

## Ghost Boy

### Chapter 7

A father dreaming of fucking his daughter wasn't that strange, really.

Kyle had woken up from wet dreams involving his own mother on more than one occasion, ashamed though he was to admit it – even to himself. Sex was a pretty common desire for humans. And a person's junk didn't care about family relations. What a man found attractive or not, he had no control over.

The dream Ana's father had been having, by itself, wasn't anything Kyle would've normally worried about. A conservative family like Ana's? No way was the father going to make a move on his daughter.

No, what worried Kyle was *why* the man had been dreaming about his daughter. A burning question that'd been haunting Kyle ever since he'd stumbled into the fantasy of Ana being bound to her bed while her father mounted her.

Had the dream been a natural occurrence with no outside input, or had it been influenced by a Wanderer's meddling?

Was Lucy responsible?

What'd the girl said? Something about having a family project of her own she was working on?

What if *this* was it? What if the bitch was manipulating and morphing Ana's family, tainting them with depravity? Was it possible that, while Kyle had been massaging Ana's mind – making her see and notice him through her dreams – slowly winning her over, that Lucy had been twisting the rest of Ana's family without Kyle ever knowing?

A memory sparked in Kyle's mind. A married woman – a loyal, faithful, loving wife – dropping to her knees to suck her boss off.

The other Wanderers – Tubby in particular – spoke about how they manipulated people into sexual situations constantly. Fucking priests or relatives or total strangers. They made it sound easy. Like it was some kind of twisted hobby.

Kyle had not a doubt in his mind that any of the other Wanderers would be willing – and able – to make Ana and her father fuck each other.

And, if what Lanky had told him about Teach was true, Lucy would have no problem what-so-ever messing with another Wanderer.

If Lucy was trying to make Ana's father fuck his daughter, what could Kyle even do to stop it?

He could, Kyle supposed, try to undo whatever changes Lucy might've made. Make it so that Ana's father stopped finding his daughter attractive, have him be ashamed of himself for ever seeing her that way in the first place. But, even if he did that, Lucy could just warp the man's mind back again.

Wanderer powers were new to Kyle, though. There was still so much he didn't know. How could he possibly hope to win against – or even match – someone like Lucy?

If it came down to who was better at manipulating minds, Kyle was certain he knew who'd lose.

Still, he might just be over-reacting.

Maybe the man's dream hadn't been influenced by Lucy. Maybe he just so happened to realise he had a beautiful daughter with a sexy body. Maybe the dreams weren't the product of a Wanderer's entertainment, but simply a man noticing he had the hottest girl in the world living under the same roof as him.

Too many maybes. Too much uncertainty.

Kyle had to *know*.

If Lucy *was* fucking with Ana's family, if the naked bitch *was* messing with Kyle's plans to win Ana's heart, he had to *know*.

And, if it turned out that Lucy was causing problems, then Kyle would have to stop

her.

Somehow.

"Excuse me," a gentle, feminine voice spoke behind Kyle.

He knew the voice. He'd heard it often enough that he should've known instantly who was speaking to him. But Kyle's brain worked slowly and sluggishly, only registering who was speaking to him after he'd turned around to face the girl.

"Hi," Ana smiled, a faint blush in her cheeks.

Time, in that moment, froze. A heartbeat of shock and panic ran through Kyle's body, a burst of heat in his chest.

Ana was talking to him. The *real* him, not the dream version.

They were at school. In the cafeteria. It was lunch. He was waiting in line to get food, a dozen people in front of him and a dozen more behind. All around the cafeteria, people were chatting and eating and enjoying the free time between lessons. One large group, all girls, stood close by – watching Kyle and gossiping amongst themselves.

Ana's friends.

"Hey," Kyle said, mind blanking.

Even to himself, his voice sounded quiet. Drowned out almost completely by the sea of murmuring voices, the loud cacophony of clattering knives and forks and plates.

He hadn't planned for this. He'd known it'd happen eventually, that Ana would approach him. But he'd never actually rehearsed what he'd say when it did happen.

"Can yo-" Ana began, paused. "Do you mind if we talk for a minute?"

Kyle blinked at her, mind still not functioning properly.

"I-" he tried to speak, but no words came out.

Ana blushed a little brighter, eyes moving from Kyle to the person in front of him, then the person behind him. Like she'd just realised he was in line waiting for food.

"After you get your food," Ana added quickly. "Can we talk? Please?"

The last word was almost inaudible over the cafeteria noises.

Why did everyone insist on speaking so loudly at their tables? They were all practically shouting at each other, trying to be as loud as possible so their friends could hear them over everyone else's shouting. Didn't they realise they were just making it all worse by raising their voices too?

"No," Kyle said, eyes widening as he spoke the word. "No! I mean yes!" He stepped out of his place in the queue, let the person behind him move forward and take his spot. "I can eat later. What do you want to talk about?"

Ana glanced around again, frowned.

She took a step back, grimace quickly smothered by a kind smile.

"It's a little loud here," Ana said, words punctuated by a loud clattering crash – someone dropping their food tray a few feet away. "Do you mind if we go somewhere a little more quiet?"

Kyle, brain finally beginning to work again, shook his head, smiled.

"Lead the way."

"Do you recognise me?" Ana asked, stunningly beautiful eyes intent on Kyle.

They were in a small corridor, empty save for the two of them.

"You're Ana," Kyle answered, mind focused. Last time he'd interacted with Ana in the real, physical world, he'd made a fool of himself. This time would be different. "Right?"

The girl pursed her lips.

"Do you ever have weird dreams?" She asked after a moment. "Dreams that are super realistic?"

"I... I guess," Kyle said, thinking fast.

"Am I-" Ana paused. "Is there ever anyone else in your dreams with you? People

that you've seen before, but that you don't necessarily know?"

"I don't know," Kyle answered awkwardly. He shifted from foot to foot, didn't trust himself to look directly at the beautiful girl in front of him. What if she saw the lie in his eyes? "I don't remember my dreams very much. Why do you ask?"

Ana stared at him silently for a long moment. Seconds ticked by as the girl tried to read his face.

Finally, she sighed.

"Nothing," she said, taking a step back. "It doesn't matter. I'm sorry for wasting your time."

Then she turned around, began walking away.

Kyle's heart thudded.

He'd missed it. Somehow, he'd missed his chance to get closer to Ana. She'd come to him, introduced herself and taken him somewhere private. She'd initiated the conversation. How long had he been dreaming of this exact situation? Of having a private conversation with Ana, with no-one else around to interfere? How many times had he imaged wooing her? Peeking her curiosity? Leaving a good impression? And now, when the perfect opportunity had presented itself, he'd squandered it.

Kyle watched as Ana slowly walked away from him, panic rising in his chest. This was his chance! He couldn't give it up so easily. Couldn't let Ana walk away and forget him.

"That thing," he said a little too loudly, voice echoing down the corridor, "the one you're always running from. What is it?"

Ana froze mid-step.

Slowly, so impossibly slowly, she turned to look at Kyle, her eyes wide.

She'd come to him looking for answers. Why was this strange boy she'd never met in her dreams? Why was he protecting her? What was going on?

Kyle hadn't wanted to let on that he knew. He'd tried to play dumb, hoping that Ana would want to investigate further – learn more about him and, in the process, fall in love. But then she'd tried walking away, leaving him behind. All she'd wanted from Kyle was answers. If she believed he didn't have any for her, why would she bother wasting her time with him?

So be it, Kyle decided.

If Ana wanted answers, he'd give them to her. Not the real answers, none that'd give away what he was capable of. He wouldn't give her the truth. She didn't need *that*.

But he would give her the *right* answers.

"What did you say?" Ana said, staring hard at Kyle's face.

"The thing in your dreams," he replied. "Whatever it is that you're always running away from. Do you know what it is?"

He knew the answer to the question. He'd read it directly from her mind during the dreams. Ana had no idea what was chasing her. Kyle probably had a better guess as to what the thing was than Ana herself did. Still, he had to stop her from walking away somehow.

"How do you-" Ana began to say. She stopped herself, however.

Their eyes locked, Kyle and Ana staring at each other wordlessly. He could see the thoughts racing behind her irises. See the doubts and uncertainties. In her mind, it wasn't possible for Kyle to know about her dreams. The version of him she saw when she slept, the image that rescued her from her invisible pursuer, was just a figment of her imagination. Or so she'd believed.

"I don't know," Kyle lied with a shrug. "When I sleep, I dream of you. You're always running away from something. I never see what. I thought it was all just my imagination..."

Ana stared at Kyle for a moment longer. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She blinked, shook her head.

"This isn't real," she told herself, eyes on the floor. "It can't be..."

Without saying another word, she turned on her heels and walked away.

Kyle watched with curiosity as Ana twisted and turned in bed, shifting from laying on her right side to her left side, then back to the right – over and over again. She had her eyes shut tightly, face warped into a cute little frown.

“Trouble sleeping?” he asked, smiling.

No answer came.

She couldn't hear him. Not while he was floating above her in ghost form, at least. But earlier at school? She'd heard him then. For the first time, Ana had heard him speak. That other time, when he'd accidentally bumped into her, *that* didn't count.

Ana knew who he was. She'd *noticed* him.

More than that, she'd gone out of her way to speak to him. Actually taken him aside to talk to him.

Sure, she'd rushed off. But that was fine. She'd been overwhelmed, that was all. But she *had* spoken to him.

It was a start.

He watched and waited, unable to wipe the happy smirk from his ghostly face. As soon as Ana fell asleep...

Well, that's when things would get interesting.

She knew now. Not everything, not even a tiny fraction of the reality of her situation. But Ana was aware of one important truth. The Kyle in her dreams and the real boy she'd talked to at school were one in the same.

When the pretty girl finally managed to fall asleep, Kyle made his move.

It was the school corridors Ana was running through this time. Kyle hovered close to her, invisible, as her panic grew. Ending the nightmare too soon, before Ana reached peak terror, would've been a waste. He wanted Ana to be thankful, for her to appreciate his saving her. The more fear she felt, the greater her gratitude would be when he put an end to it.

Ana was in her school uniform, torn and ripped as it was. Buttons were undone, sweat coating her cleavage. Her school skirt was torn on one side, showing off a nice slice of Ana's pale, toned leg right up to her waist. Her hair was a mess, though Kyle found it difficult to focus on anything above the girl's neckline and those huge, bouncing breasts.

Finally, with Ana breathing raggedly, eyes wide and horrified, Kyle put an end to the nightmare.

The school corridors vanished. Replaced with open air and green bushes. They were in some kind of park, paths and benches dotted around – though there were no other people in sight. Just Ana and Kyle. Whatever shadow had been chasing Ana was gone, faded away along with the school corridors.

“Hello again,” Kyle said from behind Ana, making himself visible.

She turned to look at him, eyes still wide.

He could sense her panic – still frightened of whatever thing had been chasing her. He could feel her racing heart. And he could feel her momentary confusion, the disorientation of being in a completely different place without warning.

Quickly, though, Ana righted herself.

“You're not real,” Ana stated firmly, eyes bearing into Kyle's. “This *can't* be real. It's not possible.”

“I don't know what *this* is,” Kyle lied. “All I know is I've been having this dream over and over again the last few weeks. You're always running away from something, and I pull you away from it and take you somewhere safe.” He glanced around at the empty, sunny, pleasant park they were in. “Somewhere like here.”

Ana looked around, eyes roaming the surroundings. Kyle felt her relax, felt the fear

and panic begin to slip away.

"Until today, I thought it was just me having weird dreams," Kyle continued. "But then you came up to me at school, started asking me all those questions..."

Ana returned her gaze to Kyle.

"This is real, isn't it?" Kyle asked her, tried to feign uncertainty. "You *are* the real Ana. This isn't just some weird dream I've been having."

"It *can't* be," Ana stated.

The tone in her voice made her sound certain, convinced. But Kyle could feel the girl's emotions – knew she was anything but.

"People can't share dreams," Ana said firmly. "It's impossible. Dreams are just the brain's way of sorting through information, they don't mean anything – they're just a random mess of garbled thoughts and feelings with pictures thrown in. People can't share dreams. It's not possible. They just *can't*."

"And yet here we are," Kyle shrugged.

As much as Ana was trying to sound confident, Kyle could sense her doubts. Much as she wanted to believe that her mind was just playing tricks on her, that Kyle wasn't *actually* there, she couldn't. She didn't believe in the supernatural, yet here she was being confronted with it.

Kyle gave her a little tug. Shifted her emotions slightly. He gave no indication of what he was doing, no hint at all that he was altering Ana's feelings. Ever so slightly, he soothed her uncertainty, nudged her mind in the direction of acceptance.

"Are you alright?" Kyle asked her. "If you want, I can go..."

He stoked her fears. Her dread of the thing that chased her.

"No!" Ana said quickly, a moment of panic seizing her. "No, please stay."

The moment the words were out of her mouth, Kyle pushed down the panic and dread once more. Smothered them completely. Ana visibly relaxed. For a single second, the dream around them blurred slightly. Ana didn't seem to notice it.

Kyle smiled reassuringly at her. Stoked her gratitude as he spoke.

"I'll stay," he told her. "As long as you want."

"Thank you," the girl whispered softly.

In the silence that followed, Kyle allowed his eyes to roam Ana's body. Fully take in her sexy appearance.

White blouse, scuffed and torn in several places. His eyes were drawn to the opening at the front, the several buttons undone and the outline of the bra underneath. Her chest was huge. Tits bigger than any Kyle had ever seen. What he wouldn't give to get a look at them without the bra and blouse on. And her skirt. If the tear in it hadn't been on the side, if it'd been anywhere near the front, Kyle would've gotten a perfect view of Ana's panties.

Was the slutty appearance intentional on Ana's part? Kyle hadn't shaped the dream that way, hadn't made her school clothes tear in that way. On some level, was Ana's brain *trying* to make her look sexy?

"Who are you anyway?" Ana said, drawing Kyle's attention back to the girl's blushing face. "I've seen you around school, but I don't know anything about you. I don't even know your name."

Kyle felt Ana's memories stir, knew she was recalling the time he'd bumped into her – called her beautiful.

"I'm no-one special, really," Kyle shrugged, pushing down his own embarrassment. "My name is Kyle."

"Well Kyle," Ana said, smiling a bright, happy smile. "It's nice to meet you. I'm Ana, but you already knew that, did you? Since we appear to be sharing the same dreams, as odd as *that* is, we might as well get to know each other."

She walked over to one of the park benches, waved Kyle over with an eager smile.

Kyle could feel it in the air, Ana's genuine enthusiasm – her easy-going, gentle happiness. He could almost read her soul in that moment, taste the essence of who Ana truly was. 'Why worry when you can be happy?' her emotions seemed to say. 'Life is too short for frowns. Smile! Be happy!'

A smile cracked Kyle's lips, Ana's infectious, unrestrained joy flooding into him.

"Come on, sit down," the girl told him. "Lets get to know each other, dream-buddy."