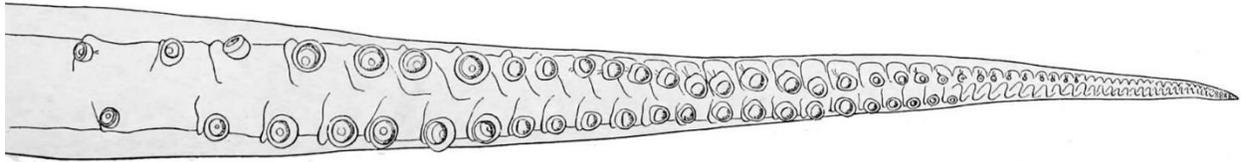
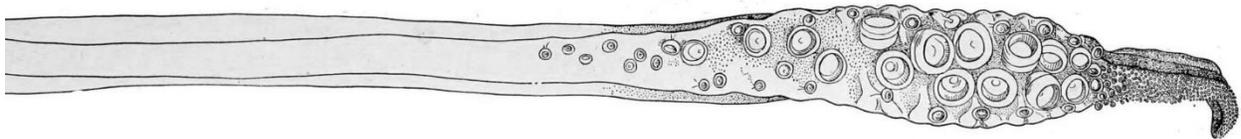


Tentacle Exchange Student by Krombomich



Chapter 0 – Enter the Corruptor



Earth sucks so far and you've only been in this realm for 10 minutes. How do these other Sex Demons stand it? The light outside was burning your skin and now that you're inside, the constant buzzing and smell of disinfectant is giving you a serious headache. And why is the floor so slick? You keep getting stuck. Did they design this place to keep beings like you out? You're already beginning to regret the whole thing. "You've got to try a human!" your friend Raktavos kept saying. Back home, you live right next to a succubus den; a human girl better be more than marginally better for the effort. 9 months in this stinking dump... ugh. At least time passes much quicker here.

It is a simple row of fluorescent lights down an empty school hallway that is causing you such discomfort. The suckers of your tentacles have a hard time letting go of the freshly cleaned tile floor. The mucus you constantly secrete doesn't help either. You learned from peeking at your file at Portal Control that you are a Class 4 Decapod Corruptor. You have never seen an Earth decapod before, obviously, and all similarities are coincidental but plenty. You do look a lot like a weird giant black octopus with eight large tentacle legs covered in suckers and two long tentacular clubs with a cluster of suckers at the end that humans might call your arms. On Earth, most squids use one or two of their tentacles called Hectocotylus to transfer their sperm to an unsuspecting squidette. Yours are *all* hectocotyli that can not only produce bucket-loads of jism from their tip but can also stretch open their suckers to release eggs, if you're in a mating mood.

As for the Corruptor part of your classification, well, that might be because of the demon seed you carry inside, enabling you to transform an "alien" being into a Sex Demon hybrid. You can only do it once and never really gave it any thought. Why create more competition for yourself? In any case, this ability makes legally traveling to non-harvest worlds a juridical nightmare.

Don't be fooled by the squid similarities, you really are just a mass of tentacles. No mouth, no nose, not even eyes... Your limbs take care of the smelling and tasting. Your vision would baffle human scientists as you can simply project your mind's eye or whatever you want to call it. You see the world in third person view as if from a drone with limited range. Like right now, an old man dressed in grey is coming up behind you brandishing a mop.

"Hey, I just washed these floors!" He is referring to the trail of slime you left from the school's entrance. You flail your two arms while screaming directly into his mind in your incomprehensible language. That has him falling back into some lockers and letting him know his racist attitude is not welcomed. The vast majority of sex monsters are unable to control their urges towards the wives and daughters of inter-dimensional civilizations, but that doesn't mean we're *all* like that. You've never had to restrain yourself from tasting the pleasures of the flesh before, now that you think about it, but how hard could it be?

For the "privilege" of suffering the human world, you had applied to the Earth's first cross-dimensional student exchange program. Since portals began linking both worlds, Sex Demons had been slowly integrating society. Human reception was... mixed and programs like these were supposed to tilt popular opinion towards harmony between species. You didn't expect to get chosen for the program; there must not have been many candidates. Or maybe you were the only one to ever-so-slightly embellish your application.

Student Exchange Program

Looking for a student (aren't we all students of life?) from the Sex Demon dimension to trade places with a human student for the length of a school year - 9 Earth months.

Applicants must be:

Of the specified age range: Check. (You are less than 10,000 years old which is pretty young for a Sex Demon)

Female, as this will take place in an all-girl school: Check (Hey you can lay eggs... among other things. They didn't say exclusively female.)

Have a good grasp of English or Japanese: (You can read minds if you really focus and your tentacles speak the international language of love.)

No taller than 5 feet: Check. (Your tentacles can extend up to 40 feet and even at rest they are around 8 feet long and 10 inches wide at the root, but you can easily squish down to 4 feet if anyone calls you out on it.)

Virgin: Check. (Never had sex on Earth and everyone knows other dimensions don't count.)

Finally, you've made it through the hallway of agony to your destination: 3-1. Through the door's window you get your first glimpse of Earthian girls. The uniforms make them all look so similar. Two of them in particular look like perfect clones with different hair styles. These creatures are much frailer-looking than you expected. Raktavos the Desecrator has a knobby cock wider than their hips; no way he managed to stick it into one of these delicate mortals. Regardless, the bare flesh of their skinny legs, visible between their white, mid-calve, baggy socks and short skirts, is already getting your sperm glands teeming and egg sacks inflating. Raktavos might be a lying sack of shit but he was right about how enticing these creatures are. Looking at these little nymphs frolicking in this room full of little tables, whatever apprehension you had about this planet died, drowned in the sweet aroma of virgin pussy, reaching your sensitive receptors from under the door like a perverting mist.

You project your vision inside and dive low, real low, to get a peep at the source. Between the legs of some of the more careless females, you're able to see the shape of juicy round buttocks or the crease of a tiny slit in their bright white panties. Losing sense of your current position, as you navigate your voyeur's eye inside the class room, you accidentally run into the door with a thud. Everyone is looking at you now. Guess it's time to introduce yourself.

Students and teacher were made aware that a visitor from the Sex Demon dimension would arrive today to spend the rest of the year with them. Yet, they cannot conceal the look of horror on their faces as you duck under the door frame, a cloud of wavering phallic appendages. One student yelp and many of them back away subtly. Perhaps they were expecting something cuter? You do tower over everyone in the room including the taller female dressed differently, who you assumed is the leader of the class, but even she hasn't found her voice yet.

The first to break the ice is one of the humans responsible for spreading the spellbinding virginal fragrance. With stiff shoulders but an honest smile, she approaches you, extending an open hand. She is wearing the same white shirt, navy blue skirt and string bow tie uniform as the others but is the only one wearing a lapel pin in the shape of a P on her chest. A quick analysis of the class puts her as far below average for height, weight and mammary glands. The latter isn't exactly a fair comparison; most students share the same modest mounds, but a single student hiding in the corner, along with the teacher, are rocketing the average cup size of the class all on their own. You have visited many dimensions, ravaged the females of countless species, and are still impressed by such proportions.

The brave girl's trembling hand is now only a foot away from your pulsating cocktacles.

"Hell... Hello. My name is Kuriko. As president of class 3-1, I welcome you to our world. I hope that we can learn to appreciate each other's culture."

She seems determined not to budge until you interact with her scrawny limb and it's starting to get awkward. What do you do?

1. **Shake her hand** (maybe don't ruin everything in the first 5 minutes) [C]
2. **Defile her** (that's how humans greet each other, no? I wasn't listening during orientation) [NC]
3. **Breed her** (what better way to share my culture than filling her up with eggs) [NC, G]

[C] Consensual: Every character in this chapter is ready and willing. I cannot guarantee always providing a [C] choice if you go down an [NC] path, but there are plenty of [C] endings even on [NC] paths.

[NC] Non-con: Even if a character derives pleasure from the act, if they are not willing participants, it gets tagged.

[NC/C] Implies willingness through brain washing or coercion.

[E] Extreme beyond normal tentacle play (e.g., pain, impossible distention and inflation, piercings, vaginal birth).

[G] Might be gross to anyone not used to weird hentai (e.g., eggs, weird slimy things, body transformation, nipple penetration, non-vaginal birth)

[L] Obviously every character is eighteen, but this tag is for when a participating character just turned eighteen, so they might sound younger.

All-the-way through is common and considered "normal" tentacle play. Also not tagging the rare instances of incest.