

Mini-Story: Tentacular (Octo-Girl TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Yeah, so I really thought things would go differently when I stole that mutagenic serum from my friend's laboratory. All my life I've been fairly unsuccessful, average looking, and struggled to keep down a girlfriend. Meanwhile, my best friend is a rising star in the genetics field, working with the cream of the crop of society. Of course I was jealous. So when Francis told me that he was working on mutagens derived from altered animal DNA, with the intention that they could one day be used to literally give people superpowers, I was hella intrigued. Naturally, I asked for a tour of his workplace, and he was happy enough to give one to me. After all, we went way back, and he trusted me.

"Just make sure you don't touch anything Andrew," he told me.

Of course I told him I wouldn't. What was I supposed to do, say I was enraptured by dreams of gaining secret super powers, just like in the movies? But as I said, he trusted me. Which was why it was easy to grab one of the mutagenic serums when he wasn't looking, too enamoured with showing me the great complex and the long conveyor belts containing numerous experimental serums. I only had a bit of time, so I frantically searched for something impressive. I thought of Spider-Man first and foremost, but sadly there was nothing like that available. So I settled on the Octopus Serum: after all, it was the same number of limbs, right? And octopuses are meant to be super smart and agile, and great hunters!

Turns out, I had made a huge, huge mistake. I drank the serum that night, not realising that the mutagen was still highly unstable and the belt we passed was from *rejected* versions. Imagine my surprise when my flesh turned a coral-pink, and my legs split apart and softened, bone giving way to pure muscle in eight different directions. I fell to the ground of my apartment, a new set of eight tentacles writhing, even as my eyes became noticeably golden-yellow and webbing grew between my fingers. I instantly felt a need to submerge myself in water. I could thankfully still breathe air, but my skin felt way too dry, and I needed to keep it wet. Moving with all those tentacles was a nightmare, but as I hauled myself in a panic to the bathroom, a secondary change occurred, one that made my life even worse.

I became female.

Yeah, it *also* turns out that the octopus mutagen was intended for a *woman's* use, derived as it was from a female specimen. I screamed as I grew two large breasts, as my face softened, and my hair turned dark and grew down my back. My hips expanded, and my waist thinned, and my

lips puffed up even as my nose sunk in to my face. I was left looking like a gorgeous female octopus woman, with a slightly ethereal face now that I just had slits for a nose, and eight squirming tentacles. In the centre of which, of course, was a new dripping vagina.

That was how the authorities found me after neighbours reported the screaming. The officers were shocked to see a terrified octo-girl crying out for help, and confessing everything in the hopes of being changed back. Word quickly reached Francis, but instead of helping me, he simply scoffed.

“I can’t believe after everything I’ve done for you, after giving you a tour of my private workplace, that you’d do this to me! Fuck you, dude! Or should I say dudette, since you’re an octo-girl now? Regardless, I’m not helping you anymore. You can enjoy being stuck like this for the rest of your life, since the only person who can make a cure is me, and you’ve burned that bridge.”

I cried, I pleaded, I even tried to grip him with my tentacles, but I was not practised enough in them, and I needed to get back to the water. What happened to me was hushed up, and my life was taken over by the company, which constructed an aquarium for me to live in. I didn’t even have clothes, and they left raw fish for me to eat, which to my embarrassment remains very delicious.

But that’s not the worst part. The worst part is that it turns out the mutagen had an unexpected side effect: it made me very, *very* horny. Something about the octopus breeding instinct got super charged, and it means that I’ve basically become a living anime hentai girl wet dream. I’m like a mashup of the two characters in the *Dream of the Fisherman’s Wife!* It turns out one of the only good things about having loads of tentacles is that they are really good at pleasuring you in multiple places. But even that was not enough.

It was Francis that solved my ‘problem’, and he relished telling me.

“Well, Andrew. Sorry, you’re Anastasia now, aren’t you? Anyway, I thought I’d come tell you the good news. You’re officially an employee of the company now, though only a low paid one. From now on, your high levels of arousal will be satisfied by clientele from around the world who are interested in . . . copulating with an octo-girl such as yourself. In fact, I’m told you’ll bring in quite a lot of money for the company, and we’ll even consider expanding your aquarium and getting a TV installed on the ceiling if you follow through on what these men and women want of you.”

I tried to refuse. I really did. But from the moment I was brought out, freshly showered, to my first client, I lost control. I had to sucker him up, wrap my tentacles around him, and milk his cock for all it was worth. My body was too sensitive, and ever since that first time I’ve used it to please men from the four corners of the earth, and a surprising number of women too. Many of them even put on scuba suits and take me in my own aquarium. It’s not an existence I ever wanted, but I suppose it’s what I deserve.

I just worry about what the future holds. According to Francis, there’s a very, *very* highpaying regular who wants to take things to the next step, and make me pregnant with little half-octo babies. I don’t know if I’ll carry them as eggs or whatever, but it scares the hell out of me.

But they did agree to give me access to the internet if I go through with it. Hell, I might even be able to make way more money running an Instagram or OnlyFans page. There's a lot of guys in Japan who would pay to see a sexy octo-girl posing for them, I suspect . . .

The End