

Encounter: In Her Dreams

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In Her Dreams

Stacia yawned and stretched her arms over her head. She reached over and hit the speed dial. The phone rang and Jason's sleep roughened voice came over the speaker. "Ello?"

She heard a yawn and smiled. A glance at the clock told her it was almost midnight.

"Hey, baby, I'm still at the office. I'm almost done. Are you trying to wait up for me? Go to bed, you sound tired," she gently urged knowing he would refuse.

"No, no, I'll be up when you get home. Hurry though. I miss you," he said softly.

"I miss you too. See you soon honey."

She hit disconnect and sat back, looking over the huge stack of folders she had to go through. Another yawn managed to catch her off guard and she sighed as she grabbed another folder off the pile. Stacia flipped it opened and started to read over the information only to yawn again. Her eyelids felt heavy and her energy was slowly slipping away. She threw a glance at the small couch near her desk. It looked so inviting and comfortable.

"I'll just get a few minutes sleep and then I'll wake up refreshed and ready to go." Stacia stood up, kicked off her shoes and padded toward the sofa. As she sat down

another yawn slipped out. Stacia pulled an overstuffed pillow toward her and lay down. Her eyelids dropped and the room slowly sunk to black.

* * *

Calloused hands ran over her back slowly, moving with an even amount of pressure. She moaned as the palms ran over the cheeks of her buttocks, squeezing the mounds gently.

“Jason,” she moaned. Stacia tried to move only to find her hands were stretched over her head and anchored there. Her legs were spread wide open and she couldn’t close them.

“Relax, let me take care of you.” Whisper soft kisses moved over her skin. Jason parted her cheeks and flicked the small rosette before moving down, tracing her labia with the lightest of touches.

She squirmed under his teasing. Her stomach clenched as moisture stained her thighs. “Jason, please, stop teasing.”

Jason answered by slipping his tongue between the thick lips of her pussy to flick her clit. Sparks of heat went off inside of her. Her cunt tightened and relaxed. “Mmmm, so delicious. God, I love how you taste.” His tongue trailed over her sex with light laps before flicking her clit.

She groaned in frustration. She wanted to touch him, slip her hands through his hair and hold his head to her aching pussy. “Let me go,” Stacia urged. “I want to touch you.”

“If I release you then I’ll lose control. I need this. Let me explore you the way I want.” He pressed her clit down with his tongue before taking the bud between his teeth and nipping it gently. She cried out as sparks of desire were set off and her cunt clenched. His thumbs rubbed her outer labia again while he nibbled and flicked her clit.

“Jason, stop teasing,” she gritted out. “Fuck me!”

He blew on the aching bundle of nerves sending a shiver of heat through her. She bowed her back and squirmed on the bed. Her nipples rubbed against the rough fabric beneath her sending shards of heat straight to her clit. Stacia cried out when she

felt his tongue circle her entrance before dipping inside her dripping heat. Her pussy contracted and moisture slipped down her inner thighs.

"Jason please --" her words were cut off when he thrust his tongue inside of her, fucking her slowly with it, ratcheting up the heat brewing inside of her. Need was pulsing through her veins. She writhed on the bed. "Jason, damn it fuck me."

He pulled away from her sex. "I'm still not convinced you need me yet."

"Please, fuck me," Stacia demanded.

"Still not convinced." Jason pinched her clit and she bucked off the bed. The burn of pain ebbed into pleasure, and her pussy gushed fresh cream.

"Jason --"

"How much do you want me?" he demanded.

"I want you so badly," she cried out.

"I don't know." He flicked her clit and she moaned.

"What do I have to do to convince you? Tell me and I'll do it," she pleaded.

He began to nibble her clit, and the small stings sent ripples of pleasure and heat flowed through her as the pressure inside of her built higher and higher. It wasn't enough, the nips and flicks, she needed him inside of her.

"Jason, fuck me or let me go and I'll finish myself off," she said, knowing what he would do.

"Naughty minx. I'll give you what you want because I can't wait any longer." He gave her a swat on the ass. Whatever he had strapped her down to shook. The straps removed, she felt him take hold of her hips. "Up on all fours. I want to fuck you from behind."

Stacia rose up on her hands and knees and stilled and waited for him to move. Jason gripped her hips, and his fingers dug into her before pushing forward. He sank into her slick flesh, stretching her sensitive walls.

She moaned and threw her head back. "Fuck me, make me yours."

He withdrew and slammed into her, riding her hard. Jason let go of one hip and grabbed her hair, pulling her head back. His breath fanned her ear as his heat bore down on her. "You belong to me and only me."

"Yes," she moaned.

His tongue trailed over the shell of her ear. He nipped her lobe before kissing down her neck to nip her shoulder. Her body shook, breasts bouncing with each thrust as he pounded her pussy.

"Do you want to come, Stacia?" he asked in a low, husky voice. Jason let go of her hair and slipped his hand between her legs. His fingers delved between her pussy lips to brush her clit.

Heat built along with the pressure inside of her. Her orgasm curled tighter and tighter as he pushed her closer to the edge. "Yes," she gasped out, "let me come."

He pinched her clit hard. When he released the bud fire burst in the pit of her stomach setting off a chain reaction. Her pussy quivered before clamping down on his cock. She came, crying out as he continued to fuck her. Her body shook as he drew out another orgasm. Jason thrust into her once, twice, three times before his cock twitched and expanded inside of her. He called out her name as he spurted his seed deep into her vagina, coating her walls.

Jason pulled out of her and brought her down to the bed with him where he just held her. He kissed her shoulder as he held her closer, their slick bodies pressed together as both of them panted hard. She could feel his heart beating against his chest as hers kept up pace.

"Come home to me, love, let me hold you as I fall asleep," he murmured.

She snuggled closer. "I'm on my way."

* * *

The dream began to fade around the edges. When she awoke her sex throbbed and her panties were soaked. Stacia got off the couch. Her legs quivered as she made her way to her desk and gathered up her files.

“I’ll just work from home.” She packed up, turned off the light and headed home to her man.

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