

Chapter 4

A dream can be a noun and a verb

I awoke for the second day in a row, alone. I moved my feet in the wet grass as my legs hung over the side of the hammock. I reached behind me to take his pillow; I just wanted to smell him a little longer.

How odd, the pillow was shredded. Then I saw a note was pinned to the remnants. I opened the folded over paper,

DON'T EVER CALL ME AGAIN;

I told you I would hear you beg for me to fuck your ass,

So like the saying goes

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

I began to cry, which turned into a full on sob as I noticed the aloe plants and the Tiger Lilly were trampled. I couldn't stop shaking and telling myself how stupid I was for falling for him.

How could I think someone like him would be interested in someone like me? Why didn't I listen to all the rumors about him? How could I let him sway me so easily to believe they were all exaggerated or down right false? Oh no, how will I look at him at work in a couple days? I closed my eyes and tried to bury myself in the hammock and under the blanket. I could not stop the tears and the shaking. This was a pain I never expected, but should have realized was probably going to happen.

I was hearing a distant voice and I was rocking uncontrollably. I was fighting to keep my eyes closed in the hopes that the tears that fell in a steady stream would have nowhere to go.

I was no longer in control of my body as it shook. "Wake up for me baby, come on wake up." the voice kept getting louder and louder.

Confusion took over the despair as I felt my hair being moved off of my face. I froze long enough to try to take in my surroundings. I sat up in the hammock, covered by the blanket, yet I was so disoriented. What happened to the blades of grass between my toes? Why couldn't I reach the ground?

I struggled to open my eyes as my hearing tuned into the voice, his voice. "Baby, you are having a nightmare," he sounded so concerned and so frightened for me. "Come on, you can wake up and come back to me," he rolled me into his arms. Just as our chests met, I was coming out of my daze.

"Hi there! That must have been a pretty awful dream, you woke me with your hysterical cries quite a while ago," he whispered as he dried my tears with the blanket we were still wrapped in. "Do you have those very often? I have never been around anyone that distraught, I didn't know what to do," he held me tight and kept kissing my hair.

I started shivering while cuddled by his warm body and our comfy blanket. "I think we should go in the house, I need to get warmer," I said in a voice that sounded as cold as I felt.

Once in the house, I grabbed a plush yellow long bathrobe that I kept behind the bathroom door as he put on his shorts.

"How about I fix us something to eat?" he asked while walking into the kitchen.

"I am not hungry, maybe you should just go home," I said while closing the refrigerator and nudging him away from it.

Dave looked at me with a shocked look on his face, “Don’t look so put out, you got what you wanted,” I said in a tone I couldn’t shake since my nightmare.

“What the hell does that mean? I don’t understand, what is going on here?” he queried with wrinkled eyebrows. “If I have done something wrong, I would like to talk about it.”

“There is no need to talk about it,” I said as the tears started forming in my eyes. “I really just want you to leave now,” I said as I pulled the cloth belt to my robe super tightly and walked towards the front door.

“I am going to sit down on this couch, this one right here in the living room. I am going to sit in silence except my stomach growling and I am going to wait until you are ready to talk like an adult,” he announced stubbornly.

He followed up with a most gut wrenching request I have ever endured, “I would very much like you to sit on the coffee table in front of me, or next to me on the couch. Make me feel what’s in your head and your heart. Use your words because those tears that are ready to fall will only confuse me more,” he pleaded.

After almost half an hour of silence and as my right leg was going numb from sitting on the table, I decided he was not leaving without an explanation.

I thought I was strong enough to begin without interference from the waterworks show. I was mistaken. I barely had a few words out before the shaking and the tears competed for his attention.

He sat across from me, rubbing his hands deep into his thighs as I retold my nightmare. Along with that, I shared the connection to my fear of being a notch for his bedpost and then cast aside.

By the time I was done, I was a mess. I had snot running out of my nose, blotchy face from bouts of sobbing and a bathrobe that was more than damp from the tears I had shed.

Throughout the whole horribly un-lady like behavior while explaining myself, he sat quiet and listened. Dave never moved with the exception of rubbing his hands which were now bright red.

As my breathing began to return to normal along with my coloring, he spoke for the first time. "I am sorry that my reputation has caused you so much grief. I never saw this coming. We talked about the exaggerations of my past. If I could turn back time to when you were happy to be with me, I would. I cannot think of how to make you relax, I am not here to fill a quota. I have enjoyed our time together immensely. If you have serious reservations that we cannot talk through, I will leave," he said with sincerity and calmness. He turned his hands to face up while resting them on my knees.

I looked in his eyes which were looking at me like I was deciding his fate, live or die. The longer I looked in his face the more serene I felt. I don't know if it was the purging of the fears and the nightmare or his reaction to all of it, but I started to feel as though we could make it through this.

"Talk to me darling. What are you thinking?" he asked with so much tenderness that I choked up as I began to answer.

"I feel like an Amish woman suddenly thrown into the modern world. Everything is so new to me, I can't anticipate anything. You are so experienced and I am afraid of everything because I don't know what to expect." I had to stop speaking until my hands stopped shaking so badly.

When I thought I could continue, I looked up and saw a pain in his eyes. I reached out with my right hand and ran the back of my fingers softly down from his cheekbone to his jaw. He startled me a little when he grabbed my hand, turned it over and held it to his cheek.

"Please go on, I want to hear it all so I can figure out how to fix us," he said with my hand pressed hard against his face.

Wow, I thought, he wants to fix "us", he sees this as a problem that "we" have, not just me, unbelievable.

“I have always had very detailed and vivid dreams. From those dreams, my nightmares feed off of my fears and manifest like a memory at times. It takes some processing to tell the difference. This time that we have spent together has been incredible. I am afraid to let myself admit just how much I like being with you. Learning from you and experiencing what you want to share with me, it is like nothing I have ever been exposed to,” I began to cry again.

I tried to hold back the tears, “I just don’t understand why you picked me, and I am no one special. You are so outgoing on top of everything else. I am so afraid of letting my guard down and getting hurt because I should have known better.”

I almost jumped off the coffee table when he grabbed both my hands at the same time. He almost shouted, “Don’t ever say that you are no one special, I see special in everything that you are. The way you act, the way you move, the sparkles in your eyes when you laugh. I am amazed at your ability to make me smile. You max out in the beautiful department when you sleep in my arms. Don’t ever insult my taste in a woman by saying that you are no one special or any variation of that!”

I sat still, blinking my eyes at him. I was so surprised at his reaction, up until that point he had not interrupted my explanation of the problems. He was so forceful sounding now, like he was pulling from his gut.

I kept my hands in his as I continued to explain myself. “I don’t see myself as having those qualities. I have always been a wallflower, blending with my background. Going unnoticed, my ex-boyfriend rarely told me that I was pretty and never said I was beautiful. He never told me things he liked about me.”

“Baby, I am not him. I win because he was a loser. I don’t know where “this” is going, but I would like us both to be comfortable enough to talk to each other and move forward. I get what you are saying about the Amish woman in a new world. I admit I was scared that I would push you away if I moved too fast. I did try to tell you that I was fearful of that, if you will recall. I do have a lot of things I would like to do with you. That doesn’t mean I have already done or not

done them in the past. It means I want to do them with you,” he softly announced just before leaning forward to kiss my forehead.

I tilted my face up to intercept another incoming kiss intended once again for my forehead. He kissed me with such tenderness while his hands slowly crept up my arms until they surrounded the sides of my neck. His kiss began to increase in pressure. I pulled back from him and stood up.

“What is wrong? Was it too much, too soon?” he asked in a quiet soft tone as he slowly stood to look eye to eye with me.

I began to giggle at his concern, “No, my legs were falling asleep. I enjoyed kissing you but I would like to eat breakfast. Are you able to stay to eat with me?”

He took my hand and we walked to the kitchen. I opened the frig to get out some eggs. As I bent over to reach for the vegetables, he rubbed his hand all over my yellow fuzz covered ass. “Do you want an omelet? I have mushrooms, onions, cheese, ham and sausage,” I asked hoping to not need the onions because I don’t want to burp them up in an hour.

“Eggs, ham and mushrooms sounds fabulous. Would you like me to cook for us?” he asked.

“No, I will do it. I know where everything is in the kitchen. Besides, you seem a little distracted,” I commented.

“I am quite distracted, this old worn out furry yellow bathrobe you are wearing is really turning me on. The way it hides every inch of skin; every curve from your neck to your feet. Hmmmmm, so sexy!” he teased while rubbing the velour.

I could feel his dick through the thick fabric getting bigger and harder as he stood behind me caressing me anywhere he could while staying outside my robe and out of my way.

Suddenly, he was gone from behind me and I heard the refrigerator open just as the second omelet was finished cooking. “I have never had chocolate milk

with breakfast. Is it alright if we share what is left?" he asked with that boyish charm that I was glad to see had returned after my meltdown.

"Yes, of course, when I was a girl, my mom made me chocolate milk every morning before school. It is a nice memory that I like to share with her when I get a chance to visit her," I shared with a bitter sweet feeling.

"Does she live local?" he asked while shoveling food in his mouth with a cold cocoa chaser because the food was too hot.

I laughed at the sight of this handsome man trying not to show he just burnt his tongue in his haste to feed his hunger. "Her body does, but her mind is lost to us, she developed Alzheimer's quite a few years ago. She is in a great facility; they record the rooms 24/7 for the family members. We can view our loved ones activities remotely through the internet. Plus, if she has lucid moments that they think we would want to see, they text the date and time so we can specifically look for that time stamp," I shared as I shook my head. That was probably too much sharing for a man I have been with for less than 48 hours.

"That must be a big relief knowing she is cared for so well, I worry about my mom falling at her house. She is all alone in a big two story house that I grew up in with my five brothers and sisters. I am the oldest but everyone else is spread out all over the country. So I make sure to check in with her by phone every day and as I said, I visit "Mommy" every Sunday," he chuckled.

"Since my dad passed it is almost like it is just the two of us," he said with sadness in his eyes as he put his dishes in the sink.

Spastically, he jumped up in the air and clapped his hands once quite loudly. "I have a great idea! Hear me out," he squealed obviously very excited. "How about we pack bathing suits and a picnic lunch, we can go see your mom and take chocolate milk for all of us to drink while we visit! Then we can go have a picnic at the lake that is near my mom! I always call her and give her a rough estimate of what time to expect me and she cooks whatever meal is close to that time of day. We can plan dinner with her," then he suddenly stopped talking and looked like he said something he regretted.

“What is wrong?” I questioned, really not sure what could be running through his head, it seemed like such a nice day coming together.

“Well, a couple of things. Would it upset you to be around my mom? She is still very active. I am guessing she is much younger than your mom. Then there is the inquiry, she will want to know everything about you since I have not brought a girl to the house since my high school days,” he was so cute squirming with discomfort.

I smiled at his sensitivity to my feelings, I knew I shouldn’t laugh and it was darned close, he was so adorable. “What?” he asked as his eyebrows touched.

“You are cute, you know that! I will not be uncomfortable; it will remind me of days when my mom was so full of life, good memories. But, and this is a big but, are you sure you want to break your streak and bring me to your mother’s home? If you haven’t brought anyone in over a dozen years, it kind of sounds like a rule you don’t violate,” I questioned. I really wanted to go, but I needed to make sure he had thought this through.

With his hand extended out to take my hand and help me down from the bar stool, he kissed the back of my hand. “Would the lady do me the honor of accompanying me to the home of my childhood and meet the queen who raised me?” he bowed while trying to fake an English accent.

“I would be honored, Sir. Shall I change my garment or wear this timely piece of frivolity?” chanting a much better English accent.

“Definitely new duds Missy,” he twanged as he switched to a southern hillbilly sound. Then he stunned me even more, “Can I pick out your outfit, not in a controlling way, but in a I want to see you in some tight fitting jeans and top that showcases these,” as he grabbed the collar of the bathrobe and pushed it aside to reveal both of my breasts. He made me giggle at his silliness. I wasn’t laughing anymore when he pulled me close with his one hand behind my back. Then he kissed me, surrounded my left nipple with his thumb and forefinger and lightly pinched. Breaking the kiss, with his forehead leaning on mine, he whispered, “Wow, you feel so nice.”

“Oh no, you don’t mister! No sex for you again this morning, we have a full day ahead of us and you need your strength! I would like to add one thing to your well planned day. After leaving your mom’s house, I would like to go back to the lake and make love on a blanket under the stars. I have always wanted to do that. So pack accordingly,” I teased while running my hand over the wet spot on his shorts making it worse. “And separate showers, I don’t want you getting any ideas!”

“Wow, look who has gotten assertive all of the sudden! I like it! A lot!” he said with a big grin. “You can go first while I pick out your clothes, direct me to the skimpy bikinis and see thru thongs,” he said laughing as he headed towards the bedroom.

I took my shower rather quickly. I do my best thinking in the shower and today was not the day for over thinking things.

As I got out of the shower and began to dry off, I heard him singing while in my bedroom. The happy tune got louder as he came to the bathroom door. When I looked up, I saw my Adonis standing in the doorway, an incredible sight to be sure. My yellow bathrobe covered him from neck to knees with the exception of his very hard cock sticking straight out, proudly displaying the glistening glow on the top of the mushroom head.

“Shower is all yours,” I said as I slipped by him and smacked his ass cheek with my hand.

As I entered my bedroom, I saw the outfit he picked out for me and began to laugh, “What happened to my jeans I was supposed to wear?” I shouted. The only thing sprawled on my bed was my pearl green teddy and a condom. I decided to play along and put on the teddy and stuck the unopened condom between my breasts.

I turned to go see how his shower was progressing. I found him standing in the bedroom doorway this time, with a long towel slung over one shoulder. It was covering his freshly washed tent pole that was pushing the towel away from his body. “You look amazing! Sea foam green is so your color!” he beamed.

“No straight man should ever say, sea foam green. Are you sure you like girls?” I teased.

“I like most girls just fine, you, well, you will just have to see if you are enough to do it for me,” he countered while shaking his hips.

As I walked towards him, I pushed my breasts together which caused the condom to slide upwards. “Hold this for me will you,” I nodded towards the package sticking up. He reached out and carefully took it from its holding placed without touching my breasts.

I leaned forward from the hips at the same time and I grabbed the towel he was covered by and forcefully yanked it off of him. I folded the towel while his cock bobbed up and down in front of me. I placed the towel on the ground at his feet and began to sink down. Using his hips to help guide myself to the towel, I kneeled in front of his incredible body. I stuck my tongue out and licked up all the shiny goodness that was pooled on top of the slit in his dick. I pushed my tongue as deep as I could in the thin cavern for a count of ten and then quickly released him. The sudden eruption of pre cum bubbling up was entertaining as well as yummy. After three rounds of that and watching his fists clench each time, I sat back on my heels.

“I think your cock likes me,” I seductively whispered. “Would you do me a favor?” I asked while looking up at his half-closed eyes. “I have never had my face fucked, ever! I have never swallowed cum except after our shower. Do you think you would like to do that for me?”

I thought he was going to fall over as he leaned forward to gently kiss my lips. “Here is my concern. You have me so worked up that I am terrified of hurting you. What if I lose control and cannot stop. I want you so badly right now. Seeing you, on your knees, begging for my cum.” he said with a mischievous grin, “ready to take me in your mouth has me struggling to breathe,” his hands were visibly shaking at his sides.

“I don’t know what other women do in this situation, but how about if you are too rough for me, I will slap your balls, REALLY HARD,” I joked.

“That is not even funny! How about slapping the outsides of my knees instead? Then I will pull back,” he negotiated.

I nodded my head to show that I agreed as I took his entire length in my mouth. The groan he let loose almost made me stop until I realized he loved what I was doing. I suctioned my mouth around his shaft and began to let my cheeks suck in and out as I moved up and down, dragging my teeth as I moved. His groans were accompanied with prayers to God. I could feel his steel rod getting harder and longer in my mouth.

I have heard that a man’s balls start to pull up into his body as he begins to cum. I moved my hands to his balls so I could feel this automated response. I cupped them as my tongue swirled around his cock. It felt so velvety smooth on my tongue. I loved curling my tongue to a point and running it along the bottom edge of the head. He seemed to really respond to that with a loud moan each time, very sexy! It made me want to do it again and again. I could tell he was getting closer because he moved both his hands to the sides of my face and held my head stationary.

My mind started to freak out a little at first. I was suddenly not sure that I could handle swallowing his load. He began to thrust his hips and hold snugly onto my head. I couldn’t control the suction any longer, he kept pulling his dick completely out and watching as he rammed it back in my open mouth. I gagged multiple times as his girth and length challenged my ability to keep up. He really seemed to love when I gagged. I could tell because he moaned louder when I gagged. I could taste more of his lust juices pouring from that slit that I couldn’t touch because he was too deep in my mouth.

I closed my eyes and let my mind think about what was happening while giving into it. The moaning got louder and louder then I realized with great shock, I was the one that was so loud. I was on the verge of an orgasm from him fucking my mouth.

Suddenly, I felt his balls move on their own, it was just like I had heard, and they were pulling up into his body. His fingers were digging in my hair as he kept

jamming the tip of his cock at the back of my throat trying to go down further. Dave would hold his dick in one spot for a half a minute and cut off my air supply. Then pull back and I could see the combined fluids of his pre cum and my spit hanging off his massive tool as I gasped for air just before he juttet forward again.

I felt my pussy start to tighten, my nipples hurt so badly that it felt like they were being squeezed off but in a good way. As his cum started shooting down my open throat, he was screaming unintelligible words. When I opened my eyes after my orgasm subsided and his shrinking member fell from my lips, I found it was my fingers still latched onto my nipples that caused that sweet torture.

He collapsed down to the floor and pulled me next to him. We lay together on the carpet, trying to catch our breath.

“That was not what I thought you meant about saving my strength for later!” he exclaimed while still heaving.

“I agree! Can we stay right here for a little while? I want to relive in my mind what I just did. I can’t believe I did it and that it was so yummy!” I squealed in delight.

He lifted my face so he could look in my eyes and told me how incredible I was. He told me he couldn’t hold off any more when he saw me pinching and pulling on my own nipples as I screamed while I came.

While raining kisses all over my face he said, “We are so good together baby, it is amazing. As wonderful as it was, I am already looking forward to making love to you under the stars tonight,” he said while waving the unused condom.

His face lit up with a huge smile stretching to his eyes, “You have no idea how addicting you are!” he proclaimed. “I have to make sure no one ever finds out or they will try to steal you away from me,” he said while kissing the side of my head with his tender lips.

We stayed on the ground for a few more minutes then he slapped my teddy covered ass and announced that we needed to get a move on it to start our

day. We got dressed, threw more condoms in my purse and packed a cooler for the bed of the truck. We loaded the backseat with blankets; extra clothing and the Tiger Lilly for his mother and off we went on our next big adventure.