

Dream State

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Andrea dreams about the choices she must make in the future. Which man is right for her?

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The night was cold, but Andrea slept soundly, warm between the sheets of her bed. Her head rested gently on a small pillow and her eyelids fluttered with the motions of sleep and dreams. It was the first decent sleep she'd had since she got home from Christmas break with her friends in the Peak District, and her body was reaping the benefits of rest. The five of them- Andrea, Marcie, Sarah, Philip and Logan- had gone hiking almost every day and partied almost every night. God knows she needed the fun, but now all she needed was rest. In her dream, Andrea was walking through the village where they had stayed and it was sunny rather than the cold mid-January weather that was the chilly reality outside. She was wearing a light, floaty pink dress which was a rare occurrence for her, but matched her blonde hair perfectly. The light curls bounced around her shoulders in the breeze, her eyes darting about the scenery of the town. There were no people, just the shadows cast on the sunny streets by the homely looking houses lining the pavements. Clouds floated across the blue sky in a fluffy white haze, plodding along on their journey to burst over some other stretch of land further away. As she perched on a bench, Andrea tilted her head so she could watch the steady passing of the clouds. A ray of sun caught her eyes and she blinked. She felt a warm figure sit next to her, close enough so that she could feel their arm pressing softly against her. Dreams are funny things though and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't look at the man's face. It didn't seem to faze her. She felt an inner contentedness with his presence. Whoever it was, she liked him. When she reached out to take the man's hand, her dream shifted to a bedroom which she recognised. The bed was covered in plush white sheets and the sun filtered through the latticed windows to cast patterns on the quilt. His fingers entwined with hers as she seemed to float backwards and his body pushed her down onto the bed. Suddenly, her dress was gone and the man's shirt had disappeared too. Their skin touched and she felt a sort of electricity pass between them. Her eyes widened and then closed, her lips parted as she leaned up to kiss the man's lips. It felt like Logan. Was it Logan? His arms were toned like Logan's arms and his legs felt just as muscley as his knee pushed her thighs apart. Arching her back, she pushed herself against him, stealing his warmth and allowing him to kiss her neck. Logan was ever so charming and such a laugh, always up for adventure and exploration, which was sometimes exactly what Andrea needed to lift her mood or take the pressures of mundane life off from her shoulders. "Oh, Logan..." she whispered as his hands explored her body, his fingers

caressing along her ribs and up between her breasts to her neck, where he kissed her again. His teeth grazed her collar bones, sending a shiver down her spine. Andrea brought her knee up to rest against his side, urging him to continue. "Who's Logan?" he said between kisses along her clavicle. This should have startled Andrea, but instead the question intrigued her. Leaning her head back slightly, she could hardly see the man's face, but it looked somewhat similar to Philip. His lips formed a slight smirk as he pulled her arms up, gripping her hands and pinning them above her head. "You're so beautiful, Andrea," he whispered, biting her neck which ushered a gasp from her mouth. He was such a good man, caring and intelligent. Philip was career driven, focused and had worked his way to the top. He valued good company and relaxation. With soft touches, she felt his hand between her legs, pushing her thighs further apart. Obliging, she leaned backwards again, his grip on her wrists tightened as he entered her. Both of them let out a soft moan into each other's necks, the heat from their bodies building. Once more, the man looked like Logan, but Andrea didn't seem to care that the figure kept changing appearances. Did that mean that she had feelings for both of the men? It didn't matter. She could feel him moving inside her, thrusting deep, pushing into her with some considerable force. The bed was moving beneath them and she could barely keep herself from calling out his name. But which name? Who was it, really? The harder his pounding got, the closer she came to climax and the louder her moans became. As he exerted himself to pleasure her, she saw the veins above the muscles in his arms begin to stand out, which only turned her on even more. Andrea arched her back with her head leaning backwards, exposing her neck and her naked breasts. She felt Logan's mouth close over one of her nipples, sending a chilling tingle throughout her. One of his hands remained gripping her wrists tight, while the other ran down the length of her body, stroking the skin with delicious intensity. His palm came to rest on the outer part of her thigh, near to her buttocks, squeezing it tight. He circled for a moment, before bringing his hand down hard against her ass, giving her a sharp slap. It sent her senses overboard. Every feeling and motion was ten times more pleasurable than before. Logan pulled her thigh upwards so it was at a right angle to the bed. He wrapped her legs around him as he pounded harder inside her with his considerable size. She noticed that again the man she was fucking looked more like Philip. "Philip?" she asked, her voice a hoarse whisper. "Hmm? Yes, darling?" he answered her as he pushed his length into her as hard as he could. "So, you are Philip?" "I am whatever you want, my love." he replied with Logan's voice. It was confusing to say the least, but it was only a dream, so it didn't matter. As their bodies collided with heat and passion, he released her hands so that she could wrap them around his neck. Pheromones pervaded the air, increasing their arousal and bringing them both closer to coming. At this point, Andrea couldn't stop her moans or the fact that her nails were now digging into his back as the pleasure became too much and threatened to overcome her. The sight of his muscles rippling with each thrust was perfection. She closed her eyes and threw her head back as his hard cock forced an earth-shattering orgasm to explode through her, shockwaves travelling through every nerve. Andrea's fingers raked across his back and shoulders, coming to a shaky rest at the base of his neck as she gasped and moaned through the intense feeling. She felt him letting go as well, resting his elbow beside her head as he came inside her. Logan, Philip, Logan, Philip, his face kept

changing as he whispered sweet nothings into her ear. As they both relaxed into the afterglow of their fucking, she realised the point of the dream, that she wanted both men and she couldn't make her mind up on which was better suited for her. "You're so beautiful." he whispered to her again, his hand resting on one of her breasts, circling gently. He was still inside her, his body pushing down on top of her as they lay like this. She couldn't speak now but as she panted softly, he caressed her face and played with her hair, comforting her as the feelings ebbed away. The haze of the dream snapped away in a flash and Andrea awoke in the dark of her room, dazed and confused by the dream she'd just had. It was the middle of the night, so she lay back down. Moonbeams crept through the slightly parted curtains and soothed her to sleep again. She didn't know this now, but by the morning she would have forgotten this dream.