

# Test Subject | The Accident

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## The Accident

In the morning, it's easier to convince myself that the dream wasn't a big deal. I assume I'll be seeing Sylvan again today; I can't let myself get distracted by imagining him on top of me, his monstrous dick...

Anyway. I can't think of that. I shower, get dressed in the same clothes as yesterday, which I'm now thinking of as "Sylvan's outfit," and leave the apartment, remembering as I do that the door leads straight into Mr. Sire's office.

Mr. Sire welcomes me. "Miss Woods, how was your first night? Did you sleep well?"

"I did," I answer calmly, but then frown when I see him pouring me another glass of that same awful drink from yesterday. "What is that?"

"It cleanses your system, preventing you from picking up any illness from the subjects."

"Are they sick?" I ask, but he just shrugs.

"You can never be too sure." He gives me the glass and watches me gulp it down. It tastes just as vile as I remember.

"Maybe another one." He hands me a second glass, and I furrow my brows. He shrugs. "Better safe than sorry."

I drink this one down too. Then Mr. Sire smiles and points to the door.

I don't meet Richard today; the clinic seems to be closed, the lighted sign above the door gone dark. But that's okay; I'm looking forward to seeing Sylvan again. I tell myself it's just for more good conversation.

I knock on the door to Sylvan's room before unlocking and opening it.

This time, Sylvan is standing, his arms still in chains. I can't help but look down to his crotch immediately.

He waves me in, and I smile, close the door behind me, and go directly to the table, forcing my gaze away from his massive penis.

"How are you today, Sylvan?" I ask as I flip through the file. Nothing has changed there since yesterday.

When I turn back to face him he has a strange look on his face, kind of staring me down. Then his tongue—or rather, his tongues—slowly come out of his mouth and lick his lips. Instantly, I think of my dream and look away.

This is fucking crazy. I can't be hot for some...monster. I must be desperate.

"What do you want to do today? Should I tell you more about myself?" I ask, but Sylvan shakes his head. "No? Did you want to hear about something else?"

Again, he declines.

"Then...what do you want to do?" I wonder. Sylvan points to the syringe, then to his arm. "You...want me to take your blood?"

He nods. I'm confused.

"Didn't the last person take a couple of weeks before they were able to take your blood?" I ask. He nods again, slowly, baring his teeth. "Because they hurt you," I realize. He nods again. Then, he gently strokes his arm.

"You're right, I won't hurt you; I promise," I say. I pick up the equipment and come over to him. "Just relax, I'll be quick."

He extends his arm and I tie a strap around the bicep, pull it tight so his veins pop out. They are very prominent, so it's easy.

He holds still, and I have to turn my back to him a little so I'm not seeing his manhood out of the corner of my eye.

Gently, I disinfect the skin at the crook of his elbow, place the syringe, and carefully insert it, pulling out blood without him flinching one bit. When the sample cup is full, I ease the needle out again.

"Just a second; I'll get a Band-Aid," I say, and walk over to the table, putting the syringe away. I get the Band-Aid and walk back, again positioning myself in the same way so I'm half-turned away from Sylvan.

But this time, it feels different. I feel Sylvan's breath on my neck. His body looms behind me and he's fucking hot, both literally and figuratively.

I gently disinfect his arm again before placing the Band-Aid, although he's not bleeding. Then I untie the strap. Just as I'm about to head back toward the table, I feel something and freeze.

Something is rubbing against my ass.

I don't move, not sure if I really feel it, but the longer I hold still, the more obvious it gets. It's a hand.

I look down and there it is, Sylvan's hand gently stroking my right ass cheek. When he sees me noticing, he gently puffs out a breath. I feel goosebumps all over my body.

He stops for a second, but I don't move, so he starts rubbing again—this time, not with his hand.

I definitely feel his cock rubbing against my ass. His hand moves to my hip to keep me steady as my body tries to stumble forward.

Fuck. I'm getting wet already...this is so messed up.

I look toward the door, but as if Sylvan is reading my mind, he reaches out with his other hand and knocks against the wall—it doesn't make a noise at all.

Apparently these walls are made of some kind of soundproof foam. And there can't be too much noise going through the little gap in the door...

I should not be thinking that!

But...

I feel Sylvan's hand slowly grabbing the seam of my skirt and pulling it up. My breath comes faster, and he reaches for my neck, pulling me back against his chest.

He holds my throat while he turns my head and makes me look at him. His goat-like eyes look exactly as tender as they did in my dream. Could it be that...it wasn't just a dream?

All my thoughts disappear when he slowly extends his tongue and leans his head forward for a kiss. I know I shouldn't, but I willingly open my mouth, and Sylvan's two tongues slip inside.

They have a life of their own, probing every corner of my throat, so deep that I think I should start gagging, but I don't. It feels surprisingly pleasant.

At the same time, he pulls up my skirt over my ass, making my cheeks jiggle at the sudden release of tension. I sigh and lean back a little. The other hand rips my panties apart with seemingly no force at all.

While Sylvan keeps slowly rubbing his cock between my ass cheeks, his hand wanders to my chest, which is already exposed in this too-tight blouse. He slips his hand inside, tearing open my bra just as easily as he did my panties.

The sheer power in that move impresses me. Then when he grabs my boob and starts massaging, I softly moan into his mouth.

This seems to turn Sylvan on, because he takes his tongues back and rips apart my blouse, making the buttons fly all over the room. Then suddenly he's turning me around.

Only now do I see the weird position he has been in, leaning back against the wall with his upper body to match my height.

I want to stumble backward, but Sylvan slides to the floor, grabbing my ankles and pulling me down with him. I land on my ass and he pulls me closer, spreading my legs wide open in the process.

I should feel ashamed or embarrassed, I guess, but right now I just feel...super horny.

I lean back and look at him seductively, making him growl heatedly in return.

He leans forward, kneels between my legs, and again, extends his tongues. I almost explode with the thought of what's to come.

Sylvan's tongues gently lick over my exposed folds and I lie back on the floor, pushing my pelvis in his direction. Eagerly, he inserts one of his tongues. Deep.

I instantly start moaning, grab my hair, bite my lip.

"Fuck," I whisper. I bring one hand up to start massaging my own boob, desperate for more stimulation, just as the second tongue starts licking my clitoris.

I gasp and shake a bit with the pleasure of it. Sylvan leans forward and pushes my arms to the ground, his tongues extending out longer and longer, making me wonder how long they can get.

I feel the tongue inside me exploring every wall of my pussy, as if it's probing for what's to come. I swear that nothing has ever been this deep in my body before.

Then, the second tongue slips in beside the first and I start feeling a stretch. They are...preparing me.

Just as I finish the thought, both tongues retreat. Sylvan pulls me up to a sitting position again, turns me around, and presses my back against his chest.

He growls before standing up, lifting me—now I'm simply held by one of his hands, by my neck, hanging in the air with my ass level with his stomach.

His huge cock juts up, grazing my ass, my pussy, and extending all the way up to the bottom of my boobs.

How the fuck am I supposed to survive this, if he intends to fuck me with that thing?

And he does.

First, he starts rubbing my whole body against his dick. My tits look like little peaches next to the world's biggest eggplant.

Then, he eases me down farther, my entrance hovering over his penis, and then farther still—his head just penetrating my pulsing, wet pussy. I open my mouth and moan in pleasure.

Sylvan slides inside, deeper and deeper, then pauses to let me get acquainted with his length. Impatient, I start moving my hips myself. He grunts in agreement and moves his hands to hold me by the shoulders instead of the neck.

Then, with one rapid pull, he completely thrusts himself into me. I scream, and my sight goes black for a moment, but all I feel is pure ecstasy. I want more.

I reach back with my legs and squeeze his waist, so he understands and starts hammering. And by "hammering," I mean he's going fast *and* deep.

I scream with every thrust, and my ass splats against his body every time. I'm not sure if it's my juices or his making this sound, but either way I love it.

I have never felt so good in my entire life, and I don't want it to end.

Sylvan even picks up the pace, although I don't know how this is possible. He fucks me relentlessly; my tits jiggle like jelly, and I'm sure I'll get whiplash if he keeps up this pace.

My voice is getting hoarse from screaming, and my body has lost all its tension. I'm wax in Sylvan's hands while he uses me like a fucking puppet. And I love it. I'm not sure how long this goes on, but it feels like ages.

I've orgasmed at least four times, and I feel the wave of a fifth one coming. Then he suddenly yanks me close to his body.

He's so deep in me that I swear I feel the shape of his cock pushing against my belly from the inside, like I could reach down and feel the shape of it through my skin. He holds me in place and tilts my head, biting down hard on my neck.

I scream, awash in both pain and pleasure at the same time as my orgasm floods over me.

Then I feel a warm, thick liquid filling me up. Literally. I feel it all the way from the top of my uterus, down the whole body of it, through my vagina and leaking out of my vulva.

I feel it trickle down to the ground around his dick, but it just keeps coming. When my screaming stops, I even hear the droplets hitting the floor. My tongue hangs out of my mouth; I am completely wrecked. And still fucking horny.

How is that even possible?

Just as I think that's it, Sylvan pulls out of me. Relieved and disappointed at the same time, I collapse to the ground on all fours. Sylvan grabs me by the hip and turns me around so I'm kneeling before him.

And I gasp at the sight of his still erect penis.

"What the fuck," I whisper. Then I feel his hand on the back of my head. He pulls my face closer to his cock, pulsing and wet with both our juices. The closer I get, the fucking yummier it smells.

"I can't put that in my mouth, it's too big," I say with a raspy voice, looking up. But Sylvan just smirks, pressing the pointy tip against my closed lips. I do want to suck it. I feel myself getting wet again.

Then Sylvan starts rubbing, slowly pulling back and pressing against my mouth again. Finally, he presses himself inside, and I gladly welcome him.

I have no idea how I can open my mouth this wide, but he manages to slip in with his full girth. I feel the veins in my mouth, pulsing and pumping against the back of my throat.

Right now, I don't even have a third of his length. When I see this, I start to panic, but Sylvan just puts his hands on my shoulders and gently starts pulling me closer.

My eyes roll to the back of my head and I await the gag, but it never comes. He keeps pushing and pushing, until I have taken him inside my mouth and completely down my throat.

I moan and wiggle; then suddenly, I feel his tongues on my pussy again. I look up and see him with his mouth wide open as well, his tongues as long as his whole body now, reaching all the way down to my pussy and penetrating it.

Meanwhile, he starts fucking my mouth. Rapidly, relentlessly. My eyes start tearing up, but I fucking go crazy over it. I want to eat him alive. Another orgasm washes over me—even while his jizz is still dripping out of my pussy.

Then his cock starts throbbing, and before I can react or he can pull out, he starts filling me up again. He must be completely down my throat and into my stomach—or that's how it feels, because I'm instantly full.

I feel the hot semen filling my body. Sylvan pulls out slowly, and every inch that his dick retreats is another inch filled with his seed.

I can't even swallow, that's how full I am by the time he pulls back entirely. The cum just spills out of my mouth, although I don't want to waste a single drop.

I collapse to the floor again and lie in a pool of fuck juice and sweat.

And damn, I've never been so fucking fulfilled, satisfied, and happy.

It takes a long time for me to muster the strength to get up. With shaking knees, I pull down my skirt and stand up, stumbling to the table. I try to fix my blouse, but the buttons are all gone.

I take the sample container full of blood and go to the door. Before I leave, I look back to Sylvan, who looks very pleased.

"This...can't happen again," I whisper. He just smirks and licks his lips. Then he's extending the tongues, reaching down to lick at his own penis. I swear, it's already getting hard again.

I exit the room as fast as my shaky legs will carry me.

I flee to the locker room, pick out another shirt, and pull it over my head. Then I head to the mirror to fix my hair.

Once I'm confident I look a little less freshly fucked, I head down the corridor into Mr. Sire's office.

"Miss Woods, you're fast," he says. I flinch for a moment before he clarifies, "The blood."

He points to my hand and I nod, handing it to him, my fingers still shaking.

"You have a nice color today." He gently strokes his cheek with one finger, I guess showing me where my own cheeks are flushed. "Did you have a hard time taking the blood?"

"Yes," I whisper simply, my voice still raspy.

"I see. The incubus is one...*persistent* fellow, isn't he?"

I can't help feeling like Mr. Sire knows something. But that can't be. Nobody would expect a simple blood collection to turn into a supernatural fuck fest...right?

“I’ll leave you to it. You’ll meet Number Two tomorrow. And do not worry, Miss Woods. Everything will clear up eventually.”

I have no idea what he’s talking about, but I thank god. I can never see Sylvan again.

Next Chapter

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