

Test Subject |

The Revelation Test Subject

The Revelation

“You are right,” Mr. Sire says. He chuckles. “Everybody before you knew that they were being surveilled. But you’re the only one who has confronted me about it.”

“So...you have been lying?” I ask. He chuckles again, nodding.

“Only because the truth would be too confusing for almost anyone to accept. But...I think I can make an exception with you.” He points to the chair, and I reluctantly sit down.

“I...didn’t mean to yell at you. I was just angry. I didn’t get the blood from door number four. I didn’t even think of it, by the end,” I admit. He smiles, nodding.

“I know. Nobody ever gets that blood.”

“Then why did I have to go in there? It’s totally dark; it would be almost impossible to do a successful blood draw even if I did get subject number four to cooperate,” I say, confused.

“Because of this.” He looks for something on his computer, before pulling up a file and opening it.

What I see makes me blush, hard. It’s the scene from yesterday, of Mehdi fucking me relentlessly before he dropped me to the floor, stroking his dick and eventually splashing his semen all over me.

“You...you have been watching *everything*?” I whisper, and when Mr. Sire just looks at me, smiling his usual smile, I think I must be getting redder than a tomato.

“Of course. This is what I do. I need to see how my subjects interact with each other.”

“So... I am a subject as well?”

“My most promising one, yes.” He chuckles and pauses the video, tilting his head while looking at the still picture. “The blood is important, but the most important thing—the reason why I chose *you*—is the semen.”

“Why?” I ask, my curiosity now overpowering my shame.

“We are a research facility, trying to save the last individual of a very, very precious species,” he says. “I would do anything necessary to achieve that goal.

“Our previous research has shown that the blood of monsters can help create a special... concoction, enabling humans to endure a lot of pain. This will be necessary to survive the mating with said species.”

I frown. “But what’s the semen for, then?”

“Ah, yes. Richard has found out that the semen is even more potent than the blood. He has an idea of a way to make the breeding completely painless, but we need enough to perform our experiments and find out for sure.”

“But... I only bring you the blood, not the semen,” I say, still confused.

Mr. Sire chuckles again. “So you think,” he says, his voice going a little deeper, “that the tickle in the machine is just your imagination?”

I blush harder. “You...are taking samples?” I whisper.

He nods, smirking. “Not a lot, but enough.”

With this latest information, my inner scientist comes out, pushing the shame and embarrassment to the back of my head.

“Well...if you wait for the next day, a lot of it will be gone overnight,” I say. Mr. Sire tilts his head curiously, and I clarify, “You should take it right away.”

He looks thoughtful. “We can do that, naturally. It was just more...justifiable to do the exam every morning.”

“Sure, I understand. But now that I know, we can do it right away,” I say. Then I stand up, heading back to the door. If I want to catch Richard before the end of his shift, I should go now.

“Miss Woods?”

“Hm?” I turn back around.

“Why do you want to help so willingly? We have been using you without your knowledge, and yet you decide to improve the process.”

I blink at him. “You said you wanted to save the last individual of a species. If all it takes to do that is me having the fucking best sex of my life...well, so be it,” I say openly.

He chuckles, nodding. "Very well. Go have Richard take the sample and then come back here; I will explain a little more to you."

I go to the clinic, but the sign is dark. I try the door and it opens, but there's nobody inside.

"Richard?" I ask, looking around. No response.

I return to the office. Mr. Sire looks up at me when I enter, no doubt surprised to see me back so soon.

"Richard is not in the clinic," I explain, and Mr. Sire slowly nods.

"That's odd. Then I guess we have to wait until tomorrow after all to get the samples."

My scientist's mind sees a potential problem with that. "But...I'm no expert here, but the other two were...well." Scientific objectivity suddenly crumbles, and I can feel that I'm blushing again.

Mr. Sire shoots me a look of compassion. "Miss Woods, please understand that you do not need to feel ashamed or embarrassed around me. Like my subjects, I am not human, so I do not share your values and morals," he explains.

I find that I am only a *little* surprised. "Well, I could have guessed you're not human, judging from your physique," I murmur, making him chuckle. I decide to take him at his word and speak plainly.

"I was just going to say, the other two were really filling me up with their semen. There was a huge amount, so it was natural that trace amounts would linger even the morning after.

"But the werewolf...he just did me once. I'm not too sure whether there will be enough tomorrow."

"Hm...you do have a point." Mr. Sire scratches his chin. "The wolf has always been our weak link. There's a lot of animal in him, and not enough human for him to want you to feel pleasure as well. You did not orgasm, did you?"

The direct question makes me blush again, but I try to hide my embarrassment. "I didn't."

"Well, you could always go back to one of the previous two if you feel the need for satisfaction," he suggests.

I shrug. "Maybe I'll do that. But the chains are so...weird."

“The chains are mostly for your safety. If you feel safe enough, you can unshackle them.”

“Speaking of unshackling...,” I say, and he laughs.

“Oh, yes, that was me.” He looks up at me with a somewhat boyish grin. “I undid the chains today. You would not have been daring enough to go near the werewolf again unless you were holding the syringe.

“The werewolf has not typically responded well to the syringe. I didn’t want to risk him hurting you.”

“I see.” Now that we’re being honest with each other, I feel the strange need to impress Mr. Sire. “But you underestimate me. I would have made him do me anyway.”

“Really?” He seems more entertained than impressed. “Is that so?”

“I’m sure you picked me for a reason. So you know that I don’t shy away from a challenge.”

“Indeed, I picked you for a reason. But not the one you think,” he explains. He points to the chair, and I obligingly sit down, trying not to think of the werewolf’s semen trickling out of me and staining my dress.

“Do you remember your first day in this company?” he asks.

“I assume you mean upstairs?” I clarify. He nods. “Yes. We were asked to have our blood tested.”

“Exactly. You were told it was about safety, which is partly true. But not employees’ safety from possible illness, or our test subjects’ safety from contamination.

“Richard and I have...ways to track the company’s employees, to find the ones who might be suitable for our research.”

“With what criteria?” I wonder.

“Women who remain sexually unsatisfied are of interest,” he states baldly. I blush again, not liking that he knew that about me. “And amongst those, we only take a closer look at those who exhibit certain...preferences.”

“What exactly do you mean?” I have to ask, even though I’m sure the answer will embarrass me more.

“You do not aim for a relationship, but for sex alone. Yet you have never been satisfied; before you came here, you had never had an orgasm with a partner, only through masturbation.

“You have tried everything—pain, choking, anal, hardcore, everything. But you did not feel it to be enough.” He says all this completely calmly, as if he’s talking to me about the weather.

“How...how do you know all this?” I whisper.

He smiles. “I know a lot. All I need is a drop of your blood and you’re all mine,” he says. His eyes are literally glowing now, and I think I should be frightened, but instead I am hooked.

“So...let me get this straight. You chose me because I...had a lot of crazy sexual experience but no satisfaction?”

“Exactly. I needed a woman who would not be frightened by the subjects, who would be open to unusual sexual situations.

“And it is a wonderful plus that you enjoy the sex as well—judging by the faces you make when they take you.” Again, he is very neutral saying this.

“I...I do.” I do my best to push past my instinct to feel shame and look at him straight. “And to be quite frank, I can’t wait to see who’s behind door five.”

“Oh?” Now, he laughs an honest laugh. “That’s new. I am happy to see you profit from this as well. Since you’re so interested...why don’t I explain a little more?”

I nod and listen to him explaining. I think he likes to do that.

Apparently, I have to drink all those awful drinks before meeting the subjects as some sort of precaution to help my body adjust to their special “ways,” as Mr. Sire calls it.

The drinks are mixed from the blood and semen I gather, which probably explains why most of them taste so bad.

Now it makes sense how I could be filled like that by Sylvan, how I could survive his cock going so deep. My organs somehow shifted and adjusted to the pressure.

And Mehdi and the wolf, too, asked things of my body that I didn’t think it could give.

“I guess there’s a reason for the order of the doors?” I ask. Mr. Sire nods eagerly.

“Very well observed. There is an important reason. Simply: you would not survive sex with most of these subjects without having sex with the one before.”

“But what about Number Three? We skipped that one.”

“True,” he nods, “but we have lost that subject, and there is no replacement. That’s why we put the werewolf behind door number four now; he used to be number six.

“It is all very safe for you now, if you keep taking the drinks I serve you, in full and in order.”

“I’ll take anything you give me,” I say, letting a hint of flirtation creep into my voice. Mr. Sire looks at me in surprise for a moment, but then he regains his typical posture, apparently deciding to ignore me.

“The incubus is subject number one because of his tongues. They are…”

“Stretching,” I say. He nods, smiling.

“You understand a lot by instinct. I am happy that you are my subject,” he says, sounding slightly flustered for the first time. Up until now he’s always seemed so superior to me, but I’m realizing he is clumsy with women.

I like the sound of him calling me *his subject*.

“We still have the problem of the werewolf’s semen,” I say. Then I get an idea. “Is Richard the only one who can take the sample?”

“Technically, no.” Mr. Sire frowns. “What are you proposing?”

“Well…could I take it alone?”

“No, I’m afraid that’s not possible. The machine needs another set of hands.”

“Can you do it?” I ask, and he looks honestly surprised.

“I…guess.” It’s the first time I’ve seen him uncertain. “But I don’t know how,” he adds.

“Well, all you need is some of the semen, right?”

“Out of your body, yes. It has to have been inside of you,” he says.

I nod. “Then…follow me.” I stand up, and by now I’m not surprised to feel a tingling in my stomach. I’m turned on just by the thought of what’s to come.

I lead Mr. Sire into the clinic, and instead of going to the machine, I sit on the table.

“There’s a syringe.” I point to a nearby tray of utensils, and Mr. Sire looks at me in utter surprise.

“I could hurt you.”

“Mr. Sire, please.” I laugh. “I have been ravaged by an incubus, a djinni, and a werewolf. A tiny syringe can’t hurt me.”

“Des,” he whispers.

“What?”

“My name is Des,” he says, looking somewhat shy. I smile, happy to have this small part of him.

Then I realize something.

“Des Sire. Desire—really?” I look at him unbelievably, and he laughs.

“Well, our parents give us our names. I don’t have control over mine. But among my people, we don’t really give names so much as...feelings, of what we want most for our children,” he explains.

I frown. “Weird. But it fits, I guess.” I slide back on the table and pull my feet up on either side, presenting Des with my naked pussy underneath my skirt. “All yours,” I say.

Des looks into my face for a moment longer before lowering his gaze. His expression doesn’t change at all—but then, from what I’ve seen, it rarely does.

When he picks up the syringe, my breath quickens, and I can feel that I’m starting to get wet already. He’s about to start the procedure when he stops.

“It could be more pleasurable for you if you had a lubricant,” he says.

I grin, tilting my head. “Not needed.” I can imagine him pulling me to him by the ankles, taking out his cock—incredibly massive in my imagination—flipping me over, and ramming it into me until I see stars.

“Oh,” Des says, and I snap back to reality. “I see.”

He looks down at my pussy again, taking a finger and probing once, making me shiver in pleasure.

“Go ahead. Get inside of me,” I say. When he inserts the syringe, true to my word I barely feel it, but I imagine it’s his tongue or his cock. I catch myself sighing, bringing one hand up to toy with my own breast.

“I have enough. I’m taking it out now,” Des explains, and when he does, I suddenly moan in surprise. Did he just...pinch my clitoris?

He doesn't say anything, so neither do I. I just cover myself up, standing up when he does.

He walks me back to the office in silence. Once I'm standing in front of the door to my apartment, I look at him again.

"Can you tell me who the other subjects are?" I ask.

"That would spoil the fun, wouldn't it?" He grins, looking sheepish but pleased with himself.

"At least who Number Five is?" I inquire.

He sighs a bit. "Let me just tell you this much." He leans in closer. "You will be *fully* satisfied after this one. I am completely sure."

"Will you be watching again?" I whisper.

He looks at me in surprise, raising his eyebrows. "If you do not feel comfortable knowing that I'll be on the monitor, I can—"

"Do it." He seems startled at the fervor in my voice. "Watch me."

At that, a tiny grin appears on his mouth, just for a second. "Always."

He takes my hand, and like in those old movies, he kisses the back of it to say goodnight.

Next Chapter

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