

Dreamwalking

written by Calle Dybedahl

For Passion and Perfection's 5000 stories rally.

Featured fandoms: hex

Featured pairings: Thelma/Roxanne

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

When the black chasm of her unrequited love for Cassie gets too much, Thelma goes walking in the other girls' dreams. It's not much, usually, but it's something that makes it possible for her to think of something other than not being able to touch her love, of giving her life for her and all that.

Mostly, being in foreign dreams is just weird and confusing. Dream worlds are, by and large, incoherent, illogical, strange and not seldom scary. Over time, Thelma has also started to suspect that her own presence tends to turn dreams into nightmares.

Except Roxanne's. Roxanne's change very obviously when Thelma appears.

They turn erotic.

Roxanne has very vivid dreams. The colours are strong, the sounds are vibrant and there are even smells and tastes. Even without the pornographic bits, they're nice places to be. Thelma would come there all the time, but she feels that doing so would be spoiling herself. So instead she gives herself permission to go there just occasionally. Like a treat.

Another part of what makes Roxanne's dreams so appealing is that Roxanne quite obviously has hangups. There are things she doesn't think she should do, even though she wants them very much. So in her dreams, her subconscious takes away her choice.

And gives it to Thelma.

They're in a medieval dungeon. Or, Thelma strongly suspects, a very much cleaned up dream version of such a dungeon. The walls, floor and ceiling are all made out of large slabs of stone, the floor is covered with straw and it's lit with flickering torches. Still, it's not cold or drafty, the straw is soft and doesn't itch and the torches don't smoke or go out. She'd even bet that the manacles chaining Roxanne to the wall are somehow comfortable.

Roxanne is naked. Her wrists and neck have iron bands around them, with chains leading to a solid bolt sunk into the stone wall. Her long, black hair dips past her shoulders, obscuring the tops of her breasts and just touching her pale brown nipples.

Thelma is dressed like she always is, although she's not sure if that's what dream-Roxanne really sees.

"I'll never give in," dream-Roxanne says. "No matter what horrible tortures you visit upon me."

As she speaks, her legs slowly part so Thelma can see her sex. Her glistening wet sex. It goes well with her erect nipples.

"Really," Thelma says. "And what horrible tortures might those be?"

Dream-Roxanne lowers her face.

"You'll use my body to satisfy your perverse desires," she says.

"My perverse desires?" Thelma says. "Look who's talking!"

She kneels in front of Roxanne, trying not to stare at her cunt. Or tits.

"You really are very pretty, I'll give you that," she says. "But I do like the girls I have sex with to actually admit they want it."

Roxanne gives her a confused stare.

"What?" she says. "But I'm a prisoner here. I don't want this!"

Thelma stands up again.

"Well, then," she says. "There you have it."

And then she leaves.

"So what do you want to talk about?" the psychologist says. She looks to be in her mid-forties, with long straight hair and round glasses. Thelma thinks she looks like a leftover from the sixties.

"I keep having these dreams," Roxanne says. She's sitting in a large stuffed chair in the psychologist's office, looking very proper and demure. Or at least as demure as some with her looks can. Thelma is leaning on the stuffed chair's back, having tagged along out of curiosity after hearing Roxanne mention she's seeing a therapist.

"What dreams?" the psychologist says.

"Pervy ones," Thelma replies. Unheard, of course.

"There was this girl at school," Roxanne says. "Who died. I keep dreaming about her."

"I see," the psychologist says. "And what are these dreams about?"

"Sex," Roxanne says. "I'm usually powerless in some way, and she's about to exploit the situation."

"Okay," the psychologist says. "Maybe I'm being too direct here, but did anything like that ever happen outside dreams?"

Roxanne laughs a little. "*Really* not," she says. "Thelma never had eyes for anyone but Cassie."

"Did you want her to have eyes for someone else? Like yourself?"

"God, no," Roxanne says. "She was a total loser."

Thelma thinks the psychologist looks confused. Like the conversation isn't exactly going like she expected.

"All right," she says. "And in your dreams she tries to abuse you?"

"Well, that's the problem," Roxanne says. "She never does! Do you have any idea how frustrating that is? Isn't there some way I can make her, you know, *do* something?"

Both Thelma and the psychologist stare at Roxanne.

"What?" they say, in chorus.

Roxanne gives the psychologist a mildly withering look.

"I get enough frustration when I'm awake," she says. "So I want you to help me tell my stupid subconscious that when I'm dreaming, I want to get shagged good and proper."

The psychologist visibly gathers her wits.

"Right," she says. "There are some techniques..."

In a daze, Thelma walks out.

The next time she's in Roxanne's dreams, Thelma's a policewoman. Not a proper English one, but an American one like in a movie. And not a realistic movie. Her uniform has a too short skirt, too much cleavage and too-tall black leather fuck-me boots. With heels. Which, in Thelma's opinion, is not how she'd want to be dressed while riding a motorcycle, if she was in the real world. And alive.

She's speeding down a country road, deserted but for the bright red cabriolet sports car she's chasing. She's got the flashing blue light, the wailing siren and a pretty good idea who's in the car. It doesn't take long for her to catch up and get it to stop at the side of the road.

As she thought, Roxanne is in the car. She's wearing a really nice-looking business suit and a worried expression.

"What's the problem, officer?" she says, her gaze hovering around Thelma's cleavage.

"You were speeding," Thelma says. "A lot. Step out of the car, please."

"Will I lose my license?" Roxanne asks. "I can't afford that. I need it for work."

"The way you were driving, you'll be lucky to stay out of prison."

Roxanne gets out of the car, one long shapely leg after another. She keeps her legs far enough apart and is sitting low enough that Thelma can see that she's not wearing anything under her pinstripe skirt.

"Prison?" she says once she's standing next to the car. "I can't go to prison."

She looks straight into Thelma's eyes and whispers.

"I'll do *anything* to stay out of there."

Thelma quirks an eyebrow.

"Anything?" she says.

Roxanne nods. "Anything," she says.

"So," Thelma says, "if I were to ask you to unbutton your blouse and show me your bra, you'd do that?"

Slowly, Roxanne does exactly as Thelma has suggested. Her bra is black and lacy, like a shadow against her pale skin. She doesn't stop there, but reaches behind her back and undoes the bra. Held in place by the blouse still covering Roxanne's arms, it only hangs a little looser over her breasts.

"Want to see more, officer?" she says.

Thelma puts on her sternest look.

"Are you trying to bribe an officer of Her Majesty's police force with sexual favours?" she asks.

"I guess I am," Roxanne says.

"That's not exactly legal," Thelma says. "You're a naughty one, aren't you?"

A smirk graces Roxanne's lips.

"And what are you going to do about it, officer?" she says.

"Turn around," Thelma says. "Hands on the bonnet."

Roxanne does as she's told, leaning forward. As an addition, she spreads her legs as far as her narrow skirt will allow. Her long black hair and open blouse both hang down, making it hard to see her front.

Thelma puts her hands on Roxanne's hips and leans forward to whisper in her ear.

"You really want me to fuck you, don't you?" she says. "You want me to play with your body until you come like an express train."

"Yes," Roxanne whispers.

"Louder," Thelma says, her hands moving upwards and inside the open blouse. "Tell me louder what you want me to do to you."

"Fuck me," Roxanne says. "I want you to fuck me."

Thelma slides her hands in under Roxanne's bra cups, squeezing her breasts and not so lightly pinching her nipples. Roxanne moans.

"Undress," Thelma says. "Take it all off."

She steps back, to give the heavily breathing girl in front of her room to follow orders. Which she does, without even standing up straight. She drops her skirt and kicks it aside, leaving her naked from the waist down. Her blouse and bra quickly follows, and she's naked but for her high-heeled shoes. She returns her hands to the car's bright red paint. Thelma can't resist the temptation, and caresses the nicely smooth ass in front of her. When a whimper comes from Roxanne, she moves her hand in between her thighs, gently dragging a fingertip along engorged labia.

"Do you want my finger inside you?" she asks.

Roxanne nods.

Thelma instantly pulls her hand back and slaps Roxanne's buttock, hard.

"Too bad you're being punished, then!"

Roxanne turns her head to look back at Thelma, surprise and confusion clear on her face.

Thelma grabs the hair on the back of Roxanne's head and not so gently pulls, forcing her to stand up.

"You were speeding, remember?" she says.

She forces Roxanne to take another couple of steps backwards, and then steps in between her and the car, her ass resting against the warm metal.

"Kneel," she says.

While Roxanne does as she's told, Thelma plants her feet as far apart as she comfortably can and flips her too-short uniform skirt up to the waist.

"Guess what I want you to do now?" she says to the girl kneeling between her legs. Roxanne doesn't answer, she simply leans forward and puts her mouth to Thelma's sex.

"Got it in one," Thelma sighs.

Roxanne turns out to be surprisingly good at eating pussy.

"This isn't the first time you do this, is it?" Thelma says, looking down at what she can see of Roxanne.

Roxanne shakes her head, as much as she can without interrupting what she's doing.

"I guess dreams can be educational," Thelma mutters, and then she just closes her eyes and enjoys the ride. What with her long frustration, it doesn't take Roxanne very long to get Thelma off. She comes in a bout of profanity, her hands clutching Roxanne's head painfully hard.

Once she's fully back to her senses, Thelma steps out from between Roxanne and the car. She smooths her skirt down and starts walking back to her motorcycle on wobbly legs.

"And let that be a lesson to you not to speed," she says.

"Thelma?" Roxanne says.

Thelma freezes in mid-step. How does dream-Roxanne know her name?

"It really *is* you, isn't it?" Roxanne says. "Not just me dreaming you?"

"You know you're dreaming?" Thelma says. "How can you know you're dreaming?"

"Lucid dreaming," Roxanne says. She stands up, still wearing nothing but high heels.

"My therapist got me a book and recommended some exercises."

"So it's been you all along?" Thelma says, still stunned at the revelation.

"I've been waiting for you to show up for days," Roxanne says. She walks up to Thelma, just as self-assured when stark naked as when she's awake. She leans forward and kisses Thelma, who's too surprised to resist. While they kiss, Roxanne's hands place themselves firmly on Thelma's buttocks.

"Tell me, officer," Roxanne says after they've stopped kissing. "What's the punishment for fondling a policewoman?"

It's starting to sink in to Thelma that Roxanne really wants this. She really, actually wants Thelma to dominate and fuck her.

"A good spanking, at least," Thelma says. "Maybe more, if it's a severe offense."

"Really?" Roxanne says. Before Thelma has time to react, Roxanne moves her hand from Thelma's ass, around to the front, in between her legs and slides a finger up her still-wet vagina.

"What does that get me?" she says, keeping her hand exactly where it is.

Shock and excitement battles within Thelma. Excitement wins.

She takes the handcuffs that may or may not have been at her belt all through the dream, pulls Roxanne's free hand around next to the occupied one and chains them together.

"Keep that finger there just a little bit longer," she says, "and I'll ride your face while fucking you with my truncheon until I'm tired of orgasming."

With an evil little smile, Roxanne wiggles her finger and brings her thumb down on Thelma's clitoris.

Thelma tries hard to keep a straight face.

Maybe this whole lesbian ghost thing isn't so bad after all.