

Persy awoke to the feeling of falling, but there was only the familiar embrace of her own plush mattress beneath her.

She lay still, feeling her heartbeat ebb back to its resting pace, eyes obstinately shut against the unbidden interruption as she willed herself back toward slumber. No way she was going to lay awake half the night and drag herself to practice like a zombie. Not again.

"Salutations!"

She started, eyes snapping open and then widening at the sight that greeted her. It was a blank white chamber, the kind you associated with labcoats and disinfectant, unadorned but for a rectangular pane of glass in the far wall. A figure hovered before her, one leg crossed over the other as if she were sitting on an invisible chair. Her skin was bright red and her hair a glossy black, and curved horns sprouted from the crown of her head. She wore the promised labcoat, pinned about her figure in a way that somehow seemed more scandalous than if she were simply nude.

"You seem to be quite conscious already," she continued. "This further reinforces observed patterns." Her tone was professional, matter-of-fact, yet with a honeyed undercurrent that Persy couldn't help imagine might sweep her away if only the demon—she hadn't introduced herself as such, but if it quacks like a duck—willed it. The apparition snapped her finger and a clipboard appeared with a puff of smoke, and she busied herself jotting something down on it.

"We'll begin testing soon enough, if you don't mind answering a few questions first," she continued, lifting her eyes back up toward Persy. "Subjects seem quite commonly disoriented at this stage, so feel free to make any inquiries which may alleviate your concerns."

Persy scooted backward and drew her legs up to her chest, feeling totally naked. She wasn't; the white t-shirt and blue panties that made up her nightwear still clung to her athletic form. But it was hardly the sort of attire she imagined making a good first impression in. To make matters worse, the freedom of her bid for modesty called to her attention to the stark absence of her covers, denying her any further attempts at concealment. For a moment she simply looked the succubus up and down, trying to make heads or tails of what her eyes and ears were telling her.

"Who the fuck are you?" she blurted out at last. "And where the fuck am I?"

"Oh!" The demon started in sudden remembrance, and continued on rather quicker than before. "I neglected to establish the customary exchange of identities. My true name is not to be shared, but some find it pleasing to address

me as Lily. Your examiner is the esteemed—" she made a sound like splintering bone, "—who is remaining concealed to your mundane senses at this time in order to more closely approximate a field-accurate scenario."

Persy turned her head about all the same, and felt the sudden cutting gaze of something that didn't need eyes to see. So strong was the presence that she knew without a doubt that it was directly beneath her. The feeling swiftly passed and she looked back to the demon, who resumed her enthusiastic exposition.

"Welcome to the Paranormal Research Institute," Lily said. "We're the researchers, not you," she added quickly. "We are, as you might be fond of saying, 'The things that go bump in the night.' Subjects have thus far shown mental and even physical discomfort at our efforts to properly convey the metaphysical topology involved, so in interests of your comfort I will briefly summarize the principles at play."

Persy rather doubted that.

"Emotions make up the physical framework of this realm as they support the mental framework of your own; when pressure is applied correctly on this side of the boundary and meets a sufficient response from yours, the resulting eddies can coalesce into a momentary breach of the barriers that separate us. The simulated realities experienced in your somnolence are particularly efficacious in reducing the friction involved in this process. While we often find it difficult to maintain consistent presence in your world due to the effects we tend to inspire on that emotional framework, the ever-increasing numbers of your kind have thinned reality in places enough to support transference of your forms into our own domain instead."

Persy's head was spinning, and not from fatigue. There was a... thing beneath her bed, if it even was her bed, and that was the least of it. A demon with a clipboard of all things was using words like 'somnolence' to imply that she'd been kidnapped into her magical realm, and she was convincing enough to almost believe for all she went on about it. And cherry on top of it all, said apparition was now stowing her pen seductively behind one ear. How the hell did you seductively put a pen away?

"Can I wake up now?" Persy said. "Please?"

"You will find you are quite awake already!" Lily said, clapping her hands as if she'd been waiting for her subject to ask. "Confusion as to one's state of consciousness is another consistent trend among test subjects. We suspect this may be due to the methods involved in your transport, though we have yet to fully confirm that hypothesis." Persy felt another stirring of that eyeless observer beneath her, its gaze blessedly turned toward the succubus as a metaphysical

ripple emanated from it.

"But please forgive me," Lily started in response, glancing down nervously beneath Persy's bed. "It is so tempting to gush on about one's work. Simply put, the purpose of our research is to properly understand your kind in order to foster relations between us. Now, our observations of your dreams suggest you are quite amenable to a variety of contact experiments between us," Persy's cheeks went suddenly hot, "but we've found that your kind views verbal confirmation as necessity rather than mere courtesy in these exchanges. Do you wish to participate further?"

Persy blinked and sighed, and let her posture relax a bit. "Nerdy fuckin' sleep paralysis demon," she said, curling her toes freely into the sheets still present beneath her. "May as well have something to do while I wait for it to pass."

"Excellent!" Lily said, and retrieved her pen in another absurdly enticing gesture. "Now, physical contact with others of your kind also produces a strong emotional connection, is this correct?"

"Like hugging, or—" she cleared her throat. "Uh, that's correct."

"And physical encounters are widely sought after in order to elicit these positive feelings, yes?"

Persy suspected she was picking up what the demon was putting down. "If you're talking about what I think you're talking about, yeah, some people will do crazy things for it. And I don't wanna be, uh, racist or anything, but you kinda look like you'd know?"

"If things go well here, I may yet earn the privilege of conducting field research on my own," Lily said brightly.

The succubus was a fucking *intern*?

Persy took a moment before responding. "So you're asking me if we really, truly like fucking so they'll let you go rumple sheets for real?"

"After a sort. Our readings show you are experienced in this area. You can confirm that such activity is intensely pleasurable?"

Persy stared incredulously both at the direction their conversation was going and the matter-of-factness with which it was being carried out. "First off," she said, "that's getting a bit personal. Second off... yes. And yes." She paused a moment. "And third off, you're seriously in the dark here?"

"It is one of the more consistent trends we have observed, but the ability to gather data in a controlled environment is rather a novel luxury for us. We're still exploring the finer points in hopes of creating the optimal experiences in our

engagements."

"Are you asking," Persy said, "for permission to explore *my* finer points so you can get into human-fucking grad school?"

Lily cocked her head, sending a breathtaking ripple of raven hair over her bare shoulder. "There are perhaps more inaccuracies than truths in that statement, but truths there are."

"I mean," Persy she scanned her demonic form up and down, "Would. But it's a little, uh, sterile around here, don't you think?"

Lily looked around as if just now noticing the featureless white cell around them. She snapped her fingers in response, and the space contracted and folded and stretched in a way that made Persy close her eyes and dig her fingers into the mattress. When she opened them, they were back in her room. Almost. Whatever magic Lily had employed hadn't returned her covers, and the rectangular window opposite still remained. Persy noticed a couple unnaturally entrancing visages peering through it, and a couple more joining in as she watched. The sight brought the lurking... what had the demon called it? Examiner? back into her mind, through it was making its presence only dimly known.

"I don't suppose they're gonna take turns?" Persy said, eyeing the window.

"They wish merely to observe, if you do not find it overly disruptive," Lily replied. "Many subjects do, though I hope your feelings on this matter differ?"

Persy shrugged. "Can't get worse than Yog-Shoggoth keeping score down there. And I don't mean to pry, but you are gonna give my blankets back at some point, right?"

"Mmm, yes," Lily said. "It's just his kind find them rather... impeding. Interesting phenomenon, that. Perhaps the groundwork for a thesis. However, for the time being, I wish to gauge your responses to a few more inquiries before we begin in earnest."

"This is some real great foreplay."

"Please, if you don't mind, how would you estimate your fecundatory capacity?"

Persy looked askance at the loquacious demon. "Like how long can I—"

"—I mean physically. I wish to ascertain your strength. How much can you hold?"

"Well that's kind of a hard turn," Persy said, though she felt a distant and not entirely unpleasant twinge pondering what relevance that question might hold for

their proceedings. "Uh, I can squat 180, so I'm sure I could hold onto a good bit more?"

Lily's eyes went wide and she scribbled at her clipboard. "This makes you superlative among your peers, does it not?"

"Pretty good, yeah," Persy shrugged. "It's not *that* crazy though. Why?"

"It seems we may have underestimated your kind. But the data..." Lily tapped her chin in thought. "You are quite confident in this?"

"Bare minimum, sure."

"Such abdominal strength will be quite a boon for our testing, and may shed light on the errors of our sampling methodology. Other subjects have failed to forestall critical containment failure under far less strain," Lily said happily.

Persy felt a vague sense of disquiet at that statement, but the meaning of it was still percolating when Lily cut in with a loud utterance of the name of the lurking presence. "Our subject is ready for examination!"

A smooth black tendril as thick as Persy's wrist rose over the horizon of the mattress, putting her thought on hold, and the addition of several more drove it completely out of her mind. They waved there obscenely just long enough for the realization to sink in that her eyes weren't playing tricks on her, and then four of them dove for her as one. Swiftly they struck, curling around her wrists and ankles and stretching her out spread-eagle as they pinned her firmly against the mattress. Eyes wide, she let out a gasp that wasn't entirely surprise.

"Restraint of subject produces clear signs of enjoyment," Lily noted aloud, and Persy's cheeks went scarlet in the brief instant before the rest of the tentacles collapsed toward her.

Persy gave another sharp cry as the writhing appendages wound around her, though of dread or surprise or excitement she wasn't quite sure. Some twined their way up her naked thighs. Others teased at the waistband of her panties. Several slipped beneath the hem of her t-shirt and slid upward, holding her bare, slender midriff in their grasp and exploring the full length of her body. Each one of the multitude was warm and muscular and...lubricated. Slick but not gooey, she felt them gliding uninhibited over her skin while leaving no residue behind. Every myriad point of contact was its own tickling massage, making her squirm viciously against the pleasurable intensity of a dozen different sites across her body but holding her fast so that she couldn't escape a single one.

And oh, yes, it was pleasurable. The rational part of her still held a guarded trepidation against the notion of losing herself entirely to it, but it was swiftly being overwhelmed by a surge of anticipation, the thrill of her debasement, a

transgressive yearning for more. The sheer, unbridled stimulation of it all. Being held down was a sure recipe for getting her hot and bothered by itself, but this specific method... This was something that was no stranger to her most private fantasies—not that she'd openly admit it—though there was little hiding her appreciation now. Written descriptions of hungry tendrils occupied incognito tabs and leapt into her mind as she lay in bed by herself, images of such lucky victims in a deeply-nested folder never failed to spark a stirring between her hips. The notion of being so utterly overwhelmed, of having every inch of her so thoroughly explored, of being swept along toward a screaming, rapturous conclusion with absolutely no say in the matter. Surely every girl could relate to that? Especially in the here and now, the chosen target of an act so vivid she couldn't now doubt that it was real life...

They were so *strong*. Smooth and featureless from the outside, the swarming tentacles hid rippling muscles beneath that she could feel acutely with every little movement they made. A secret prize to her touch and her touch alone. A reminder of how thoroughly she was outmatched, how insistent the lurking presence was in prosecuting her delight whether she resisted or welcomed it. The former, of course, making it oh so much more exciting. They swept away all her uncertainty, her confusion and deep-rooted guilt, her thoughts of anything but submission in sweet struggle against the inevitable. White-hot exhilaration burned away the last of her lurking shame as she finally let out a moan of single-minded surrender.

"Amplification of physical contact met with approval," Lily chimed in. "Recommend commencing simulation of oral stimulation."

Persy barely had ears to hear it. There was only the sliding and the slithering of the tentacles' trespass and the soft, unyielding grip of their confinement. One of them hooked the hem of her shirt, already hiked up to her shoulders, and flung it at last over her head, leaving her little more exposed in truth but so much more naked in feeling. Another joined it, coiling around her naked breasts and squeezing them gently, forcing out short, sharp cries of approval. They reared up together like twin cobras and then plunged down onto the points of her nipples, sealing some hidden orifice at their tips over them and sucking viciously.

"OH!" she cried, bucking her hips against her writhing restraints as a darker blue bloomed between her wide-spread legs. The softest lover's lips, the most creative tongue paled in comparison to the power and tenderness of those appendages built for her pleasure and her pleasure alone. Hot and soft and alien in the best way possible, they enveloped her hypersensitive peaks in their slick embrace and worked eagerly to stoke her rapture, to explore every possibility of servicing the victim of their affections. She shuddered again, and felt a powerful

stirring between her clenching thighs.

"Oh," Persy shuddered, "Oh, fuck me!"

"Exploration of secondary erogenous zones successful. Primary contact requested."

A new appendage rose up from the foot of the bed, similar to the ones holding her captive but in a bright, glossy red. It was slightly bulbous at the end and, she couldn't fail to notice, about twice the width of the ones already present. More of the first sort joined the fray, wrapping around her calves and her thighs, capturing the crooks of her knees, spreading them wide apart in obvious preparation for what came next. Opening her up like a present. Another slippery duo twined their way up along her legs until they reached the sodden slice of bright blue in between, then dove beneath the waistband on either side and ripped their way outward without pause, completing her disrobement and making public display of her most private area. Persy's cheeks burned at the brazenness of it, at the forced offering of a target glistening and hungry and aching for its due, the sweet defenseless petals of a rose blushing in anticipation of its defilement.

The new tentacle loomed over her, descending gradually until she felt its radiant warmth on her skin, moving further in to plant something like a hot, wet kiss directly between her hips, and then a little lower. She groaned with anticipation, quivered with impatience as it repeated the process on inside of each thigh. At last it hovered close in between, dipping ever lower..

Stars burst behind Persy's eyes as the tip of the tentacle nestled in beneath her throbbing clit and stroked her up, down, and around, then drew back for half a moment and plunged right through her hot, moistened folds.

Smoother than silk and turgid as a firehose, its thickness filled her utterly as it thrust into her, making her squeal and clench around its unyielding mass. Deeper and deeper, tender as it was irresistible, surpassing everything she ached for, everything she dared imagine in her most unbridled fantasies. She hardly had time to catch her breath before it drew back and thrust again, forcing out another moan, and then another. It began to undulate inside her as it continued in its work, muscular ripples traveling down its length, smooth bulges of even greater diameter squeezing their way in one after another like massive beads on a string. A feeling vaguely familiar but so much more novel, so much more glorious.

The deep internal massage intensified and her eyes rolled back at the soaring sensation, at the experience of being held down and fucked by a monstrously thick tentacle. Of being both helpless toy and center of attention, the sole focus of an overwhelming presence with the singular goal of getting her off as hard as

possible. And succeeding. She shrieked and shivered as orgasm wracked her helpless frame and the tentacle began to undulate faster, giving her no rest, driving her on and on until a great bulge traveled down its length like a watermelon sliding through a hose and sank home between her legs.

The mass of this new invasion was impossibly, gloriously huge as it traveled through her conquered gate and down the passage beyond. But even that was poor warning for what came next. The tip of the tentacle, so deep within her, erupted with the sudden discharge of its payload, hot and thick and viscous. It blasted into her, inundating her with an assault so fierce that, to her shock, she could see her belly bulge from the volume of it. Oh God, she thought. She really was being fucked. All the way to completion. Filled up with the monster's molten seed like a squirming, gasping fuckdoll whether she willed it or not. And yet the heat of the mass stuffing her like a turkey paled in comparison to the undeniable, searing desire for more, the recognition that her wish was about to be granted by force.

Rushed words with too many syllables from the attending succubus died against her soaring moans at the continued motion of the slick red appendage. It rippled and writhed inside her, building her up toward another breathless climax as it issued a second gooey burst of the lurking examiner's own tremendous orgasm, and then a third swiftly after. Persy gave a shriek for each one that entered her, watching her stomach rise and rise again, a bubbling caldera curving out ever farther with each roiling addition. A fourth blast forced its way into her, and then a fifth and a sixth, discrete spurts that bled together nearly into a continuous raging flow, thickening and quickening and filling her up to capacity and beyond.

She shivered and moaned, horrified and entranced at the sight of her once-slender midriff rising as if she were taking in one deep breath after another. This was a new player on the stage of her fantasies, and one she found herself considering more than welcome. The sublime act of being pinned down and explored by the endless tickling appendages combined exquisitely with the debasement of the monumental outbursts washing thick and hot through her insides in such volume that they forced her to swell out around them. It was utterly humiliating, utterly thrilling. She was a balloon stuck on a nozzle, going turgid and round and stretching, ever stretching, to hold it all in. Expanding endlessly outward, almost inflating, as she was packed full of demon cum. Being filled so completely that she could feel the oozing warmth of it far beyond the confines of her womb. Her breasts rose up on the deluge, impossibly perky and impossibly tight, driven onward and upward by the relentless internal massage. She bucked and writhed at the feeling of it, at the knowledge that she had no



hope of unplugging the tentacle stuck into her like a thick rubber hose turned onto full blast. Faster and faster the bursts of hot fluid flooded in, building to a raging river that sent a trill of tightness over the summit of her belly. She felt herself sinking into the mattress from the sheer weight of all that had been pumped into her body, and yet she knew there was so much more to come. For the first time she began to wonder how much more she could...

...she could...

...hold.

*Oh fuck.*

"Subject integrity holding at thirty percent of stated capacity," Lily called out. "Commence further exploration of reproductive avenues!"

Persy's eyes widened, the implication of those eager, honeyed words slipping through the haze of euphoria. But she had no time to formulate a response before another bright red tentacle rose before her, barely visible over her own horizon of tight-stretched skin. It dove forward, out of sight of her wide-eyed gaze, and she didn't need to see it to know exactly where it was headed. It was only half a moment before she felt its bulbous tip nestle in between her asscheeks, pausing just long enough for a spike of imagination before sliding through that valley and plunging unceremoniously into her. She shrieked in panic and pleasure at the intrusion, at its overwhelming thickness and slickness, at the new depths of humiliation of a tentacle forcing its way right up her ass. Plugging her up completely. There hardly seemed room for it beside its partner, but that was no barrier to its advance. Nor was there any stopping what she knew was coming. Once, twice, thrice it thrust before pulsing violently and unleashing its own blast of viscous heat deep inside her.

Every muscle clenched at the power of the sensation, yet with all her strength she knew she couldn't hold back this new indignity. Couldn't budge her arms and legs a single inch against the knotted tendrils holding her fast. Her belly surged with an audible creak at the doubling of the discharge and her breasts billowed round and full as twin beachballs, dribbles of milky white issuing from the tips as the rising pressure within her searched for somewhere, anywhere to escape to. She was the ultimate cum dumpster, packed to overflowing, filling up in such rapid rhythm that she thought she might burst then and there from the mingling shockwaves of dual injections each alone enough to push her to her limits.

A high-pitched moan escaped her, and then a shivering groan. She could do nothing but lay back and take it, all her concentration devoted to the simple task of holding herself together. It felt like a firehose shoved up inside her. Two

firehoses. She was a cream puff waiting to be bit into. A bomb ready to trigger. A cum balloon waiting to pop. She was nothing but a thin skin around the hot, surging mass, stretching ever tighter and thinner against the unstoppable inflow. And as powerful as the pressure searching for escape, even greater was the shameful thrill of it all. A horrible excitement, even as she felt herself running out of room. Especially as she felt herself running out of room. To be used and used until she couldn't take it any more, to submit so completely to a carnal fantasy beyond her capacity to contain it. To dive deeper into her unbridled lusts and riotous pleasure further than anyone ever could. To be held down and fucked until she burst. A bonfire roared between her legs. A race to the finish line. A throbbing anticipation that drew the attention of one more roving tentacle.

The spike of sensation at this new appendage sealing itself unexpectedly over her most turgid, sensitive spot to suckle at her as if dying of thirst was beyond words. Beyond even breathless shuddering cries. It built and built like the pressure beneath her drum-tight skin, like the threat of the onrushing conclusion. Like a wave about to break...

"Subject endurance beyond prior observed limits, standing by for demonstration of full reported capacity!"

Persy quivered at the point of no return in more ways than one. The trickles of fluid at the summit of her breasts grew into streams, and then into twin jets tickling viciously at their escape. So, too, did the lurker's overflowing bounty begin to spray out around the tight seals of the tentacles plugged in between her legs and up her ass, spattering her naked thighs with each ejaculation while the third appendage sucked hungrily away above them. It was too much. She couldn't hold it back.

"I'm gonna—" she cried.

"I'm gon—"

One final orgasm ripped through her, greater and more powerful than she ever thought possible, stealing away her words and inundating her even more thoroughly than the molten emissions filling her up to bursting. She thrashed and shuddered in ecstasy mixed with alarm, panic twined with pleasure. But as hard as she strained, as wildly as she clenched in time with her rapturous shrieks, she couldn't stop her breasts and her belly from rising before her eyes, heedless of the limits of her tight-stretched skin. Couldn't halt the rhythmic flow erupting inside her when she had absolutely no room left. Her entire body pulsed outward once and then again, eyes wide and stomach even wider—

A sharp, wet crack rent the air as Persy's overfull body finally gave way and she exploded with the force of a small bomb.

"Hmmm..." Lily pondered, tapping her chin, pensive in the dripping, splattered aftermath of her experiment. She was sitting midair in the featureless laboratory chamber again, though the pristine walls were scarcely visible in the wake of Persy's spectacular conclusion.

The labcoat didn't help.

"Human males inject the females with reproductive fluid in their most treasured ritual of companionship, do they not?" she ventured, addressing the presence under the bed.

The esteemed and many-tentacled professor broadcast its confirmation to her seventh sense.

"Then why do they consistently fail to carry out such activities to their completion? This one seemed so casually assured of her capacity through repeated experience. Perhaps there is some flaw in our methodology?"

Expressions of dissent followed by reassurance and adherence to scientific principles rippled through the aether.

"Your wisdom is true, as always," Lily said. "We must test the hypothesis to completion before introducing confounding variables. And we require a much more robust sample size before attempting to draw any conclusions..."