WAKING DREAM



Waking Dream

All sense of thise had been lost to the Traveler after the brief faint experienced within the strange but tusked away in the luck detty by the Avidy Forest. With no deer memory of the events that had taken place before them and an even nucleid sense of purpose, leadified that had been been the sense of the events that had taken place before them and an even nucleid sense of purpose, leadified that had been been the sense that had taken the place before the sense of the sense illiant shere that could's have been the sun, because a purpose, nues upposed to be supported hick up in the site above, not the nody anvas that composed the celling hanning over a hassive supported to be supported hick up in the site above, not the nody dremvise. Wash's the supposed to be up top in Sumeru?

"Ah, there you are my Princess. The procession must ve seen exhausting hm? Being up there in front of everyone, putting on your best smile...and what a gorgeous smile you have..."

The arsting sound of a forcien havis voice snaps the Traveler out of his dayterans, turning to foce the approaching stranger with a subtle Froun over his brow at what he had hard and little head paid to the tickle of colden threads begins trong checks A Princess? Now that dight sound guite right. Sure, as much as he harded to adhirt he was sort of an effectivitie looking man, so it wouldn't be the first time someone had mistaken him for a member of the opposite sex But a Princess? He must be had terrible exclash if he was mistaking source like himself for rogety

But as his movements afting the didtional sway of loce plants and the elecant accessories highlighting their length, the Traveler could see that the last been instance. Blinking way the Burghness in her gess to better take in the sight of her indexcent skin swatted in searching relationship in the second to highlight and accordunct her natural beauty rather than to dorbe it from view. Feeling a dizzying workting in her head from the realization of how level it hade her out to be as swollen presses skills and loge acrous in Nowery, transperent days serving as windows from which the steadily approaching man could one view interstead and loge acrous elec. Sending a Artisktu full invining down the Traiver's spire upon the realization of a ker prediament A look that does not ao unnoticed as the stranger comes to a stor just indice away from the samitily dressed blonde, looking down at her with a conserved look on his handsome face is he extends an open hand.

"My, my What's with the face? You look like you've seen a Ghost! Don't you remember the face of your own wedded fiance?

Blinking for a moment, the Traveler stops to think. Wondering if she was at fault for seing so cautious, alancing between the man dalaming to see her husband and the sensual alure of her own body Steadily pushing away the notion that something was off as more and more dots see and to link themselves in her mind Guided along as nove thoughts and assumptions glaened from the fact that she knew nothing at all leading herself on to trust in what the man had told her at face value. Thinking of the events in Sumeru to se nothing more than a luid leading term that muscle lead for tho thinking otherwise; about the welding, their status as husband and wile yes, it was all starting to make sense now Putting Lunne at ease as she accepts the invitation, confessing to a mild case of amnesia that had left her stupefield for a moment. Hence the misunderstanding.

"That definitely sounds like something important enough to warrant concern..lucky for you however, I think I might know just the thing. Come on, you always love it when we do it out back, it really helps to dear the mind.."

clicking softly to tensult at the textions inveloptions of ter tussend's words, tunine would assiste to ter mark suscession as see fails into prove testide kin. Allowing a provide hand to runk baide the ten of her dress to op a feel of her fairst suscession is see aroot from the immess of his actions and the reasure invented by his touck. From her dress to op a feel of her fairst so softwidthal in a separate likeline sentenced to the back of her hind to be borracted, borract the wilar words to be to so a shall be the separate likeline sentenced to the back of her hind to be borracted, elivine studies studies, similar to another involution in separate likeline sentenced to the back of her hind to be borracted, elivine studies studies of a shall will be a so a shall be the separate likeline sentenced with a dear Back of her hind to be borracted, elivine invited man or the presence of a shall will vive in place of a phalus that had since been reduced into its current state as a drooling set of his currently being to another induced will be presented placer. Massing her around with a dear Back as a they will be the borrace the like terms to bore in the likestroling number. Screwed silly as the intervent to Expension that comparise like high the fact of borrace her realistic dreamsonge is and a face. A new recollected memory amonest a dozen that comparise like high the into to take, a disk into a word and were scale from, nor would she ever wart to Expension that comparise like high the intox to take a disk into ker would and her her shell here here a would and here being and avery in one fail would and the would and the would and the would and the borra to the here. Here all would and here here here here all here word to the scale the or the here. Here all were here here all here would have all recollected memory amonest a dozen that comparise like here to the three here here a disk in the here been bed here here all here would have all here word to the scale all here here here all here here here here here here her

All sense of time had been lost to the Traveler after the brief faint experienced within the strange hut tucked away in the lush depths of the Avidya Forest. With no clear memory of the events that had taken place before then and an even muddied sense of purpose, deciphering it all was just an impossible task as they come to in a brightly lit place. Bathed in warm rays of light beaming down from a brilliant sphere that couldn't have been the sun...because a sun was supposed to be suspended high up in the skies above, not the rocky canvas that composed the ceiling hanging over a massive subterranean city he was standing in the middle of despite remembering otherwise. Wasn't he supposed to be up top in Sumeru?

"Ah, there you are my Princess. The procession must've been exhausting hm? Being up there in front of everyone, putting on your best smile...and what a gorgeous smile you have..."

The grating sound of a foreign man's voice snaps the Traveler out of his daydreams, turning to face the approaching stranger with a subtle frown over his brow at what he had heard and little heed paid to the tickle of golden threads against rosy cheeks. A *Princess*? Now that didn't sound quite right. Sure, as much as he hated to admit it, he was sort of an effeminate looking man, so it wouldn't be the first time someone had mistaken him for a member of the opposite sex. But a Princess? He must've had terrible eyesight if he was mistaking someone like himself for royalty.

But as his movements bring to light the additional sway of lace fabrics and the elegant accessories highlighting their length, the Traveler could see that *she* had been mistaken. Blinking away the blurriness

WAKING DREAM

in her eyes to better take in the sight of her iridescent skin swathed in beautiful raiments that served to highlight and accentuate her natural beauty rather than to clothe it from view. Feeling a dizzying warmth in her head from the realization of how lewd it made her out to be as swollen breasts shift and flop around in flowery, transparent cups serving as windows from which the steadily approaching man could ogle vibrant, pink nipples with unabashed glee. Sending a frightful chill running down the Traveler's spine upon the realization of her predicament. A look that does not go unnoticed as the stranger comes to a stop just inches away from the scantily dressed blonde, looking down at her with a concerned look on his *handsome* face as he extends an open hand...

"My, my. What's with the face? You look like you've seen a ghost! Don't you remember the face of your own wedded fiance?"

Blinking for a moment, the Traveler stops to think. Wondering if she was at fault for being so cautious, glancing between the man claiming to be her husband and the sensual allure of her own body. Steadily pushing away the notion that something was off as more and more dots began to link themselves in her mind. Guided along by naive thoughts and assumptions gleaned from the fact that she knew nothing at all, leading herself on to trust in what the man had told her at face value. Thinking of the events in Sumeru to be nothing more than a lucid dream that must've led her into thinking otherwise; about the wedding...their status as husband and wife...yes, it was all starting to make sense now. Putting *Lumine* at ease as she accepts the invitation, confessing to a mild case of amnesia that had left her stupefied for a moment. Hence the misunderstanding.

"That definitely sounds like something important enough to warrant concern...lucky for you however, I think I might know just the thing. Come on, you always love it when we do it out back, it really helps to clear the mind..."

Giggling softly to herself at the lasvicious implications of her husband's words, Lumine would acquiesce to her man's suggestion as she falls into place beside him. Allowing a broad hand to brush aside the hem of her dress to cop a feel of her hearty ass, sighing in delight from the firmness of his actions and the pleasure imparted by his touch. Enough for the vulgar wench to let loose a singular driblet of grool from her depths in response to her hubby's love. Never noticing the ginger stud's striking similarity to another individual in a separate lifetime sentenced to the back of her mind to be forgotten, eliminating muscle memory that had tried and failed to tell her she wasn't supposed to have hypersensitive tits that would lactate upon the slightest pinch or the presence of a fat, juicy vulva in place of a phallus that had since been reduced into its current state as a drooling set of lips currently being teased by an adventurous middle finger. Masking her arousal with a clear face as they walked the length of their manor home in the illustrious nation of Khaenri'ah. He was right; she did love it whenever he started to fondle her boobs or caress her eager snatch in such a brazen manner. Screwed silly by the intense arousal of knowing the groundskeeper might just discover their lecherous habits for herself one fine day. A new recollected

WAKING DREAM

memory amongst a dozen that cements Lumine's faith in this hyper realistic dreamscape she could never escape from, nor would she ever want to. Especially when their venture takes them to the privacy of their bedroom where she would find herself flung onto the sheets with her dress ripped away in one fell swoop. Naked and primed to take a dick into her woefully empty insides; marital coitus that would end with her belly bloated to the brim and the two of them, left a sweaty mess in each other's embrace...uncaring of the truth behind her blissful fate now that the search for a long lost sibling had been replaced with the matriarchal tendencies of a loving wife who could only anticipate the life she would get to live from here on out with her beloved and the many children she would sire for him...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Images by Pottsness : <u>https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/59336265</u>