

## Trapped in a Tentacle Cave

Deep in the forest, not far underground, a woman lay against a wall with her hands pinned above her head. The blue luminescence of the small cave made her dark skin appear almost purplish. Her body, once petite and toned, had been transformed. The constant pregnancies by the tentacle creature had changed her flat stomach into a distended belly, and her small breasts had grown into two perverse melons that draped over her belly. In the unchanging glow of the cave, there was no way to know how much time had passed since she had fallen in. The only indication of the passage of time were the cycles of impregnation and birth that she endured.

Myriel observed her body, both mesmerized and horrified. Despite the changes to her body, she still held out hope that there was some way to escape from the place. After all, she was a very skilled thief that had escaped numerous dangerous situations before. Why should this one be any different? She just needed to find a way to free herself of the sticky substance holding her hands in place above her head.

The creature may have caught her when she first fell in, but that was when she was caught by surprise. She noticed that there were only a few larva crawling around aimlessly and an occasional tentacle lazily changing position. Even with her transformed body, Myriel remained quite limber. Cautiously, she tried twisting, turning, and leveraging her body to pull the substance away from the wall. No amount of contortion helped to liberate her, nor even to tear the substance even a little bit. She tried and tried until her body was glistening with sweat and her heart was pounding in her chest.

Myriel's focus shifted to an unpleasant wetness crawling up her thigh. She recoiled at the sight and sensation of a cucumber-sized larva moving up her leg, its face just a small hole for a mouth. She shook her body, but the thick mucus of the larva allowed it to stay firmly attached to her, its direction pointed towards her large breasts and the milk within.

"No you don't, you dumb creature." As the creature crawled up her belly, she raised her leg and squished the pliable larva between her thigh and belly. It let out a shocked squeal, fell to her side, and crawled away. This time, with a bit more haste. Myriel shivered at the warm, wet sensation that the larva trail left behind.

Her relief was short-lived when a thick, slimy tentacle with a sizable hole at its entrance slithered towards her, taking its time as if it knew that she couldn't escape. Myriel squirmed, knowing what was to come, as she had experienced it numerous times before. To the tentacle, it was like a game, to Myriel, it was a few precious moments before her violation. As the fleshy skin of the tentacle found her asshole, it squeezed into her with little effort due to its lubricated skin and strength.

With each second that passed, it pushed deeper, a couple inches at a time, twisting through her insides. Myriel gasped at the invasion inside of her. While not painful, it was certainly an uncomfortable feeling. She continued to shift around to find some comfort against the tentacle's deep probing.

When the tentacle was deep inside of her bowels, it stopped pressing any farther and began to undulate. The slow, rhythmic undulation stimulated her. Regardless of her resistance, an uncontrollable desire grew inside of her. It raised her to a state of heightened excitement as the pleasure grew, but never sent her over the edge to an orgasm so that by the time Myriel saw round eggs slowly nearing closer, she was wet with anticipation. The thought of being stretched excited her and she found herself wanting the eggs to come closer so that she could feel the pleasure of being filled with the eggs and hopefully have an orgasm. No. She couldn't think like that. She couldn't let the tentacle win, but she wanted to

cum. Being held at the edge of pleasure was undeniably tortuous. Had she always been this perverted or had the tentacle creature corrupted her mind like it had her body?

She kept going back and forth between wanting the eggs to already be inside of her and wishing they would never reach her. When the first egg reached her asshole, it stretched her hole even wider. She trembled, and her toes spread, as the girth of the egg stretched her and then disappeared within, the sudden pressure sending her over the edge of pleasure into an intense orgasm.

Each subsequent egg was not any different. They stretched Myriel to her limits. Though all the eggs were the same size, each subsequent egg felt bigger than the last. Her orgasms were filled with pain and pleasure. The tentacle continued to undulate as it filled her with the eggs. She felt so full, like the satisfying fullness after a large supper. She had no idea how many orgasms she experienced while being filled with eggs, but by the time the tentacle withdrew from her ass, she didn't have the energy to even close her gaping hole, which still pulsed from the invasion.

For a moment, Myriel was left alone with her thoughts as her heavy breathing slowed down. Her mind flashed back to happy moments as one does when faced with a near hopeless situation. She thought back to her first big theft many years ago. She had lived like a noblewoman's daughter for months, feeling on top of the world. After that, she thought that every heist would be just as profitable and that her life would be filled with riches. Her reality was much different; weeks of poverty at a time that left her stomach gnawing at her insides, only able to find scraps to barely hold it off. The last heist was supposed to end that cycle, not send her deep into the forest where she fell in a random tentacle burrow. She had to admit though. Here, she didn't have hunger nor the worry of someone stabbing her over a piece of bread. Here was at least a cycle of pleasure, regardless that she was being used by a creature for breeding. Would it really be that bad to live in the safety of this cave, the tentacles and her larvae as her only company?

A different tentacle slid towards her, interrupting her thoughts. This one had an equal girth as the previous one, but a penile shaped head instead of the wide slit. Whether from exhaustion or indifference, she did not struggle as much this time as the tentacle neared and then penetrated her still sore and slightly gaping asshole.

It uncomfortably pushed its way deep into her, finding its way to the eggs laid inside, careful not to hurt its host. When it found the eggs, it shifted in and out. First, with micro movements which grew to inches. Her legs spread, unconsciously welcoming the sensation of the anal fucking as her pussy throbbed with warmth and wetness.

The tentacle's thrusts were robotic, purposeful. Her body shook as the pleasure of an orgasm washed over her. The tentacle's thrusts became harder and faster. The inch long thrusts extended to feet at a time. Myriel's moans and the wet sounds of sex reverberated off the cavern walls. The tentacle continued its repeated thrusts, driving into the restrained woman with a threat of unending pleasure. Every thrust of the tentacle made her feel as if she were just a hole being used by the creature, a drum to be beat on. Her mind was filling with too much pleasure, too many orgasms. She just needed a moment to breathe, a moment for the tentacle to stop its incessant ramming so she could think clearly. She couldn't endure many more orgasms and the tentacle had long ago passed its previous duration of fucking. Between her moans, she begged for the tentacle to stop. It was too intense, too unbearably pleasurable. But a part of her wanted to embrace it, wanted more.

There was no escape for her, she knew it in her core. She was hidden underground, in the middle of nowhere. No one knew where she was, except this tentacle creature that used her. She was nothing, but a breeding tool, an appendage of the creature like its tentacles that used her against her will. Any resistance would be pointlessly consuming energy. Why resist any longer? Her mind went blank as she embraced the overwhelming intensity in her mind and body, ecstasy and orgasms filling every crevice of her being.

At some point, long after she had given in to the pleasure, the tentacle burst out gob after gob of warm liquid. It filled her already filled belly, though it had not seemed possible that she could be stretched anymore. It withdrew from the woman, who was too lost in the pleasure of her body to react to the withdrawal, so that a pool of cum spilled out from her onto the cavern floor.

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An uncertain amount of time passed before a tingly sensation began in the woman's overstretched stomach, a sensation that she used to dread. It started small, a light tickling that grew within her and made her giggle. How could she not have loved this feeling before? It grew heavier, more pronounced, building inside of her until it became overwhelming. When she thought she wouldn't be able to endure it anymore, it moved down her body.

It pushed down, twisting within her towards her exit. She gasped and moaned, continuing to enjoy the strange sensation even as the first larva pushed out of her ass and plopped to the ground. She rolled her head back and pushed several more out of her, each one a slight relief from the tension inside of her belly. The constant stimulation of the creatures leaving her body pushed her to one last orgasm. But she did not relax after the pleasurable moment. She wanted to spend time with the new larvae.

Myriel lovingly observed the larvae that began to explore their new world. Several crawled onto her legs and body. This time, she embraced the wetness of their bodies, like a slimy bath for her skin. She encouraged her babies to her. What were once grotesque eyeless faces were now cute mewling mouths hungry for milk, her milk. She wanted to feed them, to have them suckle on her nipples so they could grow big. She looked at her spawn with a sweet tenderness and let them crawl over her and drink their nutrition, careful not to squish a single one.

As the larvae fed, Myriel eagerly awaited to be bred again. She wanted to bring more of these beautiful creatures into this world, to be used in the endless cycle of pleasure and birth that this cave granted her.

Above ground, the birds chirped and danced from limb to limb. Few dared venture to the forest floor, else they may disappear into the dark burrow below. An occasional moan of a woman could just barely be heard, drawing a slight twist of a bird's head towards the sound, more of idle curiosity than alarm, until eventually, not even the birds paid attention.