

Dreamer

How do you know you're not dreaming right now?

Serious question. How can you ever really know the difference between dream and reality?

Sometimes, when I'm dreaming, I'll realise it. I don't know exactly how, but I'll just become aware of the fact that everything around me is in my mind. I'm not really a famous Hollywood actor, or a superhero, or whatever else I might be imagining in my sleep at that moment.

One minute, I'll be a puppet. Pulled along by my subconscious in a story it's weaving. The next, I'll realise that none of it is real and, in that moment, I gain complete control of the dream.

One time, I was in the middle of a dream about being trapped on another planet, being hunted by strange aliens. I'd watched a sci-fi horror film just before going to bed, go figure. And, in this dream, I was hiding in some small metallic room. Trying to not be caught by the terrifying monsters.

And, as one of them was attacking the vertically-opening metal door, trying to get it, I had the epiphany. This was all a dream. None of it was real.

With the realisation came something else.

The power to change it.

A simple thought, a will to alter something, and the dream world shifted. Monsters with claws and fangs and a hunger for human flesh? Nah, I think I'll take a sexy alien babe with three tits and a desire to learn all about human mating habits. Just like that, a scary dream bordering on nightmare turned into one of the funkiest sex-dreams ever.

Now, I know what you're thinking: Who gives a shit?

So what if this one guy can sometimes control his dreams? Why am I supposed to care? Why are you wasting my time with this dumb horse-shit?

Right?

Well, that's the thing. It's not just my dreams I can control like that. Sometimes, I can do it when I'm awake too.

Imagine having the power to change anything you wanted. To bend reality itself to your will. Imagine all the things you could do. And I'll bet the first thing you think of is sex.

Unlimited power - to the point of practically being a god - is all well and good. But what about pussy. Amiright?

The first time it happened, I wasn't even aware that I was doing it. I wouldn't realise until years down the line.

It was prom. And I was going alone. That's me, loner to the core. I hadn't even intended to go at all. And yet there I was, dressed in a suit that I had never seen before. Don't ask me how I got there either, I have no idea. I just was, if that makes sense.

So, I had this guy who made it his life goal to make my life a misery. Typical bully, muscles and no brains. Dating a bitch that was just as ugly as him on the inside, but very attractive on the outside. And well, I'm sure you can imagine what happened next.

I fucked her. While he was asleep in the same motel room.

Again, no idea how I got there, no idea why the bully was passed out on the bed and the bitch was so desperate for me to fuck her.

But hey, sexy cunt wanted me to plough her, while her boyfriend - a guy I hated with all my teenage heart - was knocked out besides us? What kind of a person would turn *that* down?

I lost my virginity that night. Thought, the next morning I believed it had all been a dream.

I'd like to say I discovered and honed this ability in my late teens and early twenties, fucking every pussy within a hundred-mile radius. But no. I was almost thirty when I finally

began to realise the limitless power I possessed.

There had been hints of the power over the years, little impossible things happening. A big bag of cash appearing out of no-where when I needed to pay off some sizeable debts, having sex with this person or that person, recovering from a broken arm in a few days rather than weeks or months. The kind of things you can attribute to random luck.

It wasn't until one day in summer, aged twenty-nine, that I began to consider the possibility that it was more than luck.

So, I'd been watching porn. I lived alone, no significant other, no room-mates. And one of the videos I came across involved a woman having sex with a pizza-delivery guy. Insert peperoni pizza joke here. There was lots of bad acting and watching it made me more hungry for pizza than anything else.

So I ordered some, thinking about how nice it would be if some beautiful, well-endowed teen girl, trying to pay for her education, was my delivery person. Imagining about how I could 'tip' her.

I fantasised more and more about it, cheesy porn puns included, as I waited for the pizza to arrive.

The doorbell rang, I went to open it, and standing there was a stunningly gorgeous young woman.

She wasn't wearing make-up. Her hair was a mess, barely contained by the pizza-place branded baseball-cap she wore. In the warm summer evening, she'd unbuttoned her branded polo shirt.

Not the dolled-up fakeness of porn, but a real woman.

She asked if she could come in, use my toilet. I, almost entirely speechless at how attractive this girl was, nodded and let her in. I showed her to the bathroom, stood outside it waiting for her to do her business.

And, after a few minutes, I heard moaning.

Not pained moaning. It was pleasure.

The girl was playing her herself.

Suffice to say, it didn't take long before I was rock hard. And when that happened, the dumb part of my brain took over. I tapped on the door, said the first thing I could think of.

"Need a hand in there?"

The pizza delivery girl went silent and, for a second, I thought I ruined everything.

But then the door opened, and she pulled me inside.

She sat down on the toilet seat, her trousers around her ankles, a hand wrapped around my waist, the other between her own legs, face buried in my crotch. She sucked my cock hungrily, as if it were the only thing that mattered.

When it came time to fuck her, she sat on the sink, urging me to come forward and fill her up.

All that happened after is a blur. A side-effect of this power I have. I blur reality, reality blurs my mind. What I do remember is her folding her legs around me, clinging desperately as I thrust into her, pulling me deeper.

By the time she left, the pizza had gone cold.

That was the first time I began to realise I had the power to make my will a reality. I was sceptical at first, not wanting to take the idea seriously. I mean, come on. A guy who can alter the world with nothing more than thoughts? The ability to defy the fundamental laws of physics because of a fantasy?

I didn't allow myself to believe it, but I humoured myself with the idea and tested it out. Little things at first, like finding a specific amount of money while rummaging through old clothes. Then bigger, sex with beautiful women, inheriting large sums of money from a

relative I'd never met.

Soon enough, I concluded that these weren't coincidences.

Either I was going mad, losing my mind. Or I actually had this god-like power.

It has limitations, of course. I can't turn the moon green or turn off the sun. I can't make people appear out of thin air, I can't create life like that. Any people I influenced had to already exist.

The pizza delivery girl was a real person, a girl who did have a job delivering pizza. My power just made it a certainty that she'd be the one delivering to me that day, that she'd be horny and slutty to the extreme.

Making things from nothing, inanimate things like money, is possible. It requires a hell of a lot of concentration and a killer headache afterwards, but it's doable.

The real fun comes when I use my power to *alter* things that already exist.

Women, not all but a lot of them, have a tendency to look down on me. Maybe it's how I look, or the way I talk, or maybe it's some natural attraction they have towards assholes and dumbasses. Whatever the reason, I've never been very popular with the opposite sex.

My power changed that.

Women that used to look down their noses at me were soon climbing over each other, fighting each other, to be mine.

For months, years even, that was enough for me. Having any and every woman I wanted, making them spread their legs for me. I fucked every girl that was even mildly attractive.

And then it got boring.

There was no challenge. No risk. All I needed to do was think about a woman, and I'd have total power and control over her.

That was, at least, until I met Her.

Have you ever met someone so horrid and scummy that they make you feel queasy? We're talking the type of despicable trash that don't have a shred of humanity in them. The ones that are miserable, and want everyone else in the world to be as miserable as them.

That was Candace.

I discovered her one day while out scoping for a beautiful woman to fuck.

Candace, just so you know, not beautiful in the slightest. In or out. She had a crooked nose, eyes that pointed in different directions, crooked yellow teeth, blotchy skin. Her back was stooped, body shapeless.

And, that first time I saw her, she was screaming at a random waitress about how foul her food tasted. The poor girl she was berating seemed on the edge of tears.

I tried to ignore the whole thing, looking away and seeing that everyone else around me was doing the same thing. Pretending not to notice.

Seeing everyone looking away like that, avoiding the situation and refusing to help, reminded me of a time when I was young, being bullied. Everyone looked away then, too. No-one came to help me, no-one wanted to.

I couldn't help it. I walked over to Candace and the watery-eyed waitress and injected myself between them.

Long story short, I ended up paying for the bitch's food.

Was she grateful? Fuck no. She, if anything, seemed more pissed that someone had gotten in the way of her abusing the waitress than she was about the food.

She stormed out of the place, and the waitress thanked me.

A pretty waitress too. On any other day, I'd have taken my thanks in a much more physical way. Instead, I told her it was no problem and made to follow Candace.

I don't really know what compelled me, even now.

I figure I was so bored and so annoyed with Candace, that I wanted to vent that frustration on her. I wanted to humiliate her like she'd done to the waitress.

So, once I knew where she lived, I started formulating my plan. Started weaving the fantasy.

It was the most complex I'd ever created. Others, sex with so and so, was simple and worry-free. What I was doing to Candace was mind-numbingly difficult.

First, I made her attractive. Amazing-looking. I fixed her face and body, went about turning her into one of the sexiest women alive. Tits and ass, beautiful lips and smooth skin, dreamy eyes.

It took a long time and, when it was done, I nearly passed out from the effort.

Next, I made it impossible for her to deny a request. Any request from anyone. If someone asked her to do something, or commanded her to, she would do everything in her ability to comply.

She was still herself, still a bitch.

Only now, she could be punished.

I tapped on the door to her house, waited for her to answer.

When the door swung open and Candace saw me standing there, the beautiful face I'd given her warped into an ugly grimace. She recognised me, no doubt about it.

"How the fuck do you know where I live?" She snarled, eyes filled with venom. "If you don't fuck off right now I'll call the police and-"

"Shut up," I told her. "Show me to your bedroom."

From that day onwards, I've only ever searched out the vile and contemptuous to manipulate. I make them beautiful, make them obedient, I make it so that their body enjoys being commanded.

I change nothing of their personalities.

Whatever punishments they reap are theirs to sow.

Amazing power, isn't it? The power of a god. And yet I still have this nagging feeling that something's wrong.

How do I know if everything I've done is real or not? How do I know that this isn't all one big, elaborate dream? That's the real question. And there's no answer to it.

I could be dreaming. This could all be false. And I'd never know.

If you're reading this, if you're real, then I suppose I must be real too. And all these things must be real and not a dream.

That is, unless you're dreaming too.

So, back to my original question.

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