

After the Dream

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Please read Dalias' Dream First

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Her pulse quickened and her breathing deepened... She was jarred into wakefulness by the soft purr of Susans' voice. "Dalia, the voice whispered, "I just wanted to tell you what a fantastic afternoon I had." "Oh my GOD" Whispered Dalia, "I had a wonderful time" "I have never experienced anything like that before." "Nor have I." Susan responded, hesitating. "I think I want to experience it again." Dalias' voice caught in her throat. She struggled to form the words... "I... I, want that too." And the phone went dead in her ear. The persistent knock on her apartment door roused Dalia from her fitful dream. She pulled on a silk summer robe and made her way thru the darkness to the continuing sound. Her eye to the peephole, she saw Susan looking back at her. The door swung open, almost as if it had done it itself. "Hi," she whispered thru her grin "Come in." They walked slowly into the living room, both uncertain where to take this. A tingle filled Dalias' stomach and she felt a moistening between her thighs. They both sank into the two huge chairs, their eyes never wavering from each other. Dalia felt her nipples harden and strain against the silk of the robe. Susan slowly licked her lips. "I" they stammered in unison, laughing nervously. Again "I", together... more laughter and they settled down. Susan spoke first. "I don't know where this is going," she whispered. "But where ever it is, I want to go there." "So do I," Dalia replied and she felt her nipple straining against the silk. Susans' fingers toyed with the buttons of her top and began releasing them, one at a time slowly moving down. Her legs uncrossed and Dalia glimpsed a flash of copper bronze thigh. Susans' breasts stood firm as she allowed the top to fall open, letting it hang momentarily on her hardened nipples. Susan kicked her shoes to the side and rose to her feet, the skirt sliding down to pool at her ankles. The golden bronze of her skin extended to her mound and Dalia couldn't keep her eyes from it. Slowly Susans' fingers brushed between her legs and she sank back down into the chair. One leg flung carelessly over the arm. The fingers of her left hand caressed her mound while her right hand began to tease her nipples. Dalia felt the growing wetness between her thighs. Dalia approached, slowly, hesitating, terrified of the passion filling her. Slowly she dropped to her knees. Her hands resting on Susans' knees. Gently she parted them, kissing each on the soft inner skin. Susan slid slowly down in the chair, her long slender legs parting, her head thrown back on the chair. Her fingers gripped the arm in anticipation. Her eyes squeezed shut and her teeth bit into her lower lip. Gently Dalias' lips brushed the soft skin of Susans' inner thighs. Higher and higher she tasted, sampling the taste or

Susans' thighs. Higher and higher until her cheek brushed Susans, mound. A soft moan of pleasure escaped Susans' throat and her fingers turned white from gripping the chair. "Please" she whispered hoarsely. "PLEASE." Dalia turned her head and her lips brushed Susans', pausing for her tongue to dart out, penetrating the soft fold. Her tongue pressed again, tasting the building wetness. Then again, contacting the pearly hardness beneath the hood. Again and her tongue made a slow circle around Susans' clitoris. Sucking it between her lips, gripping it as she circled her tongue around it. Her tongue darted inside and Susan screamed in passion, her back arching in the chair, her legs pulling back. Again, her tongue came out, caressing Susans' lips, sucking her clitoris then driving back inside her, deep, twisting, tasting her rippling walls. Susan twisted in the chair as if a demon were being exorcised and she screamed again, her stomach rippling and quivering. "Oh FUCK", she screamed as her orgasm broke free soaking Dalia with her passion. Hot, wet, honey, covered Dalias' mouth and lips, filling her with Susans' taste and her tongue drove deeper in one final passionate thrust. Both girls sagged in exhausted passion, knowing there was more to come.