

Test Subject | Door Number One

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I almost drop the bowl when I get a good look at the...monster.

This is not possible. There must have been drugs in that drink Mr. Sire gave me a few minutes ago. This looks like...

A demon?!

It's a huge, humanoid creature. It sits in the corner of the room, hands bound by two chains attached to the wall, two horns on its head like antlers.

Its arms are clutching its legs, pulling them to its chest, but there's not much farther the chains will let it move.

My first reaction is fear, but...

Those eyes. They are scared, broken, and submissive.

"I'm Cat," I say, trying on a reassuring smile. "I am here to take care of you."

The creature doesn't answer me, just looks at me curiously.

"I...don't know your name or, quite frankly, what you are, but I'm sure we'll get along fine," I say. I think it understands me, because it looks toward the opposite corner of the room from where it's sitting—like it's trying to show me something.

I follow its gaze and see a file attached to the wall next to a small, empty table. I head in that direction, put the bowl on the table, and grab the file.

"*Test subject 'incubus',*" I read aloud, "*a spirit or demon of the night. Said to impregnate sleeping women during their hour of sin, in connection with the devil.*" I scoff. "There's no such thing as the devil."

I hear a sound from the corner and turn back toward the creature—the incubus, I guess. It seems pleased, a slight smile on its face. Well...*his* face. The file specifies that this specimen is male.

"You're a forest spirit, then? A"—I read again—"sylvan?" He nods.

"Can I call you that? As a name? 'Sylvan?'" He nods again.

"Can you talk?" He shakes his head.

"But you understand everything I say?" Again, a nod.

I can work with that.

I sit on the table and take a closer look at him. His face is almost humanlike, but the skin is a little redder than any human's I've seen.

I can't see much of his torso when he's sitting curled up like that, but his legs are goat-like, covered in hair and with hooved feet.

I guess that's why the legends put him in cahoots with the devil. Poor goats. It's not their fault they're associated with Satan.

His muscular arms, by contrast, are completely human. Well, if the human in question has spent all his life in a gym.

His ears are long and point toward the back of his head, where his long, brown hair is slicked back.

"How about I tell you something about myself?" I suggest. He nods his agreement.

"I just started here today, and I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I...don't even know if you're real or a hallucination.

"Maybe right now I'm in a cell in a mental facility because I've gone mad." I grimace, and Sylvan laughs, loud and open-mouthed.

It's a cute sound, but his teeth fascinate me now that I'm seeing them. They are very sharp and pointy; a bite must hurt like hell. He notices my stare and swiftly closes his mouth again.

"I don't mind," I say. He looks up at me, curious. "I've always been the odd one out," I explain. He frowns. "Not because of how I look," I clarify. He smiles, like he gets it now.

"As a child, I was the orphan. As a teenager, I was the slut." He doesn't know this word, by the looks of it.

"I was looking for something to fill me, but I looked in the arms of strangers, rather than myself," I explain. He slowly nods, eyes filling with understanding.

"As an adult...well, I was the weird scientist with crazy ideas, who was attracted to all sorts of strangeness."

Sylvan looks compassionate. I can't believe that some mystic being understands me so much more than any human ever has.

“Look...” I sigh, and my shoulders drop. “I am supposed to take your blood.” I hold up a syringe, and Sylvan immediately pushes himself back to the wall, so I quickly put it back on the table.

“But I want you to trust me first. Is that a deal? We get to know each other. Then, when you’re ready, I take your blood?”

He nods, eagerly now. I am a little confused, but I can work with eagerness.

I find myself conversing all day with this stranger—not just a stranger, but a chained-up monster who’s supposed to steal my sin or whatever bullshit the church has made up. And it’s one of the best conversations I’ve ever had.

Okay, Sylvan doesn’t say anything, but he seems interested, reacts with his face and body, and seems to relax from time to time.

Finally, he loosens his arm from where it’s been tightly wrapped around his legs all day and holds it out to me. I must have been talking for hours by now, but I didn’t even notice the time passing.

“What the hell...,” I gasp, and come a little closer. “Can I?” I reach out to touch him and he nods, extending his arm fully so I can take a look.

“Who did this to you?” I whisper as I inspect his arm. It’s covered in bruises and scars, apparently from somebody trying to take his blood.

Sylvan points at me and I frown. It couldn’t have been me, so I guess...

“The person before me?” I ask. He nods proudly, as if he’s glad I understood.

“Did they try to take your blood by force?” Again, he nods, and now I’m angry.

“This is unbelievable! Did the boss fire them?” I ask, shooting up from where I’ve been crouched next to him and putting my hands on my hips.

Sylvan flinches, so I rapidly kneel again, holding out my hands. “I am angry, Sylvan, but not with you. I’m angry with the person before me.

“They had no right to treat you like this. No matter how you look, no matter if you can speak or not. No living being should be treated with such disrespect and brutality.”

Sylvan tilts his head and smiles, his eyes warm and full of joy.

Suddenly, there’s a knock at the door. I frown, and Sylvan hangs his head.

“What does this mean?” I ask. He points to the door; I’m just now noticing his nails, long and sharp like the ones in monster movies.

“I’m supposed to leave?”

He nods. I see the sadness in him, which kind of warms my heart. He wants me to stay.

“I’ll be back tomorrow, okay?” I ask, and he nods. I stand up, but then he reaches for my hand to stop me. As he does, his sharp nail grazes against my arm, and a thin line of blood wells up on my skin.

Sylvan looks terribly sorry and shocked, but I just smile and wave off his obvious distress. “It’s okay, don’t worry. I can handle a little scratch,” I say.

I reach to wipe away the blood, but then Sylvan carefully stands up. He does so very slowly, and when he finally stands, I know why.

He. Is. Huge.

Massive.

I need to tilt my head back just to keep looking into his face. He looks timid, as if he’s used to people shying away from his sheer height. But I just smile and wait.

Gently, he takes my hand into his, carefully brings it up to his mouth—he has to bend over a lot to reach—and slowly extends his tongue.

I find myself even more intrigued by the tongue than I was by his teeth. It’s a deep red color, split down the middle. It looks like each half of his tongue can move independently.

Maybe I should be disgusted, but the scientist in me just wants to take notes. How does this work? Does Sylvan have two sets of nerves working independently, or is it just a muscular thing?

Gently, he licks over the little scratch on my arm; the bleeding stops immediately. I look at the closed-up wound, confused, before looking back to Sylvan.

“Thank you,” I say. He smiles proudly, taking one step back. Once he’s no longer bent over me, I can’t help looking straight ahead—directly at Sylvan’s enormous penis.

A quiet gasp escapes my lips, but I manage to make it sound like a cough. I turn away. Shouldn’t he be...like an animal? Goats, for example, mostly keep their penises sheathed inside their bodies until they’re having sex.

But Sylvan's penis is...very humanoid. The only difference from a human one is the size, and that it has a pointy tip instead of a round one.

My thoughts are heading in a very not-scientific direction. That probably means I should go.

I go to the door and put my hand on the handle, but then I remember how Sylvan was trying to keep me from leaving earlier. He probably needs some reassurance.

I look over my shoulder and smile at him. "See you tomorrow, Sylvan," I say. I know I shouldn't, but my gaze wanders back to his genital one more time before I leave.

"You're still alive, I see."

I flinch, because once again Richard is directly in front of the door when I exit.

"Of course," I say. "Sylvan is very nice."

"Sylvan?" Richard frowns, which is a bit of a shock considering all the smiling he's done up until now. "You gave it a name?"

"Naturally. I am supposed to get to know the test subjects and connect, so I need to give them names and tell them mine. Sylvan is very sentient; intelligent, even."

"Interesting." Richard seems deep in thought, and after a moment he turns to wander back toward the clinic.

"What's next?" I yell after him, so he turns around once more, smiling again.

"Oh, you can go home. Your day is done."

"But"—I look at the clock above the disappearing door—"I've only been here for four hours."

"Yes. You'll work one four-hour shift per day. You'll need the rest soon, I promise. Oh, and your handprint should work to open the doors for yourself now."

I turn back and fumble trying to find the same tile where Richard has pressed to make a door appear. After a few tries, I manage it.

Silently, the door blinks into existence and slides open. When did they get my handprint?

I enter Mr. Sire's office, noticing that he closes a program on his computer as soon as I come in.

“Miss Woods. How was your first day?”

“Surprising, to be honest. I...I wasn’t hallucinating, was I?” I ask timidly. Mr. Sire laughs an honest laugh and shakes his head.

“Not at all. You met the incubus, our friendliest test subject. I take he didn’t hurt you?” he asks.

Instinctively, I put my hand over the little scratch on my arm, shaking my head. “He didn’t. He seemed very open and interested.”

“Good. Maybe you want to take a look at your apartment now?” He points to the door, and I nod.

“Thank you.”

“Oh, and”—I turn around once more—“the handprint lock for *this* door only works for you. You never need to worry that anybody will enter your apartment without your permission.”

“Thanks,” I say again. He nods, turning back to his computer.

I wonder what he does all day.

I enter my new apartment; when the door closes behind me, it’s dead silent. And I’m in awe.

This is huge! I walk around, giving myself a tour of the various rooms; I bet it’s ten times bigger than my former apartment.

That reminds me: I still need to give notice at my old apartment, pack up all my stuff, hire movers. I sigh. I so don’t want to deal with all that.

But then I walk into the bedroom and see a pile of boxes and bags. Each one is neatly labeled in black marker, words like “Kitchen cabinet 1,” “Bedside drawer,” “Hall closet.” This is everything I own. How in the world...?!

On top of the nearest box, there’s a letter stating that my lease on my apartment has been terminated and I don’t owe anything. Did Mr. Sire take care of all that for me?

I investigate the whole apartment, and every room is stunning. The sauna, the pool, everything. The bedroom alone is bigger than the entirety of my old place.

For the rest of the day, I sit in the sauna, enjoy the artificial sun in the wellness area, and just hang out.

When I start to get hungry, I investigate the kitchen and find that a delicious dinner has been delivered automatically through a little elevator built into the countertop.

The walk-in closet is even stocked with a whole new wardrobe, on top of all my old clothes that got delivered. I really must be going insane. Or maybe I was right this morning, and this is all a dream.

Still, I can't help but wonder...Mr. Sire promised me my own lab and working schedule, as well as a small team I could meet every now and then. But...I only saw Richard, all day. It was so quiet.

I sigh and shake my head. Nothing to worry about for now.

I'm wearing the nicest silk negligee from the closet when I go to bed, and it doesn't take long to drift off into sleep.

I wake up when I feel a weight on my body. I open my eyes and look into the goat-like eyes of Sylvan, who's leaning over me. I open my mouth to say something... I'm not sure what.

Then, Sylvan looks down. I follow his gaze and realize that I'm naked, my legs spread wide. I love feeling Sylvan's weight on top of me, and I'm eager to welcome his gigantic, monstrous cock.

I start getting wet just looking at it. The dense, red veins around it are pulsing, making it seem like the whole penis is moving on its own. Sylvan leans closer and I feel his heat pressing against me.

Then, just as he's about to enter...

I wake up in a cold sweat, bolting upright in my bed with my hand resting on my crotch. What the hell...?

I pull back the blanket, swing my legs off the bed and pad toward the bathroom. When I start walking, I can feel how wet I am, my thighs drenched, my pussy aching for attention.

"Fuck," I whisper, and hurry to the sink. I clean myself and cool off by splashing some water on my face, before returning to bed.

This is just stress. Nothing more.

Next Chapter

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