*Invisible*

*By Candy*

©2009

Ashley had that strange feeling again.  She shivered and felt goose bumps at the nape of her neck.  She thought someone was watching her; turning quickly but seeing no one.  She walked the rest of the way home from school with that same feeling of unease.

James could tell she sensed him.  He didn’t know how, but nonetheless knew she did.

His crazy ideas were now realized.  What began as a brainstorm while half-heartedly discussing lame Klingon cloaking devices in Star Trek movies with his pal Evan turned into his first wild attempt.  That one failed, but subsequent trials eventually led to amazing success, and now here he was walking right beside beautiful Ashley and she couldn’t even see him!  James always knew that a gorgeous girl like Ashley would never fall for a geek like him.  It’s not like he was ugly or anything, it was just that whenever he was around the pretty ones his tongue would quit working at the same time his brain (and other parts of him) went into overdrive.  He knew he was the smartest kid in school (and maybe in the entire state) but that didn’t mean much to most of his dating friends.  This was the closest he’d ever dared get to any girl, especially his secret crush.

Ashley still had that eerie sense as she quickened her pace.  Had she really heard a footfall that wasn’t hers?  She stopped and made a 360-degree scan but saw nobody watching or following her.  “Why do I feel like I’m the next victim in a slasher movie?” She wondered aloud.

James almost laughed at her comment.  Wow, would *THAT* have freaked her out!

She kept walking while he followed a few feet behind, watching her cute ass sway the short, loose skirt she wore.  James had a rigid erection and started to absently stroke it.  Of course it was easy to do so since he didn’t have on a stitch of clothing.  Some day he would perfect the system so clothing would go invisible along with the body, but until then he’d have to endure painfully stepping on pebbles with his bare feet.  Thank God the weather was favorable.

For someone so smart, he didn’t have much of a plan.  He figured he’d slip in behind her as she entered her house and follow her to her bedroom.  He ignored any other possible outcome.  When she entered through the back door he was right behind her; so close as to finally smell her scent.  His cock remained a solid mass as he followed her into the kitchen.  No one else was home.  She dropped her books on the table and pulled a can of Coke from the fridge.

Ashley was surprised she couldn’t shake the feeling someone was watching her, even safe within her own house.  She muttered, “C’mon, Hunter, will you hurry up and get here.”

James thought: *Hunter*?  The jock was coming *here*?  He didn’t know Ashley was seeing Hunter, and that made him pissed off.  Hunter was dumb, and except for being bigger and more athletic, wasn’t any better looking than James.  He followed Ashley to the front window and saw her brighten when she spotted Hunter approaching.  She practically pulled him into the house and they began kissing.  The kiss went on forever; at least that was how it seemed to James.

“Why don’t we go to your bedroom?” A breathless, horny Hunter said once they stopped kissing.

Ashley hadn’t yet gone all the way, but with Hunter was getting closer than she ever had before.  She nervously led him to her room, admonishing him, “We better listen for my mom.  I don’t know when she’ll be home and I don’t want to, like get caught.”

James followed them into Ashley’s room; curiosity, arousal and jealousy sharing his thoughts in equal measure.  The duo lay on her bed and began necking.  Hunter’s hand was under her top and bra, fondling a breast, at the same time Ashley rubbed the erection that swelled his pants front.  As the pair grew more aroused, James was awed by the panting sounds they made, much the same as those he made when he masturbated at home.  He made a mental note to be careful he didn’t make any of those noises here as he stroked his aching cock, and watched.  Soon, her top and bra were off, her skirt was pulled up and Hunter was concentrating his efforts inside the mystery of her panties.  *God, her tits are so beautiful*, James thought as he stroked harder.

He started to cum, staring as her stiff nipples heaved, growing hotter from Hunter’s touch.  James sprayed a prodigious amount of cum all over Ashley’s bedroom carpet at the same time they all heard a car door slam outside.

“Shit, my mom’s home!” Ashley exclaimed, bounding from her bed and in near panic put her bra and top back on.

She pulled Hunter by the hand and led him downstairs in a mad dash.  They got to the living room sofa as Ashley’s mom opened the door, James in close pursuit, trying not to make noise.  Her mom wasn’t happy about seeing Hunter in the house and told her daughter as much.  The commotion and raised voices allowed James to sneak out the back door at the same time Hunter unceremoniously slipped out the front door.

Still arguing, mother followed daughter to her bedroom.  When her mom looked down she saw the splattered cum.   Bending down to get a closer look, she touched the cooled but still wet goo and put her fingertips to her nose as Ashley looked on in puzzlement.

“Oh my God, Ashley Marie…how could you?”  She yelled.

“What?” was all Ashley said, still oblivious to what had set her mother off.

“This…this…this…is…*SEMEN*!  You let that…that…boy in *YOUR BEDROOM*!  And you had *SEX*!  I’m so ashamed of you.  You betrayed our trust in you…wait until your father gets home.  You’ll be grounded*FOREVER*!”

“I don’t understand, ma.  Maybe we kissed a little, but *SEX*?  Of course not!”

Mom pointed to the floor and said, “Then how do you explain *THIS*?”

Ashley couldn’t explain it (of course).  When her dad did get home, he did some hollering as well, and Ashley went to bed crying.  She was dumbfounded.  She didn’t know everything about sex, so could Hunter have somehow leaked out his cum even with his pants still on?  While Ashley tossed and turned and tried to find sleep, James lay in his own bed and replayed the events of the afternoon in his head.  He vividly remembered the sight of Ashley’s fantastic breasts, her nipples pink and hard.  It didn’t take much stroking for him to cum all over himself.  Unlike his secret crush, that night James slept like a baby.

James spent the next day at school pondering how he would next use his invention.  He thought of the girls’ shower after gym and instantly got hard.  He would need to skip his class for that period but figured he was all A’s anyway and could get away with it.  He went into the janitor’s closet and got undressed before switching into invisibility mode.  He slipped into the girls’ locker room and hid in the far corner of the shower so he could still see out to the lockers and watch the girls undress.  In a few minutes they all came in, sweaty in their gym clothes.  The shorts and tees, panties and sports bras all came off as they turned on the showers and got under the spray.  James stood there mesmerized, his cock begging for release.  They were all sizes, especially in the breast department.  As they giggled and jiggled he stroked.

When Ashley got undressed and entered the shower, James couldn’t believe his own eyes.  Her body was teenaged perfection.  Her nipples stiffened under the spray of water.  Unlike some of the others, she was shaved down below.  His climax hit hard as he came all over the shower room tiles, hoping no one saw the streams—hoping that they were invisible too.

A sudden inspiration came to James.  When no one was around Ashley as she exited the shower, he got right up beside her and whispered, disguising his voice by making it deeper, “Ashley, do you dream of me?”

She whirled around in utter shock.  “Who…who said that?” She said, barely whispering herself.

James went on, whispering close to her ear but not so close in case she whirled around quickly again, “I’m your spirit lover, the one you dream about when you’re in deep sleep.”

She was stunned, wondering if she was crazy—hearing voices?  She did have those kinds of dreams.  She dreamt often lately about a hot, mysterious boy touching her all over, and she’d wake up with her pussy wet and itching.  She usually masturbated upon waking from those dreams, taking no time to climax.  Those orgasms were often *VERY* good ones, making her wonder what real sex with a real boy—like Hunter—would feel like.

“Are you real?” She asked.

To James that was a rather silly question.  “As real as you want me to be,” he throatily whispered.   Before any other girl approached he had to button this down.  “I’ll be with you tonight…and we’ll make love as we were meant to do.”

Ashley could hardly breathe as she quickly dressed for her next class.  She felt the crotch of her panties dampen as soon as she put them on.  She would be late for class if she didn’t hustle, but her mind was one hundred percent on her dream lover.  That voice *COULDN’T* be her imagination.  It was so real.

James slipped out of the girl’s shower and locker room without incident.  He re-dressed in the janitor’s closet and made himself visible again.  No point in being late for his last class, so he snuck out of school.  At home later, and being a Friday, he told his mom he was spending the night at his friend Evan’s house.  She wouldn’t check, so he was in the clear to invade Ashley’s bedroom tonight.  He was stiff again thinking of the possibilities.  He grabbed a few things and stuffed them in his old backpack, using the old one since he knew he would ditch it somewhere—after all, he didn’t need clothes tonight.  Heading toward Ashley’s house in invisibility mode his problem now was figuring how he’d get into her house.  It turned out not being a problem at all.

Since Ashley was grounded he knew she’d be home, and probably barricade herself in her bedroom for the evening.  James simply slipped into the house through the unlocked back door while Ashley’s parents were watching television. He crept upstairs and soon figured out which room was a guest bedroom, and thus empty.  He relaxed and waited there in the dark, listening to the various sounds of activity as evening turned to night.

The only thing he hadn’t planned on was how he would pee when the need surfaced.  He knew he had to take the risk at some time, so when he didn’t hear anyone walking around, he snuck into the bathroom and urinated as quietly as he could—which meant sitting down—and he didn’t flush.  Let one of them wonder who didn’t flush the toilet; he had bigger worries to go along with his near everlasting erection.

When the house was quiet and dark after everyone went to bed, James snuck from the bedroom where he’d been hiding into Ashley’s room.  He crept to her bedside.  He couldn’t believe his eyes, seeing her in only panties, her bare breasts glowing from reflected moonlight seeping through the bedroom window.  His cock was like a steel rod.

He could tell she was dreaming since her eyes fluttered in that tell-tale way.  Great!  He crept closer and whispered, “I’m here Ashley, here to take you away with me.”

Ashley muttered something unintelligible.  She had been dreaming about her mysterious dream lover; the one she dreamt about often and heard whisper to her today in school.  And now he was here!  His face was always gauzy and indistinct but tonight she could see him, and he was amazingly handsome.  He didn’t have any clothes on.  His lean yet well-muscled body was everything she ever fantasized about in a boy.  He said he was there to take her away, but she wanted him to take her, period.  She didn’t know what it would feel like but she was ready for him to be her first.  She helped him remove her panties, and in sync with thousands of years of human evolution, unconsciously she spread her thighs and opened herself up to her dream lover.

In her dream, she said, “I’m ready for you, my love.  Be gentle.”

To James’ ears, she suddenly murmured, “Umph mummph, urghhhhhh, beee gahhhhh” as he began the delicate task of removing her panties, which startled him enough to momentarily lose his aching erection.  Only momentarily.

He felt how wet the crotch of her panties was, and knew what that meant.  While Ashley spread her legs and kept murmuring, James got on the bed and moved between her thighs for a closer inspection of her heretofore mysterious, forbidden zone.  He heard the guys talk about eating pussy but didn’t really know what that entailed, though he was now very eager to learn.  If anything, James was a fast learner.  His tongue probed the wet folds of her pussy and was surprised by its taste.  He was also surprised by Ashley’s reaction, as she reached down and pulled his head closer, his tongue deeper.  She murmured some more unintelligible words; James wasn’t sure if he should keep going or get the hell out of there.  His hard, leaking cock made up his mind for him.

Ashley slowly came awake but thought she was still dreaming.  Her dream lover was licking her and she felt the tension building, signaling the onrush of orgasm.  She couldn’t see him but knew he was real by touch.  She held his head, urging him on, until the floodgates opened and she came.

“Oh God, yessssssssssssssssssss,” she moaned through clenched teeth.

James wasn’t sure if her voice or the sudden throbbing of her dripping pussy frightened him more.  He pulled away from her grasping hands and sat at the foot of the bed, looking at her in awe under the penetrating moonlight.  His heart felt like it would beat right out of his chest.

She was awake!

When Ashley realized he’d pulled away, she begged her invisible lover to come back.  “Please,” she whimpered. “Make love to me again.”

James couldn’t believe his ears!  Her use of the word “again” puzzled him for a moment until he understood that he had made her cum with his tongue.  He gazed at the beautiful, hairless, wet pussy gaping before him and knew it was now or never.  His cock had been ready for hours, now his mind was ready too.

He moved between her thighs once more, and whispered in his false lower voice, “Yes, my love.”

She made a sound much like a mewling kitten and held her arms out to where her mysterious lover’s voice had come.  She spread her legs even more and James nestled between them and after a moment’s hesitation, he entered her.  James was overcome by the sensation of his cock sliding into the warm, velvety moistness of her vagina; a channel that first relaxed for his entry before tightening up on his eager, soon-buried shaft.  *He was having sex with a girl; and not just any girl, but Ashley*!  He moaned involuntarily, as involuntarily as the sudden motion of his hips.

Ashley’s hips were moving in much the same way, willing him deeper, faster.  She had always heard the first time would hurt, but this feeling was wonderful.  How could this be?  Was she still sleeping?  How could she feel him in her and touch his warm skin and yet not see him?  Suddenly her dream lover shuddered and groaned.  She realized he was no longer in her when she felt the hot liquid of his ejaculation spray against her pubic bone and belly.  She wondered if she could get pregnant during dream sex.  No worry since he came outside of her, but still—

James couldn’t believe he actually caught himself from cumming in her.  He hadn’t thought about condoms but he did think about *that* consequence.  It was no surprise though that he was still hard and so he slid back into her inviting hole and kept fucking her.  Ashley wrapped her legs around her lover’s invisible taut ass (that she could feel as if he was flesh and blood) and simply let go.  When she started to make noise, louder than a kitten now, James panicked and kissed her to stifle her sounds.  She was moaning and keening when he felt her vagina walls clench down on his still stiff cock.  Oh God, he was going to cum again!

In a mingled cacophony of moans and groans, James fought to pull out as Ashley fought to keep him in.  James thought that he’d won the battle since he believed he had spewed his semen outside her still-pulsating pussy.  Well, maybe *most* of it, he thought.

She moaned, “God, oh God, I can’t…that felt…soooooo good!”

James, still overcome by the feeling of his first time, wasn’t sure what to say as he slid out of her grasp and slowly got off the bed.  Finally, his wits returning, he said in his practiced spectral voice, “Shh, I must go from where I came, but we will be together once more.  Be patient, my love.”  With that said he snuck from her room and tiptoeing downstairs, slipping out the backdoor.

Ashley absently daubed and smeared her lover’s spent semen over her pubic mound before her fingers went elsewhere.  She wished she could capture the feeling of this, her first time, forever, and since that was not to be she would simply relive it.  Her fingers explored her back-to-being-dormant clitoris, which soon arose once more just as her phantom lover’s member surely rose to fill her so exquisitely moments ago.   First one finger then two slid between her soaked and engorged folds, and the rhythm of their movements became a poor substitute—but a substitute nonetheless—for the cock which so recently took her virginity.  This time, without the benefit of a stifling kiss, she screamed her orgasm.

Her parents heard the sound and knew it for what it was.  Ashley would be subjected to one of those “talks” the next day.

James made it back home safely and successfully, and in his own bed he too relived the memory of his first time: The wondrous sensation of Ashley’s warm, wet pussy enveloping his hungry member; the way she urged him deeper; the way she spasmed as she climaxed.  It had been everything he’d dreamed of and yet was like nothing he’d imagined it would be.  It only took a few strokes more to coat his belly with ejaculate.

As he fell asleep, he weighed his options on how next to use his fantastic invention.

As she fell asleep, she wondered if her lover would visit her tomorrow night and take her again.  And again—

Thinking of his incredible luck in getting the girl of his dreams to actually have sex with him, even as a ‘dream’ lover under false (and invisible pretenses), James still pondered other possibilities.  Should he try the same subterfuge with another girl?  Should he take the safe road and keep to being a voyeur, looking unseen but not touching?  Maybe he should forget sex and girls for a while and look to his invention as a money-making (or in reality a money-stealing) contrivance.

He thought about it for a moment before saying to himself: *Sex…it’s GOT to be sex*.  *It had felt so good with Ashley, and damn it, he had to try once more*.  He conned his mom into thinking he was at Evan’s for one more night.  He got invisible and snuck into Ashley’s house without a problem much like he had the night before and hid in the vacant bedroom.

He was surprised that Ashley’s parents were going out for the evening, especially with her being grounded.  Didn’t that make things easier?  He waited for the right moment.

After her parents had left, Ashley decided to take a shower.  She’d been goosey all day thinking about the sex the night before.  Everything had been so real and yet she still couldn’t believe it wasn’t all a dream, except for the stickiness down there—that couldn’t have been from her, could it?  It had to be real.  Her mom had hemmed and hawed around a speech about sexuality and masturbation.  Ashley was embarrassed that her folks had heard her cum, but if they thought she was just masturbating then she could live with that.  What would they say about a dream lover?  Probably think she was crazy.  She hoped he would come to her again tonight, so she wanted to be clean and fresh for him, as a lover should.  She set the water temperature and got in the shower.

James watched her undress and followed her into the bathroom.  He ghostly whispered, “I’m here, Ashley dear, do you wish to wait until bedtime?”

She gasped, uncontrollably shaking as she pulled the shower curtain aside.  Of course, no one was there—except ‘him’, her invisible, dream love.   “N…No, no, don’t leave me.”

James’ cock was rigidly standing tall as he tentatively reached a hand toward her and cupped one of her breasts.  “I’ll join you then,” he whispered, stepping into the shower behind her.

Ashley nearly freaked out, feeling him get behind her, feeling his erection rub against an ass cheek.  She groaned, feeling like she might cum with no other stimulation but his proximity.  She couldn’t help herself: she glanced back to see the shower spray outline a head and body that otherwise wasn’t there.  She swooned, as once more she was overwhelmed by the thought of having an ethereal, spirit lover.

“M…M…Make love to me…NOW!” She screamed.

*Okay*, James thought, *I can do that*.  Without hesitation this time he eagerly pushed the head of his cock between her ass cheeks and located her wet pussy; nothing slow and tentative this time.  He went wild, bucking his hips back and forth, his swinging balls slapping against her wondrous anatomy on each violent thrust.  What began as a moan turned quickly to a wail as the first of many orgasmic waves struck her.  She kept convulsing, and screaming.  James couldn’t believe his ears.  He almost forgot to pull out of her this time but did, and came all over her back and ass.

“Don’t stop,” she cried.  “I want more—”

At first he panicked because he didn’t know how to respond.  Luckily for him his young, just christened love stick was responding all on its own.  He put it back in and kept fucking her like that, from behind under the now tepid shower spray.  By the time she screamed and he came again, he forgot all about the ramifications of planting his young seed deep within her contracting, throbbing vagina.

As she muttered, “Oh God, oh God” over and over, he climbed out of the shower in silence and quickly dried himself before she could see him doing so.

He needn’t worry anyway, since she was in a trancelike state, languidly touching herself down there, still muttering to her God.  While James slipped out of the bathroom and went to hide (in plain sight!) in Ashley’s bedroom, she slowly dried herself, still pondering the mysteries of incredible sex with an invisible lover.  With no one else home, she didn’t bother with clothes or a bathrobe and walked to her bedroom naked.  One more look at her naked body, still glowing from sex and the shower, made James hard again.  To him this was heaven on earth.  He watched her lay down on her bed and begin almost absentmindedly touching her pussy.

She whispered, “If only you could appear to me, show me who…what…you are, let me know you’re really real.”  Still softly playing with her clit, she added, “Or am I crazy and imagining this—no…no I can’t be, no.”

That was James’s cue.  From a corner of the room, in his false voice he said, “Ashley, you are not crazy.  I am as real as you want me to be.”

He walked to the bed, leaned over, and lightly held the hand that was massaging her clit.  She jerked her hand away but otherwise remained still.  He took over for her, lightly rubbing his fingertips between her moist labia to her clit.  She responded to his touch with closed eyes and a groan.

He kept at it until she began begging for him to “Make love to me again, please…”

James crawled onto the bed and got between her warm thighs and eased into her even warmer pussy.  She raised her legs up and wrapped them around his there-but-unseen ass.  Their bodies moved up and down in a bounding rhythm as old as humankind.  At the height of their wanton coupling, they both groaned and wailed and cried out.  His cock pulsed as his seed erupted from him, this time unconcerned with its destination.  Her vagina walls rippled in contraction, her clit vibrating, her womb’s orgasmic suction taking in its sweet prize.

Spent, James crawled from her bed and made his way out of the house, leaving Ashley to ponder the aftermath of their lovemaking, and the mystery that was her invisible lover.  She fell asleep satiated, but ready to dream of him again; and perhaps one more time tonight welcoming him between her willing thighs.

At school, two weeks later, James saw Ashley approaching in the corridor and decided it was his time to be real.  He wasn’t sure if it was the sex or something else, but lately he felt more socially self-assured than he’d ever been.  Sure, he could still be tongue-tied, but his nighttime experiences in Ashley’s bed had somehow made him more comfortable being around her.  He’d actually talked with her for a minute outside of homeroom one day last week.  He noticed something different about her that day; she seemed ‘lost’, preoccupied with something.  *Maybe her mind was on her invisible sex partner*, James thought.

“Hi Ashley.  How you doing?”

“Oh, hi James.  I’m okay I guess.  What’s up?”

“Not much,” James said.  “I was wondering if you would, er, go to Billy Dean’s party with me next weekend, but if you’ve got other plans, er…”

“Wow, sounds like a great idea.  I’ll have to ask my parents, since I’m still kinda grounded.”

“Why would you be grounded?  You’re not a bad girl,” James couldn’t resist asking.

“Oh, nothing much, really,” she said, sighing.  “I’ll say yes to your asking, and we’ll see what my mom and dad say, okay?”

“Sounds great!  I hope you can go.  Later,” James said as Ashley hurried off to her next class.

James did take Ashley to that party.  No, they didn’t have sex, just kissed afterward.  After all, James still got what he wanted as her secret, invisible lover.  And besides, the way she’d been acting lately it was a good thing.  She even threw up one morning right in the middle of Algebra class!  James had other girlfriends by then anyway.  No need to be invisible with them.  He used his invisibility in other ways; most if not all of them illegal, but he knew he’d never get caught.  Someday the military would buy his invention and he’d be rich, just like what happened in the movies.  Now he had sex *AND* was actually seen by his girlfriend while doing it!

And Hunter was the only boy whose name would spring from the lips of Ashley’s parents when they found out.

\_

*I hope you liked this story.  Since I wrote one on a sex vampire (Fresh Blood for Mr. Farnsworth) and one about sex werewolves (Growl) I figured why not write an Invisible Man sex story, or in this case, the Invisible Boy.   Hey, I’m a hopelessly romantic teenager and wonder what it would be like having a secret dream lover who would slip into your bed at night and fulfill all your desires!    Mmmmmmmm…*

*You can e-mail me at cottoncandyteen14@yahoo.com*

*Click here to return to [my Candy web site](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/Cotton_Candy/The%20Cotton%20Candy%20Collection.htm) in case you still haven’t read my other stuff.*

*Kisses,*

*Candy*