What Lurks Within The Wood

by TheVampireRose

Summary

You are a young woman attending a party with some friends when the idea of playing hide and seek within the haunted woods is brought up. You are convinced to play and go running off on your own into the woods. Alone, you come a cross a strange serpent like creature who longs for a little more than companionship.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

You really don’t know why you agreed to it, but here you were, mixed in a crowd of rather aggressive and rowdy strangers. Many of which had drunk far more than their share of booze. You couldn’t blame them though, that’s what parties were for right? Get wasted and dance, maybe get lucky with someone, do things you’ll regret. You almost felt compelled to join them but decided against it for no greater reason than simply not feeling the urge. Well, that and if you drank who would carry your friends wasted asses home once things dwindled down? You didn’t want to think that was the only reason you had been persuaded so assertively, but it certainly seemed to be a big one.

Absentmindedly, you wondered around the crowd, trying to stick close to your friends in case something happened to one of them. That and you didn’t know anyone else beside them so all other places felt awkward. They seemed to be meeting up with another small group and chatting amongst themselves for a few moments. Briefly, they waved for you to come closer before beginning to walk beyond the crowd and toward a thick groove of trees far off from the party. You were reluctant to follow, even nervous to some point. That thicket was well known for being a place of unimaginable evil and death. If the lore and children’s tales held any truth to them, that forest promised horror.
beyond horror for any who entered. It was a story of course, a tall tale to tell around campfires or at sleepovers. You had never actually heard of anyone vanishing within those woods but then again, no one really went in. You briefly recall the mention of an ungodly beast slithering within the shadows looking to devour any soul who disturbed its territory. The tales went on and on about the fierceness, telling that hell itself could not dream up such a monstrosity as it. As intriguing as that was, no one had been eaten that you knew of and for all anyone knew all that laid under those trees were rabbits and deer. Though you were certain it was all nonsense, the tales still stuck with you, making you reluctant to venture forth into the woods.

You followed your friends in silence as you drew to the darkened opening of the forest paths, too caught up in the lore of the wood to listen to their chattering. It wasn’t until you heard your name called out that you looked up to notice just how close you were standing to the famed home of the beast. As much as you reasoned against it, there was still something utterly intimidating about standing just before the hellmouth of trees. However, you weren’t caught too long in the thought as your companions gathered around and began talking once more.

“Okay, so is everyone clear on the rules? This is just a simple game of hide and seek so I’ll assume everyone has a good understanding. I’m going to start counting and you lot all run and hide in the woods. If you get caught or eaten, you lose.” One joked as they gestured toward the dense thicket. Everyone laughed in reply, all better reason thrown to the wind.

“A bunch of drunken fools playing around in a haunted wood, what could possibly go wrong here?” You asked, sarcasm deeply coating your tongue, gaining the eyes of everyone within the group. One of your friends was about to speak, as if to answer the absurd question but you answered for them. “Everything, everything could go wrong, and given the circumstance, everything WILL go wrong.”

“Oh come now (name), this is gonna be fucking amazing. Hide and seek is the best and playing here and at night makes it a lot more exciting to play. Imagine the adrenaline rush!” One argued, their words a tad slurred under their beer soaked breath. You’d be lying if you said what they were saying was untrue. Hide and seek was a lot of fun and the current location offered more thrill to the game. However, you still held out against the idea, even with your reason wavering with the rest.

“And what happens when someone stumbles on their ass and breaks something? You wanna call an ambulance in the middle of the night to come pick your dumbass up?” A few rolled their eyes at you, others seemed to nod a bit in agreement. Nevertheless, some persisted.

“Everyone has a cell phone and we’re not going insanely deep into the woods. It’s just gonna be a fun, childish game of hide and seek.”

“In the middle of a haunted forest” You added, crossing your arms and giving a look of skepticism.

“Gives you all the more reason to hide well! But regardless, you don’t gotta play if you don’t wanna; no one here is gonna make you. You can chill out here while everyone else goes and has a fucking awesome time being reckless and dumb while you stay here and wait, worrying over some shit that’s not gonna happen.” Their words were hardly sincere, more mocking than anything. You gave a flat look, regarding their sass with only slight disdain before faltering. As much as you hated surrendering to someone else’s reasoning the game was tempting. There was a pureness and exciting factor to it. Therefore, with a heavy sigh, you offered up a small smile and conceded.

You were given a nod in return before ushered to the thick wood. From behind, you could hear the call of counting and mixed giggles and screams of excitement. In an instant, everyone took off into the woods, running deep within the dark confines of the trees. You were not far behind them,
running down your own path into the unknown.

You could barely make out where you were going, but the mix of adrenaline and the excitement of the game had taken you and all you knew was that you needed to find someplace where no one could find you. You had forfeited any caution and delved deeper and deeper into the blackness. Any light that was granted was given through beams of pale moonlight through branches, all else was hidden in shadow. However, in your rush you hadn’t stopped to think about how you would find your way back out if no one found you. You had already gone further than planned, but there was a careless element to your thrill. This was the first time you had been in the woods and it had been forever since you’d played any games like this. You were over swept; as much as you sought to fight the idea of doing this, you took more pleasure in it than all others. This free feeling, this glee and utter rapture of letting lose had left you careless.

You ran, further and further; passing tree and shrub and stone. Soon you began to slow, content with the distance between you and the others. Secluded, you began search for a place to tuck yourself away so that even if one ventured as far as you had, they would not find you so easily. You couldn’t help but give a small giggle in your excitement. This feeling sent little circuits of joy and anxiousness up your spine as you looked your surroundings over. However, unbeknownst to you, you were not alone here but you would become very aware of that fact very soon.

Gamzee POV

This night, like all nights before, was lonesome for the reptilian creature. Too long had another soul come close enough for him to interact with. He had been by himself for what felt like a lifetime, if not two. He let out a small sorrowful sigh as he flicked an acorn off the branch he was lounging over. There were simply no joys for him to partake in anymore. Anything he could do, he had done a million times over.

It had been particularly hard for him once he reached what he knew to be adulthood. His body had changed, gained new feelings, new desires and hungers he could never sate on his own. The sensations of yearning never seemed to leave his body, but grew with each passing day of neglect. It simply was unnatural for him to deny his body the feral cravings that stirred within his loins. However, he was secluded, shut out from the rest of the world. He lacked a mate to join with or just be with in general to satisfy his needs.

In the midst of his frustrations, a sweet sound roused him from his thoughts, a sound he had never heard before. It was sweet... it was happy and joyful and tinged with an intoxicated playfulness. That sweet little noise stirred feelings in him, feelings that made his heartbeat flutter and his skin prickle with goose bumps. It only worsened his feelings of longing, filling his mind with creeping thoughts of lust and want. It forced an all too familiar ache throughout his long slender body, forcing a shiver from him. His hand came to softly glide over the scaled slight that hid his growing sex, stroking and beginning to coax himself into play. With haste, he slithered down the branch, looking for what could have produced such a pure noise. Surely, it couldn’t have been any creature he had seen before; this had to be something new.

His eyes darted back and forth quickly, eagerly scanning the forest floor for any sign of movement. Nothing came at first but then he saw it; a darkened figure stepping quickly through the brush. It was coming closer to him, clearly unaware of his presence in the tree. As it drew nearer and nearer, he began to make out the finer details of its form. The shape was obvious; this was unmistakably a human. He had seen enough of them from beyond and within the trees to recognize the odd two legged form.

When you stepped just before the tree, he had to stop himself from gasping in shock. He had
never seen a creature so beautiful, so divine and wicked in his entire life. His eyes wondered your body as you looked around below, unknowing of his presence. He took in the softness of your curves, the ample mounds of flesh that were your breasts, the sweetness of your soft lips curved into a smile. He watched in stunned silence as you brought your hand to your mouth and made that adorable noise again. He could barely suppress a groan as that honey coated giggle filled his body with ache and need.

Enraptured with your presence, Gamzee could feel his body begin to excite. As pure as he’d want this moment to be, his body had needs he had not been able to satisfy for years. Now a fine piece of ass comes waltzing into his domain all alone and practically wanting something to happen to her. How could he possible stop his urges from riling up? This was a fine miracle delivered down by his messiahs and he’d be damned if he wasn’t going to indulge in this little morsel.

(Reader POV)

You scoped out a few spots to hide in, but the trunk of a rather large oak had caught your eye above all others. You figured you could just tuck into the bushes beyond it to hide. It’d be comfortable enough to sit there and catch your breath at least. As you stepped toward the shrubbery however, the sound of rustling above you drew your gaze toward the tree’s branches. For a moment all you could see was the night’s blackness but that changed when your gaze locked with a pair of glowing purple orbs.

You froze, your body unwilling to act upon any thought as you stared into the eyes of this unknown being. It didn’t move either, just looked back into your stunned gaze as if it was just as stunned to see you. However, it was the first to break the tension as it began descending from its high place in the tree. You briefly thought it was going to fall on top of you but its decent was slow, careful, like it was lowering itself down. All you could manage was to stumble back a few steps to give it room to land without touching you. You hadn’t even thought of running, your mind was completely lost on this strange being drawing closer to you. You were far too shocked, too caught up in curiosities and stilling fear to act upon your most primal instincts of fear.

Once it hit the ground you could make out more of its form. Its top half was humanoid in a way and possibly male if its chest was indication, but its skin was a pale grey, and two long curled horns came twisting out of its head. Though human like in its top form, its teeth and eyes and all other features pointed to something far more geared toward the supernatural. However, the most bizarre feature this beast held came as the grey skin of its belly faded into black and purple scales. In the place of legs, the beast donned a long, thick serpent’s tail that still hung half over the tree. As you looked the creature over, you couldn’t help but notice he was doing the same to you. Those deep purple eyes were enamored with your form, scanning up your body drinking in every inch of your being. That gaze held purpose, feeding an intention that you would not take part in. It looked beyond hungry, practically starved by the way it eyed your supple flesh.

Instinct finally taking hold, your body finally caved into your fear and turned tail to run. Even after having sprinted so far already, you still seemed to muster enough energy to take off back where you hoped the exit was. A noble an effort as it was, it was in vain. The snake like beast had given chase just as quickly as you fled and closed the distance with ease. Once more, he stood tall before you, those same eyes barring into your body, practically stripping you bare with just a look.

“Let me go!” You cried out, foolishly hoping that demanding leave may work somehow. It did not; rather, it seemed to perk the beast’s interest as indicated by a wicked smirk.

“Now why would I all up and do that?” His voice was rough and strangely accented, but it was his tone that drew you in. It was almost playful in nature, but a sorts of playful that sent shivers up
your spine. This creature was obviously intelligent to a degree and faster than you could ever hope to be. You assumed that he was more than likely just as strong as he was fast, given the nature of his being. That took all your options away from you; you could not run from him, nor fight, all you could do was stand before him and hope he was kinder than what stories had told you.

You drew a step back as he began to slither toward you again, an almost relaxed smile spreading wide across his face. All you could do was stand stunned, stiff, and wide eyed as his form towered menacingly over you. For a moment you wondered… if maybe, just maybe he could be nice. It was certainly a possibility, though an unlikely one.

“There’s no need to motherfuckin run from me, sis. I ain’t got any sort of intention to motherfuckin hurt you. You ain’t gotta be scared.” You wanted to believe that, but everything about him screamed danger. His face looked innocent enough but something in his demeanor chilled you. His reptilian appearance aside, his eyes were what truly sparked your heart to beat faster. That gaze of hunger and want was far more disturbing than any other part about him.

His hand came up to cup your cheek, causing you to gasp and snap backward. Instantly, a pleased chuckle passed his lips as he slid his cold hand down to your neck. “But I am gonna make you motheruckin scream for me.” His tail coiled around your legs and up your body as he spoke, quickly assuring any chances of escape were impossible. You immediately began to struggle, trying your damnest to loosen the grip around your limbs, but it was a futile effort. You were trapped within this strange beast’s hold, unable to do anything else but whimper and squirm.

“What do you want?” You managed to ask through shaky voice, your words broken as your trembled in his hold. In honesty, you really didn’t want an answer to that question. You already had a feeling for what those starved eyes were searching for in you.

“So many things sis, so many miraculous motherfuckin things.” His voice trailed off as his grip tightened ever so slightly. His eyes briefly turned longing and gentle as he leaned into you and his cold lips brushed your temple. “If you’re a good girl for me sis, I’ll up and treat you like my lil motherfuckin miracle, my own precious blessing from the messiahs.” The sweetness and softness of his tone was hardly comforting but it did catch you off guard when it turned rough once more. “But if you motherfuckin resist this sweet, divine miracle sis, I ain’t got no issue with motherfuckin punishing ya.”

You swallowed hard, the threat chilling you to the bone. You were beyond conflicted; everything was happening so fast and you could hardly register what was even happening. You wanted to scream, but your voice was caught deep in your throat, restricted with waiting fear. You should have called for help the very second you saw those demonic eyes stare down at you. Even now you contemplated screaming but you feared what this punishment would entail. You had an idea, but everything about this creature was a mystery. You could only guess what his true desire for you was or what his real intentions were. However, one thing was defiantly for certain, you would not be making out of this wood this night.

(Gamzee POV)

Seeing you wiggle within his grasp was so motherfuckin adorable; all cute and so full of spirit for him. Your supple flesh, the way it squirmed before him stirred his sheathed appendage until it was nearly painful to keep it hidden. It boiled feelings within him he never thought he knew he had. This primal urge to take you, to make you his over and over and fill you with his seed overtook him. True, he desired companionship, but his body had been denied such carnal pleasures from another for far too long. He would not deny himself now, not when such a perfect mate was moving so helplessly in his hold.
“I have friends close by. Let me go or I’ll… I’ll call out for them and then… and then they’ll.” Well wasn’t this cute, you were trying to threaten him, trying to make him back down from something he craved so fully. Even if your voice wasn’t so terribly strained and broken, your fearful eyes told him that you wouldn’t be doing anything to anger him.

“They ain’t comin sis. Even if they did, I have no motherfuckin intention of letting your fine ass go. I got plans for you, such miraculous plans.”

“Plans?” You questioned, fear showing plainly in your voice and face. He couldn’t help but smile as he thought about everything he was going to do to you, how he was going to explore and capture every inch of your warmed being. He could feel the warmth radiating off your skin, drawing him to want to touch you more and more with every passing second you pressed so close.

Rather than answer with words, he did so in the form of his lips pressed gently against her neck. Instantly, your breath hitched in throat, making his smirk grow ever further across his face. He trailed short kisses up to your jawline, drawing out sweet little gasps from your soft lips. He could hardly contain himself, but he’d have too if he wanted this feeling to last, and messiahs he wanted it to last for days.

His attention was caught by the feeling of hands pressing against his shoulders, attempting to push him away. The small resistance made him snicker against your skin, his cool breath forming goosebumps over your sensitive flesh. He had warned you you’d be punished for resisting, he supposed it’d be best to show you just what that meant.

His mouth opened to reveal a row razor sharp teeth before burying them in your neck. The bite was in no way deep but it was a promise to you that this sweetness could just as easily turn sour. The action nearly ripped that dreaded scream from your throat you wanted so desperately to be heard, but he would not have this evening spoiled. His hand was impossibly quick as it came to silence you before you could even make a noise in resistance.

The bite was not hard enough to wound you, but it would certainly leave you marked, a prospect that all too well pleased him; He still had some resistance to his actions after all. Drawing his fangs back, he gave you a small growl in warning. He would not have you ruining this moment for him, rather he would have you embracing it soon enough. He would not be denied your flesh and if he had to imprint that thought in every inch of your body, he would. However, part of him welcomed the challenge; part of him desired to dominate you and watch your will be destroyed under the pleasure he provided.

“I did warn ya sis. Now you’re gonna be a good motherfuckin mate and let me have my fun, let me draw you in to this motherfuckin darkness and make your body motherfuckin crave for me.” He mumbled against your skin before kissing the fresh mark on your neck, almost like an apology for having been rough. “Ok?”

(Reader POV)

You reluctantly nodded in submission, too shaken to defy him. He lowered his hand you’re your compliance and slid it down to rest over collar bone. Your mouth free, you took in a shaky breath before it was once more taken from you. Lips took the place of his hand, stealing away your breath as they pressed firm over your own. It was simple and gentle enough at first. He made very slow and calm movements but before long you could feel his tongue slither over your lips, coaxing you to allow him in. You shut your mouth tighter in response, once more pulling at his patience. However, he took the challenge as more of a playful gesture.

While you distracted yourself with this small defiance, the hand on your collar began to smooth
lower down your body, gliding softly over your breast before cupping it firmly. You gasped into kiss as he fondled and toyed with you, his fingers sliding up either side of your clothed nipple before pinching it. Your lips parted, the beast snaked his long purple tongue past your lips and into your unclaimed mouth. Excitedly, his tongue pressed into your own, almost trying to coax you into play. However, all you could do was shut your eyes tight and try to imagine being anywhere else but here.

His tail began to relax slightly around your body, allowing only a small amount of wiggle room in his hold. You could feel just how badly your body was beginning to shake with this new freedom. You were trembling for him, particularly in fear but also in a small tinge of pleasure. As you withstood his assault on your body, he began making new strides. His free hand had taken to smoothing over your exposed hip, rubbing gently back and forth as if to relax you. It quite honestly gave you the opposite reaction. His fingers were barely grazing over the hem of your pants, occasionally pushing past the interfering cloth to glide of your flushed skin.

You groaned into the kiss as you tried to wiggle your hips away from his hand, as futile as it was. If anything, the action had roused his eagerness to slip through you clothing and feel your warmth against his cold skin.

It took only a moment for him to slowly snake his wondering hand past the waist of your pants, his icy fingertips gliding softly over your body, reaching lower and lower until they met with the elastic of your underwear. He stayed there for a moment, his fingers toying and tugging at the obstructive cloth playfully before he too slid under it. You felt strange rushes of fear and bizarre exhilaration the closer and closer his reach came to touching your waiting sex. That feeling was only intensified as his hand played with your soft curls as he moved over them to curl his fingers around your womanhood, cupping it firmly in his grasp.

You couldn’t suppress the gasp that came when his wondering digits skimmed over your slit. As sickening as this feeling was, there was something intoxicating to the situation. As much as you hated all of it, something about it all was beginning to turn you on and you despised that. This creature, this monster sought to claim your body and already the idea was making you slick with desire and need. The thought of this beast toying with you, taking you in utter feral desire sent a strain of pleasurable jolts through your nerves. If it were not for the tongue still lingering within your mouth, you would have gritted your teeth in anger at your body’s betrayal.

Before long, the kiss was broken for need of air. Instantly you took a deep inhale and clutched onto the shoulders of your capture, grounding yourself as he swirled a finger just over your rubbed his palm firm over your swelling clit. The teasing motion had made you unsteady and shook your body with ease. This made the damn beast smirk, his eyes going half lidded and filling with lust as he toyed with you. He was seeing the beginning on your undoing and he took delight in every bit of your struggle. He saw your wavering, your reluctant pleasure; how he longed to see it slip away into submission.

“That feel good lil mama?” He asked, obviously amused with your reactions to him. You tried to growl in reply, but a particularly firm brush over your swelling lips tapered it off into a shameless moan. He gave a dark chuckle at your reaction, savoring the sweet sound of your voice when you were pleased by him. “You’re already getting so nice and motherfuckin wet for me baby girl. This warm lil nook of yours is already so motherfuckin needy to be touched.” He purred as he moved his lips to your neck once more.

“S-Shut up, I-“ You were cut off by the feel of his cold tongue slithering along the vein of your neck, enticing another moan from your lips. Your hand came up automatically to grip his hair as he bit down into your flesh once more, this time far more gentle and playful than earlier. He would mark you once more as your hands wondered his obsidian locks, tugging and gripping at his soft tresses.
Briefly, you came in contact with the base of one of his orange curled horns and grabbed hold of it for leverage immediately. In that moment, everything he was doing stopped. His fingers paused over you warmed flesh; his tongue froze in place over your neck, leaving you confused and slightly frustrated with the sudden loss of pleasure. However, the pause lasted little more than a second before you heard a deep, rumbling growl emit from his throat and land on your neck.

In an instant, you were released from his grip and pulled down onto the forest floor by his tail before it moved to encircle you both, forming a sort of bed made of his lower half. A thicker portion of the reptilian tail found its way under your head, propping you up slightly as the serpent loomed over you. Before you could question what was happening, his hands were upon you. They gripped your clothes and began to roughly drag them off your body until nothing remained to protect your naked form from his gaze. You tried to bring your hands came to cover yourself but they were taken away just as quickly and pinned above you. Your eyes grew fearful and pleading as you looked to the naga, trying to gauge what was happening and what you saw shivered you to the bone. Gone was the playfulness, replaced with nothing but a feral lust that only furthered your own arousal. This beast was horrible but… something in his face, his body, his everything drew you in and entice you to submit to him.

“W-What are you-“

(Gamzee POV)

“Do you have any motherfucking idea what you up and do to me sis? What just touching you does to my motherfucking thinkpan? This craving you’ve given me. THIS MIRACULUS DESIRE TO POUND THIS FILTHY LIL NOOK OF YOURS TILL IT TAKES THE SHAPE OF MY MOTHERFUCKIN BULDGE?” He punctuated his point by once more cupping your arousal and grinding his palm over your clit. That little touch to his horn sent endless circuits of pleasure through his whole body, all of which gathered at his unsheathing cock. The tentacle like appendage squirmed feverishly from its scalely confines in his arousal, desperately seeking the warmth of his mate’s tight nook wrapped around it.

His hand began to massage your quivering sex, making your whole body writhe and pull against the hand still pinning your hands down. You were unable to do anything but take his assault and moan out with that beautiful needy voice. It all only made him want more of you, of your sweet moans. His cock had already grown endlessly impatient with him, but he wouldn’t take you just yet. No, he wanted to see you clear as day the first time you gave yourself over to the messiahs.

“Like this, don’t you? Like me playing with this dirty fucking nook?” His voice faded into a chuckle as he slid a single finger over your warm cunt, teasing and swirling over it only briefly before slipping inside. Your reaction made him want to just slam into you instantly. The way you arched your back and hissed in ecstasy was the most miracles sight he had ever laid eyes on. Your hips even came to grind against his hand, trying to draw more of him into you. Seems you didn’t dislike this as much as you’d want him to believe. Rather, you desired him, desired what he could do to you, what he would do to you.

“Mmmmm of course you motherfuckin do. The way you moan out like a lil whore is the only motherfuckin answer this brother needs to know you crave this bulge in that sweet nook. Well don’t worry sis, you’ll be getting it soon enough.” He mused as he slowly sank in a second finger and began to thrust them in long, agonizing strokes. Instantly, your breath became quick and loud, filled to the brim with your need. He could practically feel you the way you heart raced far faster than he imagined it could and how your body ached in a way you never achieved before. You just couldn’t stop yourself from moaning out over and over again with every time he brushed of his fingers against your inner walls, pressing hard into every sweet little spot inside you.
“That’s it baby girl, show me how much you love having your nook fucked. It’s only two motherfuckin fingers but you’re already ridin them like some bulge hungry slut. Wonder what you’ll be like once you get the real motherfuckin thing.”

(Reader POV)

“S-Stop” You whimpered only halfheartedly as he slammed his fingers back into your dripping heat. You wanted to seem as though you still denied this, that you still fought him, but the truth was far from that.

The mixture of his relentless fingers drawing deeper and deeper into you and the constant string of shameful filth coming from his mouth pleasured you to know end. Any resolve you had for escape or denying him disappeared more and more as his fingers reentered you over and over. You were his to toy with and fuck as he pleased now; there was no point in fighting it. Instead you submitted to this, to him. You surrendered your flesh to this carnal, lustful beast and gave him all he had craved for most.

Before long, he found a certain spot inside you that had you arching and grinding your hips harder than ever against his hand. The instant he found this spot, was the instant you came undone. Over and over, harder, faster, he hit that spot with no intention of letting up until your flesh reached its peak before his eyes.

It did not take long under the heavy assault for your eyes to snap shut and for you to cry out in agonizing pleasure. Your back arched into his hand as you clenched hard around his invading digits, nearly halting their thrusting. Your whole body began to shake and spasm and with incredible pleasure you had never known on your own. The world went white and still as your body shuddered in ecstasy. All the while, he watched ever little rock your body made, heard every strained moan as it forced its way past your lips. This high lasted for what seemed like forever but it was only a few mere seconds before your body began to come down from your orgasm.

Once you had calmed a bit you felt the fingers inside you slowly slip out, leaving you to twitch and spasm from the little lightning bolts of pleasure still running through your system. You felt light and limp as you laid still, the only movement from you in the form of small aftershocks quaking your body. Something caught you attention through the lust filled haze however. The sound of loud smacking followed directly by a deep, unbelievably orgasmic moan filled the air, drawing your gaze back to reality. Looking up you caught sight of perhaps the most intoxicating view possible. The beast had taken his fingers, still soaked in arousal, and brought them to his lips to taste you on them. He seemed enraptured by the flavor, positively lost in your taste.

(Reader POV)

“Oh fuck… you taste so motherfuckin good, baby girl. So. Motherfucking. Miraculous.” He groaned between wet smacks of his lips as he sucked every bit of you off his fingers. His eyes locked with yours as he slipped his clean digits from his mouth and ran them over his thrashing bulge, giving you your first real look of the obscure cock. The sight of it nearly made your heart stop. There was something otherworldly enticing and terrifying about the tentacle like appendage. It was an impossibly long and thick purple appendage with long ridges covering the underbelly. It seemed almost prefect for hitting any and every part of aching core but it almost looked intolerably big. Regardless of how you felt about it however, you knew it was next to be inside of you.

(Gamzee POV)

Your taste still lingered on his tongue as he took hold of his desperate member and pressed it over your wanting core. First, it merely wriggled into your soft, wet lips coating itself in your fluids as it slid up and down your slit. It did this briefly, rubbing the segmented ridges over your over
stimulated clit before trailing down to your twitching cunt. This made the quakes of your body intensify, making your whole body twitch and shudder as he readied himself. The tip aligned itself with your heat and began to push teasingly at your entrance, feeling every throb of your aching nook, but never penetrating. He wanted something more from you, something to drive the last bit of him off the edge.

“Say you want me.” He spoke as he wriggled his ready bulge just barely into you before withdrawing. “Beg me for your pleasure. Give in to me and become my mate and I will fuck this nook until you can’t motherfucking feel your legs. Ask me, Gamzee motherfucking Makara, to fuck you into submission like the bitch in heat you are.”

He nearly laughed at the stunned look you gave him. It seemed you didn’t think he’d stop this pailing now to fuck with you. No, he was sure you thought he was just gonna give you his bulge without even asking for it.

“Well sis, I’m waiting.” He mused, his voice covered with thick in taunting sweetness.

(Reader POV)

You wanted to buck your hips down onto the toying cock but couldn’t bring yourself to show such desperation, not to him. However, with each press of his member’s head against your growing desire, the more your will weakened. There was little you could do but give in to this submissive role.

“Please…” You whispered, your face growing insanely flushed and hot with embarrassment.

“Didn’t quite catch that sis. You’re gonna have to speak up so I can motherfucking hear you.”

“Please fuck me…”

“Louder”

“PLEASE RAM YOUR FAT COCK IN ME! PLEASE GAMZEE! FUCK! I NEED YOU--AH” You nearly screamed before your voice faded into an orgasmic moan as his cock penetrated past your folds and thrusted deep into your aching core. His hand had released your wrists to grab at your hips, lifting you slightly as he pushed his cock ever deeper.

“Oh fuck baby girl… nook so motherfucking… warm and… tight.” He groaned out as he held still in you, taking in the feel of your soft core. His own moan matched yours in desire, filling the air with evidence of your actions. He wasted no time in pushing his thick member as far in as he could manage. The feeling was admittedly uncomfortable at first, but the pleasure was almost supernatural. You had never felt so full, so stretched and you loved it. He did not stay still in you for long however, no, his hips pulled back and thrusted in with a slowness to them to ease you into his size. However, they slowly gained speed as he took you with inhuman vigor. You cursed your shame and reluctance and eagerly began to thrust your own hips in attempt to fuck yourself in time with his movements.

His movements were long and drawn out, drawing forth every bit of pleasure he could gain before thrusting hard back in. The feeling was unbearable, like your body could no longer function outside of spasming and moaning with every twitch of his cock inside you.

As time passed, his hips began to move more animalistically and rough, successfully pounding into your core with little caution. Not that he needed any; every move he made in you felt beyond blissful. Each time his tip smoothed over your walls, searching for any spot to further your pleasure,
you couldn’t help but moan out in utter glee. This was unreal, and far beyond anything you had ever experienced in your life.

(Gamzee POV)

Your body drew him in so willingly, so desperately he could hardly stand it. To take someone so warm, so soft, to have this tight heat clench so enthusiastically around his bulge, It was divine. He could not get enough of this feeling of being buried so deep in such a beautiful and alluring creature as yourself. Oh yes he would entertain you for nights to come.

As much as he wanted this feeling to go on forever, Gamzee could feel a tightness grow in his loins, constantly building and building up to a peak. He would not be much longer, but he had to bring to climax as well. He wanted you to lose yourself again in this pleasure, joining with him as he came deep inside you. Therefore, he doubled his efforts; everything became twice as fast, twice as hard. He would see you come around his bulge before he flooded your nook with his color.

The familiar feeling of your walls closing in around him was the only sign he needed that his efforts were working. He could feel his peak rising with your own as he fucked you hard into his tail. Again and again and again he thrusted deep within you until he had you right on your peak.

“Call my name… lil mama… Let the whole motherfuckin forest know… so all ya motherfuckin friends know… who’s fuckin your nook so good. Call out my name.” He grunted as his efforts finally pushed you over.

(Reader POV)

“G-Gamzee!” Your cried out as you wrapped your arms around his neck and legs around his waist, pulling him deeper as your body tensed. Your head flew back and your vision sparked white as you came hard around his cock, pulling, squeezing the tentacle as it writhed and spilled cool seed into your core, flooding you with his material. As if you didn’t feel impossibly full already, his cum filled you to the point of leaking out and onto the ground below, forming a small purple puddle over his tail.

“Fuuuuucckkk” He groaned as your twitching desire milked his cock for every last bit of material he had. You were both left panting in the afterglow of your orgasms, trying to recover from the mind altering state of sex.

It was a long time before he moved again, wanting to savor the feeling of your warmth wrapped so tightly around him. The moment he slid out of your spent core, a pool of purple dripped out from you, joining the puddle below. The sensation sent a few left over shocks through your body, making you twitch and your core throb.

Things were nearly silent now, aside from bits of breathing from you. Your body laid limp against the serpent’s tail and your arms fell to your sides. However, Gamzee had gone still and quite as he loomed over your tired and aching form. Curiously, you looked up at the naga to see if you could gauge what he was going to do next; what you saw shook you. He was smiling deviously, hungrily down at you, like he had when this all first started.

“What are…” You began to ask as you as he leaned in to capture your lips once more. You had no energy to fight the kiss and at this point you didn’t want to. You merely gave a small effort to kiss back before he pulled away.

“You’re mine lil mama, all mine.” He mumbled as he buried his head into the crook of your neck and began nuzzling at your skin. “And I shall remind you of that every night, over and over.
You are my mate now… and I’m never letting you go.”

You briefly regarded the words, but exhaustion began to take you. All you could make out as your eyes began to drift shut was his lips kissing at your jaw line and small mutterings of the word “mine.”

End Notes

So this was my first non con fic and actually my first time writing again in a long time. Hope it is what you hoped for!

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