

# Intruder

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Intruder

# 1

Amy sat on the leather couch with her legs crossed underneath her. Her silk nightgown had been pushed up to her hips, leaving her legs bare to the warm air in her house and giving the heat between her legs a chance to cool down in the comparative cooler air of her house. She clutched the front of her nightgown, flapping the fabric to draw air down to her still sweaty breasts.

Working out wasn't a choice at her age, but an imperative. The social pressures to be beautiful never stopped, even in her thirties, and she knew that if she let it go for just a day would drag her back to being overweight. She managed to hover right at the point of normal and fat but no matter how hard she worked, she never got to the point where her body would naturally remain as trim as her teenage form.

Amy took a cool shower after her run, but her body continued to radiate heat. She dragged the silk over her darker skin, a gift from a hint of Mediterranean ancestry, and considered taking another shower.

The house air conditioner finally kicked in and cold air rolled past her. "Oh, god," she moaned and spread her arms and legs along the touch to maximize the air blowing over her.

For the endless time that night, she considered giving up and just letting her body swell to gigantic proportions. She cracked open one eye and stared at her reflection in the black glass covering her stereo cabinet. The imperfect mirror still reflected a woman in her late thirties with large breasts, too wide hips, and her legs spread out like a slut. Her nipples poked through the fabric and the only thing shielding her cleavage was her long black hair still slick with

sweat. She could see the white fabric of her thong; her pussy lips and pubic hair, almost black in the glass, stuck out from the fabric.

Amy closed her legs and groaned again. She peeled herself off the couch, her bare legs making a slick sound as she stood up. She twisted her hip and the fabric of her gown slipped back down in place. She smiled and tugged a stubborn wrinkle down. The lace gown was a present from her ex-husband and something she loved. It reminded her of the days when she was beautiful and sexy. They made love all night when he first gave it to her and she wore it when she felt the itch of depression beginning to invade her thoughts. It came a lot more now that she lived alone.

She walked into the kitchen, her bare feet whispered along the tile floor. Crouching down, she pulled out a decent bottle of Merlot and poured herself a drink. Breathing in the aroma, she swirled the wine in her glass for a moment before she sipped at it.

Amy considered her options for the night. She picked up a new DVD, a romantic comedy that her girlfriends recommended, or she could finally finish the book sitting on her nightstand for the last month, but neither felt like they would satisfy her. She wanted to get laid, to feel something hard driving into her, but she didn't want to tramp herself up just head into town for a one-night stand. She smiled at the thought of seducing a younger man, but it seemed so difficult to compete against the empty-headed younger girls with firm tits and tiny asses. The smile faded from her lips and she sipped from the wine again.

"Damn," muttered Amy, "sounds like a movie night."

Lights flashed outside of her house, a strobe of red and blue painted on her green curtains. Curious, she leaned over the kitchen sink and split open the fabric. When she saw a police cruiser in her driveway, she gasped. "Oh, shit," she said inelegantly.

Rushing into the living room, she grabbed the flimsy covering for her nightgown and pulled it over her shoulders. It was as thin as the white silk nightgown, but at least she could hide the darker shadows of her nipples and the lines of her body. Outside, she heard footsteps walking up to her front door and her heart skipped a beat.

The doorbell rang out and she froze. She stared at the door, wondering if she did something illegal. When she couldn't think of

anything, she crept toward the door, her bare feet smacking the tiles. With a trembling hand, she unlocked the door and opened it.

On the other side, a young officer stood in front of her door. Behind him, an older man in a suit and a name badge on his breast. The officer looked up at her and his eyes widened.

“Oh, excuse me, um, miss?”

“Y-Yes?” She stammered and hid behind the door, her head peeking out.

“I’m going to all the houses in the neighborhood—”

Amy let out a sigh of relief and let the door open more. “Yes?”

The officer’s eyes dipped lowered and his mouth opened with surprise. Amy peeked down at her breasts and saw one nipple peeking out from the thin fabric. The summer breeze tickled her thigh where the slit on the side of the gown revealed her naked thigh. She reached down to tug it close, then stopped. She looked up at the young officer, seeing him in a slightly different light.

He was a handsome man, with darker hair, a scrub of a beard, and bright blue eyes. His lips were parted and she wondered what it would be like to kiss him. Amy’s hand toyed with the hem of her gown, then she pulled her hand back.

“What happened, officer?”

“Oh,” he blushed as he dragged his eyes up to her face, “sorry. My name is Kevin. Sorry,” he stumbled over the words, “Officer York. Um, they had a problem over at Genetic Operations, that’s the building over there,” he pointed to an orange glow on the horizon. “They lost an animal and we think it is in the area.”

She grabbed the door tighter. “An animal, what kind?”

Kevin looked helpless then turned to the man in the suit. “Mr. Murphy?”

The man in the suit gave the officer with an exasperated look. “The creature isn’t dangerous, per se, but we are still asking people to exercise some caution. If trapped, it may lashed out since it is frightened and... lost.”

To Amy, it sounded like Mr. Murphy was lying about something. She turned back to Kevin. “What should I do?”

Kevin gestured to the house. “Do you have small children or pets?”

“No, my daughter left for college a month ago.”

Behind Kevin, Mr. Murphy let out a sigh of relief.

Amy stared at him. He caught her looking at him and turned away. Amy turned her attention back to Kevin. "Anything else?"

"I would say keep your door shut and check your windows. I don't think it can get in, but better be careful."

She let a smile cross her lips. "And lock my bedroom door?" She shifted her hip to cause the gown to spread open even further.

Kevin rewarded her with a nervous gulp and a downward cast of his eyes. "Y-Yes. If you want, I'll be in the area."

"I'll call if I need you."

"O-Okay." He nodded his head and backed away from the house.

Amy smiled to herself and shut the door. She threw the bolt and locked it tight. She grinned to herself and turned her back on the door. Outside, the doors of the cruiser slammed shut and the car pulled out of the driveway. She leaned back and felt a rush of being sexy for the young officer; it made her efforts worth it.

She double-checked the lock on the door and peered out the window. She saw the lights of the cruiser flashing on her yard, but the car had already moved away. One hand drifted down her stomach to curl into the space between her legs.

"Screw the DVD," she whispered. Dropping her hand, she padded back into the kitchen to retrieve her wine glass. She stopped in the living room, staring at the fireplace for a moment. The door was slightly ajar and she didn't remember opening it. Shrugging, she continued through the living room to the stairs.

Walking up the stairs, she felt a welcoming tingle of her sex with anticipation. She might not get Kevin in person, but she was going to enjoy him in her bed, with her fingers and imagination. Desperate to enjoy it, she pulled the gown up to her knees and hurried up. She flung her bedroom door open and rushed inside. Setting down her wine glass, she fell back on her bed fumbling with her nightgown to pull it up.

With the silk bunched up at her hips, she delved both hands between her legs. Her fingers shoved the fabric of her thong aside as she dragged her nails through the thick patch of her pubic hair. It was already moist and shivered at the feeling of the slick flesh underneath. It took her a heartbeat to find her slit and her two index fingers slipped inside, trailing up and down.



She closed her eyes and pictured Kevin on his knees, kneeling in front of the bed. A moan forced its way out as she stroked her clitoris, imagining it was Kevin's tongue that lapped through her aching lips. She took two fingers from her other hand and circled around the opening of her sex, plunging in and out with rapid, frantic movements.

Amy was just working on the phantom Kevin's body spreading her legs apart when she felt the bed shift. A tiny movement, barely felt through the shaking of her body and her bed, but she knew with absolute certainty that it wasn't her movements that caused it. She froze, fingers still buried in her pussy and her breasts squeezed between her arms. She could feel sweat clinging to her skin and the deep, ragged breaths that shook her body.

She felt something shifting on the corner of the bed. A wet slurping noise filled her ears and Amy began to tremble. Her eyes cracked open, tears of fear already rolling down her cheeks. She stared at the ceiling with the effort to move slowly, slowly rotating her head as the slurping noises grew louder.

She saw a tendril first, a greenish limb as thin as linguine and waved back and forth as if it blew in the wind. Despite the thinness of the tendril, it ended with a glassy bulb as large as her pinkie fingernail. A droplet of clear fluid rolled down the tendril and she followed it, her eyes widening as she shifted her head for a better look as the intruder.

The tendril ended in a bulbous body about the size of two of her fists, maybe two fists of a larger man. Two dozen other tendrils sprouted out from around two incredibly bright eyes, each one the size of her palm. Half of them clung to the blankets, holding the creature a few inches off the ground. The eyes, yellow orbs as bright as sunflowers, rotated around with a darker yellow point that looked like the creature's pupils. They inspected the room once, then focused directly on her. A wet, gurgling noise filled the room as the body swelled up.

"Oh, god," she whispered, her body frozen in fright.

The creature leaned forward and the back of it rose into her view. She was surprised to see no more tendrils, but a single tentacle about two feet in length. The end of the tail rose up and curled like a scorpion's tail. At the tip of the tail, a sharp stinger oozed a drop of

green, vicious fluid. Half a dozen tendrils pulled the creature closer to her. As it shifted into place, the tail quivered and pulled back.

Seeing the creature poised to strike her, fear slammed into Amy. Forgetting her attempts to not rile the creature, she panicked and sat up. Her hands yanked out of her pussy, pulling a few hairs, and she scrambled to her feet.

She felt a sharp point right above her left hip and she staggered from the sudden impact. Glancing down, she saw the stinger buried into the flesh of her body, green spreading out underneath the skin like veins. Her hip tingled, a warm sparkling sensation that felt like a sleeping leg, but it spread up and down through her body.

“Oh god,” she screamed and tried to stand up. Her poisoned hip grew slack and she slumped forward. The tingling spread across to her other hip. Amy grabbed her night table, knocking off books and her clock as she tried to regain her balance. The poison spread down her legs, tingling along her knees and ankles. She let out a gasping sob, desperate to pull away, but her legs gave out underneath her and she slid to the ground. Her slack body dropped against the bed and her head falling back on the mattress. She tried to pull herself up, but none of her limbs would respond to her desperate efforts.

The creature pulled closer, tendrils grabbing the blankets and pulling it forward. Wet, slurping noises followed it as it moved at a maddeningly slow pace. The yellow eyes focused on Amy and the tendrils reached out for her.

Amy let out a whimper, the only thing she could do. She strained to pull away, but her slack muscles didn't move. She flinched as the slick bulbous ends caressed her face.

She felt a sharp pain right above her left hip. She let out a scream and crawled back, sobbing with terror. Her hands pawed through soft blankets with her attempt to escape and she knew her back was vulnerable to the creature, but all Amy could think of was escaping it.

Her right hand found nothing but empty air when she hit the edge of the bed before she realized it. With another scream, she plummeted to the ground and flipped over. The impact of the wooden floor drove the air from her lungs.

Amy struggled back to her feet, trying to run away from the creature. She used her nightstand for balance, but as she stood up,

she felt a wave of wooziness crash into her. Her knees buckled, threatening to drop her back to the ground.

She held herself up with both hands on the nightstand. Her mind screamed that she should be running but a liquid tingle filled her limbs and she couldn't move them. Amy sobbed with the effort to lift one, using her hand to move the limb. She managed to turn away from the bed before the tingle coursed up her hips and back and she lost control of her body.

She slid back to the ground with a terrified sob. She fell back and caught herself with the edge of the bed, but she was helpless to do anything besides drop to the ground.

With her last remaining mobility, Amy moved her head. She could see her arms down by her side, her back arched slightly by the edge of her mattress, and her legs splayed out before her. Her silk nightgown still hung around her hips, exposing the patch of hair and her bare legs. One breast stuck out from her top, the pink nipple caught right on the edge of the lace.

Amy bore all her willpower into moving, but her body refused to move an inch. Her head, the only part that she could move, already started to tingle and she saw green veins coming into view along her shoulder and hands. With a desperate effort, she opened her mouth to scream, but the venom finally caught up with her muscles and her head slumped back, exposing her throat.

Frozen in place, Amy could do nothing. She felt the creature crawling toward her: a twitch of the blankets, a wet slick noise as tendrils dragged it closer, and the shifting of weight on the bed. It took a long time, at least in her adrenaline-fueled panic, before she felt the first tendril. She knew it would happen, but when it finally touched her ear, Amy felt her heart skip a beat.

Tendrils wound their way into her hair, exploring her head. She felt a rounded tip circle around her ears, and then one slipped inside. She squirmed at the sensation of the slick member going down her ear canal. More tendrils reached around her face, caressing her face. They grabbed her nose and mouth, forcing into her nostrils and her lips. She tried to clamp her mouth shut, but her slack body refuse to obey.

The tendrils pulled back from her nose, leaving behind a slick residue and a sharp cleaning fluid smell. Amy hoped that the

creature would leave her alone, but it pulled itself closer, the large, soft body pressing against the side of her head. More tendrils caressed her face, exploring the cracks and crevices and leaving her face soaked with slime.

The creature wrapped its tendrils around her face and pulled its body tight against her. She felt a wet heat against her face as the creature positioned itself. From the corner of her eye, she could see one bright yellow eye fixed on her. The creature rotated around, seeking something.

To Amy, it felt like a wet orifice was pressed to her ear. Hollow, slick sounds deafened her until the creature stopped. Then, it began to move.

Right next to her, the creature made a whispering noise, like heavy breathing but with a rhythm. The wet opening pressed to her ear closed and open and she felt liquid filling her ear.

“Help me.”

Amy gasped, unsure if she heard the delicate whisper in her ear.

The creature shifted in place, the mouth moving on Amy’s ear. “Help me, please?” The broken voice was unmistakable but so quiet that Amy could barely hear it over the pounding of her own heart. The humid whispering continued. “Yes. You can’t respond. That will fade. I need help. They are looking for me, those men from the laboratory.”

For such an inhuman creature, Amy could understand the breathy words with little difficulty. The creature reached out with its tendrils and cupped her chin. With a steady pull, it turned her head toward it so she could look directly into the bright yellow eyes.

Up close, she could see more details of the creature. It was slightly larger than her two fists, but right between the eyes, Amy saw the moist and drooling opening the creature talked through. At her first impression, it looked like a swollen vagina and two labia pressed tightly together. The creature drew in a breath, swelling lightly, then let it out; Amy blinked at the warm, moist air against her face.

“I can’t hurt you, but I must use you. I will hide in your body.”

Sweat formed on Amy’s brow as she tried to comprehend how the creature would use her to hide. She thought about her belly button

and the horror movies her ex-husband used to enjoy. A tear started to form in the corner of her eye.

The creature brushed the tear away with one tendril. “No, don’t smell of fear. This will not hurt. You can’t say no, can’t give me rights. But, I will hide between your legs, where it is warm and wet. No damage.”

Amy’s eyes widened with fear. She felt the effort to tense her body, but her muscles refused to move. Her mind burned with terror, already imagining the creature raping her.

The yellow eyes looked sad. “No, no fear. Please no smell of fear. I was made for this, it will not hurt. It will feel good.”

The creature’s words didn’t calm down Amy. She felt her pulse pounding even harder in her chest, the force of her beats hurting the arteries in her neck. She ached with the effort to scream and the horrible feeling in her gut. She begged with her mind, praying that the creature would somehow not rape her.

The creature sighed. Its warm breath washed over Amy’s face. “You smell of fear. I’m sorry, but I need to hide. You can’t say no. I beg forgiveness later. I will make it not hurt.”

The scorpion tail came up again. It shivered as the green liquid oozed from its tip. Slowly, it pulled back as the creature prepared to strike again.

The anticipation felt worse than anything else. Knowing that she was about to be stung only made the pain and agony flare even higher. Her body shook to the full limit of her weakness, only a tiny quiver of her body.

She didn’t even feel the stinger pierce her flesh. One moment, it was poised, the second it was buried in her neck and into her carotid artery. The warm tingling turned into an intense flame as it surged into her mind and down into her body. The creature left it there, pumping more venom into her body.

Amy whimpered as her body grew even more slack, slumping down against the ground. Her chest felt heavy and her legs like lead. But, with the weakness came a strange intensifying of her senses. A euphoria filled her, blurring her vision and bringing a flush to her senses.

“This,” whispered the creature, “will relax you. It will also make feel good. You no smell of fear. Make wet smell?”

Her body felt heavy and swollen. She could feel the pulse of her veins and the tiny breezes of movement that filled the room. The sensations mixed with her fear and the drugs, turning into a cocktail that pushed her right to the edge of something that she couldn't identify.

The creature caressed her with its tendrils. She felt it along her throat, her shoulders. The touch was light, featherlight and somehow right on the cusp of pleasure and pain. The tendrils left a wet smear that burned like a brand on her skin. More tendrils caressed her face and the creature pulled itself up to her throat.

Wet weight pressed on her collarbone. The tail of the creature pumping the last of the venom into her blood and pulled out. The thick appendage rested on her body, like a huge, spent cock. The creature's tendrils reached down, tracing the lines of Amy's chest and moving down to follow the lines of her two heavy breasts.

At the first touch of a tendril on her nipple, Amy's breath grew more rapid. The light touch, mixed with everything else, felt incredible. With her helplessness and her intensified senses, she could feel her nipple perk up. She could even feel her areola wrinkling and the tip pushing into the air. It ached from the intensity, but the creature wasn't done. Tiny tendrils wrapped around her nipple and breasts.

More tendrils reached out, peeling away her silk gown from her other breast. The bulbous tips curled underneath the pendulous mount and plucked it from her chest. The tips of the creature circled around her nipple, teasing it to an aching hardness in a matter of seconds.

The creature used a few tendrils to push itself down into Amy's cleavage. It wrapped both breasts with its tendrils and stroked them, teasing them. More tendrils reached out to touch her sides, shoulders, and even right underneath her arms. Every touch seemed to increase an infuriating pleasure that insisted on filling Amy.

"Close your eyes," commanded the creature, "it will help."

She couldn't obey.

The creature's eyes stared at her. Then two tendrils reached up and eased her eyelids shut, plunging her world into darkness. Amy's breath quickened, first in terror, then fighting the pleasure of the creature stroking her body. It was tender and gentle. It never moved

quickly. It touched every part of her body, finding every sensitive part of her skin and leaving it slick with slime.

It continued to move down, nuzzling underneath her silk gown. She felt it tenting up, but quickly focused on the touch of the tendrils as the creature explored her body, working down her flanks and leaving her body heaving with a flame that pooled between her leg.

Amy's body wasn't her own. Sweat prickled her skin and she breathed in the smell of her own excitement, fueled by the poison in her veins. She tried not to focus on either her pleasures or the fear.

The creature continued to work down, letting the wet silk slap against her skin and the heavy weight shifting down to her belly. Tiny touched circled around her navel, caressing it and bringing back fresh fears of being invaded there, but the creature pulled away after a few seconds. Slick tentacles reached down to caress her hips and belly.

Amy knew where the creature headed and tried to pull her thoughts away. She struggled to think of flowers, television, even politics. Her mind kept shifting toward sex. She finally gave up and brought up the image of Kevin in her mind. The young officer, naked in her mind, blunted some of the fear. When the tentacle creature ran the bulbous tips through her pubic hair, she imagined Kevin doing the same with his tongue. When the ends traced along her labia, she imagined it was Kevin spreading her open with his fingers. She

The ministrations of the creature on her pussy, from clitoris to labia, were delicate and overwhelming. It knew exactly how to touch her to evoke a deep, primal ecstasy in her body. She felt her nether opening drooling with excitement, and both felt humiliated and reveled at the feelings.

Ends plucked her pussy apart, spreading her open like a lover. More tendrils pushed her slack legs apart. It easily manipulated her body and it took all of Amy's willpower to pretend it was Kevin spreading her legs instead of an inhuman creature about to hide inside her.

Her thoughts brought her fantasy and she felt the full impact of the creature as it slid down between her legs. The tail slid down her belly, the tip caught on her navel for a moment before it peeled off

her stomach with a wet, slurping noise. She could picture it poised to strike again and the anticipation almost killed her.

The creature struck with its tail, driving the thick member into her slick pussy. Amy let out a shriek, the first noise she was able to, as she prepared to feel pain or more tingling. But, it wasn't pain she felt. Or the venom. Instead, it was just a thick, rubbery member covered in slime. The creature pulled it out and thrust back in, fucking her like a lover.

Amy gasped, lost in the conflict of venom, pleasure, and sex. The tentacle, even tipped with a piercer, was thicker than her husband ever was and the creature drove into her with long, deep strokes. She felt her pussy tingling, growing hotter and slicker with every stroke. She wondered if the creature was stroking her with venom, but she couldn't tell with the waves of pleasure that consumed her thoughts.

The creature pulled out slowly, letting her feel every wrinkle and bulge of its body. The tip of the stinger caressed her inner walls, pleasurable and painful at the same time. She heard it when the tail finally came out, the wet dripping noise was unmistakable.

"This will not hurt," whispered the creature, "but I need to hide."

Amy felt it delve all of its tentacles into her pussy, splaying her open like a flower. She felt every mote of cool air that rushed in, but it was quickly replaced by a warmth as the creature pulled itself to the opening of her sex.

It felt huge at her entrance. But, the tendrils were teasing her from the inside, finding places to hold on. Amy knew what would come next, but she didn't know how something twice the size of her fists would fit into her pussy, slick and excited as she was.

The creature obvious had a place. It spread out its tendrils and started to pull itself in. Amy's labia spread open as the creature forced itself in. She felt herself being opened up more than any man ever did. The creature's body ground against her sex, rotating as it forced itself in. The soft body seemed to ooze into her, stretching her ill-used channel to its limits.

Amy's breath came in ragged gasps, her every iota of her senses focused on the hugeness forcing itself into her pussy. The tendrils buckled down and it forced itself deeper. She felt her belly bulging as the creature oozed into her pelvis, pushing up on her belly. The



pressure increased against her bladder and organs, but it hot and slick and wonderful.

She shuddered with the ecstasy that coursed through her veins. Her breasts heaved with every breath, the only part of her body that somehow resisted the venom, came from her throat, soft at first but louder as the creature pulled itself deeper.

Tendrils reached further into her, deeper than she thought possible, and she felt her cervix being penetrated by half a dozen tentacles.

“Oh!” Her lips managed to form a word as the creature’s bulk reached an apex. It hurt and felt incredible at the same time, like being impaled for the first time. Then, the creature’s body slurped deep inside her.

The surge of movement, of being filled completely, pushed Amy over the edge. Her body ignited in flames of ecstasy and she felt every muscle weakly tensing from the intensity of her orgasm. She couldn’t find a peak to her orgasm and it seemed to continue forever, her body surging and heaving as she drowned in her pleasures.

With her orgasm faded and the creature was still, but she could feel it inside her, filling her vagina to its limits. Something stuck out from between her pussy lips, but otherwise the creature had managed to stuff itself completely in her body.

Her body refused to move and Amy was helpless to even move her eyes. She laid on the floor, cunt filled to the limits and helpless. Her breath quieted and she tried to think of anything, but she couldn’t pull her mind away from the pleasures that still radiated from her sex.

It was forever before Amy could move her eyes. The eyelids flickered open and she stared up at the ceiling, willing her body to move. Minutes later, she felt the muscles coming back to life and she weakly lifted her head from the table. Slime dripped down her face, splashing down on her collarbone and chest.

Amy feared looking down. She couldn’t move her lower limbs yet, but she found the courage to lift her head to look down.

Limp, her body stretched out on the floor. Her breasts glistened with slime with droplets of clear fluids dripping from her nipples. Her gown clung to her belly, slick with the creature’s lubrication.

Her eyes focused between her legs, past the slime-soaked hairs, to the long tail of the creature sticking out from her pussy. No venom dripped from the end, but from her vantage point, it looked like some inhuman cock sprouting out from her sex.

More minutes passed before she regained control of her hand. She lifted it up, trembling, and felt down her body. The slime clung to her fingertips, welling up as she glided through it. Her belly stuck out right above her pubic bone. It looked like she was a few months pregnant, not quite fat but obviously carrying life. She shook even more as she felt down between her legs, to the tail sticking out. At her first touch, the creature jerked and she felt her pussy squeezing in response.

Tendrils spread out inside her and Amy let out a hoarse whimper. The pressure increased from the tendrils, then the creature twisted inside her. The tail drew up into her, sucked back into her pussy. The sensation of it withdrawing left her gasping for breath. It felt good, better than almost anything human.

The creature continued to twist around and Amy watched as her belly bulged, the outline of the tail grinding against her skin from the side then disappearing as it slid down at the upper end of her vagina.

Curious, Amy pulled herself into a sitting position and looked down at her swollen labia. She reached down with her fingers and ran her fingers along the edges. The welcoming pleasures teased her senses, but Amy needed to dig deeper. She curled one finger past her aching clitoris and into her channel. She spread labia apart.

“I won’t—” She heard the whispering voice of the creature and let out a shriek. She snatched her hands back and covered her mouth to stifle the scream.

Tendrils reached out from her insides, spreading her hope. The creature’s voice came up from between her legs. “I won’t hurt you, just let me hide.”

“W-What are you?” She felt silly talking to her own body, but she had to ask after such an intense penetration.

“A creature. For reproduction.”

“Oh, god, you’re going to impregnate me?”

“No, but I can. The scientists, they made me. I can help with infertility. I can help with pregnancy. I filter diseases and bad genes. I am choice.”

“Why,” she gulped, then arched her back as the creature shifted inside her. “Why are you running, um, Choice? Can I call you Choice?”

“I have will. I can think. I’m afraid. They want...” it paused and she thought it was looking for the word. “They want product. Consistency without pleasure. And I can be called Choice.”

Amy let out a wistful sigh. “You definitely give pleasure.”

“You smell nice when you are pleased.”

“Can I get up?”

The tendrils pressed out on her vagina, as if Choice was bracing itself. Her labia closed as the tendrils withdrew.

With a shaking hand, Amy grabbed her nightstand and used it to haul herself up. Her legs shook from the effort. When she regained her balance, she leaned against the table and felt the sweat that dripped down her body from the effort. She wiped her brow and straightened up. She looked down at her bared breasts and felt a tiny wave of humiliation. With both hands, she eased her breasts back into her slime-soaked nightgown.

She stopped, mid-tuck, and realized she held ruined silk in her fingers. A shower sounded good.

“Can I... um, is it safe to take a shower?”

She felt tendrils pushing apart her labia, but her thighs kept it sealed shut. Feeling embarrassed, she lifted one leg up and planted it on the bed.

Choice pushed her open and whispered from her thighs. “All things safe, I’m designed to be unobtrusive.”

Amy looked down at her distended belly. “Right, hidden.”

“I’m a prototype,” whispered Choice in an embarrassed tone.

“Unobtrusive, huh? That means if a guy is making love,” her mind flashed to her imaginary Kevin, “he won’t feel you?”

Tendrils shifted and brought pleasure to her body. “No, he won’t feel it, but I would pass or magnify the pleasure. And, this is how I survive. Nourishment.”

Amy choked, almost falling off her perched position. “You feel off cum?”

“Yes. And juices. You taste good.”

“Oh god,” she said to no one in particular, “you are a horny little pussy dweller.”

“Hungry, not horny.”

Instead of answering, Amy dropped her leg. She peeled off the slick silk gown and threw it into the corner. Naked, she padded into her bathroom for a shower.

As the hot water sluiced down her body, Amy took the chance to think. It terrified her that a creature was buried in her pussy, but it seemed so delicate and helpless. It was scared at her and, she sighed and let the water splash off her face, Choice needed her. She pulled back and tried to figure out why she felt any affection for her intruder.

After a half hour shower, the water heater was empty but Amy felt clean. She found a new sleeping outfit, a large shirt that went down to her knees and a soft, terry cloth robe they got from a fantasy suite in Chicago. She considered underwear and a silk bottom, but abandoned them to avoid stifling Choice.

“Just... don’t eat me,” she said as she slipped into bed.

Tendrils spread her open. “I won’t, I promise.”

“Good.” She stared up at the ceiling, trying to find a comfortable spot. She couldn’t help but focus on the feeling of fullness in her pussy, the comforting and occasionally pleasurable sensations of the creature twisting around. She was wasn’t afraid of Choice and the creature had done nothing to hurt her. It only brought her pleasure and she couldn’t shake the protective feelings she felt.

Amy thought about her life, about her desire for adventures which she never went on. She broke up with her ex-husband over that very issue, he wanted to be safe and comfortable in Georgia and she left for a risky job. But, a successful new job and lonely nights didn’t feeling like adventures anymore. Nor did trolling the clubs and being called a cougar.

She reached down with one hand to cup her moist pussy. A tendril slipped out and wrapped around her finger. Neither creature nor woman said anything.

“I’ll help you, Choice,” she said after a long moment. “In the morning, we’ll find a way to get away from here. And,” she thought of Kevin, “maybe something for you to eat.”

Choice gave her a comforting squeeze.

Red and blue flashing lights appeared on the ceiling. Amy stared at them, her mind already fixated on Kevin, then realized she heard a car idling in her driveway. Curious, she slipped out of bed and peered through the drapes.

Kevin's police cruiser sat in the drive and the officer was stepping out of it. He was alone, unlike before, and he reached into the cruiser to turn off the flashing lights. Holding his hat on his head, he walked to her front door. She grabbed the drapes, feeling exited at the sight of him.

The tendril sucked back into her pussy and pulled her labia closed. Breathless, Amy slipped her robe back on and ran down the stairs. Her doorbell rang out as she hit the bottom of the stairs. Bare feet slapped on the floor as she crashed into the door.

Taking a deep breath, she opened it.

Kevin bobbed his head. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but, um, I was wondering if you would like an escort out of town."

"Are they evacuating?"

Kevin worried his bottom lip. "No, but they are getting more frantic. They are brought hazmat and armored vehicles into the area. And some really scary looking scanning gear. I don't think they are telling me everything and I was worried, um, about you."

She felt flattered by his actions, even though he was probably half her age. "Me?"

He blushed. "Yes..."

"Let me think about it," she whispered, but she already made a choice. She wanted to take care of Choice and the first thing was to sneak the creature away. If Kevin didn't notice, it would be the perfect chance to use him as an excuse to sneak away.

Kevin interrupted her thoughts. "I'll pay for a hotel."

Amy caught him looking at her belly and breasts and felt a surge of excitement rising between her legs. She smiled and felt Choice twisting around in response. She could only imagine it encouraged her for a chance to feed. And Amy wanted Kevin almost as badly as Choice did. She gulped to mask the building pleasures inside her body and gave the young officer a sly smile.

"Oh, really? Want to get me alone? In a hotel room?"

“Um, not like that!” He said, holding up his hands, but his blush told her everything.

She leaned into the door, nestling the wood between her breasts.

“Pity,” she said in a sultry voice, “I might like that. Let me get my things.”

# 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](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*



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