

Mind Stretch

By Ecchistar

Edited by Mina Cream

Samara arrived home from work, her mind muddled and body aching from the demands of her job. Despite the headaches and fatigue, she couldn't deny the strange ecstasy she felt from her psychodiving excursions. With a soft groan, she shed her clothes and collapsed onto the cool tile of her living room floor, grateful for the familiarity of her routine and the quiet solitude of her private space.

Normally, she would end her days with a calm and calculated sequence of stretching exercises, followed by a period of reflection and meditation. But today, as she reached for the large yoga ball that served as her trusty prop, something felt amiss. Her muscles quivered with an unusual restlessness, and her skin seemed to prickle with an almost tangible energy.

As she began to stretch, her focus narrowed to the sensations radiating through her body. Each flex and twist drew her attention to some new aspect of her form—the angles of her hip bones, the firmness of her abs, the fullness of her breasts. She felt weightless and detached from the world around her, as though her consciousness floated in the void. It was as if she saw herself for the first time with fresh eyes, and from a very different perspective.

Then she realized she was rapidly slipping into another dissociative episode. Instead of fighting it, Samara allowed herself to drift further into the abyss. In this moment, she became acutely aware of a desire to connect with this person, this body she observed and felt stretching out before her. She couldn't make sense of it, but as she rested her head on the floor mat, with her body propped on the large ball and hips tilted towards the ceiling, her vision was filled with a vast expanse of feminine delights. She longed to explore the intricacies of this firm, full flesh, to know every curve and crevice, every secret pleasure point.

She found herself drawn irresistibly toward the comfort of her own touch. With trembling fingers, Samara reached out, tracing the body's contours and reveling in the feelings. Who was the woman she beheld? She peeled away her undergarments, spread her legs, and offered her body up to the delicious sensations that swirled through her mind.

Before she knew it, her thoughts had turned towards the carnal, and her heart raced with want. Her fingers found their way to her mound. Her pussy flooded with desire as she eagerly explored the folds, but vigorous stroking wasn't enough—she needed more. She yearned to be fucked and filled. As she imagined this, her breath quickened and another tide of desire washed over her consciousness, engulfing her.

Without hesitation, she reached over to her side and found an open cardboard box. Rummaging through the contents with efficient familiarity, she pulled out a pair of sex toys. But she couldn't recall seeing a box like this when she returned home, nor opening it, and she certainly couldn't place its contents. Were these hers? She didn't own anything like this. She never felt the need for this sort of self-indulgence, and besides, there was so much work to manage that it often followed her home, filling her evenings with reading and reports. Why did she have these toys? Why was she grabbing them and rubbing them against her holes, lubricating their lengths with the ample juices pouring from her slit?

Perhaps this was a hallucination brought on by the time spent floating within the vault. It wouldn't be the first. It felt real, almost surreal, but that's what the psychodiving sessions were like, dreams felt in earnest, with sensations too sharp to be anything besides real. Subjective reality was a trick of the mind after all, everything we experienced was an all-encompassing fantasy generated within. Were these toys real? They felt real in her hands, and sliding against her skin. Had someone sent them and she'd just forgotten? A colleague? A lover? There was no one in her life like that. Whatever the case, they seemed like a gift from someone who knew the shape of her desires even better than herself. She couldn't deny that, nor the feelings as she slid each toy, one after another, into her gratefully accommodating holes.

Perhaps she'd done this before? That couldn't be the case... but then again, she couldn't recall. All she knew was this was the feeling this body craved from her. The fullness left her breathless as she crammed the entirety of each toy into her depths, making her wince with pleasure. From there, she alternated between the toys filling her ass and pussy, pumping one while she allowed the sensations of the other to fade...before shocking her body with an abrupt switch. All the while, she used her free hand to vigorously rub her clit with desperate abandon. Her body quivered and twitched as each sensation rippled through her.

She wanted to lose herself completely, to surrender to the urges that threatened to consume her at every turn. Closing her eyes, she allowed herself to sink deep into the warmth spreading through her body, the delicious pressure building in her loins. She let out a low moan, her voice barely audible above the roar of blood pounding in her ears and the sound of her sweet juices spraying out onto the tile floor as her body convulsed from her climax.

As she lay there, awkwardly propped against the ball, exhausted, confused, and drenched with a mix of sweat and cum, she realized something significant had shifted inside. Perhaps this was simply the natural evolution of her psyche as it underwent immersion into other minds, with their vast array of foreign thoughts, feelings, and experiences bombarding her, stretching her, and contaminating her with their presence. She felt a tingling pressure in her mind again. Her consciousness seemed to blur and stretch out towards infinity. The dives within the vault had opened her to these feelings. It was ten hours before her next shift, and maybe fourteen before the next dive. She was anxious to return.

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