

## Astral

Cold. Icy, deathly cold. It shook Roth to his core, seeped into his ghostly skin, freezing right down to the translucent bone. All around, the walls of his bedroom were coated in frozen dew. Crystals of ice coated every surface, painting everything a bright, almost blinding white. His bedroom floor was layered in snow, flat and undisturbed.

He sat up in his bed, clutching himself for warmth. But there was no warmth, no heat. Just the freezing cold.

His blankets and bedsheets, coated in shining white crystals, passed through his ghostly body. His pjs, drained of all their colours, remained where they were – passing though his ghost form like painful daggers of ice stabbing his insides.

So cold.

This dream. Why always this dream?

He climbed off his bed, turned back to look at it. Fear and panic swept through him as he stared at his own cold, still body.

Why did he keep having this dream?

Every night for the last two weeks.

Why?

"I'm dying," Roth gasped, the words coming out in a cloud of white mist. "I'm gonna freeze."

He knew that wasn't the case. He'd wake up in his bed, cold and shaking and gasping for air, but very much alive. Whatever this dream was, it wasn't lethal. It wasn't even real. Just his imagination.

Roth snorted despite himself. "Whoever said you can't feel pain in your dreams is a fucking liar."

The dream always went like this. Talking to himself for comfort, pushing down the terror by being a smartass. Then, as he stood there, the pain of the cold growing and growing, he'd climb back onto his bed, cuddle his unmoving body – the real one, not the ghost one he had now. Then he'd wake up.

"I should climb into bed now," Roth spat, fighting down the rising chill. "Just skip this shit and wake up."

And then have to do the same thing tomorrow night. And the night after that. And the night after that.

"Fuck," Roth growled, teeth chattering. "That."

Whatever this fucking dream wanted from him, he'd find out and be done with the whole fucking thing.

Climbing back into his 'real' body might end the dream, but that just meant the same shit tomorrow. No, whatever this fucking dream wanted, it wasn't *that*.

Roth turned to his bedroom door, wood coated in mist and ice.

He winced.

Last time he'd tried this, it hadn't gone well.

"Fuck it," Roth growled. He took a step forward. "Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. *Fuck.*"

Every step was agony.

Walking on this floor, coated in snow and ice, was like wading through a puddle of needles. Spikes of pain shot through the soles of his feet with every step.

His only comfort was that he hadn't reached the door yet.

The first thing he'd learned about these dreams, about being a dream-ghost, was that he could pass through solid objects.

The second thing he'd learned was to never do that.

His feet, that stabbing pain, was nothing compared to what he'd feel passing through something as solid and dense as his bedroom door. Shit, passing through the bedsheets and clothes of his physical counterpart felt like getting stabbed with a hundred

ice shanks at once.

If anything could kill him in this fucking dream, it was passing through that door. If it was possible to die from feeling too much pain at once, that's exactly what would happen.

Instinctively, Roth took a deep breath. Chill seeped into his lungs, clutching at him from the inside.

"Fuck it."

He pushed forward into the wooden door's surface.

Roth screamed.

Howls of rage, shrieks of anguish. Ice flowed into his lungs through his open mouth, choking him, stabbing at his insides.

He pushed harder, vision filled with white.

And then it was over. He was through.

Forgetting about the ground's hazards, Roth collapsed to his hands and knees, panting in the icy air.

"Not dead," he breathed. "Not dead."

Pushing himself to his feet, he glanced around.

The hallway was both familiar and alien. He'd walked through it countless hundreds, even thousands, of times in his life. It was the hallway outside his non-dream bedroom. The one he shared with his sisters. Only, like his room, it was frozen. Cold. Lifeless. A mist hung in the air, blocking out everything

Roth walked down it, wincing with each step.

Every door was closed. No-where to go but along the hallway, down the stairs, into the living room.

So cold.

But, what was that?

A faint yellow glow in the mist. Too far into the endless white to see properly, but there was definitely something there.

Roth took a step towards it, another.

The yellow glowed brighter with every step, the mist thinning to reveal the oranges and reds of an open flame. It blew away the chill, warming Roth the closer he got.

Only it wasn't a flame.

"Mom?" He gasped, surprised.

He'd always thought his mother was kinda hott. But not exactly this literally.

Long legs hidden behind a pink bath robe, slim waist and luscious hips. An ample bust, only slightly sagging – even after having four children. And her beautiful, motherly face with her kind smiles and tired, dreamy eyes. A milf, in the truest sense of the word. And she was glowing like a brilliant flame.

A golden aura flared around her, warm and inviting, as she stood in the living room looking at her phone.

Roth took a step forward, chill fading entirely as he got closer to his mother's radiant skin.

Comforting warmth flowed into Roth, burning away the last vestiges of ice inside him.

The heat was intense, but not painful. It didn't burn.

"The fuck?" Roth spoke, bemused.

His mother didn't react to his words. She didn't seem to realise he was there at all, despite him being well within her personal space – inches away from her. She just tapped on her phone, a frown on her beautiful face.

"Is this what you want?" Roth asked the dream, glancing around.

Nothing happened, save for his mother's frown deepening at whatever she saw on her phone's screen.

"What do you want from me?!"

Now that the pain was gone, Roth felt anger building inside himself. What was the point of all this? Why the pain? What did the dream want from him? What was he supposed to do? What the fuck was his subconscious playing at?!

"Do you want me to check the phone?" He asked aloud.

Without waiting for silence to answer him, Roth snapped his hand out, reached to snatch the phone from his mother's grip.

His hand came into contact with his mother's skin.

*Busy?! What does he mean he's 'busy'? The asshole wasn't 'busy' earlier when he needed to get off! Men, always thinking they can get away with doing the bare minimum. I suck his cock and he can't even be bothered to-*

Roth's hand shot away, his eyes wide.

What the fuck had *that* been?

The answer was obvious, but also impossible. He couldn't read minds. No one could.

Dream. He was having a dream, he reminded himself.

Maybe in this dream, he could read the minds of others? This Mom wasn't real, she was just a fabrication of his mind. Who was to say he couldn't read her mind? After all, if his mind had made her, then reading hers wouldn't be any different than reading his own mind.

Is this what the dream wanted? For him to read his own mind?

Mom had been thinking about sex. Her thoughts were angry, about some guy she was dating. But deeper down, he'd felt more. She was horny, lonely, desperate.

"Why do you want me to see Mom like this?" Roth asked his dream – his own subconscious.

No answer came.

Roth sighed, reached out his hand again.

*They're all the fucking same. Get what they want and then leave before they have to do anything themselves.*

*Is it me? Am I getting too old? Too ugly?*

No, that wasn't it! Mom was beautiful, amazing. Guys should be lining up to beg for a chance to be with her. The guy Mom was dating was just an ungrateful asshole.

*No. It's not that. I'm beautiful, amazing. Guys should be lining up begging for a chance to get with me. My boyfriend is just an ungrateful asshole.*

Again, Roth's hand shot away. Eyes bulging, warmth flowing through his ghostly body.

Had- had he just changed Mom's thoughts?

Not Mom's, he had to remind himself. Just a character in a stupid dream. It wasn't *actually* his mother and he didn't *actually* change her thoughts. It was all just a dream. None of this was real.

And, if none of it was real, he could do what he wanted.

Is *that* what this fucking dream was about? Some convoluted wet dream about his Mom? His brain had constructed all of *this* just for an excuse to get his dick hard?

He didn't even have a dick right now!

The physical body up in his room did, but this ghost form had nothing.

Roth sighed.

All that pain, all the torment, was for *this*?

If he didn't do anything with Mom in the dream, would he keep having it?

Slowly, he reached out his hand once more, touched Mom's skin as she stood there, still looking at her phone.

*I should break up with him. If he doesn't appreciate me, I should dump him and move on. I can have any guy I want, why should I settle on some limp-dicked asshole?*

Roth pushed, willed his mother to think the way he wanted.

*I'm better looking now than I've ever been. I could probably seduce my own son if I wanted. He's not a kid any more, and he looks so much like his father...*

*He's always here, so he can't run away after I blow him. And he's just so cute. So handsome.*

*I bet it'd feel amazing.*

*So naughty...*

*So wrong and erotic...*

His mother moved unexpectedly, breaking the contact. Her thoughts vanished from Roth's mind as she stepped away, walked to the other side of the room.

Chill crept up Roth's back, as his mother walked away, a cool breeze swiftly morphing into a freezing cold wind.

He followed his mother as she turned off the TV – he hadn't even noticed it was on – and stepped aside as she almost walked through him. He kept close behind her as she walked up the stairs, down the hallway, stopping in front of his bedroom door.

Roth placed a hand on her shoulder, touching the exposed skin of her collarbone with his finger.

*What am I doing? He's my son, for Christ's sake. Was I really going to go in there and... and...*

Yes, Roth thought at her. You are.

*Yes. I am going to go in there and fuck my son. Give him the best damn ride of his life. I'm beautiful, amazing. He'll never meet another girl like me. If I don't have sex with him, he'll go through life forever knowing he'll never have the best.*

*I don't want that for him, do I? For my son to know he'll never get to taste the best?*

*Of course not.*

*He's my son. I love him.*

*He's a man. I need him.*

*I'm not just going to fuck him. I'm going to give him the best fucking of his entire life. Tonight. Right now.*

The bedroom door opened as Roth pulled his hand away. His mother sauntered into his bedroom, the ice and cold retreating from her glowing warmth.

Roth followed, walked past her.

If, in this dream, his Mom was going to have sex with the version of him lying in that bed, not his ghost form, then he might as well climb into bed and at least have a good view to watch it all from.

He sat down on the edge of his bed, his mother standing a few inches away. If only his ghost form had a cock. If only his dream Mom could see it and play with it. But no, now he had to watch as she had sex with the other, unmoving him.

With a sigh, he rolled onto bed, passing into the physical him's space. At least this way he could pretend-

The world went black.

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A warm, happy glow blazed in Roth as his dream faded.

It would have been awesome if his dream had gone on just a little longer – maybe he'd have gotten to see his Mom's tits or even watch her have sex. But, compared to the other times he'd had the cold dream, this was a welcome end to it.

Who'd have thought he'd ever want to stay in that cold, hellish place?

He opened his eyes, took a moment to adjust to the darkness of his room. Then flinched, jumped back in bed.

Someone was in his room, standing over him.

"Shh," Mom cooed. "Don't want to wake your sisters now, do we?"

There was something different in her voice. A confidence and control that he'd never heard there before. She stood tall, eyes bright, warm. Hungry.

But... This wasn't a dream.

He was awake.

What was going on?

Before he could think, before he could even attempt to work out what was happening, his mother moved. Her pink bathrobe opened, feel away, revealing the bare skin underneath.

She wasn't wearing underwear. No nightie. Nothing.

Round, hanging breasts with wide brown areolas. Pointy nipples surrounded in faint blue veins. Her stomach was flat, her crotch hairless and smooth.

"Mom," Roth whispered, mind reeling.

"Shh," his mother smiled. She climbed onto his bed, straddled him over his blanket. "Shh, baby boy. Mommy's going to take care of you now."

She lowered the blanket, climbed under the covers with him. Her hand slid down his torso, slid under his pjs.

When her skin made contact with his cock, Roth shivered.

Her fingers were delicate. Warm.

"Good boy," she whispered into his ear. "Get hard for Mommy."

She kissed his cheek, his neck, his chest.

Very quickly, his cock was harder than it'd ever been before.

His mother shifted under the blankets, positioned herself above him. Her grip on his cock tightened as she smiled at him.

Then, a warm wetness touched his tip. An inviting sensation.

"That's it baby," she cooed softly. "Time to fuck Mommy."

Slowly, that warmth wrapped around the head of his cock, squeezing it, massaging his shaft with its folds as his Mom sunk lower and lower, deeper and deeper.

"Mom," Roth gasped, all thoughts gone but for how amazing she felt.

She smiled at him, leaned down and pressed her lips to his.

Slowly, she began to move.

The sound of squeaking bedsprings filled Roth's bedroom. And, much quieter, soft panting and muffled moans.