

Yara

Every night, the same dream. A dark room with dull stone walls, a dankness to the air, the feeling of isolation. Wherever the room was, Yara was certain it must be underground. Though why she was dreaming about an odd cellar-dungeon, Yara had no idea.

It always started the same. Her standing in the room, looking at the empty bed with handcuffs and sex toys neatly lined on a side-table beside it.

Then she stepped forward, sat down on the bed, flopped backwards onto it. Cuffs appeared out of no-where, binding her arms and legs. And then something else materialised. A woman, though her face was hidden in shadow.

The last thing she remembered before waking up was the woman's smile, a line of white in the darkness.

And then Yara opened her eyes, heart-racing, to find that she was back in her own bed, her bedroom. After a minute of racing heart and confusion, she realised the dark room had been a dream, the same dream she'd had every night for over a year.

Why? Why keep having *that* dream?

It meant something. It had to. That's what dreams were, right? A person's mind trying to tell them something. There were countless books and online guides claiming to decipher dreams and their hidden meanings. What did 'being trapped in a dark sex dungeon' mean?

Probably that she needed to get laid.

Yara snorted. If her mind was telling her to go digging for bones, it would be very disappointed. If her subconscious wanted her to have a good time, it could throw her a fun wet dream - not the creepy crap it'd been giving her for the last year.

Besides, the only other person in her dream was a woman. The slender hips and large chest were proof enough of that.

No, if the dream meant something, it wasn't *that*.

"Therapy," Yara said aloud, looking up at the ceiling. "That's what I need. Therapy."

That, or sleeping pills to completely knock her out.

Yara sighed. She wasn't going to get sleeping pills, nor was she going to get a therapist. Not over a few dumb dreams. For the time being, until her stupid brain decided to throw an original dream her way, she was stuck with the sex-dungeon.

"Still having that kinky dream?" Alice asked.

Yara grimaced. "It's not kinky, it's creepy. And yes."

Her friend laughed, a musical sound. Yara felt herself blushing, though she couldn't quite say why. More and more, she'd been getting uncomfortable around Alice. Not a bad kind of uncomfortable, not like she didn't like Alice. It was more like a giddy awkwardness.

A year ago, before the dreams had started, they'd barely known each other. Colleagues at the same office - acquaintances but hardly friends. Now, Alice was the best friend Yara had ever had.

As Alice turned her attention back to her work, Yara couldn't help but admire the older woman's figure. It took a lot of effort to maintain a body like that - slender hips and toned legs. An ample bust, hidden from view by the woman's professional clothing.

Yara felt a pang of disappointment.

Odd, what was she have to be disappointed about?

She shrugged to herself, turned back to her own work.

Yara looked about, searching for a door - some kind of exit or entry. There was none. Just stone walls.

How had she gotten here? What was this place?

Her eyes were drawn towards the centre of the dark room, to the lush bed and the

table besides it. Yara's eyes widened when she saw the objects on the table. Handcuffs and dildos, vibrators of all shapes and sizes, even a few butt-plugs.

Yara blushed at the sight. What was this place?

Unbidden, her body moved. She walked over to the bed, sat on its edge. Her body went slack and she dropped down, her back pressed into the bed's mattress. Cuffs snaked up from all four corners of the bed, attaching around her wrists and ankles. They dragged her, stretched her limbs out so that she couldn't move.

Trapped. She was trapped.

And, oddly enough, she felt no panic. Only confusion.

Someone walked into Yara's vision, though she couldn't see anything more than the person's silhouette.

The woman's body seemed somehow familiar, the swaying hips and seductive frame. The woman's identity seemed so close, just out of reach. Who was she?

A white-toothed smile appeared on the shadowed woman's face, cutting through the darkness.

Yara's heart skipped a beat. That smile. She knew it, but from where? How could she forget such a beautiful smile? The woman stepped forward, the darkness disappearing from her face. And, all at once, Yara realised who the woman was.

"Alice?" Yara said, her voice barely more than a whisper. "What are you doing here?"

The woman smiled indulgently.

"Every night, you ask the same question. Every night, I give you the same answer," Alice's eyes roamed Yara's body. "I'm here to have fun, of course."

Yara glanced down, saw that her clothes had vanished.

In front of her, Alice advanced. The older woman was wearing red and black lingerie, showing off her amazing figure. In one hand, she held a vibrator, in the other was a red feather duster.

"I don't understand," Yara said, shifting uncomfortably.

"Every night, I bring you here," Alice smiled, brushing her feather duster across Yara's ankle, slowly up her leg. "And every morning, I make sure you forget."

The feather duster reached Yara's knee, began climbing its way up her inner thigh towards her crotch.

"We've had a lot of fun over the last year," Alice said, her smile predatory. "And we're going to have a lot more before I'm done with you."

As the duster passed over Yara's pussy, shivers of pleasure shot through her. Tingles of electricity, numbing her mind. The question she'd been about to ask dissolved in her mind, replaced with simple pleasure.

"Soon," Alice leaned in, whispered into Yara's ear. "You'll be ready for me to do this to your real body. In just a few more weeks, this won't just be a dream for you. It'll be your reality."

All thoughts disappeared as Alice began twisting the feather duster, pressing it harder against Yara's crotch.

"Let me guess," Alice said, looking up from her desk. "You had the dream again?"

Yara nodded, slumped. "Yup. Same room, same bed, same woman with the same smile. It never changes."

"You never know," Alice smiled, a twinkle in her eye. "There might be more to the dream, and you just don't remember it."

It was an interesting possibility. Yara considered it, tried to recall something - anything - different about the dream. She closed her eyes in concentration, focused.

And came up blank.

"Maybe..." Alice began, paused. A thoughtful expression crossed her face. "Maybe

you should stay over at my place tonight. See if the change in surroundings helps.”

Yara's heart stuttered, butterflies fluttering in her stomach.

“Uh,” she said, all thought and words betraying her. “I, uh...”

Alice giggled, a sweet, musical thing.

“Don't worry, I don't bite. Come on, it'll be like we're teens again, sleeping over and talking about boys.”

The older woman winked at her.

Yara nodded her head, blushed.

What was wrong with her? Why was she acting so strange? All Alice was doing was asking if she wanted to sleep over for one night, nothing for Yara to get all shy and awkward about.

“Excellent,” Alice beamed. “I'll come by and pick you up after work.”

“Welcome to my humble abode,” Alice said, leading Yara into her surprisingly large home.

Decorations lined the walls; paintings and statues and vases and all sorts of historical relics. The art alone must have been worth a fortune. Yara took in as much as she could as Alice led her through the building, gazing at and admiring every sight she came across.

When they reached a bedroom, Yara couldn't help but gape.

Alice's bedroom was bigger than Yara's entire apartment. With a huge king-sized bed, an insanely huge TV hanging on one wall, another wall dedicated to wardrobes and cabinets and mirrors.

“Come in,” Alice was saying, walking ahead of Yara. “I'll put on a movie for us to watch.”

Yara's eyes drifted down, following her friend's swaying hips.

Not for the first time, she felt warm and giddy at the sight.

Alice had a wonderfully body. An amazing body. Just the thought of seeing it, being able to watch as her friend undressed later, sent shivers through Yara.

She blushed, looked away.

No that wasn't right. Yara wasn't into women.

Even as she had the thought, she could feel the uncertainty of it. *Was she attracted to women?*

“Did you enjoy watching me change into my nightie earlier?”

The dream version of Alice smirked, trailed a finger down her body. As she did, the red and black lingerie she was wearing morphed, shifted. An instant later, she was standing there in a the same nightie the real Alice was wearing.

Yara looked up at her from the bed, couldn't help but appreciate how good Alice looked.

“Yes,” she found herself answering in a shaky sigh.

“I thought you might,” Alice grinned wickedly, climbed onto the bed, crawled atop of Yara. “To think, not so long ago you'd have looked away in embarrassment. Now you're ogling me. You can't even stop yourself, can you?”

Yara tried to look away, to look anywhere but the valley of skin Alice was showing - her deep cleavage. She couldn't. Her eyes were glued in place, unable to move.

Above her, Alice giggled.

One of the older woman's hands moved, reaching for the side-table. It came back holding a pink vibrator. She switched the toy on, the sound of buzzing vibrations filling the small, dark room.

Alice placed the tip of the toy on Yara's thigh, drew small circles on the soft skin there. Every time the toy drew close to Yara's crotch, a shiver of excited anticipation washed over her. And, every time, the older woman pulled the toy away, kept drawing that

same invisible circle.

"You know," Alice said, voice cutting through the soft buzzing of her toy. "Every toy in this room is one that I actually own in reality. Right now, under the bed you're sleeping on, you'll find this one waiting for you."

Alice lifted the toy, held it over Yara's face.

"Maybe I should wake you up now, so that you can use it for yourself," Alice locked eyes with her then. "Would you like that, pet?"

Unthinking, Yara shook her head.

"No."

A wide smile appeared on Alice's face. "No? And why is that?"

"Because..." The word was difficult to speak. Arousal was like a weight on Yara's chest, making it hard to breathe, hard to speak. Breathing laboured, she forced the words out between pants. "Because I want you to do it."

Again, the room filled with Alice's giggles.

She looked down at Yara, eyes bright.

"Good girl," she cooed.

Sat at Alice's kitchen table the next morning, a steaming cup of coffee in front of her, Yara rubbed her forehead.

"Did you have the dream again?" Alice asked, a tiny smile tugging at her lips. "You look like you barely slept."

"I *feel* like I didn't sleep at all," Yara sighed. "But yeah, I had the dream again."

Alice shrugged. "Oh well, maybe tonight will be different."

"I doubt it."

Yara looked over at her friend, a wave of gratitude washing over her. Even if the plan hadn't worked - even if she'd still ended up having the same dream again - at least Alice had tried to help.

Along with the gratitude, another feeling nudged at Yara. A lighter, happier feeling. A tingle of admiration.

She reached out, took a sip of her coffee.

"Are you inviting me to sleep over again tonight?" Yara asked, half-joking, half-hopeful.

Across the table, Alice's smile widened.