

Encounter: Dreaming of Nikki (Love Me Or Leave Me)
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Michael dreams of making the jump from friends to lovers. But is this really *real*?

Dreaming of Nikki

Michael couldn't be sure he was really awake. Maybe he'd fallen asleep watching the game and this was yet another sexy dream about Nikki.

Was she here, in his house, in his bedroom, looking like a wet dream in her skinny jeans and black lace bra? His gaze consumed her tight stomach and firm breasts. Dark hair hung over one shoulder and a smirk obscured her features.

She seemed real enough, but he wasn't sure what this was. A booty call, a trial run, a rebound? Surely she couldn't want the same things as he did -- a commitment, a relationship, a future. No, this seemed like a game to her. Her smile, her words told him so.

She was dangerous.

And if he only had this one chance to convince her they should be together, that they fit perfectly together, than he had to make the most of it. He had this one chance to blow her mind.

He didn't move. "You want me to play with you?"

"Don't you want to?" That sexy pout pulled at her lips, but she still fought a smile.

Reaching down he adjusted his boner, watching as her gaze tracked his movements. "You know I do." When she took a step backward, he wondered if she was intimidated. "You want to know all the things I think about doing to you?"

Another step backward, closer to the bed, but she nodded. "And what you'd like me to do to you." She sounded hopeful. Her eagerness made his pants even tighter.

Growing bolder by the second, confident it was what she wanted, he replied, "With those pretty little lips. Of course."

Her eyes grew round and her tongue darted across her lower lip. God, he couldn't wait to taste her again. When she reached back to unhook her bra he closed the gap between them. "Wait," he insisted, as the material loosened around her. He tried not to stare at her cleavage.

He held her close. Cradling her head he gently kissed her temple. "There's no going back if we do this."

Letting go of the bra she wrapped her arms around him and pressed her face against his chest. "I know, Michael," she mumbled. "I know." Her hand disappeared between them and she tossed the bra away. "But we have to try. It could be really special."

He kissed her. He'd meant it to be a sweet kiss of appreciation, but it quickly became one of passion. Tongues intertwined, he cupped her face and urged her backward until her legs hit the bed. With a shaky hand he reached down and stoked her breast. So soft. So perfect.

Whispering her name, he put some distance between them so he could look at her gorgeous body. He'd seen her in tight dresses and low cut tank tops, he'd seen her in bikinis. He knew she had a slim figure and full breasts, but seeing them bare was breathtaking.

They were round and heavy with tight pink tips. He cuddled one in each hand before stroking his thumb over each nipple. Nikki's eyelids grew heavy as she drew a deep breath.

Sinking to his knees, Michael held her right breast still and sucked on her nipple. When she gasped he pulled again. With his free hand he tugged at the button holding her jeans up. Switching to the other nipple he worked the button free, but couldn't manage the zipper one-handed.

When he gave his full attention to her pants she said, "No fair," reaching for a handful of his shirt. He paused in his labors to allow her to bunch and pull at his shirt. Soon she had it off and tossed away next to her bra.

With her zipper undone he worked the denim over her hips and down her legs.

“Out,” he ordered when he reached her ankles.

Stepping free of the pants she stood in just her black lace panties and nothing else.

Awed, and still in disbelief that this was actually happening, Michael stared up at her. She was a goddess. His goddess. And he had every intention of worshiping her. He ran his hands up her smooth calves and soft thighs, cupping her ass cheeks and burrowing his face in the apex of her thighs, inhaling her scent.

“Michael,” she whispered, running her fingers through his hair.

He pressed his tongue to the crotch of her panties causing her to gasp. When she stepped back against the edge of bed again, he took advantage and insisted she lay back. On her elbows she watched as he peeled away her panties. Her body was rigid, but he pressed his fingers into her thighs and pushed them apart.

Dark hair surrounded her pussy lips. With his thumbs he stroked her, his gaze unwavering, as he took in the sight of her excited sex. It was already pink and glistening and he wondered what it would take to make her drip with need.

“Michael?” Her hesitant tone caught his attention and he glanced up. She looked uncertain and exposed.

His fingers curled into her flesh as he used his thumb to stroke over her vulva. She shuddered, but didn't relax. “You're so pretty, Nikki, all over.” Her gaze softened, her posture eased. He looked once more at her exposed sex. “So fucking pretty.”

This time when he pressed his tongue to her sex there was nothing in the way. Nothing to block her sweet scent, her decadent taste. He flicked his tongue up and over her swollen lips, parted her and licked over her sensitive little clitoris.

Groaning, she dropped flat on the bed.

Michael licked over her again before putting a finger to her opening and pressing inside. Watching her face and the way her body moved, Michael continued to touch her, slowly pressing his finger in deep, then rotating it. He hit a particular spot and she fisted his comforter. He made note of her response. Pulling out he gave her body a moment to relax before he pressed in two digits and repeated the action.

Arched back, breasts high, she moaned. "Oh, Michael. Again."

He stroked again and again, each time reaching higher, building the pressure, touching that special spot that made her voice go high and her breathing labored. When he knew she was close he leaned forward and sucked on her clit, playing with it, stroking inside her until those tight vaginal walls clamped around him and she cried out.

He continued to lick her swollen flesh until she shuttered and whimpered, "No more." Turning away from him she curled onto her side, displaying that sweet little ass and the strong lines of her back.

Michael teased his fingers over her spine, prompting her to turn back to him. She was wiping her eyes. He frowned. "You okay?"

She smiled and around a giggle said, "Wow. That doesn't happen very often."

"What?"

"A climax so good it brings me to tears." She wiped away another one. "It's kind of embarrassing."

Feeling like a stud, Michael laughed too. "Mind if I try again?"

"Yes. No." She giggled. "Maybe. I don't know how much more I can take."

Michael stood up. "Let's find out."

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