

Test Subject |

The Last Species Test Subject

The Last Species

When I awake, my nerves finally get to me. I feel like a human mess, a combination of constant horniness and sudden trepidation.

Will I die today? If so, was it worth it, all this crazy good sex compared to a mundane, boring life before?

I take a long shower, not knowing if it's going to be my last. After last night's potion I feel sick, but I've rarely eaten here, so I don't bother with breakfast now either.

I've been going around naked for days now, but today, suddenly, that feels too vulnerable. I get dressed in a short, pleated skirt and a very short, white crop top, barely covering my boobs.

Too much fabric would probably get in the way, but I don't like the thought of confronting the last species completely naked. So I guess the best compromise is a very short outfit.

I sigh, take one more look at myself in the mirror, then walk into the office.

Wow. I scan the room, but a second look confirms: Des isn't here. If I die today, he won't even have said goodbye. Maybe he's too chicken to watch me die; who knows?

I scoff. Then I walk out into the corridor, where I find that all the doors are open. Some of the subjects are standing by the doorframes, watching me. My bare feet don't make a sound as I walk by.

Sylvan smiles at me, waving. I return the wave, but his eyes look worried.

Mehdi sighs when he sees me.

"Do me a favor and survive, will you, kitty?" he says. I chuckle, but he stays way too serious as he says, "We've all grown to like you. It would be such a waste to see you go now."

"I'll do my best." I take the hand he offers me, squeezing slightly, before he lets me go.

Next I peek behind door number three, where I can see an empty swimming pool, smaller than the one in my apartment. I guess the rapey jelly monster lived here until Des murdered him for hurting me.

It's weird, but I feel more wistful than scared when I think about that.

Even the werewolf is by his door, whining as I walk by.

"Don't worry, I'll come back and cuddle with you," I say, winking at him. I guess he believes me, because he starts wagging his tail.

The ogre, pixie, stonetroll, and minotaurs don't really react to me, but they are not the most sapient species, so I don't mind.

"It would be such a shame to see you fail now." Lazaros sighs. "You endured so much."

"I don't intend to fail now," I reply, smiling.

He frowns. "Cat, those minotaurs were nothing compared to what you will face now. Don't take this lightly. Did you drink all your potions?" I nod. "Did you sleep with *every* monster here?"

"Some even twice." I chuckle, and with a look back to Mehdi, I add, "Or more."

"Well, that's an advantage. But still. Don't hesitate to express your feelings, okay? Number Ten is an intelligent beast; it will understand."

"I'll be all right, Lazaros." I smile and walk past his door, trying to act confident, but I'm not so sure myself.

"I'm sure you will," Richard says, standing by the clinic door. "Nobody has ever come this far. If there is one to succeed, it's you."

"Promise me something, Richard," I whisper. He looks surprised but leans forward to hear my request. "If I *don't* make it out again...release the beasts who don't want to stay."

"I can't promise that," he says. I sigh, and he hurries to add, "I can promise you that I will try to convince the boss."

I nod. That's all I can ask for.

I go to door number ten, but there's no keyhole. I try the handle; it's unlocked. Okay, then. The most dangerous monster in this place, and apparently it's free to leave whenever it wants.

When I open the door just a crevice, I get hit by a gust of fresh air, and hear the sound of running water and birds. What the...?

I enter, and as soon as I close the door behind me, it vanishes. Wide-eyed, I take in a room wildly unlike any other I've seen.

I'm standing in a giant forest, and not an empty one; I can hear the forest animals calling and sneaking around close by.

I turn around and see the river I've been hearing, leading somewhere deeper into the woods. Far above the trees, I can see the outline of a mountain.

It is so peaceful here. The birds are singing, a pleasant wind is brushing my face, and I think I could stay here all my life.

How is this possible? We're in the middle of an ugly-ass city, and there's a whole ecosystem tucked away behind the door of a basement lab?

But then again...I've been fucked by so many monsters, why do I even bother asking how anything is possible by now?

I follow the river deeper into the woods, and the sound of water gets louder as I go. When I pass a little hill, I can see the origin: an enormous lake, calmly reflecting the sun.

Wait, there's a sun in here too? How is this...? Okay, I'm not going to ask again.

I walk to the shore, dip my feet into the water, and bend over to drink some of it. As I stand upright again, wiping my face clean with my arm, I hear feet behind me on the forest floor.

I turn around, and beam with happiness at what I see.

Six tiny baby dragons are running around—and by “tiny,” I mean they're each the size of an average cow. They're mostly focused on playing with each other, but at least one of them looks in my direction every other second.

I kneel on the ground and extend my hand, trying not to scare them.

“Hey babies, come here,” I whisper. “I won't hurt you.”

One of them seems to be the bravest; it comes closer and rubs its nose along my hand. But...I don't feel anything.

And then I realize...they're not really here.

They are projections. Hope.

An incredible wave of sadness washes over me, and I realize what this is. This is the dream of the last species.

But does this mean...?

My breath speeds up. I stand, and as I do I hear a splash behind me, along with a quiet puff of air.

Slowly, I turn around—and gasp.

There is a huge dragon looking at me, gold scales glittering in the sun, a warm expression on its face. The wings are massive yet elegant; I can't see the feet, as they are still under water.

The beast radiates an aura of calm and quiet; I feel like I couldn't be scared of it even if I wanted to. The eyes are red and snakelike, but they seem warm anyway—and kind of familiar.

I wonder for a moment how it could have flown in and landed here without making a single sound, but then I realize that its body is wet—it came out of the lake. Still, I'm impressed by how quiet it was!

I am no expert on the size of dragons, but as far as I can tell—with my extensive research consisting of watching *The Hobbit* trilogy—I'd say it's at least Smaug-sized.

I'm not totally sure whether it's a dragon or a wyvern. The difference is something about legs and wings, but until now, I never cared enough to learn; after all, I never thought I'd need this information in my life.

"You haven't run yet."

The sound buzzes in my head, impressively deep and somehow full. The dragon can speak. Great.

"I... You are beautiful," I gasp.

The dragon shows its teeth in what I think is supposed to be a smile. *"That is a nice thing to say; thank you. But I have never laid my eyes on a more beautiful creature either."*

"That's an immense exaggeration," I laugh. "I'm just...Cat."

"Do you know why you are here, Cat?"

"I..." I turn around, but the babies have vanished. "It's them, right? That's what you want."

"More than anything in this universe. We dragons have been treated cruelly ever since we came into existence. We were here before humans, but humans decided that we were danger.

"We never hurt them, but they still think it's their right to kill us. We are not easy to kill...but our offspring are, in the first years of life.

"Even when they weren't killing us directly, humans have destroyed our homes, whether intentionally or incidentally in their quest to colonize. This has proven to be the most successful way of getting rid of us.

"As far as I know, I am the last dragon on this earth, only able to live thanks to this...projection of my home."

"I am so sorry to hear that." I sit down and hug my legs. "You didn't deserve to come so close to extinction. No species ever does. But I am here to help, if I can."

"Do you know what kind of help is required, Cat?"

"Well...I guess I know as much as I can." I chuckle and shrug. "I mean, after all the...training I have received."

"You should know...no human has ever survived mating with a dragon."

"So it was done before?" I wonder.

He puffs out air. *"Many centuries ago. A human fell in love with a dragon and they tried to mate, hoping that their offspring would have the benefit of both species. They succeeded, but the human died shortly after."*

"Their offspring gained the ability to switch between human and dragon form, and thus hide in plain sight. That kept the species going for a while."

"But eventually, people noticed that the dragons, who had taken human form and lived among humans for centuries, were not aging, and maintaining an incredible physique and talent. Many were hunted down."

"How did the woman die?" I ask.

"Her body didn't survive the birth. The eggs were too big; they needed to be cut out of her."

"That's why I need shapeshifting organs," I whisper.

The dragon nods. *"Well...and because of this."* He moves his body out of the water, showing me his...

I think I'm about to faint.

That is not a genital. That is a weapon. I don't know what to compare it to, in terms of size. A bus, maybe?!

"Do not worry, little human. There is a reason why the minotaurs are the last creatures in your training."

"Are you going to make me bigger again?" I ask.

He nods. As if to show me, he puts one of his feet on top of my legs. He bends forward and licks over me with his giant, slightly split tongue. I chuckle and can't breathe for a moment, but when I open my eyes again, I am bigger.

He repeats this a couple of times, growing me more and more until I am *almost* certain that his dick won't kill me. My clothes grow with me—I think I must be as big as a house, though still a good bit smaller than the dragon.

Then, he takes one of his claws and cuts his other leg, just a tiny spot between two scales. A drop of blood wells up, and he holds his leg above me before the drop can fall. It's gold. Even before he can say anything, I open my mouth.

The dragon seems confused but pleased that I know what to do; he lowers his leg and lets the drop of blood fall onto my tongue.

I orgasm instantly, my moan echoing through the valley. My body is shaking, and my mind is only capable of thinking one thing: I want more.

"I want you to be comfortable and content. I need your full consent to be able to do this, and the last thing I want is to hurt you."

"It's okay." I look up at him, leaning back on my arms and spreading my legs a bit, giving him a direct view between my thighs. "Start whenever you want."

The dragon looks surprised for a moment, but then he lowers his head and extends his tongue. Slowly, it rubs along my folds. I tilt my head back, sighing.

He gently picks me up in his paw—if that's the right term—and brings me farther from the lake. Then he carefully pushes my crop top over my boobs with one claw, making them jiggle at the release.

He licks over my nipples and then back to my pussy, gently inserting his claw inside me while his tongue is busy on my clit.

"I have been waiting for so long to do this..."

I open my eyes and freeze. What?

I want to ask what he means, but before I can, he picks me up again, sits back on his hind legs, and sits me down with my pussy on top of his gigantic penis. Then he just lets me sit there for a moment, looking at me.

I hesitate, then gently start grinding.

The dragon purrs, closes his eyes, and after a moment he carefully pushes me down, entering me for real.

The feeling is overwhelming; I can trace how my organs are shifting to make room inside. They stretch and enlarge, while also staying as tight as possible so that I still feel every delicious inch of him. My pussy is eating his cock, quite literally.

I moan with pleasure, and I don't feel the remotest sign of pain.

"Take what's yours...Des," I whisper. The dragon stops and looks at me in wonder. I smile. "You have the same expression, the same kind eyes. Or did you think you could fool me forever?"

"I should have expected as much."

Des chuckles in my head, before pushing a little deeper. I moan and heave a sigh, letting my body go completely slack as I enjoy the sensation.

He does all the work, rubbing me up and down his cock—but not nearly the whole thing. Maybe...one-fifth of the length? I wish I could take all of him inside me.

There is no ramming, no hammering, no thrusting here. It is very gentle and careful, but I enjoy it just as much as the rougher stuff from the last few days.

I feel him hesitate, like he's holding back.

"Deeper..." I sigh, looking at him with half-closed eyes. Still, I can see that Des struggles. He wants to, but he's scared.

"I do not want to hurt you, Cat."

"I'll let you know if you do," I whisper. Then I grab his claws where they're holding me, pulling myself a little farther onto his cock and moaning.

Carefully, Des pushes me down more. I scream, but it's quite obviously a scream of pleasure, as I begin to grind and grab my boobs.

I can feel his cock throbbing inside my whole body. It seems as if it *is* me, completely consuming me. There is nothing left of me anymore; I am all him.

Although there's no intense action like behind all those other doors, I still get to orgasm several times. When Des finally builds to his own orgasm, his cock starts...pumping.

I can see it growing at the shaft; it looks like there are cannonballs slowly creeping toward the tip. The only comparison I can think of is to prey moving through a snake's body, getting pushed along.

Des adjusts my position so that only the tip of his penis is still inside of me. When I feel the first ball enter me, my sight goes black and I shriek. And it keeps going and going.

I don't know how many are planted in me, but I'm sure the balls are eggs. And as a nice little add-on, every egg causes a fresh wave of orgasms. I scream so loud I'm sure I drown out everything else in the forest.

When Des is done, he gently puts me back on the ground—and as he does, I feel myself shrinking again.

As I'm catching my breath, he turns back into human and stands above me, naked now.

"I'm sorry for the deception. It had to be this way."

I just nod, stretching out my hand. Des is confused, but he accepts my hand, and I pull him down next to me. I nestle my head on his chest and instantly fall into a vast, engulfing blackness.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Test Subject