

Dear Sir

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A dream of an encounter with a man.

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Dear Sir, I had a dream about you. We were in a hotel, and a cheap one judging by the mundane furniture found in every motel that lines the interstates. We stand there awkwardly and still as though we are bound by an invisible web. I brake my bond first inching towards you. I remove your red baseball cap and cast it carelessly aside. My hands shake as I begin undoing the buttons of your plaid shirt. I fumble, finding it difficult to clasp the small white plastic in my fingers. After the third button you takeover, finishing the job I had started. You let your flannel shirt fall off your arms, revealing your toned torso. You place your hands on my hips, bunching my dress up in clumps in and around your fingers. I lift my arms into the air allowing you to pull my dress over my head. I am braless, my thin white cotton panties the only article of clothing left on me. You walk towards the bed with an outstretched hand. I reach out too and my fingers brush yours briefly, but we never hold hands. There are only a few steps between where we were standing and the bed. We both climb on top of it. You guide me onto my back and take your stance over me, a hand on either side of my head. I can feel your cool breath on me and your eyes penetrating mine. I suddenly become aware of my vulnerability with a thin piece of fabric the only thing guarding my morality. We stare at each other for a moment. Never did I imagine we would be like this. I thought you were nice enough, but imagined I must have bored you to tears. Yet you put up with me. We were by no means meant to be together, yet some unknown circumstance permitted us this one night. Your lips feel icy as they press against mine. My tongue slips past your thin lips, between your teeth and into your mouth. I feel around as your tongue joins mine. For a moment we kiss softly. No urgency is felt by either of us. I can feel your uncertainty. You raised your hand to my hips a couple of times, but fail to make a move. I guide your hand to my pelvis and you move your hand downwards to rub my clit, the sheer fabric of my panties barring you full access. I moan as your hand moves to the waistline. I aid you in relieving my body of this last piece of clothing. Your hand moves back to my pussy. You can feel my wetness as you tentatively place a finger inside. You pause before moving it gently in and out of my pussy. Soon, another finger follows. I moan as you gain confidence and begin to finger me harder. Your motion is still slow and I close my eyes savouring the tenderness of your fingers inside me. We are no longer kissing, you are staring intently at what you are doing. No, this night is about you. We are here for your pleasure, and from that I can get mine. I put a hand on your wrist and stop you. I pull your

fingers out of me and seductively lick my juices from them. I rest my hand flat against your chest and push you away. You are confused but unusually shy so you allow me to lead you. Your inexperience causes your normal dominance to wane, allowing me to take charge. Now you are the one lying on the bed. Your leaning back on your elbows so you can see what I am doing. I unbutton your jeans. You lift your ass so I can pull them off of you. I hook my fingers around the waistband of your jeans and pull your boxers down with them. Your stiff cock is released. I take it in my hand. You flinch at my chilly fingers, but soon your flesh against mine warms them. My hand is at the base of your shaft. I place my mouth at the head of your cock and lick it gently, my tongue swirling back and forth. I hear you moan. Your prick is still in my mouth as I look up at you, to see you staring back. I revert my concentration back to what I was doing. I lower my lips to your shaft, my tongue sliding down the side as your cock penetrates further into my mouth. I slowly move my lips back up and my hand raises slightly in a twisting motion before your cock is plunged back in, deeper this time. I feel no urgency, wanting you to remember the sensation as I move my tongue and lips up and down your phallus, never taking it out of my mouth. A strand of hair falls into my face and you gingerly sweep it up with your fingertips and place it behind my ear. You leave your hand on my head, shifting your weight over to one elbow. Your hand never adds any pressure. It's there so you can feel me, not to guide or aid me. I tighten the lips which envelop your member, adding more pressure as my tongue caresses the underside. You make a noise when I press harder with my tongue, adding to the pressure; the noise is somewhere between a gasp and a groan. I feel a spasm and your hand moves to my forehead. I release my grasp from your cock, thinking you are about to cum. I don't want you to. You're able to control yourself and abide to my wishes. I lay back down and pull you by the arm so you are on top of me again. I can't wait, I need to feel you inside me. You confidently mount me. You place one hand by my head and the other on your cock. I place my hand on top yours and help guide you to my wet cunt. It slides into me smoothly and your other hand joins it's mate on the opposite side of my head. Your first thrust is very slow. The feeling is new to you as you move further inside me. I place a hand on your cheek, feeling the rough stubble against my palm as you thrust into me a second time. We don't kiss, just look at each other. You pull out half way, before looking down at your prick entering me slowly for the third time. I want to be fucked hard, but don't say anything, wanting you to derive pleasure from what you are doing. You find your own rhythm, and begin fucking me. Your fist few thrusts were gentle and tentative, but your movements soon reach a new level. They're stronger and more decisive. I place a hand on each ass cheek, pushing you deeper inside of me. I am careful not to grab them or push too hard, for fear of interrupting the fluidity of your movements. My pussy envelops you perfectly, and I can feel every part of your as you slide your cock in and out of me. Your fingers reach out to my hair which flows wildly onto the sheets and you tangle them around my curls. I feel your fingers tighten around my locks before I feel your prick spasm and cum inside me. You breathing is much louder than mine, but the noise of our breaths intertwined is the only thing keeping silence from descending upon us. Yours Truly,