

Fenoxo - Trials in Tainted Space - Halloween 2018 Dream Competition  
Fanny Phantoms by Arthanos

You come to consciousness suddenly, mind hazy with half-remembered dreams. There's a moment of panic before your eyes refocus. You're still in your darkened room, bedsheets tossed and twisted around you, but otherwise undisturbed. You take a moment to disentangle yourself from the sheets, exposing your naked [pc.skinFurScales] to the surprisingly cold air. A shiver runs through you. Damn, has someone been messing with the ship's air conditioning settings again? Annoyed, you slide off the side of the bed nearest the ship's control unit. Your [pc.nipples] harden quickly as you stand, the unusual cold seeming to gather around your most sensitive areas. You are surprised to see your breath as you exhale, even more so when the condensation suddenly swirls as if something moved quickly through it. A feeling of unease takes hold of you, a shiver running up your spine that has nothing to do with the cold. Steeling your mind, you decide the best course of action is to move quickly to the control unit, fix the temperature, and get back to sleep. You take a deep breath and...

Nothing. Your [pc.legs] won't move, your arms won't budge, all you can do is swivel your neck to look down at your paralyzed, naked body. Your eyes dart back and forth, your mind certain there are hints of motion just beyond your peripheral vision, however you can't seem to catch them. The unnatural, tingling cold that had been gathering around your [pc.groin] slowly slides back around your [pc.butt], then up your back, gathering at the base of your neck. You struggle desperately as fingers of cold reach from your neck up the back of your skull, and then into your mind. Though everything above the neck remains under your control, your signals to run or fight fail to even make a finger twitch. The panic and desperation slowly subside as more and more cold tendrils work their way deeper into your mind. Eventually you find yourself oddly relaxed. Your thoughts remain your own, but your body begins to move without your instruction. You take a few languid steps to where your codex rests on a dresser. Your hand reaches out and grasps the device. With a few presses on your codex a holo-mirror is activated on the wall beside you. Your body turns to face it, the light generated by its holographic nature enough to reveal your goosebumped, but otherwise usual, naked body.

There doesn't appear to be anything abnormal behind you, despite the presence you feel on the back of your neck. You watch as one of your hands is raised to your collarbone, your fingertips pressing against your skin, then slowly dragging down your [pc.chest] and [pc.belly], pausing at your groin. You tremble at the feeling; it's as if a stranger is touching you, but you feel both the sensation of being touched and touching. You watch yourself in the mirror expectantly as your hand grasps at your [pc.groin], exploring the soft flesh with curious fingers. You moan softly, the warmth from your fingers sending shocks of pleasure and relief through your unnaturally cold and sensitive flesh. Your [pc.legs] spread, shifting you into a crouching position to give whatever is controlling your body a better view of your [pc.groin]. Your other hand joins the first, working to help spread your holes, ensuring no part of you remains uninvestigated. Your fingertips test the pliability of each hole, pushing a need to be filled to the forefront of your mind.

Apparently satisfied, your body stands up, turns, and bends over the bed behind you, spreading your [pc.legs] and raising your [pc.ass] suggestively. You turn your head to look back over your shoulder, watching your inviting display through the mirror. With your hands pressed against the bed, the unsettling cold of the room gathers again on your sensitive flesh. You wish your hands, or something would move to warm your exposed [pc.groin]. As the cold begins to become unbearable, you feel a sudden warmth pass briefly over your unprotected buttohole. You hopelessly try and press your [pc.hips] back, aching for more. To your surprise, your body moves, pressing your [pc.ass] against something firm and warm. Further attempts to move your body are unproductive, and when you look in the mirror you see only your raised ass, no evidence of the warm object you feel against it. Despite this, you feel the object begin to shift, sliding down from your rear and across your [pc.groin], then slowly finding its way back to your [pc.asshole].

The object stops moving, and you feel a slow, warm pressure begin building against your backdoor. Your muscles twitch and relax, expecting what's to come. You watch through the mirror as your [pc.asshole] is slowly spread open around... nothing? You can definitely feel something thick and warm slowly spreading you wider and wider as it slides into you, however the mirror only reveals your hole slowly gaping more and more. Your concern is completely overridden by the blissful warmth that spreads from your penetrated backdoor, further and further with every inch that slips inside. It is a welcome relief from the cold, sending your swollen [pc.groin] tingling as it envelops you. You inhale sharply as the phantom shaft hilt itself, then begins to piston in and out of you. You can't help but watch as your backdoor is stretched and abused around your ghostly lover, your neglected [pc.groin] beginning to twitch and drip. Your body begins to move on its own once again, [pc.hips] bouncing against what feels like an invisible groin. You moan as your body desperately milks the strange cock within it, causing your arousal to build quickly. Heat pools in your [pc.groin] as you can do nothing but watch your traitorous body encourage the hard fucking it's receiving. Your hands shift underneath you, reaching back and grabbing your cheeks, spreading your [pc.ass] wider. A particularly hard thrust lodges the ghostly member deep within you, and an intense warmth suddenly shoots even deeper. Watching through the mirror, you see something iridescent and lightly glowing being deposited in your ass. Ectoplasm? The thought is quickly wiped from your mind as the invisible cock pulses and shoots another strand of heat into your depths, sending you over the edge. Your whole body shudders, and you cum hard; ass clamping around the pulsing shaft and [pc.groin] spraying across the sheets. The strong orgasm shocks you awake.

You are lying in bed under your sheets, your room's lighting just beginning to shift to simulate morning. You lift the sheets off you and find that they are sticky with your fluids. Looks like you made a mess. What kind of weird wet dream was that?