

Changing Horizons

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Nov 2012



Carrie visits her cousins in Japan.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/changing-horizons.aspx>

The flight to Japan had been 3 hours longer than planned, but Carrie was unfazed. Even with dark shadows under her eyes, she displayed a carefree, happy smile for all the other exhausted passengers getting off the plane to see. She snatched her small suitcase from a very flustered Japanese businessman, who started bowing and apologizing profusely after realizing his mistake. Carrie remembered what it was to bow and quickly made her way to the bus station.

Kansai Airport was quite close to where her cousins lived, so Carrie had refused her cousins' offer to come and get her by car. She had decided what bus to take nearly 2 months before when she had planned this whole trip. Now that she was finally here, it seemed to take ages just to locate her own instructions, and she fumbled when pulling out Japanese yen instead of the familiar American coins she was used to.

The bus ride was yet another 2 hours. Suppressing the sudden urge to pee that comes with realizing the absence of a toilet, Carrie flipped out her memo and scribbled down what bus she had taken, the times, and a note to herself that she must email her mother when she next got internet connection.

At 18 years of age, Carrie was probably one of the most sheltered girls in the world. Still a virgin, she dated two guys each for about a year in high school under her parents' watchful eyes, resulting in little more than their great unhappiness when she dumped them out of lack of interest. Her father was a prosperous businessman owning a large company in France and her Japanese mother was a director for one small branch in Flagstaff, AZ. Her foreign parents distrusted America greatly, calling it the Country of Criminals, and would not even let Carrie go downtown past 8 o' clock on her own.

So to be here, arriving at her cousins' house on her own for the very first time, Carrie had quite a spring in her step, and she rung the doorbell almost glowing with happiness.

A tall, young woman opened the door. Her black hair with brown highlights cupped her round face and huge smile, and her dark brown eyes looked at Carrie appraisingly.

“Cally!” The cousin exclaimed, “It’s been so long... Wow, you’re all grown up; you’re an Onee-san now. Come inside. How was your flight?”

Carrie followed her cousin inside the house and took off her shoes.

“Thanks for having me Rika-chan. This place hasn’t changed a bit.” She looked around at the wooden walls and floorboards, the small rocking chair; even a vase of huge lilies that lay exactly where she remembered there had been some before. She turned back to Rika, and she struggled to keep her gaze above Rika’s rather large breasts, while feeling the heat rise to her cheeks slightly.

“My flight was great though, and you haven’t changed a bit! Still everything every other Japanese girl wishes she could be – tall and super hot. You still trying to date three Australian guys at once?”

“Of course not. I gave up one Australian guy for a hot American I met in Tokyo. And what’s up with you, you broke up with your boyfriend?”

The two girls sat at the dining table and began to gossip amiably, their age difference of 7 years barely noticeable.

“Hey Carrie.” A soft, low voice broke their chatter, and Carrie looked up to see her other cousin walking down the stairs.

“Hiro!” she said, “It’s so nice to see you.”

“You too, Carrie.” Hiro took in his cousin’s petite form with his soft brown eyes, under a silly mess of dyed blond hair. His surprise barely showed on his face as he noted how her short, loose dress did little to hide her small but firm breasts, thin waist, and wider hips that transitioned to her smooth bare legs. Rika caught his expression and grinned, knowing Carrie had been crushing on Hiro since she was little, and would be pleased at his notice of her body.

“You must be exhausted,” Hiro said. “Would you like something to eat? Oh I’ll show you the room we’ve prepared, let’s take your stuff upstairs.”

Carrie nodded. “I’m a little hungry I guess. It’s about noon right? Jetlag’s gonna be a bitch.”

Rika disappeared into the kitchen without a word and Carrie followed Hiro upstairs. He pointed her into a small room with Tatami floors and an old TV in the corner.

“Here’s how you use the AC if it gets too hot,” Hiro explained. “I’m just in the room next to you, by the

way, you still play guitar at all?"

"Yeah a bit. Oh, you said in your email you bought an electric guitar? Lemme see."

Hiro smiled. "Sure" He brought his new guitar from his room. It was pretty cool, and Carrie was quite enraptured as Hiro talked about the band he had joined and the songs they were working on. Rika entered the room, and Hiro gave her a rather annoyed glance.

"Hey so I made you a little food," said Rika to Carrie. "Just some korroke [fried potato cakes] and rice. Come downstairs. So I was thinking, do you want to go to the public baths to relax a bit?"

Carrie and Rika went downstairs but Hiro retired to his room.

"He's not still skipping classes is he?" Carrie asked Rika.

"No, he's a lot better now. Even with our mom away, he's been doing work steadily. I think being in a band is helping him a lot too. He's just gotta get a girlfriend. His last one dumped him so he's kinda depressed." Rika smiled at Carrie knowingly. Carrie ignored this pointedly, and settled down to eating her korroke.

The two girls were quick to arrange their trip to the Onsen [public bath]. It was close enough that they walked there in ten minutes. They put their shoes in the little cubbyholes, paid the man at the counter, and walked through curtains to the girls changing rooms.

Being nude at a public bath was nothing to be embarrassed about in Japan, but Carrie found herself blushing a little, as she had last been here when she was twelve. Her self-consciousness had grown greatly but she followed Rika's example as she stripped and picked up a small towel to take in with her.

They showered first, sitting on little stools and rubbing soft cheap shampoo into their skulls. Carrie's short hair was incredibly easy to wash, since she was used to the extra 9 inches of hair she had had a month ago. Her parents had been against her pixie cut but she loved it. When satisfied with being clean, Rika tied up her hair and they dipped into the hot, soothing water of the inside bath. Carrie sunk until she was in up to her chin, and closed her eyes, relaxing and forgetting about the dozen or more people also in the bath.

Rika poked her. "Hey so come on, did you have sex with your last boyfriend?"

Carrie opened her eyes and looked around at the women near them. The elder Japanese women

looked shocked and edged away. “Why are you so interested?” Carrie asked.

“Well I want to know how innocent my little cousin is.” Rika smiled.

“No we didn’t have sex.” Carrie rolled her eyes at the ceiling.

“What! Then how far did you go?”

Carrie’s eyes drifted down and watched the clear water lap over Rika’s breasts: they were soft and undeniably large, and her delicate nipples were poking out.

“We didn’t do anything. My parents wouldn’t let us ever be alone in a room with the door closed.”

“No wonder you got bored and dumped him. Wow so you’re a completely innocent little virgin. Well I mean you at least have some toys to play with right?”

“No. And can we talk about this some other time? Or some other place?” asked Carrie.

“Oh fine,” said Rika with a grin. “Later.”

The conversation moved on to other topics, such as Carrie’s plans to major in finance in college the following year. They tried the outside pool but found it only lukewarm, and about an hour and a half later returned to Rika’s house. Rika prepared Oden for dinner [a type of Japanese stew]. Carrie felt rather tired and changed into pajamas.

Now Hiro was a very gentle, sensitive boy, so Carrie went upstairs in the hopes of talking to him about his guitar and band again, worried he might be upset by his sister’s previous abrupt interruption. What Carrie did not know was that Hiro, while being timid, was very lustful and his last girlfriend had dumped him because he was too forward with his attempts to have sex with her. The type of girl who went for a quiet man like him often expected him to go much slower.

So Carrie knocked on Hiro’s door, and ‘Come in,’ and she entered. Hiro’s room was very neat and sparse, with two small bookcases and a futon for his bed. He lay sprawled on the futon, reading a manga.

“Hey what’re you reading?”

“Zettai Kareshi [Absolute Boyfriend].”

“Ah cool you like that kind of stuff?”

“Yeah.” Hiro sat up. He was only 19, and he was athletic with a thin but strong figure.

“I was wondering if I could try playing your guitar,” said Carrie, smiling at him. Hiro’s face lit up and he nodded, getting up to pick up his guitar and a pick.

“Here you go, sit down. I plug it in.”

Carrie sat down on the futon and Hiro sat next to her. She started playing Bob Dylan’s “Mr. Tambourine Man,” since she didn’t know how to play that many songs. Hiro didn’t know the song but listened attentively anyway.

“I’ll teach you one of my band’s simpler songs if you like?” Hiro asked. When Carrie nodded, he continued, “The chords are C, D, B minor, and G. You know how to play B minor?”

Carrie shook her head and was slightly surprised as Hiro reached around her to help show where her fingers had to go on the strings. His hands were much larger than hers. She leaned back against his shoulder and smelled the light cologne he was wearing. She looked up to find his lips right next to hers and they met, Carrie felt tingles in her stomach and lower, and she gently laid the guitar on the floor.

Carrie’s lips locked with Hiro’s and after two years of relationships with nothing more than cuddling and kissing, Carrie considered herself quite a good kisser. She gently prodded her tongue into Hiro’s mouth to judge his reaction, and soon an innocent kiss had transitioned into a passionate open-mouthed kiss of dancing tongues.

Carrie pushed Hiro back onto the bed, even as he slipped a hand into the back of her shirt, undoing the clasp of her navy bra, which slipped down and hung from just her shoulders beneath the pajama shirt. Carrie held her arms up for him as he pulled the shirt and bra off her, and then began to kiss his lips, his cheeks, down his neck to his collarbones.

Hiro grasped her small breasts with both hands: they were pale and supple and cupped nicely into his palms. Carrie gasped as he rolled his thumbs over her nipples, bringing them to hard little bumps begging to be pinched and played with. He grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up, placing her breasts in the right position that he could suck on them.

Carrie heard the sound of the room door shutting, and realized Rika must have seen them! She started to get up and Hiro pulled her back down firmly. “Don’t worry about Rika, she doesn’t mind one

bit. She was planning this anyway.” He closed his teeth on one of her nipples gently, distracting Carrie completely from her worries. He pushed her pajama pants and underpants off her hips in one swift motion and Carrie kicked those to the floor. Now she was completely naked whereas Hiro was completely dressed, and she felt vulnerable. Hiro, lying under her, had a perfect view of her neatly trimmed pussy, and its wet pouting lips, since Carrie was very turned on. Hiro’s cock began to throb at the sight of her pussy.

Noticing his hard on, Carrie unzipped Hiro’s jeans, pushing them down and undoing the button of his boxers as well. Hiro’s cock sprang up; its full 7 inches, and Carrie realized she was finally going to get what she had wanted for the past two years. In fact, she was determined to get it, and no one was going to stop her.

Hiro pulled and played with Carrie’s breasts and nipples, afraid of going too fast as he had in the past, and did not expect Carrie to pull herself up out of his grasping hands and spread her legs above his thick cock. She lowered herself slowly, rubbing her juices onto the head before pressing down, letting the shaft spread her virgin hole. She had never even used a dildo or vibrator before, and she cried out as his manhood entered her. Inch by inch it filled her completely, and Hiro moaned as she slid up and down on his cock. Her pussy was incredibly tight but wet enough that it stopped hurting Carrie, and Hiro pounded into her harder and harder, reaching up to grab her small breasts with one hand and letting the other find her clit.

Carrie felt her orgasm building up to incredible heights than she had ever masturbated, as Hiro’s cock went deep into her then pulled out almost entirely, then back in, and his fingers playing with her clit alone seemed enough to make her climax. She closed her eyes; groaning and holding herself back as long as possible. As Hiro’s pulsing cock filled her a last time, her pussy began contracting and releasing into spasm after spasm, and jolted by her orgasm, Hiro also cried out and released into her. His cum oozed out around his cock, and when their climaxes had finally subsided he drew out of her and they cuddled on the futon. Carrie was flushed and red and had she been asked to describe her emotions at that moment, she could’ve said nothing more than that it was a moment of immense satisfaction, and happiness flooded her.

After about 20 minutes, they quickly got up and showered in turn, going downstairs and sitting at the dinner table without a word. Rika had one gigantic grin on her face as she laid out dinner and all throughout their quiet meal.

At 9 o’ clock Japanese time, Carrie fell fast asleep, which wasn’t surprising considering she’d somehow managed to be awake for over 24 hours. And in her sleep, her subconscious composed a sensual dream of lust and a man’s cock spreading her pussy lips again.

Where do you think you're going! This story isn't over quite yet!

Carrie woke at around 6 am. She turned on the small TV in her room and watched the Japanese news for awhile, amused by how different the adverts were from those in America. Then she went downstairs and was surprised to find Rika already awake.

“Hey” said Rika, a grin identical to the one from last night splitting her face. “Sooooo? How'd it go with Hiro?”

Carrie sat down at the table. “You don't find it gross or anything? I mean he's my cousin and your brother.”

Rika laughed. “Well I'm not going to have sex with him, but I don't see anything wrong with you having sex with him. Was he good?”

“Yeah.” Carrie's cheeks flushed red, which seemed quite a common occurrence as of late.

Rika's grin widened. “Great! Now that you've finally gone and had sex, we can step it up.”

“Step it up?”

“Yes. Now let's go shopping! Well eat first.” Rika handed Carrie a plate of bagels with some cream cheese out of nowhere, and finding herself starving, Carrie quickly finished it off.

The department store was open at 8 am and she quickly got dragged in. Rika had always loved to shop, Carrie remembered, and she also had an amazing knack for finding the best deals on everything. Together they spent 6 hours rummaging through cute dresses, shorts, skirts, sexy lingerie, shoes, handbags, perfume bottles, and had there been a guy forced to tag along or wait on them, he would've surely began to cry by the end.

Rika's parents were pretty rich, and even while they were away, Rika had enough allowance from them and her part-time job to offer to buy Carrie anything she liked for that one day. This was like a dream to Carrie: her parents, while wealthy, were pretty stingy. She picked out two dresses, a set of lingerie, and a pair of stilettos. Rika insisted on getting her a small bottle of Tommy Girl perfume, which was priced very generously.

“When am I going to wear these?” Carrie asked Rika, who rolled her eyes.

“Tonight of course! We’re going to hit the clubs.”

This was news to Carrie. “Wait really? What about Hiro? And my parents won’t like me going to clubs...”

“Your parents will just love not knowing,” said Rika smiling. “Don’t tell me you don’t want to get out and party? The two of us can grab some hot guys.”

Carrie shook her head, not wanting to answer.

“Well come on!” Rika grabbed her arm and pulled her into a tiny shop on the side of the road. “Adult Toys” was written in large white bold letters on a sign, and Carrie found herself gaping in front of a multitude of dildos and vibrators, of every shape and size hanging from the wall. ‘There’s no way this shop is in Japan,’ Carrie thought.

“Hey Rika,” said the woman at the counter. Obviously Rika came here quite frequently. “What’re you looking for today?”

“Hmm. What do you want Carrie?” asked Rika slyly. “We should start with something simple. How about a small discreet vibrator?”

Carrie felt her pussy throb slightly at the thought, and she blushed. “Whatever,” she told Rika.

Rika grinned and purchased a small remote-controlled vibrator. “We can get you a dildo some other time.” Carrie ignored this comment and hurriedly left the shop.

They got home at around 3 pm and had a late lunch. Carrie found out from Hiro that whenever Rika had a girl friend over, she would go on a shopping spree then hit the clubs. Carrie got hit by jetlag and collapsed onto a couch after eating, and woke up at around 7 o’ clock.

Rika was incredibly excited. They ate a small amount of food and Rika called a taxi to take them to a fancy club on the other side of town.

They got in after a short wait, and Carrie immediately made her way to a table to sit down. She wasn’t very good at dancing and the noise and crowd scared her a bit. Rika turned out to be a shockingly good dancer though, and it was no wonder foreign guys surrounded her in seconds. It was apparent that this club was aimed towards visitors and foreigners, since everything was written in English.

About an hour later, Carrie noticed a guy making his way towards her, and tried to make herself inconspicuous, but that was a bit difficult. She was wearing one of the dresses she had bought, a tight brown and black striped dress made of soft fabrics that molded over her slim body. The dress was simple but seemed to make her stand out amongst all the glitter and flashy, revealing dresses that everyone else was wearing. Her makeup, too, was much simpler than most girls at the club, although still heavier than what she usually wore.

“Hey!” the guy shouted over the music at her. She looked at him and suddenly thought he looked a bit familiar. She awaited his approach.

“Hey, hey,” said the guy with an easy smile, and Carrie recognized him. He had been a senior at her high school in America when she was a freshman. He looked way better now, she had to admit, taking in how his shirt loosely encased quite a muscular form.

“Kale?” she asked disbelievingly.

“Yeah that’s me! What’re you doing here Carrie?”

“I’m surprised you remember me, or recognize me with my haircut,” Carrie told him, “And that should be my question. I’m half-Japanese remember? Why are you here?”

He pointed back to where he had come from. “Oh yeah my friend he’s over there somewhere. We came here on vacation of course. Tokyo was super cool I gotta say. You here alone?”

“No I’m here with my cousin.” Carrie pointed at Rika, who was barely visible in a crowd of diligent dancers.

“What that chick?” Kale asked in English, looking amazed. “Hell she’s hot, but then, so are you. I bet my friend would love to meet her.” He grinned.

Carrie shrugged. “If your friend is hot, my cousin would love to meet him. You bring your friend over here and I’ll try to get Rika to agree to take a break from dancing.”

Kale nodded and disappeared, and Carrie waved at Rika. It didn’t seem to take any more to get her to come over.

“Who was that cute guy?” she asked slyly. Carrie refrained from answering her, and when Kale returned with another guy, each introduced their selves. Carrie could see Rika looking both of the guys up and down, smiling, as she liked what she saw.

“Have you girls already had something to eat?” asked Kale.

“Well...” said Rika, “A while ago, but not much.” She smiled, putting one hand on her hip, looking pretty stunning in her red and gold dress that draped low over her breasts and was clipped above her right thigh, leaving her entire right leg bare. Kale’s friend was practically drooling, but Carrie noticed Kale kept his eyes on her instead.

“Then we’ll take you out to dinner, what do you think?” Kale stepped up to Carrie and slipped his arm around her waist. “It can be a double date.”

Rika looked pretty damn delighted with this, and the two boys whisked away the girls. Rika whispered to Carrie, “Well don’t you have interesting friends.” Kale and his friend Conner had apparently rented a car during their trip; it was a black Honda Odyssey, so quite spacey. Kale drove so Carrie sat up in front with him, behind us Conner and Rika seemed to “bond” quite quickly: if making out non-stop can be called bonding.

Rika and Conner decided they weren’t in the mood for a dinner out and ordered Kale to drive them either to Conner’s hotel room or Rika’s house. Carrie asked Kale to take them to his and Conner’s hotel since she didn’t want to bother Hiro, or let him know that she was quickly getting ideas in her head about Kale. He was so attractive and obviously a nice guy.

They arrived at a cheap downtown hotel. Kale and Conner turned out to be sharing a room, since they were roommates in college too. They got in the room and Conner and Rika seemed to be on the bed in a flash.

“Wow they are quick,” commented Carrie, and Kale grabbed her hand.

“C’mon, let’s go get a soda or something.”

They left the room and walked along the hall to a vending machine. It had hot canned drinks, which American vending machines never have. Feeling a bit nostalgic, Carrie told Kale she wanted one of the sweetened coffees. Smiling he complied.

“I’ll pay you back later,” she told him.

“Well, you could pay me back now...” hinted Kale. Carrie looked at him blankly. He smiled. He took a moment to look over this seemingly innocent girl, her raven black hair messy but still beautifully framing her half-Asian face with deep-set hazel eyes, a soft small nose, and pink glossy lips. He

realized he hadn't actually looked at her before, not really looked. At the club he had just thought 'Hey, I recognize that cute girl.'

But now he could see that she was really beautiful. Her short hair allowed him to see the pale white skin of her neck, and he reached out one hand and traced her soft skin down to her shoulder. Pushing aside her dress on her shoulder slightly, he revealed a beige lace bra strap. Carrie blushed and reached up, putting her arms around Kale's neck. She kissed him softly and this was not like her kiss with Hiro yesterday, not full of lust. No it was much, much more powerful and she could feel every nerve in her body beginning to yearn for more than just that kiss.

The kiss broke and Carrie gasped for breath. Kale just smiled at her. "Do you want to go back inside?" Carrie nodded.

They walked slowly back to Kale's hotel room, still holding hands, while Carrie sipped her hot coffee. At the door they could hear a lot of moaning from inside, but Carrie was in no way prepared when she opened the door and saw Rika lying on her back naked, her legs wide open, Conner's face pressed against her pussy, licking her while she dug her nails into his skull. Carrie stepped back a half a step and ran into Kale standing behind her. She felt his erection against her butt and again felt as though every nerve in her body was standing to attention. Kale put his arms around her and steadily walked her into the room, shutting the door behind them.

Carrie could not quite peel her eyes away from Conner lapping up Rika's drenched pussy, or Rika's D-sized breasts bouncing as she thrashed and moaned. Kale sat down on a sofa chair and pulled Carrie into his lap. "Do you like watching them?" he asked her softly.

Carrie pursed her lips tightly in denial, but again could not tear her eyes away. Rika was getting tenser and Carrie knew she was going to climax soon, and she wanted to see it, she didn't, but she still did. Kale had his hands on her lower thighs, slowly edging their way up under her dress, his lips teasing her right ear, nibbling it and pulling gently with his teeth.

Conner slowed his licking, focusing on flicking Rika's clit lightly and running his tongue all the way up and down along her pussy's slit. Rika was complaining, "Don't stop, don't stop!" until finally she let out a loud cry and resigned herself to spasms of pleasure and her pussy drenched Conner's face with yet more juices.

And at this point, one of Kale's fingers worked its way under Carrie's panties, slipping over her already very wet pussy. Carrie let out a soft whimper of longing and pleasure, already a slave to feelings she had barely known before last night. Rika's orgasm subsided and produced the vibrator she had bought for Carrie earlier that day. She handed it and the remote control to Kale. "If you want

to make her feel really good,” she said with a wink. Then she turned back to Conner and wrapped herself around him.

Carrie was now only paying attention to the little vibrator that Kale was slipping up her dress and panties, and easily pushing it into her pussy. He turned it on... and Carrie was in shock. The vibrator wriggled in her pussy and soaked her panties completely. She moaned loudly and Kale tilted her head round so that he could kiss her.

Then Kale started to do something very odd. He dipped a finger into her pussy, wetting it, and then applied it round her sensitive butt hole liberally. Carrie’s eyes widened: she didn’t want to be fucked in the ass! But that wasn’t Kale’s plan as he pulled the vibrator out of her pussy that throbbed and demanded more attention. No, instead Carrie cried out as Kale eased the little piece of plastic into her butt hole, a sensation that she had never felt before, and hurt, but succeeded in turning her on even more. In fact, she was close to cumming, the vibrator in her ass bringing her closer and closer.

Kale made her stand up, and he pulled down his pants and boxers, letting his neglected cock spring up erect. Carrie could not see it from behind her, but he pushed her down, pulling her panties down as well, and slowly entered her pussy doggy style. It filled her up all the way and although it was probably slightly smaller than Hiro’s cock, Kale rammed it into her in this position and she was already so close to climax that after only a few seconds she gave in to her orgasm. The lust and pleasure of it flooded her and when it died down Kale pulled out of her unsatisfied.

Carrie turned around and kneeled in front of Kale, taking in the sight of his cock. She put her lips at its tip and breathed on it gently. With one hand she stroked the shaft of his cock, with the other hand she tickled his balls, and with her tongue she tantalizingly licked the underside of the head of his cock. Kale groaned and gripped Carrie’s head, pulling her towards him.

Carrie took his cock’s head into her mouth, flicking her tongue around it, tasting her own pussy juices on it, stopping every now and then to tease the very tip, as her hands worked up and down on his shaft. She suddenly felt Rika’s hands come from behind her and start playing with her breasts under the dress she was still wearing. She could feel Rika’s bare, soft bouncy tits pressed against her back. She wondered where Conner was and guessed he was probably spent, lying on the bed, trying to recover from rough sex with her cousin.

Kale moaned louder and louder until he finally pulled from Carrie’s grasp and mouth and cummed onto Carrie’s face and breasts. Carrie licked her lips, abandoning her innocent self from before to revel in this new discovery of lust. Kale pulled her up and embraced her, kissing her softly again and again, and Rika, looking incredibly pleased, went to the bathroom to start cleaning up.

“Stay with me,” said Kale. Carrie looked at him in surprise. “You mean tonight?”

“Yeah. And... I don't know. Maybe more.”

Carrie smiled and reached up on tiptoe to kiss his nose. “I will stay with you,” she told him, “but only if Conner and Rika go somewhere else.”

“We will shower then go back to my house, Hiro is used to it,” said Rika, poking her head out of the bathroom. “Conner can drive the car right?”

Conner was indeed looking quite exhausted on the bed, but he got up and grinned. “The bed is all yours.”

Kale led Carrie to the bed gently and they lay down together, huddling under the covers and sharing a soft, gentle kiss.

Carrie once again fell asleep to meet sensual and lustful dreams. Not only did she dream of sex, but the day's events added so much more, that she had not dreamed of dreaming such dreams.