

Test Subject | Door Number Two

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I stumble into bed and press my face into a pillow. I believe what just happened. I...I've never been able to feel pleasure with a partner before, any of my *human* partners. I even thought I was asexual.

I never thought a sexual connection like this was possible for me. Now, all I want to do is run back to door number one and let Sylvan fuck me out of my mind again.

But I can't do that. I am working here; I need to take care of the test subjects, but not in *this way*.

It takes a long time for my body to settle down—my pussy is still twitching with the aftershocks of so many orgasms, my throat feels stretched and sore in the best possible way.

And it's almost like Sylvan rearranged my insides too, to make room for him.

But finally, I feel calm enough to get up, take a long shower, and then collapse back into bed for the night. I can't eat anything; I feel like my whole stomach is still full of Sylvan's semen.

The next morning—after waking up horny and wet from another intense dream about Sylvan—I get dressed, do my hair, and leave the apartment. I still can't eat anything.

"Miss Woods,"—Mr. Sire hands me a glass—"you know the drill."

"It's blue now," I say in confusion as I take the glass and gulp it down. "And it tastes sweeter." This one's almost palatable, though it has a tinge of the sickly-sweetness of cough syrup.

"Each beverage is tailored to match each subject. And since you will meet subject number two today, you will need a new drink.

"Good luck with Number Two. I'm sure you will find him... chattier than the last." Mr. Sire grins and points to the door.

Warily, I put the glass on the desk and head out into the now-familiar hallway.

The clinic's sign is turned off again; I wonder where Richard is. Didn't he say I could always come and ask him things?

Then again, I can't imagine putting any of my questions into words right now. Maybe it's better not to have to face anyone right now.

Just as I get out of the locker room, though—wearing the weird, Middle-Eastern-style, half-transparent skirt and bra that I found in locker number two—the sign above the clinic turns on and the door opens.

“Cat, please.” Richard smiles at me and waves me into the room. “Come in. I've received the blood from Number One. I'm in awe of how quickly you got that bonked off your list.”

I flinch a little at the expression. “He was very cooperative,” I say simply.

“I'm sure,” Richard replies. He points to the machine. “Would you get in there again? We need to test you for any infection you might have caught.”

I eye the machine warily. I'm already worked up this morning; I don't need the laser to malfunction and start messing with my privates again. But with little choice, I climb inside.

“I have fixed the mechanism, but this time you will need to be strapped into place, so don't worry,” Richard explains as he shuts the door.

Sure enough, I feel cold, metallic straps snaking along my thighs and arms, pulling them up and spreading them. Maybe they are checking my muscle function?

Then I feel a slight tickle between my legs. But Richard said the machine was fixed! Maybe it's just the aftermath of my time with Sylvan; I've been feeling phantom twinges down there on and off since last night.

Great. The last thing I need is for the machine to somehow sense my arousal. I don't move any muscles in my face, trying not to give anything away.

“Perfect, you're done.” Richard lets me out again and smiles. “I'm sure you'll be done with Number Two in no time as well!”

I simply nod and leave the clinic. I'm feeling very exposed, and this weird outfit doesn't make it better. Only now do I realize that Richard could probably see my nipples that whole time through the gauzy material of my bra.

I sigh and go to the door across from Sylvan's, labeled with a number two. Quickly I knock, unlock, and get inside.

This time, a voice greets me immediately. “Miss Woods, welcome.” I guess that answers my first question: this test subject can talk.

The voice is soft and feels like a warm hug on a cold night. I turn to look toward the origin.

I raise my eyebrows for a moment, then relax my face into a smile. I am looking at a blue human. Or...I would say human, but I can't be too sure about anyone's humanity in here. Also, he's *blue*.

“You must wonder who I am,” he says, and I nod.

“I met an incubus for the first time yesterday. Other than that I've never met any supernatural beings, so I'm curious,” I say. The subject chuckles.

“Oh yes, I know all about your encounter with our incubus friend.” His eyes look at me with a hunger inside of them, but I ignore it for now.

“I am a djinni,” he tells me. I've never heard that word exactly; it sounds like Arabic. But it also sounds a lot like “genie.” I wonder if it's offensive that I'm now thinking of him like the genie from *Aladdin*.

I nod. Slowly, I go to the table and pick up the file from the wall.

It's true, it says he's a djinni, a spirit created by fire. Djinn come to Earth to hunt and possess humans, driving them crazy. He is supposed to be very evil, spreading lies and deceit.

I turn again and look at him.

“What is your name?” I ask. He looks surprised.

“No...body has ever asked me that,” he realizes. He stands up; his arms are chained to the wall just like Sylvan's were. He's wearing a pair of loose, Middle Eastern pants that could be straight out of *Aladdin*, and no shoes or shirt.

“Do you have a name?” I wonder, and he nods.

“I am Mehdi,” he says. I smile.

“Guided to the right path,” I say. Now his jaw drops.

“You know the meaning of my name?” he asks in awe.

"I do. When I was younger I went through a phase where I really liked looking up the meanings of different names. And some of the Arabic names really stuck with me. I think they're beautiful," I explain. He tilts his head.

"I am very pleased to see that you are now here, Miss Woods."

"Cat," I correct with a smile.

"Cat." The word sounds like music from his lips, and I get goosebumps just from hearing him say my name. "Since you have shown both *Sylvan* and me quite the gentle side...I want to give you something back."

"You...know that I named him Sylvan?"

"Oh, yes, I know many things." He smirks. "In fact...I know it *all*."

I see a flash of hunger from him again, and I feel naked under his gaze. Well, I'm not wearing much, but still.

"So...what do you want to give me?" I ask, and he smiles.

"Advice, amongst other things. Do not believe a single thing you hear in this facility," he says. I frown. "They have been lying to you. I'm sure you guessed as much.

"But rest assured, nobody wants to do you any harm. You can trust Mr. Sire—he is good people—but you shouldn't trust his *words*. Same for Richard. They say one thing, but they mean another."

"What...do they want me for, then?" I ask, and now Mehdi laughs.

"Oh, it would be too easy to tell you that now, wouldn't it?" He comes closer, but I take a step back. He raises his eyebrows. "Do you know the power of a djinni?"

"Only what movies say," I admit, and he smiles.

"They don't even know half." He opens his eyes a little wider, and suddenly I feel a hand running up my leg. I jump and look down, but there is nothing. Still, I feel it, very prominently.

"I can make myself invisible whenever I want. Send just a hand, to please you however I want, however long I want," he purrs. I feel the hand pull on my panties. I try to get rid of it, but there is nothing to touch or push away.

"What...are you doing?!" I shriek, but Mehdi laughs and closes his fist. At the same time, the invisible hand pulls at my panties, tearing them apart. Is all the underwear this thin around here?

“Come here and I will make you scream like never before,” he murmurs. When I look at him in shock, he adds, “Don’t think I haven’t seen what you did with the incubus.”

“How you were fucked by him, and how you enjoyed it. How you willingly took in all his juices. I can go even longer than he did.”

I don’t know what to say. I open my mouth, but before I figure out a response, an invisible finger rams inside my pussy. I shriek and involuntarily fall to my knees, giving that finger even more access.

Mehdi laughs, and with the hands I can see, he starts stroking his crotch. Meanwhile, his invisible finger rubs along my folds before entering again. I bite my lip and try to fight the arousal rising in me, but I can’t.

Then there’s a second finger sliding in. And a third. With the fourth finger, I open my mouth and moan quietly. And when the fist rams inside, my moan ramps up into a near-scream.

“Mmm, that sound is really yummy,” Mehdi says, and pushes down his waistband so I can see his erect dick. It’s not as long as Sylvan’s, but very thick, and there are strange silver markings all along the shaft.

Lovingly, he strokes his dick, even though it’s already rock-hard. “Come here and I will release you from the tension,” he whispers, but I bite my lip. That fist keeps ramming into me, making my body rock back and forth.

“No,” I moan. I try to stand up, but it’s very hard. Mehdi laughs at my attempt, but on the second try I manage to stay upright, still with his fist inside of me.

Then, it stops ramming, just stays inside of my pussy, while I wobble to the table.

“I...need to take...your blood,” I stammer. I can still feel the fist turning and tickling inside of me, inching its way farther into my depths.

“How about a deal?” Mehdi smiles. “My fluid for yours. I will feed you not only with my blood, but with my semen and my magic. All you have to give me”—he licks his lips—“is that juicy pussy.”

“Why?” I groan, and Mehdi laughs.

“Because I heard your splatting for a long time yesterday. Without being able to be the origin of it. So be a nice girl and...obey.”

His fist starts thrusting again, and I stumble forward and fall to my knees again. My first orgasm is about to happen, and I can barely keep from falling on my face.

But...there's never the relief of pleasure reaching a peak and then descending. Orgasm hovers just out of reach.

"Oh, I forgot"—Mehdi laughs, his voice unabashedly horny—"you can't orgasm until I've fucked you to my satisfaction. You won't be able to get rid of this feeling until you are filled with my fluids."

At first, I try to fight it. But the longer I hover on the brink of release, the hornier I get and the weaker my arms and legs feel. Slowly, I start crawling forward, Mehdi's laugh accompanying me.

I reach his body and grab hold of his legs as I rise to kneeling. I desperately want to take his penis into my mouth, to get some kind of relief.

"Ah, ah, ah." Mehdi shakes his head and grabs my hair to pull my head back. Then, with his other hand, he clutches his club of a cock and gently smacks it against my cheeks.

I open my mouth and try to catch it, but he keeps my head still. I stretch out my tongue, just to taste him, but he grins and evades me. The fist in my pussy keeps thrusting, making it hard to focus on anything but the sensation.

"So desperate... so hungry," he whispers. I look at him, nodding; I'd agree to anything right now. "You're a nice little girl, aren't you?" I nod again. "Beg. Beg me to take you, to release you."

"Please," I moan, running my hands up his legs, "fuck me. Fuck me hard and do everything you want to me."

He raises his eyebrows and smiles like he didn't expect that.

Taking advantage of his momentary distraction, I reach for his balls and grab them tight. He groans, surprised, and then his eyes flash with what might be literal flames.

Without warning, he takes my head and rams his cock into my mouth. Again, my eyes roll to the back of my head, but there's no gag reflex setting in.

He keeps hammering his dick into my mouth. Tears start streaming down my face, but I can't get enough. His fist is picking up the pace again, driving me insane in my pussy.

He thrusts a couple more times, until he fills my mouth with his semen. I swallow and swallow as it keeps coming. All the while, his fist keeps relentlessly stretching the walls of my pussy from the inside.

When he pulls back his penis, the symbols on it start glowing and it gets warm. I await my relief, but it doesn't come.

“Oh...” He chuckles. “You thought we’re done here?”

I slowly nod. He laughs out loud.

“Not. Even. Close,” he moans. I fall back on my ass, desperately rocking my hips, trying to make the fist bring me to orgasm, but it still won’t come.

“Let me fuck you *my way* now,” he says, and his eyes turn red.

“Yes, fuck me your way, please,” I whisper. I hold up my legs in encouragement.

Next Chapter

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