

Sensations

Tendrils wrap through the surface, sprung forth from an unfathomable source from what at first appears to be a simple, dainty dragon. Appendages much like those found on a vining plant like the classic bean plants or draping varieties like a simple pothos rise from out of the creature's form from every square inch that their body holds, revealing itself to be nothing more than a shell which houses these stirring vines inside. Out of each appendage forms a sticky, slimy substance which sticks and glues partially to the surface of its victim, enrapturing it in hypnotic, enthralling loops which bring that bird into a bliss unable to be contested. It were as though the world itself from the moment these appendages touched ceased to be, unrecognized while the vision of their trusted eyes ran away. Colors blur together, vertigo sets in, yet sickness does not follow it. It were like it could control how the bird responds to his touch in the same way it can control its own body.

Don't cry little one. Your fears, your dread will be swallowed under the horrors of my body, where only a husk resides.

Your dreams are nothing, if you cannot act on them. Let me give you the strength to be more than as you are, my darling Zephyr.

The creature spoke to the bird through telepathic link, yet it seemed to speak outwardly in a haze of spores and pollen to keep them entranced before in an instant. The bird's body disappeared into the vast abyss of the shell of that being, taken from the horrors of the slow burn of life and living.