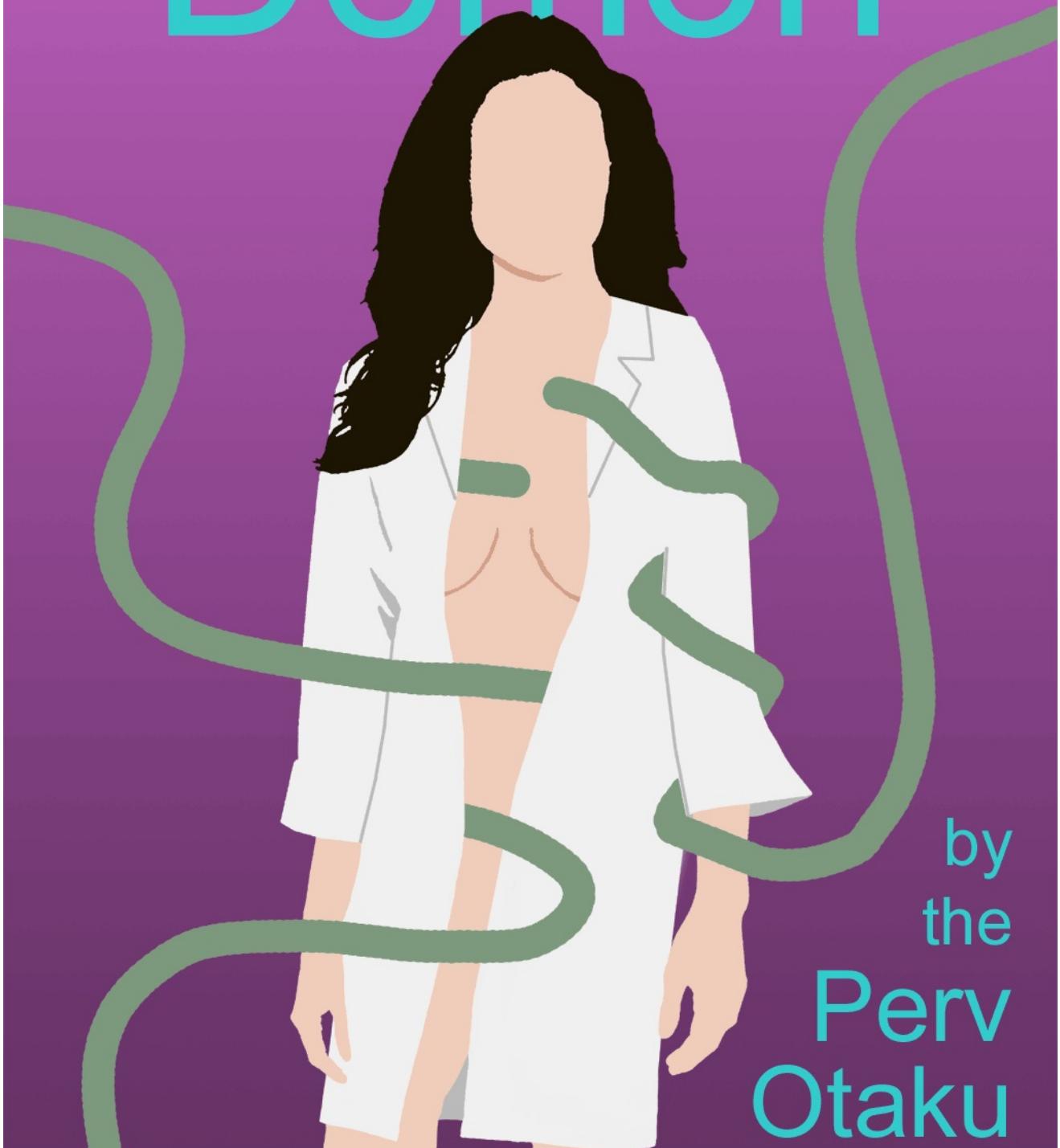


INTERVIEW WITH THE Tentacle Demon



by
the
Perv
Otaku

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CHAPTER 1: ARRIVAL

The ringing of the telephone woke her. Claire turned to check the clock. Just after 3 a.m. Damn. Now she wished she hadn't stayed up later than usual. She rolled over and answered the phone with a sleepy "Hello?"

"Dr. Thompson, it's Major Jeffers. I apologize for the late hour, but we've got an incoming for you." Of course they did. There was no other reason for him to call at 3 am.

"What's the ETA?" She asked, hoping for a little more time to sleep.

"The plane it's on is on landing approach now. We should have it to the Institute within 40 minutes." So much for sleep.

"Alright, I'll be there, Major. Thank you." She hung up the phone and rose from bed, stretching to get herself fully awake. She would have to hurry.

She ate what couldn't be called a proper breakfast as she drove. She wouldn't have chosen to live in the desert area of the American southwest, except that her job was here, but one thing you could say about it was that the nights were beautiful and full of stars.

She managed to arrive just behind the military truck that had taken over transport duties for the trip from the airfield to the Institute. She waited as it was let past the guard shack at the lone entrance that interrupted the high fence, and then pulled forward to show her ID to the unfortunate young soldier who had the graveyard shift this month. The guards here were always low-ranking troops rotated in from the same nearby military base the truck had just driven from. Some took it as a nice, relaxing break from their normal duties. Others disliked the boredom of the extremely uneventful post. None of them knew what went on in the building they guarded, except that access to it could only be granted to those with a security clearance so high they had never heard of it before, and probably never would again.

After the guard waved her through and closed the gate behind her, Claire parked and exited her car while watching the Major and his men unload their cargo from the truck. It was similar to the sealed medical gurneys that were used to transport people with highly infectious diseases, only larger and much more reinforced, with strong locks holding it closed. They followed behind her as she opened the main doors and went inside the building. She turned on the lights and turned around to look through the clear cover of the gurney at the creature they had brought in for her.

It was humanoid, and a huge one at eight feet tall. Not thin either, but broad shouldered and muscular, quite an imposing figure, actually. Its skin was somewhere between olive green and medium gray in color, smooth, not scaly, so it wasn't reptilian despite the lizard-like thick tail that reached down to its feet. It had no body hair and wore no clothing, but its crotch was smooth as an old fashioned Ken doll's, with no visible genitalia. Its toes and fingers were clawed, though the claws didn't look large or sharp enough to be all that useful for, say, hunting or fighting. And finally, the face was cruel and angular. Six-inch-long gazelle-like ridged horns extended up from thick

primitive-looking brow ridges, angled outwards in a slight "v" shape and curved back over its head. Pointed ears and shaggy hair of various shades of gray completed the demonic visage. Claire supposed it was probably some type of lesser demon, a rarity these days, even for the Institute. Jeffers broke the silence, "Got an especially nasty looking one this time."

"You're not kidding about that. Alright, let's get it into containment," Claire said as she turned to lead them down the hallways, opening the security doors along the way. She stopped briefly in a lab room to drop off her purse and grab a tablet computer and a small bag of supplies, then they continued on to the cell block. She took them into Containment Room 1, which like the others was a large open space surrounding a 15 by 25 foot cell. The cell, being for observation as much as for containment, was walled with two separate layers of plexiglass several inches thick, with a mismatched series of small slits for ventilation. It was reinforced with a strong steel support structure. This one was designed for humanoid occupants, so in the near right corner a large raised slab with a mattress served as a bunk. The far right corner had a short internal wall that contained plumbing, forming a shower stall. Outside the stall stood a prison-style toilet, the type with a sink built in to the top. The left side of the cell had an internal wall all the way across, forming the entryway barred at each end with a security door. Entry through each was gained via a simple button, but leaving again required a thumb print, retina scan, and eight digit passcode at both doors. The idea being that a creature might be able to slip out though the first door as a person was leaving, but then wouldn't be able to gain exit through the outer door with anything short of mind control. This scenario was expected to in most cases result in the bloody death of said person, but better to lose one than to lose everybody in the building should a fierce creature escape the cell entirely.

Claire used the control panel on the wall to turn on the room's lights and video cameras, then followed the soldiers as they hauled the gurney through the entryway and over to the bunk. They undid the latches and raised the cover. She stabbed a syringe into the beast's arm to collect a blood sample. It began to growl and stir. "Crap, it's waking up! Didn't you give it another dose of tranq when you moved it off the plane?" Claire said as she drew the plunger. That was supposed to be standard procedure. Even with the gurney holding it in, you didn't want these things putting up a fight during transport.

"It looked good and out to me!" Jeffers said. Claire withdrew the syringe and stashed it in an insulated pocket in her supply bag with a cold pack. Jeffers and his men quickly dumped the creature out onto the bunk and the group made a hasty retreat through the entryway.

"Alright, thanks guys, you can show yourselves out," Claire said with an annoyed sigh. She would have to stay in the room now that the creature was waking up. She set the supply bag down by the door and checked the control panel to make sure the cameras were aligned properly and recording.

The beast groaned, pushed itself up on one elbow, and spoke in a deep grumbling voice, "What happened? Where am I?"

"You speak English! Excellent, that always makes things easier," Claire said. This drew the creature's attention, and he stumbled to his feet and turned to face her. She could now see that his eyes were completely red, the irises a brighter shade than the sclera, the part that would be the "whites" of the eyes in humans. When he spoke she noticed both his teeth and tongue where pointed.

"Who are you? What is this place?" he demanded.

"I am Dr. Claire Thompson, director of the U.S. Armed Forces Institute for Xenobiology and Cryptobiology," she replied.

The monster looked around, taking in his surroundings. His inhuman face showed worry and

uncertainty at first, then changed to fierce determination. He pounded his fist against the plexiglass wall twice, judging its strength. Realizing that he would be unable to break through it, he again looked at Claire. She steeled herself against being intimidated by the huge brute and his cold gaze. He was probably used to being feared on sight, but she was safe outside the cell and had seen plenty of weird before. "Aliens and monsters. You study them. And now I am your latest specimen?"

Claire nodded. "That's correct. Myths and legends, both ancient and modern. We find out which ones are really out there and what makes them tick."

The creature sighed in defeat, and sank down to sit on the bunk. "Shit. Well, I suppose something like this was bound to happen sooner or later. Shit."

Claire was relieved that he was taking it so reasonably, and ventured, "And you, do you have a name?"

"Piss off," the demon snapped. Claire waited patiently. He turned his head to stare at her again, apparently considering it, and with another look of defeat he answered, "I do. I almost never have need for it, but... it's Gruthsorik."

"Interesting name. What language root does it come from?" Claire asked.

"Not a human one," Gruthsorik replied coldly.

"Well then Gruthsorik, it's nice to meet you," she said. "I apologize for the sparseness of the accommodations, it's not especially designed for comfort, but since you'll be here with us for the foreseeable future if there's anything I can get for you within reason, please feel free to ask."

"Fuck you," the beast sneered, making it clear he was not interested in talking with his captor. Well, there would be plenty of time for that. From within the cell, talking was all he would be able to do. Claire decided not to press it yet, though. Besides, she needed to get that blood sample into the DNA sequencer while it was fresh.

"Alright, I have to run and take care of a few things here, but I'll be back in a little while. If you need something, you can reach me via the intercom on the panel by the door there," she said, pointing at the inner entryway door of the cell. The panel also had controls to dim the room lights for sleeping, and to adjust the room's HVAC temperature settings. Then she picked up the supply bag and disappeared into the hallway.

Not long after, Claire reentered the room, tablet computer in hand. "Hello again," she said cheerfully. Gruthsorik was sitting on the bunk sulking and barely glanced up. Well, the silent treatment was better than being swore at. "I've received your capture report. Let's see what it says about you." She pulled a chair up to the cell wall and sat down to read. It began with the standard form information, date, agent reporting, operation commanding officer, location of capture, tentative creature identification... "Tentacle rape monster?" she blurted out in surprise. Sometimes the agents who managed the captures would get overly fanciful with that line of the form.

"At your service," came the reply from within the cell, confirming that it was no exaggeration.

Claire was visibly confused. "But I thought those were just an invention of Japanese cartoon pornography to get around their censorship laws. Sex based demons are common throughout folklore of course, the most well known being the incubus and succubus, but there's no mythological basis that I know of that suggests the existence of tentacle monsters."

"I've been to Japan. Nice country. Lovely women," Gruthsorik said in response. Claire wasn't satisfied, but she decided to sort it out later. Onward with the report. The next section was an abstract, giving the important details in brief. As she read it, the full implications of "rape

monster" sank in, and she became very uncomfortable despite the barrier between her and the beast. She put on her best poker face and continued.

"It says here you attacked a college student in a classroom. She happened to be talking on the phone though and her friend on the other end called the police, who arrived in time to intervene."

"What?!" shouted Gruthsorik, incredulous. "There was no phone! I may be many things but stupid is not one of them." Claire paged through the document, looking for the answer.

"Ah. She was using one of those Bluetooth earpiece headsets with her cell phone. Little thing with a short range radio link to the phone itself. Maybe it was under her hair and you couldn't see it." Gruthsorik's face cycled from confused to understanding and back to defeat.

"Son of a bitch," he grumbled. "And for that I end up here. I hate technology. It was all so much easier when the most complicated things you humans knew how to make were wheels, swords, and the bow and arrow."

"You... say that from personal experience?" Claire asked in surprise.

"Am I really that old, you mean? Yes, I am. Congratulations, Doctor, you've caught yourself a genuine ancient evil," the beast admitted. It was no mere sarcasm, either. This meant he wasn't just a new type of monster for the Institute, he was virtually their holy grail of unnatural creatures.

"This is incredible," Claire said, barely hiding her enthusiasm. "We've never been able to obtain solid evidence that an immortal class of demons really existed."

"Immortal? That's an exaggeration," Gruthsorik said. "True, high level demons do not age, but there are ways to die other than natural causes that work perfectly well. Power struggles between them almost always proved fatal for one or both. Many more were killed by demon hunters back in the days when humans still believed in such things and the proper methods and incantations for combating unholy creatures were still commonly known. I've always assumed that a few managed to lay low and survive into the modern era like myself. Though actually I haven't even run across any lower level demonic creatures in centuries, either. I suppose you have, though."

"The Institute has had a few that fit the description of lesser demons, yes," Claire confirmed. He was correct, though. Cryptid creatures are by definition either rare, very good at staying out of sight, or both. Historical population numbers are nonexistent of course, so the trends are completely unknown, but by modern standards several of them are endangered species. Case in point, the peaceful but very skittish giant hairy hominid (known variously as the sasquatch, yeti, hibagon, yowie, and other names as well) was presumably long in decline anyway, but suffered further from loss of habitat to human expansion. An ongoing effort was underway at a secret reserve to restore the population while keeping them hidden from civilian creature hunters. On the other hand, extremely low species population was perhaps the only thing that kept creatures like the rakshasa from becoming global apex predators.

"Alright, let's continue then," Claire said, trying to rein in her excitement. There were still some matters to sort through. "They sent along some raw recordings. This is the testimony of your last victim. Her name is Monica Stern. I'd like you to listen to this and confirm its accuracy."

She started the playback. A man's voice spoke first, "Alright Monica, you can start now. Please, tell me what happened to you."

The girl spoke haltingly, "I was in the department's student lounge, where they keep all the reference books, working late into the evening on a report that's due tomorrow..."

Monica sat at the computer, several books and notebooks open around her. She only half listened to her friend Kelly who was chattering away on her cell earpiece. Then she

heard another voice from the doorway, "Young lady, this building is closing soon, I'm going to need to lock up for the night."

Monica looked up from her report, she didn't recognize the man but he was obviously a janitor or professor or something. She replied, "I know, I'm sorry, I'm almost finished with this and then I'll leave."

The man walked up to Monica and said, "That's okay. The building is empty. Nobody's going to hear you." She started to ask what he meant when he grabbed her breasts.

She jumped out of her chair and stumbled back, shouting "Hey! What the hell are you doing!" She was horrified to see that he now had his pants open with his erect cock sticking out. She was even more horrified when a second cock emerged. She looked up and found that his eyes were now glowing bright red. She stuttered, "What... what the fuck are you?" The man, no, the creature, only smiled in reply. A cruel, evil smile. She glanced back down and saw he had three dicks now.

Panic managed to overtake her amazement and she made a break for the door, dashing around the creature. She was yanked to a halt when something grabbed her wrist, then her ankle too. Her eyes went wide as she saw it was not the creature's hands, but his cocks, reaching across the room, more like tentacles now. She began to scream and shout for help as the third and a fourth tentacle cock took hold of her other wrist and ankle.

The creature laughed and taunted, "Yes, scream! Scream all you want! There is no one else around! No help will come!" The tentacles turned Monica around to face him, and pulled her arms up above her head and her legs wide apart. She continued screaming as she watched the creature continue to change, growing taller and sprouting horns and a tail, its clothes vanishing as its skin turned dark. She struggled against the tentacles but their grip was too strong, and they increased their hold on her by coiling further up her arms and legs, well past her elbows and knees.

Kelly pulled her phone away from her ear as Monica's protests turned to screams. She ended the call and dialed 911.

Two more cocks grew out from the monster's crotch and extended into tentacles, this time they invaded Monica's blouse. She shuddered as she felt them slithering across her stomach and around her back. They wrapped back around to her front again, pulled the front of her bra down and off her breasts, then wrapped around them and began gently squeezing while the tips of the tentacles rubbed against her nipples. She begged, "Please no, please stop, let me go," over and over. Now that they could fully support her body, the tentacles lifted her up off the floor. She hung in the air, fighting against it but helpless, suspended by the disgusting tentacles.

The next tentacle went under Monica's knee-length skirt and into her panties. In and out, wrapping around them. She screamed again as it pulled them until they tore off. She felt it return and start rubbing the outside of her pussy. She pleaded, "Why, why are you doing this?" Several more tentacles working together grabbed at her blouse and skirt and ripped them off of her body as well, followed by her bra, discarding the ruined scraps of fabric onto the floor below. They even yanked off her shoes and socks, leaving her completely naked and feeling even more helpless. The tentacle at her pussy began to push inside and Monica screeched, "Noooooooo!" at the top of her lungs.

The monster just laughed again, and said "You have such a lovely pussy!" The tentacle fucked Monica's pussy, slowly but surely pushing further and further in with every stroke. She thrashed her body against the tight grip of the tentacles, screaming and moaning as she fought with all her strength to no avail. Before long her pussy was invaded deeper than any of the guys she'd ever been with could reach. Finally it found the limit, filling her as much as it could. It started pulling out slowly, then stopped and began pounding her even harder. Her body shook with each thrust. The beast taunted her again, "Yeeeeesss, you're such a good fuck!"

Monica felt her body starting to betray her as her moans of protest gradually became moans of pleasure. She lost track of time as the tentacle rammed deep into her pussy over and over. She snapped out of when she felt a new tentacle rubbing across her asshole. She renewed her struggles and begged him again, "No no no no not there please not there." Naturally, that didn't deter the beast at all, and the tentacle forced itself into Monica's ass. At the sudden entry, she screamed and started sobbing. It fucked her back door, slowly progressing deeper inside, just as the just as the one in her pussy had done.

Officer Nevin of the local police arrived outside the building just as a campus policeman did. Nevin drew his sidearm and took point as they went inside and searched the building for a girl in distress. Monica's last scream echoed down the hallway and they ran towards the sound. Of all the possibilities that had run through his mind, what he saw when he reached the lounge was not one of them. He yelled the only appropriate response to finding an eight foot monster gripping a naked girl in its long tentacles, "Holy shit!", then emptied his gun into the beast.

The tentacles went limp and the girl dropped to the floor with them. She pulled free of them and crawled away as the monster clutched at its bleeding wounds, grunting in pain, and slowly collapsed. Nevin ran to her and scooped her up. The campus officer looked in behind him and said, "Jesus Christ, what the hell is that thing?"

Nevin said, "We're not staying here to find out," and the two of them rushed the grateful girl back out to the squad cars.

"...and I got out my emergency blanket so she could cover herself. I had her wait in the back seat of my car until the ambulance arrived and took her away. Per instructions from dispatch I stood guard outside the building until the military helicopter arrived." The recording of Nevin's testimony ended there. He was clearly disturbed by what he had witnessed but his training allowed him to maintain his composure. Monica, on the other hand, was a wreck. She had broken down crying several times while recounting the attack.

Claire followed Nevin's example as best she could, but still took several moments to gather herself before she could ask, "Alright, do you have anything you can to add to that?"

"Add? Yeah, I can add something. Getting shot *really* hurts," Gruthsorik said.

"You know you don't actually look like you've been shot," Claire said. "You weren't even bleeding any more when they brought you in here. Rapid healing seems to be a universal trait in shape-shifters, I take it that's the case with you as well?"

"Yes, yes, that's right. But that doesn't lessen the trauma of the wounds. That modern gun was much more powerful than anything I've ever been attacked with before. It took a lot out of me, obviously, since I was still lying there in too much pain to move when your soldiers came and shot

me with knock-out darts."

Claire found herself completely unsympathetic to the monster's pain. She decided to go directly to the big question on her mind, and asked point blank, "Why do you do it, anyway? What is the driving force of a rape demon?"

"What do you think it is?" Gruthsorik countered.

Claire considered it and ventured, "Among humans, rape is much more often about power than it is about the sex itself. It's a way for a man to impose dominance over a woman he knows, to strike back at women in general in cases of rape of a stranger, even as a tool of terror by soldiers of totalitarian governments to reinforce the idea of helplessness in the oppressed citizens."

The demon chuckled, and said, "Well yes, the power thing is very nice. I completely enjoy my dominance over you lesser beings. Hell, plenty of spirits and demons in the old days liked to cause trouble with humans just for entertainment or to inflate their egos. Your kind would call it petty and cruel. It took me a long time to understand those concepts and the other nonsense you primates call morality. Once I did, well, I think it's absolutely delightful to be this thing you call evil."

"But that's not the only reason?" Claire ventured. "What's the rest of it?"

Gruthsorik stared at her quietly, reluctant to answer. Claire stared right back. Finally the monster gave in. "Oh, fine. I can't really keep this from you anyway, given my situation. How best to put this, you know how your kind often describes lust as if it were hunger? Well for me, it's not a metaphor. They literally are one and the same."

"Are you saying you feed on rapes?" Claire asked in disbelief.

"Essentially, yes. More specifically, I take sustenance from the raw, base emotions and sensations that they invoke in the girl, things like fear, pain, pleasure, lust," Gruthsorik answered.

"Wait, I get the fear and pain, but lust and pleasure?" said Claire. "Those are not words normally associated with rape."

Gruthsorik laughed wickedly, then explained, "Oh, sure, plenty of girls fight it the entire time, and I get what I need from that. The panic, the desperation, the despair of being violated, are all quite nice indeed, but when they enjoy it, it's much... what words would you use... tastier, and more filling. Most of those girls start to like it despite themselves, so some nice embarrassment or guilt gets added to the mix. And the ones that accept their plight, stop resisting, and give themselves over to it are the most delicious of all."

"So what you're saying is when you're attacking a girl, you're actually trying to make her feel good?" Claire said incredulously.

"Ideally, yes. Absolutely," replied Gruthsorik with a wicked grin. "And if I bring her to orgasm, mmmmmmm, it's like a feast!" Claire shuddered. As a woman, she was completely disgusted by this trivializing of the abuse he inflicted on his victims. As a scientist though, she was intrigued. What he described was the most unlikely form of metabolism she'd ever heard of, and a startling discovery if it was the slightest bit true. The demon sensed her unease and pushed it further. "You know, that girl, Monica, of course she didn't admit it on that recording of yours, but when the policemen interrupted us, she was already starting to enjoy getting fucked in two holes." Claire couldn't keep the discomfort from showing on her face, even though she was trying to take him at his word here.

The mention of Monica's name also made Claire realize she had gotten sidetracked. She composed herself and continued, "Right, your capture. In case you're curious, the soldiers in that chopper Nevin mentioned collected you and sent you on your way to the base near here while agents

debriefed everyone involved and assigned them a cover story. If anybody asks, Monica was raped at gunpoint by an ordinary human, Officer Nevin interrupted, they exchanged fire, and the rapist was killed. Only the military counselor we will assign to the girl will ever discuss what really happened to her."

"So you keep yourselves and your captured monsters a secret from the world. Very tidy," Gruthsorik said. "Not that I'm complaining about that, mind you."

"No, you wouldn't want to be public knowledge anymore than we do," Claire said. "And apparently you've done a remarkably good job of it if the first we've seen or heard of your kind is the morning you're brought in. We pay attention to these things, ancient mythology and today's urban legends alike. Although, rape is such an underreported crime as it is, so maybe it's not that surprising if your victims never tell anyone. And those that do have probably used the same lie we gave Monica in order to keep from sounding delusional." She paused, lost in thought for a moment, then said, "You know, you may just fit the description of incubus after all."

"Do tell," Gruthsorik said, though his tone conveyed that he didn't really care.

"Girls in the medieval era would have been just as hesitant to tell the whole truth about being tentacle raped," Claire posited. "Given the trauma and embarrassment, they wouldn't have wanted to describe the full details any more than a modern girl. Monica herself probably wouldn't have if others hadn't witnessed the tentacles too. People did still believe in demons though, so they could just reveal that much, that an inhuman creature assaulted them. And that makes things fall in line with most of the classic sex demons. They were said to seduce women or attack them in their beds while they slept, and feed on their energies. The modern interpretation is that stories of such things were hallucinations due to sleep paralysis or scapegoating out of wedlock pregnancies in a time when premarital sex was highly stigmatized. And both of those are probably accurate in most cases, but nearly every myth, in its original form, has a basis in fact. You or others like you could very well have been the origin of these stories."

"Well, goodie for me," Gruthsorik said snidely.

For that matter, if he'd spent time in Japan as he claimed, in some roundabout way he may even have inspired the infamous tentacle porn genre. Pleased with her deductions, Claire moved on. There was one more thing she wanted to know right now to complete the general profile of her new arrival. "So do you always go after students?" she asked.

"Schools make excellent hunting grounds," said Gruthsorik. "They're easy to get into and have lots of girls. Not just the students, the adult females as well. Teachers, coaches, janitors, sometimes even a principal or dean. But I'm opportunistic. I hunt anywhere I'm likely to find a girl or woman alone and vulnerable. Waitresses on the closing shift, dark alleys off empty city streets late at night, lone riders on a late night subway car, squatters in abandoned buildings. And away from cities there are hiking trails, secluded beaches, and farmer's daughters out venturing in their fields. Just to name a few."

"Sounds like you move around quite a bit," Claire said.

"Can't stay in one place too long," explained the demon. "You say victims don't talk, but I can't chance that. Have enough of them in the same area and sooner or later people might start noticing something. Better to make a few scores then drift off to somewhere else and remain unknown. And I enjoy seeing new scenery."

"And making yourself look human, that helps you get close to unsuspecting potential victims, no doubt," Claire said.

"It depends on the situation, it's not always necessary, but yes, that's right. Plus changing into

a monster right in front of their eyes adds a bit of a dramatic flair that can heighten the initial fear response," Gruthsorik said.

"Quite the devious predator, aren't you," said Claire with more disdain than respect. Even with the cell walls separating them, her skin was crawling just being in the room with him. She had to get out, but one last question sprang to mind. "How young of a girl do you..." her voice faltered, she was afraid the answer might make her sick to her stomach.

"Do I go after?" the demon finished. "You know it wasn't all that long ago that girls were married off and started having children as soon as they reached puberty. Have I taken girls that young? Most certainly. But I do prefer them a bit more grown. High school age, in modern terms. Younger than puberty, not at all, doesn't even seem practical."

"Alright. Thank you Gruthsorik, for being so forthcoming about yourself. That's all for now. I've got some paperwork concerning you that I need to handle. I'll be in to check on you every now and then. If you think of anything more to add about your attack on Monica, let me know." The demon grunted in response, and laid down on the bunk as Claire hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER 2: FEEDING

The next day, Claire walked into the containment room pushing a cart full of some sort of equipment. "Good morning to you," she said cheerfully.

"You'll pardon me if I don't get up," Gruthsorik grumbled from the bunk.

"No, that's fine, in fact it would be helpful if you laid still for this," Claire said. She pushed the cart up to the cell wall opposite the bunk, unfolded some of the devices, and aimed them at him.

Gruthsorik turned his head to the side to watch. "Dare I ask what all of that is?" he asked.

"It's a medical scanner. It was developed by the group that reverse engineers salvaged extraterrestrial technology. Those guys love us here in the Institute because we're among the few that has enough security clearance to even know they exist, but also provide the opportunity to field test their gizmos in practical applications. It'll be decades before they can leak the stuff inside this thing even to DARPA. They tell me the original that it's based on is less than half the size, but it sure beats the huge machines in hospitals that you have to put a patient inside to get any information." It's also a decent stand-in for dissection, which is helpful when your only specimen is still alive.

She activated the scanner, and it hummed as it probed the insides of the demon. "You might feel a light tingling," Claire said. "Let me know if it gets uncomfortable." She perused the data as it streamed to her tablet computer. "No bullet fragments, that's good. Assuming they weren't all clean in and out shots, your body must have expelled them while it was healing itself. You have highly developed sensory organs, on the level of predatory species. Which I suppose you are, after a fashion. Let me guess, you have exemplary hearing, can see clearly even in near total darkness, and can distinguish individual people by scent?"

"Very good, doctor, I'm impressed," said Gruthsorik. "It's especially useful for sniffing out and tracking down girls who are by themselves." Claire hoped he was speaking generally and not making reference to her. Though if lone women is what got his hunting instincts going, she definitely qualified. She was always glad to have the cell wall between her and the captured cryptids, but this time doubly so. She forced herself to focus back on the scanner readings.

"The circulatory system looks about normal for something your size. A four-chambered heart, as befits an advanced species. Blood composition is fairly standard, with iron-based hemoglobin. Respiratory system looks good, lungs resemble the mammalian design. Digestive system... you seem to have no stomach at all. There's some kind of small structure below the esophageal sphincter, it's filled with what looks a lot like intestinal villi, but it dead ends." She looked up and addressed her subject, "I didn't entirely believe you before about subsisting on the emotions and such of the girls you attack, but you really don't eat solid food, do you?"

"That's correct," he said. "I tried once, just to see what would happen, but I couldn't keep it down. I do get thirsty and need to drink water every now and then, though."

"Those nasty looking teeth of yours must be an evolutionary holdover of some sort," Claire said, back to thinking aloud. "Hmm. Below there I can see what looks like intestines right where they should be. In fact they fill the entire space that would be your digestive system. Another unneeded vestigial organ perhaps? They're very highly muscled, too. Oh!" She exclaimed in surprise as the objects she was examining on her screen began to move rapidly. She looked up and watched as five penises emerged from Gruthsorik's crotch. Uncircumcised, of course, though the foreskin pulled back almost right away, revealing the glans. They all looked like normal human penises in general shape and size, other than the length of course, as they didn't stop until they were

several feet long. "Of course. How silly of me." The beast smiled, greatly amused.

Claire skipped the humor, however, as she went deep into analysis. "Fascinating, so they don't just form from the surface of your body, the main structure is stored internally. How far can you reach with them?" One of the tentacles turned and extended horizontally until it was about twelve feet long. She watched the densely packed muscle tissue expand and multiply on the scanner screen and shuddered as she remembered what the demon did with these things. "That looks like it's amazingly strong, yet agile."

"Of course. They have to be," Gruthsorik responded as he drew them back in. Claire watched as they pulled all the way into his crotch, and the skin melded shut where they had been, leaving no hole or seam. A simple trick for shape-shifter flesh.

"Well, thank you for that... demonstration," Claire said hesitantly, then returned her attention to the scanner data, trying to put the sight of the tentacles from her mind. "Now what's next, how about the nervous system. Brain and spinal cord design resembles that of the typical large, intelligent primate. Skeletal structure, very much what you'd expect it to be. Urinary system is nonexistent, though I suppose that's a given since you have no digestive system either. Reproductive system, aside from the obvious, there are what appear to be internal gonads and... an extremely large prostate and seminal vesicles." The glands that produce semen. Claire felt suddenly uncomfortable again. Good thing she was finished.

"And that's it for the gross anatomy. The fine details of this scan should keep me busy for months, though." As she packed up the scanner, a chime sounded on the computer. "Hmm? What's that?" Claire asked as she picked it up to see. "Oh good, what excellent timing. The DNA sequencer has finished the analysis of your sample. Let's see what it's found out." Gruthsorik watched silently as she opened the file and began reading. "I was starting to suspect as much. You're half human."

Gruthsorik pondered this before saying, "I can't decide whether or not you're trying to insult me."

"No, I'm serious," Claire said. "We've pretty well established that the cryptid shape-shifting gene, despite the things it can do that should be completely impossible, like rapid reshaping of skin, hair, muscle, and solid bone, and even ignoring a primary tenant of physics by violating conservation of mass, it's limited to genetic material available to it within the organism. Several creatures we've studied have it in their genome but only get the rapid healing factor from it because only their own DNA is present. Any creature with wide shape-shifting abilities in our experience is actually faking it with telepathically transmitted illusions. Speaking of which, you have something resembling known telepathy genes right here, no doubt something to do with how your 'feeding' works, while your shape-shifting gene is right... here." She jabbed her finger at the screen for emphasis, even though Gruthsorik couldn't see it nor make sense of it if he could. Deep into her element, Claire was on a roll.

"All 23 human chromosomes are accounted for, including the X chromosome. Mitochondrial DNA also appears human, indicating the human parent was the mother. Though, I suppose that much should be obvious. The nonhuman DNA contains something very close to the human Y chromosome, resulting in the male gender expression. There are several known genetic markers here that indicate common lineage with previously cataloged ancient-myth type cryptids, especially those with unexplainable abilities." Claire looked up from the screen and continued, "And that's just a cursory review. I can't wait to go over this in detail. This is all quite marvelous, you know. Human-demon hybrids are popular in myth and fiction but we never expected to have proof they actually

exist!"

"So glad I could be of use to you," Gruthsorik said sarcastically. "One thing puzzles me, though."

"Oh? What's that?" Claire asked.

"You keep saying 'us' and 'we', but other than some men who left just after I arrived, you're the only one I've seen or smelled here so far."

"Ah. Yes. That's true. I am the only one here, actually. I like to refer to the Institute as plural though out of respect for those who came before me," Claire explained as she returned to packing up the scanner cart. "This place started with a whole team of scientists, six men assembled by the government from among the top military surgeons and civilian medical researchers to study the extraterrestrial bodies from the Roswell crash. At first everyone thought it would be a one-time thing. Then a few years later an FBI team raided what they thought was a devil-worshiping cult practicing human sacrifice. It turned out it was actually a group of vampires. Only one agent survived, but he managed to capture one of them. The government, now aware of the reality of supernatural creatures and the threat they could pose to the public, decided to become proactive about hunting them down. The Roswell autopsy team was recalled, given funding to create the Institute, and charged with learning as much as they could from captured creatures, whether they were brought in alive or not.

"They spent the next few decades doing just that, and cataloged dozens of cryptids, not just from North America, from around the globe as well. They were victims of their own success though. Things they hadn't seen before came fewer and farther between. Budget cuts were handed down, the funds moved to other programs, and over the years their numbers dwindled as they retired and were usually not replaced. By the time I was recruited, damn near fresh out of medical school, there were just two, one on his way out. I suspect they specifically wanted somebody young, so they wouldn't have to worry about me reaching retirement age anytime soon. Dr. Zimmer had a few more years to go, so he showed me the ropes. Then he retired too, and here I am, all by myself." That had been the strangest job offer ever. 'Hello, you fit the profile we are looking for. Would you like to interview for this position? We can't tell you what it is until after you accept the job.' Later she found out three candidates before her had turned it down. She had no regrets so far, though.

"Sounds like a big job for one person," Gruthsorik said.

"In the four years I've been here you're the first new thing to come through my doors," Claire said. "So you'll have to pardon my enthusiasm. It's nice to finally have something to do beyond transcribing old case files into the computer." Gruthsorik got a genuine chuckle out of that. "Alright, I'll be back to check on you later," Claire said as she wheeled the scanner cart out of the room.

"Of that I have no doubt," Gruthsorik said.

As the next few days went by, Gruthsorik stayed in his bunk, hardly moving at all. Claire started to worry. "You're not looking well," she said to him.

"I told you, getting shot full of bullets really drained me," Gruthsorik grumbled. "On top of that, the girl was my first prey in weeks, and I didn't even get to finish."

"You're hungry," Claire realized.

"Starving," the demon said.

"Oh, crap," Claire said under her breath. She'd known this was coming, but she had been avoiding thinking about it. Getting food for the captured cryptids had never been that much trouble.

Some just ate normal food, whatever dishes were popular with humans in their native region. The wild carnivores, most fully capable of being man-eaters, tended to be happy with any raw meat put in front of them. Even the vampire was simple enough to provide for in the end. But this? A creature that feeds on the emotions generated during sex? How could she replace that? Getting fucked by the monsters she was studying was sure as hell not in her job description. But she couldn't just let him starve to death either. It wouldn't look good to lose her first new discovery within a week of it arriving. She bumped into the wall and realized she'd been backing away from the cell, away from Gruthsorik. She turned and fled into the hallway, desperate to come up with a way out of this mess.

Gruthsorik heard her leave, and said to the empty room, "No, I didn't think so."

Claire returned to the containment room the next morning, still not knowing how she was going to keep Gruthsorik alive. "Good morning!" she said, feigning cheerfulness. She was greeted by silence. She ventured closer. "Gruthsorik? You awake in there?" She watched him closely. Wait. He wasn't even breathing. "Shit!" she shouted, and ran through the cell doors to the bunk. She put her hand to his neck to check his pulse. Instantly he woke up with a sharp intake of breath. Claire yelped in surprise and jumped back.

"Fear..." Gruthsorik whispered longingly, his voice weak. "You were afraid."

"For a minute there I thought you were dead," Claire said.

"And you were worried for me, how touching," Gruthsorik said sarcastically, but with an undercurrent of worry of his own.

"Shit," Claire repeated. He really had been dead, or very nearly, she was sure of it. When she touched him, the panic she was feeling brought him back from the brink. But that couldn't possibly be enough to keep him going much longer. "Shit."

"Leaving so soon Doc?" the morning shift guard of the month asked her.

"Forgot something at home. I'll be right back," Claire answered.

"Sure thing," the guard said as he opened the gate.

Claire pushed a cart holding a TV, Blu-ray player, and an old VCR into the containment room and over near the corner of the cell where the bunk was. Officially the Institute needed this to review the occasional video record from the field, though the building also had satellite television. On her constant companion the tablet computer, she accessed the room's video cameras and set up a macro that looped the last ten seconds of feed to the video archives, while diverting the actual feed to a hidden partition on the building's servers. The red lights on the cameras winked out, signifying that her hack was active. What she was about to do was bad enough without the thought that somebody might one day watch it.

Don't think. Just do it. She started chanting that in her head during the drive home and had been ever since. She couldn't afford to come to her senses. She set the computer down, dropped the DVD she had retrieved from home into the player, and took the remote controls into the cell with her. She walked over to Gruthsorik, laying near death in the bunk. Two of his tentacles were out, hanging limply over the side of the bunk. They twitched at her approach. Don't think. Just do it. She reached under her skirt, pulled her panties down to the floor, and stepped out of them. Don't think. Just do it. She sat down on the floor with her legs spread out in front of her and used the remotes to turn the TV on and start the porn movie playing. She set them down on the floor beside

her and pulled the other two things she brought from home out of the pocket of her lab coat. She coated the six inch vibrator with the lubricant and then set the lube aside. Don't think. Just do it. She turned the vibrator to high and eased it into her shaven pussy, groaning as it entered her. Leaving her right hand to control her battery operated cock, she reached up with her left and took hold of Gruthsorik's wrist.

She forced herself to concentrate on the movie while she drilled herself with the vibrator. She only owned a couple pornos, and this one was her favorite. She panted and moaned as she fucked herself, thrusting the vibrator into the depths of her sex. She usually would have cum at least once by this point in the film. She didn't usually do this one-handed, and where her other hand was didn't help things. Her arm was getting tired. She pushed the dildo in hard, feeling it rumbling inside her, while rubbing her clit with her thumb. That finally did the trick. She moaned long and loud as she came.

Her orgasm subsided and she slipped the vibrator out of her with one final small moan and turned it off. As she caught her breath, she felt Gruthsorik pull his wrist from her grasp. She grabbed her panties and the bottle of lube from the floor and scooted back away from him. He groaned as he pushed himself up to a sitting position. He paused to rest for a moment, then slowly got to his feet. With Claire down on the floor he loomed over her. She scrambled to her feet. It didn't help all that much. A height advantage of two and a half feet will do that.

"Thank you," Gruthsorik said. "I know that was hard for you to do. Your heart wasn't really in it." True enough. It had been a very minor orgasm, actually. But at least it had worked, and she hadn't felt anything strange as Gruthsorik absorbed the energy of it from her.

"You're, um, welcome," Claire stammered as she backed away from him. He stayed put, watching her. Her heart pounded as she passed through the security doors. She retrieved her DVD, and used the computer to reactivate the cameras. Despite the necessity of it, the full implications of what she had done was starting to hit her. She wanted to go curl up into a ball and die. "You can keep the TV. Watch anything you like," she said as she hurried from the room.

CHAPTER 3: SURRENDER

Claire had been hoping that the turmoil in her mind would settle down now that it was over with, but instead she felt conflicted as ever. She tried to put it out of her head anyway, but she knew that sooner or later he would be hungry again and she would have to do something about it. Plus, she still didn't have any facts on his normal "feeding" behavior beyond the poorly detailed testimony of a traumatized college girl. What she needed was direct observation. She didn't want to demean herself, but she had already started down that slippery slope. It was getting difficult to determine where scientific inquiry ended and her own sexual curiosity began, however. Though initially put off by their typical use for violent sexual assault, she continually found herself thinking about his tentacles and the pleasures he claimed they could bring. It's not generally considered good judgement to use oneself as a test subject, but there wasn't anyone else, and besides, given the promise of an inhumanly long cock inside her, shouldn't she want to? It had been so long since the last time she got laid. Dammit, how embarrassing. She wasn't into kinky sex or anything like that, why on Earth did she keep wondering what getting stuffed with tentacles was like?

Gruthsorik, for his part, was much improved. He watched the television and played around on a laptop computer Claire had given him. The access to the building systems was disabled, but it could still get to the internet. She rigged it with a keylogger to keep an eye on his online activity, but he kept out of trouble. Claire busied herself with the biological data she had gathered on him. She checked in on him occasionally and exchanged light pleasantries, good morning, how are you doing, good bye, see you tomorrow, that sort of thing. She avoided the topic of her little feeding stunt and he didn't bring it up either.

That lasted a little over a week. Claire noticed Gruthsorik was back to laying in the bunk all day and night, conserving his energy or perhaps already too weak to move again. It was time. Now or never. She stood outside the door to Containment Room 1, and toggled her camera feed macro on again. She took off her lab coat and dropped it to the floor. This was crazy, and completely unprofessional. She begged herself to reconsider. Her blouse and skirt joined the lab coat. It wasn't too late. She could still go home and get her vibrator again. She kicked away her shoes and pulled her socks off. Stop it, dammit! She threw down her bra and panties and walked through the door, and straight into the cell.

Claire could feel Gruthsorik's cold gaze on her as she entered. She was in great shape, the result of the building having some exercise equipment and her using it often just to break the daily tedium. Her long dark hair swayed with each step. Gruthsorik stood up with great effort, getting himself ready. His eyes began to glow with bioluminescence in the irises. She stopped in the middle of the cell and held her arms forward. She screwed her blue eyes shut and said, "Do it. Take me." She opened them again and added, "Before I change my mind."

The tentacles lashed out so quickly she barely saw them. They grabbed her wrists and ankles and held them firmly. She successfully resisted the reflex to yelp and pull away. She didn't resist as they pulled her arms up and spread her legs wide apart. Without loosening their grip, they slithered around her arms and legs, making coils spaced several inches apart, all the way up to her shoulders and thighs. With Claire secure in his grip, Gruthsorik took his time with the rest of his tentacles. She watched as the next two extended from his crotch and made their way towards her. They made contact along her left hip, and wrapped around behind her, sliding across her body. They felt smooth and slightly slimy against her skin, but pleasantly warm, not cold or clammy. Nevertheless her skin crawled as they made their way across her belly, around her back again, and

then towards her rib cage. At that point they separated and took a sharp turn to curl around her firm D-cup breasts, encircling her mounds more than once. The tips of the tentacles reached her nipples and started to gently rub them, while the coils began to squeeze and undulate, in effect fondling her tits.

Claire felt her feet leave the floor as the tentacles lifted her a few feet into the air. She now realized why the demon had his large tail. It served as a counterbalance for the tentacles and whatever helpless woman or girl they had in their grasp. The next tentacle moved slowly up her thigh and straight to her pussy, and rubbed its cock head across her lips. She was already breathing heavily with a mix of nervous excitement and barely contained panic, the touch on her eager vagina made her moan. "Oh yeeesss, you want it, don't you?" Gruthsorik teased. Without waiting for an answer he pushed the tentacle into her, making her moan louder.

The tentacle fucked her with moderate speed, moving back and forth and deeper and deeper inside her wet pussy. She felt it advancing inch by inch and moaned encouragement, her previously conflicted feelings now completely turned over to arousal. Before long it was stretching her inside as much as most men. Then she felt it match and surpass the largest cock she'd ever taken, and it didn't stop there. She cried out, "Yes, yes, oh fuck!" as it filled her even further. She tried to figure how much, she decided it felt like at least eight inches, maybe even nine. Upon reaching her pussy's true limit, the tentacle adjusted its rhythm. First it sped up, pounding her inner depths hard, as she screamed, "Oh God, fuck me, fuck me baby!" Claire was impressed as Gruthsorik continued to vary his technique, using short and long strokes, both fast and slow. He even mixed it up a little by going slow on the out stroke and slamming the tentacle back in quickly, and vice versa as well. She moaned in appreciation.

After a while of that, Claire felt something rubbing across her asshole, and knew it was time for the next tentacle. She'd never been one to ask for anal sex, but she'd never refused it from her boyfriends either. She briefly wished that Gruthsorik had a smaller tentacle he could use for this, but she knew she'd be able to manage. She relaxed her back door and felt the tentacle slowly ease into her ass. It fucked her in and out, while advancing steadily up her rear passage. The tentacle in her pussy didn't miss a beat, she briefly marveled at the independent control before she lost herself again in moaning and yelling words of encouragement to keep fucking her hard. Her ass was getting stuffed to an extent that might have been uncomfortable if she wasn't enjoying it so much. She felt it jab into her sigmoid colon, the last little curvy bit of the large intestine before things made a straight shot down to the rectum. Oh God, if she remembered her anatomy correctly that meant she had roughly twelve inches of tentacle stuffing her ass. Fortunately it stopped its upward journey there and started fucking her in earnest.

The feeling was incredible, being jammed completely full in her tight ass and her hot, juicy pussy, while the tentacles around her breasts continued to do their thing as well. In addition to the variations in rhythm, sometimes they fucked her pussy and ass in unison, then they would switch to alternating strokes, or one fast and the other slow. Gruthsorik let out a moan of his own and said, "Such a good girl, yessssss." Claire yelled out in pleasure as a reply. She felt another tentacle crawl up her leg and join in, this one rubbed her clit, driving her wild, making her scream even more.

Then yet another one appeared, its tip hovering in front of her face. She realized what it was after, and a wave of panic hit her. How the hell did he expect her to take one of those in her mouth? This was insane. There was nothing about this in the testimony Monica had given. Wait, no, of course there wasn't. Gruthsorik was interrupted before he got that far. She was sure he could force his tentacle into her mouth if he wanted to, he must have done so with countless other girls. In fact

he probably would if she didn't submit soon. He was apparently giving her that chance, just to see if she would. Something he does for all his victims, perhaps? Well, she did ask for this, after all.

Claire slowly opened her mouth. The tentacle plunged into it, ramming down her throat. She started to gag, but it pulled back out just as quickly. It stayed in her mouth, fucking it in and out by a couple inches. The taste was unusual but not unpleasant, thankfully. She moaned into it, enjoying the new experience of having all three of her holes full at the same time. The tentacle forced itself down her throat again, and back out to her mouth. Now she understood. She wasn't able to deep throat, and most other women can't either. This was a compromise between violating her with as much of the tentacle's length as possible, and keeping her from vomiting. It also made sure she would be able to breathe. She wished she could keep it down longer, even when gagging there was something strangely erotic about it. She could hear Gruthsorik moaning more and more, now that her own moans were muffled by the tentacle.

The tentacles held her inside and out, owning her body completely. They pounded her ass, pussy, and mouth, squeezed her tits, and teased her nipples and clit. Her body strained against the tentacles that bound her, trying to thrash in the throes of passion, but they held her almost completely immobile. Claire felt her orgasm building from deep inside, like an overloaded rope reaching its breaking point. Finally it snapped. Her back arched and her head went back, wave after wave of it washed over her and she screamed at the top of her lungs through the tentacle in her mouth until she ran out of breath. It was the longest and most powerful orgasm she'd ever had.

Claire's body went limp as she came back down from the heights of pleasure. Her mind had barely recovered when she felt the tentacles all tense up and shudder. Gruthsorik roared as they all started spewing thick white goo onto and into her. The tentacles within her exploded with demon cum, pouring it into her pussy, ass, and mouth. She swallowed as fast as she could, gulping it down. The other tentacles released their loads onto her body. The ones holding her arms shot jism onto her face and into her hair, and the ones around her legs aimed for her belly. Her breasts and crotch got their fair share as well, of course. There was a lot more cum from each tentacle than most known members of the animal kingdom, much less any human man, could produce in a single ejaculation. Combined, it resulted in her being absolutely covered with it. It was a little more viscous than human spunk, too. The taste was similar, a bit tangier though. She knew that she should have been disgusted, but instead it was a tremendous turn on.

The tentacles held her there for a while, still inside her but no longer moving. Some of the cum dripped from her body onto the floor as her beating heart slowly returned to its normal pace. Finally Gruthsorik eased her gently down to the floor. The tentacles around her legs and arms loosened and pulled away, followed by the ones on her breasts. The tentacle withdrew from her mouth next, once it was gone her head rolled to the side and she coughed lightly, spraying demon spunk from her aching jaws. Then she felt the tentacles slowly pull out of her pussy and ass. As they popped free of her tight holes, she felt keenly empty inside. Cum ran out from them and what she hadn't been able to swallow drooled from her open mouth as well.

She laid there, her body coated in goop and a puddle of it slowly forming around her. She was too exhausted to move, but also immensely satisfied. She had no idea how long she stayed there, she suspected that she fell asleep once or twice as well. Finally she gathered enough willpower to push herself up on her elbows. Gruthsorik was gone. In the cell with her instead stood a man. No, wait, the shape-shifting. That was Gruthsorik after all. He finally had enough energy to use his disguise form and was showing it off.

Claire broke the silence, "My God, that was unbelievable."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," Gruthsorik said with sincerity. His voice was now a normal human pitch as well. She examined his human shape. He was fairly nondescript in appearance, wearing a plain shirt and slacks. The kind of guy you would never give a second look if you happened across him. The kind of guy a woman would never be afraid of if she took notice of him at all. Amazing.

"You form those clothes from your skin?" she asked. He shouldn't be able to do that. Add it to the list of things he shouldn't be able to do and does anyway.

"Yes, and it took a lot of practice to be able to pull off," Gruthsorik responded. "That and altering my racial appearance for when I first ventured to a different continent."

"Been around the world, have you?" Claire said.

"Over the centuries, yes, I've seen quite a bit. Many countries, many cultures, and their women," Gruthsorik said with a lecherous grin.

"I'll bet," said Claire as she peeled herself up from the floor. The cum on her body was mostly still thick, only just now starting to show signs of drying out in a few places. She moved a hand over her body, feeling it. "That was an impressive finish. Does that always happen?"

"Oh yes," Gruthsorik said. "Regardless of my primary needs, a good fucking is pleasurable to me on the physical level as well. Once I've got three tentacles in, all holes filled, I have to start holding it back. If the girl cumms, I can't hold it anymore. If she doesn't, I last a little longer, but not much."

Claire moaned a little as she was reminded of the tentacles unleashing their load on her. It was still exciting to be covered with the remnants of her thorough tentacle fucking, but she really should clean herself up. She stumbled into the cell's shower and rinsed off. She dripped water on the floor as she crossed back to the cell exit, no longer timid about prancing around in the nude in front of her captive. Before she left the containment room, she turned back to Gruthsorik and said, "Thank you. For that. You'd said you make it feel good but I had no idea it could be like that."

"My dear, it was my pleasure as well. I'm just glad you finally came around." He was right. If she had known how mind blowing it was, she would have offered herself to him the day he arrived.

CHAPTER 4: SAMPLE

Now that she had crossed that bridge and discovered it to be fantastic, Claire found herself more obsessed and horny for Gruthsorik's tentacles than before. She wanted to keep some dignity, though, and not just strip and run in there the very next day. Fortunately she had some excuses, she was, after all, doing this for science. She waited a few days just to keep from seeming overeager, and then killed the cameras as she walked into the containment room wearing nothing but a lab coat and a pair of small sensors attached to her temples. The lab coat hung open, revealing glimpses of her breasts as she walked, and fully exposing her pussy.

"Very nice, it suits you," Gruthsorik said approvingly as she entered the cell. "What are those fancy doodads you have there?"

"Brain activity monitors," Claire said. "I want to know if I can see anything different going on in there as you siphon off whatever energies it is you like so much." While the cryptid gene for telepathy was known, the actual mechanism of it was still poorly understood. Watching it in action with another medical marvel from the E.T. Tech R&D team might shed some light. "Could you leave my arms free this time, and let me keep the coat too?"

"Most certainly," Gruthsorik replied. "I was planning to anyway, I always enjoy a girl in a uniform or costume."

"Oh really?" Claire asked, curious.

"Most often it's cheerleaders, I still take their underwear of course, but I leave the skirt be and the top I just push up above their tits. They look so cute getting fucked that way." Gruthsorik said. "Now go on, spread your legs for me." Claire widened her stance as a tentacle reached out to her crotch, she moaned as it pushed inside. As it fucked further into her, her legs started to give out, but tentacles snaked around them and supported her before she could fall to the floor. More of them wrapped around her body as before, clutching her breasts. She fished a petri dish out of her pocket and started running her other hand over the tentacles, then wiped the slime off onto the dish. "Whatever are you doing?" the demon asked.

"Don't mind me, just collecting some of this for analysis," said Claire, putting the cover on the dish and dropping it back into the pocket.

"Oh, is that all I am to you, a test subject for samples and research?" Gruthsorik teased.

"Shut up and fuck me— aaahhh aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" Claire deadpanned, then screamed in pleasure as a tentacle entered her ass. Soon after, the rest were in place, all holes were being fucked with the long, writhing tentacles, and she was suspended in midair. This time she was even eager to take one into her mouth. True to Gruthsorik's word no tentacles coiled up her arms, instead he slipped them into her hands and she enthusiastically stroked them, jacking him off twice over while getting pounded hard in her pussy, ass, and mouth. She exploded into the screaming orgasm both she and the demon craved so much.

As it subsided, she struggled to regain a clear head. There was one more thing she was supposed to do, something that was about to happen. Oh yes, right! One hand released its tentacle and darted into her pocket to retrieve the plastic specimen collection beaker. As Gruthsorik started screaming his own release, she adjusted the aim of the tentacle she still held in her other hand. As the tentacles pumped cum into her body and shot it all over her, she collected the load that was meant for half her face. The beaker filled to the brim and then some, despite being the largest one she had, 500 milliliters. She let go of the tentacle and managed to get the lid on the beaker before succumbing to the post coital exhaustion and falling limp in the tentacles' grasp, the beaker slipping

out of her hand and clattering on the floor below.

"Aren't you the tricky one," Gruthsorik said while letting her down and uncoiling his tentacles. "So Doctor, did you get everything you need?"

Claire let out a long contented moan, then replied, "Yes, I think so, for now anyway." She paused to catch her breath a bit more, then said, "So, I bet that's the first time you've had the same woman twice."

"Actually, that's something I'm going to have to tell you about," Gruthsorik said, sounding suddenly solemn. "Something you need to know. You're the first to hold me captive—" He was cut off mid-sentence by the ringing of the phone.

"Sorry! Hold that thought," Claire said, and routed the call to the cell's control panel, then answered.

"Dr. Thompson, it's Major Jeffers. We're going to be coming over with a delivery for you from Mexico. Something that was feasting on some livestock down there."

"El chupacabras? A real one?" Claire asked excitedly. The so-called goat sucker. Even though they are considered an invasive species infestation with a priority on capture or extermination, the genuine article is tough to come by due to the high number of false reports. You let one alien spacecraft leave behind a handful of extraterrestrial predatory beasts that find domesticated animals to be nice to snack on, and suddenly every coyote attack on livestock and every diseased wild dog corpse is made out to be a strange and unknown creature.

"Yep, that's right. They had to use artillery to take him down," Jeffers said. "But the head is completely intact this time."

"Oh, beautiful! I can't wait to dissect it," Claire said, then glancing down at herself, she added, "Uh, take your time though, I've got something in progress here and I need to button things up before I can get away and come let you in." She winced at her unintentional pun. She needed to get cleaned up, dressed, and get the samples properly stored, fast.

"Roger that, no hurry," Jeffers replied.

"I've got results!" Claire announced while walking into the room. "Would you like to hear them?"

"I have a feeling that's a rhetorical question anyway, but yes, yes, please do tell me all about my bodily fluids," Gruthsorik said. The brain scanners had given her some interesting readings that she wasn't quite sure how to interpret, but the physical samples she had taken were a much easier matter.

"Alright, well first, the slime your tentacles secrete is far more than just lubrication. It possesses some fairly sophisticated pharmacological properties, although once I figured out what they were it certainly stands to reason. Get this, muscle relaxant and aphrodisiac! Neither of them very powerful, but definitely there."

"You mean that stuff helps make girls more compliant for me?" Gruthsorik asked.

"That's right," said Claire. "Weak, loose, and horny, or at least slightly more so than they would be otherwise. I think it's absorbed through the skin only a little, but gets picked up via the bodily orifices quite a bit more. I expect it helps you get as deep as you do. It seems your body is even more specialized for rape than I had suspected."

"Is that so," Gruthsorik mused. "I didn't know going so deep would ordinarily be considered difficult."

"Ohhhh yes, you have no idea," Claire said. "Well, it's not as if it's an impossible feat I

suppose, some porn stars do crazy shit like that all the time, but it typically takes some working up to it, and high arousal too. Your tentacles are strong enough to go wherever they damn well please, that slime they produce just makes it a little easier on the girl.

"As for your semen, that's another thing that wasn't surprising once I thought about it," Claire continued. "In normal sexual reproduction, the genes are scrambled between the paired chromosomes during production of the sperm and ova, so the offspring inherits traits from all four of its grandparents. Your sperm contains only the nonhuman half of your DNA. Any child you produce would have the same fifty percent demon genetic makeup as you. In fact your side of the genes get passed down completely unchanged, the only difference between individuals would be the bits in the mother's DNA that vary from person to person. There was probably an original full-blooded incubus-type creature with the latent shape-shifting gene, your father, grandfather, or great-grandfather, somewhere back there. It managed to impregnate a human woman and that produced the first half-blood tentacle monster with the ability to change to a human form."

"A far better thing, to be sure," Gruthsorik said. "The demon hunters always did favor the larger and uglier prey. Not because they were easier to kill, mind you, just easier to find."

Claire nodded in understanding and continued. "There's something else. When I say 'any child you produce', that's theoretical only. Your actual sperm count is below what would be considered sterile for a human. Outside of in vitro fertilization in a lab, it's extremely doubtful that you could get a girl pregnant." Even so, Claire had already started herself on birth control, just to make sure.

"Just as well," Gruthsorik said. "Not something I ever gave any thought to, and I'm glad I don't have to start now." Claire realized that a tentacle demon infant wouldn't be something a girl could just ignore or lie about by concocting a story of a human rapist. The Institute would have been chasing after Gruthsorik decades ago if there were even the slightest hint of a trail of demon babies. And beings who are all but immortal would worry a lot less about needing to reproduce to keep the species going. Still, it obviously happened at least once.

"I take it you don't remember your mother?" she asked.

"Honestly, I didn't even realize I had one, human or otherwise," he said. Claire nodded. Apparently all he knew was a lifetime of solitary nomadic existence, without even the most fundamental of consistent female influences. Wait, that reminded her, there was something he was trying to say before.

"Oh, wasn't there something else you wanted to talk about?" Claire remembered.

"Yes, that's right. You made a remark about the same woman being with me more than once," Gruthsorik said. "Though you're the first to hold me captive, you're not the first I've stayed with for a long period of time."

"You're kidding me. Really?" Claire asked.

"Oh yes, I'm quite serious," he said. "As you can attest to, when I fuck a girl it tends to tire them out. Most can't or don't say anything as just I leave them laying there, looking very lovely all covered with my cum and the torn remains of their clothes scattered about. Some do manage to hurl a few curses at me, others compliments, some just cry. But then, there are those few that ask me not to go."

"What... what do you do?" Claire said.

"Well I can't turn down such a generous offer, of course," the demon said. "Knowing where your next meal is coming from is a wonderful thing. But I have to take you back to the first time it happened, a long, long time ago. I was in France at the time. I found a woman sleeping alone in her

small farmhouse, which by the way were so much easier to break into back then. I had my way with her, and she enjoyed it very much, had a very tasty orgasm. I set her down on her floor and turned to go, and I heard her whisper, 'Please, please monster, don't leave.' It surprised me, I turned back and asked, 'What was that? What did you say?' She coughed and cleared her throat and got her breath back, and said, 'That was the most incredible I've ever felt. Not even my husband has made me feel that way. Though it may be sinful, if you stay here I will give myself to you whenever you ask.' And so I did.

"Her name was Bernadette. Her husband was away fighting some war, in the holy land, she called it. He probably died there. She was lonely, and while I was there at least, very horny. Contrary to her promise, she was the one who always asked me for sex every few days, and of course I never turned her down. It was a delightful arrangement, and went on like that for several months. Then I started to notice she had less energy than she used to. She slept more, she was more tired after doing her daily farm chores, and she just plain looked worn out. As she got worse, I began to worry that I was causing it somehow. I had no idea what long term effects fucking me might have on a girl. Perhaps I was slowly draining the life from her. So I left. I went back, a few years later, to check on her. I didn't let her see me, but she was still there, and healthy again, thankfully."

"You cared for her," Claire ventured.

"No. Well, a little, perhaps," Gruthsorik allowed. "She took me in and was kind to me, even if we were just using each other for sex. Mostly though, I don't aspire to be a killer. That may sound strange from someone like me. Pretty girls are just livestock to me, yes. I like causing them pain, I like causing them terror, but I still enjoy them too much to want to be the cause of one of them actually dying. Even then I didn't know if I had caused her illness or if she had merely caught something else while I was there. I found out some years later in Germany. Another peasant girl alone in her farmhouse, came hard, very delicious. As I was leaving she started asking, 'Please demon, take me with you. Carry me back to hell with you and I will let you and your brother devils use my body again and again for all time.' I couldn't take her with me of course, not to hell or anywhere else. But I did promise to return for her. I came back once a week or so and she eagerly gave herself to me. Elsa was her name, she had lost her entire family to the plague. I think she had survivor's guilt, which was why she asked for hell, a damnation of being filled by tentacles must have seemed better than a life she no longer cared for. Getting fucked by me became the solitary moments of joy in her existence.

"I thought that if I had made Bernadette sick, maybe being with Elsa less often would keep her safe. In the end it only staved off the inevitable, after half a year she was showing the same signs of constant fatigue, and I moved on."

"So it's cumulative," Claire said. "It builds over time with each fucking. But given enough time away from you the side effects diminish."

"So it seems," Gruthsorik nodded. "Since then, the handful of girls who have offered themselves to me long term, I give them a few wonderful weeks and then slip away and resume my travels. Well, except for the sorority, that is."

"The sorority?" asked Claire.

CHAPTER 5: SORORITY

"Julie Rhodes?"

"Yes?" Julie barely glanced up from her work. There was always more paperwork to do. Accounting, payroll, purchase orders, work orders, the job of an office clerk was never done. It was better than the being on the factory floor, but not by much. She was looking forward to retirement.

"Formerly Julie Stone, of Eta Nu Tau?"

"Goddammit!" Julie hissed. "What are you, a reporter? When are you people going to leave me alone? It was forty years ago, and you cock suckers still come crawling up my ass every few years trying to get the 'real story'. Get this straight. Nothing happened! It was all hyped up bullshit rumors started by rival houses to destroy us and it worked, okay? Now leave me the hell alone!" She had been trying not to raise her voice, but everybody else in the office was staring anyway. The reporter bitch leaned in close.

"That's not how Gruthsorik tells it," she whispered. Julie turned white as a sheet.

"Where did you..." she muttered, then abruptly stood up, grabbed the strange woman by the arm, and dragged her into an empty conference room. She locked the door behind her and demanded, "Who the fuck are you and how did you hear that name?"

"Dr. Claire Thompson, from the U.S. Armed Forces Institute for Xenobiology and Cryptobiology," she replied. "And he told me himself."

"Oh my God, the government captured him?" Julie said with a gasp. "Is... is he okay?"

"He's fine, don't worry," Claire said.

"Thank goodness," Julie said as she sank into a chair. Claire sat down across the table from her. "I'm sorry I snapped at you out there. Have you... you know... with him?" Claire blushed and slowly nodded. "Oh, you lucky girl. God, those were the days. We all never talked about it afterwards, and I try to forget, but you just can't, not completely."

"Do you mind?" Claire asked, presenting a digital audio recorder.

"No, go ahead, I guess you have to." Julie waited for Claire to press record down and then asked, "So how did you track me down? There were so many of us, I don't think he ever bothered learning any of our names."

"He didn't, but after a little searching I managed to figure out which university he was talking about. I visited your old campus and read the old school newspapers from that year, and they identified you as the sorority president during the scandal and suspension of Eta Nu Tau. The alumni office was very helpful, and had current info on you. I've heard the story from Gruthsorik, but I'm here to hear your side." Julie nodded and began:

It was my senior year, and as you said, I was president. We had a little over forty members, twenty of them living in our house, the rest mostly in the dorms. It all started with Amy Brennen, another senior. You're a scientist, you would like her, she was very smart, and very hard working. It wasn't unusual for her to stay late on campus, working away into the evening. But one night, she was much later than usual getting back. When she finally showed up, she was a total mess. Her clothes were torn to rags, she was clutching them around herself just to keep covered, and she was absolutely covered with some kind of sticky mess. But she had the biggest smile on her face you could imagine.

We asked her what the hell had happened. She said, "Something wonderful. Let me get cleaned up first, get everybody together and I'll tell you all about it." So we gathered up,

and when she had showered and got into some intact clothes, she started spinning this insane story of a man that interrupted her, told her that she had to leave the building, got in close and groped her, and then turned into an eight foot tall monster that stripped and raped her with huge tentacles. We all thought she was going a long way for such a ridiculous prank, but she swore it was true.

She told us, "At first I struggled against it, but it was obvious he was way too strong for me. I decided to save my strength, wait for the right opportunity. But as soon as I stopped fighting and relaxed, I started to really feel what he was doing, and it felt so incredibly good. I know the old misogynist cliché that girls being raped should just lay back and enjoy it, and that's bullshit, but a normal guy you might stand a chance of fighting off, a normal guy should know better than to behave that way, and a normal guy can't use his cock to fill you *all* the way up. I didn't even want to escape anymore. I was asking for more. And he gave it to me, up my ass, and in my mouth, and I came, oh God did I cum, and so did he, all over me. It was the best sex I've ever had in my life. And then he was gone." She let that sink in for a moment, and then she added the craziest part of all, "You all need to try it too, you won't believe how great it feels."

We were all aghast. I said, "Even if we buy this story of yours and believe that this actually happened, how are we all supposed to get raped by this creature of yours? Invite him over?"

Then she smiled and said, "Actually, that's exactly what I had in mind."

It was a college, like so many others, and she was a girl like so many others, or so I thought. She stopped fighting and gave in quite early on, turned out to be a fantastic fuck. Afterwards she was too worn out to do anything but lay there, like so many others. But what happened next was unprecedented. Two nights later I was back out on the prowl. Right away I found another girl studying alone. I gave her my usual routine, it's late, building is closed, she shouldn't be here. She got a strange look on her face, then gave me the usual apology and promise to leave soon. So like always, now that her guard was down it was time to start working the fear, I moved in and grabbed her tits. But she didn't respond properly. She looked surprised but not shocked, and said, "Oh my God, it's really you. You're really real."

I stammered out, "What?"

"You're the rape monster, aren't you," she said. Instead of her, I was the one who got nervous. I backed away from her towards the door, looking around, waiting for the trap that clearly was about to spring. Then she explained herself. "No, wait! The girl that you were with two nights ago, she's in my sorority. She told us all about you. This whole thing was her idea. She loved it so much she wanted everybody to experience it, so we're staked out across campus, waiting for you to show up. I'm supposed to invite you to our house, Eta Nu Tau, the back door at midnight, so all of us girls can take turns with you."

That was a lot to take in all at once. I said the only thing I could think of, "Really?"

She answered, "Yes! I didn't believe it, I don't think any of us did, but a bunch of us went along with it for shits and giggles, and well, holy shit but now here you are, acting just like she described! You are him, right?"

I was in as much disbelief as she was, but I was starting to get my wits about me again, enough to still be suspicious, and asked, "How do I know this isn't some sort of trick?"

She said, "I don't know, you just have to trust me I guess?"

I said, "Not good enough. You said you girls want to take turns with me?" She nodded. "Including you?"

She paused and then said, "I hadn't really thought about it, but now that I know you actually exist, yeah, best sex ever sounds really good."

It was starting to sink in that something incredible had just fallen into my lap. I smiled, a big, big smile, and I told her, "Then take off your clothes."

The first night, nothing happened. The second night, Cindy didn't come back in with the rest of us. When she did return, her clothes were undamaged, but we could see all over her face and in her hair some remnants of that same gooey mess Amy had come back with. "It's true," she told us. "It's all true. And it's fantastic. I came twice before he even had all my holes filled up. And he's agreed to be here tomorrow night."

So at twelve the next night Amy, Cindy and I were sitting outside the back door waiting. I was still pretty skeptical of the whole thing. But sure enough, a man came slinking out of the darkness towards us. Amy could barely contain her excitement and squeaked out, "You came!"

"Greetings, ladies," the stranger replied. "How are you this fine night?"

"This is him?" I said. "He doesn't look like much." He said nothing in return, but he smiled, and his eyes started glowing red, and his horns grew out of his forehead. My jaw dropped, and I quickly said, "Alright. Get inside before somebody sees." He continued transforming as we led him in, and soon I was facing eight feet of total monster. I tried to hide how intimidated I felt, and I asked nobody in particular, "So, how exactly are we doing this?"

It was the demon that answered. "I've been thinking about that. One girl a night would be best. And everybody gets a turn before anybody gets a second go."

"Well that sounds fair. We'll keep the back door unlocked for you from now on," Amy said.

Of course fairness didn't have all that much to do with it. I just didn't want the girls with seniority monopolizing me. I figured that if each girl had to wait that long in between, hopefully it would be enough that none of them would get sick. Then the new girl said, "It's agreed then. I'll go first. All the girls here are my responsibility and I can't let any more of you do something this crazy before I've tested it personally."

"Oh sure, that's the excuse you're going with?" one of the others teased her.

"Shut up!" she sneered back. "You. Follow me. I figure we can use the Chapter Room for this." She led me to what looked like a ceremonial room for their little sisterhood club thing, with their historical knickknacks and photos displayed on the wall. She closed and locked the door behind her, shutting the two of us inside. Then she turned back towards me, and the tough leader in her was gone, replaced by an uncertain little girl. "So... what I am supposed to do?"

"I don't have to tell you of all people what happened next," Julie said.

"No, please, if you're okay with talking about it, go ahead," said Claire. "I'm supposed to make sure these interviews are as thorough as possible."

Julie nodded. "Alright, if you insist, I will," she said. She looked self-conscious but continued on.

He told me to take off my clothes, so I stripped down and tossed them aside. When I looked back his tentacles were out and moving towards me. He ordered me to open my legs for him. I was nervous and still a bit in awe, but I widened my stance, clearing the way to my pussy. One of the tentacles set to work at it, rubbing the outside, and then finally it pushed in, fucking me, driving deeper and deeper. I didn't actually realize until then how eager my body had been for this. I was breathing heavy and starting to moan. My knees gave out, but the tentacles had already coiled around my legs, and they tightened up before I could fall and kept me upright. Two more wrapped around my torso and grabbed my breasts and nipples, squeezing and rubbing them.

He lifted me into the air, the tentacle still probing further into my wet pussy. It felt wrong somehow at first, shameful, getting pleasure from this inhuman creature, but very quickly I just didn't care anymore. By the time it was all the way filled I was already encouraging him with the sluttiest language I could think of in between moans. Yelling out for him to fuck me harder and all that. I don't think I needed to ask, he started ramming my pussy so hard my body shook. I knew what was coming next of course, and I was so eager for it that as soon as I felt a tentacle touch my asshole I started begging him to fuck my ass. That thing burrowed so far up my rear I thought it would never stop going, and I didn't want it to.

I didn't think it could get any better, but then he started in on my clit and mother fuck, it got better. I was screaming and moaning continuously, my mouth wide open, and the next tentacle dove right in, and I just kept moaning, and sucking, and gagging, and taking it deep in my pussy and ass. He gave me two more to stroke off and I jerked my arms just as fast as I could. He had full possession of my body, like I was there just to give him holes to fuck, but it was okay because they paid in kind with such pleasure it was driving me out of my mind.

Then the world shattered as the orgasm ripped through my entire body, screaming into the tentacle down my throat. When I couldn't hear my scream anymore I heard his, and his cum washed over me and pumped into me. It felt like a gift he was giving me, and I gulped down as much as I could while my body soaked in it. He set me down tenderly, and I laid there like a rag doll, a tired, wet, happy rag doll. He asked me, "So, do I meet your approval? Am I invited back tomorrow night?" as if there were any doubt.

I mustered up the strength to nod, and breathlessly said, "Yeah. And every night after." He smiled, and headed for the door, already shrinking, changing back to his human facade. I called out to him, "Wait. You... never told us your name."

"No, I didn't," he said. "My name, I so rarely have use for it. You can call me Gruthsorik."

CHAPTER 6: RUMORS

So it went on like that, a new girl every night. I would show up and they would be waiting for me, naked or nearly so, in that room. Some eager, some nervous, some unsure what they were getting into, but all came away satisfied, and so did I. No, wait, there was the one exception to waiting naked. The last girl in the group before starting over at the top of the list. I walked into the room that night, and she was there, but still dressed, and absolutely terrified. Young, a freshman I guess. Very cute. "What's this?" I asked. "Aren't you ready for me?"

"I-I'm sorry," She said timidly, obviously mustering all her courage just to speak to me. "I can't... I can't do this like the other girls did. I'm... I'm still a virgin. Nobody else knows, and I'd never live it down if I were the only girl in the sorority to not do it with you. They all keep saying how amazing it is, so I know I should do it, but I can't just give myself over to a monster for my first time. So... you're going to have to force yourself on me like you always did to girls before you met us. I won't even fight back or anything. Please, just rape me."

She barely got the words "rape me" out, I was already grabbing hold of her limbs and pulling them into position. She yelled out in surprise and fear. I could feel it from her now, deep down she did want to be fucked, just like any girl her age with the hormones raging. I think she would have been fine giving it up to some boy. But handling a tentacle demon with no sexual experience scared the shit out of her. Well, rightfully so, she wasn't my first virgin by far, and it's always rougher for them, though that does make it nicer for me.

I tore her clothes off, got going on her tits and rubbing her hairy pussy, and lifted her off the floor. True to her word she didn't resist at all. She even started to calm down a little, started getting into it, before I went inside her. She was tight, and it hurt her. She screamed delightfully loud. Then louder when I broke through her cherry. After a while I got her pussy full to the limit. Tears streamed down her face, she was in pain, but she looked at me and said, "Fuck me!" Well of course I was, but it proved she was being brave and trying to endure. Eventually she did reach the point where some pleasure started to mix with the pain. Which meant it was time for the next step.

When she felt the tentacle at her asshole her face changed to a look of sheer panic. She shrieked with pain as I forced my way in and took her anal virginity. Very tight back there too. Took a long time to get all the way in. She was crying and moaning nonstop with her mouth hanging open, pain, pleasure, didn't matter anymore, so I was able to go straight in. That and the introduction of action on her clit caught her body off guard. She finally broke through the pain and came. After it was over and she was on the floor, tired, sore, and coated with my cum, I heard her whispering, "Thank you."

I told her, "You are welcome, my dear. And thank you as well." She smiled weakly, and I left. When she came around again in the rotation she was completely changed, as eager as the rest of them and enjoyed herself completely. Hmm, that actually wasn't very long before the whole thing ended.

We were partway into the girls' third turns when I started hearing the rumors. You see during the day I made my human face a little younger looking than usual and just hung around campus. I had nowhere better to go, nothing else to do. For some reason Eta Nu Tau suddenly became a big topic of discussion everywhere. Nobody knew exactly what but they

all said something untoward was going on there. I knew then that I had overstayed my welcome. It was the most perfect set up I'd ever encountered in my life, but if I tried to hang on to it something bad was bound to happen to me. So I left.

We never knew how the rumors got started. The girls all swore to total secrecy. Not that any of them were altogether accurate. We were performing sexual rituals, or holding orgies, or had an S&M dungeon and half the girls were sex slaves to the other half, or performing bestiality, or we were nudists, or running a prostitution ring out of the house, or harboring a criminal, or practicing witchcraft, or we were devil worshipers holding black masses. You can see the common themes there. It started out slow, but gained momentum quickly. Everybody was talking about it, and harassing our girls about it, and it seemed the more we denied things the worse it got.

Gruthsorik just stopped coming one night, we figured he must have caught wind of it all. None of us ever saw him again. Soon after that the inevitable happened and the university finally stepped in. They never had a damn thing on us of course, but they spun it into a big scandal anyway and eventually put us on suspension just to be able to say they had done something, which only confirmed our guilt in the eyes of the public. Instead of going away, the rumors became legendary. It took the chapter decades to fully recover after that, and still to this day it's infamous around campus for what happened.

"Thank you for sharing all of that with me," Claire said as she turned off the recorder. "I really appreciate it."

"Oh, no, dear, I'm not quite finished yet," Julie said. "You're really going to want to hear this next part."

"But what more could there... okay, sorry. Please continue," Claire said, and set the recorder going again.

Not long after Gruthsorik left, one of the girls living in the house, Candace, she went by Candy, started acting strangely. Just a little at first, and nothing out of line, but, well, she started masturbating a lot. Who cares, right, didn't we all from time to time? But she would leave the door to her room open while she did it, or sometimes she wouldn't even be in her room, just out in the house somewhere for all to see. We didn't think too much of it at first, even when she started slacking on her course work because of it. She was perfectly within her rights to be horny all the time, right? So what if she forgot about modesty a little. Then she started going to bars every night to get picked up for one night stands, and she still came home and spent her free time in her room playing with herself. I think we finally started to actually worry when she began skipping classes to finger herself.

The last straw happened the night one of the frats had a big party. You know the kind, booze everywhere, and after everyone's had a few if you go looking you can always find a few couples in somebody's room or some corner having sex. I was in our house with Amy when one of our girls came running in and told us that Candy and one of our freshman girls that lived in the dorms, Tammy, were at the party getting gang banged. Mind you the party and the drinking had barely even started at this point. It didn't matter, even sober they were acting like drunken nymphos. We found out from Tammy's roommate later that she had been acting the same way as Candy.

We sure as hell didn't need this happening just as we were being investigated for undefined accusations of being a house full of sluts of one kind or another. Amy grabbed a couple bathrobes and the two of us ran over there and barged our way in through the crowd. We split up, and I found Candy with three boys balls deep inside each of her holes, two more she was giving handjobs to, and a throng of boys around them, cheering them on while waiting for their turns. I must admit I was transfixed by the spectacle myself at first, perhaps a little envious, even. The feeling of my wetness running down my leg snapped me out of it. They protested as I pulled them off of her, but Candy resisted most of all as I put the robe around her and dragged her out of there. Amy found Tammy doing the same thing and she was putting up a fight too. Both of them, begging and screaming that they needed cock, they needed to get fucked. We took them back to our house and threw them in Candy's room while we tried to figure out what to do with them.

The two of them in there, it didn't take them very long to figure out that they didn't need to seek out boys if they had each other. Forget classes, we had trouble just getting them to come out for meals now. That kept on for about two weeks. Then one day I found Amy in the hall staring in at them as they ate each other out in a 69, moaning up a storm. "Thinking about joining them, find out what it's like to swing the other way?" I teased.

"Nah. Already did that. You?" she asked back.

I blushed and admitted, "Yeah, me too." At least half the sorority had by then. Probably all of them. "So then why are you watching?"

"I'm trying to confirm a theory," she replied. "Hey, come help me, I need a closer look." I followed her in and watched as she separated them and got them both facing her. "Get behind them, help hold them down." They protested being interrupted until Amy started fingering their pussies and I got behind them and laid them back so I could lick and fondle their breasts. Amy added more fingers and they decided they were content letting us get them off. She actually ended up with all her fingers inside them, totally fisting them, I was amazed to see her hands buried in their pussies past her wrists. The girls were moaning their appreciation. "Do you see it?" she asked.

"See what?" I said, but she ignored me and address the girls.

"Hey. You two. Amazing wonder sluts. Listen to me. This is very important. Before Gruthsorik came here, when was the last time you got laid?"

It took some more prodding than that but eventually in between moans Tammy told us not since the night of her Senior Prom, and Candy said it had been during her tropical party vacation over the prior year's spring break. "What does that matter?" I asked her.

Claire gasped. "Oh my God, they were—"

"Yep," Julie interrupted. "You're smart, you already got it. I just know Amy would really like you."

With her hands still fucking their pussies, she explained it to me. "You see, the last time I was with him I asked Gruthsorik why he preys on girls, like when he attacked me that first night. He didn't want to say at first, but eventually he told me it's actually what he feeds on, all the emotions that girls have while being fucked, whether it's rape or she's enjoying it. Especially if she cumms. And it finally dawned on me, wouldn't a tentacle demon fetus need the same thing the adult does?"

Now I saw what Amy had seen, the beginnings of Candy and Tammy's baby bumps. They'd been fucking so much they were starting to show long before their fourth month. I was too stunned to say anything. Amy kept talking. "The hormonal shifts in a normal human pregnancy causes strange urges, everybody knows that. Pickles and ice cream or bullshit like that. It occurred to me, what if a tentacle demon pregnancy causes urges for the exact thing they need to grow, sex? You would get these two."

I didn't even know they'd been listening what with Amy's hands up their pussies and all, but at that point Candy broke in, "Do you hear that Tammy? Gruthsorik made us pregnant! We're going to bear his demon spawn. That's *so* hot."

Tammy readily agreed with her, "I know! It makes me so horny knowing there's a tentacle baby in my womb!" At that point they both had screaming orgasms. I was shocked and horrified, that it could happen, that it had happened to our girls, and that they were actually turned on by having an inhuman creature growing inside them.

We did the only thing we could do. The next morning we took them to an abortion clinic. I drove, Amy sat next to me, and Tammy and Candy rode in the back seat, playing with each other. "Are you sure we should be letting them do that?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's fine," she said. "If we let them do it back there to their heart's content then we'll be able to tear them apart from each other for long enough to get this taken care of. We need them compliant for this."

"Why them, anyway? Why didn't this happen to more of us?" I wondered aloud.

Amy had an answer to that too. "I've been thinking about that. I suspect if Gruthsorik hadn't left when he did, it would have been more of us. Everybody who isn't on the pill. No, really, think about this. How could procreation with human girls work for a creature like him? Hunting them, raping them, and then moving on. If one of those girls got demon pregnant and carried to term, one, the child would be killed immediately, especially back 200 years ago or more, which would defeat the purpose, and two, it would be used as solid evidence that demons exist, especially in the modern day, which would be bad for all demonkind. So that's a reproductive dead end, they wouldn't have survived if it worked like that.

"But provide what we did, sex every night, not once a week if he's lucky or once a month if he's not, but every night, that means stability. That means safety. That means girls that won't or can't endanger the demon or his child. That's when a demon's physiology would want to start breeding." At that we'd arrived at the clinic. Candy and Tammy had managed to get each other off a couple of times like Amy wanted. She laid down the law to them. "Alright girls, panties back on. Now remember what I said. No mentioning demons, and don't you dare even hint that you might want to keep your babies. Fuck this up and I'll chain you down so you can't move until you miscarry due to the starvation of the demon fetus." The two of them begged us to let them leave and keep their demon babies, but Amy managed to convince them we weren't giving them a choice. Somehow they managed it through their procedures without incident. Afterwards, once the pregnancy hormones worked out of their systems, they told us they'd had enough sex to last them the next several years, and were very disturbed over the memories of being aroused from being a demon's breeding slut.

Claire worked things over in her mind during the flight home. Amy's logic was sound, but how to account for Bernadette and Elsa, Gruthsorik's original long term lovers? Then again, those

were single women, not a group, and regular sex but not daily. They suffered the side effects too, unlike the sorority girls due to Gruthsorik's careful plan. In all likelihood, their health started failing enough that their reproductive systems shut down before Gruthsorik became fertile enough for it to matter. She decided not to mention any of this to him. It was dangerous knowledge. The chances of him stumbling into another harem situation was low, and she didn't want to be the one to provide him with any more temptations than he already had.

CHAPTER 7: REPORT

Claire moaned as the tentacles thrust back and forth, deep inside all three of her holes. By now she had become accustomed to the triple penetration, which meant she could enjoy it for a little longer before her orgasm overpowered her. She was starting to get better at the deep throating too, as she sucked the tentacle greedily. Even the wet squishy sounds of the tentacles sliding in and out of her pussy and ass turned her on. She could hear Gruthsorik moaning as his monstrous cocks enjoyed her body and he soaked up her own enjoyment. "I think you're ready for this now," he suddenly announced.

Ready for what? Claire wondered, and then she got her answer as she felt another tentacle pushing into her pussy. Her eyes widened and she started to protest, but she couldn't say anything with a tentacle stuffed in her mouth. Muffled words gave way to a muffled screams as her pussy was stretched wide by the second invader. Her hands stopped stroking their tentacles and instead squeezed them tightly as the tentacle slowly worked its way up alongside the first one. When finally there were two tentacles fully filling her pussy, they started fucking her, moving together in and out. A new level of pleasure started to mix with the discomfort.

The new tentacle pushing at her ass caused renewed panic. She shook her no and begged with her eyes for Gruthsorik to stop. Her eyes screwed shut and she screamed again as it pushed in anyway. She felt like she would be torn in two as her ass became double filled just like her pussy. Five tentacles filled her three holes to their limit. As the twin tentacles jammed up her ass started to fuck in and out, she came. Her body shook as the orgasm rolled over her body again and again. Gruthsorik yelled out from his own orgasm, spraying Claire with his warm sticky jism, pumping double loads into her pussy and ass. It poured out of both fuck holes around the four tentacles within, unable to hold it all.

Claire barely noticed when Gruthsorik released her onto the floor, her mind had fogged up, too tired and overwhelmed with sensation to put even half a thought together. Her vacant eyes were rolled back and her mouth hung open with cum dribbling out, her pussy and ass once again empty and more sore than they had ever been. Eventually her faculties started to slowly return. She tilted her head up and saw Gruthsorik staring at her, a smug satisfied expression on his face, as if he was enjoying just looking at her like this, admiring his handiwork. "Jesus fucking Christ, how many of those things do you have, anyway?" she asked weakly.

"That was the full complement. All twelve," Gruthsorik answered. She did a quick count in her head. Legs, arms, breasts, clit and mouth, pussy, ass. Yes, that made twelve. That stunt was going to take some getting used to. She looked forward to it.

The group before her filed out of the conference room and into the hallway where Claire was waiting. "They're ready for you in there. Good luck," one of them said. Claire nodded thanks and went in. A dais ran across the front of the room, at which sat the committee that oversaw all US military black research projects such as her own. Three generals from different branches with a lot of stars between them, and two senior senators. She was in Washington D.C., deep within the Pentagon, here for her annual review.

General Miller of the Army took the lead by announcing her officially. "Dr. Claire Thompson, of the Institute for Xenobiology and Cryptobiology. Good to see you again Dr. Thompson."

"Good to be here, sir," she replied.

The General continued, "Along with the usual assortment of things that go bump in the night, you have something new for us this year, this 'rape demon' as you call it?"

"Yes sir," Claire said.

"Your report made for very interesting reading, doctor. Can you elaborate a little more for me on your assessment of the creature's personality?" he asked.

"He's an uncivilized, sadistic brute, and unapologetically so, but I suspect it's largely a product of his biology," she explained. "With his normal modus operandi taken away, he's surprisingly well-spoken and intelligent. Yet he is almost entirely amoral and unsympathetic, acting only in his own self-interest, without regard to his impact on those who are not receptive to him."

"I'm a little unclear about something in your report, Dr. Thompson," said the Navy representative, General Spring. "This creature describes itself as feeding off sex, or rather the 'emotions' from sex so to speak. Then you refer several times to feeding it, yet you're very vague on exactly what you've been providing, what you've found that's able to sustain it."

Claire felt herself blush deep red. Of course she'd been vague. No way around it though, she'd have to admit to it. "Well I... I... I've been feeding him with... myself, sir."

"If you're saying what I think you are, and I suspected as much, are you sure that's safe?" asked Senator Lucille Whitman, the only other woman present. "By the creature's own admission there are health risks."

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm limiting my contact... the, um, feedings, as much as possible," Claire stammered. "I do have to keep him alive, but it's on a starvation diet, if you will. I believe the risks to be minimal until an alternative can be found." Not that she was in any hurry to find something different for Gruthsorik. As it was she wished she could personally feed him more often. Much more often.

"On the contrary, you must explore the risks further, observe and document them all the way to the grim end if necessary," said Air Force General Howe. "Not using yourself, of course, but if you can figure how out this telepathic transfer of energy works and exactly how it effects the body, it could have medical applications. Perhaps military ones as well."

Claire was shocked. "Are you suggesting I perform human experimentation? That's against everything a—"

"Dr. Thompson," interrupted General Miller. "I realize this is your first major undertaking since you took over your Institute. Let me remind you of something. The black operations of the United States military aren't just about keeping things secret that the public isn't ready to know. Sometimes they are about doing things that the public might not approve of, taking questionable actions for the good of the people and our great country. This is the job you signed on for. Can you handle it?"

"Y—yes, sir," Claire managed.

"Now hold on here," Senator Haas said. "Let's not be unreasonable. Dr. Thompson, I applaud your scientific and medical ethics. It's important not to lose sight of that. But your charter is the expansion of knowledge for the protection and betterment of our nation and the world. I don't like it any more than you do but the generals are right. This monster is a parasite and the study of all parasites and diseases start with the study of those affected by them. We're not suggesting you snatch a girl off the street like some kind of comic book mad scientist. Prison inmates are often used for volunteers in medical trials. There are a lot of regulations for it, but they are routinely ignored by pharmaceutical companies and the government as well. I'm sure you can find a test subject everyone can be comfortable with regarding the consequences. Somebody off of death row,

perhaps." The rest of the committee nodded in approval.

Claire realized she didn't have much of a choice. Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound. Better make the most of it, then. "I'll start evaluating potential candidates right away," she said.

"Then it's settled," said General Spring. "Doctor, your funding is reapproved at its current level for another year. Keep up the good work, and get it done. Dismissed."

CHAPTER 8: CONVICT

The guards escorted her in and made her sit down at the table, across from Claire. "Who the fuck are you?" she demanded.

"I'm Dr. Claire Thompson, I work for the government, and I think we can help each other," she answered. She read from the file in front of her, "Lauren Mayes. Convicted and sentenced to death at 24, incarcerated for 17 years. You're approaching your last appeal, which isn't expected to go any better than the previous ones, then you'll be executed. What would you say if I told you I could keep you from receiving that lethal injection?"

"Bullshit!" exclaimed Lauren. Claire looked her over now that she had her face to face. The years had been kind to her, even in prison. She could easily qualify as a MILF. Her blonde hair was cut short, not uncommon among inmates since long hair is a liability in fights, but in a style that was feminine rather than butch. Generous F-cup breasts filled her orange prison uniform shirt well. Her green eyes might have been prettier though, were they not cold from a hard and troubled lifetime. There wasn't a very large pool of women on death row to choose from, but Claire was sure she had a good candidate here. If she could get her to go along with it.

"I'm gathering volunteers for a medical study," Claire continued. "If you join, we will do exactly that."

"What kind of study?" the prisoner asked, still skeptical but ready to listen.

"I can't give you the details for security reasons, but I can tell you that you would be moved to my facility," Claire said. Time to lay out the bait. "It's much nicer than it is here. No more tiny cell. Unlimited television privileges. Internet too. Better food. All you have to do is sign right here, and I'll take you away from all of this." Claire pushed a paper and pen towards the other woman.

"She's all yours, Doctor," Jeffers said as he unlocked Lauren's shackles.

"Thank you Major, a pleasure as always," Claire said.

"Easiest transport ever," Jeffers observed as he turned back towards his vehicle.

"No doubt," Claire said, then motioned Lauren into the Institute. "Come with me." First Claire gave her a physical exam, including a pass with the medical scanner, followed by endurance tests on the exercise room equipment. This was her baseline for later comparison. Then Claire took her into the cell in Containment Room 1.

Lauren took in her surroundings, wondering what she'd gotten herself into. She saw she was not alone as a man rose from the bunk. "Who are you, another inmate here for the study?"

"Yes, you might say that," the stranger said as he walked towards her. "My, aren't you pretty." He added when he got close. She sensed him undressing her with his eyes. Typical, just like all the guards back in prison.

"Hey! Doctor! I want my own room, I ain't bunking with no guy," Lauren said, but as she turned to address Claire she discovered her mysterious benefactor had slipped out of the room while this jerk was distracting her. She turned back to the man to find him outright leering at her. "You stay away from me," she demanded.

"Oh, I don't think so," he said sinisterly, and began to change before her eyes. His skin turned a dark, unnatural color. His eyes lit up bright red. He grew in size, his face contorted into something devilish, horns and all. He gained a tail, and... were those cocks?

"Shit, shit, shit," she repeated as she backed away. Prison fights she was used to, prison rape she'd dealt with, but this was way out of her league. She screamed as the long cocks sped through

the air towards her and took hold of her wrists and ankles. She struggled against them but they were much stronger and immobilized her with her arms raised up and her legs spread apart. They extended their grip, coiling down her arms and up her legs outside the prison issue orange pants. More cocks grew into tentacles and ventured up under her matching orange shirt. They wrapped around her body and then pulled her bra down so they could coil around her tits. "Stop it! Stop it! What the fuck are you?" she yelled, still straining against her bonds. The creature laughed at her as his tentacles pulled her into the air.

They went after her pants next, slipping into the waistband and pulling until ripping sounds announced the failure of the seams, baring her thighs to the monster. Her panties suffered the same fate, and Lauren shrieked as one of the tentacles took interest in the folds of her sex, nestled within her blonde bush. Her shirt and bra were quickly removed the same way, exposing her fully to the beast. Not content to stop there, the tentacles took hold of her shoes and pulled until her feet slipped free, then they took her socks as well. In one swift motion, the tentacle wrapped around her right leg loosened its grip and moved down off her leg, taking one leg of Lauren's ruined pants with it. She tried to take the opportunity to kick at the tentacles but another moved in quickly to tightly secure the leg again. This was repeated with her left leg, leaving her totally naked before the beast. She continued screaming and trying to pull her way free as the tentacle at her pussy started to push into her and didn't stop until it was deeper than she could have imagined. She grunted as the tentacles fucked her, thrusting into her pussy, squeezing her boobs, and toying with her nipples. "So nice, what a nice pussy you have," the creature said, taunting her.

She felt the next tentacle poking at her ass. She screamed, "Noooooooooooo! Noooooooooooo!" The second "no" caught in her throat as the tentacle shoved itself into her anal passage. Tears ran from her eyes and she started sobbing as it journeyed deeper and deeper and then fucked her hard and fast. The next tentacle brushed against her clit, over and over, and then she saw another aiming at her face. She clamped her mouth shut and turned her head away, but more tentacles wrapped around her head and chin and forced her to face the beast while pulling her jaw open. Her final strangled scream was cut off as the tentacle sped into her mouth and down her throat. Their task accomplished, the tentacles released her head, leaving her mouth to be brutally fucked.

She could barely breathe and started to panic and thrash within her bonds, but they continued holding her tightly as the tentacles rammed into all three of her holes. The creature moaned in appreciation, "Fuck yes, baby, oh yaaaaah." Lauren screamed from her stuffed mouth in pain and rage, and finally the tentacles convulsed and sprayed her with cum, all over her body and shooting it deep into her filled holes. She choked on it as the nasty goop made her skin crawl. Finally the tentacles let her down to the floor and set her free. She laid there covered in jism, coughing and sobbing, until she passed out.

Claire entered the cell carrying a laptop computer, toiletries, and lunch, and set them down by the door. She crossed the cell and started to collect what was left of Lauren's clothes. "So how was that, did you enjoy the show?" Gruthsorik asked.

"Very nice, yes, thank you," Claire replied. She had asked him to do it that way. If she had no choice but to trick some woman and then throw her in with a rape demon to be his fuck toy, she may as well arrange to see an attack on an unwilling subject starting at the human guise. For the sake of science, of course. Though while she was watching she couldn't keep herself from masturbating. She felt guilty about it, she thought only men got off watching that sort of thing, she should have been repulsed, she wanted to be repulsed, but she had kept picturing herself in Lauren's

place, fighting against those wonderful tentacles. "Impressive move with the pants, by the way."

"I do what I can," Gruthsorik said. "Tighter pants are a pain in the ass, though. I stopped trying with those years ago, I just rip the crotch apart and leave 'em put now. I don't know how you women can stand them."

"What about shoes, if they won't just pull off?" Claire asked.

"Shit, do I look like I can undo laces or zippers with these? Same with pants, if they come off, fine, otherwise screw it. They aren't in my way," he said. So he definitely doesn't have a foot fetish, Claire noted. She finished gathering up Lauren's former clothes and hurried from the cell just as the woman started to reawaken. She picked herself up from the floor, disoriented, then she spotted Claire and rushed to the wall as if she could break through and strangle her.

"You bitch! I'll kill you!" She growled. "This is not what I agreed to!"

"Of course not," Claire said calmly. "If I'd told you everything you wouldn't have come with me."

"You can't do this to me! I have rights!" Lauren yelled.

"Actually, you don't," Claire said. "Officially, you've been killed in a prison fight with another inmate. Dead people don't have rights. I own you now. Well, me and him." Claire tilted her head towards Gruthsorik. She wanted to apologize for it all, but had decided it was better to play the hard-ass.

"Don't tell me you're leaving me in here with... *that*," Lauren pleaded.

"Welcome to your new home," Claire said, and walked out the door. Lauren looked towards the demon. He was leaning against the rear wall of the cell, staring at her and smiling. She retreated to the corner of the cell and sat on the bunk, pulled her legs up to her chest, and cried.

CHAPTER 9: ANTICIPATION

Several days passed. Claire entered the containment room, bringing in breakfast for Lauren. Gruthsorik had taken up residence in the front corner of the cell near the outer entry door. Lauren stuck close to the walls whenever she moved between the bunk, the toilet/shower area, and the inner entry door in the other three corners, constantly keeping an eye on the demon. Right now she was still asleep in the bunk. Gruthsorik was awake, however. Claire paused to speak to him. "You haven't gone after her again yet."

"Oh, she knows it's coming," he said. "She's constantly on edge, expecting it at any time. I'm waiting for her to relax a bit, to think, 'He hasn't so far, he's still going to, but probably not today.'"

"You can tell so easily?" Claire asked.

"I know fear the way you can smell dinner in the oven," he answered.

"You don't really need to wait for her to drop her guard, though," Claire said

"Oh, no, not at all, it's just far more fun that way," Gruthsorik grinned.

Claire suppressed a laugh and shook her head. "You really are cruel, aren't you."

"I do try," he said, completely serious beneath the sarcasm. "Although I still don't like the idea of using her until there's nothing left. Neither for the sake of your studies nor as a substitute executioner."

"I know, it's the thing you've always avoided. I told you before, I'm not keen on it either. But I have my orders. She's all you're getting until she's burned out. And don't go to any trouble trying to prolong it. My superiors like to see results sooner rather than later. As morbid as that happens to be in this case," said Claire.

They didn't have to wait much longer after all. Claire heard Lauren yell out over the camera feeds. She turned to watch the monitors. Lauren must have been headed to the door for her meal, now she was scrambling back towards the other corner, with Gruthsorik crossing the cell towards her, tentacles fully extended. She grabbed hold of the toilet just as Gruthsorik grabbed hold of her ankles. "Let go! Leave me alone, you monster!" Lauren shouted as she started to lose her grip. Of course he did neither, and once the tentacles pulled her away from the corner the others quickly moved in. Soon she was fully wrapped up and off the ground, dangling in fleshy bondage.

Lauren begged, "Please no, don't, stop," again and again as a tentacle made its way into her pussy. Her protests soon became interspersed with groans, however. Once she realized it, she looked into Gruthsorik's glowing eyes and asked, "W-why... why does it feel good this time? I don't want it to."

"Two reasons, mainly," he answered. "One, you're not really trying to fight as hard as before, because you already know it's not going to do any good. Two, you're not actually as frightened now since you know everything that's going to happen to you."

"Noooooooo!" Lauren yelled as she realized the futility of her position, including the pleasure that was being forced on her, but it turned into a moan as the tentacle drilling into her increased its pace. As the next tentacle took her ass, she gave up shouting but still chanted, "Stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it." Even that gave way to moans as she started to lose control. Once the tentacles were fully fucking her pussy and ass, as well as teasing her nipples and clit, she was struggling to maintain any composure at all. She tried to keep her mouth shut to the tentacle that was poised waiting to enter, but a loud moan escaped through open lips, and the tentacle went right in, completing the trio of

holes getting pounded by the demon members. It wasn't much longer before her body shook with her orgasm, followed by Gruthsorik's and the outpouring of his spunk into and onto her body.

The following day, Lauren sat on her bunk, throwing furtive glances over to Gruthsorik. Reluctance and desire showed on her face, and her hands kept drifting to her pussy and her breasts. Finally desire won out, and she stood and crossed the cell to where the monster sat. "I'm sorry for everything I said to you before," she said hesitantly. "Would you please... fuck me again?"

"My dear, I would be delighted to," Gruthsorik answered. "Any time you want." Lauren moaned in anticipation as the tentacles already started to coil around her.

Claire entered the cell and walked to where Lauren lay on the floor asleep with a big smile on her face, demon cum drying on her skin and the floor around her. She prodded her awake. "Oh, it's you," Lauren said groggily. "Why didn't you tell me it could be like that?"

"I wanted to observe an honest response, untainted by foreknowledge," said Claire.

"But you knew, didn't you, that after the first couple times, I wouldn't be unwilling anymore," said Lauren.

"That was the general expectation, yes," replied Claire.

Lauren closed her eyes again, ran her hands across her breasts, and moaned softly. "Thank you for tricking me into coming here."

"Don't mention it," Claire said. "So I assume I'll have no more trouble from you?"

"Not one bit," promised Lauren while pinching her nipples.

"Good," said Claire. "Now get up and get cleaned off. It's time for your first weekly physical."

CHAPTER 10: THREESOME

Lauren threw herself into the role of insatiable slut, and went to Gruthsorik for a tentacle fuck every day, sometimes even twice in one day. It wasn't long at all before she was taking two tentacles each in both her ass and her now-bare pussy, and loving every moment of it. She took an extreme liking to the monster's cum, using her hands to scoop it off her body and into her mouth, even sometimes licking it off the floor. At night Lauren slept snuggled close to the demon, often in a tight tentacled embrace.

They experimented with new positions. Lauren found getting fucked while held hanging upside down too hard to endure for very long, but she loved riding Gruthsorik cowgirl and reverse cowgirl, with the four tentacles thrusting directly from his body into her holes and the others reaching up around her thighs and ass to her tits, mouth, hands, and clit. Another one she liked was when he held her spread-eagle against the ceiling, sometimes on her back looking down at him, sometimes against her front side with her breasts pressed tight against the thick plexiglass. There was also the very creative one where Gruthsorik suspended her by two tentacles, each one binding a wrist to an ankle in front of her. When she got fucked like that, it set her swinging back and forth like a pendulum in time with the thrusting of the tentacles in her holes. They also did doggy style after a fashion, with Lauren on her hands and knees and Gruthsorik on his hands and knees, his larger body completely over hers, tentacles taking her whole body from behind. Claire couldn't help but feel a little jealous, and promised herself she would get to try everything she watched Lauren do.

Claire opened the inner door to the cell. "Lauren, time for another physical exam," she called. It was the third, two weeks in from when Lauren gave herself over.

Lauren set her laptop computer down and stood. "Coming," she said.

Claire saw fast movement out of the corner of her eye. She turned her head to look, but the tentacles were already upon her, snagging her wrists and ankles. She gasped, and asked, "Gruthsorik, what are you doing?"

The beast smiled as he pulled her further into the cell and began the traditional process of spreading her limbs apart and helpless. Tentacles ran over her body, grabbing hold of her clothes. "You know, I've not had a chance to do this part to you before," he said as he tore them away. Claire's panties were already soaked as they were ripped from her body. He wasn't supposed to be doing this, but she couldn't bring herself to protest further. She wanted this, she wanted him inside her again. She looked over to Lauren, and saw tentacles winding their way up her legs as well.

Claire gasped and moaned loudly as a tentacle suddenly plunged into her pussy. All the way inside, to its full depth, in one thrust. "Oh God. Oh God," she panted. Moments later, Lauren squealed as the same thing happened to her. The tentacles rammed their pussies as Gruthsorik moved them around so they were facing each other, naked woman to naked woman. Their eyes locked, and they stared at each other as they moaned, faces contorting in pleasure. Claire grunted as a tentacle shot up her asshole, again completely in with one movement. Then Lauren shrieked as her ass was also filled. Their gaze did not leave each other's eyes.

Claire's arms fell to her sides as the tentacles released them. Well, of course, it wasn't as if he needed to restrain her, they were better utilized elsewhere. Exactly where became clear when she felt the tips of the tentacles against her already stuffed pussy and ass and saw two more get into the same position on Lauren. "Oh shit," she whispered, and then both women screamed as four more tentacles invaded their holes simultaneously, their eyes still fixed upon each other's. Both of them

continued to moan and shout dirty words of encouragement to Gruthsorik as he brought them together. Their breasts pressed against each other's and their faces were mere inches apart. It was obvious what the demon wanted and they complied without hesitation. They threw their arms around each other and their lips met. They kissed deeply as if they were starving for each other, tongues intertwined, moaning into each other's mouths as eight tentacles pounded into them, with the remaining four holding them steady by the legs.

"Mmmmmmm, now that's a pretty picture," Gruthsorik smiled in approval. Claire and Lauren continued kissing, sharing in each other and their mutual tentacle filled holes as their naked flesh pressed tightly together. An eternity passed in a few minutes. They felt each other building, and finally their lips parted as their heads tilted back screaming in simultaneous orgasms. Gruthsorik's voice joined theirs as the tentacles fired their load into the pair of pussies and asses. After their climaxes subsided, all three collapsed to the floor, Gruthsorik to his hands and knees and the two women laying there still holding each other in a tight embrace.

They moaned quietly as the tentacles slowly retracted from their insides. Lauren pulled herself free from Claire and turned herself around, then positioned herself over her. She leaned down and licked the cum from Claire's thighs. When the tentacles popped free from Claire's pussy she immediately clamped her mouth around it, sucking and licking the warm jism from inside. Claire moaned as she felt the other woman's tongue working inside her, then looked up and saw the cum dripping from Lauren's pussy down onto her face. In a heartbeat she followed Lauren's example, drinking the thick monster semen fresh from a fucked cunt.

Gruthsorik pushed himself up to a kneel and took in the enjoyment of what Claire and Lauren were doing to each other through the tentacles that still clutched their legs. When their pussies were emptied of cum, they moved to their assholes, felching the spunk from each other's rears. When that too was gone, Lauren turned back around face to face with Claire. They cleaned up the last bits of cum smeared on each other's faces and then went back to kissing. It had been a long time since Claire was last with a woman, and at the moment that seemed like a real shame. "I suppose," she said in between sticking her tongue in Lauren's mouth, "we'll have to postpone your physical until tomorrow." Lauren giggled in reply.

By the third week, Lauren had a reduction in stamina that was evident from the endurance tests in her physical exam. By the fourth, it was obvious even without looking at the data. The fifth week, she couldn't even walk more than ten steps without help, much less perform on the exercise equipment. Claire had to bring the portable medical scanner back into the containment room to get updated readings on her deteriorating condition. "I'm dying, aren't I," Lauren asked.

"Yes, most likely," Claire answered.

"That was the real medical study all along, wasn't it," Lauren realized.

"I'm sorry," Claire shook her head with regret.

"No, don't be," Lauren said. "This has been a fuck ton better than a lethal injection. I had fun. We had fun. It's... more than I deserve."

Whether out of recognition of her role in things, or because she couldn't resist even knowing what it was doing to her, or if she was just resigned to her fate, Lauren kept begging Gruthsorik to fuck her, day after day. He always complied, though with clear reluctance. Towards the end of the sixth week, Claire was doing paperwork while half watching the video feed of Lauren being jammed full of tentacles, when she heard Gruthsorik shout out in a panic, "Shit! Fuck!" She ran to

Containment Room 1. Lauren laid crumpled on the floor, dropped there quickly and carelessly. Gruthsorik sat on the far side of the cell, his knees pulled up to his chest and his head down, cowering as if he'd been traumatized. Claire entered the cell and checked Lauren's pulse but found none. "Don't bother," Gruthsorik said, his voice shaking. "She's gone."

She went to Gruthsorik, put her arms around him and said, "Shhhhh, I'm here now, it's okay," as if comforting a child, as ridiculous as that was given his size. "You're trembling!" she exclaimed, surprised.

"She was cumming," he said. "Her body just couldn't handle it anymore and gave out. *I felt her die.* I was feeding from her orgasm and I felt the life go out of her. I felt it inside me. Satan's horns, I hope I didn't eat her soul. That's the kind of shit only the Eldritch Ones ever did." He sounded genuinely disturbed by the experience. All his predatory self-assurance had vaporized in that instant.

"Alright, alright, shhhhhh, it's all over now. I'm so sorry I made you do that," Claire said softly. "I'll be right back, okay? I need to take her to the morgue." Gruthsorik nodded. It was the best thing for the body, and maybe it would help him calm down. She walked back over to Lauren's body and picked her up easily, she had lost a lot of weight as her health failed, and carried her out of the room. She returned a few minutes later and went back to Gruthsorik's side. "Feeling any better?" she asked.

"No, not really," he answered.

"I know what you need. Something to wash that bad taste out of your mouth, so to speak," she said, already starting to undress.

Gruthsorik looked up at her, his eyes pleading. "Yes. Yes, that would help. Thank you."

"Mmm, don't mention it," Claire mumbled as her clothes fell to the floor, silently trying to convince herself that this didn't make her a vulture waiting for Lauren to die so that she could fuck Gruthsorik again.

Claire walked into the lab, naked, with only hints of Gruthsorik's cum still sticky on her skin. She had licked up what she could, and scooped most of the rest into her mouth with her hands. She just couldn't resist it. It didn't matter, there was still enough of it left in one place for what she needed. She went to where she left her purse and retrieved a comb from inside. She ran it through her hair, it came away coated in the demon jism. She transferred some to a microscope slide and checked it under magnification. It was absolutely teeming with sperm, well above the high end of the human range. A woman with this in her pussy at the right time of month would almost certainly get pregnant. Amy Brennen had been correct in her theory, apparently, and Claire's own extension to that theory seemed to be spot-on also. There was evidence of it in Lauren's last body scan, her reproductive system had been shutting down along with the rest of her body, keeping her safe from the consequences. Claire, on the other hand, was now extremely glad she had stayed on birth control.

CHAPTER 11: COUNSELOR

Claire pulled away from the Institute gate, on her way home. It was already getting dark. After several long weeks of work, she had finally finished all of the analysis of Lauren's remains. The data she collected was very interesting and very puzzling. She was turning it all over in her head, trying to develop a theory of how it all fit together and what she could do to—was that car following her? You don't normally see a lot of traffic out here in the middle of nowhere, off the beaten path of the main roads. Claire decided to head into town rather than straight home. Her tail stayed with her through a variety of turns. Clearly it was following her, though given its complete lack of subtlety the driver obviously wasn't a professional. She decided it wasn't worth calling the base for military backup. She would handle them herself, whoever it was.

She pulled into a shopping center and parked at a fast food restaurant. The other car parked at the family restaurant next door. Claire opened her glove box and grabbed her flashlight and handgun, transferred them into her purse, then left her car and went inside the restaurant. She headed straight out the other door on the far side of the building, and walked a large circle around the parking lot to approach her follower from the other side. The driver was still inside, keeping watch on Claire's car through binoculars. Claire knocked on the window with the gun and ordered, "Get out of car." The driver jumped, startled, then seeing the gun she opened the door and got out with her hands up. "Why were you following me?" Claire demanded as she turned the flashlight on to get a good look at her stalker. It was an Asian woman, young and very attractive.

"Don't shoot! I—I'm sorry, I didn't know how else to get in contact with someone from the Institute," the woman stammered.

"Who are you?" Claire asked.

"Dr. Nikki Sabimura, I'm a psychiatrist that works with the military. I'm the one that handles all the cases caused by the monsters that they send to you, among other things," she said, nervously fishing her military ID badge out of her pocket for Claire to inspect.

Claire lowered her gun and relaxed a little. "Alright, it's nice to meet you Nikki, but what are you doing here? You obviously have a high clearance level but it shouldn't be enough for you to know anything about the Institute."

"It's not, actually, you're right. It took a lot of doing and calling in several favors to track down its location. I came to ask your help."

"Go on, then, but this had better be good or you're in quite a bit of trouble," Claire warned.

"Okay, it's like this," said Nikki. "A big part of my job, other than your creatures, is counseling military women that have been sexually violated by other military members, oftentimes their CO. It happens a lot more often than most people expect. Of course I was trained in school to deal with rape cases, but they always make me feel like I can't completely connect with the victims, I can't fully sympathize. And then I had a session with a college student named Monica Stern. She's doing much better now, by the way, but the more I talked with her the more I wanted to experience firsthand what she had gone through. I'd always suspected all those horrible beasts I hear about are brought somewhere for study, possibly even kept alive. So I began hunting for this place, so I could find the tentacle monster and be attacked by it."

"If you wanted to play rape, why not just find a guy who's into S&M?" Claire said incredulously.

"I don't have a boyfriend right now to ask, and looking for some strange guy off the internet to do something like that is too creepy. Besides, once Monica told me what happened to her, rape

with a guy seemed, well, tame," Nikki said.

Finding a guy to pretend rape her was creepier than overreaching her security level to get pretend raped by a tentacle monster, all so she could relate better to genuine rape victims of normal human men? Claire sighed. This was way more than she wanted to report to Nikki's superiors about. Easier just to go along with it and be rid of her. Gruthsorik was approaching the point when he would need to fuck somebody again anyway. "Alright then. If he agrees to this I'll let you do it, but we have to keep you under the radar. Do you have a hotel room? Tell me where you are staying."

Two days later Claire pulled past the guard shack as she did every morning. Today, however, after she parked her car she popped her trunk open and helped Nikki climb out. "How exciting, just like a real abduction," Nikki said. Claire resisted rolling her eyes. She led her into the building and through the halls to Gruthsorik's cell, all camera feeds shunted to the hidden partition with a newly expanded version of her original macro. She had done some checking up on the eager young counselor. She was Japanese-American, which seemed terrifically appropriate for what she was about to do. Just like Claire, Nikki had been recruited pretty much straight out of school only a few years ago, when the previous military monster-trauma shrink retired.

Claire unlocked the cell's inner door and let Nikki inside. She was wearing a military uniform she had gotten from somewhere, or at least some costume shop's approximation of one, with a duffle bag slung over her shoulder. Gruthsorik, at Nikki's request, was also doing his best imitation of an officer, someone that would be in a position of authority over her. "Sabimura, good, you're here," Gruthsorik said, playing his part. Instead of his usual unassuming human face, his features were commanding and intimidating. He actually did manage to look ruggedly handsome, Claire thought as she slipped from the room.

"Yes sir, reporting as ordered, sir," Nikki responded with a snappy salute, dropping her bag to the floor.

"At ease, soldier," Gruthsorik said as he walked up to an uncomfortably close distance and began to examine her. "You know, despite what the uniform code says, I think you'd look much better with this down," he said as he removed the clips from her black hair and let it fall down to her shoulders.

"Yes sir," she replied dutifully.

"And you could stand to open this a little," he said while unbuttoning her shirt, revealing her ample cleavage.

"Yes... sir," Nikki said, more nervously.

"There, that's better," Gruthsorik said as he leaned in to kiss her. Nikki let him for several seconds, then pulled back.

"Sir, you're making me uncomfortable. I don't—I mean, we shouldn't be doing this," she protested.

"Nonsense," he replied. "Be a good girl for me and I'll look after you. You have a promising career ahead of you in our unit, you wouldn't want to jeopardize that, would you?" He started to force himself on her again.

She screamed, "No!" and slapped him. Pretending to suddenly realize she'd just struck an officer, she blurted, "I—I'm sorry sir, that won't happen again, please don't report me, I'll do anything!"

"Oh, anything, is it now. Impudent girl, I gave you a chance," Gruthsorik snarled. "Enough of this." Tentacles lashed out as he began to transform out of his human shape. Nikki screamed as

the tentacles captured her in the usual manner and stripped her bare. She pleaded for him to stop, to let her go, and screamed again as the tentacle entered her shaved pussy. She struggled hard at first, but it seemed the deeper it went inside her, the more she had to remind herself she was supposed to be fighting back. Screams turned to moans, and as her rectum was breached by a tentacle, it pushed her over the edge into orgasm. When the tentacle came for her mouth, it found it wide open with continuous sounds of pleasure coming out, and had no trouble at all diving inside. Not much longer after that Nikki's body shook with another orgasm, followed by Gruthsorik's and the outpouring of sticky cum (rendered infertile again by the weeks without sex) that it released all over and into her.

As Nikki lay on the floor in the standard post-tentacle-coitus daze, Claire and Gruthsorik conversed in whispers through the cell wall. "It was exactly what you thought might happen," Gruthsorik said. "She enjoyed herself a little too much, and deep down she was eager. What you said before, is that really what we're going to do with her?" Claire nodded slowly.

After a good rest, Nikki got up and used the shower to clean off. The cell was still stocked with towels from Lauren's stay there. Nikki headed towards her duffle bag, but saw it had been moved to the cell's entryway, with Claire blocking the closed door. "Hey, why'd you move my bag, my change of clothes is in there," she said.

"I told you before," Claire said sternly, "you've committed a serious offence. You don't have clearance to even know about this place. Now that you've seen it, I'm not permitted to let you leave. You're mine now." Claire threw her lab coat off with a flourish, revealing the large black strap-on dildo she was wearing. A long sleeved black fishnet shirt, with nothing underneath, and thigh high shiny black leather five inch stiletto boots completed the look. "Mine, and his."

"N-no, you can't, you never said..." Nikki stammered as she backed away.

"Sorry," Claire shrugged, "my hands are tied. Well, actually, no. Gruthsorik!" The demon responded in a flash, tentacles grabbed Nikki's wrists, pulled them over her head and then down, forcing her onto the floor on her back, arms spread eagle out to her sides. "*Your* hands are tied," Claire finished.

"Wait! Stop!" Nikki yelled as Claire mounted her and rammed the dildo home into her pussy. Claire pounded her artificial cock into the girl beneath her, watching as tears already began streaming down her face. "Pleeeeease, noooooooo!" she whined.

"Shut the fuck up, whore!" Claire shouted and slapped her hard across the face. Nikki whimpered, grunting as the big black tool rocked back and forth inside her. Claire fucked the helpless girl as fast and hard as she could, until eventually she couldn't keep it up anymore and began to slow down. "Alright, enough of that, time for something else." She unbuckled the harness from her body, leaving the dildo inside Nikki's pussy, and moved up until she was straddling her face. Nikki howled in protest as Claire dropped her dripping wet pussy onto her face, smothering her. Nikki squirmed the best she could, trying to fight, but Gruthsorik sent tentacles to hold her legs down as well. Claire raised herself up and commanded, "Lick me!"

"What? I—I can't do—" Claire cut her off with a face full of her pussy, smothering her again.

Claire stayed down long enough for Nikki's lungs to be screaming for air. Before she pulled up, she repeated the command. "You want to breathe, slut? Then lick me!" Nikki sobbed, but stuck her tongue out and took some slow tentative licks across Claire's pussy. "That's right, good girl," Claire encouraged. Claire started moaning as Nikki reluctantly started eating her in earnest. Finally

Claire panted, "Yes, you're going to make me cum! Suck it! Suck my pussy! I'm cumming!" She bucked her hips on Nikki's face as the orgasm rolled through her, while the tentacles that had reached under the fishnet to fondle her breasts allowed Gruthsorik to share.

"Time for the other one," said Claire as she adjusted her position on Nikki's face. Nikki squealed as Claire's asshole came down on her open mouth. She began moving her tongue across it though, and Claire moaned in appreciation. "Yessss, lick my ass, slave. Just like that, oooooooo!" She beckoned to Gruthsorik with her hand, and when he offered another tentacle she pulled it down to her clit. Within minutes, her moans turned to screams as she came again.

Claire leaned back to catch her breath, and heard Nikki beg from between her legs, "Please, please let me go. I swear I'll never tell anyone about any of this. Please!"

Claire let out her best sinister laugh. "Not a chance. I'm not finished with you yet." Claire turned around into a sixty nine position, and mashed her pussy into Nikki's face again while she clamped her lips onto her clit. She took hold of the dildo and started thrusting it into Nikki's pussy while her tongue went to work. Nikki let out an agonized moan of reluctant pleasure as she dutifully resumed licking Claire's hot, wet cunt. Claire kept at it until she felt Nikki's body tremble beneath her in unwilling orgasm. Then she got up, turned around to face Nikki again, and squatted over her. "Time for the big finish," she said, taunting the helpless woman.

"Please... no more..." Nikki sobbed, her face completely wet with her tears and Claire's pussy juices. Claire moaned quietly as she relaxed her bladder. Nikki screamed, "Nooooooooooooo!" as the warm piss flowed over her tits. Claire lifted herself up a little and let the golden shower pour over Nikki's collarbone. Nikki turned her head to the side to avoid the stream and cried and wailed, barely noticing the sharp jab of the hypodermic needle in her arm, then her world faded to black...

Nikki awoke with a start, screaming, "No don't!" as she sat up in bed, her arms out in front of her for protection. The sheet fell from her bare breasts as she realized she was back in her hotel room. "What?" she said in confusion.

"Hello, sleepyhead," Claire said from a chair across the room.

"You? How... did I get here?" Her eyes went wide as it started coming back to her, and she shouted, "What the fuck! How could you do that to me?!"

"Oh, it wasn't easy. Not like it's easy for Gruthsorik. I've been letting him fuck me, willingly, eagerly, for so long I tend to forget that the women and girls he usually has his tentacles inside are scared shitless and trying to fight him off not knowing if their lives depend on it. Other than the obvious, that's the major difference between rape play and real rape, you know, knowing or not knowing what's going to be done to you next and what's going to happen to you after, if you're safe or not. I've watched him do it, and I admit I've thought, 'Gee, wouldn't it be interesting to try it myself.' But I'm just not cut out for that level of sadism, to put another person through that hell. I found that out. Watching it and actually being the one dishing out suffering onto a terrified human being are very, very different things. Gruthsorik thrives on it, but he readily admits to being a creature of evil, capable of cruelty without hesitation or shame."

"You *pissed on me!*" Nikki yelled angrily, on the verge of tears again. "And raped me with that strap on! And told me you were keeping me locked up as a sex slave forever."

"Yeah, I lied about that. Instead I stuck you in the arm with a tranquilizer, cleaned you up, and dragged your ass back here. But it had the desired effect. The fear, the panic, fighting back for real. The shattered trust in cases of acquaintance rape. The violation of forced sex isn't pleasant, but those things are the real trauma, aren't they, Doctor. Do you think you can relate to your patients

now?" Claire said coldly. "You came to me. You asked for it. And you clearly weren't getting it from those tentacles."

Nikki looked crestfallen as she realized that Claire was absolutely right. She had set herself up for this, to an extent, by using that as justification for coming here. She remained defiant, though, "I hope you don't expect me to thank you for what you did to me."

Claire stood up and walked to the door. "No. What I expect is for you to learn to be careful what you wish for, and to keep your damn fool nose out of places it doesn't belong! Now go home, you stupid cunt." She left the hotel room, slamming the door behind her to punctuate her message. The whole thing had been a massive annoyance, but at least Gruthsorik had fun, and she learned something about herself too, along with the pointed reminder of just what kind of monster she was keeping in her cell. She headed home, looking forward to a night of searching out lesbian BDSM porn on the internet. After all, the girls in those videos know the agony they are getting into and are completely willing, some even eager. They use safe words and everything. That makes it totally different, right? Maybe watching enough of it would quell these urges she was having...

CHAPTER 12: CAT

Gruthsorik had just settled into his bunk for the night when he heard the Containment Room door open. He stood up, wondering what Claire was doing here so late. She brought the lights up and he got a good look at her. "Ohhh my, what's all this?" he asked.

Claire was dressed in an elaborate costume. A pair of furry clip-on cat ears, black with pink inside, were in her hair. Contact lenses gave her yellow irises with faux vertically slit pupils. Thin black lines representing whiskers were drawn across her cheeks. Caps on her canine teeth turned them into small fangs. A silver jingle bell hung from a black leather choker around her neck. Her top was a black leather lace-up halter top vest, the crisscrossed lacing down the front holding the two sides together tightly. Hers appeared to be a size or two too small though, the gap between the two sides was quite a few inches, leaving no cleavage to the imagination. On her hands she wore fingerless gloves, black with a pink paw print sewn into each palm. Pointed false nails provided her with claws. Her midriff was bare, save for the black leather hip belt from which a two-foot-long furry black cat tail hung in the rear. Tight black spandex low cut pants with a definite camel toe showing led down to black suede ankle boots with two inch heels.

Claire giggled and said, "I was at a costume party."

"Clearly," said Gruthsorik. "Is it Halloween already?"

Claire giggled again and walked unsteadily into the room, the bell tinkled with each step. "All the guys there wanted to take the poor stray kitty home, but kitty didn't want to go with them. Meow!" Her speech was just a little bit slurred.

"Why my dear Dr. Thompson, are you drunk?" Gruthsorik teased.

"Noooo. Well... maybe I shouldn't have been driving. I wonder if the gate guard noticed. Meow!" More giggling. She staggered to the cell door and got it open after a few tries. She dropped to the ground and crawled the length of the entryway on her hands and knees, pausing several times to remove her clothing. First she removed her top, making a big show of playing with the lacing as she undid it, even chewing on it a bit. Then she pulled her boots off and peeled her pants off, confirming that she wasn't wearing panties. She got through the inner door, meowed and giggled some more, then started across the floor on all fours towards Gruthsorik.

"Here, kitty, kitty," he beckoned. A single tentacle extended out and started to drag itself across the floor in the manner of string. Claire lowered herself to the floor, then stuck her ass back up, tail and all, and watched the tentacle intently. As the tentacle came back around in front of her, she wiggled her ass, and then pounced on the end, catching it in her hands. She bit it gently, then licked it several times and took it into her mouth. She sucked on it for a minute or two, then it pulled out of her mouth and moved away across the floor while Claire swatted for it with her hand until it was out of reach.

She watched the tentacle pull up into the air and move back towards her. She rolled onto her back, with her arms and legs curled up against her chest and her hands making loose fists bent forward at the wrists. As the tentacle drifted past her, Claire batted at it with her hands and meowed excitedly. When Gruthsorik was through teasing her with it, it moved down to caress her face, and she cheerfully nuzzled it with her nose and cheeks. Then it ventured down her neck to her breast and coiled around it. More tentacles moved in on her, one went to her other breast while two more gently grasped her legs and pulled them apart. Claire closed her eyes and purred loudly.

She opened her eyes and gasped as tentacles entered her ass and her pussycat pussy, then she let out a long, contented meow. The meows mixed with moaning as the tentacles fucked deep into

her, with a loud meow as second tentacles pushed into both her holes. The bell on her collar jingled constantly as her body was rocked by the tentacles pounding into her. Her tail laid limp on the floor, then a tentacle wrapped around it several times and continued up around her stuffed crotch to her clit. A tentacle drifted down towards her mouth, Claire stuck out her tongue and licked it several times before opening her mouth wide to let it inside.

After several minutes of five tentacles pounding her body, her body arched as she screamed into the tentacle and came. Gruthsorik roared as he pumped her full of his milky demon cum and creamed her face and body. Claire resumed purring as the tentacles withdrew, then she got up on her knees and started to clean herself. With one hand at a time, the other on the floor between her knees, she rubbed a hand over her body or across her face from nose to ear, and then licked it off. She licked her arms as well. When she was finished, she got back on her hands and knees and leaned her head down to the floor. Her tongue darted quickly in and out of her mouth as she licked up the rest of the cum. Finally content, she crawled over to Gruthsorik, put her hands up on his thighs, and made a pleading meow. "What's that, pretty kitty?" he asked. "Oh, I get it." He sat down on the bunk and Claire instantly hopped up into his large lap and curled up. He started to pet her from her head down to her tail, and scratched her head behind her costume ears as well. She purred contently until she fell asleep.

CHAPTER 13: SENATOR

The intercom signal on Claire's computer chimed. "Dr. Thompson? I've got a, well, someone is out here at the gate." It was the guard shack attendant.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"That's just it, Ma'am, she has a generic badge that indicates sufficient clearance to enter, but she won't show me a photo ID."

"Alright, give me a sec here and I'll take a look," Claire said. She summoned the gate security camera to her computer screen, and was surprised to see Senator Lucille Whitman in the driver's seat of the car waiting to be let in. "It's okay, I know who she is and her clearance is genuine. Let her in on my authorization," she said.

"Yes Ma'am," the guard replied.

Claire hurried outside to meet the Senator at her car. "Senator Whitman, good morning, what a pleasant surprise, I wasn't expecting you."

"I'm sorry for dropping in on you unannounced, Dr. Thompson, but this is an unofficial visit," she said.

"Unofficial?" Claire repeated.

"Congress is out of session, I had a free day, and I thought it was high time I came out to see your operation. But I'm not *really* here, if you know what I mean."

"Ah! No problem at all, you're welcome here any time, Senator." Claire looked the Senator over. Though she was a grandmother, she kept in shape and the years had been kind to her. Behind her glasses were cheerful looking hazel eyes. Her wavy gray hair framed a face that was wise with age but not overly wrinkled. Her C-cup breasts had only a hint of sagging. She still wore her wedding ring on her finger. "And how long has it been, Senator, since you lost your husband?" It was good to stay informed about the people that decided on your annual budget.

"Five long, lonely, years," she replied wistfully. Unspoken understanding passed between the two women. "And please, call me Lucy."

"And you call me Claire," she said with a smile. Claire tapped at her computer, activating the system-wide camera swap to the hidden partition. She had actually stopped using it herself. After the threesome stunt Gruthsorik had pulled, with the camera feeding to the normal video logs the whole time, her personal modesty was a lost cause. She'd come to embrace the potential exhibitionist aspect though, the idea that somebody might watch her in the videos, and probably masturbate while doing so, now turned her on. Lucy's visit was off the record though, as Nikki's had been. For Claire's eyes only. "Alright, I've deactivated the building's cameras. Let me give you the tour," she said. Lucy followed her to the entrance. "This is our door security system, you'll see these throughout the building. Here's how it works: look into this, put your thumb here, and eight numbers on the keypad." Lucy did as Claire instructed. "Good. I've set you up with a temporary account that gives you full access to the building and will delete itself tonight. Welcome to the mysteries and wonders of the Institute for Xenobiology and Cryptobiology."

Claire led Lucy through the Institute, showing off the offices, the labs, and the cold storage area where the remains of several decades worth of creatures were kept, and also one Lauren Mayes. "And how is your research on the late Ms. Mayes going?" Lucy asked.

"I was able to determine that her deterioration and death were due to a complex interaction of imbalances in her system," Claire explained. "Something, presumably in the energy transference,

screws up production of various neurotransmitters, hormones, and other things. Normally any one of them or even several would be almost entirely harmless to a person, and most aren't even looked for on common medical tests. All of it together though, in layman's terms I guess you could say it weakens the body's foundation just enough to slowly bring the whole thing down."

"Can you see any potential applications?" Lucy said.

"The generals will be disappointed, no I haven't. Knowing the effects are one thing, but I'm still a long way from figuring out how the transference works for Gruthsorik's benefit or why it has those effects on the human female. However I have managed to develop a regimen of vitamins, supplements, and other drugs that effectively counteracts the effects and keeps everything running like it's supposed to," Claire said, trying to suppress a smile. Even with the pills, she was still limiting herself to three or four times a week, nowhere near what Lauren had been doing but far better than what she'd restricted herself to before. She and Gruthsorik were enjoying themselves immensely.

Finally they arrived at the containment wing. "You picked a good week to come, I actually have a brownie here at the moment," Claire said while opening the door to Containment Room 2.

"A brownie? Little woodland creature, right?" Lucy asked.

"Very good. Also known by about a hundred other names across dozens of languages, including goblin, elf, dwarf, and fairy, in the old days before modern fantasy writers got hold of those terms and gave them more specific meanings. They have various reputations for being friendly, helpful, indifferent, or mischievous towards humans. Guess which one we have here." Lucy chuckled, and Claire continued. "They caught him terrorizing a Boy Scout summer camp. We're letting him stew in here for a while to learn his lesson, then we're going to release him to custody of a brownie colony deep in the forest of one of the national parks."

"I don't see anything," Lucy said, her eyes searching the seemingly empty cell.

"That's their little trick. He's not really invisible, he shows up on the cameras, but the telepathic hypnosis he can put out makes your brain pretend he's not there. He's being a stubborn little bastard. Here, try these," Claire said, handing her a pair of electronic goggles from a table near the door. "The false color visual noise these generate prevent your brain from being able to filter him from view."

"Oh! There he is!" Lucy exclaimed, now viewing the cell through the goggles. "Looks kind of halfway between a child and a midget, doesn't he. What do they— Oh! How rude!" She removed the goggles and placed them back on the table.

"Yeah? Same to you, asshole!" Claire said in the general direction of where Lucy had been looking. "Forget him. Let me show you Containment Room 1, right across the hall." Claire led her out of the room and opened the facing door across the hallway. She let Lucy through in front of her, and stayed in the hall as the door closed. Instantly the grin she'd been holding back spread across her face. Her hand found its way into her panties. She'd been holding that back, too. She hurried off to her office where she could do that more properly while monitoring the camera feeds.

"Hello, what have we here?" Gruthsorik asked as the elderly but still quite attractive woman entered the room and headed straight for the cell entry door.

"I'm Lucy," she said. "A U.S. Senator and Claire's, well, I'm one of her bosses, I guess you could say."

"I'm pleased to meet you then. I am Gruthsorik, as I'm sure you know," he said. By now she had come all the way into the cell.

"Yes, I do. My goodness, I've seen some of the video, but you really are so much more imposing in person."

"You're too kind," he replied.

"And so polite, too!" she said.

Gruthsorik shrugged. "I'm evil, not uncivilized. It amuses me to be polite when the situation allows it. I'm not normally one for social pleasantries, you know."

"And speaking of pleasantries, do you think you can show an old lady a good time, big boy?" she said with a wink in her voice.

"But of course," Gruthsorik answered, his tentacles already extending. Lucy grabbed two of them out of the air and began stroking them. She stopped to undress and then took them back in her hands as the tentacles surrounded her body. As they curled around her breasts, she pulled her legs up, letting her weight settle in to their embrace. The tentacles wrapped around her legs to keep them in place while another went straight for her neatly trimmed pussy.

"Ohhh yes, right there," Lucy moaned as it sank into her. Her eager body shook in orgasm as the tentacle filled her and began fucking while she moaned and screamed encouragement. The next tentacle started into her ass, and she yelled out, "Fuck yes, fill my ass up, give it to me!" Gruthsorik moaned in response to her enthusiasm. She came twice more as the tentacle snaked its way up her rear, Gruthsorik had to admire her endurance as well. As he started massaging her clit and sent a tentacle towards her mouth, she suddenly turned serious again, and in between panting and moaning, she said, "I know what you're capable of. No holding out on me, you hear?"

"Are you sure you can handle it?" Gruthsorik asked.

"When I was much younger, I did shit that would make some porn stars blush. I can handle it," she said with a wide grin, then leaned forward and licked the tentacle hovering in front of her. Her tongue moved around the head, and up and down the shaft, then finally she eased it into her mouth. It pushed in deeper, reaching into her throat, she took it without flinching and Gruthsorik moaned again, amazed at her oral skill. Her hands were a blur, expertly stroking the tentacles in their own tight grip. Clearly she was not to be underestimated after all. Her stuffed mouth screamed in pleasure as the fourth tentacle thrust into her sopping wet pussy and the fifth rammed into her asshole. The tentacles roughly assaulted her body and she began to thrash as the most powerful orgasm so far racked through her. Gruthsorik screamed as his fired his load, and the rush of cum over and into her made Lucy cum again immediately.

Lucy managed to find her way to Claire's office, where Claire was trying very hard to look like she knew perfectly well what Lucy had been doing but hadn't been stuffing a pair of vibrators into herself while watching it happen. "Lucy! How was your tour?" she asked.

"It was very..." Lucy trailed off, searching for a word. Only naughty ones were coming to mind.

"Yes, I'm sure it was," Claire said with a wry grin, noting that Lucy looked more relaxed and satisfied than she'd ever seen her before. "I'm afraid we've missed lunchtime, but please allow me to take you out for dinner." Going to a public restaurant would be helpful, it would keep them from talking about awkward and inappropriate things until Lucy had to leave to catch her flight.

"Oh my, was I in there that long? Yes, that would be lovely, thank you," Lucy said. In fact she had been in there that long, resting and going back to Gruthsorik for more several times. At least Claire didn't have to worry about all that cum Lucy took inside her, she was well past her childbearing years. Claire hoped her own sex drive and general energy level would still be that

strong when she reached that age.

CHAPTER 14: WOLF

The phone woke her up. Claire sighed, another night of sleep cut short. She picked up the receiver and put it to her ear. "Hello."

"Dr. Thompson, it's Colonel Jeffers. We've got an inbound lycanthrope for you."

"Oh really? Haven't seen one of those in a while," Claire said. "Okay, I'll meet you there." Of course real werewolves bear little resemblance to the popular Hollywoodized version of the lore (and vampire lore was even more inaccurate). The cryptid shape-shifting gene had somehow attached itself to a retrovirus, and then it managed to pick up a large portion of the genome of a predatory animal. The wolf, naturally, but in other areas of the world the process had duplicated itself with a few big cats, giving rise to African legends of werepanthers and the like.

Now, certainly wolves are nocturnal predators, but the full moon has no bearing on anything, just like bats and other bloodsucking fauna aren't harmed by sunlight and show up in mirrors perfectly well. Werewolfism usually manifests itself in an infected individual as a sort of sleep disorder. Rather than a human sleep walking, they would become the beast, go out prowling, and wake up in the morning remembering almost nothing, like a dream. More rarely it worked on an emotional trigger, similar to the Incredible Hulk of comic book fame. Extreme agitation, anger, fear or pain could bring on the transformation. The Institute scientists had wondered if a man afflicted long enough could ever attain conscious control over his wolf side, but no example of this had yet been found. Once they developed a treatment to block the virus and the military trackers figured out what signs to look for in media and police reports for an active werewolf, none ever lasted long enough to even attempt that sort of control.

A new werewolf popped up on their radar every now and then, so a supply of the counteragent was kept ready to go in cold storage in the Institute lab. One injection and the wolfman would be "cured", although procedure was to keep them overnight for observation before sending them home with a warning to never talk about what happened to them with anybody, save the government-provided counselor. The treatment had to be readministered every six months to keep the virus in check, something that was strictly overseen by the military. The afflicted also could never donate blood, though fortunately the virus was not sexually transmitted nor passed to offspring, and saliva-borne only while in wolf form.

Claire had stopped in the lab to prepare the syringe of counteragent while Jeffers and his men delivered their gurney to Containment Room 2. Suddenly she heard shots being fired and a loud roar. Shit. Those idiots, she thought they'd learned their lesson about giving an extra dose of tranquilizer to the ones that look like they could rip your head off. Now they'd fucked it up royally. If they were lucky, they would manage to pump the creature full of enough bullets to bring it down before it got loose in the building, and she would have a corpse to deal with rather than a catch and release. Failing that, her best chance to survive intact was to get to the armory and gear up as soon as the injection was ready.

She emerged from the lab into the hallway and made a dash for the gun supply. She stopped short as the werewolf leapt out from around the corner at the end of the hall and turned to face her. Claire's scent must have led it straight to her. Bloodthirsty eyes stared at her over a furry snout. Wolfmen stand erect like the human they turn from, but the legs are restructured in a way that greatly enhances running speed. outrunning a werewolf is not an option.

"Shit!" Claire hissed, then started slowly backing away. The werewolf followed, walking

towards her. Claire started moving faster, then turned and started running, and the wolf followed suit. The end of the hallway she was running towards had a security door though. There wasn't time to get through it, it may as well have been a dead end. She realized she was going to die. She held up her arms to brace her sudden stop against the door, then spun around and dropped to the floor, arms still up in an instinctual protective position even though they weren't going to do any good. The werewolf was right in front of her now, she saw it pounce, leaping into the air with sharp claws forwards and its mouth, full of sharper teeth, wide open. She shut her eyes and cringed in preparation for the jaws that were about to clamp down into her flesh.

A second went by. Then another. She should be screaming in pain by now. She opened her eyes. The deadly jaws snapped at nothing but air mere inches away from her, while the wolf snarled in frustration at being denied its prey. She realized it couldn't reach her for some reason. Her eyes looked to the side and saw a familiar tentacle wrapped around the wolf's furry wrist, pulling its arm back. In fact both arms and both legs were restrained by tentacles. Another tentacle circled the monster's midsection, pulled tight, and plucked it off the ground into the air. "Gruthsorik!" she called out in grateful surprise, finally having processed why she wasn't dead.

"Thank Satan I reached you in time," Gruthsorik said, visibly relieved.

"But... how did you...?" Claire stammered.

"After the gunfire stopped, wolfy here broke down the door into my room and tried to attack me," the demon said. "Oh, you're a feisty one! It's actually difficult to keep you spread!" Claire could see that the werewolf was putting up quite a fight. Gruthsorik wasn't losing his grip, but was evenly matched in the tug of war between limbs and tentacles. She watched as another tentacle disappeared into the wolf's furry crotch. The beast roared in protest.

"It's a female!" Claire realized.

"Of course she is. You didn't know?" Gruthsorik said. "Anyway, when she discovered she couldn't get to me she started to attack my cell with the door she had smashed in. She was actually making progress, but she gave up and took off down the hallway. I managed to finish the job and followed her. This is incredible! I'm getting sheer hunger and rage off of her, nothing else. And yet it's somehow faint, like it's behind a wall or something." Another tentacle maneuvered in under the wolf's tail and entered her asshole. She roared again.

"The human consciousness is obviously submerged when the werewolf is active. Maybe you need that acting as a conduit when you feed," Claire said. Things like fear, pain, and lust are lower brain functions common to most of the animal kingdom. But if Gruthsorik was unable to tap into that directly, it explained his limited choice of prey. "That's why you only attack humans. It wouldn't work on animals." She couldn't keep her eyes off the werewolf as it was raped by the tentacles. It was probably the most unlikely thing she would ever see in a lifetime of unlikely things. The wolf was actually struggling a little less now, and its snarling had settled into a regular rhythm. Then she threw her head back and howled.

"That's a good girl," Gruthsorik said. "And here I thought we were done learning new things about me. If you'd asked me about it before, I would have just said that only human girls are sexy enough."

"What about her?" Claire asked.

"Nah. Are you kidding? She's a real dog. Woof woof." They both smiled at that. However, just then the wolf began to change. The snout shrank back into a normal human nose and chin. The large, pointed predator's ears returned to a small and rounded shape. Her tail vanished back into her rear and her animalistic digitigrade feet returned to normal. The roars and snarls gave way to

screams and moans. The gray fur covering her body faded away, leaving a beautiful young woman. "I take it back, she's very fuckable after all," Gruthsorik said. Her screams became muffled as a tentacle dove into her mouth. Not long after that, her body shook as she came, followed by Gruthsorik, who gave a roar of his own and filled and sprayed the former wolfgirl with his cum. The woman whimpered and promptly passed out, and Gruthsorik laid her down on the floor. Claire wiped a spot on her arm clean, pulled the syringe from her pocket, and administered the treatment.

With the excitement over, Claire leaned back against the wall and started to process the enormity of the situation. "You... you saved me. Thank you," she said, sounding astonished.

"How could I do otherwise? You've been so nice to me here. I would have hated seeing you torn up like those soldiers," Gruthsorik replied.

"Oh God, the soldiers!" Claire said. "If any of them survived they need medical attention immediately. I need to go help them!" She stood up and started towards the Containment wing, then stopped short. She had just realized something. She turned back to Gruthsorik. "You have to leave now, don't you," she said, crestfallen. Now that he was out of the cell, the rest of the doors and the fence outside wouldn't be able to hold him in.

Gruthsorik stepped closer and got down on one knee to speak to her face to face. "I wish... that I could have stayed here... with you, for a long, long time."

"Me too. But I won't be here forever, while you don't age, and you may never have this good an opportunity to escape again," Claire said regretfully. Her retirement was so far off that she hadn't even thought about what it meant for him. Her replacement might not be so accommodating, or possibly not even a woman. Odds were he would end up headed for the dissection table, or worse. She would have protested to no avail and then probably would have done something stupid like trying to stage an escape for him, and they probably would have been ready for it, dooming Claire as well as Gruthsorik. No, he had to take the opportunity now while it was available.

Gruthsorik put his hands on her shoulders and stared into her eyes. "Claire Thompson, I will remember you fondly, always."

"And I you," she replied wistfully. A long moment passed between them, then the demon stood.

"Go to them, they need you," he said. Claire nodded and ran down the hallway. Before turning the corner she stopped to look back. He was already gone. Only the cum-covered girl on the floor remained.

CHAPTER 15: HOUSEGUEST

Claire arrived home well after dark and dropped into her easy chair. What a day. Half the soldiers were dead on the scene, another died hours later in the base's infirmary. The rest were in serious condition but were expected to recover eventually, though one of them with only one leg. He would probably have to tell people he stepped on a landmine overseas. They were also infected with the werewolf virus and would have to start taking the vaccine. Claire was credited with saving their lives.

They took the girl to the base too, Claire wanted the staff counselor on hand just in case she remembered coming out of wolf form with demon tentacles inside her. Fortunately, she remembered it only as one remembers a dream, faintly and not for long. As usual with these cases Claire had trouble convincing her that she had even been a werewolf, though at Claire's prompting she was able to recount the deep bite she had received from a "large wild animal" a year and a half prior. It put her in the hospital, though the wound had healed remarkably quickly and didn't even leave a permanent scar. Typical shape-shifting gene behavior. She would be on her way back home in the morning, none the worse for wear, though with the standard follow-up sessions with a military counselor in her future. Probably Nikki Sabimura, in fact.

And then there was the paperwork, oh God. With the routine stuff it was bad enough, with this cluster fuck to report it was a nightmare. The doorbell rang. "Who in the world...?" she wondered aloud. She went to the front door and opened it. A fairly nondescript man she'd never seen before stood outside. "What do you want?" she said, a little too harshly.

"Oh, I was in the area and just thought I'd drop by," the man said, his eyes glowing red and a hint of horns starting to emerge from his forehead.

"Gruthsorik!" Claire gasped and then leapt into his arms. She wrapped her legs around his waist and kissed him deeply. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. She could feel him changing beneath her, his faux clothing fading into demon flesh, his tongue becoming pointed as it danced with hers. After several minutes of hot and heavy kissing, he began moving his kisses down her neck. She moaned in response, leaned back and swiftly removed her blouse and bra. She leaned into him again and his lips made their way down her collarbone to her luscious breasts. She moaned again as he licked and sucked them.

It wasn't much longer before her pussy was sopping wet. As if reading her mind, Gruthsorik moved his hands from her back to her ass and pushed upwards, encouraging her. She released her legs and with a little help pulled herself up onto one of his wide shoulders. She reached down and with only a little difficulty pulled her skirt and panties off. She flipped around and draped one leg over each shoulder, bringing her pussy to his eager mouth. It was a good thing she had a high ceiling. His tongue moved over her clit with fantastic skill. Claire's moans grew louder, almost screams, and she grabbed his horns and pulled his face tighter to her cunt. "Fuck yes! Lick it, lick my pussy! Oh fuuuuuck!" she yelled, and then she came hard, her juices coating Gruthsorik's face.

Once she caught her breath, Claire said, "God, I needed that. And now I need you inside me." In moments she was wrapped with tentacles that pulled her down from Gruthsorik's face. "Yeeeessssssss," she hissed as four of them entered her pussy and ass. "How did you find out where I live, anyway?"

"Oh, that was easy enough, you're in the phone book," Gruthsorik said. "Finding a phone book these days, that was the hard part." Claire tried to laugh but a long moan came out instead. She left her mouth wide open to accept the tentacle that dove inside. Gruthsorik carried her further

into the house as his tentacles pounded her holes. They moaned together as the orgasm built up inside her and released. Her body shook as his cum poured out over it. He sat down on the couch and lowered her into his lap. She snuggled against him as the tentacles retracted from her mouth and body. However the four in her ass and pussy stayed nice and cozy where they were as the pair rested.

"Say, just how deep inside can you go, anyway?" Claire wondered. The tentacles in her pussy stirred in response. One slid out while the other pushed hard against the back of her inner depths. Claire grunted in pain as it hit a tender spot. Her cervix, obviously.

"That was the entrance to your womb, of course," Gruthsorik said. "I generally avoid direct pressure there since a lot of women can't tolerate it being touched most of the time. If I wanted to go deeper, it would have to be through there, but I don't think I actually could without causing damage."

"You aren't kidding about that," Claire said. The only time anything larger than sperm can go through there safely is during or just after labor, and his demonstration had been somewhat unpleasant. Certainly his tentacles had touched it before without offense, but this was the first time one had jabbed directly against it. "Please don't do that again. No, wait," Claire paused, her mind racing. "Yes. Do it again."

"What?" Gruthsorik asked, puzzled by the request.

"Every time you've fucked me I've been completely willing. I've never experienced it as the victim that doesn't like what's being done to her. And we know from experience I can't just pretend." She turned to look into his eyes. "So do it. Hurt me," she said in a pleading whisper like a classic masochist painslut girl begging for what she craved. A moment passed as Gruthsorik considered it, then the tentacle slammed into her cervix again. Claire cringed and grunted as it began a steady rhythm assaulting the entrance to her womb.

She got what she asked for, it was painful. Her eyes started watering. She wasn't sure if it was two minutes or ten, but finally she couldn't take anymore and decided to cry uncle. She reached for the tentacle to grab it and pull it out, saying "Okay, that's enough. Stop." It was just out of reach though, the tentacles that suddenly grabbed her wrists saw to that. "No! No don't! Noooooooooo!" she shouted as they forcefully pulled her arms above her head, easily overwhelming her resistance. Shit. She *had* asked for this, hadn't she. Shit, shit, shit. Be careful what you wish for, indeed. That, and always arrange a safe word. Tentacles took hold of her legs before she could even attempt to close them. They wrapped around her body and hoisted her into the air like every other girl that struggled futilely against them.

"Since you asked, I only go as far as I do into up the ass because I need a straight passage for rapid fucking," Gruthsorik said as one of the tentacles inside her rear pulled out. "But if I take it slow, I'm sure I can reach much deeper. Shall we find out together?" He didn't wait for an answer as the remaining tentacle started pushing further in, turning the corner as it followed the path of her insides.

"Ughhh, Jesus Christ," Claire muttered as the tentacle slowly wound its way through her guts. It wasn't a sharp pain, but she imagined it felt like every gastrointestinal problem in existence, simultaneously, and there was plenty of sharp pain from the brutal pounding her cervix was taking. She felt it inside, somehow it managed to eventually make it all the way around to her appendix, and slowly but steadily the entire length moved a few inches back and forth in her bowel. She tried to keep it together. She tried to channel her distress into arousal and pain into pleasure. She tried to be better than all those girls he raped that actually didn't go through anything near this. But she heard

her voice anyway, broken and sobbing, yelling, "Stop! Please, please stop! Please!"

A pair of tentacles moved to her breasts. This was not the usual pleasant fondling or gentle squeezing, instead they wrapped around the base of her tits and pulled tight, very tight. She felt the acute pain of some of the blood circulation getting cut off as her breasts bulged out in an unnatural shape beyond the constricting demon members. The one small favor to her ravaged body was that the tentacles lacked the ability to clamp down on her nipples.

She saw the tentacle heading towards her tear-streaked face. Oh no. Fuck, no. She turned her head away and shut her mouth tight. She knew it was useless to resist. It would only gain her ten seconds or so more before the inevitable. She desperately wanted those ten seconds though. The tentacles grabbed her head and forced her to accept their brother into her throat while she howled in protest.

"You know what they say about girls with no gag reflex," Gruthsorik said after releasing her head. "You've gotten very good at suppressing yours, and I've enjoyed that very much by the way, but you're not all the way there." Claire whimpered through her stuffed mouth as the tentacle pushed in too deep and stayed there for too long. Her stomach churned. It had nowhere to go, however. The tentacle was stronger than her vomit reflex. It turns out the only thing worse than throwing up is not being able to. Her lungs started hurting for oxygen, too. Just about everything hurt now.

She hadn't heard Gruthsorik panting, grunting, and moaning as loud as he was since the three-way with Lauren. Finally he screamed out in pleasure as the tentacles unleashed their load on her. The one in her pussy pressed hard against her cervix as it fired its cum. She wondered if it managed to pour straight into her womb. Cum was definitely unloading directly into her stomach. She conjured a mental image of it filling her small intestine and gushing into her stomach from the lower end as well. A strange sense of light-headed euphoria hit her, but it was the more the oxygen depravation than the eroticism of the wonderful gooey demon seed causing it.

Gruthsorik quickly brought her back down to the floor in a kneeling position and started to withdraw his tentacles. As soon as her mouth was clear she barfed all over herself. It mixed with the demon cum from her tits down to her pussy. Her total humiliation was complete. Gruthsorik closed his eyes and moaned softly. Of course he would feed on that too. Pleasure was his delicacy but misery was his staple. She wanted to be mad at him, she wanted to cuss him out for not stopping when she begged him to, but she didn't have it in her. Having no sympathy for the pain and the pleas of women was his total existence, and that had been levels of pain as new to him as they had been to her. "Was it... good for you?" she croaked out after several deep breaths. A stupid question, but she needed to hear it from him, that her sexual torture had been worth something.

He looked unsure, maybe even a bit regretful. "Yes, of course it was, but... it's the first time I've felt guilty about it."

CHAPTER 16: FINALE

Claire sank down into the majestic reef. Beautiful tropical fish swam among the colorful coral. She kicked her flippered feet and swam forward, taking in the view. The warm sun shone down through the clear water, feeling wonderful against her skin, clad only in scuba gear and the tiniest bikini she could find and still qualify for swimming areas that weren't nude beaches. A friendly dolphin swam up and chattered a greeting. She reached out and pet its snout. A giant sea turtle swam past and she grabbed hold of its shell and took it for a ride for a minute or two.

An octopus wanted to play next. She reached out to touch it and it wrapped its sucker-covered arm around her wrist. She smiled behind her breathing mask. Then it grabbed her other wrist too. How cute, what a tame fellow this was. She stopped smiling when it swam over her head to get behind her, pulling her arms up and back, and took hold of her legs as well. She struggled as it pulled her down into the seaweed.

She felt tiny legs skittering over her skin and watched as a pair of crabs easily snatched both pieces of her bikini away and made off with them. An eel swam towards her helpless naked form. A rush of bubbles floating up from her mask signified her scream as it made a beeline for her crotch. It entered her pussy and squirmed deep inside. The starfish that were stuck to her breasts—when did those get there?—squeezed them hard. She moved from fear to panic when the second eel appeared. She felt it push easily past her asshole and far up her rear passage.

Her rapid but deep breaths through the scuba mask echoed in her ears. These kind of sea creatures never attack humans, what was going on? Don't stop. She needed to get free before she ran out of air down here. Please, more. How could the whole ocean turn against her? Yesssss, harder, faster, almost there...

Her eyes opened while she was already screaming in orgasm. Within moments, Gruthsorik's hands tightened on her breasts as he also came. She felt his cum erupting into her ass and pussy via the four tentacles inside. She remembered now. She was so sore last night that she could barely move. Gruthsorik had helped her get cleaned up and then went to bed with her. Daylight was visible through the windows now. Her back was pressed up against his chest, they were "spooning" to the extent they could given their height difference.

Claire gave off a short moan of approval and said, "Good morning," in that playful way that a woman does when waking up in bed with a particular guy for the first time.

"And good morning to you," Gruthsorik said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Oh yes, especially right at the end there," she said. She snuggled against his body, enjoying the feeling of the cum and tentacles still deep within her. Mother fuck, she was hungry though. She hated to break this perfect moment for something as mundane as food. Then she had a deliciously wicked idea. "Would you be a dear and do me a favor?" she asked.

"Certainly. Just name it," the demon said.

"Do exactly as I say, no additions. Go into my kitchen, get two slices of bread out of the fridge, put them in the toaster and turn it on. Then get a bowl from the cupboard and a spoon from the drawer. Grab some cereal from the pantry and pour it into the bowl. Put the toast on a plate when it's done and bring it all back here."

"Alright. I'll be right back," Gruthsorik said, his tentacles withdrawing from inside her. She clamped her hands down over her pussy and ass as soon as they pulled free. A few minutes later, Gruthsorik returned with the food. "I brought what you asked, but aren't these supposed to have

butter and milk or something?"

"I've got it taken care of. Put them on the bed, please." He set them down on the bed and Claire knelt over them, then took her hands away from between her legs. Twin double loads of demon spunk poured out over the cereal and toast. She moaned as she worked her muscles, squeezing out every drop she could. Then she sat back and ate a bite of toast and a spoonful of the cereal. She moaned again and said, "You make the most wonderful breakfast." She ate every last bite and then licked the plate and bowl clean for good measure. She dropped back onto her pillow and lazily slid her fingers into her pussy, then brought them to her mouth and licked them. "There's one thing I'm still curious about."

"Oh? What's that?" Gruthsorik asked.

"Your name," she said, then paused to run her tongue across her fingers before dipping them into her pussy again. "You never told me about it."

"There's not much to tell," he said. "A long time ago, when demons and the other nonhuman races were still common, I had some... acquaintances among them. It's what they called me. I don't remember who gave it to me. It's not even how it's properly pronounced, just the closest thing to it your phonetic system can manage."

"A demon language?" Claire said, before putting her fingers into her mouth.

"One that was ancient but already falling out of use as far back as I can remember. I've got a good ear for learning languages, but I never heard enough of it to get a handle on it. Just scattered words and phrases, and a lot of names."

Her fingers slid out of her mouth with a smack. "That's fascinating though. An entirely unknown language, and probably a corresponding culture, that possibly predates human history."

"Before my time," he said, "and some things are better off forgotten."

"Time? Wait, what time is it?" She turned to check her bedside clock. "Dammit. I'd better call in." She withdrew her fingers from her pussy again, got out of bed and walked naked out into her house while continuing to lick them off. She went to where she'd left her tablet computer the night before. She looked up the guard shack's external phone number and dialed her phone. "Hello? Yes, it's me. Listen, after the incident yesterday a Core of Engineers crew should be in to repair the damage. Yes. I want to keep us out of each other's hair and I have nothing pressing going on there so I'm going to work out of my house today. You know how to reach me. Okay, thanks." She hung up the phone and saw that Gruthsorik had followed her out. "That's done. Now for this," she said.

She tapped away at the computer for several minutes, and when she was satisfied she dug around in her purse and retrieved a USB flash drive. She plugged it into the computer and saved a file to it. She removed the drive and held it up for Gruthsorik to see. "This is for you."

"Thank you. What is it?" He asked.

"It's the recipe for the pharmaceutical cocktail I created to keep myself healthy even though I've been fucking you constantly. Just in case someone else needs it someday," she said with a wink and a smile, and set the drive down on a table. She had also just added a contraceptive drug mix to the list just to make sure, and a dire but unspecific warning against adding any new girls to the situation without starting them on the treatment first. She was happy to be an enabler, but she couldn't let this out without the necessary safeguards.

Claire's face turned serious as she said, "Listen, I can't tell you how much I would love to keep you here, but it won't be too long before somebody else realizes that too and sends a capture team here to check for you. They'll also start tracking my movements to see if I've got you stashed somewhere else or plans to meet up with you. Hell, there's probably going to be a tap on my phones

and someone reading my mail for the rest of my life. Even if... even if I left with you right now, because of the secrets I know, it would escalate the hunt from black ops to every possible resource at all levels of law enforcement nationwide. There's no scenario in which I could evade them for long. Alone, you have a chance.

"When you go, get as far away as you can as fast as you can. You should probably leave the country, but don't tell me where, and not Mexico. It's too close, too obvious. They know to look for you now, rape cases with unusual details will be scrutinized. Especially now, while the trail is still warm, they'll be tracking every reported rape and assault in the country, so try to hold out as long as you can."

"How long do we have?" Gruthsorik said, nodding.

"We should be safe for the rest of today. Beyond that I wouldn't want to risk it." It would take at least that long for her reports to filter up to people who were allowed to read them, for them to wonder if she might not be objective any more when it came to Gruthsorik, and for the order to scrutinize her in the hope of catching him to come back down the pipeline.

"Then we'd better make good use of the time we have," he said.

She grinned devilishly in agreement. "But first, I need a shower." She walked back towards her bedroom, then stopped, looked back over her shoulder, and motioned with her finger. "Well, come on."

She stepped into her shower, but didn't turn the water on. She turned back around to face Gruthsorik. "Now fuck me, but when you need to cum, pull everything away and put them up here," she said, motioning to the showerhead. Gruthsorik grinned and instantly his dozen tentacles rushed into the shower and took possession of her body. She moaned as the thrusting demon flesh pounded back and forth deep inside her. She licked and sucked the tentacle in her mouth. She felt them dancing over her clit and nipples. Her body went tense as her muffled scream announced her orgasm. Quick as a flash, the tentacles left her body. She reached out to the wall to steady herself as she closed her eyes and turned her face towards the showerhead. She heard Gruthsorik scream as a torrent of cum washed down onto her. She moaned as she felt it running down her body, over her breasts, down her back, over her pussy, between her ass cheeks, down her legs. She raised her hands to her hair and kneaded it in like shampoo, then ran them all over herself, rubbing it into her skin, moaning all the while.

She wiped her eyes clear and turned, opened then and flashed a huge gooey smile at Gruthsorik. "There. All clean." Her pussy dripped at the irony. She was no such thing. In fact, she'd never felt so dirty in her life and she loved it. Gruthsorik smiled back and chuckled. Claire's eyes fell upon a new idea. "Say, have you ever used that on a girl?"

"What?" he asked, confused.

"This," she said as she took hold of his tail. It had a limited range of motion and was certainly nowhere near prehensile like the tentacles, but was strong and tapered to a promising looking point.

"No, I... that's never even occurred to me," he said. Claire had already hopped up to sit on the countertop and spread her legs. She took hold of the tail and maneuvered it into her pussy. With two hands she eased it in deeper as its thickness increased. "Ohhh. That's... very interesting," Gruthsorik mused. He began to move his hips forward and back, letting his tail slide in and out of her soaking wet pussy. With that help she was able to manage it with one hand and moved the other hand to her clit. Her moans built in intensity until finally she screamed and came.

The only time they spent over the course of the day not fucking was recuperating in between fucking. Also a few breaks for Claire to eat some food, with Gruthsorik's special sauce added of course. Now, though, she was in her bedroom alone, fulfilling a request that he had made. She took a shower, a real one this time, and spent a little extra time fixing her hair. She didn't have much by way of fancy lingerie, makeup, or jewelry, but what she did have she made use of. She put on an old bridesmaid dress that fortunately still fit better than she expected.

Once finished, she stepped out into the main room where Gruthsorik awaited. He let out a low whistle and said, "You clean up well, Dr. Thompson." It was of course an understatement. She was gorgeous. She looked him over in return. He had taken a human form again, but rather than the usual forgettable nobody he was devastatingly handsome and had garbed himself in a reasonable facsimile of a tuxedo.

"So do you," she said, resisting the urge to demand that he take her now.

He started some music on her stereo, something soft and romantic he'd found, and offered his hand to her. "May I have this dance?" She took his hand and they danced slowly around the room, holding each other close. Actually, neither of them knew any proper dance steps, but they faked it pretty well. After a couple songs he led her by the hand back to her bedroom. They sat down on the bed and kissed tenderly for a long while. Claire wanted to throw him down on the bed, strip, and jump on him, but she waited for him to reach behind her and slowly pull her zipper down.

She stood up and eased the dress to the floor revealing the sexy black lacy lingerie. He pulled her back down to the bed and started kissing across the newly exposed flesh. Claire moaned and said, "You're amazingly good at foreplay considering your usual idea of it is to tie a girl up and rip her clothes off."

"I'm even surprising myself," Gruthsorik replied. He altered his own appearance to similarly be in a state of half dress, just down to the tuxedo shirt and underwear. He kissed her breasts and eased her bra off, giving his lips access to her nipples. Eventually he started moving slowly down her body. When he reached her legs she moaned, spread them, and laid back on the bed. He teased her thighs, gently and briefly brushing his lips over her panties as he switched back and forth between them. Finally he raised her legs up and pulled the panties down their length ever so slowly. Then he went right back to teasing her thighs. She squirmed in anticipation and began playing with her breasts.

At long last Claire felt Gruthsorik's tongue breech her pussy lips. She moaned loudly as he licked and sucked her clit. "Yessssss, suck my pussy, oh God you're so good at this," she said. If only every guy could telepathically read a woman's pleasure responses, she thought. She screamed as she came. He climbed into the bed, also "naked" now, his firm, muscled chest completed the image of the delicious hunk of man that had set her desires burning and her pussy gushing. His hard cock was actually only a little above average size, he was really playing this one straight. He laid down on top of her and eased it into her waiting cunt. Only a tentacle demon could find missionary position a new and novel experience. That didn't matter though. What mattered was having him inside her.

He fucked her slowly and sensually, his warm body tight against hers. "Ohhhh fuck, I didn't know this way could still feel so good," Claire exclaimed. Her orgasm built tantalizingly slowly but erupted strong. Gruthsorik moved back down and ate her pussy again, and after bringing her off again he returned to missionary. When she came once more she convinced him to be a little more adventuresome and climbed on top of him for a sixty-nine. She enjoyed the feeling of dick in her mouth while his tongue worked its magic again. After that, she slid her wet pussy down onto his rod

and rode him cowgirl, but slowly and deliberately, preserving the theme.

He had lamented that he never gets to see and experience women looking their best, as they don't get dressed up and then go somewhere alone and isolated. At best he would find girls dressed for clubbing, or like whores (many of them actual whores), but that was an entirely different kind of sexy, with no elegance to it. He said maybe just once it would be nice to treat a lady the way a lady ought to be treated. Or maybe, Claire thought, he wanted just once to treat her like a lady.

"So was it everything you were hoping for?" Claire asked when they were finished, their limbs tangled together and his cock still firm inside her.

"Mmm, that and more," he said, and kissed her.

Claire giggled. "So you enjoyed slumming it like a human."

"Let's just say it was quite an interesting and memorable experience," he said.

"How about now we treat a nympho slut the way a nympho slut needs to be treated," she said. "I want to experience my demon some more." Gruthsorik smiled and got out of the bed. His cock, however, did not leave her pussy. In fact it pushed in deeper as its length extended from his body. Claire pulled her legs up against her body and took hold of her ankles to expose her pussy and ass to the three tentacles that were moving in to join the first. He growled as his body resumed its large, fierce demon shape. The tentacles filled her up, and pounded her fast and hard. Two more tentacles grabbed her legs, allowing her to drop her hands to her tits. She squeezed them tightly and pinched her nipples while yelling encouragement to her beastly lover.

It was taking way too long. It never took this long. She craved another orgasm, she needed to cum. She could feel it deep inside waiting to burst but she couldn't coax it out. "More," she cried out in between moans. "I need more. Please, give me more!" Her screams reached a new intensity as Gruthsorik responded by pushing another tentacle into both her pussy and her ass. Her arms flew out to her sides and she clutched tightly at the bed sheets as the six tentacles rammed into her over and over. The pleasure was intense but still she wasn't cumming.

"More!" she begged. "More! More!" She shrieked as a fourth tentacle jammed deep into her pussy. Her body rocked with the force of seven tentacles thrusting back and forth deep inside her. She could hear Gruthsorik grunting and moaning at the intensity they both felt from it. Getting there. The orgasm was so close she could almost touch it. So close but still just out of reach.

"More! Moooooore!" As the fifth tentacle forced itself into her pussy, her screams shot up an octave and her body exploded. Everything went white, then black.

Claire wasn't sure if she had opened her eyes or not. Wait, yes, they were open, it was just dark in the room. How long had it been since she blacked out? Her body trembled and her pussy and ass tingled with memory of the orgasm. Wow. That one had been beyond words. She had to peel herself up off of her sheets, made sticky due to her sweat and the river of cum that had no doubt flowed out of her holes.

She stumbled to the light switch on wobbly legs and turned it on. She was alone. She made her way into the main area of the house and checked the table where she had left the flash drive. It was gone, but in its place was a handwritten note: "Claire, I've never said good-bye to anybody in my entire life and now I'm saying it to you for the second time. Thank you for everything you have done for me. You are an amazing woman. Be well." She smiled and a single tear rolled down her cheek.

THE END

—With apologies to Ms. Rice for the title
and thanks to all those who helped inspired this.

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