

## Test Subject |

### Unexpected Visitor Unexpected Visitor

I try to swim away, but I have no chance.

The pink thing grabs me by the ankle and pulls down to the floor of the pool. In my panic, I'm sure I huff out way too much air from my lungs, because they start burning immediately.

My sight is blurry in the water, but what I see terrifies me.

It is some...giant, jelly-ish monster, six arms coming out of one huge, gelatinous, pink blob. No face, no structure, just a jelly ball.

This is a strange thing to pop into my mind, but I wonder why the arms aren't more like tentacles. Instead, they are just protrusions without any specific feature.

Four arms wrap around to hold my arms and legs against the pool floor, while another two ram into my pussy and ass at the same time, without any hesitation.

I scream, swallowing a lot of water in the process. It hurts—though I notice, in some corner of my brain, that it probably would've hurt a lot more if it had happened a few days ago. I've gotten a lot of stretching since starting this new job.

It's the fear that gets me, more than the physical pain. I don't want to die like this, raped and drowned at the bottom of a swimming pool where no one can hear me cry out.

The thing keeps thrusting back and forth, and with every thrust, I think it goes deeper. I can feel one arm ramming against my cervix, the other too deep in my ass.

I'm already choking on airless lungs when two more arms appear out of the creature's body, floating soundlessly through the water toward my face.

I'm completely freaking out, trying to wiggle my way out of the grip of the arms holding me, but the ones inside me keep relentlessly fucking me back and forth, with one of the new ones now trying to get into my mouth.

I press my lips together, but the arm keeps pushing against them, and I think if I clench my teeth any harder against my lips I might bite through. The pain overlaps the one in my lower body until I can't take any more, so I open my mouth.

The arm starts stuffing itself into my throat, going deeper and deeper. I swear I can feel it go down all the way to my stomach, curling up inside of it.

I think I'm crying, but I can't be sure. Any tears just mingle with the water and disappear.

The second new arm is now pushing into my pussy alongside the first, and I let out another gurgling scream through the water and the arm stuffed down my throat.

But horrifyingly, I've gotten used to the feeling enough that I also start to feel a kind of arousal. I don't want this, I didn't ask for it, but my body is responding anyway.

I decide to stop struggling, go still, and wait for this to be over. Then, another two arms appear.

One stuffs itself into my mouth alongside the one already there; I can't believe how wide I can open it. The other rams into my ass.

Now, all six arms are fucking me each at a time, so there's always one arm inside every hole I have, before it retracts and the other one spears back inside.

I am starting to lose consciousness from lack of oxygen. I want to laugh at the irony.

For four days, I've been fucked by some of the scariest monsters out of a damned mythology book, and I loved every second. But now I'm dying while a blob of jelly fucks me in a swimming pool, the water slowly turning pink around me.

That color's probably from all the jizz it's emanating, I guess.

I close my eyes and accept my fate.

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When I awake, I immediately start coughing out tons of water. When I open my eyes, I can see that it's pink. This is the monster's semen I'm spitting out.

"I am so sorry, Cat," comes a voice I immediately recognize. Des.

I need a moment to realize that I'm lying in his arms, next to the pool, soaking wet and still naked. He's wet too, and the drops from his hair are hitting my face as he leans over me.

Carefully, I try to sit up, but Des keeps holding me down.

"What...happened?" I ask. My voice comes out in a rasp—and not the sexy kind from a night of lustful screaming. My throat is killing me after nearly drowning.

“Since it was your day off, Richard and I were not in the office, nor were we keeping an eye on you. Your apartment is supposed to be safe; nobody should get in here without your permission.

“I only returned to my office when I realized that I had not prepared the drink for your next subject. It needs to set overnight. So I came back, glanced at the monitors, and saw... too many bubbles coming from your pool.

“I decided I needed to check on you, and when I did, you were drowning, being held down by...subject number three.”

“What?” I sit up now and don’t care that I’m naked. “How is that possible? I thought all the test subjects were chained up.”

“Number Three is able to change the shape of its body at will. It seems that it found a hole in its pool, escaped into the water system, and has been lingering there for the past few days.

“When you got into the pool, it smelled your body and did what it was created for...pumped you up with semen.

“It had no idea that it would kill you, and with none of us around, nobody could stop it,” he explains, a pained expression on his face.

“I need to...” I try to stand up but fail. Des stands instead, pulling me up after him and helping me to sit on the couch, where he drapes a blanket over my shoulders.

I try to compute the information I just got. Then I realize something.

“There are two things that don’t add up,” I say. Des looks confused until I continue, “How did you see the bubbles in my pool? You were in your office. You said something about...monitors?”

“I have cameras in every room in this facility, except for your bathroom,” Des says without shame. “At the moment, I am thinking of putting one there as well...” He thinks about this.

I should be pissed, but honestly it’s kind of cute that he has no idea how inappropriate it is for him to be monitoring me in any private space, let alone my bathroom.

“And how did you get into my apartment when you don’t have access?” I ask quietly. At that, Des almost seems—nervous?

“Remember when I kissed your hand the other day?” he asks. I nod. “Well, I can... let’s say, I can scan people’s bodies by touching them with my lips. And by touching the back of your hand, I had your handprint.”

“So...you took it for...what, exactly?” I wonder.

He blushes, which is very weird to see. “For scientific reasons.”

“Mhm...sure,” I say, and smirk a bit, almost forgetting that I nearly drowned. “So...you leave this place at night?”

“Sometimes,” he answers, seeming to regain some of his composure.

“And do you record what goes on while you’re gone?”

“Yes. I fast-forward through the recordings in the mornings.”

“Good to know,” I say, before getting up. Now that I’ve had a few minutes to rest, my legs are more willing to hold me. Des stands as well. I drop the blanket to expose my naked body again, pushing out my breasts a little bit more.

“Can I help you with anything else?” he asks. I chuckle.

“Oh yes, you could,” I say. I walk toward my bedroom, looking over my shoulder. “But I doubt you’d do that.”

“Miss Woods, you were—”

“Cat.” He smiles.

“Cat, you were almost dying just moments ago. Shouldn’t you rest?”

“I think it’s the potions you gave me. I feel perfectly fine. I barely even remember that I was raped by a jelly monster with six fucking arms inside my orifices.” I shudder. “That sounds so weird when I say it out loud.”

“Very well, then. Have a good night, Miss...Cat. Try to rest.”

“Who knows?” I chuckle and throw him one last sultry look, before I head into the bedroom and crawl into bed.

I can’t find sleep, though. My mind keeps going back to how worried Des looked when I woke up. Does he care about me? Or was he just worried he’d have to find another subject to get fucked by his monsters?

I wasn’t lying to Des. I should be more upset about what happened with the jelly monster, but already it’s fading away like a weird dream.

My body doesn’t hurt anymore, not even my throat, and my mind is more interested in Des than in replaying that bit of ugliness.

In fact...maybe another orgasm would help me get to sleep. Clear the slate, as it were.

I reach for my pussy and start caressing, but no matter what I do, after all this monster dick, I can't go back to just pleasuring myself.

Sighing, I get up, still naked.

I leave my apartment; outside, Mr. Sire's office is empty. I look for the computer and find that it's still on, probably so the cameras can keep doing their thing.

There are feeds projecting from all the test subjects' enclosures, and my first instinct is to look at all the creatures I haven't seen yet, but I resist. I want the surprise.

Instead, I pull up the camera for subject number four. The screen is green, meaning that night vision is turned on. And when I see the werewolf...I gasp. I would have been terrified to see him! But he was so gentle...

He is at least seven feet tall, with fur covering his whole body. The hair is a little longer along his spine, like a mane from head to tail. His teeth are very long, and his eyes appear red, even through the night vision.

He moves and looks at the camera, as if he knows I'm looking at him—and then he moves his legs, so I can see his giant cock slowly hardening.

Shivering, I flip over to Number Two and find Mehdi looking bored, playing with his chains. I need to search a bit, but I finally find the command to unlock his chains. They fall to the floor.

When I look at the computer screen again, Mehdi is staring directly at the camera, looking confused.

Grinning, I head out into the hallway, making my way to door number two.

When Mehdi sees me poking my head through his doorway, he grins back.

"Can't go without me, hm?"

"I have to ask you a favor." I stretch out my hand and Mehdi accepts, letting me pull him with me out of his enclosure and into the hall.

I lead him into my apartment, closing the door behind me before taking us into the bedroom.

"It's not a favor if you want me to fuck you brainless; it's a pleasure," he says, smirking. He starts taking off his pants without waiting for me to reply.

“That’s basically what I’m asking,” I admit, “but...I was wondering...you said you could look like whatever you want, right?”

“Oh? A little kink you’ve got there, hm?” He smiles. “Who should I be for you? A celebrity? Just a giant penis ramming you? Or someone special?”

“Yes.” I feel my cheeks turn red. “Des.”

“Who?”

“Mr. Sire,” I whisper. Mehdi looks at me in shock for a moment, but then his grin gets very wide.

“With pleasure.” He bows, and as he stands up again, he’s already Des. “Do keep in mind that my cock will still be mine,” he says, in Des’s voice. “I have no idea how he looks naked, so I can’t resemble him exactly.”

“That’s okay.” I crawl on the bed backward, not letting Mehdi-as-Des out of my sight, before spreading my legs wide and welcoming him. “Now, come and claim me.”

“Gladly,” he says. It’s a little spooky how perfectly the voice matches Des’s calm intonation.

He climbs on top of the bed and meets my lips—the lower ones—with his.

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After the man who looks like Des—the man I desperately want to be Des—has fucked me thrice, I collapse backward onto the bed.

“You’re not in good shape, kitty.” Mehdi slides back to his usual body, completely calm next to me, while I breathe heavily.

“I have been raped by a jelly monster with six fucking cock-arms inside of me, so excuse me,” I say, smirking. “I’ll be better tomorrow.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. But why didn’t you tell me? I would have been gentler with you.”

“That’s okay; I’m not in any pain anymore. It was just weird, because I drowned.”

“Oh, that explains the sound from earlier.” Mehdi looks up at the ceiling.

“What sound?”

“One of the monsters you are yet to meet has told me that he heard a sound like a giant balloon being ripped apart. I think it must have been Mr. Sire ripping apart the jelly monster.”

“He...killed it?” I gasp.

Mehdi shrugs. “Possible. If it almost killed you, he would not take that lightly.”

“But I survived!”

“Nevertheless. Maybe you should just ask him. He’ll be honest.”

“Maybe. Do you want to go, or...” I point to the bed, an unspoken request in my eyes. Mehdi smiles at me and cuddles up next to me.

“I will stay until you fall asleep and then just fly right back.” He kisses the back of my head, and I smile.

“Thank you.” I close my eyes, finally ready to sleep, but then suddenly I remember something. “How did the other monster tell you stuff?”

Mehdi laughs.

“The chains are not holding me. They are only there to calm down the workers. I can leave whenever I want, and Mr. Sire is okay with that. I help him, and he lets me do what I want.”

“How do you help him?”

“That’s nothing you have to worry about, kitty.”

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The next morning, I completely pass on clothes. I just go naked.

When I enter the office, Des looks a little weird, staring at his computer so hard he doesn’t seem to notice me coming in.

“Good morning,” I say. He turns around to face me, surprise in his eyes when he sees I’m naked. I laugh and explain, “I figured, why bother with clothes? We all know what’s coming.”

He chuckles, then as usual he starts pouring me a drink.

“This is your potion for today, as you call them,” he says softly, standing up to hand me the glass. I take it, purposely touching his fingers.

“Thank you.” I gulp it down while looking at him, and as usual have to force myself to swallow. It tastes a little bit like swamp smells.

“Did you...have a good night?” he asks, and I can sense some hesitation in the question.

“It was almost perfect. But not...quite the real thing, you know?” I say, chuckling a little bit. Des just slowly nods, looking like he has no idea what to say.

I put the glass back on the desk and walk into the hallway.

I’m pretty sure he watched the footage from last night.

Next Chapter

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