

The Dream

by lilbitbord

Lily wants more creativity in the bedroom, but is afraid to tell her husband. Will a dream-lover help her seek out her ultimate fantasy. Written for the We Solemnly Swear Summer Challenge. Written in the first person.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters and I am not making any money off of this.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I am naked, gagged, blindfolded and tied to an antique iron bed. There is a slight chill in the air, but that is not why I am shivering. Even blind I can sense movement in the room. He is there watching me. He wouldn't leave me alone. It is not his style. He will watch and wait, wait until he is ready. You see, I was bad. I broke the rules and now I need to be punished.

"Why do you make me do this to you, Lily?" His voice was like raw honey. "You know how much it displeases me when you break the rules."

I try to apologize, but the ball gag that he placed in my mouth earlier muffles the words.

"Shh, I don't want to hear it!" He smacks me on the thigh with the leather slapper I bought him for his birthday last year. A small thrill goes through me when I feel the leather on my skin. I love the way it feels.

He skims his hand up my thigh gently grazing my clit. I moan and try to move to get more contact with his finger.

He slaps my thigh with the leather again. "Do you really think that you deserve that? You were very naughty tonight. You don't deserve the pleasure I can give you."

I can hear him opening up the cabinet where we keep some of our toys in. "How do you think I felt when I saw you with him in that dingy bar tonight?"

I want to tell him that nothing happened, that it was just a meeting between old friends, but it is hard to do with a gag in my mouth.

"I think I've been getting soft with you. You need to be reminded of the rules."

"You do remember what rule number one is?" He whispers close to my ear as he removes the gag from my mouth. "What is it?"

I gasp for breath. "I am yours alone."

"Good girl." He tells me as he fastens the black leather collar around my neck.

"Is my slave ready to receive her punishment?"

"Yes, Master."

Until he removes the collar, I am his slave and he is my master. A small shiver runs down my spine in anticipation of what is to come tonight.

I feel my hand restraints loosen a bit. The leather cuffs are still around my wrists, but I am no longer bound to the iron headboard of the bed. I know not to move them. I haven't been told to yet.

My feet are also loosened, and I am abruptly pulled from the bed and left standing in the middle of the room.

"Don't move." He orders me.

"Yes, Master." Like I would! I don't want to upset him any more than what he already is.

"I bought you something today. I was going to surprise you with it, but you were very bad. I don't think you deserve it."

So, that is why I am still blindfolded. My master usually wants me to see what is coming to me, but he has a surprise for me tonight.

He forcefully grabs my chin. "You don't deserve it do you? Answer me!"

"No, Master, I don't deserve your gift."

"No, you don't, but I am going to give it to you anyway. I believe I can use it in your punishment."

I let a little whimper escape my lips.

"Mmmm, I love it when you whimper for me."

Before I know what is happening my arms are bound once again above my head. I am practically dangling from the ceiling.

I feel his fingers brush up against my taut nipples, and I moan at the contact.

There is something cold squeezing my nipples. I cry out at the delicious feeling. He bought me nipple clamps!

"Do you like your surprise?"

"Yes, Master, I love my surprise."

"Now it is time for your punishment."

I try to repress the shiver that runs through my body. What does he have planned for me tonight?

I feel something cold and soft pressing into my ass. Oh, crap! Now I'm not very fond of butt plugs and anal play, and my master knows that, but this is my punishment.

"If you let this fall out before I remove it, I will leave you hanging here until morning."

What? Is he crazy? I can never keep one of those things from falling out!

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

He removes the blindfold. My eyes adjust to the dim lighting allowing me a glimpse of my master.

He is dressed only in his tight leather pants that he knows drive me crazy with lust. His eyes are clouded in a haze of anger and passion, a dangerous combination for him. He is holding a whip in his hand and is looking at me as if he is daring me to move or speak.

I feel the plug starting to slip. I tighten my muscles to prevent it from sliding out. He circles me, observing me, waiting for me to disobey him.

It feels like I have been stretched in this position for hours. Sweat is starting to form on my forehead. I can't suppress the whimper that escapes my lips.

"Are you ready to give up?"

"No, Master."

"Good girl."

He moves in front of me with the smirk that I hate on his face. What is he up to? He looks me dead in the eye and adds a little weight to the chains attached to my nipple clamps.

I have to bite my cheek to keep from screaming out; I've never felt so many sensations at once.

"You are not allowed to come until I give you permission, understand?"

"Yes, Master." My voice is starting to squeak. He is not going to like that.

"Now, pet, I am going to leave you here to reflect on your disgressions. I will be back later. Don't forget what I said.

Oh, great, he actually left me alone. He's never done that! Who knew that meeting an old friend in a bar would cause this much aggression from him? Nothing happened. It was just a friendly meeting with Severus. Oh, wait, that was the problem. It was Severus.

He should know that I don't have feelings for him, not in that way. In fact, meeting with Severus tonight had been a complete accident! We literally ran into each other as I was walking into the bar. I hadn't seen him in a while, so we decided to have a drink together and catch up. That is all that happened, nothing more. Okay, maybe a small peck on the cheek when we decided to leave, but that was all. This is what I get for having a possessive, jealous lover.

I feel like I have been hanging here for an eternity when my master finally comes back into the room. My body is covered in a sheet of sweat. I almost lost the plug a few times but managed to save it before it slipped out, which was not easy, let me tell you!

"Have you thought about what you have done, little girl?"

Is he kidding? I'm still trying to figure out how he knew I was even with Severus tonight. Well, let's see if I can bluff my way out of this. "Yes, Master."

"Did I say you could speak?" He growls from behind me.

I try to suppress a whimper as he smacks my ass with a now gloved hand. What does he want from me?

"I don't think you have. I think you just want me to stop torturing you."

What is he a mind reader? Of course, I want this part to stop. I know this is going to cost me, but if I can't explain myself then this night will never end.

"I didn't plan on meeting Severus tonight. It was an accident. I didn't even know that he was going to be there."

I brace for the gloved-smack that was coming my way, but it never came.

"And what were you doing at that bar in the first place?" He asks calmly waiting to strike at my answer.

Great, I just created another problem.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Lily."

I take a deep breath. "I was waiting for Remus, but he never showed."

Oh, great, now I've done it. At any moment I am going to see steam come out of my master's ears.

"You were waiting for Remus?" He asks me, eerily calm.

I hang my head in shame.

"Answer me!"

"Yes."

"Why? You know it is only a few days before the full moon. He can't control Moony when he is around you this close to the full moon."

"I know."

"Then why?"

"I wanted to ask him if ..."

"I know what you wanted to ask him! You wanted to know if I would treat you the same way as Moony does."

I shake my head no. That is not quite what I wanted asked Remus.

"No, it's not? Then why don't you tell me what you wanted to say to him!" he yells.

"I want to know if I would ever feel the same way with you that I feel when I am with him!"

All right, now I've done it! He is going to leave me hanging in our "play room" for eternity.

I can see the hurt and jealousy in his hazel eyes.

He is pointing his wand at me. Oh, gods, what is he going to do to me?

I squeeze my eyes shut waiting for whatever spell he is going to throw at me. I feel my bonds release me from the ceiling. Not that I have time to comprehend what is going on, my possessive lover has thrown me up against the wall and is growling at my neck.

"You want me to behave more like Moony?"

Oh, gods, what have I done!

"You want me to treat you like some werewolf whore!"

"No!"

I buckle when I feel his thumb graze my pulsing clit.

"Are you sure, because I've seen the way you respond to his touch. You have a dark side, Lily, one that I would like to explore with you."

What, like tying me up and leaving me hanging in a dungeon-like playroom, with toys stuck in and on my body, isn't dark enough?

I feel him ease out the butt-plug. Wow, I'm shocked that it was still inside me!

"Did you like the feel of the plug in your ass?"

I have lost all sense of reasoning, "Yes!" I answer him truthfully.

Without warning my lover slams into my aching cunt. He is nipping at my neck not hard enough to break the skin, but enough to cause a delicious feeling through out my body.

"Mmm, so wet, so tight."

My moans are getting louder; at least I think I'm making those noises. His rhythm is becoming erratic, all of that teasing and tormenting before I know that I am not going to last much longer. "I am the only one that can make you feel this way, Lily. I'm going to make you forget all about Remus."

"Remus who?"

He chuckles behind me. "Good girl."

I can feel my orgasm approaching, I am so close I start to see those wonderful stars forming before my eyes. I gasp for breath...

"Lily, wake up, you're dreaming!"

I sit straight up. As my eyes adjust I shake the confusion from my head and I realize that I am no longer in the playroom, but in my bedroom. I let out a small, disappointed sigh. I can still feel the collar around my throat.

"Lily, love, are you okay?"

I turn to face my husband, his hazel eyes full of concern; yes, my possessive dream-lover is James. "Yes, I'm fine. I didn't mean to wake you."

I lay back down trying to calm myself. I always wake up just before I slip into bliss, and it is driving me mad.

My wonderful husband starts to rub my seven-month pregnant stomach. I can feel our baby kick.

"Was it the same dream you've been having?"

I shake my head yes.

"Are you going to tell me what it was about?"

I love my husband, very much, but I don't think he would understand or accept this dream/fantasy of mine.

"It is just a crazy recurring dream I keep having, probably caused by hormones."

I roll on my side, trying to find a comfortable position. I am so big now that it is hard to find a cozy position.

James snuggles up next to me rubbing my lower back, helping me to relax again.

"You said his name again in your sleep."

I stiffen. "Whose name?" I try not to let my voice crack. I don't think I succeeded.

"You know very well whose name."

Did James just growl?

"What is the obsession you have with this Master?"

Oh, that name. I thought for a second I said Remus' name. That would have been awkward.

I never told James about my brief relationship with Remus. He knew that we dated, that would have been hard to keep a secret, but he never knew about what happened during the week of the full moons that we spent together, the raw, intense lust that we shared. I knew that was all the relationship was about. Remus would never love me. He would never allow himself to experience love. For he feared he would end up hurting or destroying his love and him. One of these days, he is going to find someone who will be able to break through the wall he built up around his heart.

"Well, who is he?" James asks me in a very demanding voice. Ooh, I feel that delicious tingling again.

Oh, gods, what should I tell him? If I tell him the truth, he might find me disgusting and never look at me the same way again. But if I don't tell him then I will always wonder if there could be more to our sexual adventures. I hold my breath and hope for the best.

"You."

Okay, here it comes. He is going to get up and never speak to me again. We are going to become the non-speaking married couple.

"And what do I do as Master?"

His hand is ghosting over my body until he finds his destination, my very wet pussy.

"James." I barely whisper.

"Do I command you to do things?"

Oh, what is he doing? He has never acted this way before. I just hope he doesn't stop his fingers from doing their dance on my clit.

"What do I ask you to do, Lily?"

Oh, gods, those skillful fingers are slipping into my channel. I don't even try to suppress the moan that escapes my lips.

I crumble under the onslaught of pleasure and tell him everything that was in my dream, ah, except the part about Remus. A girl needs to have a few secrets.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" He seems slightly annoyed. Hmm, maybe I shouldn't have kept that fantasy to myself.

I can feel him move closer to me. He easily slips into my beyond-drenched pussy. I guess he's not mad at me. "I was afraid that you would think I've gone mental."

He laughs behind me. "Never. You know that you will have to be punished for harboring that little fantasy of yours from me."

Oh, those talented fingers are back at my clit. "Yes, Master!" I scream as I explode all over his thick cock.

"Good girl." He cries as he joins me into bliss.

A/N: This story was a challenge for me. This is the first time I wrote this pairing and the first time I wrote in the first person. I hope that you liked it. Thank you, Valady, for looking over this story for me. A big huge chocolate chip cookie for you.