

Dreams

Miss D'Mena

Author's Notes: This I'm afraid is a fairly longish one so quite understand if you click away now. If you do persevere, I hope you feel that it was worth it, Hopefully, the story is good enough to stand up on its own, even if you removed some of the sex and incest.

Very few people realise that there is another dimension to our world, a place that exists between life and death, a place where you could perhaps say, dreams can come true. Even though we have all visited it on occasions, especially as children, it is not somewhere that we would knowingly accept as existing in its own right. I'm not just talking about the time that we spend there when we sleep, but also the time we sometimes spend there when we daydream, sat in a trance-like state while our minds are elsewhere doing other things.

Just like you, that's all I thought it was, dreaming, we sleep, we dream, we wake, the episode being mostly forgotten the moment our eyes are open. Something changed for me about the age of eight. I had been seriously ill, bad enough that the doctor's had been unsure as to whether I would pull through and had advised my parents to be prepared for the worst.

I spent most of that period sleeping, although my mother would always insist that I was in a coma, my mind full of vivid dreams, as real as anything I had experienced in life, and it was in one of those dreams that the strangest thing happened, and which first aroused my curiosity.

Have you ever noticed that in dreams, we never see ourselves, no more than we see ourselves in our everyday lives? It is only when we look in a mirror or perhaps in a large glass window that we actually see the person we are. What made this dream seem so strange was that for the first time ever, I saw myself, as I would another person. Stood in my hospital room looking at the child in the bed who was deathly white, I suddenly realised that the person I was watching was myself.

It didn't last long before my mind was off doing other things, but when I eventually began to get better, it did puzzle me as to how I had managed to see myself and not as a reflection. I hadn't been floating or anything like that, I was simply there in the same room, staring at me!

Over the next few years, I tried to replicate that experience, but it never happened, I just went back to having the type of dreams, and sometimes nightmares, that we all have.

The next time it happened I must have been twelve, maybe thirteen and out with friends. It was autumn and of course, the best conkers were still attached to the branches of the tree. I remembered climbing, but very little after that, I certainly did not remember falling and hitting the ground with a loud thud. What I remembered next was standing in the field by the tree, watching my friends rush around in a panic and myself lying at the foot of it with my eyes closed.

My mates were calling my name and shaking my shoulder and then suddenly, I felt what I can only describe as a slight pull, as though someone was tugging me from behind. The pull became more forceful and then it was like someone had attached a long length of strong elastic to my back as I was whisked off my feet, shooting backwards as the scene receded into darkness. Opening my eyes, I stared up at the sky through the branches of the tree above me, a cheesy grin

spreading across my face as my mates all looked relieved and asked if I was ok.

I was fine, winded, bruised and stunned but no bones had been broken. Again, later that night, I tried to replicate the experience, but to no avail, it just would not happen and the only explanation I had when I later thought about it, was that on those two previous occasions, perhaps I had been close to death.

Now I wasn't going to intentionally nearly kill myself just to see if I could make it happen, but there were things I learnt to do over the next few years. The first was that if before I went to sleep, I cleared my mind completely, and then focused on one person, place, or scenario, then more often than not, that is what I would dream about. Slowly at first and then with greater consistency, I could each night, dream about whoever or wherever I wanted, enjoying as much fun sleeping as I did during my waking hours.

I was eighteen when the next episode happened, we'd had new neighbours move in, a young couple called Terry and Joanne, both of them probably no more than five or six years older than I was. Joanne was a real looker and so it was only natural that I tended to be drawn to her, daydreaming of the things I would like to do.

That night, I hadn't intentionally gone to sleep with Joanne in mind, she had just popped into my head as I drifted off, wondering what she looked like in bed.

The room was dark, but for whatever reason, I was still able to see well enough, it wasn't a room in my house or one that I had ever visited before, I thought, as I stood at the foot of a bed and watched two people sleeping. I must admit I nearly shit myself, one part of my brain telling me it was a dream, but the other part convincing me that this was actually happening. What the fuck did I do if they suddenly woke up, how did I explain to them how I came to be in their bedroom without them suspecting I was a burglar.

Hardly daring to breathe I started to edge towards the bedroom door, wishing I were at home and back in my bed when suddenly I was.

Sitting up as I came awake, feeling uneasy in the darkness of my bedroom, I could feel the cold sweat coving my body and was unable at first to stop shaking.

I'd been there I was convinced; I'd been in Terry and Joanne's bedroom watching them sleep, that was who I suddenly realised it was. Surely my mind had made it up, I had never been in their house and had no idea what their bedroom looked like. I presumed it was a similar layout to our house, but beforehand, I couldn't have told you what was in it, but at that moment, I could have described to you each piece of furniture, was it all simply make-believe?

When my breathing slowed and I felt relaxed and secure once more, I lay back, cleared my mind and then at the last second, concentrated on Joanne lying in bed. I was back in their bedroom, this time stood on her side of the bed as I watched

her sleep and ready to think of home if either of them moved slightly. It was a surreal situation, one that I had no idea how to explain as I continued to stare at her. She moved slightly in her sleep, her blond hair falling across her face and impulsively I reached out to brush it away.

It was then that I learnt something, it was like she was solid, and I wasn't, I couldn't touch or move her hair. Concentrating hard I tried again, my hand hovering over her forehead as it felt like the room suddenly moved, my hand shooting back as though I'd just received an electric shock. Slowly, I reached out again, hovering my hand over her forehead as though to touch it and this time the room did move.

I wasn't moving, it was as though the world around me was moving, slowly at first and then with gathering speed until everything became a blur as it rushed past me. Feeling giddy and sick to my stomach, I closed my eyes for a second, and when I opened them, I was stood on a beach and wearing a pair of trunks. My legs felt unsteady, and my stomach queasy as I looked around me, the world still appearing to spin slightly.

'Are you not going to lie back down Tony?' a voice asked as I jerked my head around, finding two towels spread out on the golden sand, one of which was presently occupied by Joanne sporting a very becoming bikini.

I sat because I couldn't think of anything else to do.

'Fancy a cold beer?' she asked.

Still unable to say anything, I just nodded my head as she sat up and pulled a cool box closer, lifting the lid to extract two bottles of beer and popping the tops off both. She proffered one in my direction as I reached out tentatively, my hand closing around the cold moist bottle and my fingers touching hers. I could feel her hand, as much as she could feel mine, why was it that in her bedroom I hadn't been able to brush her hair back? I was trying to make sense of the conundrum when she asked me to apply some more lotion to her as she lay back down and turned over.

It was puzzling, she had called me Tony, not Terry. Anthony was my name, but most people called me Tony, how did she even know my name and why would she expect me to be there with her. Applying the lotion, her body definitely felt real, I could feel the silkiness of her skin as my hands swept up and down her back before I lay down beside her.

When she spoke to me, it was as if she had known me for years, the conversation flowing between us as we made each other laugh. I was relaxed now, enjoying the way my dream was playing out and I suppose in a way, not looking forward to the time I would have to wake up. She was on her side and had raised her sunglasses to the top of her head, laughing at something I had said when I leant forward and kissed her. I expected Joanne to jerk away from me, demanding to know what I was doing, but instead, she returned my kiss, her hand clasping the back of my head as she pulled my face and mouth tighter against her own.

'That was genuinely nice Tony,' she said afterwards, giving me a sexy looking smile.

Resting on my elbows, I looked out at the horizon, noting that it seemed to shimmer and was about to turn and kiss her once more when I realised that she wasn't there. Sitting upright, I looked around me, trying to catch sight of her as seconds later I felt a slight pull on my body.

Waking up in bed I stretched and yawned and heard my mother call me from downstairs as I started to get up and ready for college.

All of the dreams had seemed real, but they couldn't have been, at the end of the day they were just figments of my imagination, perhaps I hadn't really woken up, perhaps it was just part of the same dream. It was hard to concentrate at college as it puzzled me constantly, my head full of questions, last night, had Joanne become part of my dream, or had I become part of hers?

Of course, I had to try it again, that evening I rushed down my tea and retired to my bedroom. It was something else I had discovered, it did not need to be night-time for me to be

able to dream, all I had to do was relax, make my mind blank and then concentrate on who I wanted to see or where I wanted to be as I entered a trance like condition.

Back in Joanne's bedroom, I was disappointed to find the bed empty, of course, I had been a total idiot, it was early evening, there was no way that she would be in bed yet. Wondering what to do, I was taken by surprise as Terry entered the bedroom through the open door.

'Holy shit!' The words were out of my mouth before I could help it and before I could even think of home.

Expecting him to erupt, my surprise was compounded when he walked straight past me and got something from one of the drawers. After he left the room I sat on their bed, my pounding heart beginning to slow as I tried to make sense of what had just happened. It appeared that while I was in my dream state and they were awake, I could see them, but they could not see me, the other person needed to be asleep for both of us to see and appear real to the other.

Back in my bedroom, I opened my eyes, was this what it was going to be like at first, I wondered, each occasion discovering new things and what this dream state was capable of allowing me to do.

After such a shock, I didn't try again that night, allowing my dreams to take me wherever they wanted without me trying to influence them or who I met. I suppose in a way, I awoke feeling more rested, not initially realising that my night-time excursions tired my mind just the same as it did when I was wide awake. Was there something wrong with me, was I different to other people in being able to manipulate my dreams in such a fashion, after all, they were only dreams, none of these things actually took place in the real world.

By the time I was twenty, if I say so myself, I had become surprisingly good at it. It wasn't something I did every night, allowing time for my body and mind to recuperate. There were lots of things I had discovered and learnt in that time, and it wasn't always as great as I make it sound.

If I thought hard enough about a person, I could incorporate them into my dreams with ease, as if they knew me intimately, or if I could be near to them while they slept, I could become part of their dream.

I couldn't walk through walls or closed doors or anything ridiculous like that, to enter a building, I had to be able to visualise a room inside it or visualise the person inside the building. Without that, I was locked out as much in the dream world as I was in real life.

Part of the learning process over those two years were the new ideas continually popping into my head, like on one occasion when I had gone to my room early, lying on my bed and relaxing as I watched the time tick past on my bedside clock. Ten o'clock should be about right I suspected as I cleared my mind and then concentrated on the image of Joanne's bedroom. It was less than a hop, skip and jump before I was stood in the empty room, hearing the noise of the tv downstairs, and wondering if it were the actual broadcast or noises that my mind was making up.

I didn't have long to wait, fifteen minutes and she entered the room, sitting at her dressing table as she removed her makeup. I could hear and feel my heart thumping in my chest as she stood and started to unfasten her blouse before taking a coat hanger from the wardrobe and draping the top over it. She turned so that she was facing me as she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, throwing it on the bed as her breasts fell free.

'My God, they were so cute,' I thought, each one a perfect handful and topped with dark areole and nipples as I became aware of the throbbing in my pants.

That's the other thing, in my dream world I was never naked unless I dreamt of being naked, I would always be wearing clothes of some description.

Joanne twisted her skirt around before unbuttoning and sliding the zip down and then letting it fall to the floor before stepping out of it, picking it up and hanging it in the

wardrobe. At last, she pushed her panties down, standing in front of me completely naked before picking her underclothes up and disappearing from the room for a second. She returned, pulled the covers back and climbed into bed, putting on a bedside lamp and picking up a book as I decided not to tempt fate and immediately thought of myself in bed, returning to my body seconds later.

With that discovery, as you can imagine, temptation took over. Between the age of eighteen and twenty, I visited the bedrooms of nearly every woman on our street, all thirty-eight houses. Young and old, pretty, and plain, I watched each of them, comparing one body to another. There were exceptions, Mrs Hutchison at the last house on the street was one of them, I could enter her bedroom, but no matter how many times I tried, I never managed to catch her undressing.

She must have been in her early sixties, strikingly attractive despite her age, but no matter how I concentrated, she refused to enter my dreams. On rare occasions when I visited her bedroom, I tried holding my hand above her head while she slept but found it impossible to become part of her dream, it

was as if something blocked me. It was only a lot later that I began to wonder if she had similar abilities in the dream world and decided whom she met and where she went.

The first one I had sex with during one of my dreams was Mrs Douglas from across the road, she was a bit of a plain Jane, but I kid you not, when she was naked, she had a body to die for. After watching her undress one evening I just knew I wanted to fuck her, my thoughts so strong as I dozed a few nights later, that instantly I was in her house, only it was broad daylight, and she was dressed like a tart.

Her top was tight, emphasising her large breasts, her skirt short, hardly more than a large belt and displayed most of her legs and thighs, if she had turned sharply, it would also have displayed the cheeks of her arse. She seemed to know what I was there for as she advanced on me and grabbed me roughly, her mouth and lips pressing against mine as she kissed me with an urgency that I had never experienced.

I never got a chance to say anything before she was down on her knees in front of me, my pants quickly around my ankles as she gripped my shaft and started wanking me off. Glancing upwards, she gave me a devilish smile and then opened her mouth as she proceeded to swallow my cock, able I was convinced, to take it down her throat. The intensity of my throbbing penis soon had me on my knees beside her as I pulled the top over her head, exposing her large naked breasts as I tried to fit my hands around them and massage the smooth firm flesh, my fingers twisting and pulling at her nipples as she screamed with glee.

In a flash we were both naked as she lay back and opened her legs wide, pulling me between her thighs by my cock as she fumbled me into position and then grabbing my buttocks, pulling me into her cunt. I lasted as long as I could, but Louise, I later found out that was what her name, was insatiable as we fucked full throttle until I managed to make her climax, my cock shooting my sperm deep inside her fanny as she orgasmed.

I was just beginning to get my second wind when suddenly she disappeared, and I was back in my body once more. This was the downside of dreaming, whenever the person I was with, including myself, started to wake, their dream persona was immediately drawn back to their real bodies. It was nothing I had any control over or could stop, for whatever reason, perhaps they needed the loo, perhaps something had simply disturbed them, whatever it was, they would just suddenly disappear as their body came awake.

I did read one time that when we dream, our "out of body self" is connected to our real body by a thin silver thread, I did look but I can't say that I have ever seen it, but perhaps it is this that produces the pull on us as we start to wake, dragging us from the dream world and back into reality.

In those two years, I went through as many of my neighbours as possible. I was like an addict, requiring my nightly fix, or a kid in a sweet shop who has been told they can eat as many as they want. Now, not all were successful, most were, but some just never happened, it was as if both parties wanted to, but for whatever reason, we just never got around to having sex.

A prime example of this was Joanne next door, I met her on many occasions, on the beach, out in the fields, in her house and my house, we even went abroad together if I remember rightly, that must have been part of one of her dreams. But on every occasion, despite the feeling that it was something we both wanted to do, we never did.

It was after my twentieth birthday and having had my fill of my neighbours, someone popped into my head one night when I was purposefully trying not to dream and just have a restful sleep.

Shirley is my sister and was eighteen, in all that time, she was one of the two people who I had never thought of watching or had dreamt of in that way. One was her and the other was my mother, not once in all that time as I took my voyeuristic pleasure with all of those other women, did I ever think of doing the same with my own family.

I was laid in a field, the sun blazing down and heating my body when I suddenly realised that I was naked, as I've said, I

have never started naked when I dreamed. Someone was approaching in the distance and my first instinct was to look around for something to cover my nudity, feeling anxious as they drew closer. At a hundred yards it was apparent that whoever was moving towards me, and it was a female, was also naked.

You can imagine my shock as she got nearer, Shirley blithely approaching me without any clothes on as she waved and smiled. Honestly, I didn't know where to look, feeling embarrassed at my obvious state of undress. What was even more embarrassing was that I had to admit to myself that my sister looked gorgeous with a bloody good body, something my cock had taken note of as it began to thicken and grow.

Feeling ridiculous with my hands trying to cover my genitals, I watched her close the distance until she was directly in front of me, glancing down at my shaft which refused to stay hidden and kept escaping, twitching all the while in anticipation. I began to apologise, my words snuffed out as her lips pressed against mine, the kiss growing in passion and our mouths grinding against each other.

Any embarrassment I had been feeling was immediately extinguished, to kiss my sister felt like the most natural thing in the world as I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her in tight, my erection now pushing against her belly. The kiss went on and on, my arousal growing as I grasped her buttocks and pulled her tighter still, making it perfectly obvious that I wanted to fuck her. Even that thought which initially caused consternation was instantly dismissed, I just knew instinctively that I wanted to have sex with her and even more remarkably, Shirley seemed intent on having sex with me as she pushed me backwards with enough force to send me sprawling onto my back.

Watching her advance, she stood over me, one leg on either side of my body as I looked up at her shaven fanny and her jutting breasts before she bent her legs and sat astride my hips, her cunt rubbing along the length of my cock as she used her genitals to toss me off. As if by magic, my shaft was inside her pussy, Shirley grunting and moaning as her passage expanded.

'I want you to fuck me, Tony. I've waited so long to feel your cock inside my cunt,' she said, easing herself up and down on my throbbing manhood.

It felt good and it felt right, fucking my sister felt normal, as though we had done it a thousand times I was thinking, raising my hands, and cupping her beautiful breasts, the flesh soft and malleable as I gave them a firm squeeze before pinching her nipples, gazing at them as they hardened and grew.

'That's it, Tony, play with my titties. My God, your cock feels so big inside my cunt,' she whispered as her momentum increased, now bouncing rapidly on my shaft.

Leaning forward on outstretched arms, her tits hung over my face as she raised her bottom, giving me the space to raise and thrust my hips against her buttocks as my cock pounded her cunt and Shirley's utterances grew louder.

When she climaxed, I could feel her juices flooding my groin, my shaft now a piston as I continued to fuck her ferociously,

the slap of wet flesh as our genitals came together and the squelching noise as she orgasmed, and I filled her cunt with spunk. I continued to shag her until sheer exhaustion had us both collapsing, one on top of the other.

We lay like that for what felt like forever as my mind replayed recent events, turning it over and over again until Shirley pushed herself upright, her chest still heaving as she took deep breathes. I noted the sparkle in her eyes as she leant forward over me, one hand tracing patterns across my chest as she lowered her head and whispered in my ear.

'I love you, Tony. I have always loved you and always will, especially if you fuck me like that again.'

I awoke to the beeping of my alarm clock, one hand snaking from beneath the covers as my hand slammed down on its top and switched it off. 'What a fucking time to choose,' I was thinking, not even remembering leaving my sister in the field. The dream felt strange, I hadn't necessarily tried to think of Shirley and especially not to have sex with her, the field

seemed kind of familiar and so did landmarks in the distance, but I couldn't have told you exactly where I was. What baffled me the most was that I had not been in her room or attempted to become part of her dream and yet the more I thought about it, the more I was convinced that it was her dream and not mine.

That morning at breakfast, I could have sworn my sister kept giving me embarrassed glances, averting her eyes each time I looked in her direction. Today was the last one at high school for Shirley before the summer break and after which she would be joining me at college. I'd already finished for the summer and as it was a warm day had planned nothing more than some sunbathing in the back garden.

Mum and dad were out at work, Shirley was at school and the street was quiet as I donned a pair of shorts, stretched out a blanket on the lawn and covering myself in lotion, lay back and closed my eyes. I had no intention of sleeping, dozing, or dreaming, content just to let the sun bronze my body and listen to the sound of birds and insects as they flew and buzzed around the garden.

Whether I had any intention of it or not, I must have dozed off, my eyes opening to find a towel laid next to the blanket and still in our garden. Raising my head slightly I watched as Shirley came out of the back door wearing the skimpiest bikini I had ever seen, having had no idea that my sister even owned bits of clothing like that. I had to be dreaming I knew straight away, Shirley was at school and normally she would not have allowed me to see her dressed, or should I say undressed in something like a bikini.

As she lay down next to me, she turned on her side, seemingly staring at me intently.

'Ah-ha, I know what she wants.' I thought to myself, a repeat of last night was definitely on the cards, which was why I turned onto my side to face her and stared back. It was impossible to fathom what was going on in her head as we continued to stare at each other until I moved my face closer to hers and kissed her.

My first impression was that she was going to jerk her head away but then she began to respond to the kiss, especially when I cupped her face and ran my fingers through her hair. When we finally broke apart, I'm sure I could read surprise etched across her features and yet she had still not said anything as I kissed her once more, this time my hand moving to her chest as I cupped her breast and squeezed gently.

When we parted, she looked at me with eyes that seemed to have gone wide with surprise and delight, I added to that when I suggested that she got rid of her bikini top and took her hand, pressing it against my groin and the burgeoning erection which was quickly developing.

I watched as she sat up and disposed of the top, her breasts falling free and her nipples growing as the slight breeze aroused them. As she lay back down, I moved in close, cupping one magnificent orb as my mouth went to its nipple and Shirley moaned ecstatically. She caressed my head as my mouth moved from one to the other and then back again, all the while raining kisses across her bosom.

Last night had been fast and furious, today was my turn as I moved from her breasts, kissing across her ribcage and then over her stomach, my tongue tickling her belly button as I continued my downwards journey. Feeling confident and sure of myself, I glanced up at her as I reached the top of her bikini bottoms, raising one of her legs before shuffling between her thighs, my face inches from her vagina and only a scrap of material separating it from my tongue as I planted a kiss there.

Her hips left the towel for a second as she groaned loudly, my mouth returning to the slightly damp material as I planted more kisses on her fanny before running one finger the length of her slit. Quickly drawing her legs up, Shirley raised her hips and bottom as she got rid of the tiny piece of material before lowering her legs and spreading them once more as she propped herself up on her elbows, waiting expectantly for whatever I was going to do next.

When my tongue pierced her cunt she howled, her hips trying to buck and her body shaking as I licked and sucked at her

fanny, using my fingers to spread her lips wider and gape her as I kissed and licked every bit of soft moist pink flesh that I could see.

'Please Tony, please do it. Do it, do it to me.'

Shirley kept saying that over and over again as I allowed my hands to wander, gripping her boobs and squeezing as my finger applied pressure to her nipples and twisted. When I started to suck on her clit, flicking it with my tongue, she climaxed, juices wetting my face and mouth as her body twisted back and forth, her back arching as her orgasm made her soar with delight. Refusing to stop, I kept up my attention to her tits and cunt until at last, she pleaded with me to allow her a moment.

A moment was all that I gave her as I pushed myself up to a kneeling position and raised her legs slightly, opening her wider. My cock was throbbing uncontrollably, demanding that I allow it to fuck her as I got rid of my shorts and moved nearer to her vagina, pushing the head of my shaft down and

then easing forward as my cock filled her passage, sliding easily into her moist cunt with Shirley gasping each time I thrust into her.

I fucked her slow and easy, every so often ramming my shaft into her suddenly and taking my sister by surprise as I built her arousal until she began pleading with me to cum inside her. Faster and faster my hips pumped my cock into her cunt as she roared her appreciation, her hips rising to meet mine as we fucked furiously until I saw her eyes roll back into her head, her face going red as she orgasmed, and my knob spat cream deep inside her quim.

Collapsing together, we panted in unison, our chests rising and falling as we tried to fill our lungs with much-needed oxygen.

'If I wake up now,' I thought, 'I will still be satisfied.' Surely my sister had to be daydreaming, there was no way she could be asleep at school or was this Shirley here with me, purely a

figment of my dream world and removed from what she was doing elsewhere.

When I eventually managed to breathe slowly, time had passed and she had curled up against me, the warmth of the sun causing her to slumber and leaving me with a growing uneasy feeling. Closing my eyes, I thought about waking up in the garden at home, opening them to find Shirley still by my side and that nothing had happened, I tried again, nothing happened. Shaking her shoulder, she stirred, opening her eyes, and smiling at me with a satisfied look on her face.

Something was wrong, something was dreadfully wrong, I couldn't break out of the dream, whether it was my dream or my sisters, something was holding me here, unable to return to my body. And then with a jolt, the realisation hit me as for a few minutes I turned as white as a sheet.

This wasn't a dream, this was reality. It was something I had come to understand over time, actions within a dream felt as real as they did when awake, sex in the dream world was as

sensual and thrilling as it was in real life, attested to by the dry flaky residue covering my stomach each morning. It was becoming hard sometimes to distinguish what had taken place for real and what was a dream, the brain storing memories of both in the same place, and now it had caught me out, I had just fucked my sister for real.

Despite all the mixed emotions that I was feeling, Shirley seemed elated and excitable at the fact that she had just had sex with her brother and was not seeing it as a problem as she retrieved her bikini and made herself decent, telling me that they had been let out of school early and then pointing out that it was probably better if I put my shorts back on.

'How did you know?' she asked.

I frowned at her question, 'How did I know what?' Not really sure what it was she was asking me.

'How did you know that I wanted you to make love to me?' she asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, 'I didn't know. But saying that, for some reason, I dreamt last night that we had sex. In a field somewhere!'

Shirley's smile disappeared for a second as her face became serious. 'Last night? In Dobbie's field?'

The moment she mentioned the location I immediately knew where it was, the place where we'd had dream sex.

'My God, that's so spooky. I've had the same dream, several times and again last night. That's too much of a coincidence, both of us having the same dream on the same night.'

I agreed with her, but it scared me and there was no way I was going to divulge anything else as I tried to process this new piece of information. Was it possible that each of the women I'd had sex with dreamt the same thing on the same night and remembered it just as vividly as Shirley did?

'Christ! What if one of them let it slip to their husbands?' I was thinking, worried now lest there were consequences up ahead.

When I eventually came back to reality, Shirley looked pained, 'You're not regretting what we have just done?' she asked, my far away demeanour making her think that I had not enjoyed it.

'Of course not,' I said. It wasn't that I regretted it, it was the fact that somehow accidentally I had crossed a line. It was one thing to imagine fucking my sister or having sex with her in my dreams, it was a whole new ball game to shag her in the real world, realising there would be repercussions if anyone ever found out.

I explained to her that I was content to allow it to happen again, but that in future we would have to be extremely cautious, no way must our parents ever get an inkling of what had happened or of what we were planning to do.

That night in my bed my mind was troubled, this had all started as a bit of fun, watching different women undress each night was thrilling and then sex with them in my dreams was exhilarating, but after today's episode, I began to worry. If it had been possible to have sex with Shirley while thinking I was asleep and dreaming, was it possible that it had happened in the past? Had every one of the women I had slept with been a dream or had some of it happened in real life, my mind was so mixed up that it was impossible to tell.

For the next couple of weeks, I refused to allow my mind to wander each night, taking to reading a book until my eyes were tired and I was ready for sleep and giving myself no chance to indulge in fantasies or imaginings, I could see that eventually leading to trouble. In a way, I was glad I did, because, after several weeks, I found that I felt more rested and energetic the next day after having had a normal nights kip.

Of course, I couldn't resist my dream world forever, but I'm pleading "Not Guilty" as to what occurred when I did finally return to it. As such, it was my mother's fault, I can't

remember what we had been discussing as a family, but the subject had turned to what life had been like for her when she was a teenager. She had dug out some of the family photograph albums, pictures of our grandparents as well as her and dad as they grew up. She was born in the sixties, met my father when she was twenty and married when she was twenty-two with me coming along a couple of years later, a child of the nineties.

As we went through the pictures, laughing and pulling her leg, one, in particular, caught my eye. It must have been taken during the summer when the travelling funfair visited the town, there was our mum with a couple of her friends looking remarkably similar to what my sister did now.

'I must have been eighteen,' she said when I showed it to her, 'I remember it was a really hot summer.'

Perhaps if we hadn't had been discussing it previously, the thought may never have entered my head. It was something I had never tried, and I was not even sure if it was possible, all

of my dreams over the last two years had been about the present day, the women on our street, even my own sister, each dream had been in the here and now.

Once everyone was settled for the night, I snuck back downstairs and retrieved the photo album, taking it back up to my room and settling down as I studied the picture. Clearing my mind, I imagined the fairground, the rides going round, the music blaring out and the sound of people screaming and enjoying themselves as my mother and her friends posed for the photograph.

Now relaxed, I pictured myself there as my eyes became heavy and my breathing slowed. It came as a sudden shock, one minute a silent bedroom, the next, a cacophony of noise hitting me as I opened my eyes to find myself in the middle of the travelling fairground.

I already knew that this was only a dream, I hadn't travelled through time or anything like that, I was simply imagining a scenario where mum and I would be of a similar age. What

happened when and if I found her would have no bearing on her past, the things that happened in the dream would not be the things that happened on that day when she was eighteen, that, had been and gone, a fixed point in her timeline. This would be more or less my impression of that day, a mixture of mine and mum's memories, and while I was able to manipulate the dream, I couldn't change the past.

At first, I wasn't sure if I had achieved my goal, the large field on which the fair was held looked exactly the same, as did the rides and the crowds. What I was able to do and which most people wouldn't in a dream, was to notice the minute detail. Some of the rides were the ones from my memories, but some, whilst being the same kind of ride, had differences, owned by families I had never heard of. It was the same with the crowds, fashion in the last twenty years hadn't gone from one extreme to another, but it was noticeable to me that the clothes I wore were slightly different, more up to date from those that the majority were wearing.

Spending a very pleasant twenty minutes, I wandered throughout this wonderland, taking in all those small

nuances, and marvelling at what my mind had constructed. It was as I completed my tour, arriving back nearly at the point from where I had started that I noticed the group of teenage girls, or should I say, more importantly, they noticed me. Perhaps my modern-day clothes had made me stand out more than I had anticipated.

Now the problem with normal dreams is that they are erratic, one minute you are here and then you are there, there is no continuity, you flit from one place to another, from one person to another but your mind never complains about this disjointed plot change. What I was able to do was to make the dream a representation of real life, yes, I could have gone from one side of town to the other just by closing my eyes and thinking about it, but I found it more enjoyable to do what I thought of as being normal and to just walk.

I could see a couple of the girls look in my direction, other heads turning as they nudged each other, and I presumed comments being passed. Continuing in their general direction, I gave no clue I had spotted them until as I closed

the distance, one of the girls broke away from the group and accosted me.

'Hiya, would you mind doing me a favour.?' I stopped and gave her my undivided attention as she proffered a cheap camera in my direction. 'Would you mind taking a picture of us?' she said, indicating the group.

I could have engineered something whenever I wanted but decided that this was a perfect opportunity to integrate myself into their group. Taking the camera, I watched as the four girls bunched together, waiting for the moment when I could play the ace card that I had.

'Pam and Sandy, you two come together into the centre, Helen, stand on the left and you on the right Janice.'

It was perfect, the look on their faces was worth a thousand words, all of them surprised that I knew their names when they did not have a clue who I was. I must admit it was thanks to mum that I knew them but imagine their faces if I told

them the truth, that the dark-haired Pam in the middle of the group was my mother.

I took their picture and then joined them as we chatted, of course, they wanted to know how I knew them, but I kept my explanations vague, as I did when they asked questions about where I lived and which school I had gone to. Having spent the afternoon with them I tried to calculate how long I had been there, aware that time in the dream world passed at a different rate than it did in the real world and that it could be approaching a time when I may wake up.

As the group began to head back towards town and their homes I tagged along, making out that I lived in an area that I knew was close to my grandparent's home and where Pam would be heading to. Walking through town felt strange, it was the town I knew and had grown up in but was presently a mixture of my memories and I presumed my mothers and yet she never commented on buildings that would not have been there when she was eighteen.

Looking at the house I had visited hundreds of times I was taken by surprise as Pam, my mother, stood on tiptoes and kissed my cheek.

'Thanks for walking me home, I'd better go in. Will I see you again Tony?' she asked.

I didn't say yes, but then I didn't say no. 'Maybe,' I replied, 'I'm home from university so I do have other things to fit in, but we will see.'

Once she had disappeared indoors, I walked away from her house. I could have returned to town or the fairground but having had enough fun for one day I imagined myself asleep in bed and within seconds I was back there, comfortable and dozing until my alarm went off.

With mum and dad both at work and me and Shirley on our summer break and having the house to ourselves during the day, you can imagine what we got up to now that we had consummated our relationship. I thought constantly about

the day with my mother, wondering if I should visit again, but the only reference point I had was that photograph and I couldn't just keep repeating that day over and over again.

Several days had passed and with the amount of sex I was getting during the day, I saw no need to go gallivanting during the night. On the edge of falling asleep, the thought of mum as a teenager popped into my head as I found myself stood outside her house, or should I say my grandparent's home. With the number of times, I had visited here, it was an easy process to imagine myself inside and stood in my mother's bedroom.

I watched as she slept, curled up in her bed, still astonished at how much she looked like my sister, almost twins. Wondering what she was dreaming about, I held my hand above her head as though I could touch her and closed my eyes.

I heard someone call my name, turning to find myself back outside my grandparent's house and that it was Pam who had called me.

'Hi Tony, I did wonder if I would see you again?'

For a moment I felt unsure of myself, this was not my dream, this was my mum's dream, and I hadn't a clue how much time had passed since that day at the fair, was it yesterday, a week ago or longer than that I pondered. At first glance, she looked the same, so I was fairly sure that years hadn't elapsed as I walked along with her.

'It was fun last weekend, though I'm still puzzled why I've never noticed you before. Fancy grabbing a drink?' Pam asked.

It seemed to be the middle of the day and from what she had said, only a couple of days had passed since I'd first met her as I readily agreed. I knew the pub that she chose even though it now had a new name but had changed little over time. I did notice though as we came into the centre of town that most of the shops must have been from her memories, the high street that I knew looked slightly different.

I have got to say that once inside the pub, my mother at eighteen was completely different to the one I knew, now in her mid-forties. Pam was not shy about coming on to me, flirting continuously as we consumed our drinks.

'My parents are away at the moment if you fancy coming back to mine,' she announced suddenly, leaving me struggling to keep my face straight.

Had my mother just propositioned me in her dream, it sounded like it. Not wanting to appear hesitant and give her the wrong impression, I agreed to escort her home.

As we walked back, her arm through mine, I was running through the pros and cons, yes, she was my mum, but she did not look like her yet, she looked more like Shirley, and I had slept with her without a second thought. This was a dream, nothing could go wrong, my grandparents shouldn't suddenly return and there was no chance I could get her pregnant and

suddenly become my own father, that was another six years away yet.

I suppose the mounting excitement of having sex with my mother, even if it was only a dream was the deciding factor for me, I'd had sex with lots of women in our street, I'd had sex with my sister, why should Pam be any different I was thinking as we approached her house and I began to wonder what she would look like once we were both naked and in her bed, the thoughts causing a reaction down below as my cock sensed it would be called on to perform. Taking a key from her pocket she opened the front door and taking me by the hand, led me upstairs to her bedroom.

I'm not going to say that she raped me because I was a willing participant, but there was no preamble as we quickly disposed of our clothes, mum completely unembarrassed as she got naked and dragged me onto the bed. Maybe as a young woman, she had been promiscuous, because there was no hesitancy as she grabbed my cock, stroking it until she brought me fully erect and then lowering her head as she took my knob between her lips and into her hot moist mouth.

Wanting to reciprocate, I extracted myself for a moment, swivelling around so that as she took my cock back into her mouth, I pushed my head between her thighs, my nostrils picking up the scent of her musk as I opened her fanny wide with my fingers and poked my tongue into her cunt.

We were both trying to express our delight and arousal but with our mouths full all that we managed were grunts as the throbbing of my cock intensified and Pam's legs began to shake as I sucked on her clit.

'Will you fuck me, Tony?' she asked, withdrawing my knob from her mouth, and sounding exactly like Shirley when she had asked the same question.

Now you would think that I would have been hesitant about going further, at the end of the day, despite not looking it, Pam was still my mother. My mum was asking me, her son, to fuck her, the problem was, that her request did not seem abnormal, it seemed to me to be the most reasonable thing to

ask and the most natural thing to do. Which was why I swivelled back around, opened her legs wide and shuffled between them, my cock rubbing against her pussy as I listened to her moan and cry with anticipation.

My cock slammed into her cunt as Pam pulled me down so that she could kiss me, my hips continuing to slide my shaft up her wet passage as we both tried to groan despite our mouths being locked together and her tongue invading mine. Her breasts were like my sisters as I massaged the soft flesh, teasing her as I twisted and pulled at her nipples and then breaking away as I used my mouth and tongue to suck and lick them erect.

We changed position at her request as she knelt on all fours and I took her from behind, my groin slapping against the cheeks of her arse as we continued to fuck, my hands reaching beneath her as I cupped and squeezed her tits. I suppose we had both reached the point where neither of us wanted to wait any longer, my cock fucking her in a frenzy as she started to climax and I ejaculated inside her fanny, the bed squeaking

and the sound of flesh coming together, loud inside the quiet bedroom.

I don't know what she dreamt about later, it certainly wasn't me as I was kicked out of her dream, my mind going completely blank as I returned to my bedroom and a restful night's sleep.

I was up early the next morning, watching as mum and dad got ready for work but paying more attention to my mother than I would previously have done.

The rest of the day continued with what had become mine and Shirley's normal routine, once our parents were out of the way we returned to bed and fucked until we were both sated. After that, we would shower and go our separate ways, me off to meet up with a couple of mates and Shirley to visit her friends. It was an idyllic summer in a way, presently I was without a girlfriend, but that didn't matter, I was getting plenty from my sister each day, and each night if I wanted, I would accommodate one of the women from the street, still

occasionally trying Mrs Hutchinson at the end house and still failing miserably.

It was the following week, the weather still perfect in what would become one of the best summer's we'd had, and I was out in the garden topping my tan up after Shirley and I had fucked, and she had gone off for the day. It was hot and I was dozing after our exertion when I suddenly found myself sat in my grandparent's lounge.

'Tea or coffee?' a voice called from the kitchen.

'Coffee,' I called back, instantly realising I was in a dream which wasn't mine.

Pam came in carrying two cups and straight away I noticed the difference, she was older, perhaps my age or maybe a bit more.

'It's nice to see you again, Tony. What's it been, a couple of years?'

I was stunned, was she dreaming about me and that was how I had been whisked here. She didn't seem to notice or comment on the fact that we were both the same age, she had got older, and I hadn't. There was plenty I had to learn about this dream state, how was this happening, had I made mistakes over the time I had been abusing it, it was only later in my life that I would realise that I had and what they were.

Did we have sex? Of course, we did, it was fun to shag my mother as a young woman, but that was not the end of it as I was to find out over the next couple of weeks.

During that time, I didn't get a chance to explore my own dreams, each night getting dragged into Pam's the minute my head hit the pillow. We met up again during her twenties, the time when she had first met my father, there was at least half a dozen occasions when she was twenty-one, in effect, cheating on him in her dreams.

To cap it all, I had sex with Pam the night before her wedding, sharing her bed as my shaft slid inside her moist fanny and we fucked until the early hours. I awoke each morning exhausted, struggling to keep my eyes open during the day and often snoozing. Each time I slept, she pulled me back into her dreams, twenty-two, twenty-three, she kept ageing until I found myself one afternoon out in the fields with her.

I helped her through the gate into the field as we headed for the far corner, Pam taking it slowly because of the size of her belly. She was starting to look more like my mother, and I knew instinctively that the child she was carrying was me. Despite being pregnant, she was still full of fun as she pulled me down into the long grass. She had to be nearly four years older now than I was and still she made no comment about the fact that I had not got any older or that she was now definitely cheating on my father.

Unbuttoning the front of her dress she displayed her oversize knickers and the bra supporting her enlarged breasts.

'Help me off with it,' she requested, firstly removing the dress and then her underwear before lying back in the grass completely naked.

She watched as I stripped off, my erection bouncing happily as I got out of my clothes and then joined her in the grass. Pam turned on her side as I moved in behind her, my hand going between her thighs as I softly rubbed at her full pussy, feeling it open and then spreading the slippery juice within. Reaching over her hip she gripped my shaft, wanking me slowly as I felt my arousal begin to increase and enticing me to insert a digit into her fanny as I finger-fucked her.

When she asked me to, I slid my cock into her, fucking her slow and soft, showing consideration for her present condition. Stoking her tight extended belly, I felt movement within, perhaps baby me felt some kind of bond with the other me on the outside. Moving upwards, I tried to hold one of her now quite large breasts, enjoying the sensation of its increased size and the milk that was expelled from her teat occasionally when I squeezed them.

We fucked until she climaxed, my mother insisting that I shag her faster and harder as her orgasm made her call out, crying with delight as my spunk filled her cunt.

And still, it continued, twenty-five, twenty-six and pregnant with my sister. I was continually pulled into my mother's dreams as I fucked her and watched her age. By the start of that second week, she was in her thirties and now looked like my mum. Did it put me off? Not at all, if anything it increased the thrill and excitement as I went from shagging a teenage girl to someone I now considered as a fully-fledged MILF.

I had never thought of it previously in all the years of growing up, but my mum was pretty damn good for her age. Her hair was shorter nowadays than it had been when she was young, and she still had full breasts which suddenly I had begun to notice more having seen them unadorned in my dreams. Although she had a bit of a tummy, it did not detract from her natural attraction, and I found myself watching her bottom each time she bent over.

I began to realise that she was sexy in her own way, and I suppose I was hoping that her dreams continued as I looked forward to fucking her as she approached her real age.

By the time that the second week came to an end, it was only a few weeks before Shirley and I would return to college and I was completely shagged out, not even able to do justice to my sister each day. Last night when I had fucked my mother, she had let slip that it was her fortieth birthday, only four years younger than she now was, as I was held spellbound by her body and then left a complete wreck after what felt like hours of shagging.

I needed a rest, I needed to sleep without dreaming, surely this thing with mum couldn't go on much longer, we were nearly up to date.

That morning I put Shirley off, telling her I didn't feel well and snuggled back under my covers as I heard mum and dad leave for work. I slept most of that day, a deep refreshing sleep

uninterrupted by dreams of any kind, all I remember was total blackness, devoid of any kind of sensory perceptions. I awoke late afternoon, got dressed and had my evening meal with the family before returning to my room and sleeping again, thankful that once more it was undisturbed.

My sister started at college a few days before I went back for my final year because she was part of the new intake. Other than the sex we had enjoyed in the real world, I had not indulged in any other liaisons with my mother or the women of our street, presently content to regain my energy and save myself for Shirley.

A couple of weeks after I started back was my twenty-first birthday, my parents wanted to throw a party but to be honest, I wasn't bothered. The weather was still pleasant and so I persuaded them to hold a BBQ for a few of my friends and family and invite some of the neighbours. Of course, you have guessed, and I was pleasantly surprised when on the day of my celebrations one of the neighbours that my parents had invited was Terry and Joanne from next door. Another surprise I suppose and someone I hadn't been expecting was

Mrs Hutchinson from the end house. I noticed her when she arrived, dressed elegantly as usual and to me, looking sexy as hell.

It was a great day, the weather was still warm, the guests were funny and charming, and the drinks flowed. I noticed Terry talking to my sister as Joanne sidled over to me.

'Happy Birthday Tony. I don't seem to have seen as much of you lately, everything ok?'

The question immediately struck me as funny, to be fair I would normally see her most mornings, we caught the same bus, me on my way to college and Joanne on her way to work. Normally we would exchange a few words or if the bus were busy, we may sit next to each other, but I wouldn't have said we were friends or on close terms.

'Summer holidays,' I replied, 'But we are back now so you will see more of me.'

'Hmmm,' she said with a secretive smile and a twinkle in her eyes, 'I certainly hope so, I miss our time together.'

We were interrupted as other people wanted to wish me "Happy Birthday" and I watched her move around the garden, but something in my brain was telling me that she was not referring to those five or ten minutes each morning.

It had gone well and as the end of the evening approached guests began to take their leave, some of the family had already departed along with some of the neighbours. I could guarantee that my mates would be there till the death but in a way, I was sad to see Joanne and her husband Terry come and say that they'd had a lovely time but were going to make a move. Glancing around there was still quite a few guests there and surprisingly, one of them was Mrs Hutchinson.

I had spoken to her a couple of times during the day noting that she was no slow coach when it came to polishing glasses of wine off and by now, she was more than a bit tiddly. I had

no room to talk, I'd put plenty away and while as yet, I wasn't seeing double, there was no doubting I was drunk. She caught my eye when I glanced in her direction and with a slight wave of her hand beckoned me to go and speak to her again.

She patted the seat next to herself, waiting while I sat down before fixing me with a stare which at first gave me the impression that I might be in trouble, her look, so solemn.

'Why?'

'Sorry?' I said, fearing that I had missed the question.

'Why?' she asked again.

I was at a loss; she was drunk and so was I and I didn't have a clue what it was she was asking me.

'I'm sorry Mrs Hutchinson. Why what? What's the question you're asking?'

She kept me transfixed for a long moment before she spoke again. 'Please Tony, call me Eleanor. Why do you want to sleep with me?'

'Jesus!' I've never sobered up so quickly in my life, not quite sure at first if I had heard her correctly. I didn't know what to say, stammering as I tried to come up with an answer.

'You do want to sleep with me, don't you?' she asked. 'Take your time.'

The easiest thing to do at first was to keep my mouth shut and just nod my head.

'But why?' she asked once more.

'Because you are exceptionally attractive and, in my eyes, at least, you are as sexy as hell,' I just blurted it out, keeping my voice low so that other people near us would not hear me.

Suddenly the solemnity was gone as a smile spread across her face, changing her appearance completely as she slowly nodded her head.

'Then perhaps you had better pay me a visit..... when I'm awake,' she replied after a pause, giving me a smile and a look that told me she perhaps knew the truth.

'And now, after a lovely day, I would like you to walk me home.' Eleanor requested.

She took my arm as we staggered slowly down the street, to anyone watching, I was a well-mannered young man escorting a mature, slightly sozzled lady, home. That was until we turned into her garden and then down the side of her house. Once out of sight she pounced, her arms going around my neck as she pushed me back against the wall and thrust her body against mine at the same time that she kissed me.

Eleanor was like an octopus, her hands, and arms everywhere as her tongue explored my mouth. She groped at my chest, my arse and was presently rubbing at my cock which was trying to burst from my pants as one of my hands was removed from her buttocks which felt surprisingly firm for a woman of her age and placed on her breast. I'm sure that if it weren't for the sound of people approaching, she would have fucked me there and then.

At last, I was released as she whispered her goodnight's 'Visit me and don't forget..... come when I'm awake.' With that, she patted my arse before disappearing around the back of her house.

I had to chuckle as I headed for home, I'd been correct, Eleanor must have some ability in the dream world and yet after all my efforts to see her there, it would be in reality that I finally got my chance.

Eventually, the last person had left, and my family had gone to bed leaving me alone with my thoughts as I debated my options. Ever since my mistake, I'd not needed to visit Shirley in my dreams, all through the summer we had made love

regularly and although we'd had to stop lately because of college, there were half-terms and then Christmas when we could come together again.

I thought of Joanne and her comments that afternoon, she hadn't said anything directly, but I still had my suspicions that she was alluding to our meetings when we were asleep. And then there was my mother, it was still a puzzle as to how I was pulled into her dreams each time and how she had aged in them and yet continued to have sex with me.

As I made my way up to my bed, I was pondering my options, did I simply go to sleep and allow my body to rest or did I initiate a dream of my own, or was there a third scenario, would I receive a visit tonight, scooped up into someone else's dream, Pam, Eleanor or maybe Joanne.

I was back on the beach but this time it was only Joanne and me, the vast expanse of sand empty other than us two. The same two towels were laid out, but this time she was laid there

naked, raising her sunglasses, and giving me that smile as I turned to look at her.

'I think it's about time, don't you?' she said, indicating the towel next to the one she presently occupied.

Glancing down I just knew that I would be as naked as she was, my cock already hard and erect and pointing at the sky. Joining her on the adjacent towel, Joanne leaned towards me as our lips met, how many times had we got this far but never further, I thought for a second, and then forgot about it as she took my hand and raised it to her breast before then taking a firm grip of my shaft as she slowly slid my foreskin back and began to jerk me off.

Gently I caressed her tits, moving from one to the other and back again as the smouldering kiss continued, igniting a fire in my belly and loins as I slid my hand downwards, through her soft pubic hair and then finally stroked her vagina. Bit by bit her fanny lips opened, my finger slick with her juice as I eased it inside her, swirling it around inside her cunt as the

first groans of pleasure tried to escape her mouth, still firmly connected to my own.

Dragging me on top of herself, Joanne opened her legs, my erection now rubbing against her pussy as she whispered enticements into my ear and wrapped her thighs around me, rolling me sideways so that we now faced each other as my shaft slid into her cunt.

'I want to watch you as you make love to me,' she whispered, her head tilting away from me and the veins standing prominent on her neck as I made my first few exploratory thrusts.

She was just as beautiful as I remembered from my previous visits as at long last, I got to fuck her, my hands wandering all over her body as I stroked her thighs, her arms and her back, her skin smooth and soft to the touch as my fingers glided across it. We seemed to kiss continually, my hand now cupping those cute breasts as I kept her nipples aroused,

pinching them gently and rolling them between my fingers and thumbs.

Between breaths she spoke my name often, 'That's so good Tony. Oh yes, just there, just like that. Oh my, Tony, you feel so big. Fuck me, Tony fuck me forever.'

The sweat poured from our bodies under the blazing sun, some captured by the towels, other bits attracting grains of sand which sparkled in the sunlight as we continued to fuck, both of us in no rush and allowing our excitement and arousal to mount slowly until at last, she told me she was ready as I increased the momentum of my hips, ploughing her cunt as fast as was humanly possible.

When at last she called my name, her body going taut as she professed her love and climaxed, I was only seconds behind her, my cock slamming continuously into her cunt as I called out and ejaculated, my hot cream filling that wonderful sensual passage until we could neither of us summon the strength to even move anymore.

Wrapped around each other, I felt content, there was something about being in Joanne's company that seemed peaceful, a kind of calm from the hectic life I had been living over the last couple of years.

We had stayed together as long as we could until Joanne felt that first slight pull, 'I have to go I'm afraid,' she told me looking a little despondent and then suddenly vanishing.

Staying on the beach for a while longer, I looked out at the horizon as different thoughts ran through my head, I'd always presumed that I was the odd one out, perhaps one of only a handful who had this ability, maybe I was wrong, maybe more people than I thought had this ability to affect their dreams. Eleanor certainly and perhaps Joanne as well, again, it was her dream that I had been sucked into.

I don't know why I thought of my bedroom rather than my body as I went from the beach and back there, surprised to find my mother in the room, standing at the bottom of my

bed and staring at me as I slept. I kept perfectly still, though I don't know why I did, she wouldn't be able to see me.

She never turned or acknowledged my presence until she spoke and at first, I thought she was speaking to me in the bed.

'You need to be careful Tony; you don't know what you are playing with.'

'She turned and looked at me directly, 'You're playing with fire and if you are not careful you are going to get burnt.'

A shiver ran down my spine, she could see me I suddenly realised, my mother was part of this dream, asleep in her bed but at the same time stood in my bedroom watching over me. It took me a moment to find my voice as I told her it was only a bit of fun. She shook her head looking at me sadly.

'No, it's not Tony. It's not a bit of fun, it can affect people's lives. I've always been able to do it a little, not consistently, but

nothing of the magnitude that you seem to have in controlling your dreams.'

'Each dream creates a memory; most we forget but a few we don't. But that's ok because they are our dreams. You seem to have the ability to become part of other people's dreams and that means trouble.'

I didn't understand what she was trying to tell me, yes, perhaps I was putting my ability to the wrong sort of use, but they were just dreams, they were not real. Mum shook her head again, trying to choose her words to emphasise her point. As she explained, I remembered something Shirley had said, inconsequential at the time.

'When you become part of someone else's dream, it is they who store the memory just the same as you are doing, the dream is as real to them as it is to you. Because it's now in their memory, they don't necessarily forget it when they wake, it's stored there in their subconscious and if you asked them, you

would find that you both had the same dream on the same night.'

Suddenly what she was saying made sense, how many of the women up and down the street after my first foray into their bedrooms had I then returned to and invaded their dreams, manipulating them so that we would have sex. Did these women assume it was their idea, how many considered that they had cheated on their husbands, more importantly, had any of them ever said anything?

'I'm going back to my bed now; you should do the same. I'm not at work tomorrow, I think you should take the day off and we can talk properly.' With that, she faded to nothing, leaving the two of me alone in the room.

Re-entering my body, I allowed the darkness to envelop me, sleeping soundly until my alarm went off the next morning.

I did as my mother had asked, there was nothing important at college that day and so I took the time off for once, staying in

my bed until I heard Shirley and my father leave before getting up and taking my shower.

Downstairs, I joined my mother around the breakfast table, I'm not one for eating early so a cup of coffee sufficed. The most puzzling aspect that morning was wondering how much my mother knew, she had to know that we had been having sex, at the end of the day they had been her dreams. If she could control her dreams like me, why hadn't she stopped, why had we carried on as she was progressively ageing.

Perhaps she knew beforehand what I was going to ask because as it was, she that started the conversation.

'You want to know why we have continued to come together,' she said. I nodded my head, that was the question niggling away at me.

'That first meeting on the fairground, I didn't have a clue who you were, although I have to admit that I fancied you, as did my friends. Maybe because of that, the memory stuck in my

head and the fact that you seemed to know us and told us you lived locally puzzled me. How could I not have seen you around as we were growing up, it was like you had appeared in my head out of nowhere. Perhaps that is why I dreamed about you, and we did what we did.'

So far what she said made sense about our first couple of encounters, but why had it continued?

'Up until a month or so ago, I had no recollection of ever meeting someone at the fair that day, and then suddenly you were there, a memory that I seemed to have forgotten about. The more I thought about it, the more I dreamt about you. Suddenly you were in my dreams each night as though I had known you forever and yet when I woke, I could never remember having met you properly.'

She was beginning to scare me now, had I somehow managed to turn what was nothing but a dream into some kind of reality.

'All those times we had sex, it was like I knew you, but at the same time, I didn't. You were this character in my head that kept coming to me while we made love, which by the way, I enjoyed, but I just didn't know who you were. It was only those last couple of times that we did it, the next morning I remembered everything, and there you were, sat across from me at the breakfast table.'

'Fucking hell,' I thought, it was all my fault, I hadn't realised the implications of what I was doing, it was a dream, and it was fun, I had never thought of the effect on the people whose dreams I invaded.

'So, once you realised who I was, why didn't you stop?' I had to ask.

Mum hung her head, shamefaced, her voice quivering as she replied, 'Because by then, I was enjoying it too much.'

'Holy shit,' had I just heard right, my mother had just confessed to enjoying the sex with me, even if it was only in the dream world.

'So, what do we do now?' I just had to ask. I expected her to say that it must all stop, that we must try and put it out of our minds.

'We could always go to bed for real.'

'Never! She never said that did she?' I couldn't believe it; mum had just suggested that we go to bed, and I presumed her words did not concern us sleeping.

Despite the number of times that we'd had sex in our dreams, I was still a bag of nerves as we climbed the stairs together. This wasn't a dream that I could manipulate and control, this was the real deal and suddenly I was apprehensive as to whether I could satisfy my mother. Perhaps she sensed my nervousness because halfway up she stopped and turned, the

step putting us at the same height as she pulled me close, and we kissed.

She understandably did not want to use her bedroom as she pulled me into mine, allowing me to undress her. Despite the number of times, I had seen her naked, it was still a thrill to be doing it for real, my fingers fumbling slightly as I unfasted her blouse. With that out of the way, my arousal soared just to stand and look at her top half naked except for her bra, the lacy material cupping her full breasts which seemed to be rising and falling rapidly as she breathed. She turned so that I could unhook it, allowing it to fall to the floor as I reached around her body and cupped her naked breasts, for the first time noticing the weight of them in my hands and the heat they seemed to generate.

I ran the palms of my hands over the centre of each breast feeling her hardened nipples rub against my skin and hearing the first whispered groan that escaped her lips. She turned and unbuttoned my shirt, easing it from my shoulders and discarding it as she moved in close, squashing her tits against my chest as she kissed me once more.

There was no disguising the fact that my prick was hard as I thrust my pelvis against hers, mum gyrating her hips slightly as she rubbed her mound against it, heightening my arousal even more. With my hands gripping her buttocks, I eased her skirt up bit by bit until it cleared the top of her thighs and then her arse, my hands returning to her buttocks as I squeezed it through the silky material of her panties. As I explored her inner and outer thighs, I was delighted to find that she was wearing hold up stockings, my shaft jerking rapidly against her in response to my discovery.

'Why don't we finish getting undressed before one of us has an accident,' she suggested with a smile as we stepped back from each other and removed our final pieces of clothing. Together on the bed we kissed again, the feel of her flesh pushing against mine for once more intense than it seemed in the dream world as I savoured every second of it before she finally lay back, raised, and opened her legs wide and offered me her moist and open fanny.

It would be rude not to accept the invite as my shaft slid into her warm inviting passage, mum's eyes closing as she moaned and whimpered as our groins came together. There was no rush, we had all day as I kept up a slow steady thrusting, my hands constantly playing with her tits as she caressed my arms my face and my chest. When she got too close to her climax I slowed or stopped, allowing the sensations to dissipate before starting once more.

'Will you do something for me?' she asked. 'Will you fuck my arse?'

I would have done anything she requested at that moment, watching as she took one of my pillows and placed it under her buttocks. With her legs high and wide she grasped her arse cheeks, pulling them open and display her anal opening. My cock, already slick with her juices, took very little effort to gain entry, marvelling as inch by inch it disappeared up her back passage until my balls banged against her.

'Now fuck it!' she demanded.

I slid my cock out and back in, gathering momentum as I watched my shaft sodomise my mother and then becoming more aroused as her hand went to her cunt and she spread her lips, the fingers of her other hand rubbing frantically at her clit before jamming several fingers inside her cunt.

Thankfully, her climax was as close as mine as she suddenly demanded that my shaft was back inside her pussy and that I fuck her roughly, my cock pounding her cunt as she went over her precipice and screamed her release. As my mother orgasmed and my cock spat semen deep inside her it was the most satisfying sex I had ever experienced, far better than anything in my dreams, even far better than the sex I had with my sister. There was something more arousing and even sexier about my mother than all the other females I had fucked.

We spent all morning in bed, shagging in different position. My mother really was a wanton woman where sex was concerned, willing to do anything that gave us both thrills and satisfaction. Later, just before we decided to get up and

dressed, I had to ask her, the thought of never fucking her again in the flesh leaving me feeling despondent.

Kneeling on all fours, she gave me a wicked smile as she kissed me. 'You realise it won't be easy or often? But yes, when we get the chance, we can fuck it you want?'

Of course, I wanted, my hand automatically going to her tits as I caressed them, playing with her nipples as I brought them back to life before she pushed my hand away with a grin.

'Behave. You've had enough of me for today. It's time we got up.'

Secretly I think she was pleased and delighted at the extent that I desired her, taking her time getting dressed as she teased me incessantly with her body.

'Promise me you will be careful.' Her face had gone serious for a moment. 'No more meddling in other people's dreams. Think of it that I need you more,' she finished with a smile.

I paid heed to my mother's words, for quite a while actually, it's not like I was going without, Shirley would always find time for me and at half term and Christmas we more than made up for it, shagging at every opportunity. Although access to my mother's body was infrequent, she was true to her word, finding times for us to be together and make love. Added to this was Joanne, alright, it was only dreamed sex, but it was satisfying, and we had developed quite a bond between us.

As we went into a new year, I tried to keep my promise to my mother, I did have sex with other women whilst asleep, but I made sure that they were part of my dreams and didn't go trying to become part of theirs.

Mrs Hutchinson was a real eye-opener; I had visited her early one evening the previous year soon after my party. She was

gracious and cordial with a voice that I associated with posh people, that was until she got me into her bedroom when she became a nymphomaniac.

When she first undressed in front of me, her lingerie seemed old fashioned but, in some way, highly erotic. She had me out of my clothes in no time at all, her slender wrinkled hand stronger than I'd presumed as she grasped my cock and began to tug me off before sinking to her knees and swallowing me whole.

Her body was better than I had imagined, she was no longer young, that was perfectly obvious and there were wrinkles in places, between her breasts, at the base of her neck and on her arms and legs. But overall, it did not detract from her natural beauty, and I bet, that when she was young, she must have been a stunner.

Her breasts sagged when she removed her bra and there were wrinkles under her belly, but nevertheless, she had me rock hard in a flash, and when she dragged me onto the bed and

slid my cock into position and I entered her cunt, she went at it like a rutting animal. What surprised me as I fucked her, initially in the missionary position, was how a woman who sounded so posh, spoke like a navvy in bed.

She had spread a towel out beneath us, 'I tend to leak a lot when I get fucked,' were her words, and she wasn't kidding. As I pounded her fanny and played with her fleshy, floppy tits, she must have lost gallon's, my cock and balls saturated with her juices. When she climaxed and I shot my cum into her, I could have drowned, and God knows how many scars she left on my back and buttocks as her nails scraped away layers of flesh.

I wasn't to escape that easily, Eleanor had me take her from behind, she straddled my hips and bounced up and down on my shaft and then finally, or so I thought, she squatted over me, pulled her piss flaps back as she gaped her cunt and pissed all over my genitals. When we had recovered, I helped her remake her bed before we adjourned to her shower cubicle where she had me fuck her up against the tiled wall.

The journey home was a hundred yards and yet I wondered if I would make it, my legs were like jelly and I was knackered, anyone else wanting sex today would be out of luck. I returned to Eleanor many times after that day, but some may say you can have too much of a good thing.

Eventually, I got bored, if that is the right word, sex with my mother, sex with my sister, Joanne, and Eleanor, that would have been enough to satisfy most people, but after a while, you start to long for something new and so slowly I returned to my old habits. For a year I had behaved, I had heard no rumours, no husbands had come knocking on our door and I began to wonder if my mother had exaggerated the potential for catastrophe.

I was twenty-two, out of college and now in work with money in my pocket. I'd been out with friends for the evening and when the pubs closed, set off for home. Suddenly I was hit from behind and thrown forward, as though a car had run into me despite me never hearing an engine. After that, I remember nothing except the nightmare I seemed to be part of.

I was running, but it seemed to me to be in slow motion, no matter how much effort I put into my arms and legs, it was as though I couldn't make them go any faster. I tried to sprint, but every step seemed to take forever, as though I was running through treacle and all the while I could feel the fear in my chest as I fought down the panic. Something was coming after me, I had no idea what it was, but I needed to get away as I tried once more to speed up. And then the darkness overcame me, a void of swirling occasional colours but mostly the blackness of it all.

After what seemed aeons, I became conscious of a tiny glimmering light up ahead, striving to move in its direction as I struggled to break free.

I was in a room, in what could only have been a hospital. The person in the bed did not look like me, the face covered in bruises and swollen, tubes and wires trailing from the body. I knew it had to be me because sat next to the bed and sleeping was my mother, while her dream self, paced the room. She turned and noticed me, her face breaking into a look of relief

and excitement despite the flood of tears as she rushed into my arms and held me tightly.

When at last I had her calm, she explained that I had been attacked and beaten nearly to a pulp. I had broken ribs and bones, but the most serious injury had been the swelling on my brain for which the doctors had put me into an induced coma for the last two days.

I must admit I was scared, I couldn't return to my body and the darkness, at least in my dream state it felt like I was alive. What if I could never return, what if I ended up as a vegetable, partly alive, partly dead, drifting along in a world where only sleeping people could see me if they wanted to.

The next three days were a living nightmare, it was great when mum was there, but she needed her rest and was replaced in turn by Shirley or my father. Neither of them had the ability and so even though they were in the room, I was alone.

Finally, the day came when they were going to bring me out of my coma. It was slow at first despite my impatience and then at last I felt the faintest of pulls and then nothing for a while. It happened again, and then again, each one closer to the last until eventually, it got stronger and then the room dissolved around me as I was dragged back into my body.

Everything was hazy and I hurt like hell, but at least I was still alive and functioning. I remember members of my family visiting, but to me, the scariest thing I found was not wanting to sleep. In the past, I had looked forward to it, off into my dream world to meet a woman, but now it scared me, afraid that once there I would not be able to get back.

Slowly I started to mend, looking forward to the nights and the visits from my mother when at last sleep overcame me and I felt something like normal. She kept me up to date on what was happening and telling me I should expect a visit from the police when I was well enough.

They took my statement though there was truly little I could tell them, they asked questions, where had I been? Where was I going? Did I have any idea who might attack me? There was nothing I could tell them, I didn't have a clue, they asked about girlfriends or if I was having an affair. I told the truth where possible, no girlfriend, no affairs, I made no mention of mum and Shirley or about my dreams, they would probably just have laughed at me. I did embarrassingly tell them about Eleanor, but as they put it, it was highly unlikely that I had been attacked by a bunch of old-age pensioners.

I was in the hospital for nearly two months, one night in particular though was strange. I was having a restless night, constantly in and out of sleep as I'm sure at one period I saw Joanne. She was crying and saying sorry, but I couldn't figure out who she was talking to, it felt like a dream, but not hers and not mine. And then my mother turned up one day with the news that Terry our next-door neighbour had been arrested, had he been the one I wondered, and why should he attack me, what his wife and I had been doing was a dream, I wasn't having an affair with her, and we had never slept together in the real world.

Bit by bit, more and more facts were gathered as the truth began to seep out and I had to admit to myself that I was the one most to blame, my mother had warned me, but at twenty-two thought I was impervious.

It seemed that one of the women in our street had mentioned to a friend the strange dream she'd had with the young man from across the road. Her friend had laughed loudly as she told how she'd had a similar dream, but as they gossiped, they thought nothing of it. As is usually the case, the Chinese whispers started soon after that until eventually, it seemed that I was suspected of having affairs with several of our neighbours, my trips to Mrs Hutchinson (Eleanor) noted.

As more and more news was imparted to me by my family, it seemed another couple of our neighbours had been arrested. Finally, the police came to visit me as they explained what their investigation had unearthed and which, unfortunately, they seemed to find amusing. The detective handling my case sat by my bed one day a smirk on his face as he explained what had taken place.

'It seems young fella that several of your female neighbours dreamed about having sex with you.' He couldn't help but laugh as he said it.

'They started to gossip about it and unfortunately what was overheard was misinterpreted because all of the women deny that anything has ever happened. The instigator was your next-door neighbour, apparently, his wife has a habit of talking in her sleep and he was sure that he heard her repeat your name on several occasions. He and another couple of husbands put two and two together and got five. It was these men that attacked you.'

It was all my fault, I had abused the gift I had, I had been cocksure and arrogant, thinking that there would never be repercussions. It wasn't Joanne's fault, she probably never knew herself that she talked in her sleep and neither did I, having never spent a night with her.

And so, at long last, it was time for me to go home. At their trial, all three men pleaded guilty and got custodial sentences and for the next few months, I was the talk of the street, all the women giving me strange embarrassing looks when at last I started to get out and about.

Once I was fit and able to return to work, I moved out of home, getting a flat in the next town. It wasn't that I didn't feel safe, I just found it easier to be away from the mess I had created.

Mum, dad, and Shirley visit me often, sometimes all together and sometimes singly, I suppose you can guess why. I don't dream anymore, I do, but only the normal ones, no longer do I try and manipulate them, I've learnt my lesson.

I was pleasantly surprised when I bumped into Joanne one weekend, she said that she had wanted to contact me but felt embarrassed after what had happened. She apologised profusely all the time, close to tears as she told me her

husband Terry should be out in a few months but that she had told him she wanted a divorce.

'I don't suppose you fancy going out for a drink one night,' she asked hesitantly.

Of course, I wasn't going to refuse, she was a bloody attractive woman, but this time nature could take its own course.

And so there we are, up to date and my advice to you the reader. Enjoy your dreams but be careful what you dream about!