

2C-B, DMT, You and Me...

by Seth

Psychopharmacreativity

The 2C-B we ate was mild. I felt warm and cuddly, very playful. I felt so close to Sophia, I wanted to spend all night playing whatever erotic games we hadn't yet covered in our two years together. It felt like one of our closest moments, among the most loving moments of my life. We had not seen each other in three weeks and would not again for the next three months, which provided the perfect mindset for a drug experience to amplify both loving and lustful sensations.

It came up relatively haphazardly. "What else have we got?" "There's that last little bit of DMT." "Oh yeah." "Hey, do you want to do it while making love?"

Sophia and I have never been too big on ritual or pomp when it comes to our erotic psychopharmacology. To be sure, ritual has its place, and in particular with the more intense molecules such as DMT. I would never want to downplay the importance of focus and discipline. But we also have a healthy regard for spontaneity and play...

We spent some time getting each other totally hot, wet, slippery, hard, flushed, and just on the edge of cracking some sweat. The 2C-B, although mild, gave all of our exchanges a more playful, yet present and direct quality. (I still hold 2C-B as one of my very favorite erotic enhancers.)

Sophia faced me in a wide low, soft chair. On my knees in front of her—and inside her, I take up the battered glass pipe, thin layers of *Cannabis* sandwiching a pile of white powder, and begin to draw, pass, draw, pass, etc.

As I blew out each toke I could feel myself elevating. Each exhale brought out more of those strange colors that all look primary even though there are hundreds of them. Sophia's definition began slipping away from me. After the third or fourth draw I could barely make out Sophia's arms reaching to put the pipe down.

The feelings of entering and loving Sophia took over. All of my sensations melted into the feeling of sliding through a welcoming vagina—or perhaps all my attention went to that one beautiful experience. I looked into Sophia's eyes (she had a face again, although it was nothing like her usual face) and we smiled, beamed, into each other. I saw her hair as big thick brown dreadlocks, except cartoonish—sharp outline, all one color, no texture. Her face began to metamorphose rapidly. All of her faces looked beautiful, some of them totally alien, others wholly human. She cycled through faces with stunning speed. I recall wondering how many faces she could possibly have.

Around this point I entered "The Place." Everything appeared very bright, colorful (lots of yellow), and excessively bubbly. Instead of pixels (the visual field of my previous psychedelic experiences), I saw large blocks of textureless monochrome colors.

I felt like I had found the strangest place in the universe. Everything had become our sex. Everywhere I pointed my attention, whatever sense organ I tried to use, I could only find the physical sensation of making love. I actually asked with absolute awed confusion, "What is going on?" Then

declared—after pausing for the whirlwind of words to settle into a communicable pattern—believing as I said it that no more appropriate time ever existed to say such a thing: "The universe will never say this again!"

After that I disappeared entirely into carnal cartoon land. I could not discern anything in my environment (I later learned from Sophia that I had my eyes open the whole time). Absolutely everything, everywhere, across all time, became *us* inside our Self. There was no me, or

Sophia, just a totality making love to itself. An odd question rang through my mind a few times, "How many penises can I have?" All of them, an infinite number, were sliding through my vagina.

During an infinite time making love through an infinite amount of sex organs a strange fear entered my experience. I started to worry that we had somehow dislodged the universe and turned everything into our sex, forever. Now I can hardly believe I actually worried over this.

This tense pleasure-and-concern went on eternally before I began to return and things in the room began to find their forms, at least roughly. Still lost in my omni-dimensional fuck, as Sophia became a thing in my environment, instead of another dimension of me, I got a serious shock. Absolutely no sex was happening—I peered up at her naked body from the floor, flaccid. Every moment previous to that one had been dominated by the sensations of something that may not have been going on! Neither of us have any recollection of separating.

I will forever wonder how much of that infinite sex sensation was "in my head," and how much was the feeling of actual sex amplified. It was damn good sex even if it wasn't "really" happening. I wonder if I will out-do this experience. Maybe the universe *won't* ever say this again. •

