

Grey Dream

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This story is a work of fiction containing scenes of graphic sex of various kinds, most of which are nc, kinky, and/or downright weird. The actions depicted are not from or for real life. Content is my own (Monocle), copyright 2000-2009, (as are the typos, and spelling & grammar errors). Any resemblance to persons or events living or dead or stories already written is purely coincidence. The reader is free and welcome to copy and circulate this file in free legal forums, as long as this disclaimer is included and no alterations to it or the content are made.

Some erotic dreams contain other emotions as well.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/grey-dream.aspx>

A dream... The scene is clearly one of a dream. The big, floppy recliner I sit in is the only thing really in focus. The room is bright, but grey and indistinct, because it's not really important.

You are there. I see you are... smaller than you are. And grayer. And cold, sad. I beckon you to me and you climb onto my lap. My arms encircle you as you curl up. I feel larger than I am. Stronger. I hold you, stroking you hair and back through your sweatshirt. You are shivering. You may be crying. There is wetness seeping through my shirt. I hold you and rock a little bit until the shaking stops. I will my warmth into you, breathing slowly, holding and stroking. In time - how much doesn't really matter - you sigh. I feel an ember of warmth reflected back to me and see a hint of color where your arms and legs peek from your clothing.

You pull back from me a bit, pushing yourself up on my chest to look at me eye to eye. I see sorrow, pain, life, beauty, so many things. I know I can't give everything you need. Perhaps nothing of lasting value, but it doesn't matter. The light around us is just a little warmer for now, and that's enough now.

There is something else in your eyes. Need. Desire. Hunger. You tilt your head back as I lean toward you. We kiss deeply, and warmth transmutes to heat on the softness of your lips and tongue. It **is** a dream, because such turns of moods only happen in dreams, but I don't care. Your hand comes up to entwine in my hair, as my hands slide up your back to tangle in yours.

You uncoil. You've been curled up on my lap, making yourself small. Now, without breaking the kiss you swing yourself around, until your back is against my chest. Your legs fall to either side of mine as

I sit. We are wearing robes now. White terry-cloth. My hands ride over you as you rotate, and you arch as I let them pass down over your chest and midriff. Your neck is arched back so that we may continue kissing. You moan softly into my mouth.

I untie your robe's belt and pull it open; now my hands glide up and down your ribcage, and over your breasts. Our bodies reflect heat on each other now, and your nipples are hard under my fingers. Your hands slide over mine and guide them to the places you want them to go.

My robe has worked itself loosely open as well. I rise between your legs, and you release one of my hands to press me against you. Now it is my turn to moan into our kiss with the delicate touch of your fingers, and the heat of your body against me. You break the kiss and pull away, turing in my lap so we can see each other's faces again. Yours is brighter, still with shadows of what has gone before, but now also with a spark, with some mischief.

Sill holding me against you, still looking over your shoulder into my eyes, you rise. My eyes half close at the sensation of your pressing hand, and the skin of our mound against me. You raise yourself just high enough, and guide me to your entrance. I feel hot slickness there, and then enveloping wet heat. Our eyes lock as you sink on to me. My hands are on your hips, dumbly, instinctively urging you downward. You arch again, breaking eye contact to lean back on me, bringing your hands up and around the back of my neck. I nuzzle and lick and the hollow of your collarbone and neck, growling as your weight settles back on my lap. My arms envelop you with my warmth and strength, and you do the same to me, in another way...

And I awake in an empty room, grey with the light of dawn, but with the brightness of a new day on the horizon.