

Dragonfly Dreaming

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“Wake up, Sweeting.”

Jo stretched, scrunching her eyes together. She hated waking up in the morning. Something was tickling her cheek. It felt like she was lying on grass, but that couldn't be. Geez, she hadn't had that much to drink last night and she could have sworn she'd fallen asleep in bed. Pulling on the blanket draped over her, Jo snuggled deeper into the covers. Wait. She definitely wasn't in a bed.

Blinking her eyes open, looking around, she realized she was lying in a field, surrounded by lush, fragrant grass. Oookay.

“Where the heck am I?”

“Wherever you want to be.”

Gasping, Jo sat up, clutching the blanket around her body. Her very naked body. “Wonderful. Where the heck are my clothes?”

“Actually, it is wonderful, and clothing should never cover such beauty.”

“Okay, who the heck just said that?” Jo stood, careful to keep the blanket wrapped around her. There was obviously someone around, but where?

A yellow winged Darter flew in front of her eyes, pausing long enough that she could distinctly see the saffron color on the basal area of each wing. She'd always had a soft spot for dragonflies and she couldn't take her gaze off this one. It was poetry in motion, incredibly beautiful.

A second Darter joined the first, flying around it until the first gave chase. Delighted to watch such a spectacle, she walked forward, following their path. The base of her spine tingled, the spot where her dragonfly tattoo rested.

“This is incredible. Now I know I'm dreaming.”

“If it's a dream, then we really should take advantage of it. Who knows when you'll wake up, Sweeting.”

That voice again. Where was it coming from? Jo sighed, turning full circle. Except for the

dragonflies, she was completely alone.

A noise brought her attention around to the front again. The yellow winged Darter's had paused beside a tree, before setting down at its base. Crouching to get a better look, she reared back when a bright flash of light surrounded them.

Gasping, she covered her eyes with the palm of her right hand, clutching at the blanket with her left.

"Don't be afraid, we won't hurt you."

Confused, Jo lowered her hand, blinking at the men in front of her. Wait a minute... "Where the heck did you come from?"

"We've been here all along, of course. Haven't you figured it out yet?"

The man who spoke was gorgeous, his hair long and blond, fluttering around a face that should have been too pretty, but was simply arresting. His eyes were black, entirely black. He lowered his lids, looking her up and down. His lush lips curved, a wicked tilt to them.

His partner stepped up from behind him. They were alike enough that they could have been twins, but she could see the differences. Where one was slightly taller, probably no more than half an inch, and where the other was more defined through the chest. What chests they were, too. Goddess, she had a sudden urge to lick every inch of their bodies. What was wrong with her?

"This is just a dream, just a dream." She closed her eyes, determined they would be gone when she opened them.

The first man chuckled, she'd know his rich voice anywhere. "Sweeting, this isn't a dream. Should we prove it to you?"

He moved quickly, before she could react, sweeping the blanket from around her body, leaving her bare. Both men growled, advancing on her, surrounding her.

Jo whimpered, unable to draw her gaze away from the man in front, gratefully resting against the man behind. She leaned into the first man's kiss, meeting his lips with her own. If this was a dream, what harm was there in giving herself to it?

She fell to her knees, following them into the fragrant grass at the base of the tree. Bringing up her arms, she grasped the man around his neck, gasping into his mouth when his partner pressed the full length of his body to her back. Goddess, that felt good. Incredibly good.

Crying out, she arched into the hands that were molding her breasts, driving her mad. Her mind was cloudy, and she gave herself up to the feelings coursing through her body. Moving into the touch on her chest, she whimpered when someone's fingers followed the curve of her hip, burrowing between her thighs. He caressed her pussy, teasing her with glancing touches, denying her a firmer hand. "Stop fucking with me and do something," she moaned.

They both chuckled. The man in front bent his head, suckling teasing marks along her chest, pressing his teeth into the firm mound of her breast. She tossed her head, leaning back into the man behind her. He was fully supporting her weight now.

Suddenly, he was moving, drawing her back until he lay on the ground, cradling her to his chest. The man in front followed them, lifting his head to peer down at her. "Is this what you want?"

She didn't know when it'd happened, but her thighs were splayed open, cradling his hips. Lifting one leg, she ran her foot against his calf, luxuriating in the crisp texture of his hair against the sensitive skin of her arch. "What do you think?"

The man she was lying against cupped both her breasts, kneading the flesh softly. She grinned, laughing when the first man dipped his head in acknowledgement. She felt the brush of him against her core, and she moaned. Slowly, so slowly she could feel every movement, he thrust his hips, pressing his cock deeply into her body. Jerking her hips back, it was almost too much for her. The man beneath her lifted his own hips, denying her movement. His hard shaft pressed against her ass.

Goddess, her senses were taken up with them, every time she breathed, she could smell them. Every time she blinked, they filled her gaze. Every time she stopped to listen, all she could hear was their panting breath, whispering tender words to her.

Moaning, Jo tilted her head back, closing her eyes to the bright sunlight flickering through the branches of the tree. She was so close, almost there. The man fucking her was panting now, his harsh breath urging her own release onward. Jerking her hips at the soft touch of a fingernail against her clit, she screamed out her orgasm, crying into the mouth that was suddenly covering her own.

Dimly, she was aware of them finding their own pleasure seconds behind her, but she was too lazy to open her eyes. Goddess, she'd needed that. Snuggling into the hard body beneath her, she let out a satisfied sigh.

"Wake up, Sweeting. The day is too good to waste."

Jo snuggled deeper into the covers, pulling the blanket up around her cheek. Wait, blanket?

She opened her eyes, blinking into the sudden bright light entering the room. She was lying in bed, cocooned in a mountain of blankets. Wow, that was a good dream. She could almost feel the tenderness between her thighs.

The words she'd just heard penetrated the fog occupying her mind and she blinked again. Turning over to her side, she peered across the room. A man stood at the door of her bedroom, his lean length propped up against the doorframe.

"That looks like the smile of a satisfied woman," he purred.

"Hey, babe. I had the most glorious dream." She stretched, grinning at the tenderness between her thighs.

The arm around her waist tightened, the face of her other lover suddenly appearing over her shoulder.

“Yeah? Do tell, I’m in the mood for a bit of magic this morning.” His fingers glanced over the dragonfly tattoo on her lower back, and remembered pleasure flooded her veins.

“Don’t leave me out.”

They were suddenly joined by their partner, the other man tearing apart the covers to get at her body. Giggling, she let them destroy her cocoon of blankets, four hands suddenly shaping her curves, glancing over her flesh.

Dreams might be fun, but Goddess, was she ever glad to wake up.

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