

# Test Subject | Door Number Nine

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## Door Number Nine

The next day, the cum has dried on my skin. I only take a quick shower before leaving the apartment and finding Des in his chair, watching the footage from last night.

I pause to admire the view of myself stuffed full of three monster cocks at once. Seeing it on video is turning me on all over again.

“Good morning,” I say. Des pauses, turns around, and looks at me with a stern face.

“What were you thinking?” he says sharply.

I frown. “What do you mean?”

“I have given you every possible liberty up to this point. I let you have your fun with Number Two, and even looked the other way when you broke the rules by inviting him out of his enclosure to enter your apartment.”

“I didn’t know about that rule,” I whisper, but he ignores me.

“But now you’ve crossed a line. There’s a reason why Number Four is chained to a wall and kept in darkness—it’s because he’s dangerous!

“You risked the whole mission, this whole facility. Do you have any idea what he could have done?” Des stands up and I look down, feeling ashamed and wishing I were wearing clothes now.

“Look”—Des sighs and comes around the desk, leaning against it, gently pushing up my chin so I look at him—“he could have not only killed the other subjects, he could have killed *you*.”

I scoff. “I knew I wasn’t in danger. He would never hurt me; he likes me. Also, *you* took off the chains last time,” I point out.

Des sighs, but I press on, “I know you think I endangered your mission, and I’m sorry for that, but I was sure that nothing bad would happen.”

“It’s not about the mission, Cat,” Des whispers. I furrow my brows as he reaches out to gently stroke his finger along my jawline; warm sparks emanate from everywhere he touches. “I was worried about *you*.”

“But...you said this mission was the most important thing.”

“And it is. But it will not work without you. I doubt that I will ever find anybody like you again.”

I take a step back and nod sharply. That’s not the answer I wanted, I realize. Des doesn’t care about *me*; he only wants his fucking job to be a success.

“Give me the potion,” I say, and he looks confused.

“You... Why do you seem so upset?”

“I want to take on Number Nine, so give me the damn potion,” I repeat, but he still ignores me.

“I am confused by this emotion; I don’t know how to...”

“Let me take this fucking magic drink, so I can get fucked by the next monster, so we can move on to Number Ten and then I’m out of here!” I exclaim.

Des’s face turns a little softer, which confuses me. “I...doubt you will leave,” he says quietly. Then he stands up from the desk, goes to the cupboard, and fetches the drink.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I demand.

He doesn’t answer, just hands me the drink.

I take it, but don’t drink it just yet.

“What...if I don’t drink it? If I refuse to fuck Number Nine?”

“You can do that...,” he says, “but you won’t last. Your body will yearn for that filling, that consumption. Your organs will cry out in pain until you go get it, because that is what they need to complete the transformation.

“You will die if you don’t get the seed from Number Ten. And if you don’t drink this, Number Nine will hurt you when you do mate with him. So all you would do is hurt yourself, just to rebel against me.”

I curse under my breath, but I do grab the bottle and gulp down the disgusting stuff. Then I toss the bottle into the corner and stomp off into the white corridor.

I don’t bother knocking at door number nine; I just unlock the door and step in.

“Hi, I’m—” I start, but cut off when something grabs me by the waist and throws me against a wall.

My sight goes black and I crumble onto the floor, my lungs not able to function for a second, although the soft walls helped to soften the blow a little.

I lie there for a moment, dazed and confused, but look up when I hear a very disturbing sound: a...bull about to attack? I can only describe it as hooves scraping against the floor, a lot of air being puffed out of nostrils.

When I lay my eyes on the monster, I gasp. It's a fucking minotaur, ready to charge at me. I don't move a muscle while I watch him threaten me like a wild animal getting ready to attack, puffing out hot air from his nostrils.

He has two horns, each at least two feet long, sticking up from his head. His nose is pierced with a gold hoop, and his legs are muscular and thick like two tree trunks, though he stands upright on two legs instead of four.

I keep a wary eye on those legs as he scrapes his hoof against the ground, preparing to charge. But then I glance a little higher and see something swinging from his crotch.

I freeze, my mouth wide open. That's not a penis. That's a third fucking tree trunk! It's thicker than my whole body, and there is *no freaking way* I can get any part of that inside of me.

Just as I'm about to stand up and try to somehow calm down the angry minotaur, I hear another sound.

I look to the right and shriek quietly. There's another one. Equally built, equally angry.

Des is insistent about keeping a freaking nice puppy chained up at all times, but these beasts are roaming free?!

I notice that this room is bigger than any of the ones I've seen before. The walls are higher, there's some sand in a corner, and there's just generally more space.

Very slowly, I move my hands in front of me.

"I am Cat. I do not want to hurt you," I whisper, but both beasts just puff out air audibly.

The second one is also getting ready to attack. One of this one's horns is a little crooked, which makes it easier to distinguish them—I also notice that his nose is unpierced.

I calculate my chances, but when one of them looks to the other, I start running for the door.

They both charge at me at the same time. They're a lot quicker than I am and catch up to me in seconds.

The first one—Nose Ring—grabs me by the waist again, lifting me into the air. I gasp in shock; his hand is surprisingly human, but so big that his thumb alone covers my whole belly.

Once he's got me in his grasp, the anger seems to fade from his eyes, replaced by something else. Curiosity.

He holds me out in front of him, then turns and puffs out an expressive breath at the other one—Crooked Horn—who moves closer. Nose Ring grabs one of my legs and starts pulling it to the side, revealing my pussy.

I squeal, and my breath starts coming very fast. Crooked Horn lowers his head toward my exposed crotch. What the fuck?!

He positions his horn—the non-crooked one—at my pussy, and I try to wiggle away. That horn isn't as big as his cock, but it's long and looks wickedly sharp.

But then Nose Ring bends his own head down too, placing the point of his horn at the top of my spine.

Now I'm trapped. If I stay still, I'll get gored in the pussy, but if I try to move backward, that horn will pierce the skin of my back.

Great. This is how I'm going to die. Fucked by a horn, torn apart from the inside. This is even worse than the jelly monster.

But then, somehow, the horn slides into my pussy perfectly, making me moan with surprised pleasure.

I have no idea how this works, if it's my shapeshifter organs or the potions protecting me from getting torn apart, but even as he starts ramming, there's no pain. The long, hard curve of the horn feels amazing.

I moan and tilt my head back. Nose Ring seems to understand that he doesn't need to restrain me anymore. He pulls back his horn, instead running his tongue along my skin. Then, I feel something on my ass.

It's his finger. He starts pushing in. I feel the tension; my hole is too tight for his thick digit when I've already got a horn in my pussy. But thanks to the potion or the shapeshifting, I'm able to stretch as much as I need.

It doesn't hurt at all as he presses his thick finger into me. I squeal again—this time out of pleasure—and start moving my hips, reaching backward for the nose ring and holding onto it.

Crooked Horn pulls his horn out of me with a wet noise. He pushes down on Nose Ring's arm, making him lower me a bit, though my feet still dangle at least a foot off the ground.

I am face-to-face with a huge cock now. It's bigger than my entire body, about as tall as a small tree and at least as thick. There's no way.

Hoping to calm him down, I extend my tongue and lick at the monster cock. He huffs out what seems like a pleased breath, then starts rubbing his giant dick all down the front of my body.

I can feel my pussy flooding with wetness, but no matter how wet I get, there's just no way that's going to slide into me.

Just as I start to panic again, Nose Ring pulls his finger out of my ass and starts rubbing his cock between my legs, making me sit on it like I'm riding horseback on top of the shaft. They both rub for a while, one at my pussy, one at my tits.

I sigh in pleasure, letting myself relax. If this is all they want, I can handle that.

Then, Crooked Horn pulls away a little, reaches forward, and starts rubbing his cock. He cums and spritzes his juice all over me, drenching me. I gasp and look down at myself. What the fuck?

Nose Ring wraps one hand around my neck, the other around both my ankles, and starts...pulling in both directions. It should hurt a lot, like he's stretching me apart, but instead he's...making me larger? How is that fucking possible?!

At some point, apparently I'm large enough. I'd say about seven feet tall, which is still very small compared to them. They both let go of me and then Nose Ring picks me back up, ramming his cock into my pussy.

I scream out, but it feels so fucking awesome, I immediately throw my arms around his chest and start grinding.

I've just settled into a rhythm when without warning, Crooked Horn lies down on the ground. Simultaneously Nose Ring slides out of my pussy and swings me down to press me onto the erect cock of Crooked Horn instead. Then he rams into my ass.

My sight goes black as I yell out, but they don't wait for me to adjust; they just keep pumping into me, every thrust making me scream and shout.

They keep going for so long that I can't even move anymore, but I love it. They keep exchanging me like a goddamn puppet, a toy. One fucks my ass, then turns me around and fucks my pussy, before throbbing into my mouth.

At one point, Nose Ring is holding both my arms, Crooked Horn my legs. They pull in opposite directions while they thrust in one at a time, one into my mouth and down my throat, the other into my pussy and up into my intestines.

Their cocks hit each other inside me, making me squeal each time, and their juices start filling me up.

When they are done, they drop me. Their cocks are still spitting out their sweet juices, and they start drenching me with cum yet again. I feel like I'm in a rainstorm, but I open my mouth and let it all cover me.

They retreat to their corners, apparently satisfied for now. I lie on the floor for at least an hour, too sex-drunk to even think about moving.

At some point, I think I must fall asleep, because when my fuzzy brain comes back online enough that I can finally sit up, one of the minotaurs—I think it must be Crooked Horn, but it's hard to tell from this angle—is bending over, the other one fucking him hard.

Their grunting is so loud and impressive that I think I could shake off my daze and join them for round two. But I'm too scared they could crush me in between them.

I keep watching them, though. The one behind is hanging his tongue out; he's turned his head enough that I can see the nose ring.

Crooked Horn is erect as he gets fucked, but he isn't bothering to stroke his own cock. I'm sure they must change positions afterward, taking turns so they each get to be the penetrator.

I crawl to the entrance, leaving a line of cum on the floor like a snail's slime trail, until I reach the door and pull myself up, wobbling to the clinic.

For the first time, Richard looks a little concerned when he sees me. I'm not sure what I look like—I feel like more cum than girl at this point, and I think I'm still taller than I was when I woke up this morning.

On the bright side, Richard doesn't have any trouble collecting enough semen from me. It's practically sloughing off me in waves. After asking several times if I'm okay, he releases me to the office.

I go inside, ignore Des completely, and walk directly to the door to my apartment.

"Richard will finish the last potion, with the minotaurs' semen," Des calls to me before I can go through and slam the door behind me. "You will drink it before you go to bed tonight."

“Will I?” I say snottily. Then I do indeed slam the door.

I walk over to my swimming pool and just fall in, letting the water clean me while I float on the surface facedown. I’ll probably have to breathe eventually, but for now I just study the pool floor.

I’m back to my normal height. When did that happen? What’s going to wait for me tomorrow? Will I die? Maybe that’s why Des never really responded to me coming onto him, because he knew I’d be dying soon.

But even so...wouldn’t that be a fucking nice way to go? In complete ecstasy and pleasure?

Besides, it’s not like I have a lot of other options. If I ever leave here, there will be no person in this world who can ever make me horny again. Not after I’ve fucked centaurs and minotaurs and werewolves. What human could compare?

Now I know what Lazaros meant.

This place is a prison.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Test Subject