

## Tantric Tentacles, Chapter 1

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It had been 12 years since Sinai had seen the first portal opened.

It started innocently enough. She'd been experimenting with some new magic, a more sustainable way to prolong her life than she'd been using for the last 1000 years or so, and had uttered the second of four verses of the incantation when all of a sudden, a black portal appeared mere feet from her. Its edges were black, sharp, and jagged, and the instant it appeared, eight or more tentacles shot through the portal, grasping at things in her den—her cauldron, her reagents, her broom—and utterly breaking her concentration.

More annoyed than frightened, the wolf grabbed her broom and shouted an obscenity at the tentacles for distracting her. Her hand glowed with a dusky red color as she spat out a light curse that effectively swatted the tentacles from a distance, driving them gently but firmly back into their portal.

The tentacles thus out of sight, Sinai took a deep breath and re-centered herself before looking into the portal itself. Inside was a strange, psychedelic world. Bright, vivid streaks of color haphazardly ran across the ground like infinite cans of the brightest-colored paints spilled in layer upon layer atop each other. Twin suns cast every shade of color through the sky just as haphazardly as the ground. The effect was dizzying; it was hard to tell where the horizon was.

But perhaps more astounding than all that were the creatures who dwelled in this bizarre world. Everywhere Sinai looked were little groups of tentacles, clumped here and there by color. Over here was a group of pink ones, and over there, a seafoam green one. One with red tentacles towered above the rest, while a tiny yellow one sat beneath the shade—if you could call it that—of the pink one.

Sinai shook her head.

"What *is* this nonsense?" she muttered to herself.

She had seen many interesting worlds—it was true, her world seemed to be a gateway to other dimensions—she herself had accidentally opened dozens of portals in her lifetime, but *this!*—this took the cake for strange worlds—and she had *seen* the Land of the Living Cakes.

Grabbing her hat and her reagent pouch, Sinai hopped on her broom and leapt through the portal—after all, portals *were* for leaping through!—and began a slow cruise over the world. Beneath her, tiny tentacles seemed to peer up at her quizzically while larger ones reached out to grasp her. She flew just out of reach and spoke to them.

"Who are you, and what do you want with my world?" she asked candidly.

The red tentacles flinched all at once and then seemed to turn to silently talk to each other. After a moment, they plummeted to the ground, sprawling out flat, like a nine-legged starfish. Sinai started—had she killed it with nothing but a question?—but to her relief and then puzzlement, she saw the tentacles wriggling on the ground next to the other groups of tentacles. Seconds later, they, too, flopped down flat and began wriggling. One-by-one, one set of tentacles after the other flopped over, the wriggling spreading like a virus from tentacle to tentacle, faster and faster.

But Sinai noticed that something else was happening, too. The vibrations began to take cadence, began to sound like...something...

"PEACE!" the vibrations suddenly shouted.

Sinai reeled and nearly fell off her broom.

"Excuse me?" she asked, quickly regaining her composure.

"DON'T HURT US!" the vibrations yelled.

Sinai covered her ears. "I'm right here; there's no need to yell! And I don't mean to hurt you. I just want to know why you opened a portal into my world and interrupted my spell!"

The vibrations died down, until only the red tentacles were vibrating. The others slowly perked themselves up, the individual tentacles in each group seemingly conversing amongst each other.

The red tentacles replied, much more quietly, "Is this better?"

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"Yes, much," Sinai replied, nodding.

"I am Tentacles," the red tentacles said.

"Charmed," Sinai replied dryly. "I'm Sinai."

"I am very pleased to meet you, Sinai."

"Yes, yes, and all that," Sinai said impatiently. "But what do you want with my world?"

There was a pause. Sinai frowned.

"Tentacles?" she asked.

One of the tentacles stood up in the air. It almost looked like a "just a sec" gesture. Sinai frowned again and couldn't help chuckling to herself. It seemed that some gestures were universal.

"Like companions," Tentacles replied, "but more."

Sinai pursed her lips and raised an eyebrow. "You want a spouse?" she asked skeptically.

The tentacles seemed to converse amongst themselves for a moment and then answered, "No, something else."

Sinai pursed her lips. "A fuck-buddy?"

The tentacles conversed some more and replied, "No, more connection."

Sinai thought about it a bit more. Images of powerful sexual magic crept into her mind—magic she had heard of and studied at length but never experienced.

"That!" Tentacles said suddenly.

Sinai blinked. "Excuse me?"

"That! That thing you're thinking of," the tentacle-monster replied.

"You can read minds?" Sinai asked warily.

"Yes, but what is that you're thinking of?" Tentacles asked excitedly.

"We call it tantric sex," Sinai replied. "Sexual magic. You want a tantric sex partner?"

The tentacles quivered. "Yes!" they replied exuberantly.

Sinai shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I'm far too—"

"We could be a very strong ally," Tentacles interrupted. "In exchange for practicing this magic with us, we could come to your aid in your time of need. This we would do gladly; we are very protective of those who make the bond with us."

Sinai smiled and raised her hand. "I appreciate what you're saying," she said, "but it's not a matter of that. Despite my outward appearance, I am very old. What I know of the magic of which you speak is that a younger partner would suit you much better. It won't be long before my existence ends, but if you can be patient, I will find you a suitable, willing partner."

Tentacles's tentacles conversed amongst themselves once more, wiggling animatedly, as if some had different opinions than others.

"How do we know we can trust you?" the tentacle monster asked.

Sinai shrugged. "You have access to my world. You can go look for yourself, if you prefer. I'm offering to help you. But I want something in return."

"Free access to our world?" Tentacles asked, having read her mind.

"Yes. It will let me study your people and your magic," Sinai replied. "I haven't seen a world quite as...unique...as yours."

"Deal," Tentacles replied.

The tentacles seemed to wrestle amongst themselves before one extended itself to Sinai. She grasped it in her paw. It was slightly warm, squishy yet firm, and had a smooth yet velvety texture. The faintest of electrical currents seemed to pass through her, instantly arousing her ancient loins, albeit subtly. She shuddered a bit but brushed off the feeling and shook the monster's tentacle, sealing the deal.

The instant her hand went down for the second shake, vivid images filled her mind explaining how to create the portal. It was like a multi-minute movie played fast-forwarded, and the entire thing was over in a split-second, yet she knew every step.

*Fascinating*, she thought.

"Yes, we are fascinated by you, too," Tentacles replied. His—her—its?—expression seemed almost wry. "And it's 'his,'" he added.

Sinai took her leave then and returned to her world from the portal through which she'd come and closed it behind her. It would be several days before she'd try to create a portal of her own, but she found that it went just like the images in her head had described. She would visit the world many times over the next several years, to give status updates, to explore, to learn about the interesting creatures, and sometimes just to socialize.

But Sinai's commitment to Tentacles and his kin occupied far more of her time. From the day after her visit to the tentacle world, the wolffess began searching her world for a suitable companion to Tentacles. As she visited with him, she learned that he preferred someone mentally sharp and passionate. Sinai added youthfulness to this list—the younger, the better—and magical prowess, as well. That would, she hoped, allow her to continue her legacy.

The witch searched high and low, covering predators, prey, mammals, avians, reptiles, and amphibians and considering males, females, and herms. Despite her preference for someone younger, she considered all ages, from the youngest infants to adults, not wanting to omit the perfect candidate based on age alone. It took her several years and much scrying magic, but at last, she found the perfect candidate.

Simone and Samantha were only two years old when Sinai found and adopted them. Even from a young age, the conjoined hyena twins were a handful. With four hands to grab things and two minds—one audacious and the other precocious—when the two put their heads together to do something, they could be very difficult to keep up with, and Sinai knew that they would only get more difficult to tend as they got older: with a penis capable of knotting, four breasts, and a vagina, the twins would eventually have a raging sex drive—one that Sinai hoped would be enough to keep up with Tentacles.

Simone, the confident, dominant head, had control of the twins' body and ample energy to get into all kinds of mischief. Samantha, her shy, submissive sister, was incredibly bright and smart enough to mastermind the things that Simone couldn't achieve through brute force alone. While Simone had their body off doing something adventurous outside, Samantha usually took a book along and continuously learned new things.

Sinai began to teach them the ways of magic as soon as they were ready around age five. Both twins had a natural aptitude for it, and by the time they were six, they could make healing potions. Samantha got to where she kept a healthy supply of them on hand in case Simone did something painful, which she did often. By the time they were eight, they were transmuting matter and fashioning weapons—a particular strong suit of Simone's—and by the time they were ten, Sinai taught them to create portals. This latter skill quickly became the twins' favorite.

Around the time she was six or seven, Samantha stumbled across a book in Sinai's library about sexual healing. While she didn't know anything about sex or what it was, she was *always* looking for new ways to patch her body back together after Simone got done wrecking it, and she innocently took it off the shelf and began reading. The book had pictures that at first made Samantha blush, but despite Simone's usual control over their body, Samantha's curiosity soon made their prick emerge from its sheath and begin to get hard. Simone, feeling Samantha's arousal, quickly looked over to see what her sister was doing and gasped. Soon, the two were giggling and looking at picture after picture depicting furs in every conceivable position, sometimes with only two and sometimes with three or even more furs taking part at once.

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But of all these pictures, Samantha's favorite was one where one fur took the phallus of another fur into her mouth and nursed it deeply. She begged Simone to help them get flexible enough to suck their own cock, but despite Simone's rambunctious, can-do attitude, their anatomy just wasn't having it. Even at a young age when their four breasts had not yet developed, the best Samantha could do was lick just the tip of their cock if Simone could get them fully hard and Samantha stuck her tongue out as far as it would go.

Portal magic was therefore an amazing discovery for both of them. With portals in the right place, Samantha could poke her head through and emerge right in front of their shared cock. Less than a day after Sinai taught them how to create portals, Samantha had done just that, and Simone had eagerly grabbed the back of Samantha's head and pulled her forward, parting her submissive sister's lips with their member and humping without a care in the world, while Samantha let her tongue lovingly and ecstatically caress the rod in her mouth, swirling around the shaft and the knot, applying every bit of her studiousness to the art of creating the perfect blowjob. Still too young to cum, the two could go on like this for hours, building Samantha's stamina for sucking and Simone's stamina for thrusting.

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Looking back on the years now, it seemed like only a day had gone by, but Sinai could feel her age and knew that her time was coming soon.

And so was the twins'.

"They are ready when you are," she said to Tentacles, who had patiently waited two years for Sinai to find the right companion and ten more for the twins to reach maturity.

On hearing the news, the tentacles quivered in delight. Tentacles and Sinai agreed that the meeting would be held that evening.

"Simone, Samantha, come here, please," Sinai said.

The twins looked up and bounded over. Now seven feet tall with four enormous breasts with inverted nipples, and a cock two feet long when erect—and it usually was nowadays, ever since the *event*—the pink hyenas practically shook the walls of the den as they bounded over and awaited instructions from the aged wolfess.

"Yes, Mother? What is it?" Samantha asked.

"Is it time for the surprise?" Simone added eagerly.

"Yes," Simone replied, smiling. "But there's something I need to tell you first."

Simone's lips pursed impatiently while Samantha's eyebrows rose curiously.

"I want you both to know how proud I am of the two of you," Sinai began. "I know that you were a little nervous about releasing your first blood last week, but as I said then, it means that you are now ready for a surprise that has been waiting for you longer than I have known you. I was a little hesitant to present it to you right away, but with you having released your first cream yesterday, I am now more certain than ever that you are ready."

"Totally ready! What is it?" Simone asked, bouncing up and down.

"It must be something sexual," Samantha said thoughtfully, "Or it wouldn't have come about just now."

"That's right," Sinai said, nodding. She took a deep breath before continuing. "I made a deal with a creature from another world many years ago that I would find a suitable sexual companion for him. I have told him of you for many years, and he is very excited to meet you. He has a deal that he wants to make. I will not force you to accept the deal, but I want you to hear him out before you say anything."

"So...you've been basically grooming us for prostitution?" Simone asked, frowning and stopping bouncing.

"Ooh," Samantha breathed, her heart fluttering a bit and their cock jumping.

"You and your fantasies!" Simone said to her sister, rolling her eyes.

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"No," Sinai replied, shaking her head. "I adopted you as my apprentices because I believed you would be up for the task, but the choice is yours to make."

"But there will be a lot of disappointed furs—or creatures—if we say no," Samantha mused.

Sinai pursed her lips. "Disappointed in the outcome, but not in you," she said, reaching up to take her daughters' paw. "I will love you and be proud of you no matter what the outcome. But I want you to take it seriously—that means you, too, Simone—because this isn't a decision to be taken lightly."

The wolfess looked from one twin head to the other. "Do you understand?" she asked.

The two sisters looked at each other with a combination of nervous eagerness and then turned to look at Sinai. They nodded slowly.

"All right, then," Sinai said. "You two are going to create the portal that will allow your suitor to come to us."

Step by step, the wolfess went through the motions of creating the portal that she had made hundreds of times—if not thousands—over the last dozen years. The twins mimicked her, and she made slight adjustments to their form. When she was certain they had it down, she taught them the words and had them repeat them back to her.

"You're ready," she said, smiling at her apprentices. "Whenever you want to start, just perform that spell right over there." She gestured to a large, open space in the den.

The twins looked at each other again and both took a deep breath before Simone walked them over to the place Sinai had indicated.

"Ready?" Samantha asked.

"Y—yeah," Simone replied, swallowing hard.

"O—okay, so...L—let's start," Samantha said.

"You first!" Simone protested.

"But *you* control our body!" Samantha retorted.

"Say the words, and I'll follow along."

"We *both* have to say them!"

"Okay, fine, then: you lead and I'll follow."

"I can't *believe* you're nervous about this! Simone the Fearless suddenly found something she's not charging right into?"

"Mom said to take it seriously."

"Well, yeah...Okay, fine, we'll go on three, okay?"

"Yeah."

"One, two, three!"

They began to chorus the words of the spell together, and Simone traced the motions in the air that Sinai had taught them. The crackle of electricity filled the room, and before their eyes, a rip in the fabric of space-time opened, blacker than night and jagged. Bolts of lightning seemed to both radiate from and seek entry into the portal all at once. The twins raised their voices over the loud claps of thunder until they were both yelling at the tops of their lungs.

As Simone traced the last motion, the rip turned red and then suddenly burst into colors as the foreign world appeared. The twins gasped, marveling at its haphazard beauty. But their gasp of awe turned into a gasp of shock as Tentacles appeared at the rip and quickly slipped into the room past them. Ruby-red, the tentacle monster stood 10 feet tall and occupied a diameter of four feet when his tentacles were clustered together. Spread out, they were closer to 20 feet in diameter.

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The twins jumped back with their back against the wall and stared, aghast, at the tentacle monster in front of them.

"M—mom?!" Samantha gasped. "Is that him?"

"Yes," the tentacle monster said, vibrating only three of his tentacles so as not to speak too loudly. "You are even more beautiful than your mother said you would be! I am Tentocles, and I am very pleased to meet you."

The twins took a tentacle in each hand and shook them nervously.

"I don't know how much your mother has told you about me," the tentacle monster said. "We have known each other for about twelve years now. She offered to help me find a tantric sexual partner and said that you would be a good one. Tell me: do you know what tantric sex is?"

Simone frowned and shook her head and Samantha bit her lip, embarrassed. The tentacle monster seemed to sigh thoughtfully. A tentacle reached up to brush her lips.

"Do you know, Samantha?" he asked.

The caress of the tentacle on her lips made Samantha gasp, and her shared cock stirred a little bit.

"It's all right," Tentocles said to the twins. "Tantric sex is—"

"Sexual magic," Samantha blurted.

The tentacles swelled with pride. "Yes, that's right. Just as you and your mother study magic, I have sought to study it, as well. I have studied many forms, but that one is by far my favorite. Only...it needs a partner."

"Why not find someone on *your* planet to help?" Simone piped up.

"There is only so much we tentacles can do with each other," Tentocles replied. "We have no mouths, for instance."

A tentacle brushed against Samantha's lips again, and they instinctively parted.

"That's right, Samantha," Tentocles said encouragingly, "Give into the urge. It's so clear that you want to..."

Samantha blushed fiercely, but her breathing and pulse quickened traitorously. The tentacle grazed her lips once more, and she felt her eyes beginning to close, her mouth opening wider. It was just like with Simone, but so...gentle.

"In exchange for becoming my tantric partner," Tentocles said, his voice soothing, "I pledge myself to come to your aid anytime you need it. Engage in the tantric rites with me, and we will bond mentally, emotionally, and sexually. I will know you need help before you even ask it."

His words piqued Simone's curiosity—and her ire.

"What makes you think we need help?" she asked, glancing at her sister for backup, but finding Samantha almost entranced by the tentacle caressing her lips.

"You come from a long line of witches," Sinai said, breaking her silence, "There will always be witch-wars to fight. You are not ready for them now, but you will be soon. When Tentocles offered his help, I knew that he could protect you."

"But we can protect ourselves!" Simone protested. "We're more than capable of—"

Her protest was cut short as hormones from Samantha's arousal flooded into her mind. She gasped and shook her head to clear it.

"Think of me as a friend, then," Tentocles suggested, "Another playmate to go on adventures with."

As his tentacle stroked Samantha's mouth again, she took a breath, lowered her jaw, grasped the tentacle gently in both paws, and took it into her mouth. The tentacles quivered as Samantha's tongue rubbed against its silky, rubbery, warm flesh. Samantha moaned softly in bliss as she swirled her tongue

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around the tentacle and gently guided it deeper into her mouth. It was *far* longer than her own cock, and the gentleness with which it slowly pressed itself down her throat sent shivers of excitement coursing through her. She felt herself moisten, her arousal beginning to pool and trickle down her inner thigh.

“Oh...wow...” Simone gasped, feeling the intensity of Samantha’s arousal. She looked hesitantly at Tentacles. “Can I try?” she asked.

The tentacles almost seemed to smile as another one approached. Not nearly as experienced at giving head as her sister, Simone awkwardly grasped the tentacle in both her hands and brought it to her nose to sniff. Sinai laughed in spite of herself, and the free tentacles seemed to chuckle, too, as Simone tentatively licked at the tentacle. Finding that it didn’t taste like anything really, she brought it to her mouth, pressed it to her lips, and curiously mouthed it a few times. The tentacle shuddered in pleasure. Encouraged, Simone opened her mouth a little wider and let the tentacle in, cradling it on her tongue. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked on it, and she felt herself flushing in arousal. She was so caught up in what she was doing that she didn’t notice a third tentacle slowly moving towards her now fully-erect cock. She noticed when it made contact, though.

Simone’s and Samantha’s cock leapt at the touch of the soft tentacle. Unlike the two in their mouths, this one seemed to secrete a kind of lubricant, and as it wrapped itself around their member, the hyena twins’ eyes bulged in shocked ecstasy. They each sucked in a breath, squeezed their eyes shut, and began to bob fervently on their respective tentacles, trying to overcome the fast-growing urge to climax.

But Tentacles was passionate in his love-making, and he had another trick up his sleeve. The tentacle on the herm’s cock moved to the tip and then inverted, pressing itself down around the throbbing member. The hyenas’ eyes bulged again, and Simone began thrusting involuntarily. Tentacles’s tentacle took a firm stance and let the hyena cock drive itself in deeper and deeper. As the twins’ knot began to grow, the tentacle squeezed it and locked itself in place around it. Simone whimpered around the tentacle in her mouth as she felt herself on the verge of climax. Tentacles sensed this and backed off just a little bit, giving her enough clarity to keep going.

As the three continued their love-making, a fourth tentacle joined the mix, grazing between their legs and making Samantha gasp. Lured by the moist heat, the tentacle found their entrance and ground itself against their pussy. Both twins shrieked in delight.

The tentacle paused for effect, and the twins held their breath, momentarily forgetting the tentacles in their mouths and wrapped around their cock. The tentacle teased their clit and wriggled shallowly between their pussy lips. Samantha squeezed her legs together, whimpering hornily, but the tentacle was very slippery and had no trouble maneuvering in the tighter space.

At last, the tentacle pushed itself in and began to gently fuck their pussy. The twins writhed, gasped, and moaned as the four tentacles fucked them in time. Their deflowering was utterly blissful, without the slightest hint of pain.

But not even half of Tentacles’s tentacles were playing, yet, and he sought to change that. One-by-one, four more tentacles each found one of the twins’ breasts and began stroking. Hardly coherent, the twins slowly felt the additional stimulation as little ripples of warm pleasure radiating from their chest. One-by-one, the tentacles found an areola, stroked around it, and found delightedly that it inverted. And one-by-one, the tentacles secreted lubricant from their tips and pressed themselves into the twins’ titties. Now ripples of pleasure became waves, and the twins nearly swooned, sucking desperately on the tentacles in their mouths to try to stay conscious.

Only one tentacle remained, and Tentacles was determined to have that one sated, too. Secreting thick mucus from the tip, he slid it along the tentacle buried in the twins’ pussy and tapped at the entrance of their back-door. Simone’s eyes shot open and Samantha shivered in delight. Simone struggled, unsure of whether she wanted something going back there.

Something else was happening, too. The twins began to feel different emotions that they couldn’t explain. As their bodies lingered on the edge of orgasm, the emotions got stronger and stronger. Simone began to feel a submissiveness she’d never experienced, a desperate desire to please her sister and Tentacles. Samantha felt a growing sense of empowerment and confidence. Both began to feel a sensation of

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pride—not in themselves, but in someone else—and a sense of relief and deep satisfaction. As the tentacles stroked the insides of their nipples, squeezed their cock, rubbed their G-spot, and tickled their tonsils, their body quivered, dangerously close to orgasm but just barely held back from the edge, and these feelings grew stronger and stronger.

And then they heard his voice in their heads.

“Our merge is nearly complete,” he said, “and I am so very proud of you two!”

All of his tentacles stroked at once to emphasize his point. The twins gasped both from surprise and pleasure.

“You—nngh!—you’re in our heads?!” Simone cried in her mind.

“Ow! Don’t yell!” Samantha protested.

“Samantha, you can hear me, too?” Simone asked.

“We’re all telepathically linked now,” Tentacles told them. “We can all hear each other’s thoughts—”

“—and feel each other’s feelings,” Samantha finished. “That’s why I’m suddenly feeling confident. That’s how you feel, isn’t it, Simone?”

“Erm, not always,” Simone said, still feeling Tentacles’s tentacle circling her anus.

“I think we’d enjoy it,” Samantha said. Simone felt a warm excitement bubble through her.

“You’re such a slut!” Simone laughed, her reluctance wavering.

“If you don’t like it, I’ll stop right away,” Tentacles promised.

“Well...okay...” Simone replied skeptically and a little nervously.

The twins gasped, and Tentacles felt a wave of arousal from them as he flexed all his tentacles at once. Each tentacle began working hard at its job. To the twins’ amazement and delight, as soon as Tentacles did something that felt particularly good and they responded, he instantly kept doing it rather than moving onto something else. One-by-one, his tentacles locked into the ideal movement to stimulate the girls. The ones in their nipples began to wriggle in fast, little gyrations that made the twins feel giddy. The one in their pussy ground hard against their G-spot and clitoris. The ones in their mouths slid along their tongues and secreted a tasty mucus that made them salivate and want to lick him more. The one on their cock tugged forward and flexed rhythmically like a milkmaid milking a cow.

They didn’t even notice when his ninth tentacle spread their buttocks and pressed up inside. It wasn’t until he was already inside, rubbing their prostate that they became aware of the new pleasure-center they’d never dreamed they had.

“Oh!” Simone cried. “I’m gonna...”

“Wait!” Tentacles urged, flooding them with calming emotions that once again pulled them back from the edge of orgasm but did not dull the sensations at all.

“This is it: the part where we become one. Are you ready?” he asked. “Do you want to proceed? We can’t undo it once it’s done.”

“If you promise to keep making me feel like this, I’ll be your slave forever,” Samantha burbled.

“I’m not even submissive, but what she said,” Simone chuckled, light-headed.

“Okay,” Tentacles chuckled. “Here goes.”

The twins felt themselves lifted off the ground by the many tentacles. A warm buzzing began coming from each of Tentacles’s limbs. The twins saw stars as the current passed through their bodies, tantalizing all of their sensitive spots at once. Their body hummed, and an endless flow of aroused drool flowed from their pussy, trailing down the tentacle that stuffed it. They felt something poking at the tip of their cock. Tentacles’s tentacle managed to penetrate even their urethra. Held off the ground and their cock gripped tightly in his tentacle, they could do nothing to stop it as it pressed deeper and deeper into them, filling



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their bladder completely. The other tentacles likewise started pressing in deeper into them. The ones in their breasts bottomed out quickly. The one in their pussy pressed all the way up to their cervix and then slid a tiny thread through the opening and expanded inside their womb. The one in their ass pressed in further and further, driving itself into their intestines, and the ones in their mouths reached in so far that the twins thought the three tentacles would meet in their stomach. As each tentacle moved, the electric feeling grew and grew, Tentocles shrank some tentacles and grew others until all that remained of him was his body, a 5-foot disc that wrapped itself around the front of the twins' body, holding them to the ground.

An intense jolt of energy shot through the twins. Their bladder, intestines, and stomach—none of them erogenous zones—suddenly felt alight with sexual passion, as if the sensations on their clit and cock-head had somehow been sensed inside them. The twins tried to scream around the tentacles, but they were far too deep inside. All of the orgasms the twins should have had suddenly slammed into them all at once. Their body convulsed as their pussy began to squirt, their cock began to jet, and even their nipples began to let down milk. Tentocles's tentacles began absorbing all of their fluids, sucking their cock in a way Samantha had not yet dreamed of doing, stroking the inside of their pussy and sucking in all of their juices, and drinking the milk straight from their inverted nipples.

The twins couldn't see it with their eyes squeezed shut in such orgasmic ecstasy, but white traces formed on each of these tentacles as they conveyed the fluids down to Tentocles's center. They pooled in the middle, slowly turning a little circle in the middle of him from ruby-red to white. As he continued to milk the twins for every bit of arousal fluids he could, the white spot grew and grew, until his entire body was white, save for his now-pink tentacles.

"Get ready," he gasped, his voice husky and his tentacles tense.

Slowly coming down off their orgasmic high, the twins blinked uncertainly.

"I'm about to—"

Hot liquid flooded all of the twins' holes. They felt their stomach pumped full as the tentacles in their throats throbbed with spurt after spurt of tentacle-monster spunk. They felt his tentacle in their ass spread them wider as it, too, began to pump into them. Their breasts each filled with tentacle-monster cream until it squirted out around the tentacles. Their pussy—their very womb—began to swell with the pressure from Tentocles's orgasm, until it, too, shot out around his tentacle and spurted across the room like a hose with a thumb over it. Even their bladder began to fill, pressing up against their full uterus, until their cock-tip spurted, flooding into the monster's tentacle and lubricating the warm spot that still trapped their cock. As Tentocles's body shuddered in ecstasy, this tentacle tugged on their cock. Warm, slippery, and insistent, it quickly drove the twins to a second orgasm, and their own juices mixed with Tentocles's in his tentacle.

Back and forth they ping-ponged their orgasms, one body convulsing and then the other, until they were all completely spent. Tentocles put them down, gently slipped his tentacles out of the twins, and then wrapped the hyenas in a warm embrace, his tentacles now completely clean.

Sinai smiled and closed the portal. She knew that it would take a while for Tentocles and the girls to shake off *that* afterglow!