

Unfinished Business

Being dead isn't so bad. Sure, you're invisible and unable to interact with the living world for the most part, but it certainly has its perks.

Who and what I was before I died isn't important. And, if I'm honest, I don't really remember. All that truly matters is what I am now.

When I first became a ghost, I was scared. Terrified.

I was dead, and neither Heaven nor Hell was open to me. No Valhalla or Hades or reincarnation. Not even purgatory. I was just there, unseen and unheard and unfelt. Forget about a mid-life crisis, this being dead thing birthed an after-life crisis for me.

But, before long, I came to terms with my fate. I was dead and stuck in a world that I couldn't interact with.

As you can imagine, I developed a quite the voyeurism kink.

When literally the only thing you're able to do in life, or death, is watch others. Well, that's what you did.

Celebrities first of all. When you have a first-class seat to watching the hottest and most beautiful actors and actresses alive getting it on, you don't hesitate to use it. I must say, though, that celebrity sex is surprisingly boring and vanilla. Lots of missionary and doggy and not much else.

If you want the really kinky sex, take a look at what the politicians are doing in their free time.

I've witnessed everything from tame same-sex secret affairs to the most fucked up shit you can imagine.

The only problem was, all I could ever do was watch.

Until the fateful day I discovered the true powers I wielded.

Being incorporeal meant I could move through solid objects. Walls, glass, the floor, people. Only whenever I passed through a living, breathing human person, something bizarre happened.

I felt what they felt. Their emotions, feelings, the clothes that hung to their skin, the heat of the room they were in, everything. And, to a small degree, I could also know their thoughts.

Reading a person's mind isn't easy. Thoughts are complex and multi-layered, a maze of different desires and ideas. Even surface thoughts as simple as a person deciding what to have for dinner can be difficult to grasp.

But I had all the time in the world to master it.

It was during one of those times, my attempts to learn exactly how to read and decipher human thoughts that, for the first time, I inadvertently changed one.

The person in question was the teenaged son of a woman I'd taken an interest in. The single mother, buxom and beautiful and utterly deviant, was someone who greatly interested me. The son, young and pubescent, was irrelevant to me. I'd been practising my mind reading abilities on him simply because a teenage boy's thoughts are so single-minded that it made reading a lot easier.

He'd been in the middle of masturbating while I was exploring his thoughts, images of girls and women, some he knew and others he didn't, sliding in and out of his imagination.

Seeing all those imagined faces and bodies reminded me of the boy's mother and, somehow, that thought radiated from me and into him. An image of his own mother entered his mind.

It wasn't just the image that was transferred, but my desire for her, my lust towards her, my appreciation of her body and her secret life.

The son stopped playing with himself, shocked and disgusted that he'd thought about his mother.

I was shocked too, though my reaction was very different than the boy. I was amazed, gleeful. In one instant, I'd gone from being a powerless observer to the most powerful being imaginable.

That very night, I went to the mother. I found her laying down on her bed, a hand between her legs, eyes shut, enjoying the feel of two fingers inside her.

Like mother, like son.

I reached my ethereal arm out towards her.

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It was close. That sweet orgasm. Lindsey didn't like to diddle herself, where was the fun in going at it alone? Having a partner made this type of fun so much more interesting. But she could hardly go out and get some right now. She had to act like a proper mother. Bleh.

The imagine in her head, a generic young man, muscled and strong. Pinning her down, doing unspeakable things. Older men might have experience on their side, but the endless vigour of youth was unrivalled.

So close now, she could feel it. Pleasure, not as extreme or overwhelming as Lindsey liked, but good enough to sate her for the time being. So very close.

Then the image in her head shifted, even younger than the young man she'd been thinking of. Not muscled or strong, but frail and thin and cute. In her lust addled state, it took Lindsey a moment to realise who the boy was.

Aaron. Her son.

She stopped, shocked.

She'd done a lot kinky things in her life, and had imagined and gotten off to the thought of even more. But actual, true incest? That was new. She was unsure how to react to the thought, other than surprise and shock.

It's just a fantasy. No harm in that.

Might be fun to think about.

Just a fantasy.

A tiny part of Lindsey wanted to stop. A much larger part of her wanted to continue, thinking about someone other than her own son. But curiosity was there too, urging her to try. If she didn't like it, she could always stop. And if she did like it, it would certainly make diddling herself more interesting.

Fuck it, why not?

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I watched, amazed, as the mother masturbated to the thought of her own son. Fantasies of his innocence, cliché scenes of the mother comforting the son, teaching him. She was lewd, this woman. Eager to imagine something new, something taboo. It was one of the things that drew me to her. That, and her beauty. And something else, I couldn't quite place.

The mother climaxed, gasping her son's name.

I'd fed her the seeds of this, made her see her son in her mind's eye, given those little urges, that tiny persuasion.

I'd started it, but the pleasure was all her.

Deviant indeed.

How far, I wondered, could I guide this wayward mother and her teenage son? It was a question I had every intention to answer.

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As his mother went about making food, bending over to pull a tray from the oven, Aaron couldn't help but stare. How had he never noticed before? His mother was really hott. Her ass was amazing.

Ever since she'd popped into his head yesterday, he'd been thinking about her.

It was wrong, he knew it. But he couldn't help it.

She was sexy. He'd never really noticed it before, but now he did. His mother was sexy as fuck. She was a milf. No wonder all his friends wanted to sleep over at his place.

What was wrong with him? This was his mother. He shouldn't be having these thoughts.

But, even as he thought about how wrong it was, how he should stop thinking about it, images of his mother flooded his brain. Her under the dining table, unzipping his trousers, taking his dick out and putting it in her mouth.

What would that feel like? He'd seen blowjobs online, but he hadn't so much as seen a girl naked in person, let alone had sex or anything close.

His mother set a food-laden plate down in front of Aaron, her huge boobs and cleavage drawing his eyes as she leaned over to put the plate on the table.

He stared, couldn't stop himself from gazing dumbly at the size of them, how close they were.

When his mother moved away, his eyes drifted up to hers. She was staring at him. She'd seen him looking at her boobs. She knew he'd been staring at them.

Aaron blushed, looked down at the table, hiding how ashamed he was at looking, how embarrassed he was at being caught.

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Now this was fun. I lifted my hand out of the son's back, loosing all his feelings, thoughts and emotions as I did. It was like a light shutting off abruptly, leaving me in darkness. Just me and my own thoughts.

The son, with some slight nudging from me, was beginning to notice the mother.

And the mother! She'd seen her son looking.

I drifted over to her as she sat down at the table, floated behind her and pressed my hand into her back.

A flood of sensations came over me. The feeling of cloth on my skin, tightness around the chest and crotch from her underclothes, the feel of the chair she sat on, the warm air in the room. And emotions; amusement that she was hiding from her son, happiness at being admired, curiosity about her son.

Not a trace of unease or offence.

She was a deviant. A lover of all things lewd. One might think that motherhood would tame a woman like her, but they'd be wrong.

She was the woman who seduced married men, enjoying knowing that they wanted her more than their wives. She was the woman who had sex with her boss, because the idea of controlling and using a man without him ever realising made her smile. She was the woman who eyed the son of her neighbours, a college-aged boy, and made sure that he eyed her in return. Revealing clothes and flirtatious glances and suggestive poses. If the boy made an advance, she would not hesitate to take him to her bed.

The mother was a person of action, and a person of lust.

Finding a new kink, a new fantasy, she'd accept and embrace it rather than lose the potential enjoyment.

That didn't mean she'd act on this. She had no desire to have sex with her son. To

her, this was nothing more than a fun little idea to explore but never experience.
I wondered if I might be able to change that.

Days and weeks and months went by, every day I spent working on the mother and son, nudging them and their desires in the right direction.

Why? To see if I could. To see how far this woman would go.

I had an eternity to spend, I might as well enjoy it. And this woman and her son. There was something about them. Something that I couldn't quite place my ghostly finger on.

It all came to a boiling point on the son's birthday.

For a long time, I'd been encouraging the sexual tension between them. The mother, a natural flirt, enjoyed teasing the son with her body. Bending over to retrieve things she'd intentionally dropped, wearing clothes that revealed more of her body, walking around the house in only a towel, leaving her underwear in places easy for her son to find.

She loved the reactions he gave her. Enjoyed the thought that she was making him erect.

I didn't even need to guide her all that much, a little push here, a dirty impulse there. For the most part, it was all her own desires and depravity leading the way.

The son was a boy going through puberty, with a beautiful woman teasing him on a daily basis. He needed no guidance from me at all. I still pushed him, but it wasn't exactly necessary.

Still, without my aid, the two would have never acted. The boy was too shy, too unsure that his mother would agree. The mother was content to leave her fantasies just that, fantasies.

And so, on the night of the boy's birthday, I visited the mother in her bedroom for one final push.

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Lindsey sat up in bed, unable to shake off the feeling. It had been a long time since she'd been this horny. A very long time.

She'd had a bit to drink before bed, a few glasses of wine, nothing too much. Maybe that was why she was so hot. Or one of the reasons why, at least. The thought of visiting Aaron tonight was another. Giving him a birthday present to remember.

The idea made her to tingle.

She began to reach between her legs, wanting nothing more than to start touching herself to the thought. But something stopped her. Was she really content with only thinking about it? Would that really be enough for her?

Sex. That was what Lindsey craved.

There would be no harm in it, right? Not if they were both consenting. It would be a secret. Their secret. No-one but them would ever even know about it.

The taboo of it, how wrong it was, made her even hotter.

Not allowing herself to think it over, Lindsey rose slowly from her bed.

There was a light tapping at his bedroom door. Aaron's hand shot away from his erection instantly, he feigned sleep. The last thing he needed was his mother walking in on him while he was jerking it thinking about her.

He heard his bedroom door creak open, opened his eyes.

The only light was from the hallway beyond, casting a silhouette of a womanly figure in the doorway.

An hourglass figure, wide hips with a slim waist, busty chest. She was wearing nothing but an almost transparent nightgown.

Aaron's cock twitched at the sight of his mother.

She said nothing, simply walked over to his bed, lifted the sheets, climbed in on top of him.

It was a small bed. Meant for one person. There wasn't enough room for them both to lay down next to each other. But his mother didn't try to lay next to him. Her legs were either side of him, her crotch pressing into his. She could feel how hard he was, it was impossible for her not to.

Baffled, amazed, aroused, Aaron could only lay there speechless as his mother's hands found themselves on his cock, as they held it upright, pressed it to her pussy.

And, so slowly, his mother lowered herself onto his cock.

The pressure of it, the tightness pressing down around his head, around his cock, inch by inch, lower and lower, was too much for Aaron. He came and came hard, right inside his own mother.

She didn't stop however, she simply continued to lower herself until she was fully impaled by her son's cock.

He was still hard. Harder than he'd ever been before.

And, with an ease and skill that came with decades of practice, Lindsey started riding.