

Ryan  
A Short Story  
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I dreamt of him again last night. Like I do almost every night.

*Lightly curled blond hair. Nuzzled into my neck as his soft, fluffy lips graze my skin and heat my flesh. His nostrils exuding warm passionate puffs of heat—every now and again filling themselves with the scent of me. A soft sigh escaped my lips and I couldn't help closing my eyes in the heat of the moment. Gently, my head tipped into the direction of his warmth and I huffed again, then ever so softly called his name.*

*"Yes?" He whispered, engulfed in heat still keeping my neck captive under the grasp of his lips. Lightly his body weight pushed against me and his warmth heated my need.*

*I never answered his question. Why? Because having whispered his name was something out of my control.*

*Slowly he worked his way up from my neck to my lips interrupting what would have been another unintended calling of his name. Maybe he knew it was coming and purposefully cut me off—maybe not. Either way, I wasn't complaining. Slipping his tongue smoothly into my mouth, I was left with no choice but to enjoy the taste of it.*

*That's when I felt the pressure of his erection pressing against my inner thigh, just shy of my female mound.*

*He ran his fingers through my hair. Mmm. Zeal intoxicated me. My mind started twirling out of control. Then for just a moment he broke free of our kiss and looked me right in the eyes.*

*Sea blue, gulfs of lust ignited by me, were all I could see.*

Then, I woke up.

Dammit! Every time! Was I ever going to get to consume that dream? With my luck, probably not. My mouth tipped with a weary frown.

*Ryan... Oh Ryan. If he only knew!*

So, you know all those sappy Romantic Comedies that us chicks seem to have a relentless affinity for? Those ones that show the quiet girl whose infatuated by the clueless guy. Yeah. Mhm. That's me.

For the longest time I called bullshit on those apparent misconceptions, swearing that females where not that damn gullible and would never fall for a guy that didn't even know she existed.

Damn, was I wrong! Now, I'm feeding myself spoonfuls of the bullshit I called on these, what I liked to call, pathologically lying movie producers.

Ryan. Perfection in male form.

All right! Let's press the pause button for a minute.

Just because his name is Ryan, and I find him perfect, by no means implies that he's akin to Ryan Gossling or Ryan Reynolds. That's just terrifically unrealistic.

Okay. You may press play.

I think he's perfect. Maybe not like movie star perfect, but he's perfect for me. There's something about how his blond, loose curls bounce around when he walks, and those sapphire blues pierce right through a person when he looks at them. He walks around perpetually wearing a white wife beater and black pants, which showcase his fine ass body, juuuust the right amount. Sexy, without trying too hard. You know?

Yeah. Like he'd ever notice me. Five foot tall, average build, brown eyed, plain old me. There's nothing special about me, I don't think. I'm the girl that friends refer to in that all too familiar, "Oh Minnie? Yes. Minnie is great. She has *the best* personality!" Mhm. That's me. Sparkling personality girl.

As my uncle used to say—retired sailor—Fuck me running! Girls like me, don't get guys like him. Only in our dreams.

Thus my infinite reoccurring make-out session dream. Funny though how dreams like those are just enough to keep us going—they keep our hope alive somehow. At least until reality sets in, then you have the dream all over again, and strength returns. Like a never-freaking-ending cycle. One I could happily do without. The last thing I need is to lollygag in La-la-land. Right? Right!

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On the very first day we met, the first thing I noticed was the name tag. "Hello. My name is..." it said in bright red letters, white background, then hand written on the line just below it, "Ryan" Just below that, again in the bright red text, "How can I help you?"

Tacky? Yes. Ridiculous that retailers somehow think that these little name tags would boost sales? Yep. That too. Nonetheless, at that very moment his name would forever be branded in my head and heart. I'd been busy browsing the DVD's when he approached me. "Hello. Can I help you find something?" I instantly went blank when I turned to see him. A little drool would've escaped had I not kept my mouth shut. So, what'd I do? Shake my head like a dimwit. "All right. I'll be just over there if you need any help." My reply? An awkward nodding of the head that almost gave me whiplash. He turned around and so did I, then I took off for the TV section. Had it not been for the fact that I would've looked like a weirdo, I would've ran out of the store. But, I held tight and moseyed my way around the store acting as though I intended on buying something—which I had initially, until I was caught off guard by an angel in a red shirt, that is.

And of course as luck would have it, when I exited the store, who'd I catch outside but Ryan on break, his red polo uniform shirt thrown over his shoulder, sporting his white wife beater and black uniform pants. Shit! I thought to myself. Rushing, I dashed for my car as he smiled and nodded his good bye to me.

From day one this man had me all undone. How could a complete stranger have such an effect on me?

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*He had me wrapped in his arms. I could smell the sweet and musky scent of his skin. My hands were wrapped around his waist and his arms were owning me, as if he knew that I was his. Slowly and sensually he floated one hand from my lower back to the back of my head, then in the same manner lifted my hair—an action that gave me instant goose bumps. With that, he lowered his head to skim his lips across my neck. Once again the chills came. He knew exactly where and how to touch me. Perfect.*

*I couldn't help myself anymore. Usually, I'd let him own me. Let him have his way. But whenever I did our moment of bliss was never consumed.*

*This time I decided that I'd take the bull by the horns and make it happen. I reached and took a good handful of his tush and squeezed it lightly. He moaned and I sighed in pleasure. My action caused him to reach for my lips and devour them. Again I breathed in delight.*

*He knew what he did to me. He knew the power that he had over me, and he took full advantage of it. In an instant he raised his hand to my blouse and started to undo the buttons. As quickly as it was happening, it all went in slow motion.*

*Maybe my mind was giving me the privilege of enjoying the moment. I appreciated it.*

*Slowly he slipped his hand into my half open blouse, and cuffed my breast. Mmmm. Delightful delirium. My mind began to spin again. My thoughts were submerged in what would happen next. Once again, having lost complete composure, I reached for his belt and as he kissed me deeply and fondled my breast, I undid it. Next his pant button, then his zipper. I heard a small breath escape his lips as he noticed what was happening.*

*Fear left me completely. All the worries of insecurity just dissipated. I reached in. Warmth: that's the first thing I noticed. How warm his skin was. Then I grabbed his manly member. I wanted him to know that he belonged to me—as much as he knew that I belonged to him.*

*My dream fast-forwarded.*

*Next thing I know, we're laying on a bed. My bed? His? I couldn't tell—not like it mattered anyway. Unclothed. Bare as the day we were born.*

*Oh my god! Flawless. That's the only thing I could think of—how impeccable his skin and body was. My hands grazed every inch while he hovered over my naked body. Once again I could feel the warmth of him as he was posed there. Still I could smell the sweet and musky combination of his flesh.*

*Suddenly, I felt his male member press against the part of my femininity. I almost hyperventilated at the realization that it was finally going to happen.*

*He pushed and penetrated.*

*I just about came right at that instant. My body practically frenzied out of control as he pulsed between my legs. He was at the precise incline to rub against my clitoris. He knew what rhythm I needed. All the while my breathing was insane, my body manic. I moved like a goddess, in perfect harmony with him. He was getting carried away, I could tell. His beautiful eyes rolled back and his then closed. He tipped his head against my chest then called my name.*

*“Ryan...” I whispered in plethora.*

*“Oh my god! Minnie...” He called with zealous rapture.*

*Hearing him that way made me go limp. Suddenly I felt the peak of a good orgasm come on. Every muscle in my body tensed and went weak all at the same time. “Oh god, Ryan!” I exclaimed, barely able to utter the words, “I... I'm... coming!”*

*His response was a quickening of his rhythm, as if it were taking all of his energy to not fall apart completely. He hummed in delight, and hardly able to say it, he called, “Me too!”*

*Just like that, the climax came. My femininity began to pulse. Hard at first, then subdued—tingling all at once. It was as if the eruption had come from deep inside of me. As if my entire soul funneled to the opening that he filled.*

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My eyes opened again.

Holy shit. I'd fallen asleep at work. My panties were soaked too. What the fuck? Ryan was driving me crazy.

I heard my boss call me. “Yes sir?”

“Hey. Yeah. I called your name like four times. What were you doing?” He asked inquisitively.

“Oh. Sorry sir. I was busy with something and didn't hear you.” Little did he know that I was definitely busy with something—*something* I couldn't mention.

“Oh. Alright. Well, do me a favor. Head out to the office supply store and get me these things.” He slid a note and the business credit card across the desk to me.

The first thing that crossed my mind? Ryan. Could I not get away from him?

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There he was. Red polo, black pants and the small strap of the wife beater that he wore under it bulging through the fabric. I loved the way that polo hugged his beautiful arms and perfect abs. *Deep sigh.*

I was busy daydreaming about him, and little did I take notice that he had approached me.

“Hi.” He smiled. I was instantly shaken out of my daydream.

Why did I turn into a blubbering fool every time he was close to me. “H... Um... He-” I felt a sudden knot the size of King Kong in my throat. I tried again. “Hello.”

“Can I help you find something?” He asked cordially. *Oh me, oh my! That voice!*

I nodded then slipped the note out of my pocket and passed it to him.

“Oh. Okay,” He nodded as he read the contents of the list. “Sure. I can help you find these.”

Like an imbecile I nodded again.  
“Follow me.”

Within minutes I had a buggy full of the supplies I'd been instructed to get. Still the only thing I could think of was his naked body pressed against mine, rocking between my legs and that delicious climax. Somehow, I was able to manage a thank you and rolled off with the cart.

The line at the cashier was enormous. However, I eventually made it out and happily bobbed along on route to my car. When, I heard a voice from behind me as I exited the sliding doors of the office supply store. “Hey.” I turned.

It was him! I forgot to breathe for a minute. “Hi.”

“Um,” He suddenly looked flustered—shy even. His cheeks took on an endearing red hue. He looked down, then back up at me. “I hope I get to see you around here again.”

A smile crossed my face. “Yeah. I think you will.”

Hmmm. A dream come true? Yep. Maybe so.

For more about Y. Correa and what she's doing, please visit:

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