



 sexy  
snippet

# FIGMENT

NATALIE DAE

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**Figment**

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In the gloom of his bedroom—just a small nightlight glowing on his bedside cabinet—Ruben stared at the grey, shimmering shape in front of him. He shivered, anticipating its manifestation into the woman who'd visited him nightly since he began wondering what he wanted from life, who his ideal partner would be. She had started coming three weeks ago, remaining the grey shape at first, then, over the nights that followed, showed herself more and more. He knew why he hadn't been able to see all of her—she wasn't real, wasn't firm enough in his mind for him to bring her into proper focus. In short, he didn't know what he wanted, wasn't sure who his perfect partner would be. He was nearly there, though. The previous evening she'd almost revealed her whole self, from her naked, hour-glass figure to her long, blue-tinted black hair, but her face was still a mystery.

Nude beneath his bed sheet, he let out a laboured breath, staring at the foot of his bed and willing her to change. To speak. If she did he'd be lucky. No woman had spoken to him in *that* way for months. And that was what he wanted—a woman to encourage him out of his shell with filthy words that inspired his cock to harden, had him reciprocating, getting her wet and wanting. Yet he didn't have the courage to return those words—he knew he wouldn't, that if a woman approached him and whispered the things he imagined she might, he'd stall, become more introverted than he already was. She was a figment of his imagination, nothing more, borne of loneliness and the need to share his life with someone.

How had it come to this...this woman of his dreams plaguing his nights?

He knew only too well. Leading a solitary life was a killer.

There, a sparkle of her outline, an aura that lit her up, then she filled herself in, much like the hour glass she was, the sand growing from the bottom up until she became full. At last, her face was clear, one of staggering beauty that took his breath away. A breeze through his open window fluttered her hair, streaming it out to one side, showcasing fine cheekbones, a dainty chin, and a smattering of freckles across

the bridge of her nose. Startling green eyes seemed to light for a moment before dousing—*I imagined that; no one's eyes glow like that*—and she curved her full, rose-pink lips into a slightly parted smile.

*Christ, she's so fucking beautiful...*

That was the problem. He'd created a woman who didn't exist. He'd made her perfect, while he was far from that. He needed to have his hair cut—it had grown long and unkempt since...well, since the other *her* had been in his life—and he'd allowed his stubble to grow into something more than a speckle of five o'clock shadow.

He wondered if he was going crazy, holed up as he was every evening after work and only going out every so often at weekends. Whether he'd created his perfect woman so he could feel less alone, less of a...failure. Since his last relationship had withered, he'd lacked the self-confidence to go out and find a new lover, someone to laugh with, be with. Someone to sit beside and not have to say a word to. A woman who just knew him. Instead, he'd concentrated on working out, his muscles so defined now, the skin covering them untouched by feminine hands.

"What do you want?" she asked, her voice reedy, as though she hadn't quite been able to completely arrive.

*I should be asking her that question.*

"I—" If he spoke to her, it would mean acknowledging her existence, acknowledging that he saw her or, frighteningly, admitting he thought she was real—or that he was so stuck in this dream, this...whatever-the-hell it was, that having a conversation with her was *normal*. It wasn't, damned well wasn't, yet he knew he'd speak to her all the same.

"You...what?" she whispered, moving closer to the bed and placing her hands on the mattress, leaning forward to show off her ample cleavage.

"I... What do *you* want?" Turning the question around would buy him time and, perhaps, give him information about her that would solve it once and for all—either she was here or he was mad.

*I know the answer to that one...*

“I want whatever you want,” she said. “I know what that is, but you have to tell me, otherwise it won’t...” She glanced to her right at the window, narrowing her eyes at something he couldn’t see.

The breeze had picked up, lifting the heavy drapes as if they weighed nothing. The air chilled, reminding him of winter mornings with sparkling frost on the ground and skeletal tree branches. He rubbed his arms and chuckled at the absurdity of what was going on—full-on mental, that’s what he was, believing this kind of thing happened.

His breath misted as it left his mouth. *That* sobered him.

“Won’t what?” he asked, staring at her profile.

*Fuck, she’s lovely.*

Her skin, creamy and so soft, he’d bet. Her hair, so long, so silky. Her lips...

He imagined them as a perfect “O” circling his cock and gasped at the realness of the image in his mind. He felt, goddamn *felt* the heat of her tongue, his tip touching the back of her throat, his cum barrelling out of him, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked him hard and swallowed everything he gave her.

*What the hell?*

“It won’t work, won’t happen unless you tell me what you want. It won’t do any good showing me images like that, as erotic as they are.” She looked at him again, all bright green eyes and wafting hair, nipples perking.

“I see.” He didn’t know what else he could say, what she *expected* him to say. He’d been out of the dating game too long. Had lost the ability to be relaxed, charming, and do whatever he needed to make a woman like him, want to be with him. He’d lost the driving urge to try too, although not completely. No, it was still there, inside him somewhere, otherwise, how was this figment here?

“So tell me,” she said, gliding over and climbing onto the bed, resting beside him, propping her face into the cup of one hand, “exactly what you want.”

He *knew* exactly what he wanted—a woman to share his life with—but he wasn’t about to get it anytime soon. He couldn’t look at her so fixed his gaze on the wall behind her, focusing on the billowing curtains then the cats’-cream moon

hanging in the lead-grey sky. Clouds shunted in front of it, fast-moving, and he guessed a storm was brewing.

"I don't want to know what you need for the long-term," she said, her voice clearer, "but what you need right now, this minute."

Ruben shifted his gaze to take stock of her again, snatching in a breath at her closeness, one breast touching the top of his arm. Although she was on top of the sheet and he beneath, her body heat seeped through, warming those chills racing over his skin. So she was real, then.

*Or a bloody good imitation of reality.*

"This minute?" he asked, unsure whether he ought to nurture the nugget of thought threatening to grow in his mind. It didn't seem right to do so, not with where the thought was heading—images of them on this bed, him commanding her to do as he asked without question. No, he couldn't tell her that.

"Yes, right this minute. I know you're thinking something, I can *see* it, see what you want, but you have to *say*..." She sighed, but not unkindly—more of an exhalation of regret that he didn't have the balls to do as she'd asked.

Embarrassment unfurled inside him, weaving a path right up to his cheeks. Damn it. He wasn't usually so...so bloody schoolboy-ish, but something about her made him feel young and stupid. Unsure. And *her*—the one he'd loved before—she'd made him feel all kinds of fool, making out she loved him when all along he'd just been a dalliance, someone to play with until a better option appeared. He'd fallen for that one—hard—and it still stung to think about it.

"I can't tell you that. It isn't right." *I can't let you know what I want, give you a part of me, because you'll take it, throw it on the floor, and trample all over it.* He stared into her eyes, purposely avoiding those beautiful swells in his lower vision, wanting to raise an arm from under the sheet and place his hand on one of them, to touch, to see how her breasts would feel against his skin. His cock twitched—*please, not now, not when she's so close*—and he fought back the erection that would come if he indulged in the carnal thoughts his mind prodded him to think.

"Of course you can."

She stared back, willing him, he was sure, to express every sordid thought he'd ever had. And how was it she knew what he'd been thinking? How was it she could *see* what he wanted? She was from his mind, that was it, yet...here she was, appearing as real as any woman he'd ever seen.

"No, I can't." He shuffled across a little, away from her, already mourning the loss of her body heat.

Far from looking affronted, she smiled and lifted one hand as if she was going to touch him, then thought better of it. "I want what you want, Ruben."

Fuck, she knew his name?

"So if we want the same..." She blinked slowly, the action mesmerising, reeling him in, encouraging him from the safety net he'd created around himself the past few months, leaving him floundering. "Close your eyes. Tell me everything."

Her eyes flashed a brighter green, and he saw his reflection in them, miniatures, his facial expression showing how startled and confused he was. He attempted to adopt a better face, a face she might find attractive, but failed. He closed his eyes, turning his body the other way so she couldn't see *him*—his inadequacy, his inability to even be with a woman these days without feeling useless and fumbling. Giving her his back was rude, but he had no other choice. She was too *there*. Too *within reach*.

"If I tell you, it makes me sound like I just want you for sex." There, he'd said what was bothering him. No woman ought to be made to feel that way. He was a gentleman, or liked to think of himself as such, and telling her that he just wanted to lose himself in a fuck was... That God-awful embarrassment blazed hotter in his cheeks, and he gritted his teeth, internally struggling with the useless prick he had become yet wanting to be so much more. He *could* be more, had been once, but when *she'd* left him, nerves threadbare, heart broken, soul with a great big fissure in it, he hadn't found the impetus to pick up the shattered pieces and put himself back together.

"And why shouldn't you just want me for sex? If we both want the same thing, what's the harm?"

Oh, she was good. Very good. As though she'd placed the images there—somehow, some way, just like she'd arrived from nowhere—he imagined her body beneath his, her legs wrapped around him, her wet cunt settled over his cock. Warmth burst in his groin, and his cock sprang to life, his balls tightening with his need. He cupped one hand over them to prevent his hard dick being evident. Shame splattered a cowl of heat on his face, paling the embarrassment into insignificance.

“Wouldn't you love to sink that hard cock inside me, Ruben?”

He almost nodded but bit his bottom lip instead. He couldn't tell her, could he? Admitting he was hard—even though she knew already, damn it—was admitting his need. He couldn't take her when he didn't know who she was and where she'd come from...could he? He wasn't the kind of man to fuck for fucking's sake, never had been, but Christ, he knew he could be if he'd just learn to get rid of the shackles that bound him to propriety.

“Tonight you can do whatever you want,” she said. “You just have to say...”

Her breath cooled his back.

*Fuck it.* He took a deep breath and spoke before he could convince himself not to. “Yes, I want to sink my cock inside you.” He closed his eyes. *As if that will make this any easier.* He cringed at his words—he'd swear they still echoed around the room, mocking him, a faint tinge of laughter at their edges.

“What else, Ruben?”

“I want to...” *Say it. Just say what she wants.* “To fuck you hard.”

“And...? Tell me more. *Everything* you want.”

“I can't. Fuck, this is so...it isn't me. Isn't who I am.”

“It is, if you want it to be. If *I* want it to be.”

She blew on his uncovered shoulder, a heady breeze infused with...something?

Whatever it was, it made him say, “I want to slap your ass and make you cry out, make you come.” Now he'd started, the words waited in a queue on his tongue, crowded his brain like an insistent mob. “I want to suck your nipples, pull them, tug them, and have you begging me to do it harder. I want everything you have to offer, but I want to call the shots. I need...I *need* you to do what I say, to be an active partner yet—”

“Subservient?”

“Yes.” Shit, his cock and balls ached.

“Then come and get me, Ruben.”

He swivelled to face her, the sheet bunching between them and exposing his rear. Ruben reached back to cover himself, but she grasped his wrist – he *felt* her; she was there, real.

“Relax,” she whispered, “and just be you. Act how you want, how you’ve always wanted to. Do it. Become who you really are. No woman should have reduced you to this. I’ve come to help you. To make you believe in yourself.”

She leaned forward and brushed the briefest of kisses on his mouth, drawing back to observe him through heavy-lidded eyes. She licked her lips, pink tongue coming to rest in the seam. He wondered what it would feel like on his cock, licking, laving, curled around his hard width as she sucked up and lashed it over his tip. Whether she’d flatten it against his balls and –

Courage filled him, grew from his damn toes right to the top of his head. His *self* as he knew it receded, fading out of him, replaced with another Ruben who knew what he wanted – a man who wasn’t afraid to reach out and get it, either. How this had happened he didn’t know, but if he questioned it he might talk himself out of what he knew was to come. His mind fuzzed; he blinked and shook his head, stared at her with new...new what? Clarity? Awareness? Enlightenment?

She wanted him, he sensed it coming off her in undulating waves, and by fuck he wanted her.

And he was going to have her.



“Go and stand with your hands against the wall,” Ruben directed. “With your arms up. Spread your legs.”

She eyed him for a moment, that sexy smile of hers doing things to his cock it shouldn’t be doing. How could a mere smile *do* that? Make him harder than he’d been before? Make the need in him so fierce he struggled to keep it contained? She

wasn't of this world, he knew that all right, and if she *was* a figment of his imagination, he didn't give much of a shit. Not when he felt like this—so powerful, so wanted. And she *did* want him; the curly hairs of her cunt glistened as proof.

She got off the bed with graceful, gliding movements, nothing hurried about her. As she reached the foot of the bed she glanced at him over her shoulder, eyes ablaze, and damn her, she smiled that smile again. Ruben dug an elbow into the mattress and braced himself on it, taking in the curve of her waist, her generous figure, an ass that reminded him of an upside-down heart. Skin, smooth and shouting for him to run his hands all over it, to taste, to suck, to pet. But he wouldn't—not yet. He wanted to savour every minute with her.

*But what if she disappears before I get the chance to—*

"I won't," she said, doing as he'd instructed and pressing against the wall in a star shape. "Not now you've told me what you want."

The rounded swells of her breasts caught his attention then, only semi-circles of them visible due to her position. He wondered if the wall was cold and whether her nipples were painful buds as they grew from the contact. His mouth watered—he wanted those nipples between his lips, his teeth.

"Open your legs wider," he said, amazed at his commanding tone and her compliance. "That's it. Just like that."

He sat up, yearning to get out of bed and grip her long hair in his fist, yanking on it so her head tipped back.

"So do it," she said.

Ruben threw the sheet back and it seemed he stood behind her within a second, her body heat once again warming him. He smelled her—ripe strawberries and the unmistakable musk of her cunt—and his cock pulsed in time with his heartbeat.

"Fuck, I want you," he said, voice rough, jagged.

He slid his hand between her legs and held his breath for a second before touching her wet slit. Silky, so smooth he'd swear he'd never felt anything as glossy. His cock jerked, and he bunched his asshole tight in an effort to stop pre-cum pooling on his tip.

He failed.

“Jesus Christ, woman...”

Gently, he explored her, brushing a fingertip over her clit, learning its shape, embedding it in his mind in case she never came back after tonight. Would it feel the same beneath his tongue? Would her taste match her aroma? He drew his fingertip down, circling her entrance, loving how wet she was, how creamy and ready for him. With deliberate slowness, he pushed his finger inside her, bringing it back down until it was almost out then inserting it again. She whimpered, a delicate, breathy sound that further hardened his cock, and fuck, if she was this tight around his finger, what would she feel like clamping his cock?

He swept her hair away from her shoulder, gripping it in his fist and acting on his earlier impulse. She arched her neck, offering it for him to kiss. He leaned forward and pressed his mouth to her shoulder, the heat of her skin burning, an electric-like current skittering through his lips and spreading down his throat to his chest. His nipples hardened, tight points of rigidity, and he snatched in a breath at how contact with her threatened his equilibrium. His knees toyed with buckling of their own accord, and his lungs felt empty despite the breath he'd sucked in. With every finger-thrust she grew wetter, her juices thicker, and she jutted out her ass.

“You want more?” he asked.

“Do you, Ruben?”

God, yes, he wanted more – he wanted everything.

He stepped back, withdrawing his hand, and brought it up to his mouth. Her scent was something else – strong, enticing – and he wetted his lower lip with her cream. Sliding his tongue out to taste it, he reeled a little, tongue on fire, an explosion of *her* filling his mouth. Greedy for more, he sucked his finger and swirled his tongue around it, cleaning off every bit of cunt, swallowing the taste of her.

It wasn't enough – would never be enough.

She shoved her ass out again until the crease almost touched his dick. Going with his urges, he cupped her mound and coated his palm with her juices, drawing his hand up the shadowy valley of her ass over and over until it was slick. He settled his cock between her ass cheeks, pumping his hips so his length glided up and down. She reached back, cheek pressed to the wall, and squeezed her ass together,

creating white-hot tightness around his cock. With one hand on her shoulder and the other still clutching her hair, he used her for leverage as he watched his cock moving.

“Oh, yeah, that looks so fucking hot,” he said, sweeping his gaze from there to her hair in his hand, to her awkward position, then back to his cock and her ass again. All of it was too much, too damn sexy. “Put your hands back on the wall.”

She did, and he nestled the head of his cock at her wet cunt hole. He waited a beat before sinking inside, her sheath clenching him, sucking him up until his balls met her dampness. His head lightened, and as he pulled out a bit to set up his rhythm, he dipped his head to flash his tongue along the curve of her neck.

He twisted her hair around his fist.

“You like that?” he said beside her ear. “You like my cock inside you, and not being able to move because you’re pinned?”

“Fuck, yes,” she said on an exhale, pushing back onto his cock. “Fuck me. Do what you will. Fuck me until I can’t breathe. Can’t think.”

He jerked into her – hard – shunting her body upward. She cried out, clutching at the wall with useless fingertips, soft pants coming out of her – pants he wanted to make jittery, uneven. He gained a furious rhythm, shoving in and out with a force he hoped would give maximum pleasure – to her and to him.

She moaned, releasing a volley of “Ah-ah-ah!” that sung to him of an orgasm looming in her immediate future. He pumped on, holding back himself, and lightly bit down on her shoulder. She gave a long, drawn-out groan.

“That feel good?” he asked, then licked her neck, her earlobe. “That feel good with me fucking you like that?”

She nodded. “More. Give me all you’ve got. Fuck my cunt.”

He ramped up the speed, increased the force of his thrusts, his balls slapping her. Almost at the point of no return, he pulled out and landed a different kind of slap – to her ass.

“Yes,” she hissed. “Do it again.”

He held onto her hair and turned side-on to her, delivering smacks to her lower cheek, ensuring his fingers made contact with the wet flesh at the very top of her

inner thigh. He struck on, slapping her ass red, making her sag against the wall, her cunt growing wetter, her cream drenching his fingertips. His cock expanded and lengthened, something he hadn't thought possible, and he released her hair to fist his dick. She dragged herself down the wall so she bent over, her back a straight line.

"Fucking hit me," she said. "Harder!"

He obeyed, slapping her and jerking his cock, toes digging into the carpet pile. Her body spasmed with every hit, and once again the excitement became too much for him. He let go of his dick, unable to stand it being touched, his over-sensitive tip thrumming with pressure. Her ass bore a large patch of red, so startlingly vibrant next to the untouched skin that he momentarily wondered if she was in pain.

"Oh, God," she said. "This is it. I'm going to—"

Ruben rammed inside her, holding her in place with a hard grip on her left shoulder. He pulled her up a touch then curved his free hand around her and delved between her legs. Rubbing her clit, his fingertips bumping his cock every time he withdrew, Ruben fucked her hard and fast. She grunted, giving out those stuttered "Ahs" he loved hearing, and hung her head.

"You watching that?" he asked, not expecting an answer. "You watching my cock going in and out of you? See my fingers on your cunt? You see that?"

She moaned, long and loud, pushing back onto him as though he was never going to drive deep enough. He took that as a sign to work faster and jerked in and out, rubbing her slippery clit with more pressured strokes. She wailed, her cunt pulsing around him, sweat popping up in the slight dip between her shoulders.

Ruben couldn't hold back. His cock stretched both ways, seeming to grow so much bigger before his balls scrunched, his asshole puckered, and he yanked himself out, jerking off and spewing cum over her hot, abused ass. It kept on coming, creamy ropes that jetted onto her skin, and as he closed his eyes to better feel the myriad sensations speeding through him, she bucked and gyrated over his rubbing fingers. She came, her cunt a wet mass, surrounding hairs dripping. Ruben's release gave way to throbbing after shocks, painful tingles biting into his cock and savaging his tip. He let his dick go, holding her by the waist with his cum-soaked hand as she

rocked with jerky movements over his other. He opened his eyes, slowing on her clit.

“Fuck,” he said, breathless, his heart thumping. “Just...fuck.”



She stood at the foot of the bed, hair sweat-slicked, face flushed. He realised, as he stared at her from his prone position on the mattress, knowing she would evaporate any second, that he hadn't touched her breasts, hadn't kissed her. He'd got caught up in the fuck, in doing what he'd wanted – like she'd told him to.

“Maybe next time,” he said, testing whether she'd know what he meant.

Her edges faded. “You don't need me here again. You'll be all right now.”

Her voice was thick. Laced with tears? She nodded, her body ghosting.

“When? When will I be all right?” he asked.

“Next time you think you can't give your heart, think of me. Think of what we just did – what you achieved.”

He swallowed, wishing she'd stay, wishing she wasn't disappearing like that. Only a very pale version of her remained, and he crawled to the end of the bed, reaching out to touch her, to make her come back.

“No,” she said, voice as weak as her image. “Don't do this. Don't...”

“Don't you want to come back?” he asked, lowering his hand. *Goddamn it, you have to come back. You're mine. You belong with me.*

“I do, but –”

“So when?”

“I can't. I don't think it's possible. I'm not meant to –”

“If you could, when would you?”

“That would be now – I'd never leave. That would be always, me staying here with you.”

“Then why don't you?”

"I can't stay. Not as I am, like this." She sighed then swallowed. "Someone else is out there for you. Someone who will stay. Can stay. You just have to find her. But you had to find yourself first."

"Won't you at least try?" Panic welled inside him—*she* was who he wanted. She was the someone out there for him. He *knew* it. The thought of her going, of never seeing her again, created a new gash in his soul, merging with the one already there. The void promised to swallow him whole. "Please, please come back."

"I'll try. I swear I'll try..."

She vanished then, leaving behind the soft scent of her cunt and the unmistakable echo of a sob.



Ruben browsed the aisles, sick of microwave meals for one. He was tempted to get take-out again, something more substantial than what was on offer in those small boxes—a meal for half a person, more like. Life had gone on much as it had before—work, home, sleep, work, home, sleep—and he wondered where the fuck that "someone" was. He sighed and selected a roast beef dinner and a macaroni cheese, dropping them into his basket and stepping back from the freezer. Something solid met his back, and a bump or two beneath his heel told him he was standing on toes.

*Fuck.*

He took a step forward, ready to turn and apologise, but a distinct aroma assailed him. Hers. The woman who had come into his life abruptly and left just as fast. He'd grieved for her, thought of her every day since that last night, waited in bed for her to appear, that beautiful hour glass who would warm his heart and life.

Spinning, he came face to face with a woman. His breath caught in his throat. Goose bumps peppered his skin. A smile spread as he gazed at her blue-tinted black hair and the freckles scattered across the bridge of her nose. She was here—not faded, not ghosted, but here.

"You came back," he said, shaking his head. "You made it back."

She smiled and jammed one hand on her hip. "I did. So, tell me, Ruben. What do you want?"