

Dream Weaver

The memory unfolded in front of me. A little girl running along a forest path. As always, the memory wasn't perfect. Trees and plants were blurred, there were jumps in the memory where Laura couldn't recall events. It was an old memory, bound to have some holes in it.

When the little girl tripped over, fell and hurt her knee, she started crying.

Appearing out of no-where - quite literally out of no-where, coalescing out of mist and haze - the girl's mother appeared. The young Laura sobbed to her mother while the older woman soothed.

I shook my head, invisible to both the Dreamer and the memory of her mother.

No, that wouldn't do at all.

I exerted my will, and the memory blew apart like smoke.

A heartbeat later, there was a young girl running through the woods once more. Little Laura. All smiles and joy, all the way to that same moment she tripped and fell.

This time it was a man who appeared out of the mist. Laura's father. Before the young girl saw her father, I exerted more will, ignoring the throb of pain, and changed the memory's appearance a little. Darker hair in a different style, no glasses, a slightly slimmer build.

The altered memory advanced, lifted Laura from the ground and cuddled her. A bit more of my will and Little Laura's pain was replaced with a feeling of comfort, contentedness.

"I told you not to run," I willed the altered version of Laura's father to say. "You should have listened to me. If you did, your leg wouldn't hurt now, would it?"

With one last aching push, I willed the hurt knee back onto Laura's mind.

The girl snivelled, nodded her head slowly.

I woke up, head throbbing.

Weaving dreams took considerable willpower. The kind that leaves quite an ache behind. After every session, it took a few hours of rest and relaxation before I could even think straight.

So I did as any reasonable human being would in my shoes, and went to get myself some booze.

My brain was going to be fucked for the next few hours anyway, why not at least numb the ache?

Currently, I was working on altering Miss Laura Desmond's personality. A single woman, aged in her mid-twenties, very attractive and, of course, very desirable. Also, fiercely independent and not at all interested in dating or sex.

My job was simple: Change that.

Dream Sailing; the art of slipping into another person's dreams. Entering a trance-like state and allowing your consciousness to drift away in search of a Dreamer to latch onto. Illegal, of course. But not exactly a crime that could be detected or proved in a court room.

Me? I'm part of a team that takes Dream Sailing to a whole new level. We call it Dream Weaving.

The idea is actually very simple. Enter the victim's dreams as any Dream Sailor would - only instead of just watching, we participate. Not an easy thing to do. But, with a little practice and the right mentality, it is possible to alter a Dreamer's dreams. And, from there, it's not so difficult to conjure up and alter memories, too.

Ask yourself; what makes you, you?

What is it that makes you walk the way you do, talk the way you do? Why do you support the sports team that you do, or why don't you support any at all? Why do you like girls with big tits, or Mr Tall, Dark and Handsome? The answer is simple.

It's your past.

Every moment of your life up 'til right now has made you who you are. Every experience - every memory - influences you. Little ones add up, and big ones define you. We are the culmination of all our memories and experiences.

So, alter the memories, and you alter the person. Right?

It's not quite that easy, mind. Remaking memories takes time and effort, a lot of it. And you have to know which memories are worth altering in the first place, or you'll spend a lifetime changing nothings.

But me and my gang, we're the masters.

If we can't do it, no one can.

Laura's fate was sealed the moment we accepted the ludicrous sums of money our client offered. She'd be altered and changed to fit with what our client desired.

Teenage Laura was a hottie. Her tits grew in fast, her body taking on a woman's shape while her friends were still in training bras.

Unfortunately, that caused a lot of male attention to drift her way. A lot of guys either making fun of her, or trying to fuck her, or both. That was a big source of Laura's desire to not date, and her distrust of men in general.

Question was, how was I supposed to resolve the issue?

The first thought had been to go to the main defining moments of this period, replace an emotion here or there. Replace discomfort with arousal, make it so that Laura enjoyed men looking at her body. That type of thing. But there were two major problems with that idea.

First, it'd be a pain in the ass and would take forever altering all of those memories individually. And second, it would change Laura in a way that our client wouldn't appreciate.

He wanted loyalty and obedience, not a plaything that got horny every time a man made an advance on her.

So it was a no-go on that particular idea.

I glanced about Teen Laura's bedroom. It was less hazy than the forest had been. A lot more detailed. As to be expected from a room Laura had spent so many hours in during her life.

Memories from teenage years were almost always the most vivid and detailed. How did the saying go? Something about how a person's idea of the 'best music ever' is the music they listened to as a teen. There's more truth in that than people realise, even if the saying itself - whatever it was - isn't totally accurate.

The teen years were always highly influential on the rest of a person's life. It was this period of Laura's life that held the keys to her personality.

Ah. There it was. An in.

There was a poster above Laura's bed. The typical kind of poster you'd find in a teenage girl's room - a good-looking musician. And, judging from how much detail the memory of that poster had retained, it was one that Laura had spent a lot of time looking at and memorising.

The next night, after researching that musician, I re-entered Laura's dreams and was greeted with a nightmare.

Human-sized bugs were chasing her down, trying to eat her. Laura was running from them, hiding, afraid. Not the most imaginative nightmare, but one I'd been expecting.

When my team do what we do, enter a person's dreams and alter their memories, there's usually some kind of kick-back. Like the victim's mind trying to warn them that something was wrong. I figured the insects represented my invasions into her subconscious mind. The nightmare's sense of unease, of hidden depth, only reinforced my

theory.

No matter, it was an easy enough problem to solve.

With a little bit of willpower, I made a figure materialise near the cowering Laura. When one of the insectoids lunged at the woman, my creation jumped in, protected her.

The fear disappeared, replaced with shock and awe and gratitude. And, when Laura got a good look at her protector's face, another wave of shock. Her boss and, unknown to her, my client.

Laura's saviour swept her up into his arms, smiling a dashing smile, and the nightmare ended. Vanished in smoke as Laura's mind fell into a deeper state of sleep.

Back in Teen Laura's bedroom, I watched a new scene unfold.

Laura was under the covers, music playing. Music made by her crush. The same guy she was currently touching herself thinking about.

I allowed myself a few minutes to watch before making the first changes.

Memories are interesting in that, often times, it's not images you remember so much as sensations and ideas. Right now, this memory wasn't visual. Sure, there were walls and blankets and things to be seen. But that was mostly Laura's mind filling in the blanks. The real memory, the important stuff, was what she was feeling and thinking.

I opened my senses to it, felt how warm Laura was. Felt the excitement and the guilty pleasure of thinking about another person in the way she was. Ah, to be young. But more, I felt the tingling glow.

She was thinking about her crush, mister musician. Imagining them together, married, on their honeymoon. Making gentle love to each other.

Innocent, adorable. I almost felt bad for twisting it.

But a job is a job, and this was mine.

With a surge of will, I began morphing the memory. Replacing the handsome singer with the likeness of my client; skinny, dark hair, business suit. Laura noticed no difference. To her, this had always been what she'd pictured. This man.

Next came the sexual changes. My client wanted an obedient, submissive pet. One that loved doing what she was told, who craved an owner and master. Not this lovey-dovey stuff.

Unfortunately, the cuteness would have to go.

Dream Laura's imaginings warped. Transformed from the gentle and innocent romance into something else. A collar appeared around her neck, vivid and tight - almost choking her. A leash materialised attached to it, trailing all the way along to her partner's hand.

The soft moans morphed into cries of pleasure.

The image unfolded in front of me. Laura on her hands and knees, being taken from behind. Her tits jiggling under her, her ass with a bright red hand-print. The pure ecstasy on her face.

For a moment, Laura's mind was confused as the old memory conflicted with the new.

Then the old memory vanished entirely, gone forever. Replaced.

When she woke up in the morning, Laura would fully believe this had always been what she'd touched herself to all those years ago. That this was her secret fantasy.

Tired, head aching, I left Laura to dream her new fantasy through to completion.

"Well, I've always had this really dirty kink," a male voice said, a smile tugging at his lips. It was Teen Laura's crush, on a late-night TV interview she'd stayed up to watch. "I don't know, I've just always found the idea of submissive girls... appealing. You know, obedient and naughty."

It was all fabricated, of course. In the real interview, the idiot had talked about how

girls should save themselves for marriage and all that bullshit.

I willed more changes to the memory.

The interview laughed, asked for details.

Teen Laura leaned in, excited, blushing. She wanted to know too, wanted those details.

"Well..."

"Mom, why are you always happy?" Little Laura asked.

Her smiling mother looked down at her, smiled wider. "What do you mean, sweetie?"

"You're always happy." Little Laura stated, confused.

Her mother laughed, a beautiful, musical sound. It made Little Laura happy to hear it. Happy, and jealous. She wanted to be happy all the time too, just like Mom.

"Well, that's easy," Laura's mother smiled. "It's all thanks to Daddy."

Little Laura frowned. That wasn't an answer.

Seeing her daughter's frown, the mother chuckled. "I listen and do what Daddy wants me to, and it makes me happy."

Hundreds of memories. Entering Laura's dreams every night for almost a year. And finally it was paying off. Associating obedience with happiness, making Laura's 'type' resemble perfectly her boss' appearance, giving her all the right kinks and fetishes.

All leading to this moment.

The dream in front of me tonight was what I like to call a 'standard day's dream'. The type of dream most people have when they're falling asleep. Their mind recalling events of that day as a way of archiving them.

In front of me was Laura. Adult Laura. The Laura I'd helped to create over the last year.

She was on her knees, under her boss' desk.

All the man had needed to do was give her the command. Order her to suck him off, and she obeyed.

My work was done. The contract complete. Tomorrow, I'd be slipping into the dreams of someone else, beginning the whole process over again. I smiled down at Laura. The girl I knew so well, and who didn't even know that I existed.

She coughed, choked. Gulped down her boss' load.

To think, just a year ago she'd despised the man. Now she belonged to him.

What can I say? I'm good at what I do.