

Encounter -- Bedtime Stories: Neera's Present

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Neera's Present

"Get the hell out of my house," Neera yelled after the soldiers before slamming her door shut. "Looking for aliens my ass," she grumbled. "Probably tipped off by Troll to check in on what I was doing with her *present*. Probably weren't real soldiers."

After she locked the door she gave it a swift kick before turning toward the room. Her gaze traveled over the festively decorated living room. The Christmas tree was all lit up with only one present underneath. The large box with the Bedtime Stories logo on the front reminded her of her boss, Troll's, gift to her.

"Is it safe?" called out a muffled baritone voice.

Neera moved back and swallowed. "Yes."

The large box began to glow, the front of it popped open and out stepped a small, naked man.

Neera moved back even more as she watched him grow until he was almost six feet seven inches. She took in him from head to toe. Bronze skin bathed in the golden light of the fire, long blond hair falling down his shoulders. His green eyes sparkled with amusement. His sensual mouth curved into a smile. "That was fun but I must repay you for your kindness and protection."

Her gaze dropped to his long, thick cock. It curved upward, a drop of pre-cum already dotted the tip. Neera's body temperature spiked, her cunt contracted and breasts grew heavy. She watched his hand take hold of his shaft and stroke himself slowly. Her hands curled into fists. *If I fuck him I'll owe Troll big for this and she's already got me chained to a desk giving her stories for the next ten years.* With great reluctance she looked away and shook her head. "It's all right. You don't have to repay me."

A warm weight settled on her shoulder. "I insist. How about a massage? I want to repay you for your kindness."

She looked up again and her eyes widened. He now had six arms that seemed to come out of his shoulders. "My kind worship women and feel that it is our duty to give a woman pleasure."

Neera's resistance was wearing away. She didn't want to insult him and the thought of his hands on her sent a bolt of arousal straight to her pussy. "All right. Um, let me go shower first."

"Good, that will give me time to prepare. I promise you, this will be a wonderful experience," he murmured.

The low, deep sound of his voice sent a shiver of awareness through her. "I'm sure it will be," Neera said quickly before she rushed out of the room. Her body hummed with unresolved arousal. She barely felt her shower. All of her motions were done as if in a daze of anticipation. The only thing she could focus on was her "special" guest. When she stepped out of the bathroom her breath caught in her throat. The room was alight with what seemed like every candle she owned. Amber and vanilla scented the air. A fire burned in the hearth. Her gaze roamed over the room. She saw four bottles of oil on the nightstand and her guest stood next to her bed.

"You can call me, Solomon, at least that's what my true name is in your language."

She didn't bother to ask what that meant. Instead, she approached the bed. Anticipation sizzled along her nerve endings. Neera stopped at the end of the mattress and looked up at him. Solomon had gotten a robe from somewhere but it didn't do

much to cover his nudity. The hem barely covered his groin. His cock peeked through the silken black opening.

Neera eyed the glistening drop at the slit. She wanted to know what he tasted like. Her hands rose and curled around the top of the towel that covered her nudity. *Stop it, she ordered herself. It's only a massage. Once the weekend is over he goes straight back to Troll.*

She took a moment to gather up as much of her will power she had before crawling on the bed. Neera laid down on her stomach and tried not to flinch when he touched her.

"I need to remove the towel."

Crap. She'd hoped he'd just do her shoulders and legs and nothing else. Already her body ached for his touch.

"Nudity is nothing to be ashamed of."

Without responding, Neera managed to let go of the towel and wiggle out of it.

"You're beautiful," Solomon said softly.

She shivered at the light touch of his fingertips down her spine. Cold liquid dripped onto her back before the heat of his palms pressed against her skin. Neera's eyes drifted closed as his hands moved up and down her back. She groaned when his hands cupped her buttocks. Solomon squeezed and massaged each cheek. Her toes curled in pleasure. The ache between her legs increased. She resisted the urge to squirm. Neera wanted his touch, needed his touch.

"Solomon," she moaned.

"What do you want?" he asked, softly. She felt the heat of his body against her side. His moist breath tickled the shell of her ear. "Do you want me touch you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me where you need me."

She bit her lip. Her desire warred with her self-control. To give in would mean owing Troll. Neera bit her lip. Arousal curled in her belly. Each stroke of his roughened hands on her flesh only made the desire coil tighter. He massaged her legs but always

stopped short before her aching sex. She resisted the urge to beg him to touch her. Just a small brush of his fingers would do. At least that's what she told herself. Tension hummed through her body with each knead of his fingers and glide of his hands.

"You have to tell me what you want," he murmured.

She gritted her teeth, trying to resist that low seductive tone. Neera lost it when his fingertips caressed her labia. Just that one touch sent shards of intense pleasure skittering up her spine and down again. Her pussy clenched. Liquid desire slipped from her entrance. Neera couldn't take it anymore. She had to do something. Slowly she wriggled one arm under her body to slip her hand between her thighs. A hand clamped on her arm stalling her efforts.

"No. I am the one giving the pleasure. If you want something done, allow me to do it." Again in that low, deep voice that sent heat racing across her skin and raising goose-bumps in its wake. Neera whimpered in capitulation. She needed something to stop the need throbbing between her legs.

"Please, touch me," she said softly.

"Where, Neera?" His voice sounded deeper, gruffer. *Could he be affected too?*

She pushed that thought away in favor of trying to get the words out without losing her nerve. "I need you to massage me between my legs."

"Like this?"

The first touch of his fingers on her labia made her moan aloud, but she wanted more. "Harder. Your touch is too light." She tried to move down toward his fingers only to have him stop.

"Let me do everything you need. Just relax." The pressure of his touch increased. With achingly slow ministrations, he traced a path up one side of her labia and down the other. Solomon paused to dip just the tip of his finger inside her dripping cunt before returning to his task. Neera squeezed her vaginal muscles around the digit but he would always pull out giving her nothing but a taste of what could be.

Dip, trace, dip, trace over and over again. She was slowly going mad with his teasing.

"Damn it, Solomon, stop teasing me. Make me come." She'd had enough. Either he was going to give her true pleasure or this massage would be over.

"How shall I make you come?" he asked, his voice deeper, rougher than the last time.

Neera closed her eyes and whispered, "Fuck me."

"With my fingers? Cock?"

"Cock, I need your cock inside of me. I want it hard and I want it fast and I want to come."

"As you wish."

She felt the pressure of his wide cockhead against her entrance before he sunk into her slowly. Neera whimpered as he stretched to the point of pain. She concentrated on breathing through it all before. Solomon stilled. He gripped her hip with one hand while the other delved between her pussy lips to stroke her clit. She bucked under his grasp.

"Feels so good. Goddess, you're so wet." He withdrew, setting off sparks of pleasure that dulled the pain. In. Out. In. Out. Each stroke harder, deeper than the last. He rode her hard. His hand pinching and rubbing her clit. Neera's orgasm spiraled tighter and tighter, going higher and higher until she couldn't take it anymore. Fire and pleasure exploded in her belly. Her body became awash with sensations that caused her legs to shake, muscles to jump and body to tremble. She was flying around the room, soaring to heights unknown to her before she floated down like a feather. Still he pumped into her. Solomon continued to thrust, drawing out as many orgasms as her body could give. Her cunt tightened and relaxed around his hard shaft. He released her clit, grasped her hips, lifted her up before withdrawing and then plunging back in.

At this new angle, it felt like he was sliding deeper into her body. She could practically feel him in her chest now. Small gasps and groans of pleasure filled the air as she came again and again. Her body became liquid, her mind was swathed in cotton.

She didn't think she could come anymore. Neera was about to open her mouth to plead with him to stop, that she couldn't take it anymore, when he stilled. Solomon's cock expanded in her pussy before he came, spewing jets of his seed into her vagina.

When it was all over he pulled out of her before lowering her gently to the bed. She couldn't move or think. The world was one ball of white noise. Neera rolled onto her side and curled up as her body continued to buzz with the afterglow.

"Thank you, Neera. Thank you. That was wonderful. I'm so pleased that I gave you pleasure." Solomon kissed her on the shoulder before wrapping his arms around her waist.

She couldn't respond. Her eyelids felt heavy. The room was edged in black before she fell asleep completely. Her last thought before she slipped into the land of dreams was, *I owe Troll big for this.*

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