

Waking up with Noma

Roy grumbled, he wasn't a morning person by any stretch, but today felt harsher than usual, his head hurt, feeling a deep pounding resonating in his skull.

He forced a deep yawn to try and shake off some of the sleepiness but while trying to push himself up, he found his body unable to budge, realizing he was feeling something heavy resting, no, pressing down against his back.

Taking a moment to force his eyes opened, he took a glance at what's holding him, the blurry form of a broad, dark figure under him. As the view got clearer, he finally recognized the muscular wall of fur forming the lynxcoon he called his lover. The groggy chameleon probably had forgotten about going to sleep with them the night before, in fact, he couldn't remember much of anything from the previous night.

The chameleon blinked a few times and gauged if the titan below him was awake before thinking of his next move. After a few deep breathes that lifted the chameleon up and down in a slow, calm manner, along the constant squeeze of those log thick arms wrapped around his back, Roy was fairly certain he'd managed to be the early bird for once.

Grinning, the chameleon took advantage of the situation to enjoy the great body shamelessly, his hands starting to explore and rub across those pectorals, each larger than his head, shivering as they twitched under his fingers. Squirming up carefully to press his face in between the comfortable pillows of beef, taking a deep breath of the warmth they provided.

Finally bringing his head back up, the chameleon looked around the room for the first time since he woke up, his bliss slowly fading away as the realization dawned on him that this wasn't their bedroom, but another, familiar place.

The walls were rich, decorated wallpaper with complex texture lining the four planes, dim light shining from gas lamps with ornated metal on either side of the bed the only thing breaking the continuous pattern, not even a door or window were there to disturb the Victorian era looking walls.

Those lamps allowed just enough to see, once used to the darkness, the bed fitting the style of the lights with more intricately shaped metal frames, the muffled sound of whining springs coming up from the mattress with every lightest shift of the two lovers.

There wasn't any doubt, yet Roy didn't want to believe it, taking a few more glances, rubbing his eyes, but the only thing he could spot different was the grin formed in between blinks on Noma's face, as a distant, otherworldly sounding noise resonated in the room, a belch that felt like it was from another dimension...

"Enjoying your stay in my predscape my little mint?", the lynxcoon teased, "Of course you are..."

The lynxcoon grinned wide as their eyes flashed opened, the sharp pupils standing out more than usual with the grey irises glowing in the dimly lit environment.

Their sharp teeth stood out just as much, the pearly white shining with each clump of drool bending the light as they bead down the smooth surfaces of those biting tools.

Roy swallowed deeply, it was finally coming back to him, the "date", watching that movie together, but he was falling asleep leaning against Noma, prompting the lynxcoon to soon "tuck him in" for the night. He didn't quite think he'd go to the unsafe stomach, letting himself fall asleep peacefully thinking he would be back out by the sunrise.

Roy took a moment to process everything, maw agape, which only made Noma's grin greater, proving a great distraction for the chameleon struggling to put words together in his mind, let alone his mouth.

"I... Y-you... W-wai-wha-n-no that...", the chameleon mumbled, "That can't be right you wouldn't... Fudge! N-Noma you can't just... D-do that... Y-you have to reform me and let me go!"

A deep chuckle filled the room, shaking not just the bed, or walls, but reality itself down to Roy's bones. Noma's broad hand cupped around the back of the chameleon's head, black claws scritchng over the green scales as they slowly pet their boyfriend lovingly, yet powerfully enough to strip away bits of ether with each pass of those sharp blades.

"Don't you worry love...", Noma reassured, "You'll be back out and whole soon enough, whenever I grow bored of this. Enjoy and relax, for now, you're not getting anywhere I don't want you to."

A shiver ran down Roy's back, he knew it was true, there was no way to leave, he wasn't a physical entity anymore, stuck as barely more than a memory inside a predscape. His defiance melting away realizing his best chance was to convince his captor to let him go.

"So... S-sir...", he hesitated, "What... What can I do for you to buy my freedom early?"

The lynxcoon chuckled, licking their lips as they sat up in bed, metal seeming to give and bend under their incredible mass, and the chameleon forced to bend along like a mere body pillow. Noma pondered for a while, taking a deep breath, letting back out a dizzying fog in Roy's face. The twig of a chameleon coughed as his senses were thrown all over the place, squinting and trying to hold back tears from the smoke enveloping him.

At last, the fumes seemed to dissipate, Roy feeling free, breath no longer restricted. For a moment, he thought the lynxcoon might have had pity for him.

The hope is soon shattered however when he stood up only for his vision to be filled by a textured grey wall. Glancing up and up and up, his neck craned all the way back to appreciate the distant sight of flexing toes high up in the 'sky'.

"How about you start by being a deer and kiss?", the lynxcoon taunted, pushing his heel against Roy's minuscule body, warmth radiating from the padding.

"Fudge...", Roy mumbled, flushing red, "F-fine, if you promise to let me free then!"

He splayed out his arms, and rubbed his face into the soft, squishy surface, lips pursed to provide a deep, loving kiss while the red of his face spread out to his whole head, and when suddenly the footpaw rolled forward to pin him down, to the scales across his body.

"Now, now.", Noma growled, "You don't get to make the terms of this agreement. I'll tell when you can get free. Now keep kissing, might want to lick and massage to make up for this blunder..."

Roy let out a flustered whine, squirming to try and free himself. After his obvious failure to budge even just a few centimeters, he finally pushed his hands into the paw's fully padded sole, sliding his tongue out to explore wherever he could, taking full advantage of its length to get to the arch of the foot for more freedom of movement.

Right as the tip of that tongue reached the ball of Noma's foot, the pressure rose up, Roy let out a drawn-out whine as his breath was forced out of his lungs, darkness quickly filling his vision.

After an agonizing while, a sharp pain stroke through his chest, cold, stinging air from outside of the sole's pressing heat filling back his lungs. His mind finally came back to him, trying to reel his

tongue back in as a natural reflex, his mind was tugged to clearness when it tugged on a "prey" stuck to it that was a little too large to bring back to him, instead, the chameleon was dragged across the warmed-up floor until a deaf thump finally stopped him.

His face was pressed to the pleasant, comforting warmth slowly bringing him awake. His vision starting to connect back to his thoughts. Glancing around his dangling self, the chameleon shivered, realizing he's kept from quite a long fall only by his tongue sticking to the salty surface of the lynxcoon's sole. Hands reaching around the soft surface in a panic trying to find a place to grab onto only served to weaken his bond.

Alas for him, it's enough to have his tongue snap off the surface, down he goes, tumbling along the dark wall cushioning his fall until he's past the heel... Still falling, unable to see anything until...

Roy sprung awake, or rather jerked awake with his body pinned down... Taking a quick glance at the mass bellow him, soft, dark fur covering powerful muscles... He must have fallen asleep on his lover, too tired to remember the night prior. But everything was calm now, the bad dream forgotten in the darkness of an oddly familiar room.