

**Blind Date
That Ruined
it All**

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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The Blind Date That Ruined It All

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Leaves rustled underneath Tyler's shoes as he walked along a narrow footpath leading up to Francis' home. Even though it was a hot and humid summer evening, the years of rotted leaves underneath his feet didn't crack as much as dissolve into smelly clouds of rotted plant matter and marsh gas. On either side of the footpath, the ground looked unmistakably moist and foul. Even the puddles of water from yesterday's rain rippled from the insect larva preparing to swarm.

Tyler expected Francis' house to look like something out of a horror movie. Maybe peeling paint and creepy windows. Nothing prepared him for seeing a cheerful white house untouched by the swamp surrounding it. Planters hung from every window, each one blossoming with brightly colored flowers. The siding, which looked like it was installed yesterday, shone in the sunlight that filtered through the trees.

If it wasn't for the swamp and atrocious lawn care, Tyler thought he had just stepped into a 50s sitcom.

"Well, don't you look delicious." Francis spoke with a southern accent with a soft gasp that screamed "gay!" to anyone born in the 90s. But, where most twenty-somethings wore shorts and tee shirts on a summer night, Francis wore a suit. A pinstripe suit with a silver-tipped cane. In summer.

Francis sat on a swinging bench with an iced tea in his hand and his bowler hat in his lap. His hair, as black as soot, waved with every slow swing.

Even from twenty feet away, Tyler could feel Francis looking at him as if he was a piece of meat. "Um, hi."

“And a lovely evening to Master Smythe.” Francis raised his glass.

Tyler slowed in discomfort. “I’m not a master anything.”

A corner of Francis’ lip curled up. “No, but call it a habit of mine. I miss the days when everyone was a master or missus.”

Coming to a stop at the solid-looking steps leading up to the porch, Tyler looked over the house. He didn’t know what to say. “This is a nice place.”

“Yes.”

“Um, is the, um, that date still on? The blind date?”

Francis set down his glass and stood up. Somehow, the hat appeared on his head and the cane in his hand. With a sway of his hips, the strange man headed to his front door. “Of course, sugar.”

Micheal’s words rose up and Tyler glanced at Francis. “Um, Francis?”

“Yes, darling?”

“This date isn’t... isn’t with you, right?”

Francis stopped and smiled broadly. His eyes twinkled. “Do you want it to be?”

“No!” Tyler blushed and clenched his buttocks. “I mean, no. I’m straight, but my roommate was putting ideas in my head...”

With an amused shake of his head, Francis opened his screen door and gestured inside. “Come in, she’s waiting.”

A flash of fear ran through his veins. “I’m late!? You said seven!”

“Don’t worry, sugar, you’re right on time. No, she’s...” For a moment, something flashed in Francis’ eyes. “Let’s say, she’s early, okay?”

Hesitantly, Tyler nodded and stepped up the stairs. They didn’t even creak as he reached the porch. Inside, he could see a cheery interior that looked just like his grandparents house, including hundreds of photos hanging on the walls. “Francis?”

Francis grinned. “Your ass is safe from me, Tyler, I promise. You said you were desperate for a date, any date. Is that still true?”

Tyler felt dirty as he nodded. It had been four years since he got laid as a junior in high school. It wasn’t that he was unattractive, he just didn’t have a lot of luck with collage-age girls.

Francis gestured to the stairs. “Then whatever happens, just let it happen.”

The soft, encouraging words froze Tyler. “S-She isn’t ugly, is she?”

Francis shook his head and started up the stairs. “No, she’s beautiful.”

“I know,” Tyler whispered when he realized how shallow he just sounded, “but...”

Stepping off the bottom step, Francis reached over and rested one delicate hand on Tyler’s shoulder. “I promise you, no one will ever talk about this. Not even Shubby.”

“S-Shubby? Her name is Shubby?”

“Come on, Tyler.”

Humiliation burning on his cheeks, he followed Francis up the stairs. He glanced at the pictures, but didn’t pay them much attention as the other man guided him to a bedroom and walked inside.

Tyler entered the room and stopped.

There was nothing inside. There was just an empty room with a closet on the far side. He frowned as he looked around, but his eyes were drawn to the closet door. It used to be white, a long time ago. Unlike the rest of the house, paint peeled away from the wood to reveal strange symbols carved into the wood. The letters didn’t make sense and his eyes hurt even when he tried to focus on them.

The door bulged out for a moment and the creak shot through the air. A black mist ripples along the gap near the floor.

Tyler’s heart pound in his chest and his breath came out as a whine. “What the fuck was that!?” He stumbled back, his shoes scuffing the bare floor.

“Oh, sometimes the door does that. Don’t worry, it’s not so bad once you get inside.”

“Like I’m going through that thing!”

Francis frowned. “Why not?”

“That door was moving. It is moving! Why is that door moving!?” Tyler could hear the hysterical tone in his voice, but he couldn’t stop it. He wanted to scream out and run down the stairs. When he tried to step back, his feet felt like they were glued to the ground.

Francis chuckled and reached for the door. “Of course, it’s Shubby. She’s just as lonely as you are.”

Tyler inched forward. “You promise?”

Even as he spoke, the absurdity of the moment slammed into Tyler. He was in the bedroom of a gay man, staring at a door that was moving on its own. And he was still moving toward it. Sweat beaded his brow, but he didn't stop moving.

"I promise." Francis smiled broadly and opened the door.

Holding his breath, Tyler peered at the closet. It would have been humiliating if there was nothing but a dress in there, but when he saw more mist pouring out and tall trees inside, he let out his breath in a gasp. He stepped back. "What the fuck? You have Narnia in your closet! You have a fucking forest..." He noticed that the ground was wet. "You have a swamp in there!"

Francis laughed. "Not quite, but come on. The door can't stay open for long."

As if to make a point, the door creaked and the black mist began to crawl across the floorboards. As it passed over the wood, the individual planks began to groan as they bent.

Tyler gulped. Every sane thought screamed for him to turn around and run away, but curiosity eased him forward. He inched toward the door. "Is it safe?"

"Yes."

Tyler stared at Francis, trying to see where the joke started but there was only seriousness in the slender man's face. Gulping, Tyler took a step through the door and put it down on a slick-looking rock. It sank but held his weight.

Heart pounding, Tyler took another step and then a third. His foot slipped and he stepped into the warm thick slime at the base. "Ew," he muttered, and pulled it out. The muck clung to his feet before he shook it off.

"Yeah, you get used to it," chuckled Francis as he closed the door behind them. He stepped around Tyler and headed down the path of rocks, moving lightly from stone to stone.

Tyler looked back at the door. It was just sitting in the middle of the swamp with nothing hold it up. He gulped. He turned to ask a question, but when he saw Francis had continued to walk away. "Wait for me!" called Tyler before rushing after him.

Except for the bubbling muck at their feet, the only other thing Tyler could see was the strange, twisted trees. They were hundreds of them, each one with short trunks and long, rope-like branches

that stretched high in the air. They seemed to wave as Tyler passed and he could have sworn they turned to follow his movements.

As they came up to a curve, he slowed to peer at a nearest trunk. Thick slime dripped down the rough bark but something looked strange about the texture.

Francis reached back and tugged him. "Better not touch."

Tyler followed with a shiver of fear. "What... are those?"

"The Thousand Young, Shubby's babies." There was pride in the man's voice and his chest puffed out.

"Yours?"

Francis gestured toward a smaller tree in the distance. It was only about twenty or thirty feet tall with one short branch. "Only CiCi is." He sighed and shook his head. "They are taking a 4i hour nap right now, so its safe to walk here."

"Um, 'i' is an imaginary number."

"Yeah, you'll get that a lot here. There aren't a lot of rational things either in general. You'll get used to one plus one equals nine except on Tuesdays, but I always had a problem with the sun rising in the north every other day."

"Where does it rise on the other days?"

"From behind you." At Tyler's confused look, Francis winked. "I'd also avoid the literature at all costs."

"Why?"

"Well, if the book doesn't actually eat you, chances are the words will burn the sanity out of your skull and you'll be reduced down to a gibbering idiot only suitable for running for office and insisting that all the parking meters are painted blue."

Tyler stopped. "The mayor?"

Francis chuckled. "Yeah, that didn't work well. I told him that he didn't want to read the porn in here. Can't believe that anyone related...." He slowed to a stop, then pointed down a side path. "Come on, Shubby is waiting and she can't wait to meet you."

They walked in silence for a few minutes. Tyler's eyes watered from the swamp fumes around him and he kept stepping in the muck. He felt the warm liquid seeping around his toes. He tried not to think about leeches or other parasites. Or books that burned your brains out, or the fact the Thousand Young appeared to have hundreds of mouths on their trunks.

Francis, on the other hand, glided across the rocks without missing a single step. The other man seemed at home in the swamp, though he was completely out of place with his black suit and bowler.

Above them, the sky looked slightly off. The stars twinkled and he slowed to look up. The pattern was completely different, almost like words written across the darkness.

“Wouldn’t do that either.”

“Why?” And then he gasped when the stars seemed to peel off the sky and began to swirl and gather like a cloud of bees.

“They don’t like it.”

Tyler snapped his head down. “Not looking.”

He stared at the ground for only a few moments before peeking back up. The cloud of stars continued to swirl above him. He couldn’t help but peek up as they walked along, mesmerized by the unnatural way the stars moved above him.

A brightness on his shoulder drew his attention. It was icy and hot at the same time. He glanced over to see a single star hovering over his shoulder. Doing a double-take, he gasped and turned toward it.

The star dwindled into a point.

“Don’t—” started Francis.

A miniature supernova exploded right above his shoulder.

Tyler saw nothing but a flash of light and heat. He brought his arms to protect his face. He lost his balance on the rock and fell back. A heartbeat later, he hit the swamp and sank almost instantly. Flailing, he reached out for the rocks while choking on the muck. His fingernails scraped on the slimy surface, but he couldn’t get purchase.

Francis’ hand caught his. With surprising strength, the younger man hauled Tyler out from the muck and dragged him into the trail.

Tyler panted. “What was that?” He could feel slime dripping from his clothes and body. It smelled of rotted food and grime.

Francis said nothing. Instead, he grabbed Tyler’s face and tilted it back and forth.

Tyler tried to focus on him, but his vision didn’t seem to clear. It swam with sparks and vision. Panic began to rise up. “Francis...?”

“Minor burns and a bit of a flash blindness, you’ll recover.”

“I can’t see!”

“I see.”

Tyler snapped his mouth shut for a second. Then, he glared at Francis—he hoped. “Really? That’s what you really said?”

Francis wrapped an arm around Tyler’s waist, pulling him close. “Come on, I’ll help you.”

Uncomfortable with the presence of a gay man snuggling against him, Tyler felt Francis taking an exaggerated step and followed. He expected to land in water, but the pressure along his thigh guided him to a rock.

“There you go. And another.”

Tyler took another step, his body trembling with tension. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to ruin the date.”

Francis said nothing. He guided Tyler to the next step.

“I’m going to get better, right?”

“Yes, but it will take a few hours. Don’t worry. Happened to me more than once.”

They walked in silence. Every step was terrifying, not only because Tyler was afraid of falling in the swamp but he kept replaying the sight of the brilliant explosion over in his head. He didn’t know if he would ever see again.

Finally, they reached solid ground. Tyler breathed a sigh of relief at the easier steps. But, his relief faded quickly when Francis continued to lead him far beyond the distance to the free-standing door.

After about twenty yards, Tyler hesitated. “You’re taking me to the hospital, right?”

“Don’t worry, we’re almost there.” Francis sounded distracted. His voice was husky and low.

Sounds began to bubble up into Tyler’s hearing. At first, it sounded like a moan of pleasure, but it rose into a scream of agony. Before the first scream ended, another moan started before it was interrupted with another scream. More wails and cries rose up. Soon, the world was a cacophony swirl of moans and sobbing. All female.

He shivered at the sound of it. There had to be thousands of women in front of him. “F-Francis?”

“It’s okay. It’s just Shubby saying hi.”

“It sounds like an orgy and a bloodbath!”

“Yeah,” Francis chuckled and guided him closer, “she has a lovely voice, doesn’t she?”

Tyler wanted to stop, but he couldn’t. Francis’ firm grip kept him walking closer to the unknown. As he did, his body grew hot at the sounds of moans. Despite the terror, it sounded like a dozen women masturbating.

It didn’t take long until the sound was deafening. There were millions of women in front of him, there had to be. There was too many moans and voices for it to come from a single throat.

As he approached, new smells began to drift past him. The first was the scent of wet pussy, tangy and musky. His cock responded instantly, almost bolting from his pants. He groaned and adjusted himself, surprised at how hard he was while blind in front of a bloodbath or an orgy, he wasn’t sure where he was.

And then more smells came: rotting plants, mold, sweat, and blood. It was a terrifying mixture, but currents of pussy juices and moans kept interrupting his growing terror. He didn’t know if he should run or dive forward.

Francis stopped. “Here we go. Tyler, meet Shub-Niggurath. Also known as the Black Goat of the Woods.”

It took Tyler a moment to realize Francis’ thigh was bare against his clothes. The gay man had stripped somehow while walking. Tyler wanted to pull back, but something caressed his hand and he bump against Francis trying to step away.

“Don’t worry, she won’t bite.”

“Why would biting—”

The moans of orgy and violence rose in a wave. He felt someone stroke him from his elbows to his fingers. The caressing touch startled him. He expected fingers, not wet ripples that were disturbingly like the folds of a woman’s sex. It even left a smear of hot juices along his skin.

When the caress reached his fingers, he couldn’t resist and curled his finger up against it. When his digits slipped into a tight, wet hole and he bumped up against a miniature clitoris, he gasped. It was a pussy.

Tyler tried to step back away from the tiny pussy, but he stepped into an equally disturbing naked Francis' hard cock. "What the fuck!?"

Francis spoke from inches away, his breath tickling Tyler's ear. "I think she likes you."

Panting for breath, Tyler pulled away from the dripping cock and bumped against a warm body. At first, he thought he moved into Shub-Niggurath, but he quickly realized it felt like warm, slick ropes along his body.

And then they began to move like snakes.

Each one coiled around his arms and legs. Slime and pussy juices soaked into his shirt and he could feel the heat radiating from the unnatural limbs. He saw enough anime to know what was caressing his body, tentacles, but the realization he was about to become a hentai victim both terrified him and aroused his cock to the point he thought he would burst.

Tyler gasped and reached behind to press one hand against his buttocks. He knew what tentacles did and having a naked gay man behind him didn't help. He whimpered and turned around. He quickly lost his orientation as more tendrils touched him from every direction.

The ends of the tentacles plucked his clothes. He felt the wet holes of pussies and tiny little teeth scraping against his skin. The contrast of sex and horror added to his growing panic.

"Francis!"

Francis' moan sounded disturbingly like he had something thrusting into his mouth.

Tyler gasped and tried to keep his clothes on while protecting his ass. But, his free hand could only be one place and he quickly felt the naked tentacles against his skin as they managed to peel him free of his protection. Gasping, he clamped both hands against his ass and gripped his buttocks until his fingernails dug into his skin. He prayed that the tentacles wouldn't hurt him while he protected the one thing that matters.

He felt the first miniature pussy against one ball. The wet opening was cooler than he expected, but then the opening sucked his testicle into it. The liquid pressure erased any discomfort in a flash. More tentacles caressed his cock as his other ball disappeared

into a mouth that had tiny teeth. Even as his testicle tried to crawl into his belly, the contrast of pleasure and sharpness brought an intense pleasure searing through his cock.

It jumped with his pleasure and caught against a wet opening.

Tyler gasped, praying it was a cunt.

As it slid down, he felt the sharp points of the teeth along his hardness.

With a scream, he released his buttocks to pull off the tentacle. He managed to wrap his hands around the dripping, skin-like surface of the tentacle when he realized his mistake.

Two tentacles drove up behind up, pulling apart his buttocks and worming their way to his unprotected and virgin hole.

Tyler surged forward to escape. His cock drove deep into the tentacle in front of him, burying his entire length along the sharp edges and into the rippling depths. The teeth pressed against the other tentacles writhing at his base and the sharpness pulled away.

He froze at the sensation of being balls-deep in a tentacle. And then he remembered his ass. With a gasp, he reached back to cover it, but there were already tentacles squirming between his buttocks.

Trembling, he followed the writhing limbs to where they joined his body. He knew what had happened, but it wasn't until he felt them impaling his stretched anal ring that reality sank in. He was being ass-fucked. ass fucked.

He started to tense with an anticipated pain, but it never came. They were already inside him. He could feel them wriggling deep inside his rectum. It felt like waves of heat and pressure instead of agony. His fingers caressed the junction of his violated hole and the tentacles. As he did, they slid deeper inside him.

A pressure built deep inside his body and his cock jumped at the surge of pleasure that followed. As one of the tentacles withdrew, another buried itself. He felt it deep inside him, but the pressure only brought another burning wave of ecstasy coursing through his body.

His knees buckled from underneath him. He tried to reach out for balance, but his hands delved into a swarm of pussies and mouths surrounding him. He gripped them and his fingers plunged into wet and sharp holes.

Tentacles caught him before he hit the ground. With a dizzying spin, he was pulled away from the ground. The world spun around him as he was rotated and flipped until he couldn't tell which way was up.

The sensation of sudden helplessness set him off and he screamed out with an orgasm. His cock burst inside the tentacle and he felt the tentacle swallowing in time with the surges of cum.

A pussy ground against his mouth. And then more of them. Dozens of wet lips, clitorises, and teeth fought along his face. His scream became a gurgling moan until he finally realized they weren't ripping him apart. One of the pussies managed to force the others out of the way and plastered itself against his mouth and nose.

With a curious lap, he licked at the nearest pussy. It tasted of an aroused woman with just a hint of swamp and mold. The taste was different than he had ever had. But, it was a pussy and his cock grew hard with the realization he was lapping at a woman's sex.

Another tentacle engulfed him from tip to balls. This time, it was a pussy and he felt the tight pressure work its way along his length in slow waves that contrasted with the other mouths and openings plucking at his bod.

He lapped again, this time a deep lick that went from the bottom of the opening to the hard clitoris at the tip. As he did, all the tentacles trembled in response. He licked it again and was rewarded by his cock being pulled deeper and more tentacles sliding into his violated ass. He knew he should have been terrified, but he couldn't stop.

Tyler began to lick and touch anything he could reach. It didn't matter if he was being fucked in every hole he had, or that he could have sworn that there was a tendril burrowing inside his cock in addition to the wet hole engulfing it. It was pleasure and terror, the feeling of slick pussy and sharp teeth. He couldn't wrap his mind around whatever he was fucking, so he just let himself go and enjoyed the ecstasy.

When Tyler regained his senses, he didn't know how long he had been fucked. He was drained completely and his cock slapped against his thigh.

As the tentacles lowered him to the ground, they were gentle and caressing. They placed him on a soft patch of moss and mud before withdrawing. The horrid screams and moans faded as he heard a wet slurping of some large creature slithering away.

He slumped to the ground as thick rivulets of slime dripped from his body. He whimpered with need, a desire to feel her once again wrapped around his body.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” From a few feet away, Francis sounded exhausted and drained like Tyler.

Tyler tried to look at him, but couldn’t. Giving up, he rolled on his back and sighed. “Fuck, that was good.”

“Yeah, she’s fantastic.”

“So, I take it you aren’t really gay.”

“No,” chuckled Francis, “I’m not. Shubby ruined dating for me. No moral could ever compare to... that.”

“Yeah.”

“But, it’s easier to avoid questions if everyone thinks I’m gay.”

Tyler stared mindlessly up at the motes of light swimming across his vision. His mind spun with the rapidly fading memories of the best fuck he would ever experience. “Will I see again?”

“In a few hours. We’ll wait before heading back.”

Neither said anything for a moment, but then Tyler had to ask. “Will I be back?”

Francis hit the ground next to him, only briefly touching their bare shoulders before shifting to the side. “Only if you want,” he said in a knowing voice.

“When can I come back?” Tyler blushed at the thought.

“I have warn you, the next date goes a lot further than this.”

Tyler opened his blind eyes and turned toward Francis. “How the fuck could she top that?”

“She does have a ten-foot vagina in those tentacles. Trust me, there is something about be sucked into it that will change your life forever.”

Tyler’s cock tried to grow with excitement, but after what he just went through, it could only manage a single jerk of his heart before slumping against his body again. He smiled and tried to imagine what it would be like to be swallowed by a giant pussy.

Francis patted him on the shoulder. “Next time, chap. And then you’ll get to have a third date, that’s the real kicker.”

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.