

Test Subject | The Impaling

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I greedily kneel before Lazaros's long manhood and open my mouth, my tongue hanging out, awaiting that sweet juice.

Lazaros places his spear on my tongue and slowly starts pushing inside.

I feel him press through my throat, down my esophagus, then farther, into what I think is my stomach. Here, it gets weird.

There's a new feeling, something tingly, while my body gets all hot from the inside. I feel a shift inside my organs. I don't know how, but the cock keeps pushing through without any obstacle. And there's still a lot left.

"Are you still alive?" I hear Lazaros ask. Since I can't answer, I just grab the part of his cock that's not inside me yet and rub it hard, making him groan in response, "You're a crazy one."

He thrusts forward, and when I feel that enormous spear come out of my pussy, my eyes roll to the back of my head. I let out a muffled scream with my next orgasm. This is the weirdest and hottest thing I have ever felt.

Lazaros's balls are now pressed right up against my chin, so I grab them and pull. Lazaros thrusts forward harder on instinct. Then, I guess he understands what I want, because he starts pounding away.

He goes on for ages. I hear the smacking of his cock thrusting out of my pussy before sliding back in, all the way out to my throat and then back inside.

When he finally grunts with the beginning of his own orgasm, I crawl backward. That way, the end of his dick is still inside my pussy when he spills his sweet juices. I place my hand against my entrance to hold it all in.

Then I wiggle and moan while he slowly retracts, filling me up from bottom to top. Every inch he vacates is another inch that floods with his hot jizz.

When he's all out, there's still cum spilling out of him, hitting my face.

"You're full now, and I'm still hard." He sighs, walking back a bit. But I just grin, lie on my back, and spread my legs into the air.

"I have another hole," I whisper, because my voice is so hoarse by now that nothing louder will come out—also, there's jizz dripping from my lips.

Lazaros's gaze turns greedy. He pulls the table from the wall, grabs me, and pushes me onto it. He positions my legs over his shoulders, his front legs jumping up on the table again, while my head hangs down on the far side.

His human hands hold my feet, and he gently licks over my ankles a couple of times, then rams his still-spurting cock into my ass.

I scream like a wild animal, making Lazaros stop and look down at me like he's concerned.

But I meet his gaze evenly, panting and squeezing my own boobs, licking my lips to capture his juice still on them. I don't think I can talk right now, but I definitely want him to keep going.

So he does.

He hammers and hammers; I feel his cock tickling through my intestines again, where it should not be possible, but he is completely filling me up once more.

Since he's *still* cumming from the first time, while we're already fucking again, the splatting sound is so loud it's almost indecent. The jizz splashes out of me and sprays everywhere.

When he's finally done, he lets down my legs. I can't move after another two orgasms, so I just collapse on the table, all my limbs stretched out to the sides, my head hanging down.

"Was this a little too much after all?" Lazaros asks with a chuckle.

I just grin and keep my eyes closed.

"Not nearly," I whisper, stretching out my hand. He takes it and pulls me up, holding me steady so I don't fall back down again.

"I didn't even know this was possible, but every time I reach another door, I get fucked out of my mind even better than before," I tell him.

"Well...you should wait for Number Nine, then. You'll be...overwhelmed." Lazaros chuckles again as he gently rubs my nipple. "All the other humans died before coming here.

"All the seed I pumped into you was filled with my endless anticipation and hope. It's incredible to finally find somebody who can take me. I thank you for being that person."

“And I”—I’m still breathing so heavily I have to gasp between words—“thank you for...filling me.”

“I see why the boss has taken a liking to you,” Lazaros laughs again, and I stiffen up a bit, able to sit on my own now.

“He has?” I ask. “How do you know?”

“Well, Number Two and I talk a lot...,” he says. I raise my eyebrows, making him smile. “Number Two says it’s obvious the boss likes you. And I know you like the boss as well.”

“I do,” I confirm shyly.

“Although he put you into jail like he did with all of us,” Lazaros muses.

“It’s hardly jail when I get more than I ever could’ve asked for within these walls,” I reply, but Lazaros tilts his head.

“Don’t you want freedom?”

“Freedom always meant another kind of prison for me.” I sigh and try to stand up, but my legs buckle, so Lazaros holds me gently. “I don’t have anything or anybody outside. You guys are all I have now.”

“Well...we are very lucky, then.” Lazaros pushes my chin up and gently kisses me. I pull him even closer when he tries to separate, slowly stroking his chest for a long moment before I retreat.

“I’m sure I’ll see you again,” I say as I leave, smiling over my shoulder. “I’ll definitely try that cock again.”

Lazaros laughs, but he looks more somber than I’d expected as he retreats to his corner. I think about what he said about freedom. It makes sense that a horse wants to run free. Maybe something to bring up with Des.

When I return to Des’s office after dropping off a ton of seed at Richard’s clinic, I still feel a little weak around the legs. I fall into the chair and loudly exhale.

“Too much?” Des chuckles when he sees me.

“Just enough,” I reply. My voice is still a little raspy but I can at least talk at a normal volume now. Des looks surprised.

“You fascinate me, Cat,” he says. I raise my eyebrows, wondering what he means. “You were so shy and embarrassed at first, but you quickly adapted and even thrived in this environment. I have never seen anything like it.”

“Well, I’m learning from the best.” I grin at him, and he chuckles. “I saw how natural all this is for you and Richard, so I think I adjusted to that. I feel welcome here and almost...” I hesitate.

“Almost...?” Des looks at me curiously.

“I...I feel at home,” I whisper, shocked to say it out loud.

“You seem surprised about that,” he observes.

“I have never felt at home anywhere. My parents died when I was a baby. I grew up moving between foster homes and group homes, and when I got old enough I always lived alone. To feel at home here, of all the strange places in the world...”

“Well, maybe you belong here, then.” Des smiles and hands me another potion. “This is for tomorrow. Please drink it now. You will get another one just before you go to bed, delivered to your kitchen. And a third one tomorrow morning.”

I nod and gulp it down. It tastes like... I grimace, making Des chuckle.

“This tastes like butt,” I exclaim, and he laughs harder.

“It’s the last bad one, I promise.”

“Will I get another one for Number Ten?” I wonder, and he slowly nods.

“It will be different, though. When the time comes, I’ll explain everything.” Des looks to my apartment door, giving me the cue to leave him alone for now.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Des.” I smile and stand up, adding, “If I’m still able to walk by then.”

Des laughs and I look back at him, catching his gaze fixated on my naked butt.

“You’ll feel no soreness tomorrow. Another perk of the potions.”

I smile and go into my apartment, chuckling to realize that he’s started calling them “potions” just like I do.

I’m not hungry for dinner—as usual, I feel too full of sperm to think about food. But I do drink the potion when it shows up in my kitchen. It still tastes bad, but I’m sure this is better than feeling the pain of whatever will happen tomorrow.

I wonder...didn't Des say that the more I slept with all these different monsters, the easier it would get? And yet, I had to drink three potions to prepare for the pixies, and now three to prepare for door number nine.

I'm guessing that either means there will be multiple monsters behind door nine, or one *huge* monster, bigger than Lazaros, bigger than anyone I've met so far. So shouldn't I get...special pretreatment?

I've been wearing a loose, flowy robe to lounge around my apartment all afternoon. Now, grinning, I undress again and walk into the office, which is empty at this late hour.

Making sure that the cameras are rolling, I unlock the chains in rooms one and four. Then I head out into the long corridor and open Sylvan's door. He looks up in surprise when he sees me.

"Come." I wave him over to me, smiling. He cocks his head, but apparently he's curious enough to follow me. I lead him to door eight, where I knock and head in to greet Lazaros.

He's obviously just been hanging around his cell, bored, but he frowns when he sees me. "Back so soon?" he asks, confused. Then he sees Sylvan behind me. "Oh. This is going to be interesting."

He waves for us to come inside, but I shake my head and point to the corridor.

"We need one more," I say with a grin. They both follow me willingly enough, but when I walk to door number four, they hesitate.

"Cat, are you sure?" Lazaros asks. I nod, putting my hand on the handle. Sylvan whines a bit, and I look back at him.

"Don't worry. He's very nice."

I open the door and tell them to wait. But I didn't bother pressing the button first, and I leave the door wide open, so a little light spills inside from the hallway.

Unchained, the werewolf immediately jumps forward and bares his teeth, but I smile and show him my neck.

"I'm not here to hurt you. I want to have you again; last time I didn't get to enjoy you completely," I whisper. He stops growling, looking confused. "I'm not afraid of your appearance," I assure him.

Now, he's curious. He sits down on his butt, wagging his tail.

“Don’t be alarmed. There will be two more.” I look at the door and the other two come in slowly. “The more the merrier, hm?”

The werewolf looks interested, panting now. He stands up on his hind legs, looking impressively huge. The door stands open, so I see how all three of my chosen monsters are looking at me. I’m getting wet just from their stares.

I walk over to the werewolf and ask him to sit back down on his butt, so I can see his cock. He seems to understand enough to obey easily, and when I bend to take it into my mouth, he gently purrs.

I’m on all fours instead of sitting down, so my ass is presented to the other two. Lazaros walks up behind me, rubbing his long dick along my folds and then forward to my tits, so I can stroke him while still sucking on the werewolf’s dick.

Sylvan comes to crouch next to me, extending his tongues to slide between Lazaros’s cock and my pussy. I feel both tongues slide inside me, making me moan.

I quicken my head movements, and the werewolf growls and starts thrusting his hips up. I put my hands on his legs to get a better hold, while Lazaros also starts picking up the pace.

Eventually, I pull back and straighten up. They all retreat, looking at me curiously like they’re trying to figure out what’s next.

I gesture the werewolf to lie down on his back so I can sit on his dick. Then I lean forward and look over my shoulder, presenting my asshole enough that Lazaros can come forward, sit down with his back legs straddling me, and position his cock at my entrance.

Lazaros waits. I wave Sylvan over to my front, and he presses his cock against my lips, which I open and welcome him in.

Now that everyone’s in position, Lazaros takes his cue and rams into me. I shriek and hurtle forward, completely taking Sylvan into my mouth in the process. I start riding the werewolf too, and this all turns into a very synchronized fuck party.

After a lot of hammering, ramming, thrusting, and splatting, I am completely covered with cum and sweat, wrung out after several orgasms.

The werewolf retreats to his corner, happily collapsing into sleep. I bring Lazaros and Sylvan back to their rooms—though I don’t bother trying to fasten Sylvan back into his chains.

Then I wobble back to my room, skip the shower and fall into bed, covered in cum and feeling dirty in all the best ways.

Next Chapter
Continue to the next chapter of Test Subject