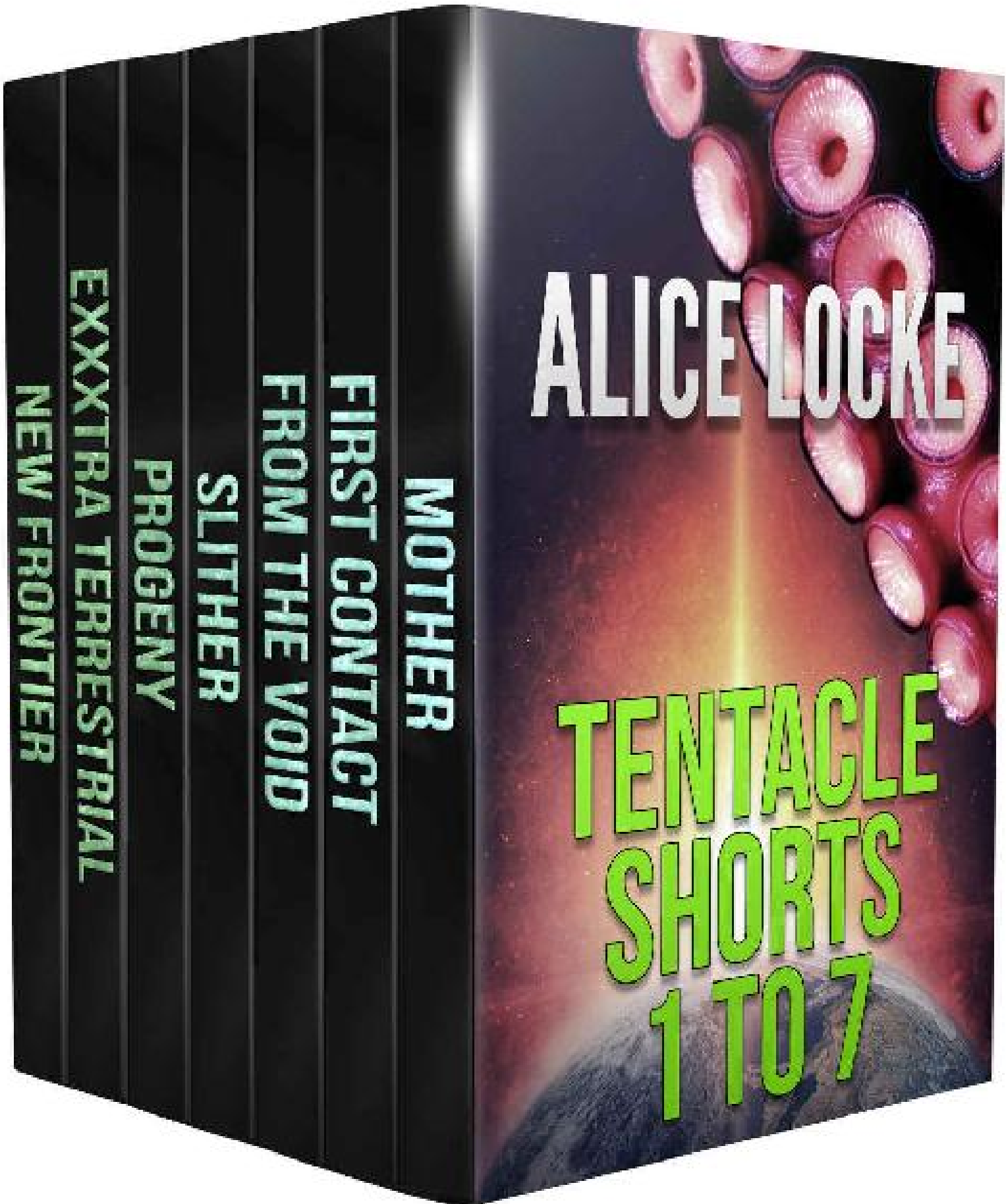




ALICE LOCKE

**TENTACLE
SHORTS
1 TO 7**

MOTHER

FIRST CONTACT

FROM THE VOID

SLITHER

PROGENY

EXXXTRA TERRESTRIAL

NEW FRONTIER

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Mother

Nora suffers from *insomnia*, and the only way to help fight the boredom is taking long relaxing drives at night. It's just her music, her car and the starry sky.

Alas, something out there has different plans for her.

Nora won't be getting any sleep, but this will be a night she will always remember.

First Contact

To most people, Jennifer was a normal accountant. In reality, **she worked for the secret services**, overseeing the development of new military hardware.

When her phone rings in the middle of the night *her life, and history, would change forever.*

Aliens had landed on Earth, and **she volunteered to be the one to make first contact, not knowing what the aliens had in store for her.**

From The Void

"As she crossed the gate she found herself in complete darkness. Low rumbling noises echoed around her but she couldn't identify the source.

She tried to scream for help but no one came - she was alone, floating in the void, and something was out to get her."

Kate had been all over the world unearthing artifacts of civilizations long gone. Her last expedition had been in Sudan and she wasn't too fond of the torrid weather. So when a call from eastern Europe came in, *Kate and her crew accepted it.*

They had discovered what seemed to be a cathedral, that predated every known human artifact.

Little did she know, *this trip would end up changing her life in ways she never thought possible.*

**Something lurked deep within the darkness.
Something wanted Kate and her plump body.**

Slither

How many women could say they had been not only with an Aelorian, but with four of their elites?

Christine has just been elected as Humanity's Ambassador and the first order of business was meeting the alien race who made first contact with us decades ago. Hailed as the pinnacle of physical prowess, **will Christine succumb to their tentacled advances or will she walk away?**

"We know human women are particularly interested in our... Skills, as they put it," Another one declared. Christine didn't think the meeting could take this turn, and while the confusion and doubts were slowly being replaced by a new found courage she still couldn't formulate a response.

Finally the words out of her mouth. **"I accept your offer,"** she sternly declared as *her face took on a red hue.*

Upon hearing those words, the aliens stood up and approached her, surrounding her from all sides. She looked tiny compared to them, they towered over her.

"Relax, miss Hale. We'll make this a night you will never forget."

Progeny

Lisa is a quiet, reserved **college girl** who traveled back to her hometown for spring break.

Walking through the narrow streets she spots a flier for a party and decides to go, even if she rarely went out.

Having a night out sounded appealing to her,

but **something else out there had other plans.**

Lisa never made it to the party, but **she will always remember that night.**

Exxxtra Terrestrial

Annie was **eager to start the next chapter of her life in college**, *but didn't expect to have an alien roommate.* They lived peacefully among us, and throughout the years they had earned an interesting reputation: **they were fantastic in bed.**

Annie and her roommate end up starting **a dangerous teasing game**, which will inevitably escalate and *leave them breathless but satisfied.*

"Their little game was obviously having an effect on them both. It was getting harder to contain it, at least for Annie.

She devised a plan to finally kick things off - something simple at its roots, but that would definitely rile *Ka'on* up and hopefully get him to finally take her.

Annie waited patiently for him to come back from his classes, as they had different schedules. He was usually punctual though, so Annie could predict when he would be home.

She heard the door slide open followed by footsteps - **and the games began."**

New Frontier

A new planet, a new Frontier.

Mary Brennan, captain of the Ark, saw the beauty of the newly discovered planet before her, **but what she didn't see was the creature lurking in wait for the perfect prey.**

Taken hard and seeded, the recon team is the only chance she has to escape **the creature's slimy grasp.** Alas, **they looked tasty as well...**

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ALICE LOCKE

MOTHER

MOTHER

Chapter One

Insomnia

The prospect of spending another night staring at the ceiling did not sound appealing to Nora. Lately she'd been having trouble falling asleep, and even the medication prescribed to her did nothing except turn her stomach upside down.

At two o'clock in the morning on a Friday night, in a city that's already asleep at midnight, her options were fairly limited. The boredom was already setting in - nothing to watch on television, nothing exciting to do on the internet and even porn was getting stale.

Nora stood up and stepped outside on the balcony, taking in the warm breeze as she scanned her surroundings. The streetlights coated the ground with their orange hue, often eerily flickering.

It was a quiet neighborhood, and at night the silence enveloped everything like a thick blanket, broken only by the faint sound of a dog barking in the distance and the leaves rustling as the wind blew.

She could see a few houses had their lights still on, and Nora wondered if they too were finding it impossible to sleep. She sighed in resignation and wandered back inside.

She was alone in the house, her husband was on a business trip on the other side of the country. He wanted to bring Nora along thinking a vacation would help her deal with her insomnia, but she decided to stay home to make

sure nothing bad happened while they were away.

The clock was nearing three now, and Nora was more alert than ever before. She put on her shoes and headed to the garage, thinking a nightly drive could relax her. It usually did the trick, even if everyone kept repeating her how dangerous it could get. Nora didn't particularly care, she'd always been a great driver.

Tom, her husband, had taken the Mercedes along with him for the trip, leaving her with what they not-so-affectionately referred to as "*the Shitheap*", an old convertible Volvo that had seen better days in its fifteen years long lifespan. She didn't mind driving it - it still performed but like any old car, it had its fair share of problems.

Her night cruises had become a habit, so much so that she even made an appropriate playlist consisting of downtempo electronic tracks - she found them relaxing, and in her opinion paired well with driving alone at night.

The car's engine roared to life, drowned by the music coming from the stereo. Nora fastened her seat belt and slowly backed out of the driveway, turning towards the empty street.

The neighborhood was quiet as usual, her car the only thing disturbing the peace.

She soon reached the freeway and with it, peace of mind. The soothing effect of the music blaring from the car's stereo coupled with miles and miles of asphalt always had a therapeutic effect on her; she didn't know the reason behind it and never questioned it, deciding instead to enjoy the moment while it lasted.

Nora began to relax, yet still aware of her surroundings. She passed a few cars going in the opposite direction and again she wondered if they were in her situation too. She

hoped they were - it'd make things easier to deal with, she thought, knowing she wasn't the only one going through that.

She chuckled to herself as she realized how over dramatic she was being; things were going to be just fine, she just had to push through it.

As the clouds cleared, baring the starry fields they were concealing, Nora slowed down, coming to a stop in a nearby rest area. She didn't leave the car for safety reason, deciding instead to open the car's sunroof.

Looking up at the stars made her troubles seem insignificant, and so minuscule in the grand scheme of things. She allowed herself a few minutes of pure bliss, after which she began her journey home.

Chapter Two

Lights

Nora loved feeling the wind on her face, even if it meant her hair would look like a tornado had ravaged her head. She didn't mind it, it was a nice tradeoff for the peace and quiet she experienced while driving alone at night.

The playlist she made was over six hours long - she never made it to the end, but the shuffle function made sure the songs were varied enough.

Static noise replaced the track Nora was listening to, so loud it made her jump when she heard it. She brushed it off as nothing, thinking it was just a random glitch in the stereo. She pulled over to the side of the road and began fidgeting with the controls in order to get it working again so that she could continue her cruise. Changing the track didn't work, nor did adjusting the volume.

The static noise seemingly had a will of its own and even after turning the stereo off, Nora could still hear it. The darkness limited her field of view, but that very same darkness was slowly being replaced by a bright white light.

Nora paid no mind to that, thinking it was simply another driver that noticed her car and decided to slow down to see if anyone was hurt. The light kept getting more and more intense, and as Nora looked around her to identify the source, she realized it was above her, way up in the night sky.

She tried to look away as fear got a tight hold of her senses, but she still managed to turn the car back on again and speed away from whatever that *thing* was.

Nora had always been an open minded but logical person, thus leading her to the conclusion that it was nothing she should be worried about - after all it could have been a police chopper or something along those lines.

She kept driving, still on edge; The stereo began emitting static again, just as she was beginning to relax.

The light came shortly after, accompanied by a low humming noise that drowned out every other sound. Nora slammed her foot on the gas pedal, hoping to outrun her pursuers, but to no avail.

She was pushing the car to its limits, yet the light remained on her, following her throughout the freeway. As the buzzing noise got louder, the light became more intense and eventually engulfed her completely, rendering her effectively blind. Nora slammed on the brakes, hoping she wouldn't lose control of the car.

Her guardian angel was on duty that night, the old Volvo came to a complete stop as its tires screeched on the asphalt. She still couldn't see anything, so driving was out of question.

Nora got out of her car and ran. Or, well, tried to - her legs felt like gelatin and she began to feel nauseous. It brought her to her knees, still engulfed in light.

And then, nothing.

Nora's eyes shot open. Once more she was greeted by a white light, though this time it appeared to come from a spotlight placed a few feet above her.

She found herself in what seemed to be an operating room, yet one she had never seen. The machines and devices she could see, she couldn't recognize - a rare occurrence considering the nights she spent watching medical dramas on television.

Her limbs had been secured to the metal plate she was laying on, fully naked. She felt drowsy, as if she'd been

drugged but one thing was very clear in her mind: she wasn't in an ordinary hospital.

Her calls for help echoed in the room, unanswered. Straining against her binds proved futile, and fear took a hold of her.

That's when she heard them. From her position, she couldn't see anything except her immediate surroundings. Whoever, or *what* ever was in the room with her definitely did not sound human.

All she could hear was a series of clicking noises varying in speed and intensity, mixed in with the occasional grunt.

Nora was desperately trying to remain calm in the face of this absurdity - and failing miserably.

The source of the noises presented itself and Nora couldn't help but let out a scream. It appeared to be humanoid - tall and slender, yet strangely muscular.

Nora's eyes darted around the alien being, trying to process it's features. Red skin streaked with jagged white lines covered its body; at the end of its upper limbs, the creature sported two long and thick tentacle-like appendages, which she assumed were their fingers.

Its face was eerily blank. She couldn't see a mouth or something that would resemble a nose - and the three tiny beads, which Nora assumed were its eyes, were fixated on her.

A second creature joined the first, still intently staring at Nora's full figured body, trying to understand more about it. She wanted to scream, but the words wouldn't come out. Her mind was desperately trying to make sense of the situation yet nothing was working. Her eyes filled with tears as she broke out sobbing, pleading with her captors to release her.

All they did was stare at her, clicking and grunting. One of

them reached out to her, placing a finger on her forehead. She tried to move away, but her head was held in place by the other creature.

Images began to flash before her eyes. She saw the creatures, their history and downfall. From what she could gather, they were simply fleeing their doomed homeland to seek shelter elsewhere.

The images were accompanied by a series of high pitched noises and low humming tones, and as Nora's mind endured the assault, she felt herself relax more and more.

By the end of it, Nora was at peace. No longer struggling nor sobbing, her will completely bent to her masters.

As her visions ended, she heard a voice speak to her, loud and clear, directly into her mind.

"You saw our downfall, but you will help us begin anew."

She nodded in agreement, any trace of fear gone.

"We have so much work to do." Again the voice in her head spoke to her.

"So much work to do..." Nora repeated the words she heard, in a monotone voice. Her eyes barely open, staring into nothing.

Chapter Three

Examination

A deep sense of serenity washed over Nora, her stress and worries vanishing, replaced by a deep sense of calmness and soon after, the aliens began their examination.

Their thick fingers found their way on Nora's supple body, roughly poking and prodding every inch of her skin. Nora didn't mind the treatment, she knew this had been her true purpose all along.

While one creature explored her, the other seemed to be there just to watch Nora's reactions - perhaps it was the first time they had contact with a human and despite being technologically advanced, had no clue how their bodies worked.

Their harsh touches left behind a deep burning sensation that seemed to expand the more the aliens kept at it. Nora's body began to tingle as she begged her captors for more.

Her pleas went unheard - the creatures ignored her, captivated by her squirming. As they got to her mound the aliens noticed her growing arousal and seemingly began to talk to each other about it.

Nora couldn't understand them yet knew she would be willing to subject herself to anything without questioning it.

She cried out as she felt something being forcefully inserted into her depths. She couldn't see what it was from her position yet she could clearly feel the familiar tingling sensation slowly spread inside of her.

More clicking and grunting soon were heard, sounding more

urgent in tone. The invading object retreated, but was immediately replaced by another, larger one.

Nora was slowly getting accustomed to its presence, even letting out a groan as she was violated.

Straining against her bindings, Nora managed to get a glimpse of what was penetrating her. One of the alien's thick fingers was buried in her to the hilt, and while she didn't see the creature's arm move, she felt the presence inside of her elongate.

The finger reached her cervix and stopped expanding as Nora's breathing's pace quickened. A small twitch had her cry out, which the aliens quickly picked up as being a positive result.

Their thickness seemed to expand, stretching Nora's hole more than she ever experienced. It was still pleasurable, and became even more so when the creature began moving its now tentacle-like finger.

The dexterity of it was something Nora had never felt before; the way it seemed to curl and instantly release, the wave-like motion and the ever present alternating between expanding and contracting were driving her crazy. Her soft moans turned to screams of pleasure, once again begging her captors for more.

As the tingling sensation spread throughout her body, her mind turned blank - all Nora knew, all she believed and all she was or will ever be, was this. A slave to the superior life forms inhabiting the universe.

Her body convulsed against the binding as an explosive orgasm shook her. Her captors didn't seem to care about that, they simply kept on ravaging her insides. Nora felt the creature's finger poking around her behind, exerting pressure until her muscles gave in to the intruder.

She wasn't ready for that and while the pleasure was intense, she still couldn't help but scream as the alien's wide

finger made its way inside her tight asshole.

It kept expanding inside of her, slowly but unrelenting - she could feel it growing and filling her like never before. The pain faded, replaced by pleasure; her sore throat sending painful jolts every time she cried out.

The tentacle-like fingers moved in unison, vigorously ravishing Nora's holes. She didn't think she could take all of that without her body ripping apart, but the aliens were careful not to cause any lasting damage. Still, their savage motions left Nora a whimpering mess, shocked by jolts of pain and endless pleasure.

Her body shocked by the sudden onset of another massive orgasm left her exhausted; she didn't even have the strength to struggle or strain against the bindings - not that she wanted to, her only wish was to please her masters and carry their progeny to usher in their new golden age.

The other alien, who so far had been quietly observing his comrade explore Nora's body, decided to join in. His fingers, slimmer than the other alien's, quickly found their way on Nora's supple breasts.

Her voice gone, she was reduced to groaning as the assault on her body dragged on. The sound of a door sliding open echoed in the room, as five more creatures appeared.

Their clicks and grunts were all Nora could hear before a low buzzing noise began emitting from below her.

Her body slowly started to float into the air - she still couldn't move, but the new perspective made her notice that the new creatures were now surrounding the examination table.

There wasn't much variety to their looks, save for the shade of their skin and the size of their fingers - though given what she was going through, she knew full well what they were capable of.

They began probing her body once more. Her mouth invaded by one the creature's tentacles. It didn't have any taste that Nora could recognize; not that she had time to think about it as the invading appendage made its way down her throat. The other aliens' tendrils enveloped her torso in a tight, slithering embrace; that familiar tingling feeling returned with a vengeance, coursing through her entire body.

The tentacle in her throat backed away but soon pushed back down again as Nora tried not to gag on it. She had to be good for her masters, she had to endure anything they put her through to serve them as best as possible.

One of the creature wrapped its tentacles around Nora's throat, slightly squeezing it. The now limited oxygen intake heightened the pleasure she was feeling.

The orgasms kept on washing over her - so many she lost count. Her holes were sore and stretched, yet her captors didn't seem intentioned to stop. Nothing else mattered to her, she was but a toy, and toys are meant to be played with.

She hear the voice once more. *"You will carry our progeny. You will be remembered as the Mother. Take our gift."* It spoke calmly, directly into Nora's mind. Before she had a chance to reply, the tentacles inside her body froze in place as thick liquid spurts erupted from them, filling her insides to the brim.

The aliens retracted their appendages, leaving their prisoner to float above the table, leaking slimy black liquid from all of her battered holes.

Nora allowed herself to relax momentarily, thinking the creatures were done with her. Alas, that was not the case. The tentacles soon forced their way inside her sore holes again, this time in pairs; the liquid mixed with her juice made it easier, but she still felt like she was going to break.

The aliens kept ravaging her insides, filling her up with their black seed - every hole Nora had, save for her ears and nose, was being stretched far beyond what she thought possible.

The pain eventually subsided, but she felt numb. The creatures were unrelenting in their brutal breeding, hell bent on insuring she would carry their offspring; thick spurts of black seed kept coating her insides, overflowing and dripping to the ground - the aliens didn't seem to care, they just kept pumping into her.

She didn't know how long she endured the breeding process. Her body was devoid of energy, passing out multiple times as a result.

Every time she came to, she could feel the tentacles deep within her, spraying her insides with their black sludge.

She tried to stay awake. She had no intention to fight the urge to let herself go and give herself up to her masters - Nora's eyes closed as she drifted into unconsciousness.

Chapter Four

Homeward

Nora awoke in her car. As she looked around she found herself in the rest area in which she had stopped when the clouds vanished.

Her body was sore, and even if her car's seats were comfortable enough, her lower body ached as if she had been tortured.

She could remember everything - what the aliens did to her, how it felt and most importantly, the complete devotion she felt towards them. For a moment she thought she just imagined everything, but as she felt something ooze out of her, Nora knew.

Looking at her phone, the clock was nearing six, meaning the encounter must've taken at least two hours. Her eyes darted to the calendar and her stomach dropped.

She had left her home at three o'clock, on Friday. It was now six in the morning, Sunday.

As Nora racked her brain trying to remember, she noticed the twelve missed calls from her husband. Explaining what happened will be impossible, no one was going to believe her.

She'd been abducted and bred by a dying race of extraterrestrial creatures, who kept on abusing her body even when she was unconscious, for hours and hours on end. Most people would dismiss it as the ramblings of a crazy person - and up to Friday Nora would have, too.

Alas, things are subjected to change. The idea of having kids repulsed her, yet she was willing to do anything to protect the alien's progeny growing inside of her. The car's engine roared to life once more and Nora began her journey home, leaving the sun to rise behind her.

A woman, Alice Locke, is shown from the waist up, wearing a red lace bra and matching red lace underwear. She is positioned against a dark, starry background with a subtle blue light effect radiating from behind her. The text "ALICE LOCKE" is overlaid in a yellow box.

ALICE LOCKE

**FIRST
CONTACT**

FIRST CONTACT

Chapter One

Arrival

The familiar ring tone of Jennifer's phone echoed through her bedroom. It pulled her out of the deep slumber she'd earned after a long day at the office, or at least that's what she told her family.

Jennifer Conwell was thought to be an accountant for a small company in Las Vegas, but the truth was the complete opposite. She was part of the secret services, in a branch that normally would be handling military advancements that the general public should not know about.

It wasn't the most easy career to get into yet she trudged on, both for the sake of her country and her wallet.

She picked up the phone as it rang and her groggy eyes couldn't recognize the number, but given her field she answered anyway.

"Conwell. Report to the Headquarters. We have a class Delta event on our hands," the man on the phone ordered.

Class Delta. Jennifer mind cleared up as she heard those words. Throughout her briefings and training courses, the instructor did mention that particular classification here and there, albeit almost jokingly.

Delta events were most commonly referred to as Unidentified Flying Objects, UFO for short. Save for a few civilians, pretty much nobody in the government took them seriously and Jennifer was perhaps the last person who would.

Every time some low quality footage depicting mysterious lights in the sky would appear on the internet, Jennifer and

her colleagues would make fun of it and the theories people would come up with.

Those lights that seemed to move at impossible speeds? Surely it had to be aliens, according to the average Joe. But in reality, they simply were prototypes the military was testing.

Still the rumors spread like wildfire ever since the Roswell incident - and even that one had just been a downed Russian reconnaissance aircraft.

Jennifer figured nothing of substance had happened and took some time to brew coffee before heading out. The streets of Las Vegas were full of life even at night, and at four o'clock in the morning, that statement still held true.

Half an hour later she arrived at the headquarters, located in a fairly plain-looking building in the outskirts of town. Upon entering she showed her identification badge to the receptionist, who let her through the gate and into the elevator that connected the main floor to the underground section.

An eerie silence permeated the building, aided by the thick concrete walls.

Jennifer wasn't happy about this whole ordeal. Getting a call late at night for something which she was sure would be a mere triviality didn't sit well with her, though she did notice that the man who called her sounded agitated. She shrugged it off - it could simply be a civilian aircraft wandering too close to military airspace.

As she got close to the main observation room, the one where analysts would spend most of their shifts staring at streams of data on their monitors she began hearing chatter.

That was an unusual occurrence, considering on most days the only sounds one could hear would be the rhythmic click-clacking of the keyboards keys being pressed.

Stepping inside, she was greeted by what looked like pure madness - at least for that place. People frantically typing and talking while glancing up at the projector screens on the walls.

The video feed coming in was too dark to make sense of, but the people around her seemed ecstatic. She couldn't understand what they were saying since their voices all seemed to blend together, but she swore one of them repeatedly mentioned the word "aliens".

Jennifer was a smart and open minded woman but she could hardly believe the fact that what they were looking at was what people were describing.

General Wilson, her superior, approached her.

"Conwell. You took your sweet ass time."

"Sorry sir, I didn't realize how urgent this was. What happened?"

"An unknown aircraft landed in the middle of the desert. We can't confirm it extra terrestrial just yet, but I have never seen anything like that."

Jennifer was left speechless. Her superior was an extremely skeptic man, and his claims held more weight than normal. He would quickly dismiss it as nothing to be worried about like he did countless times before but this time it was different.

"What's the procedure?" Jennifer asked, a worried look on her face.

"We have it surrounded. But..." He trailed off.

"But?"

"The President wants us to make first contact, but no one here has the courage to get close to that thing."

"I'll do it." She declared.

The first contact procedure was nothing more than a list of guidelines to follow that had never been tested and could very well backfire on whoever tried them.

Jennifer kept reading the dossier over and over again trying

to adsorb as much information as possible before the big moment. Even with a helicopter it would take at least half an hour to arrive at the location, so she had plenty of time to review the documents.

The aircraft landed vertically at three o'clock in the morning, silently, and barely appearing on the radar. The faint heat signature gave its presence away, but it didn't have any apparent method of propulsion.

Oval in shape and roughly the size of half a football field, it was easy to spot. The military was doing a decent job at covering the event up, but a bright red ring that bisected the aircraft broadcasted its location to anyone with a pair of eyes.

No one dared approach it, both out of fear and orders. Aside from the croaking of the radios the area was completely silent, the eery stillness enveloping everything like a warm blanket on a cold winter night.

The helicopter landed close to the site and its occupants rushed to take their positions, Jennifer being in the lead.

To sum it up, the procedure required her to approach the aircraft and try to communicate with whoever piloted it. It seemed fairly easy on paper, but it had never been attempted before.

Her heartbeat shot up as she approached the alien aircraft, and now that the marines surrounding it had placed floodlights all around it she could see it clearly. Huge, oval and split in two halves by a red glowing ring. Its texture seemed smooth like metal though she couldn't tell what exactly it was made of.

Jennifer stood in front of the aircraft, a megaphone in her hands. She hesitated before bringing it up to her mouth to speak but before she could do so the aircraft began emitting a low humming noise.

Startled, Jennifer took a step back, her eyes glued to the aircraft as the red ring that bisected it seemed to grow

larger towards the bottom side, almost resembling an opening.

The red hue turned to white as the noise kept growing louder and louder still. The marines that had shouldered their rifles when they first heard it now seemed enthralled by it, and lowered their weapons.

Jennifer's confused gaze swept her surroundings in search of an explanation but found nothing. Her confusion seemed to slowly vanish, replaced by a sense of absolute peace pervading every fiber of her being.

The white light faded leaving place to complete darkness. Jennifer felt drawn to the alien aircraft and tentatively walked up to it, disappearing in the pitch black bowels of the machine.

The opening that formed snapped shut and the ring regained its red hue. The soldiers and government officials around the aircraft were simply staring at it, mesmerized and immobile, overwhelmed by the same peaceful feeling that tricked Jennifer.

Chapter Two

The Experiment

Jennifer couldn't see anything yet knew how to navigate the maze-like structure she found herself in. The aliens did something to convince her to willingly step on their aircraft, though she had no idea how they managed to do it. Regardless, due to her training she was somewhat resistant to hypnosis or mind altering drugs - Jennifer was aware of the fact that her body was moving on its own, but no matter how much she tried to fight it, there was no stopping it.

A bright light suddenly came on, blinding her. As her eyes adjusted to it she tried to scan her surroundings and figure out where she was.

Her heart sank as she saw the four creatures that inhabited the aircraft. Even though she couldn't imagine how they looked like, Jennifer still couldn't believe her eyes.

They stood upright on two legs, making them loosely resemble a human. That, they were most definitely not. Easily three times larger than Jennifer, they towered over her.

She looked up at their faces, feeling the black pools that she assumed were their eyes examine every inch of her. Their visage showed no emotion, and even the thin slits that Jennifer assumed would act as a mouths were shut tight.

The similarities ended there. Their pale blue skin seemed to change hue at random intervals, albeit only in certain parts of their body. From her position, Jennifer also noticed that the creatures did not possess limbs but rather two large tendril-like appendages on each side.

Whatever it was they did to her suppressed the terror Jennifer was feeling.

The four aliens began walking - or rather, shuffling - away into another room and Jennifer followed them, unsure of what would happen.

They led her to a pitch black room, and the only thing Jennifer could see was a circular platform that emitted a bright cyan light. She had lost sight of the four aliens, but something pushed her to step on the platform. As she did so, the door to the room closed.

Even if her eyes were slowly adjusting to the darkness, it was still too dark to see anything. She tried to look around her but found nothing, the only source of light was beneath her feet.

Jennifer felt something grab her ankles and shrieked. Upon looking down she saw the tendril-like arms belonging to the creatures, and fear overcame her. Two more tendrils joined, this time holding her wrists high above her head - she desperately tried to strain against them, to escape, yet the tentacles were far too strong.

They slowly lifted her up above the platform - high enough that she could easily break a few bones if they let her go. She didn't know, and didn't want to think about what they were aiming for.

The peaceful feeling that made her enter the aircraft had completely vanished at this point, Jennifer was terrified almost to the point of tears. A fairly normal reaction given the circumstance.

She began screaming at her captors to let her go, but that was short lived. As the last syllables of a long string of insults was coming out of her mouth, the humming noise filled the dark room. It sounded like the one she heard outside of the aircraft, just a hundred times louder.

Jennifer realized what the noise meant and attempted to

fight it, desperately trying to not succumb to the tranquility that was washing over her but failed. Her mind blank, soothed by the creatures, she felt ready to submit to her new masters.

Jennifer couldn't move, but she didn't seem to mind. A tendril made its way under her blouse and tore it open, sending its buttons flying in the black abyss. Her bra soon followed, leaving her supple breasts exposed for the aliens' enjoyment.

Two tentacles took hold of them, wrapping themselves around them. Jennifer let out a soft groan as she felt them squeeze her breasts and yelped in pain when they began focusing her nipples. She hadn't had a chance to take a good look at them, but from what she could feel, the tentacles seemed to have some sort of suction cup on their tips.

A tendril crawled under her pants and began exploring Jennifer's lower body. She moaned every time it would brush against her mound, though the aliens didn't seem to be well versed in human anatomy: most of their movements and actions were the result of trial and error.

Still, they could see how she reacted to certain stimuli. Her pants were ripped to shreds to allow the aliens more freedom of movement, and Jennifer's drenched panties soon followed the rest of her clothes in the pitch black abyss below her.

The tentacles explored every inch of her body carefully at first - as if the aliens were fascinated by it - but their touch became rougher as time went by. Their slithering motions left behind a faint trail of slime that seemed to stick to her silky skin.

Jennifer shuddered as one of the tentacles hit her clitoris. The aliens noticed and repeated the process a few times making her moan. They were fast learners, and even though

Jennifer didn't know why they were doing this to her, she was enjoying the treatment.

In their ongoing quest to understand human anatomy, the aliens found Jennifer's hole and proceeded to forcefully probe it with one of their long tentacles, filling her to the brim.

She cried out as the intruding object stretched her tight walls, but the arousal made it easier to bear. Another tentacle wrapped itself around one of her thighs and slithered upwards to find her plump ass just waiting to be filled.

Jennifer screamed in pain while the tentacle embedded itself deep within her, deeper than anyone had ever been. It eventually stopped its advance, but Jennifer could feel it twitch inside of her bowels.

No man was ever able to make her feel like that, for obvious reasons. Her alien captors, despite not having a full understanding of how the human bodies worked, appeared to be quite competent in pleasing one.

The tentacle that had pushed into her pussy began twitching and retreating only to push back in twice as hard. That alone tipped Jennifer over the edge and her body was rocked by the first orgasm of the night.

Her muscles pulsating around the thick tendrils stretching her holes and her head dangling to the side as she screamed, Jennifer was in bliss. She could feel every ridge, every bump and vein on the tentacles as they ravaged her body. Her holes began leaking the slime that the tentacles produced, but she didn't mind. She wanted to be full, one way or another.

A sudden jolt of pain and pleasure signaled her that something was giving her sensitive clit more attention than it was used to. An alien had put the tip of his tentacle on her swollen button and the suction, while pleasurable, was also too painful for her. Her cries of pleasure turned into pain and

the creature seemed to understand, putting an end to the clitoral assault.

Not even a second later, two tentacles had taken hold of Jennifer's head. One wrapped itself around her neck - she could still breathe, thought it would be a bit harder - and the other probed her mouth only to go straight down her throat. She tried to scream but the words wouldn't come out. Jennifer could now taste the slime as the alien was feeding it to her, and every drop of that sweet nectar seemed to heighten her senses and wash away her worries.

The combined assault on all of her holes became rougher. The tentacles that were ravaging her pussy and asshole seemed to swell up in size yet they were still able to slide in and out effortlessly, and the added suction on her clit and nipples caused another massive orgasm to erupt, making her body quake despite the aliens' vise-like grip on her.

Their rhythm picked up and so did their force. Jennifer's holes were sore and leaking both her juices and the aliens' slime, even though the secretions had been small in volume.

She tried to scream once more as another tentacle forced itself into her tight asshole, intertwining with the first to form an organic drill made specifically to torture her with pleasure.

The forceful thrusts and twitching stopped all of a sudden but swelled up in size once more, thus sealing her holes. Jennifer had no time to react and as she was held up high above the floor of the dark room, the tentacles began filling her with a seemingly endless supply of slime.

Her stomach, womb and intestines were all full to the point of overflowing. Even though the tentacles were stretching her battered holes, the amount of slime was far too much to be contained and some of it found its way between the walls of Jennifer's holes and their intruders, forming thick strings that never seemed to break.

Jennifer's mind went blank. The tentacles inside of her all retreated at the same time but left her hanging high above the platform she stepped on, in pitch black darkness and leaking slime out of most orifices.

Her head dropped down and her chin hit her chest. Despite the fact that she wanted to serve her new masters, that experience had been draining. She felt her eyelids close and didn't even attempt to stay awake.

She woke up back in her own apartment. Jennifer wondered if it had been an extremely vivid dream but wasn't sure, given how her entire body felt like it had been through a meat grinder.

Sitting up in bed she realized she was not wearing any clothes and after looking at her phone she realized it had been a week since the supposed DELTA class event took place.

As much as she tried to remember what happened, she couldn't. Did the aliens erase her memory or did the government do something to her to make her forget?

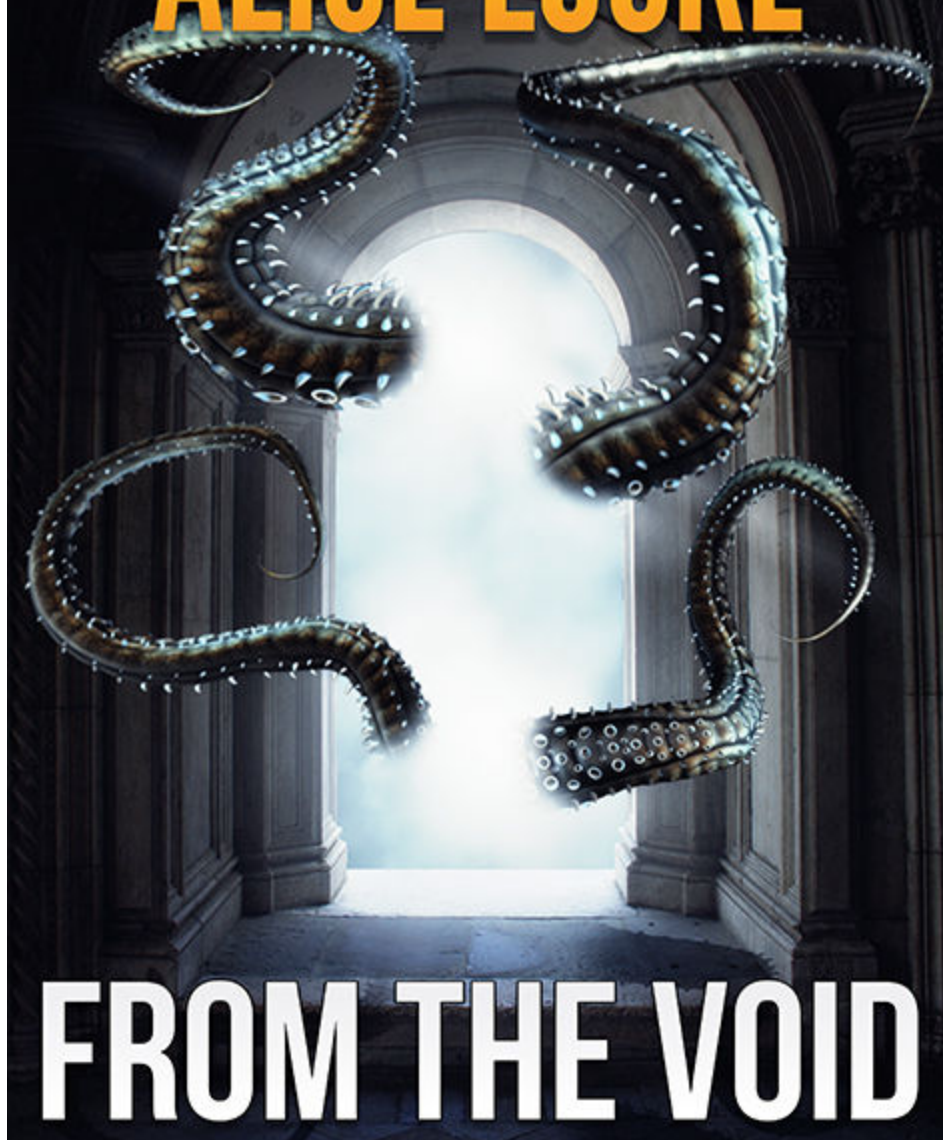
Her mind was full of questions but no answer - and granted, maybe she had just imagined everything.

Jennifer decided to take a shower hoping it would clear her head. She had always been a smart, open minded woman, but even then some things are just too absurd even if one truly wants to believe.

As she made her way to the bathroom, she began feeling nauseous and barely made it to the toilet before she started throwing up what seemed to be a gallon of thick grey liquid. Her eyes shot open as she realized that her encounter had been real and fear took a tight hold of her heart.

What had the aliens done to her in the week she can't remember?

ALICE LOCKE



FROM THE VOID

Chapter One

Archeology isn't like most people picture it. No whips and no melting skulls, just a great deal of dust and dirt. Granted, it had to do with the excavation site location, but regardless of where it was, one would always end up needing a long shower at the end of the day.

That had been the case for the past five years. Kate kept bouncing from one corner of the world to the other hoping to shed lights on civilizations long gone.

She came back home after completing her last contract in the deserts of Sudan, having retrieved nothing substantial save for a new found hate for sand.

Kate wanted to be the one to make a big breakthrough in the archaeological community, perhaps big enough to make international news. Like the discovery of the pyramids, for example.

Yet so far all she found were mere fragments of cultures long gone. She was happy with it, as they still provided priceless information that could lead to a better understanding of how the world was centuries ago - but the scale was far too small to satisfy her hunger.

Kate took a small but needed vacation, and when she returned to the university she worked for, the faculty presented her with a new contract.

She examined it, hoping she wouldn't have to spend more months holed up in some desert but her lucky star shone bright that day - the location was somewhere in Eastern Europe.

Her professor and mentor would be with her and she would need to team up with the locals to reach the destination.

Kate agreed and signed the contract, thinking that a change of scenery would benefit her.

Time flew and so did she, along with the rest of the crew and the equipment, and landed in a slightly dated-looking airport. The local archaeological team had been waiting for their arrival and once the two crews were joined, they proceeded to the excavation site.

It took a few hours by car, driving along the narrow unkempt roads that seemed to hide danger at every turn, but eventually they arrived in front of what looked like the ruins of a cathedral.

Kate stepped out of the vehicle and looked at the structure, wondering if that was their target. Sure it would probably yield some valuable information, but cathedrals weren't too unique. Most of Europe was littered with them, and this one wouldn't be anything special.

One of the locals, Samir, saw the disappointed look on Kate's face and commented on it.

"We know it doesn't look like much, but we found some worrying things scattered around."

She understood him despite the thick accent, and replied "Worrying... Things?"

"I'll show you, follow me."

Samir made his way to a nearby tent, closely followed by Kate and the rest of the American crew. The other locals were calmly unloading the gear from the vehicles, a worried look on their faces.

Samir pointed at a slab of what appeared to be granite, which bore a series of carvings almost resembling those of ancient Egypt.

"See this? We started finding these two years ago, along with a few dilapidated cathedrals. This one is our most recent finding."

"Wow..." Kate muttered under her breath as her eyes

scanned the granite slab.

"Do you have any idea what it says?" She asked without even looking towards Samir.

"Yes and no. We compared the other tablets we found and managed to decipher some of them, but we're not sure we have it right."

"And what does this one mean?" She queried again, pointing at the slab.

Samir looked at it and his brow corrugated as he tried to remember the correct translation.

"Something about a doorway... Sleep... And the rest I don't know. I'm sorry, most of these slabs are nearly illegible."

"How old are they?" Kate's mentor and professor, Walter Laherty, piped up.

Samir chuckled and said "This is where it gets weird. Judging by our tests, which we repeated a few times and with different circumstances... These slabs predate even the oldest known civilizations. Around ten thousand years ago is our best guess."

The American crew was speechless as they heard the news. Could it be possible? That a civilization developed writing earlier than others were even able to plant seeds?

Kate had her doubts and glancing at her mentor he seemed skeptical too.

Chapter Two

Wasting no time the joint crews began exploring the ruins.

Samir's men had already began digging through the dirt that piled up over the years and filled the structure, shielding it from unwanted attention.

Its characteristics and style seemed far too advanced for the time frame Samir suggested, but Kate was far too enthralled by it to give it much thought. Besides, the lab tests would provide more insight on the matter, though they would have to wait.

The interiors of the cathedral were covered in the same carvings that appeared on the slabs.

"Any idea what these mean?" Kate asked, pointing at the walls.

"No, no. It would take hours to decipher these carvings," Samir replied.

His crew was still hard at work in the main floor. The cathedral wasn't huge, but sizable enough that Kate wondered why it hadn't been discovered in the past - you don't exactly stumble into these kinds of things every day, especially in the area they were in.

She brushed those thoughts aside and focused back on her notebook, filled with rude sketches of the carvings and hastily scribbled notes detailing their findings.

A low rumbling noise followed by a scream echoed through the halls, as the crews were inspecting the top floor.

Samir's radio croaked to life and he spoke into it. Kate didn't understand what they said, but Samir explained moments

later.

"One of our men fell down a hole." He declared.

"Is he okay?" Kate worriedly replied.

"That is not important. What matters is that he discovered a hidden floor right below the altar. Let's go."

Samir's tone was cold, almost robotic. After a brief exchange of worried glances, Kate and her mentor followed Samir down the stairs and onto the main floor.

The man that fell had already been rescued when they arrived, but Kate wanted to drop down and explore the lower floors as well as the rest of the house.

They laid out a rope ladder so people could reach the basement without breaking any bones, and after donning the necessary safety equipment, the two crews made the short descent into the lower floor.

As the last member of Samir's crew stepped off the ladder, they began exploring the basement.

The light coming from their yellow safety helmets couldn't pierce the darkness as much as they wanted to - the place felt big and empty given how every step seemed to echo through the walls.

A couple of spotlights fixed the issue and flooded the basement with their bright white lights.

Kate's jaw dropped as she took in the sights around her. They were in a large hexagonal room, its walls covered in detailed carvings. These weren't like the ones found throughout the building but rather felt like whoever made them was telling a story.

At a glance Kate couldn't understand the meaning of those carvings, the message they tried to convey. The warning.

Pushing further down towards the edges of the room, Kate noticed something that resembled an arch built in the walls, the only place which bore no carvings.

Her interest piqued, Kate approached it and began

examining it. The walls were made of granite, but the arch was a completely different material. She couldn't identify it right away, and even her mentor struggled - then again, they weren't geologists.

Regardless, the day was winding down and both crews decided to stop the excavations. It was mostly to allow the Americans to get used to the new timezone, but Samir's crew didn't object to it.

Kate thought about the events of that day as she laid in her sleeping bag. Her eyes shot open as she her mind replayed their first encounter with Samir - he mentioned one of the slabs said something about a doorway.

Could that mean the arch they found in the basement? It would fit, even though there was nothing beyond it - just an alcove big enough to accommodate a man inside of it.

She decided she would explore the subject the following day and closed her eyes. It had been a long day, and Kate needed rest.

Her sleep wasn't restful. Quite the opposite, in fact - Kate kept tossing and turning in her bag, despite the limited mobility. Waking up for the second time she got out of the bag and began walking around the camp site.

The cold air was a welcome change after the torrid weather she experienced in Sudan, and it seemed to rejuvenate her. Kate felt as if she didn't need sleep but at the same time she had nothing to do, so she decided to explore the cathedral on her own.

She knew it could be dangerous but that place had a mysterious aura that seemed to attract her.

Kate made her way inside the main floor and tried to find any details she might have missed during the day. Often enough it's the small details that tell the biggest story.

As her gaze swept the walls in a vain attempt at making

sense of the story portrayed on them, a shadow crept up along the wall.

Startled, Kate turned around instantly only to see that the source of the shadow was nothing more than the altar. A bright light seemed to pulsate behind it, coming from the basement.

She chalked it up as a faulty spotlight and thought nothing of it, resuming her examination.

Still, the pulsating light was annoying to deal with and no matter how hard Kate tried, she couldn't ignore it.

A couple minutes later she began the short descent that would lead her to the basement.

The air down there felt colder, she could feel the temperature drop as she climbed the ladder.

Landing on the ground she turned to face the spotlight array and her heart sank as she discovered the source of the lights.

It came from the arch.

Her mind struggled to process it, Kate was a rational being and she simply refused to believe anything out of the ordinary was taking place. Almost angry that someone could play a trick like that on her, she walked up to the arch and crossed it, hoping to find the spotlight in the alcove and turn it off.

Kate did not find what she was looking for and instead, something found her.

As she crossed the gate she found herself in complete darkness. Low rumbling noises echoed around her but she couldn't identify the source. She tried to scream for help but no one came - she was alone, floating in the void.

Panic got a tight hold of her sense yet Kate desperately wanted to remain rational. It was a dream and nothing more, she would wake up in her sleeping bag and forget

about all of this soon enough.

She lost track of time as she floated there, simply existing. She didn't need to eat or sleep, the void gave her all the sustenance she needed. Still her throat was sore from all the screaming, and even though the realization that maybe she wasn't dreaming was starting to set in, her hopes were still up.

A booming voice was heard, a raspy undertone to it almost as if whoever was speaking hadn't done so in years. Kate felt the vibration ripple through her body as the disembodied voice spoke to her in its low, deep tone.

Kate couldn't understand what it said yet the more she listened to it the more those rumbling sounds seemed to resonate with her mind and soul. She stopped paying attention to the pain signals shooting from her throat, closed her eyes and basked into the overwhelming comforting feeling that washed over her.

Despite being in an unknown place, Kate was happy.

The voice kept on going, filling Kate's mind with soothing words she couldn't understand. She barely even flinched when she felt something creep up her leg. Kate couldn't see it but she felt the entity probe her full figured body, carefully sliding across her luscious curves and wrapping itself around her neck.

Kate could tell she was in the entity's full control, its tendril had a strong grip on her body and seemingly didn't intend on letting her go.

As the voice boomed what sounded like orders, more tendrils invaded Kate's body and ripped her clothes off, leaving her exposed to their slimy touch.

The tentacles slithering on her body left behind a trail of thick slime that Kate's skin seemed to absorb. The areas in which the slime had been tingled, as if she had just finished

working out and wanted to push her limits.

She yelped out in pain as one of the tentacles whipped her bottom, her skin once more absorbing the slime and magnifying the effect. As the hits kept coming she found herself getting more and more aroused at the treatment - it had been a while since she'd had any action, and this entity was perhaps better than any human could ever aspire to be. The pain radiating from her ass was intense, but she'd always been into rough play. Nothing got her wetter than being used like a toy, and whatever was holding her tight seemed to have a perfect night planned for her.

Kate felt more tendrils slide up her plump legs, ending their journey in front of her glistening mound. Three of them forcefully parted her lips and plunged deep into her, aided by her arousal and their slime. Kate cried out in pleasure as she felt the tentacles burrow deep within her, twitching and spasming at every tiny movement she made.

The slime kept oozing out of them, ending up directly into her body. It started out slow at first but ramped up quickly - the effect the slime had on her pussy was completely different than what it did to the rest of her body. Her pussy was on fire, the tentacles' movements and their secretions made her feel like her body could be rocked by the biggest orgasm of her life at any given moment, yet it never seemed to arrive.

Her walls kept tightening and relaxing around the invaders, milking them for their sweet nectar while she moaned, overwhelmed by pleasure.

Kate's cries were drowned out by the voice and it's raspy words. It would often stop and simply growl before barking more commands, and the tentacles obeyed.

She felt a thin tendril wrap itself around her swollen clitoris, constricting it and slithering over it. The sensation was too much for her to handle and the first massive orgasm rocked

her plump body, the pleasure radiating from her crotch and reaching every corner of her body. The tentacles didn't stop working their magic, and in fact began vigorously thrusting in and out of her drenched pussy.

Her cries of pleasure turned into an incoherent string of guttural verses as she felt a tendril force its way into her tight asshole, where no one had been before. It hurt, but the slime made it easier for it to breach the seal. Her muscles gave in and the tendril burrowed deep inside of her, though even if the slime seemed to make the pain she felt disappear, Kate's asshole still stung.

The tendril joined the others in their synchronized movement and she began screaming in pleasure and pain. Her asshole gave way to one more occupant and another one still.

For the first time in her life, Kate was truly full. The tentacles were stretching her pussy and asshole to their limits, but the pain slowly went away leaving pleasure in its place.

The second orgasm hit her like a ton of bricks and shattered her mind. Waves upon waves of pleasure crashed one after the other while she carelessly screamed her throat out.

Her muscles pulsating on the tentacles buried deep within her allowed her to feel every ridge, every bump on their thick body. She was in pure bliss, fueled by nothing but lust and her deepest carnal desires.

The voice kept on barking orders and Kate felt her mouth being invaded, too. She welcomed the tentacle as if it was a lover's cock while it slid down her throat, the slime coating it. She could taste it now and it was by far the sweetest thing that had ever been inside of her mouth. Thick and sweet, fed directly to her stomach.

In that moment, Kate had everything she needed. Her mind was blank, the entity that spoke to her claimed her body as

its new toy and she was more than willing to be its new slave, for as long as it wanted her.

The tentacles kept forcefully thrusting into her while muffled moans escaped her lips. She couldn't speak, but she had no need to.

Kate felt the tentacles inside of her twitch - they all stopped simultaneously, giving her a split second to catch her breath, before unleashing a torrent of slime in all of her holes.

She felt her stomach slightly expand, and for a brief moment she was worried about it before realizing that this was her true purpose, and that she had nothing to fear.

The tentacles retreated, and the slime that coated Kate's insides gushed out of her in thick strings.

She had no more energy to spare, her eyelids felt too heavy to keep open - and even if she did keep them open, she would still be in complete darkness.

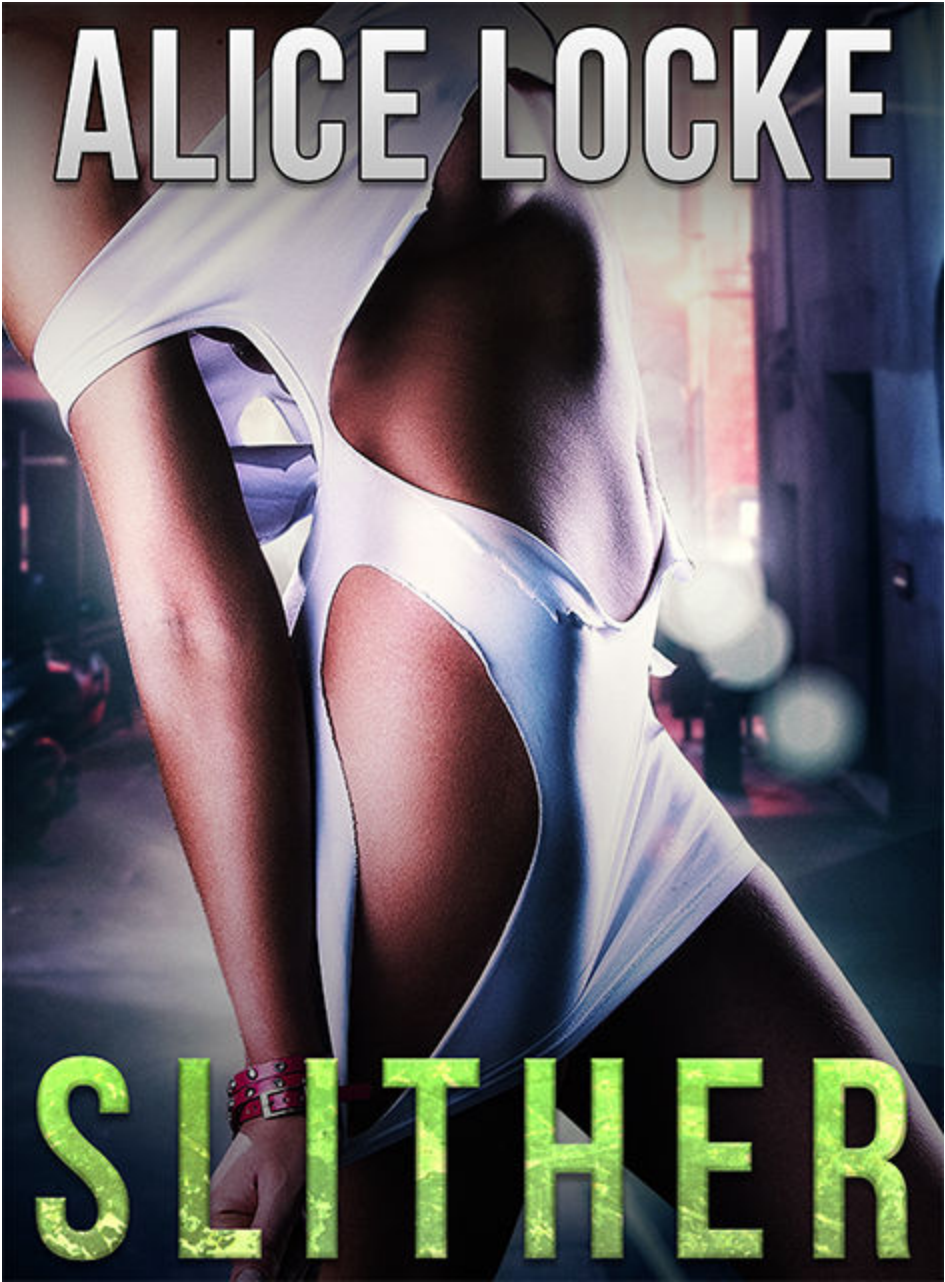
The voice disappeared, leaving the low rumbling noise she heard when she first crossed over to reign supreme.

Kate drifted off to sleep once more

She woke up in the alcove and made her way back to the camp site even though her legs felt like jelly. Her entire body was sore, her holes destroyed and still leaking.

Despite all that, something had changed inside of her. Something new was happening, growing, and as she clutched her belly she knew she had finally found her true purpose in life.

Nothing would ever be the same.

A movie poster featuring a woman from the back, wearing a white, backless dress. She is standing in a dark, industrial-looking environment with some blurred lights in the background. The title 'ALICE LOCKE' is at the top in white, and 'SLITHER' is at the bottom in green.

ALICE LOCKE

SLITHER

SLITHER

Chapter One

It would be nothing more than a simple meeting, yet the stakes were high.

Christine Hale had been elected ambassador just a few days prior yet despite her young age she had more than enough experience with the matter at hand.

Mankind was not alone in the universe, a realization that came to us on a fateful night many years ago.

The first contact was peaceful enough, though a considerable amount of people did not trust the alien species. Understandable, given the oddity of the situation and their appearance.

Taller than any man on Earth and twice as muscular, thin tendrils of various lengths hanging off of their heads and deep dark eyes capable of putting the fear of god into anyone's heart, they were a force to be reckoned with despite having a somewhat humanoid appearance.

A serpent like tongue hid behind their lips, as colorful as their skin. It varied in hue and tonality, and we later learned they used it as a ranking system. Their hierarchy was organized depending on the vibrancy of the color of one's skin, putting lighter ones at the bottom.

Mankind had learned so much from them during the years, and they learned from us too. Technologically speaking they were miles ahead of us, but socially, not so much.

That was part of Christine's job - Usher in a new era of peaceful relationships between us and them, and keep upholding the traditional values of mankind, unity above all. The previous ambassador was an old man who couldn't keep up with the tasks assigned to him, and his resignation

left behind a void that someone had to fill.

Christine was fairly nervous. Her job was among the most stressful ones though she knew she could handle it - she had her special ways to ease the pressure.

One of the most peculiar thing about the new species was their fingers. They only had two of them at the end of each arm, but they could expand their size in both length and width seemingly at will.

Needless to say, a sizable number of "personal massagers" companies jumped on that idea and lined their pockets for years to come, but the few who had actual sexual encounters with the aliens kept saying that the toys didn't even come close to the real deal.

Christine often wondered how it would feel to be with one of them. All the tales she read on the internet were certainly arousing yet also had an aura of mystery that made the species feel somewhat dangerous.

She brushed those thoughts aside and focused on her work. She couldn't really afford to blow that big of an opportunity in the first week, regardless of how good the aliens could be in bed. That is, if they even wanted her at all.

Christine had had a few hits and misses with relationships, but quickly realized that no man was able to satisfy her needs. Alas, her new job wouldn't leave her with much time to pursue anything significant, and at that time her career felt more appealing than love.

The days passed, blending together in a blur of boredom and stacks of documents that seemed to never end. The first official meeting was drawing near and she just couldn't wait for that day to arrive.

The alien delegation would arrive on Earth though their location would be kept under wraps due to security

concerns. As for the meeting, it was nothing too special - just a formal talk to introduce Christine to the aliens.

A soft melody filled Christine's bedroom as the blinds shielding her from the sun's rays retreated, letting the light shine on her sleeping body. Soon enough Christine was awake and alert enough to begin her morning routine.

Technology was perhaps far more advanced than it needed to be thanks to the aliens' help, yet Christine was somewhat old-fashioned. She didn't seem to care about those new shower systems everyone was raving about - one would stand still as a tiny device would shoot light pulses on the body as it traveled upwards, circling them, removing any dirt or unwanted material.

No, Christine still had a normal shower. It took her more time to get ready in the morning, but it felt too good to give up.

A couple hours later she was dressed and ready to go. Her attire was fairly formal but could still make heads turn. A black tailleur and heels, the two signature weapons in her seduction arsenal.

The unmanned transport vehicle was already waiting for her on the roof of her house, its rotors idling but ready to take off at a moment's notice. Christine climbed aboard and the door shut behind her. Seconds later, the vehicle's artificial intelligence piped up.

"Good morning Miss Hale, the meeting is scheduled to start in two hours and we will arrive at the designated location soon. Refreshments are on your left and the entertainment system is right in front of you. Should you have questions, I'll be ready to answer them. Have a nice flight."

It sounded almost human, though it was easy to tell it wasn't

"Thank you, but don't worry - I know the drill," She chuckled. Most vehicles had some form of AI that coordinated them,

and virtually every person on Earth had to deal with them in some form. The technology kept improving, but some quirks still needed to be ironed out.

She turned on the entertainment center and lazily browsed the channels until she found a news show. Needless to say they were talking about her and the meeting that would soon take place, speculating about the consequences it could carry.

Christine managed to ignore those comments, turned off the system and focused on her notes. Even though every word had been essentially burned into her mind, she wanted the meeting to go as smoothly as possible.

After all she would be working with the aliens day after day, leaving a good impression was paramount.

Chapter Two

Christine's team was already waiting at the location in which the meeting was scheduled to take place.

The building looked imposing from the outside, but upon entering it the atmosphere felt rather homely. Regardless, Christine was still on edge.

Walking through the halls, gaze fixated ahead, she exuded confidence but knew she didn't really have any - and the fact that she would be alone with the aliens didn't help.

Christine took a deep breath as her hand approached the security system that would scan her before granting her access to the conference room. A few seconds later, the light halo on the door turned blue, signaling it was now open.

The door slid open revealing a grey room with a giant glass table in the middle of it, surrounded by metal frame chairs with padded cushioning. Four aliens were sitting on them, though it was a new habit for them. Their race was more focused on active action rather than passiveness.

The four creatures appeared to be at the top of the hierarchy, their vibrant skin tone almost glowing under the cold light emitting from the ceiling panels.

Christine took a moment to observe them - it was her first time seeing elites in person, and she could clearly notice they were at the top of the figurative food chain. Their bulging muscles, straining against the "clothes" they wore certainly had an effect on her.

The meeting went on without a hitch, and the aliens seemed to take quite an interest to her. By the end of it the formalities had been almost dropped, and the atmosphere

took on a more friendly tone.

Even too friendly, perhaps. The aliens' demeanor appeared flirty at times, softly brushing their thick fingers on her body. Those brief touches sent shivers down her spine, but Christine had to be professional and focus on the matter at hand.

As the day was nearing its end and the sun began dipping below the horizon, Christine took some time to relax in the room she had been assigned. Laying on the bed she kept thinking about the meeting and most importantly the alien delegation.

After seeing them first hand she could understand why people claimed their sexual prowess was unrivaled.

Christine felt the arousal slowly spread through her body and her hands seemed to travel downward, to her sex, by themselves. As her fingers brushed against the fabric in front of her vulva Christine groaned in pleasure - she wanted more, but it was getting late and the following day would be stressful.

Sighing she rolled over and tried to get some rest. She wasn't too tired, but obligations had priority.

A few minutes later she received a message on her work channel, the one only a few people had access to. Upon opening it, her heart skipped a beat. The aliens had sent a request for an "after hours" meeting, off the books and records.

Christine quickly changed clothes, her sleep attire wouldn't fare too well with her extraterrestrial guests. She instead wore a skirt and a blouse, hoping to reach a perfect balance between formal and casual.

She made her way to the spot they mentioned in the message, which turned out to be a nearby recreational room.

Approaching the door she could faintly hear their voices, but she couldn't tell what they were discussing as they used their own language when talking amongst members of their race.

The aliens didn't mind human customs, but some of them did not understand - like knocking. Knowing this, Christine opened the door to the room and upon doing so, she instantly felt the aliens' gaze focus on her.

"Miss Hale, we welcome you," One of them, the crimson-skinned one, spoke. They all had deep, booming voices that seemed to blend together when they would speak at the same time, but Christine quickly got used to it.

"Good evening, what did you want to discuss?" She replied, flashing them a smile.

The Aelorians, which is how they called themselves, were an interesting case to study. Naturally there were vast amounts of differences between humanity and them, from the way they acted to the habits they held. Even their speech patterns hardly made sense from a human standpoint, but perhaps the most peculiar thing about the way they expressed their thoughts and emotions is that they always seemed to go directly to the point.

The emerald-hued Aelorian broke the silence.

"We would like to engage in sexual intercourse with you. Does this offer interest you?"

A simple sentence that made Christine's heart sink to the bottom of her body. At first she had no idea how to react, and countless possible scenarios flooded her mind. The opportunity was rare and extremely appealing, but she had a few doubts.

Still, how many women could say they had sex not only with an Aelorian, but with four of their elites?

"We know human women are particularly interested in our...Skills, as they put it," Another one declared.

Christine didn't think the meeting could take this turn, and while the confusion and doubts were slowly being replaced by a new found courage she still couldn't formulate a response.

She had to force the words out of her mouth. "I accept your offer," she sternly declared as her face took on a red hue.

Upon hearing those words, the aliens stood up and approached her, surrounding her from all sides. She looked tiny compared to them, they towered over her.

"Relax, miss Hale. We'll make this a night you will never forget."

Christine took a sharp breath as she felt the Aelorian's fingers elongating and enveloping her body. First her legs then her torso and arms, their colorful tentacles kept her tightly locked in place.

Their grip seemed to get stronger as the seconds passed, and Christine could feel a deep sense of warmth radiate from the tentacles, penetrating her body to the core.

The aliens began retreating their tentacles and in doing so, Christine's clothes ripped apart at the seams remaining glued to the Aelorians' fingers. She gave a quick yelp in surprise, but didn't object.

Christine stood there almost naked, the last shreds of fabric only covered her calves and part of her shoulders. Her underwear was still intact, but she had a feeling it wouldn't last for long.

She didn't even have the time to cover herself before the aliens' attention were on her body once more. Christine felt the thick tendrils wrapping across her body and pushing her towards the table. She followed the implicit instructions and climbed on it. The Aelorians quickly surrounded her again.

She couldn't tell who was doing what to her, but they certainly knew where to direct their attention. Her bra was ripped away from her body making her yelp in pain for a brief moment.

Her breasts now hung free but not for long, two tentacles swiftly wrapped themselves around them and their tip opened up to suck on Christine's turgid nipples.

She had no idea they could do that, but she definitely did not mind it and in fact enjoyed it, groaning at the treatment. As the aliens worshiped her body with their appendages as if she was a goddess, she began to feel a warm tingling sensation spread throughout her body, wherever the tentacles had touched her.

Every time they would brush against her, the contact made goosebumps rise on her skin as small jolts of pleasure would radiate from the touch. She'd read about this, but experiencing it first hand was a completely different deal.

Tendrils wrapped themselves around her legs and traveled upwards to meet her drenched underwear. Christine didn't want to admit it but deep down she hadn't had a significant sexual encounter in a long while, and the prospect of ending her streak with four elite Aelorians turned her into a leaking mess.

As the tentacles inched upwards, the familiar tingling sensation kept spreading and enveloped her entire body, amplifying even the tiniest touch. This caused her to begin moaning, softly at first but increasing in intensity when her underwear was yanked away from her.

Her glistening pussy was bared and exposed to the aliens, and they didn't feel like waiting. One of the tentacles that crept up her leg opened its tip to focus its attention on her engorged clit, and the other simply poked and prodded around her opening.

Christine cried out at the sensation - her clit had always been extra sensitive and the tingling effect that took over her body made it even more so.

The Aelorians knew how to please a woman, though their touch was fairly rough. As they applied pressure on Christine's clit she began screaming in both pain and

pleasure, her breathing pace becoming quicker and quicker still.

Her body went limp as a massive orgasm rippled through her - Christine's mind flashed white as she lost herself to the lust and pleasure. Her screams only became louder as she felt a tentacle plunging deep inside of her tight pussy, sliding in effortlessly due to both her juices and the slime the Aelorians secreted when aroused.

She soon realized it was the slime that made her feel warm and tingly, and as time passed she found herself loving it more and more.

The tentacle that braved her depths kept inching inside of her, filling her to the brim. No human had ever made her feel like that, not even the toys she had in her apartment could compare.

The slime they secreted inside of her coated her walls and her muscles began tightening on the tentacle by themselves. She didn't know why but she didn't care, Christine could feel the tentacle inside of her engorge and shrink rhythmically, its rough texture sure to leave an imprint on her tight walls.

She felt every ridge and bump as its size changed and it retreated only to vigorously sink back inside of her, making her scream at every thrust.

The Aelorians were clearly enjoying the night and had no intention to stop. Quite the opposite in fact.

The tentacle that had been ravaging Christine's pussy retreated, a loud squelching noise following it. One of the aliens lined it in front of Christine's asshole and began gently pushing against the muscles to gauge her reactions.

No objections were heard, the force increased.

Christine's muscles gave in and the tentacle's tip sunk into her tight asshole making her scream once more. It felt like it kept going on and on deep inside of her, reaching and filling spots she didn't even know she had.

Still, her pussy had been left alone and she desperately wanted them to give it the attention it deserved. Christine didn't need to ask, a tentacle was shoved deep inside of her hole where the other had been just minutes before.

The Aelorians began moving in alternating patterns. When the tentacle lodged in her pussy would sink in, the one in her asshole would retreat and the same applied to the engorging and shrinking process.

All of this amounted to an incredible level of stimulation that sent her brain into overdrive. Christine's body convulsed once more as a second orgasm exploded within her, the waves of pleasure relentlessly crashing on her while the aliens' sustained assault on her holes never relented.

Two more tentacles joined in. One wrapped itself around her small throat, gently constricting it to restrict the airflow. The other one made its way on her mouth, circling her plump lips and playing with her tongue when she pushed it out to meet it.

She played with it briefly, circling it and tasting the sweet nectar it secreted. It left her wanting more, and more she got. The tentacle entered her mouth and made its way down her throat, the slime numbing down Christine's esophagus.

All of her holes were plugged, and their occupants kept vigorously assaulting her body with their vigorous movements. Christine was in pure bliss, the orgasms kept making her body quiver and tremble though the Aelorians kept her from falling over.

Her tight holes had been working like magic for the aliens too, and Christine could feel the tentacles inside of her twitch and gradually become more and more engorged.

They were stretching her but the pleasure vastly overshadowed the pain. The four aliens began emitting a deep, low rumbling noise as their movements increased in speed and force.

They suddenly stopped, contracting the tentacles. A couple

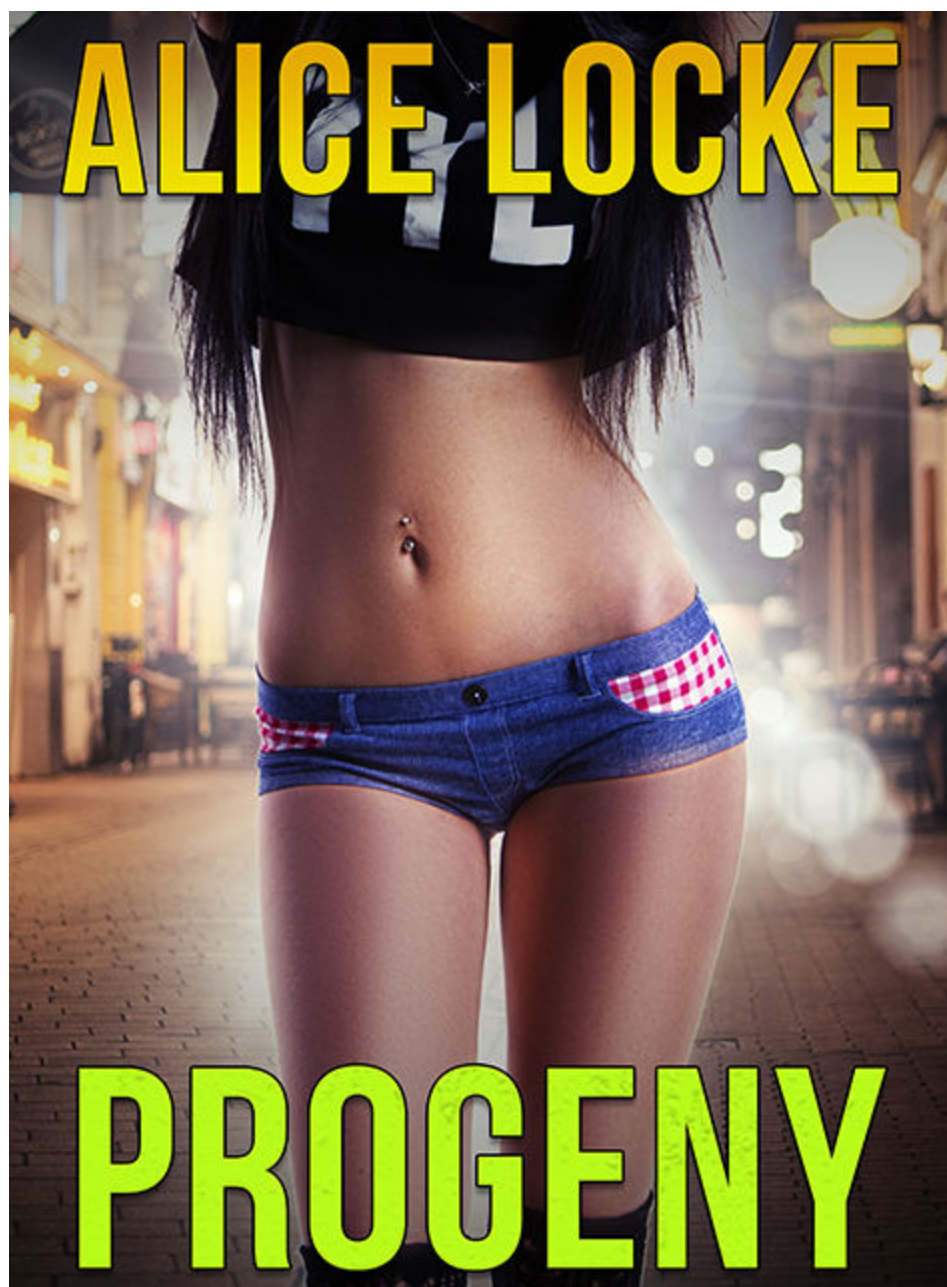
seconds later they released them, unleashing multiple torrents of their nectar in all of Christine's sore holes.

Some of it covered her body, too - They drenched her, inside and out.

As the Aelorians retreated their appendages, the room filled with squelching noises from their fluids leaking out of Christine. Her legs gave out, she had been standing on the table for the entire duration of the event.

One of the aliens caught her and she passed out in his arms, a giant smile plastered on her flushed face.

When she woke up the next day she found herself in her room. Her entire body was sore, but deep down inside she knew she had made an incredibly important step for mankind.



ALICE LOCKE

PROGENY

PROGENY

Chapter One

Spring break, the magical time in which rules and laws become suggestions and alcohol flows free like water.

Lisa took the long drive back home to stay with her family, but in truth she wasn't too excited about it. Her parents had always pushed her to be more sociable but she preferred the peace and quiet of her room to the crowds and general loudness that accompanied what people commonly referred to as "social life".

She was an introvert, that much was certain. The only place other than her room in which she felt comfortable was the gym, though that had to be attributed to her well developed body.

Men of all ages kept hitting on her only to be shut down instantly.

Even if she could make heads turn just by breathing, Lisa always dressed modestly. She didn't want to attract any unwanted attention but that rarely worked, and even when she stepped out of her car in her parent's driveway, she could feel the neighbor's gaze on her.

It was taking its toll on her mind, but she simply sighed in exasperation and carried on with her day.

After the usual greetings came the barrage of questions from her parents, as if they needed to know every tiny detail of her life. Aside from that, she felt happy to be back home.

She felt happy to be back in the place where she spent her childhood, the place that saw her blossom into a beautiful woman. Just walking through the corridor evoked a torrent of memories in her mind, and every step of the staircase that lead to the second story of the house had the same effect.

One step, one more scene flashing back before her eyes only to disappear back into the void.

Lisa smiled as she reached her room and upon opening, she saw that nothing had changed. The posters on the walls, all of her trinkets and books were still in the same spot in which she left them, coated by a thin layer of dust. Not one to sit and complain, Lisa armed herself with a few supplies and began cleaning her room just like she used to do years before. She couldn't blame her parents for not taking care of it, their age had begun to show and she'd rather not put any unnecessary load on their shoulders. A couple hours later, her room was spotless and Lisa began feeling tired. The long drive had gotten to her, and cleaning her room certainly didn't rejuvenate her.

She informed her parents she would get some sleep and promptly threw herself on her old bed, the springs squeaking as they coiled under her weight. Lisa took a brief moment to stare at the ceiling just as she had done time and time again throughout all the years she spent in that house and slowly drifted off to unconsciousness. Sleep had been eluding her recently, although Lisa didn't have problems falling asleep in her old house. It could have been because she felt completely safe or just exhausted, but she didn't give it much thought. Rest was rest, regardless of the tag attached to it.

The next day Lisa woke up full of energy. It had been so long since the last time she felt like that, she almost found it weirdly unpleasant. Still after completing her morning routine she set out to explore, or rather rediscover, the town she grew up in. The old alleys hadn't changed a bit, though admittedly they didn't exactly have enough time to do so in any significant

way. Regardless, this was Lisa's first spring break back home after two years of college, and she did notice a few different details as she strolled through the town.

In truth she missed the atmosphere that can only be found in these tiny towns, the smaller scale of the events that took place felt comforting to her. It was as if this tiny corner of the world wasn't affected by all the tragedies plaguing the rest of the planet.

Lisa knew this wasn't the case but it still felt good to pretend, even if just for a few days.

Making her way back home, a flier caught her attention. It said something about a party that would take place that very same night.

While the prospect of stepping out of her comfort zone had a certain thrill to it, Lisa wasn't sure it would be the right thing to do.

Her parents wouldn't object: she was old enough to make her own choices and mistakes and besides, they wanted her to make connections for the future.

Sure, a party probably wasn't the right place for that but it was a start.

Lisa's mind kept going back to the flier as she walked back to her house, and step by step she convinced herself that living a different life even just for one night wouldn't hurt.

The clothes she brought over weren't ideal for the occasion, and she simply couldn't show up to the party dressed like a librarian. Racking her brain over the problem, her gaze fell on the old dresser that sat to the right side of her bed.

Upon opening it she found all of the clothes she didn't carry with her to college and began sifting through them to find something appropriate.

A few minutes later she hit the jackpot: a thin skirt to be paired with shorts and a simple black T-shirt that she used

to wear years before. It was too small for her now yet she tried it on anyway and looked at her figure in the mirror.

The shirt barely covered her breasts - it had been too short even when she bought it. After scouring the dresser some more Lisa found a light sweater she could wear over the shirt, using the chilly air as an excuse.

This was all new to her, and secretly she hoped she would have a reason to take the sweater off and show off her body. Filled with excitement she finished getting ready and made her way out of the house, a big smile plastered on her face.

Chapter Two

It was getting dark outside but Lisa wasn't scared. She knew the town like the back of her hand and besides, nothing bad ever happened there.

It was a quiet town, sometimes eerily so. Most of the senior citizens that resided there would spend their evenings in the comfort and privacy of their homes, and the night life scene was pretty much non-existent.

A party was exactly what the town needed: it would breathe new life into it and get the people to leave the safety of their cocoons to enjoy life.

As Lisa made her way to the address stated in the flier, the sun kept inching lower and lower still. Stars were starting to poke in, not many at first but as the light diminished, more of them appeared.

Watching the sun set and the stars come out from hiding always had a mesmerizing effect on her. She stopped for a brief moment to look up at the sky.

Lisa's troubles and worries felt insignificant when paired up with the size of the universe - she found it comforting in a certain way.

A shooting star whizzed across the sky only to disappear briefly, a private spectacle available only to Lisa's eyes. It probably wasn't the case, but she didn't care.

Snapping out of her self-induced trance, Lisa kept on walking through the empty streets of the town. The party was on the other side of it and it'll take some time for her to get there, but she had time to spare.

She would still occasionally glance up at the sky, it was like a habit to her. Truth be told, sometimes Lisa would wish

there could be a way for her to leave everything behind and start over somewhere new. The scale of her fantasies varied, sometimes it was just moving to another state but in the most extreme cases she fantasized about an all powerful race of extra terrestrial beings that would take her to their home planet, away from Earth and anything related to it.

Even being an open minded person, Lisa knew the chances of anything like that happening were basically in the negatives. Yet a girl can dream, and daydream too.

She would constantly lose herself in her thoughts, shutting out the real world to focus on whatever was happening in her mind. Her brain would go on autopilot and so far nothing bad had happened, but one should never say never.

Being all caught up in her own mind, she eventually got lost. Lisa knew her way around the city, but the narrow streets can be deceiving at night - some had lampposts, some did not.

As she came to her senses, Lisa stopped dead in her tracks and scanned the surroundings to make sense of where she was.

She must have taken a wrong turn somewhere along the way, that was the only explanation.

Her first instinct was to turn around and try to find her way back. She followed it, and while she knew she was safe she still couldn't shake the dreadful sensation that tied her stomach into a knot.

The lights around her started flickering but stabilized after a few seconds. Lisa began walking faster, gripped by an irrational sense of fear. Her hand instinctively went to her phone and clutched it tight, ready to call for help if anything happened.

Nothing.

More flickering ensued and Lisa broke into a sprint, running away from whatever imaginary monster her mind had conjured. There was nothing chasing her, and as she got into one of the larger streets she looked back to find the narrow alleyway completely empty.

The lights on the main street made a good job at leaving no dark spots, and still Lisa didn't feel completely safe. Her heart skipped a few beats as the lights began flickering again.

It was different this time. Every light bulb burst, seemingly at the same time, releasing a cascade of sparks on the ground below.

Lisa shrieked and recoiled, closing and covering her eyes to shield them.

When she opened, she was standing in complete darkness and silence. The town looked and felt abandoned in that moment, and Lisa began regretting her decision to go to that party.

Thankfully she had a general idea of where she was, so going back home would be easy.

As she turned towards her new destination, she began hearing a loud humming noise which she couldn't put a source on. It seemed to come from inside of her head, and it kept getting louder and louder still.

Overwhelmed by panic she began running again, hoping to put some distance between herself and whatever was causing the noise. It didn't seem to work, the situation only got worse.

A bright white light appeared on the ground below her, following her footsteps like a spotlight would a dancer.

Lisa tried screaming for help but her voice was drowned out by the humming noise. The light appeared to increase in size and swallow everything around her.

She closed her eyes as the brightness was hurting her, and suddenly stopped moving.

She clearly couldn't outrun whatever it was that took an interest to her. Even with her eyes closed she could see the white light around her - until it suddenly stopped.

Lisa tentatively opened her eyes and looked around her, finding herself in a bright circular room.

Panic took a hold of her even more; she began screaming and pleading with her captors to let her go, but nothing seemed to work.

The lights in the room began dimming and with them, Lisa felt herself get weaker and weaker still. She soon passed out, her throat sore from the screaming.

When she woke up she felt cold, unnaturally so. She had been stripped and laid on what felt like an examination table, her limbs secured to it with metal hooks.

Lisa couldn't seem to process the situation. She kept straining against the bindings trying to free herself and run yet nothing seemed to work.

A deep voice echoed through the room, drowning Lisa's cries. It spoke in a language she didn't understand at first, yet the more she heard its words ring through her mind, the more she felt herself relax.

All of her fears and worries vanished into nothingness, leaving her in complete tranquility.

Lisa asked the voice what it wanted, and it replied with one word: "Progeny."

She nodded, understanding her new purpose in life. Maybe her new masters would fulfill her fantasy and take her away from Earth - she didn't know, but she sure hoped they would.

The lights in the room turned on all of a sudden, blinding her momentarily. Lisa closed her eyes to give them time to adjust and when she opened them she found herself staring right at her masters.

They looked like nothing Lisa had ever seen; a large head sat upon a slim body, sporting four appendages on either side.

She didn't hear them approach her despite the creatures having thick tendrils which she assumed acted as legs.

The most unusual characteristic belonged to their facial structure. Three eyes stared at her, unmoving. Directly below that, a horizontal slit acted as a mouth. No tongue or lips to be seen.

Silence engulfed the room as the alien appeared to be intent in scanning Lisa's body with his eyes. She hoped her master liked it just as much as her fellow humans seemed to, but there was no telling.

The creature approached her, placing two of his appendages on her breasts, squeezing them tightly. Lisa groaned, but the alien did not stop.

Shortly after her sweater and shirt were ripped apart in one swift motion, leaving her upper body exposed to the creature's desires.

As Lisa's breasts sprung free, a clicking noise came out of the alien's mouth. Lisa smiled, taking its noise as a sign of appreciation.

The alien's tentacle like appendages kept slithering down Lisa's body leaving a slimy trail behind. Upon reaching her legs, the alien wrapped two of his tentacles around them and vigorously spread them for ease of access.

It was learning to target the covered spots, or so it seems.

The other two tendrils slithered under Lisa's shorts making her shiver with anticipation. One of them brushed against her clit and she moaned, biting her lip.

In the blink of an eye, the creature picked up on the cues Lisa gave away. Her shorts and the skirt she wore on top of it didn't last a second, the tentacles tore them apart like they were made of paper.

Lisa squealed at the ferocity, but soon began moaning as she felt the creature tap his tentacle on her mound. Her arousal had drenched the white cotton panties she wore, turning the fabric almost transparent.

The alien noticed it missed one more layer and made short work of it too - Lisa's body was completely bare and laid out for the alien to enjoy.

She felt the arousal course through her ever since she woke up on that table and from the looks of it, she would finally get the pleasure she desperately found herself wanting.

The alien, still keeping her legs spread, proceeded to forcefully shove one of his tentacles deep within Lisa's depths.

She winced and yelped in pain, even more so as it began moving, but that pain slowly turned to pleasure. Her juices mixed with the creature's slime made the process easier, even if the tentacle was considerably bigger and wider than anything she'd ever had.

Her yelps turned to moans and groans while the creature sunk its appendage into her to the hilt, reaching her cervix each time and coating her walls with a thick layer of slime that would ooze out after every thrust.

As the speed and force augmented, so did the size of the tentacle. Lisa felt it swell up inside of her while her muscles tightened around it, its veins leaving an imprint on her walls.

Her body began trembling, shocked by a massive orgasm. Lisa's eyes rolled to the back of her head and a loud scream escaped her mouth - she knew she didn't need to keep quiet.

Lisa's back arched as she strained against her unyielding bindings, and even if she kept thrashing around due to the continued stream of pleasure the alien was inflicting her,

she didn't move an inch. The creature's overpowering strength kept her steady.

Her screams of pleasure were quickly shut down when the creature inserted his other tentacle in her tight asshole, though thankfully it didn't shove it in like it did before.

On the edge between pain from her ass and pleasure from her pussy, Lisa kept alternating moans to yelps until the second tentacle broke past the muscle barrier and inched inside of her.

Never before she had felt this full, especially due to the tentacle's relentless advance. It eventually stopped, though she felt it deeper inside of her than anything else, almost poking her stomach.

The creature synchronized its movements to deliver her another mind melting orgasm. Lisa swore she saw sparks fly before her eyes as her vision went black and her ears rang with a high pitched noise while her slime leaking holes tightened their grip on the tentacles, pulsating as they did so.

Soon enough Lisa lost track of time. The creature eventually stopped, plunging into her as far as it could go, and unleashed what could only be described as a torrent of slime, accompanied by the same clicking noises she heard when it bared her chest.

Once more the creature spoke, with its booming voice.

"Progeny," it said, and the lights shut off before Lisa could even think about a reply.

She passed out shortly after, unsure about what could happen next. Will the alien bring her back on Earth, or did her future see her being a toy for this clearly superior race?

Either way, Lisa didn't mind. Her most secret fantasy, the one she thought would only be a fantasy, had been fulfilled. Nothing else mattered to her, nothing else but her extra terrestrial master.

A promotional image for Alice Locke. She is shown from the back, wearing a bright yellow string bikini. The background is a dark, starry space with a bright, glowing light source on the right side, creating a lens flare effect. The text 'ALICE LOCKE' is at the top and 'EXXXTRA TERRESTRIAL' is at the bottom.

ALICE LOCKE

**EXXXTRA
TERRESTRIAL**

EXXXTRA TERRESTRIAL

Chapter One

The skepticism ran rampant during those times. Everyone you asked had an opinion on the matter, but most of them could be summed up in a sentence: "It's fake."

Sure, the circumstances of the first contact event were strange at best, and given how things were going in general, it's not exactly hard to see why people didn't believe it.

Yet, it happened.

Annie wasn't born yet when humanity made first contact with another civilization, but her grandparents were and they would always reminisce about that one night that changed the world.

Some people were terrified while others couldn't contain their joy. Some didn't believe, some had a smug grin on their faces, being able to say "I told you so" to the entire world.

All of that created a mass hysteria that swept through the planet, while the ones in charge scrambled to make sense of the situation.

There was no grand announcement, the aliens simply landed and treated us like equals despite being ages ahead of us, technologically speaking.

About eighty years had passed since that fateful August night, and planet Earth had gone through a new technological revolution courtesy of the aliens' teachings.

They lived amongst us, integral part of the community. There were some issues at first, but as the years went by and people's lives changed, they began seeing the extra terrestrial creatures in a positive light.

As for the current times, humans and aliens worked side by side to provide mutual benefits to both of the races.

Annie's college years had just started and she couldn't wait to get to the room she was assigned. There was a sense of wonder to it: she would be on her own, which was close enough to adulthood in her book.

Her parents had tried to shelter her from the harshness of the world yet Annie still found a way to see things for what they actually were, bypassing her parent's safety net.

She slowly made her way through the busy hallways of the dormitory, searching for her room and ultimately finding it, it's door slightly ajar.

Annie peaked in and saw her roommate, busy unpacking his suitcase. Annie didn't know how to react: she wasn't expecting her roommate to be an alien.

She had met them previously as they had a strong presence in our planet just as we had an equally strong one on theirs, but Annie didn't think this would happen.

After stepping in and exchanging pleasantries she too began unpacking her clothes and the rest of the items she carried. It took her a while, and the atmosphere felt decidedly awkward.

The issue was that they had no concept of gender and while social norms had evolved, Annie could feel the tension rising.

Humanoid in their appearance, their grey skin and somewhat muscular frame made them look imposing - though their best weapon resided in their head, behind those two black pools that were their eyes.

Their intelligence was unrivaled, and only the best human scholars were able to keep up with them.

Days turned to weeks, and the situation seemed to stabilize. Ka'on, that was his name, mostly kept to himself

and didn't really bother Annie in the slightest. Annie in turn did the same, and focused on her studies. Regardless, she could still occasionally feel his gaze on her, though it could have been just her imagination. She didn't want to confront him about it, not to seem too self centered or rude. In truth, she liked the attention.

Despite the semblance of interest, nothing of significance happened.

That was until Ka'on walked in on Annie as she was coming out of the shower in the shared bathroom of their dorm room. He apologized and left quickly enough, but Annie knew he'd taken a good hard look at her before doing so. She didn't know what to do. That was different from the usual glances, he had seen her fully exposed.

Annie let a few days pass and kept quiet about the incident, to gauge Ka'on's reaction. On the surface nothing seemed different, but she could sense that something had changed - she just couldn't put her finger on it.

His gaze lingered and as time passed it became their game. Annie would put herself in situations that would inevitably attract Ka'on's attention and like clockwork his eyes would be glued to her figure.

The tension kept rising and they both knew it, yet none of them had the courage to make the first move.

It was a dangerous game, the aliens were known to be formidable loves and Annie was very well aware of that.

She knew Ka'on could snap at any moment and due to his strength he could use her like a toy without even breaking a sweat.

Their game kept escalating along with the pressure on both of them, week after week.

Ka'on's self control was remarkable but even he knew he wouldn't be able to resist that beautiful human much longer,

especially since she appeared to be throwing herself at him more and more explicitly with every passing day.

It felt strange to him - he'd never had a human show that much interest in him - but he decided that if Annie would take things further, then so would he.

On the other hand, Annie didn't really know what kind of fire she was playing with. She felt attracted to him, granted, but never stopped to think about what could happen if he suddenly decided to take her.

She would be fine with it, especially after seeing what his race was capable of. Yet, she would limit herself to teasing him: all show but sadly no touch.

Chapter Two

Their little game was obviously having an effect on them. It was getting harder to contain the arousal, at least for Annie.

She devised a plan to finally kick things off - something simple at its roots, but that would definitely rile Ka'on up and hopefully get him to finally take her.

Annie waited patiently for him to come back from his classes, as they had different schedules. He was usually punctual though, so Annie could predict when he would arrive.

She heard the door slide open followed by footsteps - and the games began.

Annie was laying on her bed, wearing nothing but a few beads of sweat on her silky skin. Her legs spread, leaving her sex on display for anyone to admire. In her case, "anyone" meant Ka'on though she didn't want to just give herself up to him. He would need to have the courage to do something, and Annie hoped he would.

Her fingers gliding over her glistening folds while she squeezes her supple breasts were a sight to behold, and it came with its own cacophony of sounds.

From Annie's labored breaths to the soft moans she kept trying to hide, to the occasional squelching noise her sex would make as she plunged her fingers deep inside of her to the shuffling of the bed sheets.

The noises could barely be heard outside of her bedroom. The dormitories were essentially divided into tiny apartments for students - each one would get their own bedroom and share a common area.

Ka'on froze as he heard her. He wasn't sure what to do - one

one side he thought she just forgot he'd be home at that hour but on the other he was almost certain this was nothing more than Annie's new way of messing with him. She'd been doing that for a while now. Wearing revealing clothes around him and purposefully putting herself in positions and situations that would show her body off, steering conversations towards sexual subjects, the works.

Ka'on smiled and turned the corner to go into his bedroom, which stood in front of Annie's. In doing so, his gaze landed on her door, expecting to find it closed but instead getting an unobstructed view of Annie's bed, and most importantly what she was doing on it.

On all fours facing away from the door, her fingers furiously rubbing her clit as she moaned into the pillow to try and keep her volume down.

Ka'on's gaze was fixated on her sex, leaking her juices on her long smooth legs. His species experienced arousal in a slightly different way compared to the humans.

They would slowly lose control, turning into lust fueled beasts. They were impressive lovers by most standards, though there was a degree of risk involved with every encounter.

Annie knew this as she'd done plenty of researches on the matter. She knew how to handle Ka'on and his frenzied state, even when restrained by his tentacles.

Their fingers would elongate turning into powerful tentacles and begin leaking a slimy fluid - that was the first and only sign. It would be calm at first but would eventually snowball, and Annie hoped it would.

Her eyes were closed but she knew Ka'on was watching. His footsteps stopped right in front of her room after all. That had been a last minute addition to the plan but it surely got the job done.

Ka'on's focus was firmly planted on Annie's nude figure. The

more he watched her, the more he felt himself succumb to the primal lust that was slowly taking hold of his body and mind.

Annie's moans got louder, and upon hearing the switch in volume Ka'on took a step forward, crossing the threshold into Annie's room.

She heard him, and pretending she hadn't wouldn't work. Instead she simply arched her back further down and spread her glistening lips with her fingers, inviting Ka'on in to take her.

There was no need for words, actions would suffice. Ka'on shut the door behind him and quickly closed the gap between him and Annie.

Her face had been contorted in a mixture of pleasure and happiness due to her plan working exactly how she wanted it to.

Annie felt the tip of Ka'on's tentacles begin exploring her body, slowly and deliberately. He had been wanting to do that ever since they met, and he finally had a chance to claim her as his.

Her breathing quickened, the touch she had been longing for coupled with the attention she had been giving to her sex brought Annie dangerously close to an explosive orgasm.

Determined to see her squirm and writhe, Ka'on moved Annie's hands away from her sex. His tentacles leaked slime on her silky skin as he made his way to her vulva, tracing her curves as she groaned softly.

The anticipation, the build-up, the months spent teasing each others all lead to this. Neither of them could wait, or wanted to wait, but they both knew that taking their time would leave them drained and satisfied.

That worked for Annie, but Ka'on had already begun to lost control. She felt his touch get rougher for brief periods of time but he always returned to teasing her lightly, brushing

his tentacles against her folds or grazing her clit but never sinking himself into her.

Annie threw her hips back, her hunger steadily growing. She felt Ka'on's long tongue rub against her opening, savoring her sweetness as it sent shivers down Annie's spine.

She let out a moan, which soon turned into many more as she felt Ka'on vigorously spread her lips to plunge his serpentine tongue inside of her. It wasn't sizable, but the control he had over it made up for that. She felt it twist and turn inside of her, hitting spots she never even knew she had.

Ka'on didn't seem to have enough of her scent and taste, but as the lust finally took over he swiftly pulled out his tongue from Annie's leaking sex.

She gave a disappointed groan but quickly changed her mind when she felt one of his now large tentacles take his tongue's place inside of her. Her walls stretched to accommodate their invader, though his slime made it easier. It kept advancing into her and filled her pussy to the brim. Annie took a moment to breathe but it was cut short by Ka'on's movements. Not slow or controlled but rather fast and forceful, jackhammering her hole with his lust infused vigor.

Annie's eyes rolled to the back of her head as the first orgasm ravaged her body, sending waves of pleasure to crash on her one after the other. Her loud cries of pleasure would probably keep the entire floor up but she didn't care, all she wanted was more.

Thankfully Ka'on didn't have any intention to stop. He kept thrusting into her, pumping his slime deep inside of her as Annie's walls pulsed around his veiny length.

The pleasure was overwhelming, and became twice as intense when she felt the tip of one of Ka'on's tentacles begin rubbing her clitoris. Annie was still riding the

aftershocks of the first orgasm when the second one hit. Bigger than its predecessor, it made her see stars fly, her mind going blank.

Her body trembled and she screamed, pleading him not to stop. Ka'on didn't, and instead stepped his game up. One of his tentacles went to her neck, wrapping itself around it and pulling Annie's body back towards his chest.

He wanted to look her in the eyes while he claimed her. Annie felt like a rag doll, Ka'on's strength was no match for her. Yet, this is what she wanted, to submit herself to her alien master.

She turned her head to the side to look at him in the eyes, and in doing so she saw the bulging veins around his neck. Sex put a strain on their bodies, simply due to the energy and force they put into it.

He was still jackhammering her hole showing no sign of relenting, and Annie's incessant cries would probably cause a noise complaint to be registered against them. Ka'on shoved a tentacle in her mouth, muffling her noise. As much as he enjoyed listening to her, the feeling of her tongue swirling on the sensitive tip of his tentacle was way better.

Annie eagerly began pleasuring him, finally getting a taste of his slime. It was slightly salty as she'd imagined, but she couldn't have enough of it and kept using her tongue to lap at Ka'on's tentacle, wasting no drops.

Despite their high stamina, Ka'on was getting close to his release too.

Regardless, Annie still had one more hole to plug and he wanted to probe that one, too.

Ka'on's last free tentacle caressed Annie's body, spreading his slime on her and making a downward journey on the way to her tight ass. He found the opening and pressed against it, though her muscles put up a fierce resistance.

Annie's muffled cries pleasure mixed in with pain too, but

the slime acted a lubricant. Her sphincter gave in and Ka'on stormed her depths, burying himself deep into her - deeper than anyone had ever been.

Annie's guttural cries were still audible even though Ka'on's tentacle muffled them, though at that point neither of them seemed to care. All they wanted was pleasure.

He began moving inside of her asshole, synchronizing his movements with his other tentacles to maximize the pleasure levels Annie could reach.

Ka'on alternated his thrusts: as one tentacle would leave, another one would sink into her. His force never wavered and only increased the more he inched closer to his release.

As for Annie, she had lost count of the orgasm Ka'on gave her. It seemed as though her lower body was on fire due to Ka'on's merciless assault on her sore holes, to the point that they almost went numb.

That numbness never came, she kept feeling every inch of him as he used her body like a toy, her muscles pulsing on the hard tendrils that probed her every hole. She was in pure bliss.

Ka'on wanted to keep going but Annie's body seemed to leech the energy out of him. He decided to let it go, he needed his release.

Pushing her body back down on the bed, Ka'on now had even more control over her. His weight pinned her down and added more pressure and force to his thrusts, enough to make her scream even though the tentacle lodged in her throat stopped the sounds from escaping their room.

Ka'on's speed increased, yet he always reached Annie's depths with ease. His slime and her juices mixed together kept dripping out of her battered holes and pooled on the bed.

There would be time for clean up later, but for the time being all Ka'on cared about was filling Annie up with his seed. The orgasm hit him hard and he froze, grunting, his

tentacles writhing inside of her as they spewed torrents of his seed in all of Annie's holes. Her screams turned to gurgles, but most of the fluid in her throat went straight to her stomach.

On the other side, her pussy and ass were overflowing with Ka'on's powerful seed, even if he stopped thrusting into her when he came.

They collapsed on top of each other, after Ka'on retreated his tentacles from their most prison. Breathless and drained, they fell asleep in the puddle of slime and juices.

There would be time to clean up the mess they made, and both of them knew they would be in that same situation again.

A full-body photograph of a woman, Alice Locke, standing in a black bikini. She is positioned centrally, facing forward. The background is a scenic landscape with mountains under a sunset sky. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her body.

ALICE LOCKE

**NEW
FRONTIER**

NEW FRONTIER

Chapter One

New horizons, new frontiers, new everything. This was the general idea the media intended to drill into people's minds.

Humanity was still comfortable on planet Earth, although the ever growing population was beginning to turn into a serious concern. No remedy seemed to work, and the only plausible solution was the same one people discredited at the start of the crisis: colonize a new planet.

The sharpest minds of the planet spent years planning the mission, and enough money on it to fund a small country for a decent chunk of time.

At the end of it, the massive ship that would house all the necessary resources launched successfully, heading off to a newly discovered Earth-like planet. The Ark, which was the ship's name, housed a grand total of five thousand people, each selected through a seemingly infinite screening process to ensure highest possible chances of succeeding.

The captain, Mary Brennan, had been officially assigned her grade by the head of the colonization committee.

It would be the most important task of her lifetime, and while her somewhat young age didn't leave much room for experience, her record proved she could operate efficiently under immense amounts of stress.

That, coupled with the fact that every crew member would receive additional training while en route to the new planet lessened the load on her, though she still weighted every decision as if it would be her last.

The trip would be long, but none of them would feel it. Mary ordered the crew to step into the cryo pods once the course for the new planet had been set.

After stepping in her pod she gave a brief speech, highlighting once more the importance of every single one of the crew members, and the significance of the mission.

The ship's AI closed and locked the pods as ordered by the captain, and the crew soon began its long sleep on the way to their new home.

Mary took a moment before activating her pod's hibernation sequence. The amount of rigorous training she went through had put a strain on her health, both physical and mental.

Thinking back about all the times she thought she would fail, she almost couldn't believe the mission was actually underway.

Still, this was only the beginning. The neural implant she wore would sync up with the ship's AI so that Mary and every other member of the crew would get extensive training on any and all subject or skills they might need once they made landfall.

They would be spending approximately five years in cryostasis, as the ship soared through the stars at unimaginable speed.

With a bitter sigh, born out of fear and pride, she started the sleep sequence. Her pod grew colder and colder still, and her eyes began to close.

Mary woke up in a daze. The AI had woken her up from her slumber, and strangely enough she felt fairly normal. She had no idea how much time she spent sleeping, but the AI quickly informed her.

"It has been five years, eight months, three weeks and six days since our last conversation, Captain. We are currently orbiting the designated astral body," The AI declared in its

almost-human voice. It sounded realistic enough, but anyone could tell there was something off about it.

"Thanks. Anything to report?" She asked, stepping out of the pod.

"Our preliminary scans show signs of life, as expected. I would, advise caution."

"I'll use one of the recon vessels to explore. Wake up the rest of the crew."

"Understood."

Mary went off protocol, and the AI let her. The procedure stated that no recon vessel was to scout by itself, but rather should always be in a squadron. Mary was fully aware of the rules, but at the same time she couldn't wait to see humanity's new home with her own two eyes. Adding to that, she would be the first to actually see how the planet looked like.

The astronomers had pictures of it but even with our technology it still looked like a cluster of white pixels.

After taking a quick shower and changing into a flight suit, Mary stepped in the observation deck. Her jaw dropped: the new planet, which the astronomers dubbed "GAIA-2", was breathtakingly stunning.

From orbit, Mary saw the varied landscape: deserts, mountain ranges and even what appeared to be a massive forest. In the distance, a large body of water.

Her gaze swept through seemingly every tiny detail she could see from her position, though after a few minutes she managed to snap out of that trance.

Mary made her way to the hangars and climbed aboard one of the small aircraft designed to scout the surface without getting too close to it.

Piloting it felt natural to her, despite the fact that she'd never even seen one of those before. The training she received while under cryostasis had been effective,

although there could have been better ways to test that. Mary expertly maneuvered the small craft out of the Ark, handling it with the utmost care. A couple minutes later she found herself soaring above the new planet, taking in the sights while the scanners recorded data that the Ark would then process.

Curiosity got the best of her, and she decided to descend to hopefully land. The scanners had deemed the air as breathable so she wouldn't have issues there, and the only life forms appeared to be part of the vegetation that covered large chunks of GAIA.

She carefully brought the aircraft to a stop, hovering above a clearing near what looked like a thick forest. Upon closer inspection, the site appeared to be clear and Mary began the landing process.

The recon aircraft was small, sure, but to anyone's ears it would sound extremely loud. Still, the scans showed nothing that could actively harm her so she didn't worry too much about the noise.

The cockpit's door slid open and Mary stepped out. "A giant leap..." She thought to herself, barely able to contain her excitement.

The notion that she would be immortalized in every history book filled her with joy, though it did feel a bit heavy as well. Mankind had its eyes on her, and she did not want to be a disappointment.

Setting those thoughts aside, she began walking around and away from the aircraft that brought her there. Looking up she saw the Ark in all of its glory as it orbited the planet.

"Just a few more hours and the crew should be up." She thought as she kept on walking.

Chapter Two

Despite the apparent lack of threats, Mary didn't feel completely safe at first. Understandable, considering that despite the scans GAIA-2 was still a completely alien world. The warm breeze that blew through the tall trees carried on a sweet scent, which Mary quickly noticed. It seemed to get stronger and stronger still as she approached the forest, though she couldn't understand where it originated from. Some of the tree trunks were covered in thick vines that wrapped themselves up around them. Their size and color varied and so did the height they reached, though they did form a beautiful spectacle. The scent kept more intense, so much so that Mary could almost taste it. Without a care in the world she pressed on, delving further deep into the forest, determined to find the source of that heavenly scent.

At times she felt somewhat lightheaded, but her duty came first. She was there to gather information and nothing else.

The only sounds came from the wind and her footsteps on the dry grass beneath her boots. Every once in a while Mary thought she heard or saw something rustle in the distance, but it would inevitably amount to nothing.

She lost track of time, and the neural implant didn't work as intended considering how far she was from the Ark.

Any reasonable person would experience at least a sliver of panic, but Mary didn't. She had been trained to think and act rationally, yet the reason she didn't turn back had nothing to do with that.

All she wanted was to find the source of the intoxicating scent that filled her lungs with its sweetness. The simple act

of breathing made goosebumps rise on her skin, even beneath the flight suit.

Mary kept wandering in the forest, her mouth agape as she blindly followed the scent. Her mind gone blank, the only goal she had was to find the source.

Alas, the source found her instead.

The vines she kept seeing began slithering away from the trees, leaving behind a trail of sticky slime. They closed in on Mary from all directions, leaving her with nowhere to run. She, however, did not want to escape. Mary was at peace.

The AI managed to open up the communication channel linked to her neural implant.

"Are you alright, captain?" It asked, his monotone voice crackling due to interferences.

"Yes. I'm fine. I need more time. I will be back soon," Mary replied, sounding even more robotic than the ship's Artificial Intelligence.

She closed the channel just as the vines began to slither across her legs, creeping up towards her chest.

Mary chose to stay, even if she knew she could be in danger. Her senses were overwhelmed by the scent, which she soon found out was coming from the slime that kept leaking from the vines.

As they crawled up her back, they found the zipper that held the flight suit together. Mary didn't know if those vines were sentient, but they surely seemed smart enough when they figured out how to work the zipper.

It wasn't a marvelous feat by human standards, but it surely was for a plant.

Mary felt the slimy vines on her bare skin when they pulled down her flight suit, leaving defenseless against their touch. Despite their appearance they felt more like fleshy tentacles of various sizes, and the more they slithered on

her, the more she found herself wanting them inside of her. They held her body firmly in place, clamping down on it and releasing their grip rhythmically. As that went on the tentacles kept steadily oozing their slime, coating Mary's body wherever they slithered.

The scent was extremely powerful now, and Mary kept taking long breaths to fill her lungs to capacity. It sent shivers down her spine. She didn't know exactly what was the cause of it, but ever since she began smelling that heavenly scent her body reacted to it with arousal.

Now that she was in the middle of receiving the slithering attention of the tentacles, her sex was nothing short of drenched. Thin strings of clear fluid connected her opening to her thighs even as the tentacles spread her legs.

Some of the tentacles were covered in suckers of various sizes, and she could feel them work on her body while others simply slithered on her silky skin to coat it with their slime.

Mary felt the tentacles creep up behind her, reaching for her lower back and quickly slithering on her ass. She knew what was coming and braced for it, her muscles tensing up.

Her cheeks were forcibly spread exposing her tight, unclaimed asshole.

She was expecting to be in a world of pain, but instead the pleasure overwhelmed her when she felt a thick, slimy tentacle slide between her cheeks, continuing on to brush against her drenched pussy and ultimately playing one of the suckers right on her swollen clit.

Her nipples received the same treatment, once the tentacles wrapped themselves around them. Mary was completely bound in place. She couldn't take a step even if she tried her hardest, but she did not want to.

The new planet seemed to love her, and she certainly was more than okay with the welcoming treatment she was

receiving.

Up until that point, at least. Without warning, two tentacles shoved themselves deep within Mary's tight asshole, stretching her walls so wide she thought they would rip her apart.

Mary screamed in pain. She had relaxed for a split second, and she paid the price in full. The tentacles kept pushing deep inside of her, endlessly making their way inside of her body.

With each inch the tentacles oozed more and more slime. It coated her guts and seemed to soothe the pain, effectively turning it into a pleasant tingling sensation that grew in intensity every time the tentacles would move.

The screams that echoed through the forest soon turned into cries of pleasure as the tentacles relentlessly jackhammered her tight hole, their slime shooting out in thin strings with every thrust.

Mary wanted more, and her wishes were soon granted.

A thick tentacle pushed past her drenched hole and sunk itself within her depths, its suckers sticking to her walls.

For a split second, everything stood still, or so it felt to her as her mind suddenly went blank. A white-hot flash spread from her abdomen, pleasure waves endlessly chasing each others as the tentacles ravaged her young body. That orgasm was by far the most powerful Mary had ever had, and the tentacles didn't appear as if they wanted to stop.

Mary didn't say a word. She didn't moan or scream. Her mouth hung open, saliva dripping from one of the sides.

Her mind was still trying to process all the pleasure the tentacles were delivering to her, but she just couldn't focus. She chose instead to relax, let her body be used as a toy until the tentacles had their fill.

One more tentacles joined the two in her asshole, stretching her hole even wider. That did make her groan, but

deep down she loved the feeling of truly being filled. Another tentacle wrapped itself around her neck and slid into her mouth, lodging itself in her throat. Reduced to a gurgling mess, leaking slime from every hole, Mary hoped she could stay like that forever. Simply being a toy for the life form that had enslaved her, the proud captain of the Ark and one of the most important human beings alive. The orgasm started piling up. It felt as if they kept her in a state of permanent mind-melting pleasure, turning her brain into mush and her body into nothing more than a set of holes to abuse.

Mary heard voices in the distance, though amidst all the squelching noises her body made under the tentacles' relentless assault she couldn't make out who it was. She opened her eyes, and saw the four members of the recon team walking towards her. Two males and two females, all of them ready to submit. Their faces blank, mouth gaping open as they stared ahead, at her. At her body, ravaged by a writhing mass of tentacles. Mary didn't have time to process what was happening, though she got a first row seat to the show that took place in front of her eyes.

Tentacles of all sizes and colors emerged from the ground and seized the recon team, holding them in place like they did to her. None of them fought against it, they let it happen. They too knew the ultimate truth: this planet was their new home, but all they would ever amount to was holes to fuck. The tentacles tore the flight suits up, and quickly wrapped themselves around the bodies of the four pilots. Mary saw the two men's cocks spring to attention and quickly disappear as thin tentacles enveloped them, the suckers focusing on their swollen heads. Not long after they

both began moaning in pleasure, which in turn became pain as the tentacles kept stimulating them even after they came.

They were quickly shut up, the slime soothed their ailments - and it's hard to talk when there's a thick tentacle stuck in your throat.

The two women received the same treatment as Mary. First the forceful insertion in their assholes, which made both of them scream, then their soaked pussies and finally their mouths. No hole was left untouched, and that also applied to the men. They screamed and cried as the tentacles found their way inside of their assholes, but just like the women, eventually came to love it.

The forest soon filled with muffled cries of pleasure and pain, drowning out the obscene squelching noises that came from all of their holes.

All of them were in the same situation. Their sore orifices used as a plaything by a life form that clearly had a certain hunger it couldn't satisfy in any other way.

They lost track of time and orgasms. Just like Mary, the pilots' brain were scattered.

A warm breeze blew and made the sweat on their skin feel cold for a brief moment. All of them were silent now, resigned to exist as nothing more than toys when they felt the tentacles movements become more frantic, a renewed force in all of their vigorous thrusts.

Muffled moans echoed through the empty forest again, though they didn't last long.

The moans turned to gurgling noises as the tentacles unleashed what felt like a river of thick slime in all of the holes they occupied before quickly retreating out.

The five of them collapsed on the ground, their gaping orifices leaking steady streams of slime. The life form was

gone, at least for the time being.

Alas, all of them knew it would come back, hungry for more.

That was a problem they would worry about in the future.

For now, the only thing the five of them wanted to do was lay in the large slime puddle and catch their breaths.

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