**Subconscious**

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**Subconscious Pt. 01**

The sounds of my breath increasing in volume and my feet slapping against the concrete as I ran. The eyes of them attempting to pierce the night as they searched for me, and the clouds slowly drifting to reveal the full moon's light down upon me...

That was a night I'll never forget.

This story begins in a small rural area on the countryside with a small girl living a simple life. That girl...was me. I suppose that was obvious enough...

I was never much of an outgoing type, and all my life I've been...unfortunately lonely. Even in my own home, I don't have anyone else in it as I was given the place's deed years ago as a gift. A story for another time, I suppose.

You can probably guess where this is going, but as someone who was shy, I never developed a lot of lasting relationships. And certainly never anything intimate (Not that there was anybody my age around anyways). This led me to be...curious on things of that variety.

I watched porn...quite a bit.

Now, seeing as this story gets to be anonymous I can feel fine in saying this, but if you'd ask me in real life about it I'd immediately deny ever having seen it at all.

This isn't to say that I ever watched anything "hardcore" though. I was always more of a fan of the concepts and wishing they'd happen to me, rather than wishing to watch it happen to someone else.

A little known fact about me is that I have a tendency to sleepwalk at night. I never really have much issue with it as it was usually just my subconscious fulfilling my needs, such as preparing something for when I'd wake up or switching off lights I forgot to turn off.

However, there are some nights that would worry me if I didn't live alone...

You see, for some reason I'd wake up short of breath and almost sweating.

...With a slightly wet hand between my legs.

It seems my subconscious was in the belief I had 'other' needs that had to be fulfilled...

I began to care less about it happening. It was kind of like a strange, but interesting occurrence I couldn't necessarily be mad about (outside of some occasional missing hours of sleep).

I probably shouldn't have become so comfortable with it, but I figured Why not? It's not like anybody would ever see me.

But that...might have been the first true stepping stone to where I'd eventually end up.

Not long after I began feeling comfortable with it, I had noticed my hands were becoming more...aggressive for lack of a better term. I'd begin to wake up with my pajamas displaced as I'd sometimes wake up with one hand deep between my legs as the other cupped one of my exposed breasts.

It felt...good when I woke up like this. My face was always red as a tomato and my breath was short when it'd happen, but I was beginning to like it. Another fun surprise I thought. It almost made me feel like I was one of the many girls in the things I watched.

I don't know why I didn't see where this was going, but because I liked the escalation I let things progress further and further each night. 'There's no harm in it' I thought. "Nobody can see me' I told myself.

My hands became more and more adventurous as the nights went on. I'd wake up with less and less clothing, and they'd end up farther away from my sleeping self each time...

For the life of me, I wish I could tell you what happened to the pajamas I had at the beginning of this story...

I woke up one night without a clue as to where they went. I searched high and low for them to no avail. And...sure enough, it seemed to happen every time I'd sleep in different clothes.

I didn't own many outfits to begin with, so the sudden disappearance of even just a few hurt my options severely.

It was almost as though my subconscious was trying to tell me something...

It didn't seem worth it to buy new ones if I was just going to possibly dispose of them again, not to mention that I was barely making ends meet as is. So I opted to do the only thing that made sense to me at the time.

I'd sleep naked from then on.

At that point the events were practically a consistent nightly thing, so it just made more sense to just let my hands do their thing, then finish it off when I woke up from it.

I never even bothered doing something about it before I'd sleep because I liked the consistency that came without doing it.

It felt intense. I liked it.

So every night became the same. I did it over and over again. The situation was just...a part of my life. And again, I didn't mind because 'nobody can see me'.

But...that's when I realized something. The biggest difference between me and people I'd watch online is...

'I, and many others, can see them.'

The thought shuddered through my body. I'd always wanted a partner ever since I realized I could feel this way, but that was never going to happen. I couldn't have intimacy with someone because I didn't have the courage. I didn't have the personality appeal.

'That means nobody could ever see me...

...right?'

And with that, I shook the thought out of my head and went back to sleep.

To my surprise, I woke up the next morning. Nothing happened the night before.

'That's new. I never thought I'd sleep through the whole night without a hitch.' I thought.

I had chalked it up to the nights finally becoming a tired concept and that I was done with an interesting phase of my life I'd never tell anyone about.

I got dressed and went about my day as I normally would. Everything was just...okay. I thought my day to day life wouldn't ever get to me. But it seemed even that was becoming dull...

However, it seemed not all would be the same for long. Apparently the old couple next door was moving away.

It seemed they wanted to live closer to their grandkids and gladly sold their house to do it. I guess the love of others was stronger than the material things they had.

That's when I saw it. The person who'd flip me upside down (figuratively, of course). A young attractive man with glistening black hair and beautiful green eyes (not to mention his toned physique) had moved in the house.

I swear, he was a man from the heavens!

We never said a word to each other outside of "Hi"s and "Hello"s, but the way he looked at me made me swoon.

It wasn't before long that I started feeling that...urge again. This time, however...I couldn't help but imagine some...risque things with him from time to time when he'd work on his yard and flex his muscles in the process. Taking off his shirt and revealing his beautiful chest and abs.

Ugh. He was seriously perfect!

...Every girl has her daydreams, right?

My spark came back during the nights, but I decided it was more efficient if I had it done and over with before I went to sleep. Like I had said before. The phase of waking up in the middle of the night to do those things was behind me.

And besides...I was beginning to find myself irresistible.

I swear, those nights from before made me a lot more toned than any fitness training would have done. Not sure how though.

One early night, I looked out my window in the general direction of the house next door. I wasn't meaning to necessarily look at the cute boy's house. But...he just so happened to live right outside my bedroom window.

At any rate, I happened to notice he turned the old people's den into his bedroom.

Which...meant I could technically see into his bedroom from mine.

...Okay, I'll admit, I got curious and sometimes looked at his window from time to time. I kept the curtains closed with the exception of crack though. I didn't exactly want him seeing me in case we both happened to be looking outside at the same time. I was terrible with confrontation.

And while here I was thinking about possibly seeing him and being forced to talk to him...

I didn't expect what I'd instead be confronted with.

He entered his room...in nothing but a towel! His hair was wet, leading me to believe he was taking a shower.

'Mmm.'

But his curtains were open and everything!

Granted, he was on the second floor and essentially nobody could see into that window...

However, my house's second floor was just tall enough to see everything in that room!

Everything...

I watched him take off his towel.

My heart was screaming! His back was turned so I could only see his behind, but...

Here he was, stark naked in front of me. In what was probably only a few seconds, the memory of his figure was imprinted into my mind. And it went racing! Possibly faster than my own heart!

I placed my hand over my heart and accidentally did something I didn't think I'd ever do.

I moaned.

The simple feeling of my hand pressed against my chest was incredibly...erotic.

My body was...trembling with a new sense of pleasure.

I let out a lot of "feelings" that night. Afterwards, I almost immediately went to sleep after the intense release. I felt...a sense of satisfaction. I had only wished it was him who did it to me instead...

I sort of wish that's how this story ends...

You know the saying "Be careful what you wish for"? Yeah, I should have considered that.

For the first time in a week I woke up in the middle of the night, nude, and hot and heavy.

However, something was...different this time. I woke up while I was standing...

As I tried adjusting my eyes to the dark, a slight gust brushed past me. I then felt a soft floor beneath me, dripped with water.

'Is this...grass? No. It couldn't be.'

And then I started hearing the crickets...

That's when I knew I was...

Outside.

My mind panicked. I didn't know what to do!

'What am I doing out here?! Did I step out into my yard?! Why would my subconscious do this?!'

Editors note: The area had a "lights out" protocol, and as such, nobody left lights on. Not even the outside ones. This left the area very dark and hard to see at night.

Just as I was beginning to think it couldn't get any worse, the moon came out from behind the clouds and illuminated my surroundings...

This...wasn't my yard.

It was the neighbor's.

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The clouds began to hide the moon once more, enshrouding the area with darkness.

I was frozen. I didn't understand it.

'Why would my subconscious put me here?' I contemplated to myself.

And as if it were an answer to my question, the sounds of footsteps could be heard coming from the house. They sounded as though they were getting closer...

That's when it really hit me.

'I am 100% nude head to toe, standing in the yard of the man I've been daydreaming about doing dirty things with all day long...'

The steps were definitely getting closer.

'Oh my god! Did I say any of that outloud?!' I screamed internally.

I immediately covered as much as I could on my body with my hands. I knew the moonlight was scarce right now, but if my eyes could adjust to it by this point and make things out, then I had no reason to believe he couldn't do the same.

I had to get out of there. Fast!

I gripped myself tighter and ran along his driveway, smacking my bare feet down onto the road before hearing the click of a doorknob twisting...

'Oh my god!' I panicked and began sprinting. Or at least, I tried to. The mixture of my hands aggressively gripping my erotic places and an out of nowhere increase of breath caused me to become surprisingly sluggish.

My face was beginning to burn up. I was sure it was because of the embarrassment.

But then...I began to feel that same warmth...

between my legs.

'Am I...Am I enjoying this??' I began to introspect.

I hadn't realized I had came to a complete halt until I heard 'his' voice.

"Hello?"

The sudden voice made jump and grip myself tighter. In doing so, I unintentionally began forcing out a moan.

"ooomph-"

I blocked my mouth before I could make more noise. I DID NOT want him knowing I was there. I hoped to god he wouldn't see me right away through the dark. Or, if he could, that he wouldn't know it was me.

My back was turned on him and I remained as still and quiet as I could muster. Outside of knees shaking from mild weakness, I felt as though I was pretty still.

I thought I could wait it out till he went back inside. Only...he never did. Instead, he began stepping outside! I was freaking out again.

Before I could even decide whether to remain still or run like my life depended on it, I saw the moonlight begin to slowly fade back in. I was beginning to see finer details on the things around me. Which meant...

My eyes grew wide in terror as I thought of him staring directly at my...behind.

"Is someone there?"

I knew there was no point in standing still any longer. I needed to run faster than I ever have before. I adjusted my arms in a way where both my hands cupped my breasts in place like a sports bra and began sprinting as fast as I could directly to my house before the moon could reveal any more.

And I tell you...maybe it was the lack of clothes weighing me down and the wind rushing against my bare skin, or maybe it was even the intense fear that was overcoming me, but I never felt like I've ever ran as fast as I did that night.

It was...almost freeing- in a weird, terrifying way.

I made it to my backyard, unsure if I was seen going all the way here. The clouds began to cover the moon once more.

'Finally, it is over'

I was relieved to have made it to my back door.

'This was...fun.' I couldn't believe I thought that. But it was true. This had been a fun experience. One I wouldn't forget.

I went to slide my door open with a heavy sigh.

My sigh was interrupted, however, by my arm jerking on the handle to no avail.

'Wait...did I lock myself out?'

My heart began to race.

'No! I couldn't have!'

I quickly maneuvered my way back through my front yard to check my front door. Only, when I went to turn the knob-

"Hello?"

He was here.

'Why is he here?! Did he really see me after all?!'

I covered myself as quickly as I could and attempted to hide in a small amount of shrubbery. It wasn't much, but in the dark I was sure I'd blend in.

"I could have sworn I saw someone..." He muttered.

For the first time in this ridiculous situation, I could get a decent look at him. I figured it'd be nice to know when he finally turns back and heads home...

But again, this man...

He was full of surprises.

I couldn't make him out amazingly well, but it seemed as though his clothing choice was...very form fitting. Even if it was more of just a silhouette, I couldn't help be attracted to his form. I was beginning to feel hot and heavy again.

I knew it was wrong to be set up in a situation like this, but also...

I didn't entirely mind?

It was...exciting. Terrifying, but exciting.

I had to touch myself a little. The feeling was becoming too...extreme. In doing so, however, I ended up relaxing my body a bit...too much.

I accidentally pricked my butt against some prickly part of the shrub.

I couldn't help it! I squeaked a little at the sharp pain and bounced forward, landing on my knees outside the bush...

And then...as if the moon was a spotlight, it shone without a single cloud in the sky covering it, putting me center stage with 'him' as my audience.

You know how they say that when making a presentation, you should imagine your audience naked? Well...that wasn't so hard for me.

You see, the moon didn't just reveal to him what he was truly seeing, but it also revealed to me what 'I' was truly seeing.

The man was barely any more dressed than when I saw him earlier in the night! There he was, wearing nothing but form fitting boxers!

It became clear to me how well it defined his...

package.

My heart skipped beats! Multiple beats! My arousal shot through the roof!

My muscles tightened as my heart made up for the lost beats.

My legs pressed against each other as I placed one hand over my 'area' and the other over my breasts. Despite what I was feeling, I wanted to be at least somewhat modest...

'But oh my god, what a rush!'

I was terrified of what he'd say or do next. Had I ruined any chance of interacting with the only person my age within a fifty mile radius?

What he said next shocked me.

"Hi!" He greeted me with a wave.

Without thinking, I almost waved back.

"H-Hello..." I stammered.

"What are you doing outside like this? Are you cold? You're stiff as a board!"

I wasn't sure if he was mocking me or if he was genuinely concerned. He appeared rather serious about it, and...he wasn't really looking at me. He was staring up at the sky.

I couldn't exactly tell him my reasonings, so...I went along with it and hoped he was serious.

"Y-Yes. I'm...very cold."

I needed to improvise. Coming up for a valid reason as to why I was naked was...challenging to say the least.

"I was...a-about to take a shower when...I thought I heard an animal rummaging through the garbage so I went to investigate, uh, I guess haha..."

'Nailed it!'

"Oh...I see. So where is your...towel?"

'...Didn't nail it. But I don't want to be seen as a liar!'

"Oh I uh...d-don't have towels...I um...airdry."

"You...don't own towels?" He continued to look to the sky. Though his legs seemed to shift a lot more...

"Nope! Not a...single...one..." I drifted off in my sentence. Assuming he believed even a word of this, I realized I was convincing him that I casually spend hours in my house completely naked and that it's totally normal for me to forget about it entirely.

'I haven't forgotten about my nudity since high school!'

Nevertheless...it was the story I told, and it was the story I now had to stick to.

Once again, his voice filled my ears.

"Would you...like to have a few towels? I have plenty in my house." His legs shifted some more.

I couldn't quite tell why he was doing that, but I began to notice something...

His...bulge...seemed a bit bigger. It was almost as though I could fully see the details of his...

Before I knew it, my heart was racing incredibly fast all over again. I zoned out and forgot what he was saying as my eyes fixated on his physique once more. I was essentially looking at him completely nude from an almost entirely front view...

And let me tell you...I liked the front side a lot more than the backside.

I suddenly felt very warm in my face and I began to feel sensitive in several places. An arousal then chilled through every sensitive spot on my body for a moment.

"-'am? Ma'am??" Suddenly his voice began to make sense again.

"Sorry, what?" I snapped out of it.

"Towels...would you like some?"

"O-Oh, yes...sorry."

"Well...okay then! I'll go get you some! I'll bring them over to your house so that you can...get dressed in the meantime while I find an unused bundle."

And with that, he immediately turned around and headed for his house.

When he was finally gone, my tension immediately dropped. My mind began thinking more rationally. It then occured to me what he said.

'...He was one to talk about getting dressed. I swear, I could see everything!'

As I began to laugh it off from not only his statement but the whole way this situation was handled, I made my way back to the door; hoping I hadn't seriously locked myself out.

To my luck. I actually hadn't! I twisted the knob and made my way back inside without a hitch. I was...kind of glad things turned out the way they did. I avoided any embarrassing explanations, I was getting new towels, and...I got to look at the physique of my cute neighbor up close!

It looked like things were doing pretty okay. All I needed to do was get dressed and wait for him out in my sitting room. Maybe we'd talk about things and have some fun banter, or...

It seemed I almost never got to finish a single one of my thoughts that night, because just as I was about to think of something witty to speak of, I opened my closet door.

It was empty.

The whole thing.

'What

The

Fuck'

I searched top to bottom through the whole closet. There wasn't a stitch in there.

Nothing.

'Did my subconscious do this too? Why...Why would it do this?...'

And then it finally struck. It was obvious. I had been thinking about it since the beginning...

I wanted...to be seen. I wanted intimacy. My mind knew it, my body certainly knew it, and the only part that didn't...was my conscious self.

'But this is ridiculous! I could have gone about this any other way!'

I told myself that, but I knew that if I kept on living the way I was living before this night...

I probably would have cowered over and over again my whole life.

Was this all an act of desperation?... Yes. Yes it was. But perhaps that's exactly why my subconscious did this. All of it.

Because...some part of me was tired of the woman I was. And I was desperate to break out of my shell and really feel something. I began to realize the logic behind my inner mind.

I knew that I was attractive, I knew I just needed to be bold and make a move on someone. So when the attractive young person came along and I opened my mind to intimacy with him, my subconscious began planning right away...

I feigned the concept that my mind was innocent...

I knew exactly what I was doing. After everything I've seen before over the years, I knew. And I knew what I wanted to do.

But the question was...

'Do I have the courage to do it?'