

Test Subject |

His Way Test Subject

His Way

Mehdi looks at me lying on the floor with my legs held high, grins, and snaps his fingers so that the fist inside of me disappears. I feel a kind of relief and sigh audibly, closing my eyes, but then I feel something weird at my entrance.

When I look, Mehdi is looming over me with his toe rubbing my folds, hoggishly licking his lips and staring down at my crotch.

“It has been decades since I’ve last tasted pussy. I want to eat you, suck out all your juice, and hear you scream my name,” he moans. The dirty talk just makes my arousal surge higher.

Suddenly, I feel invisible hands pulling me up by the feet and holding me upside down. Then they turn me around, so I’m face to—well—penis.

It’s beautiful, and I don’t need any more encouragement to reach for his cock, but Mehdi just laughs.

Two more invisible hands appear, holding my wrists hostage. The hands around my ankles spread my legs very, very far apart, and then I magically float closer.

Mehdi’s dick is just inches from my lips now, and I strain my neck forward, but I can’t move enough to take it in.

Then I feel his tongue on my *other* lips, hot and somehow vibrating. I moan and open my mouth in pleasure, and before I know what’s happening Mehdi thrusts his hips forward and presses his dick into my mouth.

He wraps his arms around my body. I’d forgotten about the chains holding him against the wall until the cold metal grazes against my legs.

He starts thrusting with his hips, while simultaneously licking my pussy like it’s a damned ice cream cone. He knows exactly what he’s doing, and I’m going crazy, screaming while he sucks me dry.

He licks, rams his tongue in, scoops inside, nibbles on my clit, and so much more I can’t pinpoint.

Once again I feel like I'm about to orgasm, but I know I won't be released. I feel my mouth getting hot where it's wrapped around Mehdi's dick, which must mean that the symbols are glowing again.

This seems to be the cue for Mehdi. He pulls out and snaps his fingers again; his invisible hands turn me right-side-up and set me down so I'm facing him.

"You taste like I thought you would," he moans. If that was all just his tongue, I can't wait to feel his dick inside my pussy. "You're so greedy," he says, watching me, "yet still you're trying to hold back. Why?"

"I...need...your blood," I groan. He laughs, sending chills down my spine.

"First, you need my semen inside of you. Again." He waves his hand in the air and once again the invisible hands do their work, bending me backward until I'm in a bridge position with only an invisible force to keep me steady.

"What a sight...now, wait to feel something you've never felt before." Mehdi puts his cock against my entrance and slowly starts rubbing, but the fact that he's not penetrating is driving me crazy.

"Give...it to me," I hiss. He laughs, smacking my thigh.

"Don't be so impatient, kitty," he purrs. With the hand not holding his cock, he pinches my clitoris, making me moan and wiggle.

Then, he grabs my hips, slowly pulls me closer while his invisible hands keep me steady, and plunges himself into me.

His cock vibrates through every agonizingly slow inch of penetration, making me scream before he's even fully inside.

Once he's settled himself, he starts an in-and-out rhythm. He goes slow and deep, but every time he's deep in, I swear I can feel his cock thickening, spreading me open even more.

The first time he comes, I feel his hot semen fill me. But he keeps going. He doesn't even stop for one second; if anything, the splattering sound of him thrusting through his own fluids turns both of us on even more.

The second time he comes, each thrust starts pushing out his jizz so that it runs down my thighs.

The third time, it's too much. Semen splashes everywhere: my body, the wall, the floor. I even get some into my mouth, and greedily lick my lips.

“What a good girl you are.” Mehdi’s eyes are completely red by now, and he scratches my belly as he comes for the fourth time. I’m so full now that if he comes again, it will probably start shooting out of my pores.

He comes *two* more times. I’m just a screaming mess by the time he’s finished. His cock feels like it’s five feet long and at least as thick as a lamppost.

And then, having made me change my position multiple times in ways I never thought were possible, he laughs a warm laugh.

“You were such a naughty, greedy girl, but you took my seed well. You should be rewarded.”

And finally...I orgasm. It goes on for what must be at least ten minutes straight, and all the while I’m moaning his name at the top of my lungs. I scream and squirt all over, dissolving into a complete mess.

When I’m finally done, I collapse on the floor, so numb that I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to move again. I’m lying in a pool of semen—again.

Somehow, Mehdi is still rubbing his cock as he watches me, and after a moment he comes again and splashes it all over me. How is this much cum possible?!

I let him do it. I couldn’t resist right now even if I wanted to.

“I have another reward for you, besides my blood,” he says, indicating the corner of the room. I fight to move my head enough to look where he’s pointing.

After a moment my eyes focus on the table, where the syringe is already magically filled. “Something besides my blood, I said,” Mehdi corrects impatiently. “A little secret.”

I just nod, not able to speak.

“Come here,” he snaps. I fly up toward him, born aloft by those same invisible hands.

My head still lolls limply on my neck, so he pushes up my chin, pointing my gaze toward the corner where the walls meet the ceiling. “These things in the corner of every room...they are not bugs or dirty spots.”

Finally, I see what he’s talking about. A tiny pinprick of darkness. That...could that be...?

“Cameras?” I whisper, and Mehdi softly laughs into my ear.

“Oh yes, kitty.”

“Are they...watching?” I shriek, and he laughs again.

“Who knows?” He makes me look at him again. “Maybe, maybe not. Maybe the cameras are just to scare us off from behaving inappropriately in here, or maybe our hosts are beating their meat watching us. Who knows?”

I sink down to the ground when he lets the invisible force drop me, and I sit there for a long time while Mehdi tells me all kinds of stuff about this place.

How the other workers before me tried to force the test subjects to give up their blood.

How Richard and Mr. Sire never went in to see the subjects or bothered to ask how they felt about anything.

And then, how the other workers mysteriously disappeared without warning.

“So, do me a favor, little kitty. Do as they say and stay here, would you? I’ve grown quite fond of you, and I can’t wait to see what you do with the other subjects,” Mehdi says, grinning.

“Do you...think I have to sleep with all of them?” I whisper, and Mehdi laughs out loud.

“I think you know the answer to that.”

“Is that...the reason I’m here?”

“Oh, the reason is still the blood. But I’m sure they chose such a”—he licks his lips—
“treat for a reason.”

I should be offended, but I’m not.

Finally, I can stand up and try to fix my clothes as much as possible. The jizz is mostly dried and not visible without closer inspection.

I turn to get the blood, but I hesitate.

“You got anything on your mind, kitty?” Mehdi asks. I nod. “Enlighten me,” he encourages.

I turn again to face him, put my hand on his face, get on my tiptoes, and gently kiss him. He seems surprised, his lips tense for a moment.

But then, when I make to leave, he makes his invisible hands pull me back to him, sticking his tongue into my mouth. It vibrates in there like I’m kissing a purring cat.

Eventually, I pull away and take a few steps back.

“What was that for?” he asks, an honest smile on his lips now.

“I wanted to thank you, and”—now I’m the one smirking—“I need some material for my dream tonight.”

Mehdi’s grin widens. “You’re way naughtier than I anticipated, Miss Woods,” he says softly.

I grab the blood, and smile at him again before leaving the room. I lock the door behind me, go to the locker room, and clean myself up in the sink until I’m pretty sure there’s no obvious dried jizz on my skin.

When I step into Mr. Sire’s office, he closes his computer like the day before, looking up at me with a warm smile.

“You’re successful again,” he says. I nod, putting Mehdi’s blue blood on the table. “Impressive,” Mr. Sire praises.

“May I ask you something?” I dare. He nods, most of his attention still on the vial of blood. “What exactly is your job here?”

Mr. Sire’s smile disappears for a moment, then returns, looking more calculated.

“I lead an international business, Miss Woods. The results we get here from the test subjects’ blood might help millions of people all around the world. You are doing a very important duty for humankind.”

It all sounds more like a PR pitch than an answer.

“But what are *you* doing?” I inquire.

Mr. Sire stands up and crosses around the desk to tower over me. He reaches for a strand of my hair, curling it with his finger.

“I am keeping my subjects where they belong. So hurry off, go to your apartment,” he says. I nod, turn around, and immediately go through the door. As soon as I close it, something occurs to me.

Does this mean I am Mr. Sire’s subject as well?

That night, in my bed, wearing more of the super-expensive lingerie I found stocked in the closet, I can’t find sleep.

I can't help thinking about both Mehdi and Sylvan. Two days' worth of the most intense, incredible sex I could imagine feels like it's turning me insatiable.

"Mehdi?" I whisper. I feel stupid; it doesn't make sense to think he'd be able to hear me, but then again...he said he could be everywhere.

Nothing happens, so I sigh and turn around, staring at the wall. I should sleep. I had an exhausting day. I should be very ready for sleep, not lying here wishing for another round.

A few moments later, I feel something settle onto the bed. My first instinct is to shoot up and find out what it is, but I wait.

The blanket lifts up, and softly, a hand strokes my naked leg.

"I knew you'd hear me," I whisper. As a reply, the hand gently pinches my thigh. "I need more of you. Fuck me again, please?"

My whisper is more a plea than a question, but suddenly, the blanket whips off the bed. Then hands are spreading my legs again, invisible chains fix my hands to the bed, and I can't move.

I feel the weight of a body on top of me, pulling up my little nightdress. I softly sigh at the warm crush of it.

Suddenly, I feel something pull my nipple, hard. I scream out, trying to press my thighs together and hide the fact that this is making me wet already.

Next I feel teeth biting my nipples, hands pressing against my boobs so tight that I'm afraid they will burst, and a dick rubbing against my folds.

Finally, my knees lift up and that dick rams inside. I scream loudly, begging for more, while it feels like hundreds of hands are touching me everywhere.

I can't handle the overload of all this sensation at once. I orgasm, screaming and wiggling around, still hoping for more.

Just as Mehdi finishes—I clearly feel the phantom semen inside me, even though nothing splashes out into reality—I close my eyes again and see Sylvan in the dark behind my eyelids.

I flinch and open my eyes. The room is dim, and all I see is my bedroom ceiling. But when I close them again Sylvan is closer, grinning at me.

He points down his body; I have to work to convince my surprised and orgasm-drunk brain to take in what he wants me to see. His dick is fucking huge again, rock hard. He gestures for me to hop on, and I willingly do so.

I don't get any sleep for the rest of the night.

"Did you have a good night's rest, Miss Woods?" Mr. Sire asks in the morning, and I nod slowly. He looks at me as if he knows better, but then points to a glass on the table.

"You know..." he says, his tone conversational, "I don't like dishonest people, so I'll give you another chance. Did you have a good night's rest?"

"I...didn't," I reply.

He smiles again, nodding. "I see. Please, drink."

I take the glass. Today's beverage is brown and sludgy, and when I gulp it down it tastes like earth and forest dirt.

"You will see subject number four today," Mr. Sire explains.

I furrow my brows. "What about Number Three?"

"Hm." He smiles and tilts his head, looking me up and down. "You will not need to take *that* blood. You are ready for Number Four."

"Okay," I say, and reach for the door.

"Oh, and..."

"Yes?" I ask, turning back toward him.

"Are you afraid of the dark?" he asks.

I frown and shake my head. "No."

"And are you afraid of wild animals?"

"I think that wild animals are only harmful if you treat them badly," I explain, still confused about where this is going.

He smiles, looking pleased at my answer. "Very well. For your own safety, press the button next to the door before entering. Otherwise, you will be greeted with violence."

"I understand," I say, and I head out into the hallway.

I'm curious now. Am I heading toward another couple of hot hours where I'm fucked out of my mind? Or will I be "greeted with violence?"

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Test Subject