

mouths.

by MilanLefferts.

Soft rustling, like the fanning of a deck of cards. The quiet pitter-patter of wings. Tight-stretched skin over hollow bones. Her sleek body soars through the castle, tiny hairs bristling in the hot night air. Each flap propels her forward through the dark halls, tenebrous and invisible, her small sonic discharges stirring the human's dreams.

He opens his eyes to an abyss, the void of sleep making way for another dark pit. The same blindness as before, but not as uncaring or empty or silent. Rats scurry inside the walls, and the winds whisper their quiet song through the leaves. The oppressive dark weighs heavy on his body. Unsure of the fate of his exposed limbs and skin, the thin blanket his only protection from outside threats, an aegis of paper against the black flames of the unknown.

Unsure of what awoke him, he stares at the nothingness, and waits for.. something. He feels expectant and a little scared. Not of the all-encompassing darkness, but of that mysterious element, that unseen danger lurking in closets and wayward shadows that adults tell children not to fear, while they themselves glance over a second time, just to be sure. He realizes he hasn't felt fear in a while, his predictable and controlled life leaving little room for such primal emotions. Instead of grabbing the torch next to his bed to chase away the threatening spectres and shadows as he would normally do, he embraces the feeling, and lets the unfamiliar sensation take root. "Dun-dun, dun-dun", his heart speaks wordlessly.

She clicks, sending out soundwaves of aural vision. They crash into stone and wood, the echoes revealing unseen crevices and their skittering residents. Some bear the faint marks of previous habitation, where her sisters and brothers have taken residence over the centuries. Simpler creatures continue their lives easily after possession, their simpler minds unphased by its effects. After all, how can you lose your mind, if you have no sanity to question?

The scent that attracts her lingers in the hall, overpowering, guiding her to the chambers where her prey awaits. She inhales the intoxicating aroma of the restless sleeper, the unfiltered essence of imaginary excitement and dried semen.

A human male, most likely. Young men's dreams often have little originality, but certainly don't lack visceral experience. Her mouth instinctively opens at the thought, salivating with the promise of sustenance, fangs at the ready. She snaps her jaws shut. Not yet, she thinks. Feeding is easy. Satisfaction is an art.

The sounds of the night go dormant around him: the rats burrow into hidden holes, the wind quiets down, the leaves tire of their constant dance. His heart, however, doesn't join the silent chorus. He doesn't know how long he lays awake. Time dilates and dilutes, stretching and contracting as his mind wanders, wondering about what awaits him.

A shame to leave such a beautiful form behind, she thought. Fast, small and silent, the bat was one of her favorite forms to inhabit. Upon release the creature would be confused for a little while, but after the instinct takes over again it would be fine. They will likely not meet again. She thanks her unwilling host for its service by granting it dreams of limitless orchards and successful, powerful offspring. Then, the bat's eyes light up, and her essence erupts from its mouth.

A harsh light illuminates the outlines of the door suddenly, a freak bolt of otherworldly lightning violently attempting to breach the wooden frame. He squints against the bright, rectangular pattern burning on his retina, as smokey tendrils reach into the room. Purple and/or red and/or white, a color his subconscious instinctively calls 'ultraviolet', knowing full well he couldn't describe it properly if he tried.

The light sputters out as rapidly as it appeared. The lock slides from its tumblers with a series of soft clicks, and the door opens inwards.

The visitor's outlines imply sharp angles, thin shoulders, and wide hips, supranormal proportions marrying the grotesque and the majestic. More a she than a he, she scans the room, turning her head rapidly, an avian scanning for predator or prey. The her-shape smells of dried roses and wine cellars.

He breathes heavy, and so does she.

He's afraid to speak, fearful she might flee, or go for his throat. Perhaps he secretly wishes for both.

Her approach just a tad too quick, too quiet. She's done this countless times, yet it's always different, always new. The moment she dreads, nears. When the instinct takes over. The moment that reminds her she is more beast than man.

He tenses and swells as she draws close, not sure if he's unable to move, or unwilling. In awe, he watches the darkness and revels in her presence.

Fear and arousal are thick in his scent. Her hand brushes his thigh, and his reaction is immediate, somewhere between a gasp and a squeal, not unlike a small woodland animal. She senses beads of sweat pulsing from his pores, a drop of liquid escaping from his tip, saliva drying in his throat.

His blanket slides from his body, the soft cotton caressing him sensually. He barely notices how exposed he is, left naked to the dark, without his protective cover.

She hears his heart race as she tosses the bedsheets on the floor. Her body reacts instinctively to the sights and smells as her mouths water, and she wraps herself around him.

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The scalding water hitting his crown doesn't offer the same energizing sensation it usually does. A looming dread hangs over him, and a longing he can't quite place. The soap cleanses his body, but not his mind; flashes of flesh and pain and ecstasy engorge him again. It stings. He looks down at two small red dots on his penis, blood dripping like tears from the barely visible puncture wounds.