

Test Subject |

Door Number Six Test Subject

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I knock on the sixth door, unlock, and go inside. This room has normal light, at least.

“Hello, I’m”—I look up and freeze—“oh, fuck.”

“Hi, Ohfuck.”

I look at the newest creature, which...I can’t even describe it. It’s at least as big as the werewolf, with green fur on its chest, legs, and back. Two tusks poke out just above its lower lip in a crescent shape.

The body has the same basic configuration as a human’s, but it’s massive. The biceps alone are as big as a bodybuilder’s thighs.

The head is relatively small. My first instinct is that the creature looks kind of evil—something about the eyebrows and the green skin, I think. But when I look closer, his eyes look soft and innocent.

“No, my name is Cat,” I correct with a smile, going over to the table to grab the file from the wall. “And you’re...an ogre?”

“Say some. Other orc say. Beas most say.”

“Beast?” I ask, and he nods.

“Yes.”

“Well, do you have a name?”

“Name? No. Orge and orcs only jub has.”

“Job?”

“Yes.”

“So, what’s your job?” I inquire, pushing myself up to sit cross-legged on the table.

“Fuck.”

“What?”

“Orge fuck.”

“You...fuck? That’s all you do?”

“Yes. Orge good am.”

His way of speaking is kind of cute, he can’t even pronounce his own species, and I chuckle. He’s not chained to the wall; I wonder why.

“Why don’t you have chains?” I ask. He frowns, obviously not understanding. I rephrase, “You are free at the arms. The others are tied to the wall.”

“Orge not run. Orge just fuck, so happy am.”

“You are happy when you can sleep with somebody?” I ask, and he shakes his head.

“No sleep. Fuck.”

“Yes,” I say, “that’s a human way of saying it. We sleep with somebody when we fuck; it’s the same thing.”

“Orge don’t sleep. Orge fuck.”

“Okay.” I chuckle again and jump off the table. “Can I take your blood, and as a reward you can fuck me?”

“Orge like.” He starts standing up, and when he does, I can’t help but look between his legs. Oh my fucking god. This is *not* going to fit inside me.

Just like his biceps, his cock is fucking enormous. The length is impressive, at least twice the size of a normal human, but what I’m really worried about is the girth. It must be at least six inches in diameter, wider than a fist.

And I must be fucking losing my mind, because I am turned on by this. I am a huge monster slut by now, and I’m loving it.

I take the syringe and go over to him, but no matter how hard I try, I can’t get it to pierce the skin of his arm.

“Oh yes. Orge skin thick. Like fuckknife.”

“Fuck...knife?” I ask. As if in response, he starts stroking his penis. “Oh, your cock? You call it fuckknife?”

“Yes. It cut pussy half.”

“It cuts a pussy in half?” I repeat, and he nods. Well, that’s concerning. “Have...women died before when you fucked them?”

“No. Boss give drink, no hurt.”

“And without the drink...would it kill me?” I whisper.

He keeps stroking his dick, making it harder and harder. “Yes. Rip pussy and you die,” he says. I feel sick now, because this turns me on even more. “But Boss take care of you.”

“He...takes care of me?” I guess. The ogre nods, so I turn around, facing the camera while I start to rub my ass against his cock. “Yes,” I say, staring straight into the tiny red light of the camera’s eye, “he takes care of me.”

The ogre grunts and puts his enormous hands on my waist—covering basically my whole body, because those hands are so huge.

He spins me around so I’m facing him and picks me up like I weigh no more than a leaf.

Then he starts rubbing me against his dick like I’m some toy, lifting me up and down so one moment my pussy is touching that huge shaft, and the next moment my tits rub against it.

I tilt my head down, and the next time he rubs me along, I extend my tongue and lick the tip of his cock. He growls and puts me down on the floor.

“Knee. Like animal. Make easier,” he says. I nod, get on all fours, and steady myself for the penetration. While I do so, I look up to keep my eyes locked on the camera, hoping Des is watching.

The ogre positions his cock at my pussy and slowly presses. I open my mouth wide at the tension, but instead of just ramming in, he goes very, very slow, making me almost freak out with anticipation.

“It tight. Orge like,” he growls, and I slowly start pushing my hips back. “Pretty cat too,” he adds.

“Just...get inside,” I groan. The ogre grabs my waist again and pushes himself all the way inside of me.

I scream at the feeling. I love it; he’s completely filling me. I’m sure this is not natural, that it’s only possible for me to stretch so wide and take him so deep because of the potion, but I plunge into an orgasm immediately. And he’s not even fully in yet.

When I finally feel his stomach against my ass, I let out a deep moan again, keeping my mouth open and my tongue hanging out. This is so fucking hot; I'm going crazy.

The ogre starts picking up the pace, always retreating completely and then thrusting back in at full speed. Just as I orgasm for a second time, I feel something touching my outstretched tongue.

I open my eyes and flinch back for a second when I see Des standing in front of me, his dick out, slapping it against my tongue very carefully.

For a long moment I just look up to meet Des's eyes, my mouth still open and tongue hanging out, while the monster behind me fucks me brainless. Finally, I look back down at the delicious dick in front of me. And I notice silver symbols on it.

"Come...to...fill me...up again?" I stammer between thrusts. Mehdi-as-Des grins, nodding.

"I know what's getting you off"—he bows down a bit—"and that's the thought of the boss fucking you, isn't it?"

I nod. Without hesitation, he impales my mouth with his dick, glowing already, instantly spilling his hot juice into my throat.

The two together are like a goddamn fucking machine; I keep orgasming and they still don't stop. Only when I am so pumped up with semen that I'm dripping both from my mouth and my pussy do they stop, their dicks finally softening again.

"That's a good kitty," Mehdi says. He pats my head. I try to keep the jizz in my mouth, but I'm failing awfully because there's no room left inside of me.

"Kitty good. Orge like. Want fuck again," the ogre says. True to his word, he starts rubbing his cock again, but Mehdi laughs and shakes his head.

"She still needs to function tomorrow for Number Seven, buddy. I'm sure she'll come back to you when she needs it." Mehdi pulls me up by the arm, the cum still dripping out of my pussy. He leads me to the clinic, where Richard is waiting.

"Hi, Number Two. Thanks for bringing her here," he says. Mehdi nods, grinning when he looks at my tightly closed mouth and dripping pussy.

"She's full; you won't need the machine. Just put a cup under her. Not her mouth, though...that's mine." He smirks and winks at me before leaving us alone.

Richard looks curious, and when he comes over he really does bring a cup.

“Could you spread your legs a little?” he asks. I do so, although it feels kind of humiliating. He catches a whole 500 milliliters of jizz, and I wonder how there can be so much coming out of me still.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself lately,” Richard says. I nod, finally deciding to swallow. I guess Richard doesn’t need any more of Mehdi’s sperm—just the ogre’s.

“I’m happy to help D—Mr. Sire save that species. And getting to be fucked every day by freaking sex gods...is a plus,” I say.

Richard chuckles. “I’m glad. And I’m glad I can be honest with you now too. I didn’t like lying about the machine. It felt intrusive.”

“I appreciate that. But I also understand why you didn’t tell me everything right away. This is a very weird job, and I’m sure that a lot of people would have a problem with...well, our work.”

“Yes, they would.” He smiles as soon as I say “our.” I realize that I mean it—I feel like just as much a part of this work as Des and Richard by now.

“Well,” says Richard, “you’re off to Mr. Sire. He will give you the potion for Number Seven now.”

“I usually get them in the morning,” I say, confused. “Shouldn’t I drink it tomorrow?”

“You’ll get another dose then. Seven needs two, because he’s...well...a lot.”

“Hm...can’t wait.” I wink, and Richard chuckles while I leave the clinic.

In front of Des’s door, I hesitate. Eventually, I bite the bullet and go in.

“Miss Woods, you...”

“Cat,” I say, smiling. Without waiting for an invitation I go over to the chair and sit down, legs crossed.

“I am still trying to get used to that. I do not call my subjects by name, normally.”

“Well, I’d love to be your first,” I say. I notice his eyebrows twitching for a moment at that. Curious, I ask, “You call Richard by his name. Isn’t he a subject, then?”

“No. He is my employee.”

“Ain’t I your employee? You pay me.” I frown.

“Yes, but more importantly, you are my subject.” I shiver with pleasure when he says I’m *his*. “I guess that now is as good a time as any to tell you *why* you are my subject.”

“Enlighten me,” I say. I uncross my legs, spreading them a little to give Des a direct view of my pussy. Although he resists at first, after a few moments, his eyes flit down for just a split second.

“Every time a monster fills you with its semen,” he says, “you are charged with monster magic. This is not going to leave your body without a trace. It is going to change you—which is why you do not feel pleasure anymore when you masturbate.

“You need a monster now. Each time you have sex with a monster with the help of a potion, your organs adjust to your monster’s penis. This means you’re incrementally transforming into a shapeshifter.”

“A...what?” I look at him, confused.

“All the monsters’ semen is turning your guts into shapeshifter guts. This will be necessary by the time you mate with the last species; otherwise, you would die, like I explained before.

“And while I will do everything to help you, there is always a chance that your body will not survive the shapeshifting process, the mating, or the pregnancy we hope to conceive.”

“Wait.” I should have suspected this already, but it’s just now clicking into place. “This new species, the one behind door number ten. You want *me* to carry its babies? I thought I was just gathering the semen for your experiments.”

Mr. Sire considers me. “You are the most promising subject I’ve seen. You are undergoing the transformation beautifully so far. If anyone can survive the pregnancy, it is you. But that’s still a big *if*.”

“So...you’re saying that I have about a 25 percent chance of surviving this job?” I ask, feeling a strange sense of calm.

Des slowly nods. “Your chance increases with every monster you successfully endure,” he says.

I chuckle. “A nice way of putting it.”

“You...don’t seem too sad about your chances,” he observes.

“I’m not. Look”—I sigh and stand up, going over to the fake window and its projection of a forest scene—“I don’t have family or friends. All I ever had was my job.

“To be honest, the days since I started working with you have been the best fucking days of my life.” I turn around to look at him again. “And I like you. I want to help you with saving this species.

“If I die in the process...well, I hope I’ll be fucking satisfied, with goddamn hot jizz all over me and inside my body.”

“You...are very special.” Des smiles and stands up, coming over to stand at my side and look out the fake window with me. “If it gives you any comfort...I really do think your chances are higher than any other subject’s before.”

“Wait, so...other people have been raped by those monsters?” I whisper.

Des looks pained. “Unfortunately. But I would do *anything* to save this precious species. One human’s psyche is worth nothing compared to this majestic beast.”

I don’t know how to feel about that. I agree with Des about the importance of preserving endangered species; that’s why I got into this field in the first place. But I don’t know if I can agree that those rapes meant nothing. “Did they feel pain?”

“No, they received the same potions as you did.”

“Well, then.” I shrug, trying to hold on to my sense of sympathy for these unknown others. “What happened to them?”

“I’d rather not say.” Des looks hurt again.

“You killed them,” I conclude. He slowly nods, seeming scared of my reaction, but instead I chuckle. “I know this sounds fucking weird, but...”

“But what?”

I gesture for Des to lean in closer. “This just made you a hundred times hotter,” I moan into his ear. He tenses up, stiffening his shoulders.

I laugh and go over to the desk. “Is this the potion?”

I don’t wait, just take it and gulp it down, bending over the table willingly, hoping that he’s checking out my naked ass.

“I was wondering”—I turn around and sit on his desk, spreading my knees again—“have you ever...tried one of your subjects before?”

“I have not,” he says, sounding a little strangled now. I chuckle.

“Have you ever had sex before?” I wonder as his gaze wanders to my pussy again.

“I have not,” he repeats.

I raise my eyebrows. “Why not? You’re hot as fuck, and I’m sure plenty of ladies would love to go down on you. Or men, if that’s your preference.”

“I have priorities more important than any desire to please my human form.”

“Human form, hm?” I look at him curiously before jumping off the table. “Well...I’d love to please that...human form,” I whisper. I reach forward, gently rub once between his legs, then turn around and go to my apartment door.

“Cat?”

I stop when I hear him call after me, though I don’t turn around yet. “Yes?”

He hesitates. I look over my shoulder at him. He seems like he’s fighting an intense inner battle with himself.

“I...know what you did with the djinni last night, and today.”

I just laugh and look at him seductively.

“So, you received my gift, then.” I wink and go into my apartment, closing the door behind me.

Fuck, he’s making me wet just by looking at me. Plus, he just confirmed I can’t fuck myself anymore. How am I supposed to survive tonight?!

Next Chapter

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