

Fae's Flash Fiction – Making Do

It'd been too long. Desperation had set in.

Phantom arms gripped him from behind. Unseen hands stroked down along his sides. His fur rippled in the ethereal grip. It passed through his linens. His flesh tingled as his fur stood on end. An ear twitched atop his head. Relief was coming.

Fear kept them away. They saw the mighty sorcerer, staff clutched in his paw and face twisted in a lupine snarl. They didn't understand the loneliness. They didn't see the longing. They didn't feel his lack.

But he was a mighty sorcerer. He didn't need them.

The crystalline head of his staff glowed as he gripped it tighter. The phantom arms became more defined. He felt them caress over his body. A low moan slipped from his muzzle as he felt his linens shed to the floor. They couldn't have fallen alone, but... well. He was a sorcerer. He had a habit of making things happen.

More arms, invisible and intangible but with definite, defined touch spread across his unclothed body. His fur trembled under their touch as the head of his staff pulsed with power. His shaft joined it as it slid from his sheathe. It, too, sought his relief.

It was a twinge of thought that manifested as a mouth. The touch of a phantasmal tongue send shivers down his shaft and up his spine. Pre launched from his tip, but caught on no lover's muzzle. There was no muzzle; the ground caught it, even as his power wrapped around his length and engulfed it in warmth.

Forces shifted. Thoughts diverged. His body left the ground; shivered as he lay in the air. Another moan shuddered clear of his muzzle as he directed his invisible lovers. Paws, gentle and firm, spread his cheeks. Tugged aside his tail. Massaged his tailring. Slid inside.

The spread of his body arched his back as he dipped in the air. Concentration almost shattered. Another slippery spurt rocketed from his tip and landed off somewhere beyond his care. His cares were focused on his self. His cares were given pseudo-life to have him as they desired.

His cares were only as tangible as he could focus, but even the splintering focus he had was enough to spear him deep. His mouth hung slack as he panted for breath, his rear spread wide and far by a shaft too delightful to be real. It squirmed inside him and swam his depths. It pushed him to his limits, but never beyond. It worked him over as only a dream could, all the while a similarly, impossibly perfect force bewitched his malehood. He tightened his grip on his staff. A corner of his mind reminded him not to drop it.

Instead, his body dropped. It slid down without moving, a trick of the forces assaulting his body. His panting intensified. His shaft throbbed. His tailring twitched as the phantom length buried inside him shifted in size, thrust and shape. More invisible paws held him aloft and stroked his arms, chest and legs.

Teeth ground together as he worked himself by proxy. One's paw knew one's pleasures better than any other's, but magic provided a delightful feast for the senses unmatched by a mortal lover. Control was fleeting. Time shortened. He was good. He was *too* good. His knot swelled. The forces that ravaged his backside developed one that swelled larger still. His body denied it entry as it ground against him, too large for easy penetration.

Just the way he liked it. Impossible for him to get wrong.

Pants turned into growls. Growls turned into snarls. The snarl snapped off into silence. A moment's hiss broke through his muzzle as the phantasm knot popped inside him just as his control frayed to breaking. Two heartbeats of silence. The splattering of his seed on the floor.

Breath rushed out of him in a sharp exhale as his magic amplified the force of his orgasm. It drained him dry, drawing out every ounce of pleasure his body could possibly

feel. It was only through careful training and practice that he maintained enough sense of self to sustain his projections.

But then it ended. Then the pleasure faded. The orgasm ran out. The muzzle teasing his spent shaft vanished. The conjured male riding his rump withdrew and was banished. The paws that held him up let him down, and vanished into the ether.

Powerful sorcerer, indeed. Powerful enough to maintain control of his illusions even in the midst of sensory overload. So skilled that all who knew of him were loathe to speak his name, lest they conjure his wrath. So skilled that those mere mortals couldn't even talk to him, let alone gather the courage to ask him to bed.

Illusions faded to nothing as the crystalline head of his staff lost its glow. No more phantoms. No more pleasure. His satisfaction, as real as it had been in the moment, was as much an illusion as the bodies that had brought it. He sighed. Powerful sorcerer, yes.

But in the end, still just a wolf all alone trying to make do.