

Test Subject |

Door Number Five Test Subject

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I can't help but obsess about Des as I get ready for work the next morning. There's something mysterious about him. I think he's holding something back, but I don't know what.

He doesn't want to tell me the secret species he's trying to save. That's okay; I will get to it. And I think it's kind of cute that he won't tell me what's behind any of those other doors, like he wants me to be surprised.

But I'm sure there's something else...

I finish my shower and don't bother with underwear. I know what's going to happen as soon as I get busy behind door number five, so I figure I'll save at least one pair of panties from getting shredded.

I decide I feel like wearing a cute, summery dress, so short that it barely covers my ass. The monsters won't mind, and I suddenly feel...proud of my work.

Des said that I am very good at this, fast. He's happy that I'm enjoying myself. I find that I care a lot about making Des admire me.

When I pass through the door between my apartment and Des's office, he's at his desk as usual.

"Miss Woods, good morning. Your drink." He points to his desk without even looking at me. Feeling dumbfounded, I go over there and frown.

"There are three."

"Yes. Drink them all," he says. I shrug, getting a little angry. He doesn't even look at me.

Well, he'll be looking at me pretty soon. He promised last night that he'd be watching me on his monitor. I'll show him exactly how I like to get fucked by some monster.

I gulp down the contents of all three glasses, barely even reacting to the noxious flavors at this point, then leave the room without another word.

I skip the locker room and go to door number five directly. I know Richard said some of these monsters are “sensitive to clothes,” but I like what I’m wearing, and I know it’ll just end up on the floor soon enough.

I unlock the door, open it, and go inside.

When I look into the face of subject number five, I almost chuckle.

“What...are you?” I wonder. Then I shake my head. I’m in a weird mood, but that’s no reason to be rude to someone I’ve never met before. It’s not his fault Des was so cold today. “Excuse me. I’m Cat; nice to meet you.”

The creature looks at me curiously. It doesn’t seem to understand my words. Interesting.

I go to the table and scan the file.

“The pixie is a misunderstood creature. Often considered to be helpful, playful little spirits, pixies tend to be much more mischievous than many modern stories portray. “Do not be fooled, they will take what they want once they see it,” I read out loud. Then I look back the way I came, reconsidering the little man leaning against the wall.

He’s about the height of my calves; he could kiss my knee if he wanted to, but anything else would require him to climb on a table or something.

His skin color seems to be slightly more grayish than a human’s, but apart from that, he seems like just a tiny human.

How the fuck am I supposed to take his semen?

“So...can I take your blood?” I ask, but this little guy just looks at me. He’s not chained up, but I guess there’s no chain small enough...

I point to the syringe, but he scoffs and growls a little. It sounds kind of cute, too high-pitched to be threatening.

Hm. What am I supposed to do?

I look back at the file and realize something.

They will take what they want once they see it.

This little guy can see me all right, and he’s not made a move toward me. Maybe I should be more obvious.

I feel kind of cheap, but I'm not going to force him to have sex with me. I need to figure out if there's something about me he wants.

So I turn around to face the table...and "accidentally" drop the file.

I bend at the waist to grab it, making sure that my naked ass is visible from the pixie's viewpoint. I take my time picking up the file and putting it back on the table before I finally turn around.

And sure as hell, there's the little pixie, stroking his tiny penis with his tongue hanging out.

Des said yesterday that the semen needed to be inside of me, but I can't imagine how that would work in this case. I guess I'll just jerk the pixie off and go from there?

"Could I..." I get on my knees and crawl toward him, pointing at his dick. "I really need your semen."

The little guy nods and points to his penis. Confused, I extend my finger and touch it. As soon as I make contact, I hear a strange sound from behind me.

I sit back on my heels and turn around to see another pixie, exactly identical to the first one. He also starts stroking his cock. Okay. This is starting to get interesting.

I keep stroking one finger down the first pixie's dick but reach out with the other hand to touch the second one as well. Another weird pop follows. I scan the room and find another pixie, starting to pleasure himself.

This is kind of fun; I wonder how long it will go on. I turn to face the new guy and crawl forward, leaving the other two to pleasure themselves. But this time, when I touch his dick, something different happens.

Suddenly, two of the three pixies are the size of big, *very big* humans—at least seven feet tall, though everything else about them is the same, right down to their hands moving in perfect synch on their dicks.

I gasp in surprise. One of them, still masturbating steadily, walks up behind me. He crouches to my level, lowers his head, and starts licking my pussy.

I sigh at the unexpected sensation, raise up to a higher kneeling position, and turn my face toward the dick of the other one, greedily opening my mouth.

Grinning, the second big pixie slowly pushes his cock into my mouth. I let my throat go slack as I enjoy the sensation of the first pixie's tongue spreading my folds, three fingers entering at the same time.

I just wonder... What about the third one?

I don't have to wonder long. I suddenly feel a strange nudging at my ass. It feels like something is trying to stretch my hole, and I fucking love it.

I moan and push my ass backward, making it obvious that I want dick, now. The big one behind me lifts his mouth away from my pussy, but I don't have time to protest before he stands and replaces his tongue and fingers with his dick.

I moan against the dick in my mouth; the dick's owner grabs my head and starts thrusting rapidly.

And the third one...it feels like he's...climbing into my asshole? It's weird, but on the other hand...

I feel him penetrate me and crawl farther inside, making me groan even louder, spreading my legs wide and rocking my hips.

I hear the smacking of the other guy's balls against my crotch as he rams inside of me again and again. Desperate for something to focus on, I grab the oral guy's balls and pull gently, rubbing them a bit.

The one in my ass starts stretching it even more from the inside. I go crazy, reach for my clitoris with my free hand, and start rubbing.

The two big ones both shoot their first load into me at the exact same moment. I swallow and contract my pelvic floor, trying to keep it all in.

Then, the third one crawls out of my ass, dropping to the floor so I can see he's about the size of a mouse. It's sort of a relief, a brief break from the sensory overload—but at the same time, I still want more.

Just as I think this, there's yet another pop. That tiny third pixie is now the same size as the other two, sporting an impressive erection that I really hope he intends to put inside me.

This new pixie drops to the floor and crawls underneath me. One of the others flips me over onto my back on top of the guy on the floor.

As soon as I understand, I hold my legs up into the air, nestling my ass down into floor guy's dick.

The oral guy pushes my head back, straddles my shoulders, and fucks my mouth again, while the third guy kneels and starts fucking my pussy.

The one below me positions his cock, and in unison with the other two, he rams into my ass.

I let out a muffled scream around my mouthful, but I can't get enough. I spread my legs more, bending my back to get a better angle on the dick in my mouth.

They thrust in perfect unison, so I'm completely filled and then, briefly, completely empty. Then, just when I've started to get used to that rhythm, they start thrusting one after the other instead.

I am shaken like a goddamn rattle, until I moan and scream with one orgasm after another.

I'd almost forgotten how fucking hot it is to get fucked in the ass. But all my holes at the same time? By three guys who are all kind of the same guy? Fuck me sideways. Or, well, three ways, I guess.

They pump me up with their load, until without warning they suddenly shrink again.

I gasp, thinking that I might've killed the one below me with my weight because I can't feel him anymore.

But then I realize that there's only one again—at his original size, looking very well-fucked, back to leaning against the wall. Very weird.

As soon as I can convince my legs to work again, I stand up, thank the pixie, and leave the room. I realize that through all that, I never even took off my little sundress.

Some semen is still running down my leg, but I don't care. After all, that's what they need for their experiments, right?

I go straight to the clinic. Richard awaits me there, but he seems surprised.

"Cat, what can I do for you?" He looks down at my leg for a moment, frowning.

"You can drop the charade; I know the deal." I smile and point to the machine. "Should I hop in right away so you can get the semen while it's still hot?"

Richard nods, surprised, and I get right to it.

I'm sure he makes the procedure more pleasurable for me now that I know what's up, or else I'm just hypersensitive after a thorough fucking, because I feel a *lot* as the laser works its way down my body.

When I'm done, Richard looks like he wants to ask a question or two, but I'm not in a talkative mood. I thank him and head toward Des's office.

The closer I come, the more nervous I get. Did Des watch me again, like he promised? Did he like it?

I enter, and Des turns around to look at me with his usual smile. I wish I could read his face better.

“Nice trick,” he says, voice as calm as ever, “playing it like it was an accident to show the pixie what he wanted. Do you feel fulfilled?”

“Kind of,” I say, biting my tongue to keep myself from saying what I really want.

“Well, that’s good. And since you’ve done such a good job, you will have tomorrow off. You need your strength, and door number six is a tough one. You’ll need all your willpower to survive that one.”

I frown, and he clarifies, “Figuratively, not literally. I would never let you die like that.”

I smile in response. I’m not sure if he knows how romantic that sounds. But...I’m imagining things, surely. Des is a robot-like non-human; he has no idea I’m coming to see him as more than just my boss.

“Well...what should I do on my free day?” I ask. “I can’t leave this facility, can I?”

“I wouldn’t advise it,” Des says, looking back to his desk. “You can do whatever you want. You have a big apartment; I’m sure you’ll find something to do.”

I nod and return to said apartment, feeling kind of numb.

The next morning, I have no idea what to do with myself. I order some nice breakfast, eat a little bit, and since I’m all alone, I decide to walk around naked all day.

Already it feels strange to be alone. I’ve always been kind of a loner—in the past, I spent my weekends at the gym or watching TV or maybe seeking out unsatisfying hookups on the dating apps.

But now, I wish I were fucking a monster. Or fucking Des. Or fucking a monster while Des watched. I think I’ve forgotten how to just chill.

Eventually, I hop into the sauna and sweat my ass off, then take a quick shower and jump into the immense pool. This is ridiculous for just one person!

I swim a few laps. I’m actually starting to enjoy the quiet of the water, settling into a peace inside my own head, when it is suddenly interrupted by a strange sound. Metallic and loud, like a *clang* in a ventilation shaft.

I'm instantly thinking of some sci-fi movie I once saw about a spaceship with a super-modern, high-tech metallic shaft that can be opened or closed by remote control.

I pop my head out of the water and look around. There's nothing.

I tread water and turn my head in every direction, but I still can't find the source of that sound. There's nothing metallic in here that's big enough to make such a sound.

I shrug and dive, swimming a few more meters. Then I see something huge and pink from the corner of my eye.

Fuck.