

Ghost Boy

The New Girl

Kyle drifted into the bedroom, ethereal eyes roaming every nook and cranny. Posters lined the walls, bands that the girl listened to and characters from video games and anime. On one wall, a small shelf held a multitude of figurines. On another wall, a bookshelf lined with comics.

And there, in the corner, was her bed.

A limp, sleeping form laying atop it. Dead to the world.

The new Wanderer was out in the city, practising the tricks Kyle had taught her. How to pluck a person's ghost out of their body, how to invade and change and command their dreams.

She was a fast learner.

He hadn't told her everything. Had made sure to keep plenty of secrets to himself. The other Wanderers didn't need to know about his ability to sense them, after all. Nor his other unique powers.

But the things he had instructed her on, the new girl picked up with surprising speed.

If anything, she was *too* quick.

The last thing he needed was another Lucy. Another Wanderer rival to deal with. Best to nip this new girl in the bud before she started learning some tricks of her own. Before she got too powerful for him to easily deal with.

As far as excuses went, that was a decent one.

Deep down, Kyle knew the *real* reason he was here, in the girl's bedroom, had nothing to do with the girl's fast learning.

He flew over to the bed, looked down at the serene face.

The new girl was a beauty, for sure.

Shoulder-length black hair. A lean, cute face. Pretty lips and an adorable, little nose. Her eyes were shut right then, but Kyle knew the vibrant green that hid behind those eyelids.

And her body...

A huge, round ass and massive, bouncy breasts – all on an otherwise slim, lean frame.

What would she look like naked?

Given that her ghost was out in the city, and her body was left empty without it, there was one very easy way to find out.

Without a worry in the world, Kyle floated down into the new girl's body.

Samantha Charles. Aged nineteen, or so her student ID claimed.

Kyle ignored the ache in the body's lower back, resisted the urge to abandon the body with its heavy chest and annoying aches.

He stood in front of a full-body mirror, stared at the girl – Samantha – under the room's light. Eyes roaming her pyjama-clad body with eagerness.

If he'd wanted, he could've skipped finding out her name and gotten right to the fun stuff. But that would've been rude.

The least he could do before exploring this girl's body was learn who she was first.

He'd allowed Lanky to take the girl aside the night he'd introduced her to the others, let the tall bastard warn *Samantha* about Kyle. He'd been hidden close by, listening to every word. Every warning.

Don't let Ghost learn who you really are.

Don't tell Ghost your real name.

It felt like another lifetime ago when Kyle had received those very same warnings

from Lanky.

Kyle shook his head, grinned.

The beauty in the mirror made the same movements.

A pyjama top and matching bottoms. And, from the feel of it, a bra and panties underneath.

"Well, Samantha," Kyle said, voice feminine and soft, "time to see what you've got for me."

He stripped her body slowly, savouring every moment.

While she was out in the city, exploring her newfound powers and discovering how to best utilise them, here he was – discovering *her*.

When the pyjama top slipped off the shoulders, and Kyle saw the bra she had on underneath, he let out a soft chuckle.

Lacy and black. A sexy, slutty bra. The kind a woman would usually wear when she wanted to be seen in it. It wasn't a regular day, ordinary bra. It was lingerie. A come-fuck-me bra.

This was what Samantha liked to sleep in?

How interesting.

Sure enough, when the pyjama pants were removed, he saw a matching black lace thong.

"You have my attention, Samantha."

Kyle reached behind the girl's back, struggled for a moment before finally managing to unhook the bra.

He let the black lace slip down the girl's arms.

Magnificent.

Puffy brown areola with big, pointy nipples.

Her milky white breasts were lined with blue veins and stretch marks. Far from flawless, yet still so wonderfully appealing. Kyle jumped on the spot, watched Samantha's massive tits bounce and jiggle from the motion.

"I'm gonna have a lot of fun with you, Sammy," he told the mirror's reflection. "It's gonna be a blast."

When Kyle left the girl's body, he drifted up to the ceiling, looked down at his handiwork.

In Samantha's underwear drawer, he found a vibrator.

A vibrator that was now resting snugly between her massive tits.

She was naked. Clothes and lingerie discarded, blanket removed. Laying face-down in bed with a sticky note stuck on her ass. A little message for her to read when she returned to her body later.

It was a good start, but there were still other pieces of his scheme that needed to be put into place.

Feeling almost sad at having to leave, Kyle turned away from his new toy and flew through one of the bedroom walls into another section of the house. Fast as he was in ghost-mode, it didn't take him long at all to find the parents' room.

A man and woman sleeping in bed together.

The woman was beautiful, had the same black hair as her daughter. The man was handsome, muscled and fit. A picturesque little family.

With barely a thought, Kyle flew over to the bed, snatched both ghosts out of their bodies.

He had no idea when Samantha would get back. Could be hours from now, or it could be minutes. Looking at the girl's mother, he couldn't help but smirk.

If he got bored waiting, he supposed, he could always find ways to entertain himself.

"Who are you?" Samantha demanded, eyes wide.

She was wearing a bathrobe. Something she'd thrown on hastily by the look of it. Likely, she had nothing on underneath.

"Your new god," Kyle said in the voice of Samantha's father.

"Ghost?" The girl growled, red-faced. "Tubby?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes!" The girl barked. "I don't know what you think you're doing, but-"

"What I'm doing, Samantha," Kyle shrugged. "Is having some fun. I'd appreciate it if you didn't make such a big fuss about it. And I'm *certain* your parents would appreciate it too."

"Leave them alone," Samantha spat.

"No."

The busty bitch opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out. What *could* she say? In this situation, she had no power. And she knew it. She could no more make Kyle leave than she could turn night into day. For all her Wanderer gifts, she was powerless.

"Good," Kyle nodded. "You're beginning to understand the situation you're in."

Samantha glared at him.

"I know who you are, I know where you live, and I know what and who you care about. That means I have power over you. It's really simple, see. If you don't do something I tell you to, bad things happen to Mommy and Daddy. If you try fighting back against me, very bad things will happen to Mommy and Daddy."

"What do you want?" Samantha growled, eyes watering.

"Everything," Kyle grinned.

His eyes roamed up and down Samantha's robed body. Eyes stripping away the cloth, filling his mind with images of her nakedness.

She shuddered, uncomfortable being leered at by her own father.

"I'm going to give you two options," Kyle said, pushing himself off the bed. He was, of course, naked. Big cock dangling between meaty thighs. "And you're going to pick one of them. No complaints, no whining. If you don't like it, I'll have whatever fun I want – and there's nothing you can do to stop me."

As tears rolled down from narrowed, glaring eyes, Kyle smirked.

"Option one," he said, reaching down to grab his host's cock. "You suck me off right here, right now. You give your Daddy's body a blowjob while I'm in possession of it. When he wakes up in the morning, he'll be none the wiser that his precious daughter has a bellyful of his cum."

Samantha's face paled. She glanced down at her father's cock, took a shaky step backwards.

"Or, option two," Kyle continued. "You turn around and go back to bed. No more Wandering for tonight, just you laying down and sleeping like a good little slut. And, while you're doing that, I'll be twisting and warping Daddy's mind. Not just today, but *every* day for the next week."

It'd take a bit of effort and a lot of free time, but it'd be doable. And the results, well...

"And, seven days from now, you'll suck him off instead. Not me in his body, but your real, actual father. I'll spend a week making him want it, making him want *you*. And, when the time comes, you'll put his cock in your mouth and give him the best blowjob of his life. One he'll remember forever."

Poor Samantha looked like she wanted to vomit.

But she needed to be shown her place. Taught where she belonged in the Wanderer pecking order.

"So," Kyle smiled. "What's it going to be?"

No doubt, she'd chosen the second option to buy herself some time. Maybe figure out a way to stop him. But, as the days ticked by and Kyle's manipulations took hold, the girl's hopes dissolved.

She'd seen the way her father looked at her now.

She'd caught him staring at her.

And she was no closer to an answer or a solution to the predicament she'd found herself in.

When the day finally came, Kyle knew the girl would try to refuse. Try to resist. But he'd set other plans into motion, little reminders that his will was absolute. That, no matter what she did or how hard she tried, his decisions were final.

She'd suck off her father tonight.

There was no avoiding that now.

When she appeared in ghost-mode atop the Morsen building at midnight, she was quiet and reserved, holding onto herself as she looked between the three male Wanderers. No doubt wondering which of them was doing this to her.

And, as Tubby and Lanky flew off in their different directions – off to go do their own Wanderer things – Kyle remained on the rooftop with Samantha.

"So it's you," the girl said after a minute of dead silence had passed. All emotion had been leached from her voice. She just sounded... tired. "Figures."

For a brief moment, he almost felt pity for her.

Then he remembered Lucy. The queen bitch.

"If you want something in life," he shrugged, "you take it. If you're not strong enough to take what others have, that's on you. And if you're so weak that you let others take or threaten what *you* have, that's on you too."

She stared at him, unblinking.

"Did Lanky tell you about Lucy?" He asked her, tilting his head to one side. He'd eavesdropped on the tall Wanderer's warnings about himself, but he hadn't heard Lanky mention anything specific. "Or Teach?"

"More of your victims?" Samantha asked, a hint of spite creeping into her voice now.

"No," Kyle chuckled. "Teach and myself were Lucy's victims, actually. If you think what's happening to you is bad, you should've seen what that bitch made *me* do."

"Whatever it was," Samantha glared. "You deserve it."

"No," Kyle smiled, "I didn't. Just like you don't deserve what I'm doing to you. But that's the thing, isn't it? It doesn't matter *what* we deserve. All that matters is what we can and can't do, and what others can and can't do to us. You're hott. You have a nice pair of tits and a pretty face. This thing with your father? It's just the beginning of my plans for you, Samantha."

She turned her head away, couldn't bare to look at him any longer.

"I did what Lucy made me do because I didn't have a choice. But, all the while, I never gave up. I refused to give in. And, in the end, I came out on top. I was stronger than her, and I crushed her. Ended her. Who knows, maybe one day you'll do the same to me."

Her head snapped back to him, eyes sharp.

Given a bit of time, a chance to grow as a Wanderer, this girl would be quite the challenge for Kyle. A wonderful threat to keep him on his toes, keep him improvising and improving and discovering new Wanderer gifts.

"Or, maybe not," he grinned at her. "Maybe you'll be my toy for the rest of your life. A little fuck-doll for me to use however I please. Time will tell."

He floated up off the roof, began slowly drifting in the direction of Samantha's home.

"But, right now, Daddy's waiting. Time for you to be a good girl and suck his cock dry."