

Test Subject | Door Number Eight

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I walk into the office to find Des in deep thought. He's standing in front of the fake window, watching the ocean gently stroking the beach.

I walk over to his desk, hop on top, and try not to get too turned on by the thought that my naked pussy and ass are pressed onto his desk.

I could easily grab one of his pens and stick it inside of me. Maybe that would feel like having a part of him fucking me, even if Des himself won't do the honors.

I shake my head and look at his back.

"Have you ever been outside this facility?" I ask. He flinches in surprise like he didn't notice me come in. Then he looks over his shoulder, smiling when he sees me.

"Not since I came here. Which is very long ago. I don't remember much of the outside world—or better said, I don't know the world as it is today."

"How long have you been down here?" I ask.

He turns around, still smiling. "Too long." I realize that he won't give me a precise answer. "But I cannot leave until I know there will be a successful mating, bearing offspring to continue the species."

"How many are we talking about here?" I ask with a chuckle.

"Six or seven," he says, and my eyes almost pop out of my skull. He laughs, comes over, and stands in front of me. "Don't worry; they all come at once."

"How fortunate," I say sarcastically. He smiles and opens his mouth to say something in response, but pauses when I spread my legs a little, inviting him to stand between them. "Come here," I coax.

Des hesitates.

"Cat, I told you I cannot..." he starts, but I shake my head, extending my hand.

"I promise, I won't try to make you do me," I whisper. He hesitantly accepts my hand. I pull him between my legs and the heat of his body alone is making me wet, but I ignore that for now.

Des looks down at me, still holding my hand.

"I really, *really* enjoy your company." I sigh, and Des slowly nods.

"I enjoy yours as well," he answers, raising his hand before lowering it again like he did the other day.

"Just do what you want," I murmur, "just once. Nothing will happen if you do."

"You have no idea," he murmurs back, but eventually he gives in, raising his hand to my cheek and closing his eyes.

An immense heat is emanating from his skin. I open my mouth in shock and feel it rush through my body, centering itself in my uterus till it feels like it's burning me up from the inside, causing an orgasm instantly.

I moan loudly and don't hold back, leaning my forehead against his shoulder.

"What...was that?" I ask, and I can feel his body tensing up.

"I... This was supposed to burn you, hurt you," he says, confused.

"Oh, it burned me, but it did the opposite of hurting me," I say, breathing heavily. I put my hands on the desk, leaning back and looking at Des eagerly. "Do it again."

He furrows his brows, but reluctantly reaches out again.

This time, he touches my nipple, just with one finger.

When his skin meets mine, I scream out, pressing my thighs together, as another wave of multiple orgasms rush through me. I collapse on the desk, throwing all Des's neatly organized papers off it, as my body still shakes.

"This...is new," Des states, and I chuckle under breath. "Ordinarily I can barely touch people without them burning in pain, if I do not take several safety precautions. But you...seem to like it."

"I don't like it, I *need* it." I sigh, mustering enough strength to sit up and hop off his desk. "I...I'm afraid I ruined your desk."

I look back to the little pool of my juices, spilled onto the dark wood.

“Don’t worry,” Des walks around me, sliding his index finger through the little puddle and then putting his finger into his mouth and sucking on it. His eyes turn red like the flame I just felt. “I don’t mind.”

I feel myself getting horny all over again. I can’t believe this. I’ve orgasmed more today than I have in my entire life before coming here, and still I want more.

“Give me the eighth potion,” I say with a raspy voice, pointing to his cupboard.

“It...is too soon; you need to rest, and—”

“Give it to me,” I interrupt, pressing my pelvis forward. “I want all those monsters to fuck me as quickly as possible, so I can get to Number Ten.

“You said you couldn’t fuck me until that’s done, so I want it to be done quickly. I can’t wait much longer to have you inside of me.”

I say it directly, and I don’t regret it, not when I can see his eyes glow with passion and restraint.

“You do not know how badly I want to be the cause of those sweet screams, and the way your body twitches. I can’t stop watching on the tapes,” he says.

I feel my pussy getting wet again. “But,” he cautions, making no move toward the cupboard, “I fear for your life if you take on Number Eight too rapidly, without a chance to rest first.”

“I will stop the moment I feel pain, I swear,” I whisper. I point to the cupboard. “Please.”

Hesitantly, he pulls out a couple of powders, which he mixes into a glass of water. I watch it turn an unattractive shit-brown, and then he nudges it in my direction, holding my gaze.

I gulp it down. It tastes like how a stable smells, but I don’t care at all. Then I retreat into the hallway, facing backward so I don’t have to stop looking at Des yet.

“If your hand alone causes me to explode like that, I can’t wait to find out what your tongue does,” I moan, then look down at his crotch. “Or your cock,” I add.

I don’t give him a chance to respond before slamming the door and hurrying away down the hall.

In front of door number eight, I knock, unlock, and go inside. Oh, I actually know what this creature is!

“Hi, I’m Cat!” I exclaim, and the creature smiles at me.

“And judging by the way your face lit up when you entered, you know what I am,” he says.

“You’re a centaur, right?” I ask. He smiles, nodding. His horse body is lying on the floor, while his human arms are crossed and his face is warm and welcoming. He’s handsome, even though he must be a lot older than me.

Then I realize something...

My gaze falls down to where his human torso ends and his horse body starts. His penis is...

“You’ve noticed,” he says with a laugh. I feel my cheeks turn red. “No need to blush; many would hesitate at the thought of taking such a giant dick.”

“No, you misunderstand.” I walk a little closer and point to my pussy, and his gaze follows my fingers. “I’m not blushing. I’m aroused.”

This is just what I need. Already today I’ve fucked a giant rock and Des has made me cum with a single touch, but I’m still hungry for more, and that massive horse cock has my mouth watering.

He raises his eyebrows, then starts grinning.

“Maybe I finally found someone to actually *ride* me,” he whispers. His voice is deep and impressive.

“What’s your name?” I ask.

He chuckles. “Lazaros.”

I nod. “Would you do me the honor of letting me ride you, Lazaros?” I rasp out.

He grins. “Nothing could stop me,” he answers. He stands up and reaches out to pull me close against his chest.

He’s a little taller than me—which is what I would expect from a centaur, if that’s a reasonable thing to say. I also notice that he has no chains. That’s convenient, for how...athletic I want this to get.

He pulls me in for a kiss, and I meet his tongue with mine greedily, pressing my body between his front legs. His human arms wrap around me, and I feel his hands cupping my ass.

While Lazaros’s mouth eats up mine, I feel his finger at my rear entrance, pushing in without warning. I gasp into his mouth, and he growls, pulling me even closer.

He inserts a second finger, and I tilt my head back, presenting my throat to him. Taking the invitation, he starts sucking on my neck.

His free hand rubs along my folds, and it's a delicious sensation, but after seeing that huge horse cock, I'm impatient for him to fuck me.

As if he has read my thoughts, he starts walking with a clip-clop of hooves, gently pushing me toward the table. I understand and let myself be herded, leaning against the cold metal and waiting to see what he does next.

Lazaros places his front legs on the table, and I can see that his gigantic cock is already erect. It's easily the size of my entire upper body, including my head. I have no idea how it can fit into me, but I'm excited to find out.

"Make yourself acquainted." He chuckles. I nod and kneel before his huge cock, reaching out to stroke. Lazaros groans, and I rub my hands along the shaft, pressing the upper part between my tits so I'm wet with his precum.

I keep rubbing with my hands, and my boobs nestle a part as well, but he's so long that the head extends up toward my face. I start licking at the tip. Gently, he starts rocking his hips, making me sigh with anticipation.

"I want you now," I moan. Letting go of him, I crawl to the table, stand up, and lean my arms on it, presenting my ass for a thorough pounding.

"I'll be gentle," he says, and when I glance over my shoulder I can see he's grinning.

I scoff. "Please don't." He stops, seeming surprised.

I push my ass out, firmly gripping the edge of the table to get some stability.

And then I feel his tip.

Carefully, he presses inside of me. I sigh with pleasure, and he keeps pushing deeper and deeper. I feel myself stretch wider than I thought possible to accommodate him.

The sigh turns into a moan, then a loud one, then ramps up into a scream. He's still entering me, and he's not even close to the end of his cock.

"Hard!" I shriek, and he finally rams the rest inside of me, bottoming out.

I yell, tilting my head back, punching at the table out of a need to do something with all this sexual energy.

"You endure," he says, a chuckle on his lips.

“Fuck me hard, Lazaros. Don’t hold back,” I moan. When he still hesitates, I move my hips a little. “I can take it,” I beg.

“Tell me if it’s too much, and I will stop immediately,” he warns.

“Impale me, centaur,” I groan. He chuckles, pulls back almost completely, then slams it in again.

I scream as loud as I ever have, but it fills me with so much pleasure that my sight goes black, my pussy contracting, my next orgasm washing over me. This is so fucking hot.

Almost every time he spears into me, I orgasm again, my legs shaking, my throat on fire from my screams. But I can’t get enough.

He keeps going, his stamina incredible. I swear I can feel his cock pressing against all my internal organs—like he’s nestled somewhere between my spleen and my pancreas, which should not be possible.

When I look down, I see the tip of his cock curving out under my skin, just below my boobs. That should freak me out, I think. Instead, it’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

The next time he rams inside, I stroke that bulge on my skin, pressing on his cock from the outside. Lazaros moans in surprise, and I grin between my screams of passion.

“You’ve...got...magic...don’t...you?” I scream between his thrusts.

“I do.”

“Make...it...longer,” I grit out.

He stops for a moment. “Are you sure?” he asks. I stumble forward at the sudden change of pace.

He lowers his front hooves to the ground, retracting out of me at the same time. I turn, eye-level with his human chest as I lean back against the table, out of breath.

“My organs can shift,” I say, drenched in sweat. “I want you to...stuff your cock inside of my mouth, so far that it comes out of my pussy again.” I moan just thinking about it.

“With my new shapeshifter organs, that should be possible.”

“Well...we can always try.” Lazaros grins, and his eyes turn gray as I watch his cock lengthen even more. My pussy contracts, and I feel another orgasm rush over me just watching this.

I can’t wait.

