

Ghost Boy

Chapter 9

It wasn't a choice. It was an ultimatum.

Either Kyle did what Lucy wanted him to, or she'd effectively end Ana's life. Without her ghost – her mind – inside her body, Ana would be nothing more than a comatose vegetable - one that would never wake up.

If Kyle didn't do what the naked bitch wanted, he'd be signing Ana's death warrant.

What was it Lucy had said? That he'd have a *fun* and *interesting* day? Kyle suppressed a shudder. Whatever the bitch was planning, he had no choice but to go along with it. For now. For Ana's sake.

"Fine," he growled. "I'll do it."

Lucy clapped her hands in delight. "That was quick!" The naked girl said happily. "Admit it! You've been itching to possess Busty's body again for ages, haven't you? No need to be so shy about it..."

The glare Kyle shot her did nothing to dampen Lucy's glee.

As he turned away from her, drifted over to Ana's vacant body, Lucy spoke behind him.

"Twenty-four hours, beginning now," she said in a sing-song voice. "If you leave the body before then, deal's off!"

Kyle braced himself, closed his eyes as he drifted into Ana's body.

When he opened them again, he was laying in bed. Not his bed, but Ana's.

He could feel the blankets, smell the soft, girly scents of her bedroom. He could taste the strawberry lip-balm on her lips and hear the steady beating of the heart inside her chest.

Her chest. Which felt a lot heavier than his own.

Slowly, he sat up in bed.

The room was dark, though lit enough by the LEDs of random electronics that Kyle wasn't completely blind. He could make out the shapes of Ana's room – her desk and wardrobes and dressers and shelves. More than that, though, when he looked down he saw the large curves of Ana's chest. Luckily for him, she'd gone to bed in a buttoned-up pyjama shirt.

It was odd, almost disorienting, to look down and see a body that wasn't his. A girl's body with big, round boobs. Ana's breasts.

Some small part of him wanted to reach up and grope them. A perverted, hungry part. A part he resisted.

The last thing he wanted was for Lucy to watch him fondle himself in a girl's body. It'd only encourage the bitch even more, make her want to push the boundaries that much further. More than that, though, he didn't want to abuse or take advantage of Ana's body in any way.

I'm doing this to protect her, he told himself. *That's the only reason.*

What about when he had to use the toilet?

Or when he had to change Ana out of her pyjamas and put on her school clothes in the morning?

He shook his head, tried not to think about it. He'd deal with *those* problems when they came up. Right now, the best thing he could do was sleep. Close his eyes and pretend he wasn't inside the body of the hottest girl around. Get some shut-eye and sleep a few hours away. Start burning down that invisible, twenty-four hour timer.

Kyle forced himself to inhale a long, deep, calming breath. Then lowered his head back down onto Ana's pillow.

He closed his eyes. Tried – and failed – to fall asleep.

He – or Ana's body, at least – was tired. Kyle could feel it. The aching back and weary muscles, the slow-thinking stupor that being tired could cause. He *felt* tired, sleepy. But, no matter how much he tried, he couldn't get Ana's body to fall asleep.

Thoughts filled his mind as he lay there, tossing and turning and shifting under the blankets.

Where was Ana's ghost?

Why was Lucy doing this?

What would happen to Kyle's body?

That last question caused him to stir even more than he already was. Likely, his mother would try waking him up in the morning for school. Only his body wouldn't move, wouldn't react. Just lay there, hollow and empty. Dead to the world.

Kyle imagined his mother's face – her worry.

She'd probably rush him to a hospital, have the doctors run tests to see what was wrong. They'd think he was in a coma or something, brain-dead. The thought of his mother's panic and anguish, her tear-filled eyes, haunted Kyle whenever he shut his eyes.

In the end, he sat up in bed, eyes open in the darkness.

Was Lucy still in the room? Was she watching him?

When this was all over – when he'd gotten Ana's ghost back from Lucy and returned it to her body – Kyle would put a stop to things with Lucy. Somehow, some way, he'd end her games and her interfering, make sure she stayed far away from Kyle and Ana and Ana's family. Somehow.

Creaking floorboards snapped Kyle out of his thoughts.

The sound of footsteps climbing the staircase to Ana's attic bedroom. The light outside the bedroom switched on. And, a few moments later, the bedroom door creaked open – the silhouette of a pregnant woman stood in the doorway.

"Still awake, Ghost Boy?" A woman's voice said, sounding amused. "I'm not interrupting anything, am I? No need to be shy, it's totally natural for young girls to explore their bodies."

"What-" Kyle tried to say, but the word felt strange in his throat. Too gruff and rough for Ana's soft voice. "What," he repeated, forcing the pitch of his voice higher this time, "do you want?"

"Now, now," the woman's voice said, "is that any way to speak to your mother? You'd better show me some manners, young girl. Or else I'll have to go get your *father* to punish you."

The pregnant woman stepped forward into Ana's bedroom, closed the door behind herself. She padded the wall with her hand, searching for the light switch. After a few failed attempts, she found it and flicked it on.

The darkness disappeared from Kyle's vision in a glaring burst of light. Momentarily blinded, Kyle blinked back tears. He shut his eyes tight, took a few seconds to adjust himself to the sudden light before opening them again.

When he did, his aching eyes fell on Ana's mother and his mouth dropped open.

She was naked. Head to toes, butt-fuck naked.

Her skin was pale white, save for the part of her body with pinkish stretch marks – her round, pregnant belly and her two colossally huge tits. Deep blue veins were visible under the pale skin of the woman's breasts, webs of colour surrounding puffy, swollen nipples.

Kyle felt like he was staring at what Ana would look like in twenty years or so. Full-grown, mature, pregnant with his child. Only this wasn't Ana. It wasn't even Ana's mother; her body, sure. But not her mind.

It was Lucy.

And the last time Lucy had possessed Ana's mother...

"You know the deal, Ghost Boy," Lucy said, sitting herself down on the foot of Ana's

bed. She patted a portion of the bed beside herself. "Suck Mommy's titties dry. God knows this bitch could do with the relief."

"The *deal* was that I spend a day in Ana's body," Kyle said, not moving an inch. Hearing his words spoken in such a feminine voice was jarring.

Lucy glanced over her shoulder at him, a sly smile on her lips.

"Up to you," she said with a shrug, struggling to get to her feet thanks to the pregnant belly. "I'll just go put Mommy back where I found her and get Daddy instead. Then I won't have to ask you to suck, I can just *make* you do it."

An image flashed behind Kyle's eyes – being pinned down to the bed as Ana, her father mounting him.

He shuddered.

Lucy took a waddling step towards Ana's bedroom door, then another.

"Fine," Kyle said, resolve vanishing. "I'll do it."

Lucy turned back to face the bed, a smirk marring the otherwise beautiful face of Ana's mother.

"Good girl."

The pregnant woman's body leaned over him as he lay in bed, a nipple between his lips and the rest of the breast pressed into his face. Milk flowed into his mouth as he suckled, deliciously sweet on his tongue. He'd been at it for a long time. Kyle didn't know how long exactly, he hadn't exactly been watch the clock. But the fact he felt so *full* told him he'd been drinking milk for too long.

Not that he could stop. Lucy wouldn't allow that.

"You have no idea how good this feels," the older woman's voice moaned contentedly. "Imagine cumming from your nipples. Not as intense as downstairs, but *constant*. Like fizzling instead of a big explosion. So pleasant. And every little bit takes away the strain and pressure. I could get used to this."

Kyle tried to ignore her, tried not to listen to what Lucy was saying. He tried to pretend he wasn't milking a grown woman's nipple with his mouth. But the never-ending flow of sweet, warm milk was impossible to dismiss.

He was milking Ana's mother with his mouth. A woman that was almost as beautiful as her daughter.

And Kyle was *milking* her.

He'd been at it for so long his mouth felt sore. And still he continued, sucking and sucking. The milk continued flowed endlessly. And, when one breast was empty, Lucy switched over to the other wordlessly, gasping and moaning softly when Kyle got to work on the new nipple.

"I think," Lucy said after what felt like hours had passed, "that's it."

The flow of milk had become a trickle and, finally, had almost stopped entirely. Lucy pulled away from where Kyle lay on Ana's bed, smiled down at him. For a moment, he forgot how much he despised the girl – all he could see was a beautiful, smiling woman.

"And," Lucy smirked, reached up and squeezed one of her breasts – the first one Kyle had suckled on, "for your reward..."

After a few moments of coaxing, a jet of white shot out of the woman's nipple. A single spurt of milk that caught an unprepared Kyle right on his face. Ana's face.

He felt it splatter onto her cheek and chin, warm and wet. Just a few little droplets.

"Keep it there," Lucy told him. "Don't wash it off until morning. It will have dried by then anyway."

Lucy turned, began waddling towards Ana's bedroom door.

For a scant few seconds, he thought she was done. That she was going to leave him alone for now, go back to doing whatever it was she did when she wasn't messing with Kyle. Lucy couldn't possibly stalk him all day, a full twenty-four hours, could she? She

couldn't harass him for *that* long, surely.

Then, hand reaching out to grasp the door handle, Lucy froze.

When she turned around, there was a familiar, wicked smirk on her face, a gleam in her eye.

"Actually," she said, pulling her hand back. She turned around, leaned against the door-frame facing Kyle. "I should *help* you, shouldn't I? It's gonna be difficult to fall asleep in a body that isn't yours, right? One that you're not used to being in. I know *just* the thing to help you get to sleep."

Lucy's eyes roamed up and down Kyle's – Ana's – pyjama-clad body. Something in that gaze, the gleeful darkness, the chilling lack of empathy or caring, sent cold shivers running down Kyle's spine.

"Touch yourself," Lucy commanded in the voice of Ana's mother, trademark smirk lining the older woman's lips. "An orgasm or two will knock you out good."

Kyle had no choice. He had to obey. If he didn't... Ana...

One button after another came undone. The pyjama top growing looser and freer with each one. Kyle tried to avoid brushing his fingers against the skin of Ana's breasts as he undid buttons. It felt like an invasion, a betrayal of Ana in a way that even slipping into her dreams did not.

"Jesus," Lucy laughed, voice ringing out in the otherwise quiet room. "Those tits are *huge*. At least Mommy has the excuse of being knocked up. I mean, *come on*."

Kyle closed his eyes, shut them tight as the last of the buttons was undone. He moved his shoulders, felt the smooth, soft fabric slip off his body. Ana had gone to bed without a bra on. Right now, her body was topless, breasts exposed.

He wouldn't look. Refused to look.

Slowly, he moved his hands. Warm fingertips met smooth, round skin. Soft, cushiony breasts. Heavy with size, he could feel their weight around his fingers as he gently squeezed them.

What he was doing felt wrong. Yet, if he didn't do it, Lucy would do worse.

He groped Ana's chest, slow and cautious and mild.

And, as he did, he felt her body begin to warm. A gentle heat in her chest that spread steadily throughout her. He felt the cool air of her bedroom more acutely, felt Ana's nipples harden in response. Between her legs, the area of her body he'd been doing his best not to think about, a tiny tingling sensation began to sprout – a hint of wet moisture.

When one of his fingers brushed against a nipple, it was like Kyle had been zapped with electricity. Sparks flashed behind his closed eyelids, a jolt shot down his spine. His back twitched and a soft, too-feminine gasp escaped his lips.

Across the room, Lucy let out an amused laugh.

"Sensitive nipples, eh? That'll be good to know."

Kyle ignored her. His hands moved, guided by the body's instincts more than Kyle's will. Fingertips trailed around the edges of Ana's areola, sending tingling shivers through the body. Heat flooded it now, breathing ragged and erotic. When fingers moved to touch the nipples directly, another jolt of electricity ran through the body. Not painful, not at all – just pure, hot pleasure.

"Stop," Lucy commanded firmly.

Kyle almost didn't hear her over his – Ana's – rushing heartbeat. He felt dazed, like his mind wasn't all there. Hot and bothered and excited. He was panting, he realised. His eyes opened, locked on to the smirking, pregnant woman leaning against the bedroom door-frame.

"That's all for now," Lucy said gleefully. "I've got other things to do tonight. Preparations to make. We'll continue this later. Be sure and sleep now, or Mommy will be very upset with you."

She wagged her finger at Kyle, a mock-expression of sternness on her face.

"It's gonna be a busy day for you, Ghost Boy. You'll need the rest."

She pushed herself away from the door-frame, slid open the door and stepped through. Before closing it, she turned back to smirk at Kyle one last time.

"Oh, and no touching yourself without me there to watch."

And then she was gone. The door closed. And Kyle was alone in Ana's room. In her body.

When he woke up the next morning to the sound of an unfamiliar alarm clock, it took Kyle a few moments to realise where he was. Who he was. It all came back to him in a rush, what he'd done – what Lucy had *made* him do.

He felt his face – Ana's face – turn bright red and warm.

That alone was enough to wake him up fully. He was still tired and exhausted, worn out after not being able to sleep half the night. But he *was* awake.

And, for the entire day, he'd have to live Ana's life for her.

Breakfast. School. *Everything*.

He'd spent countless hours around Ana in ghost-mode, even spoken to her numerous times in her dreams, yet he had no idea how to actually *be* her.

Why was Lucy making him do this?

Determined not to let that naked little bitch win whatever game she was playing, Kyle pushed himself out of bed – completely forgetting the fact that Ana's body was topless under the blankets.

He felt the tugging on his chest, Ana's breasts swaying and jiggling. Unthinking, his eyes were drawn downwards and, for the first time, he caught a glimpse of Ana's naked tits.

Round and big and beautiful, small pink nipples. And a freckle right between-

He shut his eyes tight, turned his head away in embarrassment.

No! No, he wouldn't use Ana like that. Wouldn't creep on her that way. He *refused*. He'd only done what he did last night because Lucy *made* him do it.

Slowly, carefully, he walked forward in the vague direction of Ana's wardrobe. Eyes closed all the while, he searched drawers with his hands, grasping at clothes and underwear. When he held what he knew must be a bra, he carefully and painstakingly put it on.

He'd never so much as touched a bra before, let alone tried to put one on himself, *let alone* put one on himself with his eyes closed.

Still, after a few failed attempts, he managed it.

It felt tight on his body, restricting and suffocating.

From there, he allowed himself to put Ana's school uniform on with his eyes open – albeit it, resisting the urge to look down at her chest and the cute, pink bra he'd somehow put on it.

First challenge of the day complete, he was faced immediately with an even greater one.

He needed to pee.

Luckily, he knew the layout of Ana's home well enough to find a bathroom quickly. And, while he wasn't exactly used to sitting down to pee, or not having a penis to pee out of, he managed it easily enough.

When he stood, flushed the toilet and saw his reflection in the mirror, Kyle froze.

He saw Ana's reflection, of course. But not any Ana he'd ever seen before. Blonde hair messy, baggy eyes, overall raggedy and unkempt. Until that moment, he'd only ever seen Ana looking perfect, flawless, beautiful. Somehow, the reflection he saw staring back at him seemed more human. More flawed.

Yet, even ungroomed as the reflection was, Ana looked pretty and cute and

stunningly beautiful.

Luckily for Kyle, he quickly discovered that Ana's mother drove her to school every morning. He wouldn't have to worry about bus routes or walking or anything like that. Though, it was odd seeing Ana's mother as her natural self, not being possessed by Lucy. The woman's smiles were authentic and genuine, kind and caring. She made a few comments about her daughter's appearance, mentioned how lovely and relaxed she felt this morning, gossiped about people whose names were completely alien to Kyle.

Wherever possible, He avoided speaking or talking in any way, nodding or shaking his head to communicate where he could. When Ana's mother dropped him off at school, he murmured a 'thank you' and watched as the car drove away.

Then, head held high, confidence forced, he walked into school.

He could do this. All he had to do was keep his head low, not talk much, stay as invisible as possible, and everything would be fine. One day at school as Ana. How hard could it be?

Kyle walked through the corridors, searching for one of Ana's friends. He had no idea what Ana's first lesson was, but probably Ana's friends would. He'd just pretend he'd forgotten and ask one of them. It wouldn't be too difficult. He could totally do this. No probl-

A familiar face caught Kyle attention, caused his eyes to widen and his chest to tighten.

Not the face of one of Ana's friends.

The face he'd spotted, the one staring right back at him with an all-too familiar smirk, was Kyle's. His face. His body.

The smirk widened, eyes gleaming with wicked amusement.