

## Lucid Daydreams

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I watched myself wake up.

I still felt my body, but my viewpoint was shifted so that I was seeing myself from the outside. Yet I wasn't just an observer. When I wanted to move, my body responded exactly as expected. I had read a little on out-of-body experiences, but this was my first.

I knew that some people intentionally make efforts to induce an out-of-body experience. I figured if I stayed calm and kept it together, I'd be okay. When it didn't go away soon after I had woken up, I began to feel a little panicky. I was scared that something had happened during the night and that I might need medical attention. I resolved to call out from work and get myself to a doctor after getting ready for the day. After all, despite the mental shift, I felt great physically.

I had a very strange breakfast looking sidelong at myself. I kept thinking that I would miss my own mouth with the spoon. Surprisingly, I had no trouble at all. My viewpoint was constantly shifting so that I could see myself from whatever angle made the most sense at that moment. After dumping my bowl in the kitchen sink, I headed back to the bedroom to grab some clothes.

The t-shirt I grabbed felt tight around my chest. I smiled to myself, figuring my daily push-ups were beginning to pay some dividends. I had always been a fit, but thin young man. Even ten years after high school, I hadn't gained more than five pounds.

Sliding closed the mirrored closet door, I noticed that it was about time for a haircut. I felt like I had just had one! I raked a few fingers through my hair, and began to check out my t-shirt's snug fit. Finally, I would be able to proudly show off some chest girth! I had been working diligently to get myself to a point where I felt I looked good naked. Standing in front of that closet mirror was the first time in my life that I got turned on by looking at my own body.

With a viewpoint outside myself and a full-body reflection, I could see every bit of myself from every angle. Subconsciously my hands had drifted down from my hair and were tracing the lines of my body. As I became more and more turned on, all thoughts of visiting a doctor faded away. Assuming a variety of poses, I took stock of what I had to offer.

I became entranced in my own voyeurism.

I stripped off all of my clothes and gyrated around, parading my nude body and putting on a little show. With a devilish grin I slapped my ass to watch it jiggle a bit. There seemed to be just a bit more junk in my trunk. I liked it.

Raking my nails up my thighs caused me to gasp and bite my lower lip. My eyes felt fluttery

and my head was light.

I never really liked when women played with my nipples during foreplay because it either tickled or just felt odd to me. Not on this day. I had a strong urge to let my fingers linger on my chest as I caressed myself. Slowly I massaged my left pec all around, then pinched and tweaked the nipple before repeating. Each time I got to the nipple I was rewarded with a staccato breath and a jolt of sensation.

The right pec followed the left, and then both at the same time. Pulling my view back, I watched myself stare into the mirror, feeling myself up. The look of lust in my eyes was unmistakable.

I don't think I had ever felt hornier in my life, yet my cock was limp and unresponsive. Hanging loosely from my groin, it was far from being the center of my attention. I didn't have any desire to even touch or look at my dick. There was something else I needed to get off.

I waited anxiously for the water to warm up enough before hopping into the shower. While it was heating up I lit a large candle scented like ripe strawberries. The small bathroom window let in a decent amount of light, but the candle made quick work of warming up the bathroom and creating a comforting fog.

Just as I had in front of the closet mirror, I zoned out for a few minutes watching my own naked body under the nearly-steaming water. I couldn't believe how incredibly turned on I was getting. Eyes closed, I put my face right in front of the showerhead. Tingles danced across my face. A blissful smile met my lips. Turning around I basked in the glow from the window. Light and water splashed off glistening skin. The fog thickened.

I lathered an excessive amount of soap all over myself, taking my sweet time feeling the silky smoothness of my shape. The candle's light provided an extra touch of sensuality as it flicked and danced across the curves of my body. As my hands made their way to where my thighs meet my ass, I clenched my fingers hard into the round flesh of my ass. Unwittingly I bit my lower lip and pouted. Had I not been looking at myself from without, I may not have even realized I had done it.

Loosening their grip, both hands glided symmetrically around the curve of my bum until they met at the crease. Sliding first one, then the other hand vertically across my asshole sent a heatwave through my body from my groin to my scalp.

Knees went weak.

A short sharp gasp escaped my lips at each contact.

Eyes rolled back and eyebrows raised.

It was a strange sight indeed witnessing my own eyeballs roll back, but a new fire had been sparked that needed quenching. I wasn't even sure what it was, but I certainly wanted to find out. Any concerns for my health were overshadowed by a new exigency.

Instinctively I slid my left hand past my anus once more, but with a little more pressure. I felt another wave of heat burst within me, followed succinctly by a yearning for more. The right hand followed, but stopped at the asshole. I held pressure against it with the edge of my flattened hand. Rocking to an unheard rhythm, my hips started grinding into the blade of my hand. My left hand had found my right nipple, and was busy tweaking away.

A cascade of sensations flowed through me. I was awash in a mental fog as thick as the one the bathroom was engulfed in.

The tingles built again, but soon fell away leaving me wanting. I began tracing the ring of my hole with my middle finger. Soap lather slid from higher up and swished around my finger as it felt the bumps and grooves that I had never really become properly acquainted with.

I was a porn aficionado but, outside of having really long wank sessions, I was fairly inexperienced with anything outside what most people would consider “normal”. My fantasies were wild, though I was too reserved to explore with myself. That is, right up until my middle finger pressed against my soapy asshole and slid right through to the second knuckle.

My eyes went wide.

My body froze.

Light from the window created a glowing halo above my figure.

Light from the candle formed a pulsating, sultry glow through the shower glass.

For a few seconds a fierce battle raged within my consciousness. I hadn't pulled the finger out right away, because it felt amazing. As much as I wanted to be angry with myself for enjoying it, I couldn't deny that I was curious where I might go from there.

Slowly, I retracted the finger to the first knuckle. Feeling it leave made me feel a little sad. It felt wrong. So, I reversed course and pressed slowly but steadily until the entire finger was inside my ass. The feeling was electric. I rolled my hips and rotated my finger together to feel it from all angles.

Fog had filled the small bathroom. With my third-person perspective, the lines of my body were becoming blurred and difficult to make out. What wasn't difficult to make out were the moans of a man discovering anal play for the first time.

I had never been one to make much noise at all. Not while jacking off or having sex. Every noise I was producing came from a place deep down inside.

It wasn't long before I had three fingers squished together slamming in and out of my red, abused asshole. My left hand was pressed flat against the wall underneath the faucet so that the water was aimed at the top and back of my head. Leaned against the wall, I was bent over with my right arm craned uncomfortably around behind me.

Faster. Slower. It all felt fantastic, but wasn't quite scratching that itch. Stretching and probing myself seemed to be helping, at least. I thought about jacking off at the same time, but the thought was fleeting. I was consumed with a mysterious desire, and had no clear idea of how to sate it.

Eventually I was forced to give up when the water ran cold. Frustrated, I dried off and went about finding my phone. Shock stopped me in my tracks as I rounded the corner into the bedroom and saw the clock. I should have been leaving for work right then! I had lost all track of time.

Dialing my supervisor, I let her know that I wasn't going to be making it in for the day, on account of the fact that I had "been stuck in the bathroom all morning." She told me to feel better, and encouraged me to call if I needed anything. With work out of the way, I had the whole day open to try and do something about my sexual needs. Oh, and maybe deal with the whole out-of-body situation.

The hours between my shower and lunch were lost to a wide array of pornography and erotic stories. Nothing would make my dick so much as perk up, but anything to do with anal would bring back the lusty fire and empty feeling inside of me.

Looking for another story to read after lunch, an ad caught my eye.

I clicked through to a sex toy vendor. I browsed page after page of dildos and toys. I couldn't stop looking through them and imagining what each might feel like being pressed into my virgin asshole. If I left soon, I could get to a sex toy shop and back home whilst avoiding lunch hour traffic.

I threw my discarded clothes back on and excitedly made my way to a well-known local triple-X shop. Once there, I did my best to pick something without daydreaming about it too long first. Being my first time in a sex shop, I was uncomfortable and nervous that I was constantly being judged. The clerk made me feel more at ease with his sheer aloofness. He obviously didn't care what I was there for, so long as I wasn't giving him any more work. Pleased with my eventual selection, I went home with an anal beginners kit. Small and medium butt plugs, a small dildo, and a bottle of lube.

All afternoon I fucked myself silly with those toys, to no avail. My ass was red and sore, which only served to make me hornier since I could view it from a voyeuristic angle. No matter what position, speed, or technique I tried, there was always something missing.

I finally started to think I understood what the problem was.

I needed something bigger.

By this point my body was worn to exhaustion. I had been at it the entire day, but couldn't seem

to get off. My mind was swimming with erotic pictures. I couldn't stay focused on anything for very long. Mostly I kept thinking about the crazy dream I had had the night before. It had felt so real, despite being completely outlandish when I thought about it later. What was strange to me was that I could remember every detail except the face of the woman who had made me cum so hard.

Lying on my bed, I must have fallen asleep with the laptop still next to me open to multiple tabs of porn. In a blink I was in that very same lucid dream, suspended in a sea of white. Everything repeated as I had remembered. I tried to pay better attention to what the woman looked like this time. That was harder than I anticipated, with the crazy sexual acts sending my senses into a tizzy.

When I awoke I was lying on my back. Light filtered into the bedroom between the closed blinds. I must have tossed around a bit in my sleep, because I had made it under the comforter and knocked the new toys to the floor. After the dream had taken place from the usual first-person view, I was once again looking at myself from the outside.

Rolling over to take a look at the bedside clock, I felt an unfamiliar shift of weight across my chest. Ignoring the clock, I laid flat again on my back and felt a wave of fear roll through me. I had no idea what was happening, and I seemed unable to stop it. In that moment I was terrified that I might not be in full control of the body that I was looking at. Hesitantly, I gripped the covers from underneath and began to uncover my chest.

My breath caught.

The comforter dragged across my nipples, causing them to become instantly swollen and erect. A jolt of pleasure shot straight to my groin. It felt so good that I closed my eyes and pulled the rest of the blanket down across them slowly and deliberately. Once my top half was uncovered, I re-opened my eyes. To my surprise I was looking through a shallow valley between two pert and perky handfuls of flesh capped by areolas the size of half dollars which terminated in a stubby, crinkly nub the width of a pencil eraser.

Feelings which started as confused and scared were quickly overridden by pure lust. These were real, natural breasts, attached to my chest. And they felt incredible. Groping, squeezing, pinching. It all felt new and wonderful.

As I writhed around on the bed, feeling up my new endowments, the covers were kicked clear of my body. I had to stop and admire the new me.

Two nights prior I had been a pretty average guy. There I was lying in bed with a set of new tits, a plumper ass, and seemingly no body hair. It also seemed my hair had darkened a bit and grown long enough that I could feel it swish if I turned my head quickly. To anyone who didn't know me, I looked like a somewhat masculine girl with a decent body. Even my face looked more feminine.

When I realized the implications of the changes, it clicked that I had some things that would need doing. When I called and told my work supervisor that I hadn't gotten out of bed most of the previous day and the morning, she was very considerate and offered to bring by some food later. To dodge the offer I admonished her to steer clear in case I was contagious. It was also Friday, so I'd have the rest of the weekend to "recover".

The sex shop clerk didn't recognize me at first, then with a confused look assumed that I was back to return the previous day's purchase. However, the only part of that set which returned was the medium butt plug wedged in my ass while I looked over the toy selection.

It would be embarrassing to admit how much money I spent on that transaction, but I can tell you I've since gotten my money's worth. I bought a realistic 6-inch dildo, a smooth 8-inch one, a cock ring, a large butt plug, an inflatable butt plug, and a larger bottle of lube. I also picked up some nipple clamps and a set of sexy women's lingerie.

Back home I wasted no time swapping my butt plug for the new 6-inch dildo. I relished the feel of the faux veins rippling along my opening as I slid it back and forth into my now well-used hole. It wasn't very long before I was slamming the entire length into my bowels chasing an orgasm that wouldn't crest.

The closer I felt to a release, the closer my consciousness came to residing back in my head again. That sold me on the idea that if I wanted to feel whole again I would need to satiate the throbbing desire that consumed me.

I got on my knees facing away from the closet door mirror, and watched from multiple angles as I pressed the thicker, longer 8-inch shaft past bubbly cheeks to my gaping entrance. Taking time to savor the light touches, I teased myself before inserting the head. My new breasts shivered and shimmied with each gasp and moan that emanated from juicy, fuller lips.

It was only at this point that I noticed my limp dick had shrunk, along with the balls. It looked a little odd, but with the luscious asshole being serviced just inches away, it wasn't getting any of my attention anyway. It looked like that cock ring was going to be less useful than I thought.

When my arm got too tired of pumping the smooth dildo in and out at varying speeds, I took a time out to recoup. I picked up and cleaned all the toys, used the restroom, and washed up. After a snack for some energy I figured I'd try something a little more passive with the inflating butt plug.

I was already stretched open from my previous reaming, so the initial width of the inflatable plug passed right through almost without touching the sphincter at all. Once again I wanted to be disgusted with myself, but I felt pride in having taken such large toys deep into my ass.

I wanted it.

I needed it.

Thinking about this I began vacantly pumping up the butt plug. I envisioned the pump being a direct connection to orgasm. With each pump the intensity and excitement rose. It bulged and filled me fully, draining the blood from my hands and feet. My eyes bulged, too. I felt as if I could burst.

Time slowed to a crawl.

My view of the scene narrowed to become a black tunnel with a bright light at the far end. I couldn't feel my arms or legs, save a few pins & needles.

The light at the end of the tunnel suddenly accelerated toward me until it was upon me and time resumed with a crash. Just like that I was once again viewing the world from within my own body. And I was experiencing the strongest orgasm I had ever encountered. Wave after wave of pleasurable contractions rocked me from my core outward.

The world went blurry. Then black.

Next thing I knew, I again found myself having the same, twisted lucid dream with the mystery woman. Again she racked me with indecent pleasures. It was never enough. I no longer cared to discover her identity. I just wanted her to use and abuse me sexually.

This time, when I awoke, I was relieved to be seeing things from my normal perspective. Well, sort of. My "normal" perspective now contained a pair of teardrop D-cup tits. Lying on my side looking at the mirror, I was looking at a beautiful woman that nobody would recognize as me.

Dark chestnut hair fell just past my shoulder blades onto a pillow. A toned stomach met with hips that flared to a Georgia peach of a backside. A sultry face with bedroom eyes and plump lips stared hungrily back from the mirror.

Tracing the new curves that were my body, I spotted the air pump tube for the butt plug emanating from between my thighs. Rolling onto my stomach was trickier than I anticipated now that I had big, sensitive tits in the way.

When I was turned over so that I could see my backside in the mirror, I noted that the plug was still wedged firmly in my lovely round ass. After taking a moment to admire my shape, I found the air release valve on the pump and turned it to release what air might still be left. After all, I didn't know how long I had been out.

My eyes got wider and wider as I listened to the air continuously pouring out of the release valve. I had no way of knowing just how big it had gotten, but the sheer amount of air suggested it had expanded to be quite large. When it sounded like the pressure had equalized, I reached one hand back to pull it out while the other propped up my head for a better view.

What I pulled from my ass was a distended, bloated plug about the size of the other large plug I had bought. It slid out so smoothly that I became curious as to the state of my abused asshole.

Rolling once more to get up to my knees, I assumed a doggy-style position at the edge of the bed. For the first time I saw that I had what looked like a swollen and throbbing pussy. Right above that was a flush, gaping asshole. Glimpsing such a lascivious sight made my pussy ache and become drenched.

A cavernous void had been left inside of me since the plug had been removed. Luckily, the large butt plug was within reach. To make sure I had enough lube, I figured I'd rub the plug on my new, wet pussy. I lined it up length-wise so the plug aimed toward my navel.

The first stroke sent a spasm through my body that caused me to shake uncontrollably and almost drop the plug. I loved the feeling of my large tits wobbling and swinging as I shook with a very long orgasm. It was extra nice when my erect nipples brushed the sheet beneath me.

The second stroke knocked the plug from my hand and my knees right out from under me when the orgasm hit. I fell forward, smashing my face into the bed with a muffled "Oof!" As my hips dropped, my pussy landed squarely onto the side of the plug, smashing my engorged clit into the tip. The added weight of my big ass intensified the pressure. I started to see stars.

I felt like my hips were on auto-pilot, because at this point they were grinding and humping with a mind of their own. The sight of my curvy body in the mirror, getting sweaty grinding against a toy, got me re-focused and I spotted the smaller dildo near the edge of the bed.

Without missing a beat, I grabbed the dildo in one hand, the plug in the other, rolled to my back, and took aim. For a brief moment I thought I should be cautious and just use the dildo to pop my cherry. My libido thought otherwise, and my libido was making all the decisions. My empty ass was craving something to fill it, and my primal curiosity was dying to put my pussy to the test.

Lifting my head, I watched in the mirror through my cleavage and spread legs. First, I slid the plug fully into my ass. Lubed with pussy juice, it gave no resistance whatsoever. The result was a comforting feeling of fullness and bliss. I laid for a moment just relishing in the calm moment.

Placing the head of the dildo at my pussy entrance put butterflies back in my stomach and a fire in my groin. My hips once again took over, and started hungrily attempting to consume the cock head. Ever so slowly I applied steady pressure and watched the molded veins disappear within me.

About halfway in, I couldn't take the teasing any longer and slammed the rest home. I came instantly, but it wasn't the satisfying finale that I required. Once again, I needed something bigger. Something thicker.

The larger dildo proved to be just right. It wasn't long before I was pounding most of its length



deep into my newly-stretched pussy. Each thrust created spasms in my core and fireworks in my groin. I reveled in the feeling of the dildo sliding past the big plug in my ass. I felt like such a dirty, nasty whore – and I was loving every second of it.

The rest of the day went by in a blur. Orgasm after earth-shattering orgasm quaked through my every molecule. Eventually something gave and I once again fell asleep. Day after day of abusing my body was taking its toll.

Monday morning my supervisor and coworkers were happy to see that I was doing alright. Better than alright. I felt like I was on top of the world. More than once someone mentioned how I seemed to be more relaxed and easy-going than usual.

I'm still a man. I still live a regular life. These days I'm quite good at getting myself off with a solid orgasm. But every now and again I'll get so horny that I have to take at least a day off to indulge my lucid dream fantasies and fuck myself senseless.

I've learned to use that original dream as a jump-off point that can take me to the limits of my libido. It's not the possibilities that excite me – it's the impossibilities.