

# Haunting

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*Rachel's weekend has finally begun. An irregular visitor helps her forget everyday troubles...*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/haunting.aspx>

Long day. It was the end of a long day, at the end of a long week, and Rachel was tired. Worn out, feet aching, she had opted out of the Friday Club-a-thon with work friends, riding home to her small flat, grabbing the fixings of a quick dinner at the corner market next to the bus stop.

She was shimmying out of her knee-length blue skirt even as the apartment door was closing, kicking it toward the bedroom door as she placed her groceries on the kitchenette counter. She undid her white, slightly frilly "Friday" blouse with one hand while arranging dinner with the other, tossing it, and then her bra, in the general direction of the bedroom as she put the fixings in the microwave.

While the little carousel spun dinner around to be heated, she peeled off her panties and hose (carefully... these were her last pair without runs for the time being...) with a sigh of relief, and placed them with a little more care in her drawer before rummaging around for her "No one sees me in these" bum-around clothes. The old pink gym shorts had holes and rips, almost revealing more than they concealed. The equally worn black T-shirt, stolen long ago from a high-school sweetheart, had the faded stylized horse's head of the team's mascot, mane streaming in imaginary wind.

Dinner dinged as she was finishing washing her minimal makeup from her face, and she settled on her couch - a love-seat really, curling her feet under her to eat her noodley-veggie concoction watching mindless Friday night TV. A glass of inexpensive, but reasonably tasty red wine rounded things out. The tensions of the day and the week finally began to drain away as she let herself relax in her little private space. Tonight she wouldn't even bother with the net - no more screen reading or gossiping until Monday...

The meal done, she put the bowl on the small side table next to the couch, and stretched her feet out onto the hassock that doubled as a coffee table with a little melancholy sigh.

In mid exhalation she felt the touch on her shoulders. For a moment she froze, then let the breath the rest of the way out. The touch became firmer, more solid as she breathed in again. It began to knead the tight muscles of her neck and her upper back, her shoulder-blades and shoulders. Rachel had felt the little aches and tensions forming during the week, but now the memory of them flared and intensified just as the soothing massage broke them down and banished them. Just the right pressures, turns, and stretches were applied to each hard knot, long enough to work the tight muscle to butter softness. Rachel winced with some of the strokes, but sighed as the net effect melted unrealized tensions away.

Slowly the sensations, fingers of strong hands moved from her neck to her upper arms, treating the biceps and triceps with the same firm and tender care. Rachel let her head loll against the couch back, to look up and back. As expected, she saw nothing. There was no torso and head where there would be if the sensations caressing her arms were actually fingers. She knew that if she looked down she'd be able to see - barely - dark wavery shapes the size of fingers, veined with faint greenish glows, pressing against her skin. But she didn't want to look, not now. She knew her Haunter was back. She drew in a deep breath, with only the faintest hint of trepidation as the touch of the ghostly tendrils moved to her front - gently rubbing from the bottom of her neck to her solar plexus. What she didn't know was what this visit would be like...

Tension threatened to re-tighten her muscles as she thought back, but the ghostly touch worked to soothe her against that, moving to her temples and scalp, weaving through her hair in a way fingers were simply incapable of doing. It took a minute for her to even realize that her feet were also receiving attention. A kneading of the arch of her left foot, then the right, followed by a gentle swirling pressure on her heels sent a wave of relief through the aching feet. Rachel's body relaxed, even if her mind could not go there so quickly.

She had not been... visited... for several weeks now, and the last time had been quite different than this. The memory of it made her shudder and blush slightly. She wondered what would happen if she tried to shake free of it now. In times past, the spectral touch had sometimes responded to her demurring and faded rapidly to nothing. Other times, it had refused, the many limbed embrace becoming a gentle, binding prelude to...

No. Rachel shook those memories off. It is not that they were unpleasant per se. Far from it. The thing that haunted her had never harmed her. Quite the opposite. The things she had experienced under his - she believed it had to be a 'he' of some sort - attentions had been at turns thrilling and

humbling, exiting and potentially maddening. But if she was embarrassed or ashamed at the feelings he evoked and unlocked in her, she was also freed by them. And there was a strange intimacy and privacy in the whole affair. Many months ago, the first time she had tried to cry out for help, a gentle but unyielding probe had filled her mouth and effectively gagged her as her body and reality were manipulated with frightening ease into terrifying pleasure. Since then, no matter the intensity of the encounter, her phantom ensured that no signs or sound or evidence of his visits would escape their intimate space and time.

As her thoughts wandered through these almost dangerous memories, so too did the touch of the many tendril. Done with a thorough rubbing down of her feet, attending every toe, every hollow, every ache, smooth, faintly glowing tendrils now worked the muscles of her calves. They were slowly, slowly working their way higher on her legs, obeying the therapeutic rules of pushing the blood toward the heart. At the same time, more prehensile limbs, finger-with, but impossibly longer, worked her hands and lower arms, moving up slowly towards her shoulders. All these touches were simply wonderful. And, despite the intimacy of some of the pressure points there was an amazingly non-sexual feel to the entire thing. It felt like a squad of not-quite-human masseurs had convened to work on her professionally and completely.

She found her self sighing, breathing deeply, melting into the couch. This time, he was not teasing her, making seductive advances, cajoling her, taking her by main force, or anything. She felt he was simply there for her. Then... why was a tiny tingle of excitement racing down her spine?

Rachel's arms seemed to be floating now. Dozens of semitransparent tendrils wove around them, rubbing and soothing from her finger tips to her shoulders. Out of the corner of her eyes it looked like her arms had been engulfed by a waving mass of anemone-like tentacles. These extended down past her hands and disappeared in a greenish haze that partially obscured the room beyond.

Her legs were slowly disappearing in two more bundles of tendrils as they ascended her legs - somehow managing to touch and not tickle the hypersensitive backs of her knees to her mid-thighs. And she imagined a similar stream of tendrils extending toward her head and neck, as the massaging of her scalp and temples continued.

The couch itself, it seemed, had sprouted limbs of its own, because she also felt firm pressures on her upper and lower back - like a perfectly designed massage chair, kneading and twisting the knots and soreness she didn't know she'd had. Even her sides - ribcage, hipbones... Rachel had had no idea so many little things had needed attention and soothing on her body.

It was so engulfing, so inclusive, and yet not erotic. As effective as the tendrils were at their techniques, they were missing - avoiding on purpose? the types of caresses that could be considered

sexual. Rachel had many erogenous zones - a large number of which had been discovered - pioneered - and mercilessly exploited by her Specter. But now, he was avoiding them - or touching them in ways that felt good, but not \*that\* way.

She wondered why? Then she wondered at the twinge of disappointment that he \*wasn't\* touching her that way. She \*wanted\* him to make a move on her? What was the matter with her? She would accept this... peace offering for what she hoped it was. She wasn't going to seduce \*herself\* into the depravities she fought so valiantly and hopelessly against so many other times.

Her mind was clearly getting more worked up... But her body was quite the opposite. The tendrils were very good at what they were doing. Every tension and ache was being erased from her. Even the new ones the turmoil of her thoughts threatened to bring out were smoothed away as they happened.

In her mind's eye, Rachel saw her body almost engulfed in the waving forest of tentacles. They now were in contact and stroking every part of her \*except\* the sexual areas. She must have been floating above the couch at least a few inches, supported by the tendrils, arms wide to the side, legs only slightly apart. It felt absolutely wonderful, and calming, and relaxing.

A tiny trickle of moisture dripped from between her legs. She shifted a tiny bit, raising and lowering her left leg... The sliding, slippery sensation that raced through her crotch told her she was sopping wet inside. Rachel's eyes opened wide as the intensity of her arousal, all but hidden until now, hit her full force.

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment as the telltale signs finally bubbled to awareness. Her breathing had changed from the deep inhalations of relaxation to something faster, more sensual. Her body was moving as well; back arching, knees bending - and slowly continuing to drift apart of their own accord.

Rachel was shocked at her own reaction. She had the impulse to recoil; pull herself into a ball and make it all go away despite how good she was feeling. But she didn't. She didn't want to. Even so she could feel herself blushing at what she \*did\* want.

She tried to ignore it. The massage was making her lethargic. Her muscles were too tired now. That's what she told herself.

For some time she didn't move; couldn't make herself go either way. The tendrils wonderfully, efficiently, maddeningly worked her muscles to butter softness, creating the pleasure of vanished pain, while scrupulously avoiding other kinds. Yet despite the lack of stimulation, Rachel grew hotter

with each passing minute. It crossed her mind that this could be another phantom game, playing with her by \*not\* playing with her. Making her want that which she had fought (and lost) against so many times before. The problem was, if that were true, it was working.

Finally, without thinking about the decision, she shook her arms from the loose grip of the tentacles. They let her go reluctantly, reaching after her as she slipped her arms free, but not ensnaring her like they could - like they had before. She was still supported some inches above her couch by a springy bed of ghostly tendrils, but that didn't concern her. She grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and peeled it off over her head. The limbs cradling her back and head let it pass as she pulled. Then, after only a small hesitation, she reached down and shucked off her dampening shorts. Like an anemone in an ocean current, the tentacles around her legs made way for the dilapidated garment, neither helping nor hindering her, until they fell from her toes.

Now completely nude, Rachel slowly leaned back into the embrace of the phantom limbs, opening her arms out to either side, letting her legs part. She surrendered herself to what may come, hoping it would come soon. The sea of limbs enveloped her arms again, flowing over them to her shoulders. They cradled her head as she settled back, forcing herself to breathe deeply, fighting the impulse to moan in frustration.

They were all over her - almost. Her muscles were putty, her skin fully sensitized. The tendrils slid smoothly over her, everywhere but her pleasure centers. It was almost becoming maddening, the nerves in those few untouched parts of her body crying out for attention. Her ghostly visitor was a tormenter again in a new and entirely unexpected way - because it would \*not\*.

She was not going to ask. Having him force her to pleasure, coax her despite her resistance or desires, making her body and mind betray her by overwhelming her senses - that was one thing. \*Asking\* it to do those things to her with her in full possession of her faculties was another thing entirely. Rachel... could take care of herself. That would show him.

Rachel freed her right arms again so that she could begin her own little play of self-pleasure... Or rather, she tried to. This time the tendrils surrounding her arms were much more reluctant to let her go. They resisted. She pulled harder, gaining some ground, but she was so tired... so weak from the week, and from the full body massage. She might have been able to free herself if she really fought. But she couldn't bring herself to. With a whimper of frustration, she stopped pulling, and the tendrils flowed back up her arms and legs to continue their work.

The little ember of fear that usually accompanied her ghost lover's first signs of restraint failed to form inside her. Perhaps it was her state of lethargic arousal. Perhaps it was a confidence - or at least a belief - that she \*could\* escape this time if she wanted to. But escape would mean that the warm,

cradling rub would stop, and she'd be left to her own devices. It was too nice to want to stop... but she wanted more.

She realized her legs had drifted wide apart now. With her back arched and thighs spread, she was open as if ready to welcome a lover into her, but no lover was there. She felt drops of her own honey trickle down her perineum into the cleft of her rear. She tried to close her legs so that she could rub her thighs together, but as she expected, the limbs coiled around them wouldn't let her.

Rachel looked down her body, nearly covered in translucent wormy tendrils, squirming over her in their massage work. It would have looked repulsive if they had been any more corporeal. Only her breasts, and the glistening nexus of her legs were being left untouched - and thus bare and exposed in the light of her living space. And the way she was moving. Her body assumed a wanton, beseeching position, pelvis raised and inviting open to any eyes that might have been in the vicinity. She knew he saw her. And he was doing nothing. He was waiting. She knew it now. She could send him away with a word, or a real fight (she needed to believe that). Or...

She'd told herself she wouldn't. She knew her blush had spread from her face down her chest. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she opened her mouth. Only he would be able to hear her hoarsely whispered

"Please?"

A few breaths.. a few more. No change. More of the same lovely, soothing, professional massage. She was not going to ask again. She was sweating. Her pussy was practically weeping with its need, but she would *\*not\** beg. She would end it first...

Then... something. It took her some time, holding herself still, attending to every ethereal point of contact to her skin, to identify what. A subtle, slow shift altered the motions of the tendrils. Kneading of deep tissue was graduated into lighter and lighter strokes, tingling her skin instead of soothing her muscles. All over her, bit by bit, the strokes were becoming lighter, more delicate, more sensual. The hollows of her knees and elbows and armpits confirmed it - that *\*almost\** tickle that sent shivers up and down her spine.

A quiet moan escaped Rachel's lips as the overtones of the massage colored toward the erotic - even though her most sensitive places were still frustratingly left alone. Her nipples hardened as ripples of pleasure chased up and down her skin. She began to wonder if her ghostly tease could bring her to the brink without any more overt contact.

Her senses were so inward focused now that she felt it the instant the first tendril caressed the

underside of her left breast. It was such a little thing, yet in her state an electric shock of pleasure. More touches followed, on both her sensitive mounds. Finger-like tendrils swirled around and upward, kneading them gently, sliding toward her almost aching nipples.

When one tendril swiped lightly over the hardened tip, Rachel spasmed and grunted. This was followed by a cascade of swishes and swirls covering both of her breasts and taking her breath away. A trembling shook her whole body and Rachel's eyes flew open (when had she closed them?) when she realized that a mild orgasm was coursing through her. From what? A thousand touches on her body and breasts alone?

She moaned a little louder now, the sound summoning her "gag". She recognized it as it freed itself from the writhing mass all around her. This tentacle was, she had learned through experience, perfectly designed to silence her. It was cock-like, to be sure, but also shaped to the contours of her mouth - sculpted to fit easily yet completely and plug her sounds so that she could not call for help or attract "undue attention".

But her gag was not moving farther toward her, trying to force its way in, or dive into her open mouth as it had done in the past. It waited, ready. Until she needed it.

Rachel shuddered as the waves of pleasure circulated languidly through her body and receded, leaving... hunger. She almost whimpered at the sensation. Her muscles were so worked over she felt almost weak and used up already. But she wanted... needed more. She caught her hips moving of their own accord, swaying back and forth, trying to get the tendrils to move higher on her wide-spread thighs, or lower down her tummy... anything. She was open and ready, her body already begging even if her voice would not.

Then... framed by her obscenely open, tendril engulfed legs, a new motion. The air before her distorted, darkening. A bulge of green-veined darkness extruded from elsewhere into the room, a growing globule of otherness. It looked to be the same stuff as the tendrils, but less translucent, more substantial. Rachel's eyes widened at its appearance. She'd only seen hints of a form like this before, lurking on the edge of occasionally tear or sweat-blurred vision. Her stomach fluttered as the form congealed before her, a bulb shape tapering down into nothingness, "facing" her.

Instincts flashed across her mind and body. Fight and flight warred in her mind, but no commands for either made it to her body. She stared, nerves tingling with sensual caresses and awful fascination as a dark line cracked across the equator of the spherical bulb. It split apart along this crack, opening like a great, toothless maw over a foot across. Inside... pitch blackness. The nothing inside was hypnotically deep. Rachel thought she caught hints of motion, dark on black, but it could have been her own eyes playing tricks. It was so terrible looking, so fascinating she almost didn't notice it was

moving closer to her, now between her wide-apart feet... now at her knees. The great black mouth almost brushed her inner thighs now poised as if to devour her starting with her sex.

And she wanted it to. Fear and expectation and trust and lust roiled inside her. Rachel didn't recognize the whine escaping her as her own, despite all sense, she raised her pelvis toward that awful mouth. The whine threatened to become something more. The moment she realized this, she felt the gag tentacle brush her left cheek, reminding her of its presence. Reflexively, Rachel turned her head and opened her own mouth, never moving her eyes from the dark mouth now open and looming over the junction of her legs.

She let the phallic shape glide past her lips and fill her mouth with it's not-quite-there presence. Its musky half-taste was almost a relief - a familiar sensation, giving perverse comfort at this moment. Because now, just as she had hoped and feared, the maw was closing over her. The inky blackness closed over her; a warm fat rubbery seal wrapping around her from the top of her pubic mound, around each upper, inner thigh, and down over the cheeks of her rear end.

"MMMMmMmmmmmmffffff!!!"

It could have been a moan. it could have been a scream. The soft, solid contact of "lips" with her fevered skin made her want to cry out \*something\*. Regardless, it was safely muffled by the gag-tentacle almost touching the back of her throat.

Despite the timeless attentions of the massaging tentacles, Rachel felt her body tense. Her tired muscles taugth with anticipation. The green-streaked black shape covered her nexus, hiding from her view... what?

The surface of the bulb rippled with motion, hinting at shapes moving underneath, just above her skin. Shadows of motion, air currents against her inner thighs. Rachel thought she would explode with need.

"m!- mmmmmMMMMMMHH!"

Something slick slithered against her inner thigh. Rachel's body jerked. Her nerves were so tightly strung she had no idea what size or shape it might really be. Another slimy touch grazed her other thigh, then settled to squirm wetly on her skin.

More gooey, writhing tendrils joined the first, their touch insistent yet maddening, teasing her everywhere \*but\* her itching, flooding sex. The appendages were hot to her skin, dripping and spreading a thick slime over her mound and thighs, making her skin tingle wherever it touched.

"GGGH!"

The first swipe of finger-thick smoothness along her slit made Rachel's jump within her tentacular embrace. It dipped fractionally inside her, then slipped up over her erect clit. Her body was so keyed up, so primed that that single intimate touch triggered her second climax. Her body bucked and heaved as she thrust her pelvis up into the maw closed around it.

\*Now\*, as the waves of climax crashed over her, the writhing frenzy of unseen tendrils converged on her sex.

"MMMMMMMMgmmMMMMfMM...MffMMMMMMMMFFfff!" Rachel's muffled screams did not betray the howling storm of pleasure taking her now. Tiny tentacles covered her labia, tickling and caressing every nerve of her folds, more surrounded and assaulted her clit, practically vibrating against the sensitive little bud.

"....!" Rachel couldn't vocalize any more. Breathing hard through her nose and around the shaft nearly filling her mouth was all she could manage as her body shook out of control. Every gasping breath, a new sensation, a new stimulation prolonged and intensified her climax. Tendrils explored the spasming ring of muscle guarding her rear entrance, massaging it, the poking inside and sliding deeper and deeper in little surges between the spastic clenching of her muscles. An oozing, almost queasy sensation deep in her guts added another new dimension, a new color, to the kaleidoscope of sensation in which she was losing herself.

Rachel's eyes were rolling back in her head, her vision clouding. The gag-tentacle in her mouth pulled back and popped out to allow her more air. She gasped and breathed deep, but though her mouth was wide open as if to scream, she was incapable of making more than breathy squeaks of sound.

It went on and on; she didn't know how long. Her body tensed and released so many times she felt like a shock therapy patient. The orgasm didn't so much end as blend into a background buzz of pleasure as the movements of the uncountable tentacles slowed. Her body, still nearly enveloped by his ghostly limbs shook and shivered at random as nerves misfired and pleasure echoed in her nearly used up body.

Gently, even lovingly, the tentacles still held her. Though mostly still, her ass was still deeply penetrated by a hot, slimy cable, and tendrils like hundreds of tiny fingers still rested on her mound and vagina.

A few trembling breaths in stillness, then Rachel felt movement on her tummy. She raised her head to

look down her body. The black maw was opening. Her eyes widened as it revealed what she had been feeling this whole time. A forest of tentacles centered between her legs, glowing brightly intensely green. She saw that dozens of small, worm-size tendrils were pressed against her outer and inner labia, holding them open. A part of her mind recoiled at how hideously gross and obscene this was. An unspeakable monstrosity holding her most intimate parts so vulnerable, displayed an utterly open to... to what?

Rachel's eyes moved against her will, to the deep black from which the rest of the tentacles had reached to her. A new glowing shape was emerging, moving toward her.

"nnnoo.." She whispered a negative for the first time, but already knew it was a lie.

If the ethereal tendrils that cradled and fondled her reminded her of a great anemone, the glowing, waving tendrils and shaft reaching between her legs looked like a cross between a cock and a more standard size anemone. Thin, wormlike tendrils intersperse with stubbier, plumper ones spiraling up the column, ending in a pink-green maw, from which a jewel-like bead of glowing green fluid was emerging.

The long tendrils reached for her open pussy, caressing her vulva as the main body closed the last inches of space between them. Then the wiggling, fatter tendrils touched her, spreading, and stretching her as the shaft began to push in. Rachel's nerves almost felt burned out. She registered the tentacle's touch and movements, but pleasure or discomfort were momentarily beyond her. All that was left was a feeling of stretching, and growing fullness. A feeling of being \*entered\* completely.

"uuuuuuuuuuuuuuUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHH"

The sound was low, from deep inside her. Deep where the squirming shaft was delving. The tendrils alive inside her, pressing and moving in an intimate, secret dance against her inner walls.

"HHhhhhnnnnnn..."

It filled her and filled her, sliding in easily despite its size because of her wetness and its own secretions. Rachel imagined - then realized she was not imagining - a greenish glow illuminating \*through\* her skin to mark the penetration of her body by the unnatural shaft.

It pressed into the end of her passage with a tiny bump that rocked her whole body. In her mind's eye, she saw anemone-maw kissing her cervix. A shudder passed through the shaft, then radiated outward through all the other tentacles and limbs holding and cradling and playing with her. Rachel wondered if it represented a wave of pleasure coursing through her ghostly lover, and part of her felt

great satisfaction that \*she\* could cause that pleasure in \*him\* as well.

"oooooohh"

Rachel tried to be quiet, The tentacle covered cock drew out of her, twisting and sliding wetly, slowly most of the way out before reversing direction. She groaned low again as it re-filled her completely, and another shiver flowed through the forest of tendrils that held her. Gently, firmly, her ghost-lover began fucking her. Pins and needles began to prickle Rachel's body - on her skin, and inside, as if every intimately active tentacle was giving her tiny stings. But instead of pain or paralysis, each prick or tingle bloomed into a spark of pleasure as the nerves in her body were reawakened and caressed.

She pulled with her arms, kicked with her legs, arched her back. Was she trying to escape their grasp? Was she trying to expose herself to more? Was there a difference anymore? Each of her movements induced more slimy, slippery pleasure somewhere on or in her. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

The tentacle in her rear end began sliding back and forth again...

"ohgoddhhhh"

The little stings of pleasure jolted her from behind now as well. Rachel jerked and pulled in an erotic struggle, a battle she had to fight, but desperately wanted to lose. Whenever she looked down at the slowly pistoning, tendril covered shaft, she could track the glow of it through her own skin, see just how deep inside her it invaded.

And the tendril wiggling in her ass, insinuating itself deeper and deeper into her. That she could see too, both the cool, intense glow illuminating her from the inside, and the slight bulge of the wormy shaft under the skin of her abdomen. It made her shudder and moan at the completeness of it.

"OoooghghhhhgooooOOOmmmmmmffFHHHH!!"

Her sounds, progressively louder, had drawn her gag tentacle back to her mouth. After a gentle touch to her lips did not succeed in quieting her, the blunt shape entered her mouth again, cutting off her rising volume. Rachel was half distress, and half relieved to be quieted in such an insistent way. She did not have much time to dwell on it, however. Pleasure was rising in her, like a chamber filling, pressure increasing.

Her head lolled back as the great mouth closed on her junction again, hiding the deeply fucking tentacle shaft from view. The fat lips settled on her quivering mound, so firm, so solid. Rachel arched

and bucked with each thrust.

"mmff! Mmmf! Mmmmfff!"

Slowly, the three tentacles inside her - pussy, ass, and mouth, began to synchronize their movements. All three pushing in at the same time, pulling out at the same time. Going a little deeper, a little harder. More, the dozens, hundreds, thousands of tentacles that massaged nearly every inch of her also picked up the rhythm, sliding up or in, or toward her center with each deep thrust of the other three, then rubbing the other way as they drew out. As Rachel's senses began to fragment and blend, it seemed like her phantom lover was somehow fucking her entire body at once. Everywhere, pleasure stung her. Every ripple or shudder of a tentacle telegraphed the pleasure she was giving in return.

Her entire body pulsed and surged and flowed with the movement of the tentacles everywhere around her. The pleasure built and built with a frightening and enticing and powerful inevitability. Rachel was being dragged along. Her lover \*broadcast\* his own rising pleasure with each movement. Her own pleasure at this point was almost incidental. Rachel knew that \*his\* pleasure was rising with an almost seismic force. She was strapped to the front of a locomotive going 200 miles an hour... She was riding a tidal wave that kept getting bigger and bigger as it threatened to break.

"mmgmmmmddmm!!"

He would not stop thrusting, squirming inside her, swiping her nipples and clit... Rachel was trapped in the storm. She thought the incredible torrent of climaxes she'd gone through before had spent her entirely. She was wrong. Something else was coming. Something scary big. Her body electrified. She desperately wanted to flee and embrace it at the same time.

Higher.

Harder.

Deeper.

Then...

Rachel's body froze, The tentacles were buried fully in her pussy and ass, probing down her throat. She felt a bulge at her already stretched labia; at her anal ring; at her mouth.

"mmmGMMMMMMFFMMMMM!"

The bulges simultaneously pushed past her entrances and into her, stretching her nether openings, coursing deep, releasing into her. Rachel's orgasm crashed on her then, her entire body convulsing around the invading shafts. Her vision kaleidoscoped. She could only catch pieces of it, and those flashes made no sense. Intense bolts of green traveling down the shafts, entering her, ejaculating into her, diffusing and spreading through her. Her entire body aglow, pulsing with the cumming shafts, the sliding tentacles, her own contractions. Fluid pouring into her. Energy pouring into her. Sex pouring into her. Ecstasy overwhelmed.

...

Rachel woke up slowly, languorously. There was no rush. There was no need to move quickly. Everything felt wonderful. Her sleep had been deep, dreamless, satisfying, rejuvenating.

It took her a while to realize she was on her couch, TV still on. She was naked, her clothes on the floor nearby. She was momentarily confused until the memory began rushing back. Her face changed expressions several times, from surprise, to embarrassment, to lust, back to peace. It had been another 'visit'. The most intense yet. She wondered why he haunted her; and why this way. Did he want anything but the obvious? She hoped someday she'd know.

Slowly she got up and stretched. Sunlight streamed in her window. She looked at her clock. 11am. Sunday.

"Oh, my God!"