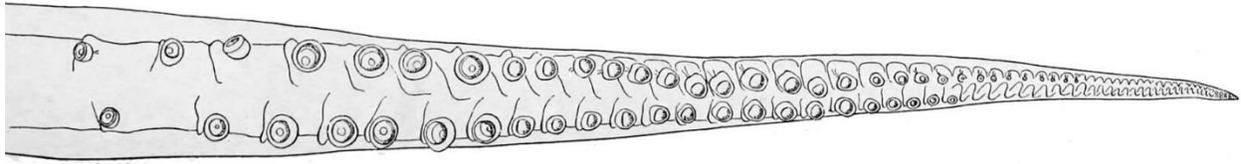
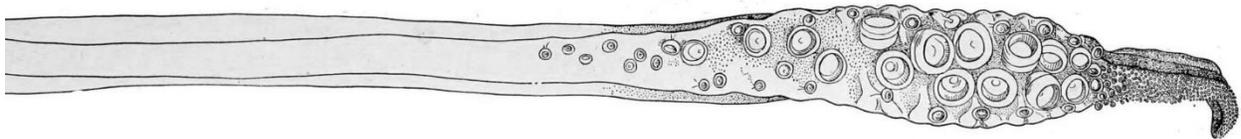


Tentacle Exchange Student by Krombomich



Chapter 0 – Enter the Corruptor ([skip to latest](#))



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.

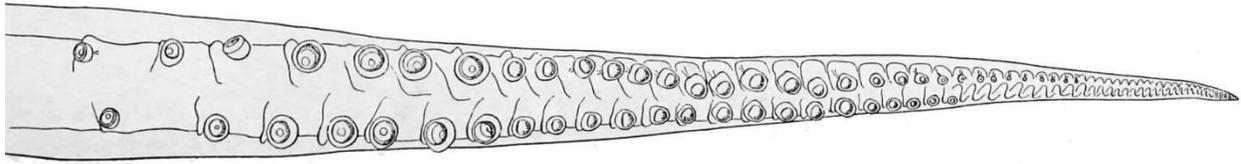
[NC/C] Implies willingness through brain washing or coercion.

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

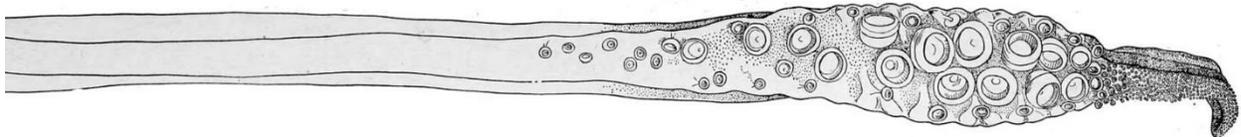
[G] Might be gross to anyone not used to weird hentai (e.g., eggs, weird slimy things, body transformation, nipple penetration, non-vaginal birth)

[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.



Chapter 3 – Breed ([go back](#))



Kuriko's smile beams as you finally raise a tentacle towards her hand, then dims when you don't stop at the hand and keep slithering along her arm, and finally turns nervous after your third go around her chest. Locked in a tightening grip, she is somehow still not convinced of your ill intent and asks innocently "Is this a hug?" She's not wrong, but humans might not be familiar with this next part. You flip her upside down. Kuriko's head misses a nearby desk by an inch on the downswing. At that moment, the class erupts in panic and the squeamish girls huddle in the opposite corner instead of trying to help their president. Kuriko's skirt turns over and exposes her bright white panties and their little pink bow in the front. Her hands, instead of trying to fight you, busy themselves keeping her skirt up to cover her tiny tush. She is turning red from embarrassment and the blood pooling in her head, yet, *still* addresses you as if everything was a big misunderstanding: "Ex...excuse me, can you put me down please? Your desk is the one right there. We should start class soon."

Stomach, womb, intestines, the three best humanoid incubators. Your arm tentacle is perfect for the stomach; it will only release its eggs from the clustered tip and will shut Kuriko up, who is in the middle of explaining to you how humans don't generally like to be touched like that and how you're holding her too tightly, blah blah blah... The mother-to-be finally begins to understand the gravity of the situation once you jam, with expert timing and lightning speed, your tentacular club inside her mouth, midway through the word *friend*: "I'm sure we can be best frien-ghuh". Several of her classmates yelp but quickly fall into shocked silence, desperate not to draw attention to themselves. Kuriko finally recognizes that keeping her skirt up is not the best use of her arms and grabs the slippery shaft of your throat-invader in a pointless attempt to stop it from sliding farther down. When she starts kicking her feet on top of it all, that's when you've had enough of her tantrums; someone just lost their limb freedom privileges. Upside down in a forced spread eagle, hands tied behind her back, it is now clear to everyone, including the ever-optimist Kuriko, what is about to go down.

Running the tip of a tentacle in the little pussy crease of the exposed underwear, you take a final deep inhale of the enthralling odor from the blooming flower and feel your eggs swell up inside you. Their size being proportional to your state of arousal, this already feels like your largest batch ever, and you're not even at the fun part yet. You wish you could keep teasing the young virgin forever but when the voices in your head tell you to breed, you cannot resist for long. The pointy tip of your luckiest tentacle surgically penetrates the cotton fibers at the perfect spot and the perfect angle, ripping through panties

and hymen without distinction. Kuriko's silent scream reverberates through your arm. She was a model student with a strict and religious upbringing and never spent much time thinking about sex, but losing her virginity to a knobby tentacle in clear view of two-dozen classmates would not have made her top 10 defloration fantasies.

The teacher chooses this moment of distraction to sneak out. She has to walk dangerously close to you to get to the door, a risk no student is brave enough to take. It looked like she was initially heading towards the intercom but she would have had to pass her hand between two of your appendages to reach it, so she quickly noped out of that idea and spun around your backside instead. Being kind of busy right now, you decide not to spare the effort of tripping her with one of your legs. What is she going to do anyway? Tell a teacher?

Your vaginal probe doesn't take a second of its time to sensually tenderize your prey mate the way you usually like to; it has clear instructions to head straight for the uterus. It tickles the cervix until the mouth to the womb cracks a smile and allows it to wiggle itself inside. Kuriko is thrashing at this point, but you're the only one who can tell. If this is the best her feeble muscles can do, she should probably keep her strength for the babies, whom she might have a chance against. A second tentacle joins the first in the unprimed baby bucket and they both coil themselves around until you have 10 feet of squid meat packed in there. Finally, through the hole in Kuriko's panties, now wide enough to threaten tearing the crotch area apart, your most adventurous tentacle plunges into the puckered anus to begin its lonely voyage through the intestines, the third nest.

After a pleasant minute of feeling your suckers rub against the inner walls of a squirming human girl, you feel your overstretched gut-splunker reach an open area. Through the sphincter at the bottom of the stomach, it waves hello to the other tentacle already occupying this chamber. The damsel in distress has stopped struggling and is now just trembling, her eyes darting around the room, wondering if this is as bad as it's going to get. She would be thrilled to know that phase one is complete, the stage is set. Lumps begin traveling from deep inside your core to the four significant extremities. Kuriko already felt full, but your tentacles are now doubling in size from hosting this record-breaking collection of seeds. Ironic that it will be delivered to the smallest host you've ever bred. With two tentacles densely packed inside, the womb is scheduled to receive half of the shipment on its own, but it is also Kuriko's most malleable cavity and you're pretty sure it can stretch enough to accommodate 50 tennis-ball-sized eggs.

You have to hurry from this point on as your spouse is choking on the eggs in her throat. This suits you just fine, you are ready to burst. Your largest suckers go through their own mini-birthing process all at once, laying almost a hundred eggs inside Kuriko's once thin abdomen. The arm inside her stomach can't expel all its eggs in one go, as only the end part has the pores necessary for release, so Kuriko gets to watch a train of knots travel down the shaft and into her mouth. She will be able to breathe again soon. You hope Kuriko can appreciate that laying eggs is not exactly painless for you either, but you can both now revel in the satisfaction of a job well done. You always get so horny after labor, which makes sense, biologically; those eggs aren't going to fertilize themselves.

The voice of the teacher makes you jump, she must have snuck back into class at some point during the

mating ritual: "OK, girls, that's enough staring, we are going to begin today's lesson. Kuriko and her... friend will join us when they are ready." The students whose desks are closer to the breeding area are not happy with the request. Nevertheless, life slowly moves on in the classroom. Students begin reading, in turn, chapters of a book to the background noise of muzzled moans and wet grinding.

So many of Kuriko's classmates are now at arm's reach. You can feel their panicked heart beats, smell their quivering pussies. Though you can't pinpoint the exact source, the unmistakable fragrance of arousal is in the air; some of the girls are turned on by your mating display... interesting. Not Kuriko, though, she's hated everything about the experience so far. But maybe she'll enjoy the next part: to get all your eggs wet, you pull out your intestinal tentacle until only the tip remains in her worn asshole. Kuriko's eyes thank you for relieving some of the pressure in her bowels, but that was incidental; what you want to do is soak every cubic inch of her digestive system and it's best to let gravity do the work here. The tentacles inside of the pried open womb don't need adjusting, that thing will inflate like a water balloon no matter where the tips are pointed at. Kuriko's eyes take back their thanks and grow ridiculously large; from the tip of each feeler inside her body, a flow of otherworldly spunk begins the full-body enema. Her lumpy, egg-filled body smooths out from the thick sludge filling all empty space; nothing escapes but a thin, white stream out of each nostril. Kuriko's cunny is so saturated with cum that her own ovaries will not escape fecundation, but the chances that your self-fertilized little ones let a full-blown demon baby develop inside her are low.

The "Glug. Glug. Glug..." of a container getting filled is making most of the girls from 3-1 visibly uncomfortable. The large breasted, blonde student, whose turn it is to read, stops mid-sentence and cringes as she waits for the disturbing sound to subside. It's not worth the effort, but you feel like you should whisper in her mind "Please continue, this will be a while."

10 minutes later, the final drop of cum drips out of the last tentacle. Kuriko clocked-out about half-way through the fertilization process, but you're done with her for now; your eggs will marinate for about 15 minutes before little cephalopods start breaking free from their jelly sacks and flail around inside her. You release your hold around the limp girl's sternum and she plumps to the floor with the look and sound of a wet sponge. Your tentacles' natural secretions have a corrosive effect on clothes, so your embrace fashioned her boring white shirt into a cute acid-burned crop top showing the bottom of her matching pink-bow white bra, although there's nothing to match it with anymore; her unmentionables have long dissolved from soaking in the same corrosive discharge. Filaments of slime from seminal fluid, egg white and various human juices still connect the living hatchery's three stretched openings to your glistening limbs. Her inert body is leaking nastiness out from all holes, which seeps across the classroom floor like a toxic spill, forcing students to move their desks lest it touches their expensive shoes. That janitor is going to be mad at you again.

The pregnant teen just lies there for a while; the miracle of life took a bit of a toll on both of you. You'll be back violating virgins in no time, but for now, you figure you might as well go to your desks and "sit" like a good student. The teacher is droning on and you take a little nap until you hear Kuriko stir and groan. Once she realizes where she is, her model student instincts get her to crawl back to her seat, forcing students to yet again reconfigure the classroom so she doesn't come near them. There's

something off about Kuriko... Something that makes your skin crawl, and hers. After a few seconds of silence watching Kuriko stumble to her chair, viscous fluid running down her legs, the teacher resumes the lesson. Whenever Kuriko moans in discomfort, she speaks a little louder to cover it up. Everything is fine.

Kuriko coughs and a foot of thin, whirling tentacle comes out of her mouth. She has no idea how far down it is lodged inside; her entire body feels full of something, anyway. That's one of your wittle babies! As you are the provider of both ovum and sperm, they're going to be small, sterile and stupid, but they deserve a warm body to crawl around in until they are ready to explore the world, or at least until you lose interest and kill them. She stares cross-eyed and mouth agape at the leg of her newborn, hypnotized by its squirming. It is feeling around the rest of her face for a hole to fuck and when it blindly lands on the left nostril it begins slithering in and out of it. Kuriko gags. She's had enough. With all of her accumulated courage (an amount she will never muster again) she grabs the slimy loop and yanks it off of her face. A miniature version of yours truly plops down on the desk and begins crawling around in a panic. It staggers off the edge and climbs up the chair of Kuriko's unsuspecting front-desk neighbor. By the time the girl screams and shoots up from her seat, the little trooper has already disappeared inside her rectum. No one but you knows what the poor girl is freaking out about; so, when Kuriko speaks for the first time since 'the incident', she becomes the focus of the class's attention.

"Mrs. Takahashi?"

The teacher is hesitant to acknowledge Kuriko. Her valiant stand against the nasal intruder only made room for more babies to climb up her esophagus. She now has several tentacles coming out of nose.

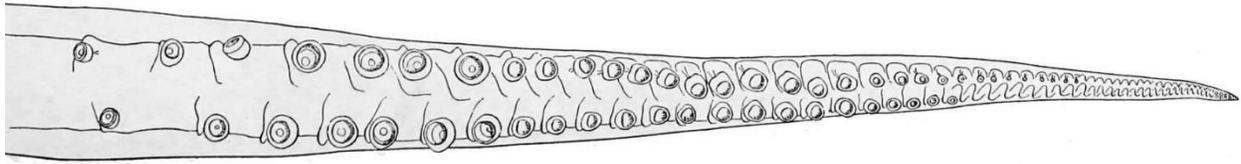
"Ye...yes, Kuriko?"

"I don't feel so good. May I be excused to the bathroom?"

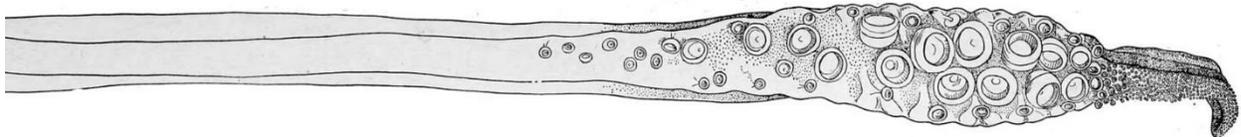
"Actually, Kuriko, maybe you should go see the nurse. You have a... a little something... a few little somethings there and there" the schoolgirl now has a second trio of curious fingers coming out of her mouth, wrestling with the ones from her nose.

The tentacle-faced teenager gets up with great effort, leaving three squid parasites on her chair. It is unclear which hole they have fallen out of, but they are in a hurry to find new ones among Kuriko's classmates. You now feel well-rested. Maybe you should do something.

1. **Follow Kuriko to the nurse** (you don't want to be the kind of dad who knocks up a girl then doesn't knock her up again immediately after) [NC / E / G]
2. **Take Kuriko to the bathroom** (she was cuter before she got all lumpy and gross. Let's flush those babies down and start fresh) [NC / E]
3. [Stop her](#) (no one is going anywhere. A sex demon's mating season lasts 6 months and allows for *multiple* partners.) [NC / E/ G]



Chapter 3.2 – Quarantine ([go back](#))



It is a beautiful winter day in Chiyoda, Tokyo. The army vehicles parked on the school lawn have collected a thin layer of snow and are glistening under the sun. They have become part of the scenery, much like the blacked-out windows of class 3-1 and the yellow warning tape across its muck-covered door. For a while, that's all anyone at Kojimachi Girl Academy could talk about. Outside of rush hour, from anywhere in main hallway, you could hear the squishing of wet penetration and the gags, moans and whines of the schoolgirls sealed inside and sometimes even the spurts of the more powerful ejaculations. "Can you tell which one is Bianca?", "Does she moan in Swedish?", "Do you think they really like it?", "I hear they cum just from having a tentacle up their bum." Teenagers will lose interest in anything if exposed to it long enough, and school was back to business as usual within days. To the world outside Japan, however, the Chiyoda incident was a growing controversy. Interviews with crying parents went viral. Protests were organized around the globe denouncing Sex Demons as a threat to mankind. "We are at Day 85 of the Chiyoda crisis!" the news from every *other* country said this morning. A single class of young girls and their teacher just chilling and making babies was a *crisis* now, apparently.

Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair! The corruption from the violent birth and death of thousands of your offspring had transformed classroom 3-1 into a beautiful living hellscape with your home-world's charm. Only the ceiling and the top of a few desks still resisted the spread of black throbbing tar and red pulsating sinews.

You are not sure what came over you that day when you slammed the door in Kuriko's face before she could see the nurse about her minor infestation problem, but it had turned out to be a great decision. All you had to do was stand in front of the only exit and the panicked little chicks could run around the classroom as much as they wanted; soon enough it would be their turn to breed and become docile blobs of baby-batter like their class president. You have more freedom since the door can no longer open; the corruption has gunked up its hinges shut.

The noise of sirens and megaphones from outside now reaches your refuge as scarcely as the sunlight does. The prevailing sound is of the sweet symphony of 26 distinct voices moaning and crying in perpetuity. You became the academy's music teacher in a way. It felt like home down to the nostril-burning aroma of soot and sulfur mixed with the sweet fragrance of virginity. You are quite proud of that last bit. You have spared the cherry of only two girls; the skinny twins who among their peers were the most receptive to pleasure, and the perfect scent diffusers. Their hands and knees trapped in the sticky, living floor, you run (without rest) a single tentacle through them ass-to-mouth-to-mouth-to ass in and out like your leg is a bow playing a squirming violin. If kept in a constant state of arousal, their juices carry the scent farther out from their undefiled genitals and into the soiled atmosphere of your new home.

Day and night (though it is getting harder to tell day from night) you breed your girls. If they do not have the entire length of a tentacle inside them, they are bloated with cum, gestating hundreds of newborn tentacle monsters in their digestive systems, or busy with some of their children... Their wombs, you quickly determined, better served the spread of corruption by gestating genuine Sex Demons conceived by the union of your sperm and their human ovaries. It does not matter whether they are ovulating or not, your powerful cum spray can flood anything out of anywhere. Every girl except for the twins was at a different stage of an unnatural pregnancy and every couple of hours, one of them with the pregnant belly of a woman overdue with octuplets, painfully brings a random sex-crazed nightmare into the world, only to have it fuck her face or ass for her trouble with whatever weird and large appendage nature has blessed it with.

Whenever your spawn are still hungry after milking their birthmother's bruised teats dry, and if they survive the fierce competition for available warm holes, they head over to the food court, the area where the busty blonde student and teacher are working their tits off providing sustenance to your horde. The increased hormone production from their own pregnancies and the round-the-clock forceful extraction of milk has given them proper breeding jugs as large as watermelons with long nipples, easy for monsters of any variety to latch onto. Of course, these two need a constant intake of nutrients, so the knobby tip of your two arm tentacles have been secured inside their mouths and have a full-time duty of force feeding them a steady flow of thick, salty semen.

You have heard other Sex Demons brag about "mind-break" back home. You will finally be able to join in the conversations. Kuriko's mind was broken. Her body had been defiled in hundreds of different ways for the first three days of your quarantine without her being able to find pleasure in the act, even when you actually put effort into it. Working your tentacles in slowly while massaging her young breasts, sensitive and swollen from pregnancy, she was impossible to please. It took a 30-pound beast crashing out of the gates of her cervix to trigger an orgasm, presumably the first of her life. And when the two-headed, hairy pig began nursing on both her puffy nipples, while filling her fallopian tubes with seminal glue from its double cork-screw cocks, she started giggling and never really stopped. To this day she is the only girl actively looking for action. She'll tug on one of your free tentacles and pout and beg if a minute goes by with one of her holes unviolated. She still hosts three of your clone octopus babies from the original batch inside her. They never grow that big usually; you can see their tentacles, almost as large as yours, moving inside through her thin, stretched skin, continually ravaging every sphincter in her body from both sides. Nobody else quite lost it like Kuriko did. They cum, hard and often, but they still have that hint of fear in their dead eyes, like they would make a run for it if they could still run.

This is how you plan on spending the rest of the school year and you'll see, maybe you won't miss the demon world after all and make this your permanent residence. All your girlfriends already live here.

A lightning bolt strikes the center of the class with immediate thunder and basks it in a white glow revealing the density of spores poisoning the air. Instead of vanishing in microseconds like lightning would, it lingers and hums. What does vanish in microseconds is everyone's interest in the transdimensional phenomenon; they quickly get back to their Sisyphean task of fucking or getting fucked. Only you notice when it starts spreading its crackling light horizontally until it is more magic door than magic bolt. From the portal emerges a long, slender leg, pure white with a certain human beauty. Of course, you would never assume anything coming out of a portal is human. The feet are bare but are given permanent high heels from a curved horn growing at the heel. The next thing to precede the creature is pair of the biggest, perkier, plumpest tits found in the demon kingdom, let alone on Earth, big enough to make the udders of your two dairy cows in the corner seem inadequate. Attached to these milky melons is a beacon of magnificence; even by human standards, if you ignore her 8-foot height, her glowing red eyes and the slick back horns half-hidden in her blue-black hair, this giantess is beauty incarnate. The girls in the room cannot perceive this wavelength, but the party-crashing Sex Demon has a tangible aura of climax surrounding her. From her mere, effortless presence, anyone within 10 feet cannot stop themselves from cumming continuously. Its power is such that every pregnant girl in your harem goes into early labor at once.

You know who this is. Every Sex Demon knows who this is. She is Azuria, Ambassador of the Sex Demon Realm, Queen of Pleasure, Brood Matron, Bosom of Demon Life, the Shadow Bringer from Eternal Light and... your mom. Awkward.

Naked as all free beings should be, all eyes of humans and demons alike turn to her shapely features, front or back. As she approaches you, the wave of pleasure is demonstrated to those who cannot see it by the crescendo of moans from the students in her path. She is a much better music teacher than you ever were. Every universally understood word from her crimson lips sends an individual shockwave of sexual pleasure through the classroom, raping the minds of all the exhausted young girls already twisting in ecstasy. "My sweet child, how have you been?"

"I'm fine, mom! I'm playing with my friends." you reply.

"Oh sweetie, I know you were just having fun, but you might have taken things a teensy bit too far this time." Your mom pushes your core of tentacles between her squishy breasts. You feel so safe in your mothers' bosom. Your available tentacles cannot help themselves but loop around her boobs to give them a big squeeze and penetrate her anus and slit, which she dilates welcomingly. This is nothing weird; Sex Demons are very close to their mothers.

"I'm sorry, mommy" you say, confident that none of your girlfriends are able to hear your apology through targeted telepathy. Not like they would be able to process any input from the outside world right now; your mom is saying a lot of words and the ripples of pleasure amplify each other, the moans are turning savage and the floor is slick with vaginal squirt. Your twin cherry Febreze dispenser is overclocked; the air is saturated with the honeyed smell of chastity. You leak a bit of cum on your mom's tits. You know she doesn't mind, she understands. A lengthy snake tongue slithers out of her sensual mouth and laps up your mess until only spit remains.

"It's OK, my love." Knowing she had to keep it short before the girls of 3-1 suffered irreversible brain damage, she tried to get to the point quickly: "Mommy doesn't think she can make it go away this time. Humans are ready to march against us unless you give them back your toys. You have to decide if the fragile peace between our worlds is worth saving."

The classroom is screaming from a pleasure bordering on agony. 15 different cervixes break open and let premature demon babies fight their way out of contracting vaginal canals then fight to crawl back inside their mothers' wombs as they do not feel ready for this loud new world yet. The twins are tensing so hard from their orgasms, you feel like the tentacle going through them will snap off if your mom says one more word or moves an inch closer. *Sigh*, guess you have to be the one who decides humanity's fate. Peace might mean you get to keep some of your favorite toys. War might mean keeping them all... or losing them all to rampaging hordes of Greater Demons. No matter what your decision, your mom will be proud of you. You latch a sucker to each teats of the Queen of Pleasure's heavy rack and siphon the creamy nectar. An ounce of this milk would give human females enhanced procreative abilities and drive them mad with lust for a hundred years. It helps you think.

1. **WAR** [NC, E]
2. **PEACE** [C, E]