

Fantasy

By Abe E Seedy, illustrated by Angrboda

The fantasy had snuck up on her, but it was no less potent for its suddenness. She imagined she would be taking one of her moonlight walks through the wide open countryside, relishing the airy solitude that had lured her so far out here in the first place. But as she was taking in the atmosphere, something in the distance caught her attention. Two pinpricks of dazzling yellow light, emerging from the undergrowth and moving steadily towards her.

She'd stop walking immediately. Her curiosity would outweigh her caution, or so the fantasy went, so she'd let whatever it was approach rather than turn around and run away like she would in *real* life. But there'd be something about those eyes that would just pin her to the spot, and it was around now that she'd realise that that's what they were - shining, golden eyes that seemed to draw her forwards into them, letting all her concerns drift away as they came ever closer.

By now she'd have started touching herself while running through the fantasy, imagining the feeling of overwhelming domination creeping over her as this creature grew near. She could make no guess as to its origins, and even the specifics of it were sometimes vague, her mind filling in the details according to whatever was drawing her most on that particular day. Sometimes his head would be bordered by an elaborate hood, complete with swirling patterns that only added to her helpless trance. Sometimes his face would stretch out into a reptilian muzzle, but other times it would look almost completely human, save for a dusting of green scales that surrounded his bottomless yellow eyes. Some nights he slid forward on a long, powerful tail, stretching almost all the way back into the trees as he moved towards her, and sometimes he stepped out onto the path just as any other person would, only revealing what he truly was when he drew close. The only constants were that he was always male, and though the degree varied, there was always a distinctly serpentine cast to his features. And then, of course, there was his cock.

It was always prominent. If he was approaching her in the form of the beast then it would slip from its sheath as he slithered over, raising quickly to greet her as her eyes drifted inevitably downwards. And when he wore the form of a man it was almost more urgent, the clothes he was pretending to wear all but torn aside, and the tip of his cock glistening with desperate slickness.

Once again, the particulars of the actual encounter would vary. Normally he'd be in the monstrous form when she needed something more dramatic, losing herself to a vision of being engulfed, wrapped up in his powerful coils as he claimed her with his bestial cock. The other version had more variation - perhaps she'd try to help him, try to give him aid for the attack that had so clearly torn his clothes, but then the light of the moon would hit him, and his eyes would

blaze with yellow fire, and before she knew what was happening he would be on her too, the wild passion claiming first him then her as they mated furiously, right there in the middle of the road. Or maybe he would be more talkative, maybe his eyes would pin her in place but his hissing, sibilant voice would be the thing that truly brought her into his power. His words would wrap themselves around her mind just as easily as his coiled tail would do to her body, and her hands would be pressing their way inside her clothes while he watched on approvingly. At his command she could feel her every fantasy bending towards the rules he'd set, the idea of him invading and converting every other arousing scenario she'd ever had.

It was at times like that that she would take him home. Or rather, she'd already be at home, only now he'd be there too, smiling with his fang-toothed grin as she stripped naked in front of her full length mirror. This was the fantasy now, he'd told her, to watch as he completed his work, and then he'd bent her forwards slowly, maintaining eye contact in the mirror as he slid into her from behind. Then, again and at last, there was his cock, filling her blissfully.

"You enjoy this", he would tell her, feeling her hand move of its own accord down to between her thighs, stroking over her clit to heighten the sensations he was gifting her with. "Doesn't it feel good to give in?"

"Yes", she would say easily, the word falling out of her mouth as her body swayed against his. "Yes, please..."

Then for all the buildup, the act itself would not take long. By the time she got to imagining the sex she was already desperately turned on, so the sensation of his last energetic thrust and the burst of wonderful, affirming slickness was all she needed to reach her own climax. And then, whatever his form, whatever the particular scenario, he would finish by holding her close, his long tongue flicking in her ear as he whispered to her. She could never quite hear it at the time, but then again, the words themselves weren't important. She was drifting off out the other side of the overwhelming experience, and his soft voice was providing her a line to pull her slowly back from the depths of her submission. The words simply piled themselves around her subconscious, conditioning her subtly for another layer of fantasy and conditioning when they next met.

More than once, she'd found herself drifting off entirely after a particularly long-lasting session, waking the next morning sprawled out over her bed, with her clothes scattered absently around the room. And the worst of it was that she'd wake up somehow *still* horny, and have to carve out up to an hour of her day just to satisfy that newly demanding urge. She could log into her work email later, she'd reason. For now, she had to walk over to the mirror and smile at herself, enjoying the way the yellow light caught her eyes as her teeth bit softly into her lips.

"You enjoy this", she'd say, as her hand made its way down to the ever-present slickness between her thighs. "Doesn't it feel good to give in?"