

Astral Sex Dream Girl

by Zoe7 (Joseph Marti), excerpted and adapted from *Into the Void: Exploring Consciousness, Hyperspace and Beyond Using Brain Technology, Psychedelics and Altered Mind States* (see www.zoe7.com)

The following experience was induced via a combination of 5 chewed Salvia divinorum leaves, 2 grams of dried, powdered psilocybian mushrooms, and half a tablet of MDMA, along with 21 minutes of stimulation from a PHOTOSONIC NOVA PRO brain machine (instigated at the point when the first effects from the Salvia were felt).

I notice that I have fallen asleep, or rather that my body has, yet I am cognitive. But I am not out of my body, yet. As I lay in bed enjoying the geometric-like intricate patterns that are still dancing before my mind's eye, I commence to experience another odd sensation. I feel a very gentle massage on my feet! But this does not scare me at all. On the contrary, not only does it relax me, but I also become intrigued by the gentleness of the invisible soft hands. I try to mentally communicate with whomever or whatever is doing this by asking its name. But when I receive a reply mentally, I can't seem to make it out. So I ask again.

Still, I can't fully make it out. It's something like "Nelly" or "Millie," but that's not quite it. In addition, I now find myself in a very playful mood thanks to the foot massage. So again I ask for a name, but this time I mentally project a strong thought and desire. "Spell-it-out." I mentally command.

"M - N - E - M - I - N - E - L - L - I - E. My name is Mneminellie."

To which I reply: "Nemi...nellie?"

"Close, very close." The imageless voice said. "MMMM - ne - mi - ne - llie. You have to give emphasis to the MMM-sound before saying neminellie. It's MMM-neminellie, in one quick spurt." [pronounced: um - nah - me - nah - lee]

"Oh, I got it, MMM-neminellie! Mneminellie! That's a cool name." I mentally shout back.

"Are you the *Salvia* spirit?" I continued.

"No, I am not." She firmly said. "What's your name?"

"Oh I've got a really easy and simple name. It's just Joey. Listen Mneminellie, I can't seem to get out of my body, or see you for that matter, can you help me out?"

Before getting to the last word of the sentence I was mentally projecting, I feel a pair of warm hands reach inside my physical body and pull me out from the waist up, by grabbing onto my shoulders. As soon as this happens, the female voice I'd been talking to comes into full view. I am pleasantly surprised to find that not only is the being I've been communicating with an extremely attractive young woman, but that she's also completely naked!

I recall that she appeared to be in her late teens or early twenties. She was tall, probably about five-foot-seven or five-foot-eight, voluptuous, and had long hair with loose, thick curls. The color of it was bright burgundy red, and she had large cat-green eyes and fair skin. Since this wasn't the first time I had been involved in a situation like this—being out of my body with a woman that I found myself attracted to—I grab her and ask her if she's thinking what I'm thinking.

"I am; and I'd love to merge my energy-essence with yours," she responds.

Having said that, we immediately embrace and begin to eagerly kiss rather passionately; and within a few seconds of kissing, I notice that both of our bodies are shimmering. There is an "ethereal" quality to them now. I also note that our skin commences to sort of phase in and out of focus. What I mean is that the shimmering that our bodies are displaying alternates between a flesh-tone color and an ethereal-like substance quality. Moreover, this body change seems to take place according to our state of emotional intensity.

I have to emphasize that the feel of her skin and of her touch was very real. *She was as solid and real as you and me are.* And she somehow knew exactly what I was thinking and vice versa, for that's how we were communicating. I must also confess that my sexual desire for her was equally as real, if not more real than real!

As I start gently caressing her breasts, I begin to feel the urge to taste them and put them in my mouth. As this thought is crossing my mind, she immediately pulls my head down towards them. So I proceed to eagerly kiss her breasts. As I'm enjoying myself she throws her head back; while moaning in ecstasy. "There is no safer sex than non-physical sex!" I inwardly chuckle to myself. "I can't believe this is happening to me. This is great!" By this time I have completely rolled out of my physical body and am lying next to it, while Mneminellie is sitting on top of my non-physical body. The feelings I am experiencing by now are beyond words.

Within moments we are definitively merging our energy essences—if you know what I mean. As I look up at her, I both see and feel her, rapidly and rhythmically moving back and forth, as well as powerfully grinding herself into me. This causes an incredible luminescence effect to emanate from her body. Sparks start flying out of her, literally! Because of this, there is a fantastic light show happening in my bedroom. The whole place is lighting up with quick and continuous bursts of luminescence. In that sense, it looks as if

there's a Fourth of July celebration going on inside my bedroom!

In the middle of all this commotion, I briefly notice a couple of magazines that are next to my bed, on top of one of my nightstands, which feature various famous female entertainers such as Carmen Electra and Jenny McCarthy. Inadvertently, my imagination starts to run away with itself, as a result of the quick flashing images coming into my awareness from those magazines, which are no more than a few inches away from me. Then, as Mneminellie finally culminates her "light show" in to what I can only describe as a huge super nova, she leans over to kiss me, and then rolls over next to me. Still excited and mentally aroused, I climb on top of her so as to "spark out" myself.

Looking down at her from above, I realize what a beautiful woman she truly is. As I begin imitating her earlier grinding movements and rhythmic motions, I too begin to light up the room. But as I'm engaged in this activity, once again the images of the magazines come into my sight and awareness. However, this time my naughty nature takes over, and as I am looking down at Mneminellie—while she is moaning, groaning, and beginning to light up and spark out again—I "accidentally" begin to think about the magazine images; and consequently they commence to appear before my mind's eye. This causes me to get even more excited than before, and therefore causes me to light up and spark out just like Mneminellie is doing, but with much more intensity.

Then, in the heat of the moment, I lean over and proceed to take one of Mneminellie's breasts to my mouth again. As I am savoring the "moment," if you will (as well as her right breast), one of the model's images from the magazines again flashes through my mind. Suddenly, I feel something very peculiar. Mneminellie's breast starts to not only taste different, but also begins to "move" inside my mouth. In fact, it becomes a bit smaller, and as I open my eyes to see the other one, I witness something startling. The entire breast, including the nipple, has morphed into a completely different breast! Backing myself up and away from Mneminellie's chest to get a better view of it, I receive yet another surprise. Mneminellie is smiling at me, and is also in the process of completely morphing herself, right before my eyes, into the woman in the magazine that was on my mind just a few moments ago!

"You like?" She asks me with a knowing smile.

"Y-Y-Yeah, wow! That's unbelievable! I'm now making love to _____! (Note: Insert here any movie star or supermodel you like.)

As you can imagine, my mind is now racing with multiple possibilities. No, limitless possibilities. No, *endless* possibilities! While I'm flashing and sparking out, and catching on to what's happening, I start to remember (and therefore imagine), one of my ex-girlfriends. And again, right before my eyes, Mneminellie begins to transform herself into her! This continues to turn me on of course, so I keep kissing

her even more passionately, and proceed to take the newly produced and now larger breast and nipple to my mouth once more.

Let me tell you that this was like letting a little kid loose inside a candy store! Indeed, no sooner did I think about an ex-girlfriend, or movie star, or supermodel, and boom! There she'd be, right in front of me, hot and willing, and for me to enjoy in all of her naked and sexual glory. My mind continued to imagine woman after woman—an endless array, all shapes, colors and sizes.

Mneminellie shouts, "Stop! Stop! You are an ass!"

"I'm-I'm-I'm sorry, Mneminellie, I didn't mean to hurt you in any way," I said apologetically.

"Yeah?" "Well go fuck yourself!" She countered.

"I swear Mneminellie, I won't ask you to do that changing thing again, really. I mean it! I'm sorry," I continued still apologizing.

"Well... That's okay, Joey. I didn't mean to lash out at you like that, either. It wasn't just you, you know? I was a willing participant too. Go ahead and don't stop... Oh, don't stop! This energy-essence melding feels wonderful, don't you agree?" Mneminellie finally concludes.

"Y-Yes...!" Is my only utterance.

As I close my eyes from all of the pleasure I was again beginning to receive and experience—both from my thrusting into her as well as from the sexy womanly sounds she was making—I open my eyes to share with her the delicious and explosive light show that we're about to become. But, when I do, I see something that makes me scream in shock.

"AHHHHH!!!!!" I yell at the top of my lungs.

There it was... an exact replica of me, right in front of me, where Mneminellie had been just a few moments ago. Except that this replica of me had a vagina! So that meant that for the past few moments I had *literally* been fucking myself! So I quickly and shockingly disengage myself from "myself." As I am doing this, the replica starts laughing hysterically and begins morphing into Mneminellie once again.

"I'm sorry Joey, I just couldn't resist! You had it coming!" She said.

Realizing what Mneminellie had just pulled on me, I countered, "Touché!" and start laughing myself. Unfortunately, this caused an involuntary jolt and instantaneous return to my physical awareness...•