

Only the Ghost of a Chance

“Look,” I told the carjacker, “you gotta get out of my fucking car. *Now.*”

He kept showing me the gun like he thought I cared. “You blind? **You** get out of **my** fucking car!” Then the dumbass actually pointed it at me. *Damn.*

I closed my eyes. “Wish you didn’t have to do this.”

“Fuck you, I **wanna...**” the carjacker said, then started gobbling nonsense as the ghost entered him.

“Wasn’t talking to you,” I said sadly.

When I opened my eyes, the possession was over. My spectral friend was looking over his new body. He smiled.

So did I.

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