worth of willpower. A heart-beat of desire. He could change the nightmare in any way he wished.

He could make Ana's pyjama top tear off – expose the goodies underneath.

He could do more than that. He could do *anything*.

Here, in Ana's dreams, Kyle's will was absolute. Here, he was God.

Somehow, he held himself back.

The plan. Kyle had a plan. A *good* plan.

If he stuck with it, kept on doing what he was doing, he wouldn't *need* to forcibly strip Ana in her dreams. If he kept with what he was already doing, continued with his plan, it'd be the *real* Ana he'd get to have. And *she'd* be the one who'd want to show *him* her body.

He pushed down the desire to mentally tear off Ana's clothes, all the dark impulses telling him to have his way with her – it was just a dream, after all, not real. He forced all of it aside.

Instead, he focused. Directed his will in the way he'd planned.

The streets around he and Ana disappeared. Faded out of existence. And, in their place, was a sunny beach.

Kyle didn't need to picture much – Ana's mind filled in all the blank details. He thought about a lovely, tropical beach and the beach appeared. He willed there to be a tree and some shade for Ana to relax in, and the tree materialised out of nowhere. He didn't even need to focus and remove whatever was chasing Ana; the moment he started changing things in her dreams, the thing chasing her vanished by itself.

He floated down to the confused, surprised Ana – stood behind her and made himself visible.

"Are you okay?" He asked her, more to let her know he was there than because he wanted her to answer – he could feel all of her emotions already, knew everything she was feeling.

Ana jumped, squealed. She spun to face Kyle, visibly relaxed when she saw his face.

She breathed out a long sigh, slumped.

Kyle waited, gave Ana time to adjust to the sudden change in her surroundings. There was no rush. Not tonight.

Finally, Ana looked up at Kyle's face. Her back straightened, eyes filling with curiosity.

"Who are you?" She asked, voice soft and sweet.

Kyle considered. He couldn't tell her his name, couldn't give her any information she didn't already know about him. He was meant to be a figment of her imagination, a character in her dream based on a boy she'd bumped into once. Not an actual, real person invading her thoughts.

"Your protector," Kyle answered with a smile.

It was true enough. He was protecting Ana. From Lucy, from the Wanderers, from her own nightmares.

Ana stared at him for a long moment, eyes intense.

Beautiful eyes, cool blue and full of intelligence.

Why did she have to be so pretty?

When he'd ran into the corridor what seemed like a lifetime ago, he'd been barely able to speak to her. Kyle had been so nervous and shy he'd literally ran away from her. Interacting with Ana in her dreams was different somehow, he was less nervous – more in control. Yet, even with his god-like powers in this place, he still couldn't push down his nerves entirely.

Ana was, undoubtedly, the most beautiful girl alive.

Blonde hair flowed down her shoulders, golden waves that shone in the dreamy sunlight. Despite her panicked running just a few moments before, her hair was immaculate. The sweat was gone from her face, though she was still panting softly. Her cheeks were rosy, flushed. Save for two signs, there was nothing to indicate Ana had just been running for her life. Slight panting and a little blush.

Without thinking, Kyle's eyes flickered down to Ana's chest.

Still torn open, cleavage still exposed. Two heavy breasts straining under the pink pyjama top.

All he had to do was reach out, touch them...

He was all-powerful here. He could do whatever he wanted. No one could stop him, not even Ana. If he wanted to, he could make her forget all about this dream after it was done. She'd never know. Just like when he'd possessed her, done those things with her

mother's body. Ana would never know-

No.

He forced his eyes back up to Ana's face, heart pounding rapidly in his chest.

The plan. He had to stick with the plan.

"Why don't you ever go out?" He found himself asking instead.

That wasn't part of the plan.

He was meant to be making Ana comfortable, slowly easing her emotions and making her feel happy and content. His plan. Having her sunbathe on the beach, wearing nothing but a bikini. Making her feel attracted to him, stoking her arousal and curiosity. Kissing her. *None* of that involved asking her why she was always at home studying.

"I," Ana paused, taken aback by the question. Kyle didn't blame her, the question had been a surprise to him as well. "I'm too busy. I have to..."

She didn't finish the thought. She didn't need to.

Kyle could sense her emotions, feel everything that she felt.

It was Ana's parents. Mostly her father. They wanted her to succeed in life, to excel. They were the reason Ana couldn't have a social life outside school, they were why she spent almost every moment of her free time studying.

Ana passed every school exam with flying colours.

And that just made her parents push her even harder – expecting her to get perfect scores in every future test.

"Your father," Kyle said.

Ana's father was the one who pushed her the hardest.

"He just wants what's best for me," she said immediately. Defensively. The words echoed inside Ana's mind, loud and clear.

Her father told her that a lot. That he just wanted what was best for her. That's why she couldn't go out with friends, that's why she couldn't be interested in boys. He restricted her, kept his perfect princess under his watchful eye. He was the one who was stopping Ana from living her life – following her dreams.

Likely, it was him who Ana was running from in her dreams.

If Kyle wanted to date Ana, he'd have to deal with her father first. The man he'd only caught glimpses of while spending time around Ana's home.

It shouldn't be too much of a problem, though. Kyle had, after all, basically already cucked the guy by sucking the milk from his pregnant wife's tits. Warping the man's mind so that he was fine with Ana dating Kyle wouldn't be too hard – especially since Kyle wouldn't have to be as gentle and careful as he was being with Ana.

Kyle focused on the beautiful girl in front of him.

"It's okay," he smiled. The sun overhead brightened. "He's not here now, is he? It's just us here."

Again, he tweaked the dream – made himself more handsome in Ana's eyes. Pushed emotions onto her; contented happiness, relaxed joy, quiet attraction. Little pokes and prods at the girl's mind, making himself more appealing to her.

Kyle left Ana to her pleasant dreams.

A grin on his face, he floated through Ana's home in search of the master bedroom. If Ana's father was going to be an issue, he might as well get started on it now. With all the progress he was making on Ana, it was only a matter of time before they were officially dating in real life.

He flew into the large master bedroom, hovered over the king-sized bed where Ana's parents were sleeping. Pregnant mother on one side of the bed, father on the other. No cuddling for these two – their bodies were separated by several inches, both facing away from the other as they slept.

Not wasting any time, Kyle swept his hand through the father's sleeping body –

pulled out the man's ghostly form.

He sunk his hand into the ethereal figure, closed his eyes and opened himself up to the man's dreams.

And almost instantly recoiled.

Kyle flew up and away from the bed, eyes wide. He glanced between the physical body of the man, and the ghostly form. Both had their eyes closed, both sleeping serenely. Kyle did nothing but stare at the two versions of Ana's father for a long while, too stunned to do anything more.

The man had been dreaming of his daughter.

In a very *unfatherly* way.