

Test Subject |

Door Number Seven Test Subject

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In the morning when I head into Des's office, I'm naked again—partly because I genuinely couldn't be bothered with clothes, and partly to tease him. But today, he doesn't flinch when he sees me.

"Good morning, M..." He bites his tongue. "Cat."

"Morning," I say half grumpily. He raises his eyebrows at me as I fall onto my usual chair.

"Did you not sleep well?"

"No." I rub my face and redo my long, black hair for the third time this morning. "I was left unsatisfied, and I don't sleep well when I'm unsatisfied."

"Why didn't you ask Number Two to assist you again, then?" Des asks kind of boyishly, and I smile at his innocent face.

"It's one thing to be ravaged by these beasts every day; it's my job, and I'm proud to be trying to save that almost-extinct species. But at night...I would prefer to sleep with somebody I care about deeply," I say honestly.

Des slowly nods. "Shouldn't you be satisfied enough after the monsters, though?" he presses, while he pours me today's potion.

"I was," I say, gulping down the drink. Today's recipe tastes like licking a rock. "But that was all gone as soon as I saw something else I wanted."

Des doesn't have an answer to that; he just averts his gaze and looks for something to do with his hands.

He knows I'm talking about him. He has to know by now; I haven't been subtle. I just wonder why he never acts on it.

Is he not interested at all? But he does send out some signals. He cares about how I feel, and tries to make me feel better when I'm in a bad mood—like now.

"You're with monster number seven today. I'm sure you won't go without *full* satisfaction from him. He will give you what you need," he says, his lips turning up slightly.

"Is that a promise?" I stand up and lean on the table, making sure that my boobs jiggle in front of Des's eyes.

"I am sure."

"If not, can I come and reclaim the promised satisfaction from the boss instead?" I lick my lips and look him up and down, not sure if all the monster cum that's transforming my innards has also made me more confident and hornier.

"Cat, you should know...I cannot do what you keep implying," he whispers.

I frown. "What do you mean?"

"I understand your suggestions. I see your flirting. And please don't think for one second that I'm not...tempted." He closes his eyes for a moment. "It is one of the toughest things I've ever done, to resist you."

"Well, good to know," I grin, but he looks into my eyes, serious.

"Maybe one day..." He extends his hand toward my face, but pulls it back again and clears his throat. "I'm sure you have a job to do."

I simply nod and leave the office. I don't know how to feel about any of that, but he's right. I need to focus on the job right now.

I open door number seven, and tilt my head when I see the monster. It's...a giant stone.

"Are you kidding me?" I ask. The giant stone doesn't answer, which isn't surprising, because it doesn't have a mouth.

I go to the file, look through it, and say, "So, you're a *stonetroll*. How do I wake you up?"

I read the passage about how they awaken when they are needed and sigh.

"What the fuck am I supposed to do now?" I drop the file and walk over to the stone. There's nothing noticeable here; it's just a giant, round rock.

"Hey, stoney, I need you?" I try, giggling to myself. The rock isn't chained to the wall, and Richard didn't bother to provide me with a needle—I literally can't get blood from a stone.

Curious, I walk closer, let my hand slide gently over the rough surface, and chuckle. Am I supposed to just...put my pussy on top and let the whole rock slide in?

I try a lot of things: talking to the rock, rubbing it like a lamp, even kicking it, but nothing works. But then I remember something from this morning. Des said Number Seven would give me what I need. Need! That's it.

I stand before the stone and start caressing my folds, grabbing my boob with one hand. I think of Des, and dip one finger inside. But no matter how far I go, I don't feel anything.

"It's not working." I sigh, tiptoeing a little closer to the stone. "I need somebody to fuck me; I'm horny."

Before I even finish the sentence, the stone starts moving with a loud rumble. Little pebbles fall to the ground as a gigantic, semi-humanoid form starts to appear.

When the transformation is done, I peer curiously at a massive, at least eight-and-a-half-foot stone dude with hollow eyes, a sharp face, and even a mouth. How is this possible?

I look down to his crotch, but there's nothing. No genitals at all.

"So...how is this supposed to work?" I point to where his penis should be. "You can't fuck me like that."

"Obey," he says with a growling voice.

"You...obey?" I ask, and he nods. "So...I can decide what you'll have?"

He nods again, and I grin. Thinking about it for a minute, I tilt my head. What do I want?

"Okay, let's just start with a normal penis. Say...twelve inches." Okay, not really normal. Out of nowhere, a huge stone penis appears. I eye it, noticing it has rough edges instead of being completely smooth. That could be interesting.

"Let's add a little girth." I watch as the stone cock starts getting fatter, feeling a slight tingle in my lower belly announcing my rising horniness. "Can you...add another penis, just above?"

Just like that there's a second one, exactly the same size and shape, protruding above the first.

I shudder with anticipation. "Let's give them a slight crescent shape, to fill me up perfectly. And add a little more length," I suggest, and they move at my every wish.

"Now...pick me up." He takes me with his giant, cold, stone hands and holds me in front of him. "Let me sit on your upper cock."

He lets me sit there, my feet dangling down, not even touching the ground, as I gently start grinding on top of the literally rock-hard cock.

I feel my pussy getting wetter with every second. I push my feet against his stomach with my legs bent so I'm lying on the whole length of the penis like it's a shelf, with one of his hands holding my back.

I spread my legs far apart while looking up at him. "Ram one of your fingers into my pussy," I say with a raspy voice, goosebumps all over my body from what's to come.

He does so without hesitation. His thick, rough finger spears my pussy, and I moan with pleasure as I start thrusting my hips.

"Second...finger," I groan, and he stuffs it into me. I wiggle and growl in pleasure, fucking myself like his hand is a sex toy as he holds it perfectly still.

"Start...moving them." I sigh, and he starts pushing his hand into me. "The...whole fist," I add after a moment.

He does so, and it only takes a second for my pussy to swallow it, making me scream with pleasure. He fucks me with his fist for a few minutes until I cum, but I already know I'm not going to stop with one orgasm.

"Now...put me on your cocks. One for my pussy, one for my ass," I murmur. He takes his hand back out of me, dripping with my juices.

Then he grabs my waist and lines me up with my pussy against his top cock and my ass against the lower one. I'm facing him, eye level with his pecs, quivering with anticipation.

As if he knows how I want it, he positions me right before pulling me against him so hard that I scream with pleasure as his cocks enter me.

Even as he keeps pulling, it feels like it takes forever before he's fully inside of me. I'm sure if I hadn't drunk all those potions, I would be dead already.

But finally, I feel both his stone-hard cocks all the way inside my body. One is so deep in my pussy it's pushing my belly out, leaving a little bump, while the other is lost somewhere in my ass.

I let him hold me there for a moment, adjusting to the extreme sensation. Then I look at him, my tongue hanging out and my fingers pinching my clitoris.

"Now, start sliding me up and down, with your dicks ramming into me each time. I want to hear nothing but my own screams.

“When I have orgasmed another two times, turn me around and do the same with my face toward the ground,” I say. The second the words are out of my mouth, he starts to obey.

I can’t think, can’t move my legs or arms; I just get ravaged by this creature, moan after scream after groan. I come two times, close after each other.

Then, as directed, he pulls out of me, turns me around, and rams into me again. My voice is hoarse by now, but I want more. He keeps fucking me, faster and faster, as deep as he can get.

I orgasm another two times, then finally hold up my hand. He instantly stops.

“Now...fill me up. I want your fucking cum everywhere inside of my ass and pussy, before you put me down and load it into my mouth and spill it all over my body.” I breathe heavily, and he starts pumping out cum.

I feel his dicks move, thickening a bit more, making me squeal and orgasm again as he pumps his juice into me. I don’t even know how he can produce that, with him being a stone and all.

But I don’t care. It’s hot, burning me up from the inside. I feel it spill out of my orifices, and then he puts me down and stuffs one dick into my mouth followed by the other, spilling it all over my body.

I collapse on the floor and keep lying there for a long time, until my breath calms down and I can move again. The stone just keeps watching me.

“You...filled me up good,” I can finally say. He nods, turning back into a motionless, lifeless stone rapidly.

I chuckle, before I muster up my strength to crawl to the table. I pull myself up, legs still shaking, steadying myself so I can leave the room.

Out in the hall, I take a minute to eye the three remaining doors. Doors eight and nine are close, one across from the other, looking deceptively ordinary. The tenth door is farther off; I guess the endangered species will be in there.

At first glance, there’s nothing too special about it. All the doors are white, and they each have a number in the center, but somehow, this one *feels* different.

That’s it! It’s not about the look, it’s about how it feels. As if it screams my name without making a sound. I somehow know that it wants me to enter.

It’s very confusing, like a longing for something to come, but it isn’t *my* longing. It’s somebody else’s. I shudder, feeling a little creeped out at that idea.

No use getting ahead of myself, though. I head into the clinic; Richard takes one look at me and grabs another cup, placing it below my ass and pussy.

“With your eagerness and skill, we don’t need the machine anymore. You are doing an excellent job. Nobody has ever come this far,” he says, smiling at me while he catches all the juice.

“I can’t wait to see the next monsters. It keeps getting better and better,” I say. At this point it’s like I’ve lost all my limits. I don’t feel embarrassment or shame, saying this to Richard. I just feel satisfied.

“I’m sure you will be overwhelmed by Number Ten, if not before,” he says. I shiver.

“I hope,” I say with a chuckle. “I was wondering...are you human?”

“I’m sure you know the answer to that,” Richard says, his smile still there. “If I were human, I would have been turned on by your naked body, and by the way you offer yourself to the monsters.”

Not human. I find myself surprised by this revelation. He looks perfectly ordinary, after all. “So...what are you?” I ask curiously, while I help him clean up the mess I’ve left on the floor.

“I am not at liberty to say, I’m afraid. Mr. Sire will decide when it’s time for you to know.”

I nod and look at the door across the hallway.

“You may go see him now,” Richard encourages.

So I do.

I wonder what he thought of my latest performance.

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