Here Comes The Boogeyman
by rpickman

Summary

A first-person tale of a lonely, neglected wife encountering a mysterious being that visits her in the night.

I first saw it while I was doing the dishes. I was scraping an untouched plate of stir-fry into the garbage. Theo had called with an apology and an excuse. Last-minute emergency. No one else available to cover. Coming home late. See you in the morning. The usual.

After dropping the clean plates into the sink I found myself just staring out the kitchen window. It looked out into the backyard, a 900-square-foot rectangle of crabgrass and twigs presided over by a poorly-pruned oak tree.

My eyes were caught by the sad face staring back at me, my translucent reflection in the glass. I was wearing mascara and lipstick, hoping to surprise Theo with a sexy night after dinner. I closed my eyes with a sigh. We had gotten married only three years ago, just out of college, but Theo already felt more like a roommate than a husband.

When I opened my eyes I saw it in the reflection, a dim shape silhouetted against the light from the hallway. I spun, assuming there was an intruder, grabbing a knife from the sink to defend myself.

The hallway was empty.
Just to be safe I searched the entire house, checking every door and window to make sure they were all locked. There was no sign of anyone and I quickly convinced myself that it was just a trick of the light. I finished cleaning up, putting the dishes away before sitting down to drown the rest of the evening in Netflix and a bottle of wine.

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But that was when the night terrors began.

I woke up with my body completely paralyzed. I’d experienced sleep paralysis once or twice before so I didn’t panic. It was never pleasant but it usually only lasted for a few minutes. I lay in bed, trying to stay relaxed and waiting for my muscles to obey me once again.

But tonight the paralysis wouldn’t lift. I could only sweep my eyes around the darkened room, trying my best to keep myself calm. I slept in the nude and my sheets had slid off at some point during the night, baring my breasts and stomach. It was a chilly night and I could feel goosebumps rising on my arms and the tightness of my nipples.

That’s when I saw the shape by the window. It was a cloudy night and the only light was the reflection of street lights outside. Outlined against the faint light was a person, standing just a few feet from the bed.

Naturally, I assumed it was Theo. He must have just come home and was getting ready to get into bed.

...except...he wasn’t moving.

He was just standing there. Head slightly tilted.

I wanted to call out, to ask him what he was doing. But I couldn’t move. Every muscle in my body was limp like all my nerves were disconnected.

He still wasn’t moving. I could faintly hear the sound of raspy breathing.

If I weren’t completely paralyzed I would have screamed when I heard the sound of the toilet flush in the hallway bathroom. My heart began jackhammering in my chest as the implications of what I was hearing began to sink in. The figure continued to stand wordlessly at the window. I shrieked internally at my body to obey but I still couldn’t move a single finger.
When the bathroom opened, soft light filtered through the half-open bedroom door. It was faint but it picked out a few details on the figure at the window, shining wetly on dark, eel-like skin and glinting off of two large, white eyes.

A second later, the light shut off, taking my night-vision with it. As I was plunged into what seemed like pitch darkness my paralysis finally lifted and I thrashed wildly in the blankets, screaming Theo’s name and reaching desperately for the bedside lamp.

“Honey!”

Theo came through the door just as I found the lamp’s switch and the room filled with light. He was in a bathrobe and had a panicked, confused look on his face. I could barely say anything, simply pointing at the window and letting out an incoherent, panting yell.

There was no one else in the room.

“There...was...” I gasped, blinking tears from my eyes. “I saw...”

“It’s okay.” Theo sat on the bed and put an arm around my shoulders. “Did you have a bad dream?”

I shook my head, “I thought there was someone there...someone at the window.”

Theo tried to comfort me, reassuring me that no one else was in the house and telling me that everything was fine. After a while I allowed him to turn off the light and lay back down. We spooned and he stroked my arm, kissing my shoulders and mumbling something soothing into my hair.

I could feel his chest pressed against my back, warm and alive. My breathing had steadied but my heart was still pounding. It was then that I noticed a different reaction...a soft, tingling warmth was spreading over my face and chest. I rubbed my legs together and I could feel a hint of moisture on the lips of my pussy. Theo’s warm hand was resting on my ribs and I could feel the soft tickle of his pubic hair against my butt.

I wanted him.

I pressed against him more firmly, feeling his dick twitch as I ground gently against his waist. Reaching down, I moved his hand to my left breast. My breasts were modest and Theo’s hand fit perfectly over it. He gave it a gentle squeeze and I felt my body respond eagerly after so many weeks without intimacy, my pussy tingling with need. I ground against his crotch more insistently,
trying to get a rise from his dick.

Theo nuzzled my neck through my hair and planted a couple of kisses in the general vicinity of my ear. He gave my breast another perfunctory squeeze and rolled over, his back to me, muttering something about seeing me in the morning.

Within moments Theo was snoring and I was alone beside him.

Sighing, I reached between my legs, running my fingers through the trimmed hair around my pussy. I shivered as I found my clit and gently pressed it with my fingers. Closing my eyes, I tried to think back to the last time Theo and I were together, his hands on my body and his hard dick inside my pussy. But my fantasy kept being interrupted by the memory of that shape in the darkness,

The thought was like a drop of ice-cold water on my skin, tightening my stomach and sending a shiver up my spine. But instead of ruining the experience, the fear seemed to heighten the sensation as I flicked my fingers side-to-side over my clit. I bit my lip and slid two fingers inside, feeling the walls of my pussy tighten around them.

I spent almost an hour rubbing myself next to my sleeping husband, thinking about a silent shape in the darkness.

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I saw him again a week later.

I was taking a mid-afternoon shower and had just finished drying myself off. The bathroom mirror was fogged so I wiped it down with a hand towel. I froze when I saw it in the damp mirror.

The shower was right behind me, covered with a plain, white shower curtain. Pressed against the curtain was the clear outline of a hand and behind it was the faintest suggestion of a dark shape through the frosted plastic.

I stared at that hand. Its fingers were long and spindly but it only had four fingers instead of the usual five. As I watched, it pressed harder against the curtain and I could hear the sound of crinkling plastic and the curtain rings sliding against the rod.

With a surge of adrenaline, my stupor was broken and I snatched up the toothbrush glass by the sink and spun, hurling the glass at the shape behind the shower curtain. The cup hit the curtain and fell into the enamel bathtub with the sound of breaking glass.
The shower was empty. I stood alone in the bathroom, panting from the explosive rush of adrenaline. As it faded I dropped to my knees, sinking into the soft floor mat, shaking with confused terror. I looked back at the mirror but there was no sign of the mysterious shape.

It was then that I realized my inner thighs were slick with spreading wetness and my pussy was throbbing in excitement. For a while I simply knelt there, feeling confused and slightly ashamed of myself. Did I actually see anything in the first place? Was I going insane? Why was this getting me so excited?

After the shower, I had planned to take care of some house cleaning that had been piling up over the last few weeks. Instead, I retrieved my waterproof vibrator from its drawer in the bedroom and turned the shower back on. I laid down in the bath, letting the hot water flow over me as I circled my clit with the vibrator, imagining a dark shape standing on the other side of the shower curtain.

I stayed in the shower until the water ran ice-cold.

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I woke up paralyzed again that night.

Theo had come home on time that night and I could hear his soft breathing just a few feet to my left as I lay on my back next to him. I tried to open my mouth to call Theo’s name but again my body simply wouldn’t move, not even trembling as I struggled to raise my hand.

The only things I could control were my eyes and I slowly scanned the room while I lay completely helpless on the bed. The shape was standing next to the bed. It was so close that I could have reached out to touch it if I was able to move at all. Thin beams of moonlight streamed through the curtains and in the dim light I could see more details than I had the night before.

The shape was roughly human but seemed to have no hair or clothing. The light shone off of smooth, black skin stretched over a bald head and wiry muscles. Its face was cast into shadow but I could just make out the suggestion of too-large pale eyes and features that seemed unnaturally long and angular. There was a faint odor, like the smell of burning autumn leaves.

My heart hammered in my chest as the thing next to the bed moved. One of its eerily long arms reached out towards me. I couldn’t move my head to follow it with my eyes but I could practically feel its hand hovering just inches above my helpless body. I wanted to scream when I felt the light pressure of its fingertips through the sheet covering my naked body, just above my navel.

With excruciating slowness, the blanket started to slide off my body. I could do nothing but stare at the shadowy face of the creature as I felt the soft fabric gliding against my skin. The terror gripping
my mind seemed to make everything move in slow motion and heightened every physical sensation. My nipples tingled as the fabric dragged slowly over them and I could feel the stubble of my freshly shaved pussy prickle as the sheet was drawn across it.

It felt like hours before the sheet was finally pulled off, sliding to the ground with the soft thump of falling cloth. I was completely exposed and I could see the figure’s head slowly turning and I could feel its eyes on my naked body.

When its fingers touched my thigh my mind went white. My fear and arousal peaking until I could no longer think at all. The muscles of my legs and stomach trembled involuntarily as I teetered on the edge of orgasm, even as another part of my mind shrieked at me to get up and run. Fight. Curl up in the corner. Scream for Theo. Anything.

But there was nothing I could do but lay there as the figure’s cool fingers closed around my leg, just inches from my quivering pussy. Its touch felt strange like something was moving beneath its skin. Despite the crawling sensation against my leg, I could feel a tightness building inside, a pressure ready to explode at any second.

That was when Theo turned over, muttering something unintelligible and reaching over me to grab the blanket that had fallen to the floor. His chest bumping against my flank finally seemed to wake up my body and I was able to jerk upright. The hand was gone from my thigh and the figure was no longer by the bedside.

I got up and went to the bathroom as Theo wrapped himself in the blanket and curled back up on his side of the bed. I flicked the bathroom light on and stared into the mirror, my legs trembling as the aftershocks faded. Theo had cut the climax short but I couldn’t deny what had just happened.

Nor could I deny the handprint on my thigh, the spot where it had touched me was paler than the surrounding skin. A three-fingered hand with unnaturally long fingers.

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Five days later I saw him again.

The mark on my thigh had faded by the morning but the memories of that night continued to haunt me. This was not some dream or hallucination...the shape that had touched me that night was just as real as my husband.

The question was, what to do about it? I could tell Theo but obviously it’d be dismissed as a nightmare or, even worse, as a manifestation of mental illness. I could try and talk Theo into moving but would that even help? They’d lived here for years with no sign of this...thing. Would it follow them?
And what was worse, part of me wanted to see if the figure would appear to me again. Part of me wondered what would happen the next time I encountered it.

In the end, I did...nothing. I cooked, I cleaned, I worked. Theo and I had a night of mediocre lovemaking and then I finished myself off in the shower while I tried to remember the scent of burning autumn leaves.

That night Theo and I were watching a movie. It was a bizarre, arty horror piece...a black and white movie from some foreign country. I was half-dozing while leaning against Theo, his arm around my shoulders, barely paying attention to the subtitles.

During one particularly dark scene, I spotted the figure’s silhouette reflected in the black surface of the LCD screen. It was standing in the living room, right behind the couch where Theo and I were lounging. I could detect the faintest whiff of its scent, like someone torching a leaf-pile a few blocks away.

This time I didn’t want to break the spell, so I stayed where I was and kept my eyes fixed on the screen. I was ignoring the subtitles completely at this point, just straining to make out any details as the reflection came and went with the flickering shadows on the TV. It was barely more than a foot or two away from us, standing much like it had the first night: stock-still with its head cocked slightly to one side.

I could feel my heart beating faster and I slid my right hand off of Theo’s leg and down my body. Moving slowly, so as not to alert Theo, I slipped my fingers under the waistband of my yoga pants and down the soft fabric of my panties. My fingers found a spreading patch of wetness and then the soft nub of my clitoris pressing against the cotton. I started to rub myself, staring at the TV screen for any glimpse of the dark presence while my husband stared blankly ahead right next to me.

I was getting closer when Theo shifted, gently pushing me away and began to rise to his feet.

“Sorry, pause it for a second, I’ve got to take a piss.”

As he turned I panicked slightly, worried he might see the figure standing just behind us...but it was gone. The spell was broken, leaving only the faintest smell of burnt leaves behind it. As Theo walked out of the room I stared at the frozen images on the screen, hoping to see the mysterious shape reflected in a shadow or lurking in a corner...but I was alone.

With a sigh I slumped back into the couch, frustrated and guilty.
Of course, he returned that night.

By now, I was expecting it, almost anticipating it. So when I woke up in bed, unable to move a finger, my heart immediately began beating rapidly with excitement. I had, deliberately, allowed Theo to hog all the blankets on his side of the bed, leaving me naked and exposed. I had turned up the heat a bit to compensate but the night air was still chilly and my nipples were as hard as two glass beads.

I rapidly took in the room, looking for any sign of my nocturnal visitor. I could smell him, that scent of smoldering leaves and a fainter, unidentifiable but slightly metallic odor. However, I couldn’t see him. The curtains were drawn so the room was fairly well lit, but no dark shape or shadowy figure was lurking in the corners.

For a moment, I felt disappointment which was immediately followed by a wave of guilt. What was I doing? Waiting here, hoping some kind of...monster would show up and grope me while my husband slept just a foot away? What sort of sick woman was I?

My thoughts were interrupted when my eyes caught a hint of movement in the shadows. It was here...perhaps had been here the whole time. It simply wasn’t where I had expected.

The shape crawled along the ceiling like a huge spider. It emerged from a shadowy corner of the room and began to creep silently towards the bed. Within moments it was directly above me. I could hear that same raspy breathing and as I watched the figure twisted its neck at an unnatural angle with a sound like popping bubble wrap. Its head twisted entirely around, like an owl’s, so it could look down at me with its giant, milky-white eyes. Its face was narrow and elongated, its mouth opened unnaturally wide. Its teeth weren’t pointed but they were long...far longer than a normal human mouth should be able to accommodate...and as I watched a slick, black tongue emerged and tasted the air.

I could feel droplets of saliva splatter on my chest and stomach, followed by a surge of fear and adrenaline. This creature hadn’t harmed me yet but that could change at any time. There was no sense of comfort or safety, no assurance that I’d survive the night. Just fear and the terrible sense of helplessness as my limbs refused to obey me.

But that was also what I was waiting for because even as every instinct screamed in terror I could feel my pussy throbbing and my breasts flushing with excitement. I didn’t want to die, but it also didn’t matter that this...monster...might be coming to rip my throat out because this need was greater than any danger. I used to be disgusted reading click-bait articles about the ridiculously dangerous things people would do in the pursuit of a better orgasm. But here and now I completely understood.

The creature was crawling down the wall towards me, its unnaturally long limbs clinging
effortlessly to the floral wallpaper. As it reached the headboard, its body twisted like a contortionist and it arched its back and legs over my prone form until it settled onto the mattress. Its feet were planted on either side of my body but it barely left a dent in the sheets, as though it had no weight at all. It knelt above me and stared into my eyes with its blank white orbs.

That is when I saw it. I was running my eyes up and down its body, taking in the details of its inhuman form. But between its legs, I saw it...something very human.

Its cock had the same rubbery black texture as the rest of its body. The light from the window picked out its slick, veiny texture and a glistening bead of liquid on the tip.

As I watched the creature leaned forward, the oddly textured skin of its legs pressing against my ribs. Again, I felt that weird writhing beneath the surface but rather than being disgusted the sensation was novel and exciting. As it loomed closer I felt the tip of its cock gently prodding at my lips.

Unable to resist, even if I had wanted to, I felt my lips pushed apart and my mouth opened by the head of the creature’s inhuman member. It pressed against my tongue, its taste odd but not unpleasant...almost like sucking on an antacid tablet. The creature let out a rattling groan as it pressed itself deeper, forcing my lips open wider to accommodate its girth.

I closed my eyes, savoring the taste and feel of the creature inside my mouth. It was madness but I didn’t care anymore...I wanted this. Wanted to be taken by this thing from the darkness.

That was when the light flicked on. Theo swung his legs off the edge of the bed and plodded off towards the bedroom door, presumably headed for the bathroom. He didn’t seem to notice me staring at him from the bed, frustrated tears stinging my eyes.

The moment the light had flicked on, my dark lover had vanished. Only the faint taste of him remained on my lips.

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Two days later Theo left for a week-long conference. As soon as he left for the airport I began wandering the house, hoping for a glimpse of the figure.

I didn’t see him until the next morning as I came downstairs for breakfast. At the end of the hallway was a mirror and when I glanced at it I finally saw it. It was standing at the other end of the hallway, in the shadow of the staircase. I could see its entire body now, its weirdly proportioned limbs and bulging eyes as well as the long phallus dangling between its legs.
I kept my eyes on the mirror, locked on the inhuman face of the creature. I was wearing a fluffy, white bathrobe and as I stared at the figure in the mirror I undid the belt holding the robe closed. As it watched me I let the robe fall to the floor, baring my body entirely.

Watched by the strange creature I began to touch myself, cupping my breasts and softly rubbing my nipples with my fingertips. I stared at the thing’s long, dangling cock as I reached between my legs, remembering the taste of it in my mouth the other night. My fingers slid across the rapidly-moistening lips of my pussy and I bent forward, spreading my legs to give the creature a better view as I slid two fingers inside.

Before I could get very far in my performance the phone rang. Without thinking I broke eye-contact with the mirror and glanced at the smartphone sitting on the nearby dresser. It was an unknown number, not worth answering, and when I looked back the figure was gone.

I was disappointed but also excited, knowing that I wouldn’t be spending the night alone.

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I was disappointed when I woke up in bed that evening.

As usual, I couldn’t move a muscle, completely paralyzed by my own malfunctioning brain. However, at some point in the night, I had rolled over and so when I woke I found myself face-down, nuzzling a pillow.

I couldn’t see a fucking thing.

I wanted to scream. To kick my heels and throw a tantrum, punching the mattress and tossing the pillows across the room. I wanted to break something. Of course, if I could do all that I would have just turned over.

That’s when I heard that familiar, rasping breathing and caught the scent of rusty metal and burning leaves. It was stronger tonight, intoxicating, and my head began to spin. I heard the soft creak of hinges, the sound of the bedroom closet opening.

I couldn’t see it...him...but he was in the room with me.

As I lay face-down, unable to move a muscle, I could feel him approach the bed.

In my mind I shivered with anticipation, imagining his long, grasping fingers reaching out for me.
I wanted to beg for him to touch me but I couldn’t say anything.

Internally, I whimpered with delight and shock as I felt his fingers brush against the back of my thigh. I let out a hungry, mute groan as he gripped my inner thigh and spread my legs wider. My body tightened involuntarily as cold air hit the wet, puffy lips of my pussy.

I had never felt like this before, my body and life completely in the hands of this monster. I couldn’t even pretend to fight back, the only thing left for me was to experience whatever he chose to inflict on me. I could feel his breath on the small of my back.

My body screamed with silent ecstasy when his tongue touched my spine, just below my ribs. My mind shuddered as he dragged the tip of his tongue down my back, along the curve of my ass and finally settling against the lips of my pussy. My legs shook as he pushed his tongue inside. His tongue was long, firm and flexible, almost like a prehensile tentacle and I could feel myself clenching around it as he reached deeper and deeper inside me. My ass jerked into the air as I came, my body moving entirely without the intervention of my brain.

I don’t know how long he spent probing and tasting me but I came again before he was finished, spasming without dignity as the pleasure he was inflicting on me shook my limp body. Eventually, he retracted his tongue and I could feel the fabric of the sheets bunch as he climbed onto the bed, straddling me.

His hands gripped my waist and lifted it off the bed with no apparent effort. My legs were pushed wider and, inside my mind, I was practically giddy, drunk on pleasure and adrenaline. I wanted to scream at him to hurry up and fuck me, but he moved slowly and with great deliberation. His long fingers slid up and down the lips of my pussy, slippery with a mixture of my juices and his saliva. As his fingers pressed against my clit I could feel that strange writhing inside his body, wriggling against me with a unique, exhilarating sensation.

It was only then that I felt the tip of his cock pressed against my pussy, throbbing as it just barely parted my slit. With agonizing slowness, he slid inside me. I wanted to scream at him to go faster, to push back against him and shove it in myself. But instead he moved like a glacier, centimeter by centimeter, and I felt myself opening up just as gradually to accommodate his girth. He didn’t slide in and out, he just gradually pushed further and further, opening me even wider. Eventually, it felt like he was all the way in, deeper than Theo had ever managed but he still wasn’t stopping. My pussy clenched and rippled with contractions of pleasure as he pushed further inside. I’d never felt so completely filled and yet he still continued to press more of himself into my body.

Just as pain began to mix with the ecstasy I came again, my pussy aching as it was stretched by his thickly veined shaft. This seemed to be the signal he was waiting for and, hands gripping my waist, he finally began to thrust in and out. His movements heightened the waves of pleasure as he slid it almost completely out of my dripping pussy before slamming it back inside. Each time my body shook and my legs kicked weakly, although I still couldn’t move on my own. His thrusts pressed my face into my pillow and I could feel my breasts pushed into the soft mattress.
I felt his hand close around the back of my neck, while the other kept my waist steady so that he could shift to a different position, pounding away harder and faster. I had never been fucked like this, so savagely and forcefully. I would have given anything to cry out, to beg for more and to scream my ecstasy loudly enough to wake the neighbors.

I came again when he filled me with cum, hot liquid bubbling into me and overflowing from the lips of my pussy. I expected that to be the end but he just kept thrusting, splitting my pussy over and over again as he filled me with his inhuman cum.

I don’t know how long this lasted, passing out at some point from exhaustion and mindless bliss. I woke up, still naked, slick and sticky, as the afternoon sunlight streamed through the window. His taste in my mouth was the first conscious thought I had, followed by the awareness of something cold, hard and metallic in my hand.

I looked down...it was a mirror. An antique-looking hand mirror of some kind. I smiled and slipped the gift into the bottom drawer of my dresser. I knew what it was without being told...an invitation for another midnight tryst with my dark lover.

The only question was, how long would I be able to wait before using it?

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