

Alien Tentacle!

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

“Keiko, where are you?” Michi called out, searching for her friend and choob.

Such a strange place they were in! Cool corridors lit with a bluish light, strange noises and smells.

She looked in yet another room, looked past the low, wide doorway. The lighting inside was dimmer, still that bluish cast that made her school uniform look black, and her white blouse stand out, almost glowing.

This room was full of big boxes, each carefully marked in some indecipherable script.

“Keiko!” she called again and continued down the corridor.

The next room was smaller, almost empty. It had what looked to be a futon up against a wall; piled next to it on both sides were grayish-blue piles of strong, sturdy rope or something.

She thought she heard a noise, and stepped inside. “Keiko?” she said quietly.

A sound behind her -- she turned quickly.

“Keiko! is that you?”

Michi couldn't believe her eyes. The girl before her *might* be Keiko, except that her breasts were so huge, and her hips and waist -- her school uniform was stretched and torn.

“Keiko?” Michi asked again.

As if in response, the girl in front of her raised her hand. In it she held something Michi didn't recognize, but it looked like some kind of gun. And how could Keiko's eyes look so big, so dull, and yet glowing, all at the same time?

The girl with the gun took a step forward. Michi took a step back. “Keiko? What's the matter? What has happened to you?”

Another step forward. Michi took another step back.

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Another few steps back, and Michi stumbled. She looked and saw one of the rope things was on her foot! She screamed and tried to kick it away, but it wrapped itself around her ankle!

She screamed again. “Keiko, help me!”

It wrapped around her ankle. She screamed more when the cool, wet, blue-gray thing touched her skin.

She was deciding whether or not to grab it with her hands when something grabbed her other ankle! Tentacles! Michi screamed even more!

The tentacles suddenly tugged on her, pulling her back on the futon.

As she screamed, another tentacle flopped onto her head, but it couldn’t grip her because of her short, black hair.

She sat up as she felt the tentacles on her legs moving. They moved up to her knees, and started pulling her knees apart and rotating them outwards.

Her screams got louder as she saw another tentacle, one with a different shape, slowly moving up between her legs! She cried out for Keiko once more.

But the girl who had been Keiko only smiled, knowing what was coming next.

Michi hadn’t seen the other tentacles approaching from behind; it was too late for her to fight when they grabbed her shoulders and pulled her back to the futon. Another small tentacle appeared in front of her face. When she screamed again in terror, it unleashed a fine mist in her face.

Michi caught a lungful of the mist, breathing it deep. She screamed again as the tentacles pulled her shoulders and opened her legs more. The tentacle in front of her face sprayed her again.

Halfway through her scream, she stopped. A dazed, empty look filled her face and the fight went out of her as her mind went blank.

The tentacle moving between her legs insinuated itself around her panties. As it touched hot, moist, skin, a golden droplet of liquid formed at its tip. The tentacles on Michi legs rotated her knees out more. The middle tentacle touched the golden droplet to her clit, and started massaging gently, the tentacles holding her rocking in rhythm.

Michi moaned. Where moments before she’d been crying out in terror, her cries became cries of lust and passion!

The tentacle teased her clit until it sensed she was ready. Then it slid down her slit.

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Michi's body spasmed as the tentacle thrust into her, but she was past any point of distinguishing pain from pleasure; it was all pleasure now. She cried out in lust as the tentacle thrust in and out of her. She moved her hips to meet it as much as she could.

Keiko watched hungrily, her mouth watering.

The tentacle's thrusts deepened and slowed. Bulges of seed moved down the tentacle.

Michi screamed in pleasure as the first pulse filled her, and the second, and the third. Her cries became even more incoherent as she started to change with succeeding pulses of seed. Her breasts grew, popping her tiny bra and bursting her blouse. Her waist shrank even as her hips and thighs grew. Her eyes grew larger, pulsing with a strange light, and her lips filled.

Keiko ripped off the remains of her own panties and pounced just as the tentacle started to withdraw. She grasped it and impaled herself on it and then threw herself down between her schoolmate's legs, devouring her.

Michi moaned and writhed in ecstasy again, as did Keiko, the tentacle thrusting in and out of her again, as it had done not too long ago.

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"Jorq, what *are* you reading!" Mifw exclaimed as she snatched the tablet from Jorq's tentacles. She read a little more, and felt herself mottling in embarrassment. "You just wait until Pwet gets home from work! You keep reading filth like this, and you'll grow scales!" She threatened the teenager with a main tentacle as she held the tablet at a distance in another. When he rippled in fear, she slithered out of her youngster's pod in disgust.

She accosted her mate with the tablet when he got home. "This is all *your* fault! If you hadn't been involved decoding those images, this never would have happened! They're all monsters, or like Treg says, you're decoding them wrong -- nothing could be that ugly and actually live like that!"

Pwet looked over the tablet, scanning the text rapidly. He felt his midtentacle moisten and swell as he read. So many adolescent images! "Strong, sturdy" tentacles indeed!

"Well? *What* are *you* going to do?" his nestmate demanded, thrumming in irritation.

Pwet put the tablet down. The opening to their pod was closed, so they had privacy. "I'll talk to him, and help him on his grammar," he said. "I don't know what their equivalent is for choob, 'packmate' or 'classmate' possibly? It's hard to pick linguistic congruences."

"What! You approve of this ... *filth*?" Mifw exclaimed, spotting in surprise.

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Pwet moved closer to his nestmate, holding her the way she liked, but keeping his mid safely coiled out of her reach; if she snapped it off, it would take months to regrow, months of painful celibacy. “Dear, I’ve explained it to you before. They may look like monsters to us, but they’re so far away that it took their signals fifty years to get here. With everything we know, it would take hundreds of years to reach their planet, if we wanted to go there, and we believe they’re nowhere close to our science. But we still need to understand them. They are another sentient species, after all. And through understanding them, we can learn to better understand ourselves. Now as to Jorq, he wasn’t just reading this, he *wrote* it. He’s seen a number of those image sequences, as have you, and a few others, and we’ve asked him to write whatever he wants imagining a meeting of our races. And he’s done well, trying to envision us from their point of view, making quite vivid use of what we understand to be the environmental, sensory, and ah, biological differences between us.”

He held and caressed her as she rippled in disgust.

“Yes, I know, it’s hard to imagine being in the same place with them, so hot, so dry, so red. You say ‘All are equal in Zud’s mouth.’ Doesn’t that apply to them as well? But what we’re asking you, and Jorq, and others to do is to look beyond the differences, and imagine what would happen. And are you really surprised, at his age, that he isn’t thinking about mating?”

Mifw rippled in disgust again. “But with those ... *things*... I’d almost rather he was ...”

Pwet held her closer, feeling their rhythms becoming one. He allowed himself to express just a little. “I know,” he whispered, cuddling his nestmate. “How could such creatures imagine the love we share, how we feel for each other, the lifelong commitment we make?”

“But what he wrote,” she sighed.

“Common adolescent male fantasies, to be able to control a female. He hasn’t experienced it yet; he doesn’t know how wonderful it is to give yourself completely to your lover, to let her take you body and soul... I just hope he finds someone as wonderful as you, as warm and moist as you, that his first time is half as good as ours was, as ours are...”

He was startled when Mifw suddenly became so receptive in his embrace, weaving her main tentacles around him, pulsing him rhythmically, one of her nurse tentacles delicately and seductively reaching for his mid.

He recognized the signs in her that she was going to express, and not just a little. She would shower him and he’d be deliciously helpless in her embrace.

“I love you,” he moaned while he was still coherent, moving to a more comfortable position against her, exposing his mid.

“And I love you,” she said, gently tugging on his mid, encouraging it to where it belonged, enjoying making him twilk in pleasure.

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He relaxed as she cuddled and thrummed him, squeezing him as she expressed a golden cloud of mist, making the effect all the more powerful on him.

Ah well, have to write this up as well, he thought as his mind faded to bliss in her rhythmic embrace. A researcher's job is never done.

FIN

04/24/2004

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