

## Nocturnal Emissions, By Tracey DeSanto

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William scrambled his eggs. He used his knuckles, abstractly, to remove the sleep from from his eyes. Yawn, stir, flip... He got the eggs onto his toast. Sipping black coffee, he leaned against the counter and forked the food into his mouth. He was tired. Sleep had been poor.

As he chewed and swallowed, William tried to remove the cobwebs from his consciousness. Last night he'd had dreams. They had been dirty. That wide female from the lunch room... the one with the odd facial tic... was it a wink? She had figured prominently. Her name-tag read "Angela". William was surprised because he didn't see her as particularly attractive during the daytime when he bought his sandwich. In his dream she had been different.

In his dream they had both been nude. Angela had bent over his prone body. She'd smiled and held his penis. It had begun softly. She stroked him, pulling him against her soft body. The jerking grew in ferocity until he came painfully, exploding in an alarming way. Bolting awake, the trousers of his pyjamas had been wet and sticky: a messy testimony.

William was a sensible man of forty-two, and a bachelor. It had been three decades since this had happened to him. He hid the soiled pants in the bottom of the trash, even though his mother was long-deceased and could no longer root out such things. He finished his breakfast, straightened his tie, and went to work with bloodshot eyes.

During lunch that day he approached Angela with trepidation. She sold him a ham and swiss. When she gave it to him their hands met for a moment. Her fingers were warm. Her large bosom was fully concealed beneath a wide work apron. She glanced at him and winked. Was it a wink? William was startled to feel a stirring in his boxers, so he fled to the far corner of the lunch room. Eating in nibbles, he stole glances at this wide-hipped creature that had infiltrated his subconscious. Things calmed down in his undergarments, but it took some time.

Later that evening, William found himself preoccupied with thoughts of Angela. As he watched "The Honeymooners" on his new black and white television, mental images of the lunch-lady made it difficult to concentrate on Alice and Ralf. He was drowsy, but he refused to go to bed for fear of further nocturnal impropriety. At midnight, after the programming went off-air, the white noise of the machine dragged him into dreamland. He drifted off, illuminated by the glow of the television test-pattern.

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William stood under the shower and turned the right-hand knob counterclockwise. Cold water beat against his scalp and trickled down his body. As it reached his genitals he shivered, groggy and weak from lack of rest. He had tossed and turned all night. Sleep had been fractured. William's pubic hair was matted from another nocturnal emission. He reached for the soap, hoping to get clean.

In last night's dream she had returned. They were nude, again. William reclined on the chair where he had fallen asleep. He was unable to move, as if he was strapped down. Angela looked at him and raised an eyebrow. Offering him a gentle half-smile, she cupped her breasts and held them forward. Her enormous pillows shifted towards him, pink nipples protruding. William's penis leapt to strength almost violently.

Angela moistened her thin lips, parted them, and exhaled. Leaning forwards, she pressed the hard buttons of her soft breasts against his chest and dragged them down his torso. Kneeling on the floor before him, she caught his penis between her tits. Then she pushed her breasts together, making him disappear. William shuddered in his soft prison, unable to move. Her skin was cool and smooth. The sensation was sweet agony.

The woman pressed her face down between her tits and sucked him while rubbing herself against his cock. William climaxed almost immediately, with a shout. She looked up at him and held his gaze, jism trailing from the corner of her mouth. There was no mistake this time. She winked. He continued, implausibly, to ejaculate. It was almost painful in its intensity. Angela rolled his dick between her breasts and let the stuff spurt and cascade into her deep, soft cleavage. This happened for what felt like an eternity.

Finally, William woke up.

He cleaned his body in the shower and dressed hurriedly. Late for work, he had no time for breakfast. Upon arrival, he mumbled an apology to his supervisor and fumbled groggily through his morning tasks. He was ineffectual, haunted by thoughts of Angela, nude and winking, covered in his cum. By noon he was ravenous.

In the lunch room she smiled crookedly when he approached. When she handed him a corned beef on rye, she held him by the wrist and added an apple to go with it. Her touch sent heat down William's arm and directly to his groin. His erection shot up in response. The man nodded, cleared his throat, and fled the lunch room to eat at his desk. He could think of nothing but her nipples against his chest and his endless orgasm. By the time the work day was finished, his erection had subsided enough that he could go home.

On the way William stopped and bought a fifth of whiskey. He drank half the bottle while eating canned peaches. Pretending to watch television, in his mind's eye there was only Angela. Exhausted, intoxicated, and no longer in possession of any pyjamas that were free of his own ejaculate, he stripped naked and lay on top of his bed. Sleep bludgeoned him.

She was waiting for him in his dreams.

Angela stood at the foot of his bed, purposefully naked. Her female-ness nearly screamed at him. Curly auburn hair tumbled past her shoulders, no longer hidden in a bun under a hair net. The jutting and obscene curve of her breasts beckoned to him above the soft warmth of her belly. Further below, her stubby fingers probed the furry confines of her crotch. Rubbing and pulling at herself, the creature revealed ruddy and eager labia. Her clitoris presided over the activities.

She snapped her slippery fingers and grinned a crooked grin. William's penis jumped to hardness. He was motionless and helpless, pinned to a mattress in a dream. Preposterously nimble, Angela hopped up on the bed and stood above him, just over his midsection. Looking down, she placed her hands on her hips and gyrated. William gazed up, transfixed, into her cunt. Coy and elemental, her beautiful vagina was pink and furry. Receptive and slick, it winked at him. William trembled with fear and desire as his cock strained against the confines of its own flesh, so hard and desperate that it grew an inch.

Angela dropped on him in one fell swoop, impaling her ripeness on his prick. It began softly. Her yonic muscles caressed and pulled him. Gradually, she bore down, writhing, and tried to push his cock deep into the centre of her body. Her pussy was a supernatural entity, a lake of fire and lubrication. It gripped him and would not let go.

Straddling, riding high, she fucked him. As she drew herself up and down, her breasts bounced and rippled like jellyfish in a current. She raised her arms and put her hands behind her head, dancing an ancient belly-dance on top of William. The slap and squelch of the juicy action was an out-of-tune soundtrack to the to the bizarre ritual she performed. She began to gnash and mutter arcane noises, rising almost off of him and then slamming back down with all her force. Her eyes sparked, gleaming red.

William surrendered to the ecstasy of copulation. Every time she swallowed him, there was less of him left. It was a shuddering subtraction, each step bringing him closer to a final climax. Angela's incantations reached a fever pitch. She barked a command in an inhuman dialect and William was swept into her. He came joyously, willingly, and involuntarily. The semen was pumped out of him relentlessly, down to the drop, until there was nothing left but his soul. Then his soul followed. Swooning, he faded and drifted, losing himself in her completely, and was gone.

The succubus left what remained of William on the bed. She strode to the shadow in the corner and kissed her master. Satan was pleased.