

There is a monster under my bed.

It wants me.

It knows my name.

It calls me sweetly, seductively, hungrily.

It is so very hungry, I can feel it.

The voice is chilling in how familiar it sounds.

Come...come to me...come....

I soon realize, it's my voice. It's using my voice to call my name. But my voice has been warped, like it has been recorded and someone is pressing rewind and fast forward at the same time.

It does not call me in the day. Only at night and never at the same time.

It is unpredictable in its invasion of my dreams.

It shows me my fantasies, brings them to life before my very eyes in vivid definition.

(moaning and panting)

They are just dreams, I tell myself in the morning, but in the moment, they feel so very real and the promised pleasures seem infinite.

I should be afraid. But the monster does not feel like a monster. They feel like a friend.

Their true intentions are hidden but they tell me they will not harm me and appear in ways that appeal to me. As if my pleasure is their only goal.

Maybe this is how they catch their victims. Maybe I am just going crazy, dreaming of monsters and perverted fantasies. Maybe I just need a really good fuck.

One evening, as I cleanse my face, I make a decision.

I climb under my covers fully in the nude, shivering as I settle in.

An invitation.

The monster accepts. I can feel their delight. They are eager and the bed practically vibrates.

My heart skips a beat and I shudder out a breath, telling myself to relax. I am...excited, despite everything.

(excited breathing)

It reaches up from under the bed. I can feel its presence so strongly that I am tempted to open my eyes.

(whisper)
Don't open.

My voice whispers in my ear to keep them closed. For my safety, for my sanity.

I tremble but I obey.

Long fingers, no, tendrils, soft and smooth, wrap around my legs and spread them wide.

(light moaning)

I'm so wet. I moan as the covers are ripped away and I am exposed to the cool air.

More tendrils shoot out and touch me. Or maybe it's just one big tendril. I don't know. All I can do is feel.

Every inch of my skin is caressed and squeezed and kissed.

I could feel my skin being sucked in and let go with the tiniest of pops. The tendrils, I called them that, but they were really tentacles.

I knew it in the back of my mind but to admit it really put it all in perspective. They were tentacle. I am letting a tentacled monster fuck me.

(laugh)

The monster laughed. It was horrifying. It was beautiful.

(faster moaning)

One tentacle slid up and down my labias, exploring the folds and gathering up my slick.

The tip of another danced around my clit, teasing the edges.

Fuck, I was so hard.

(gasp)

I was being lifted off the bed, held up in a tangle of tentacles.

(louder moaning mixed with some gasping)

My boobs were like toys to the monster.

They tugged and squeezed to their heart's content. If it had a heart.

But then they started sucking on them. The suction cups felt like little mouths as they latched onto my nipples.

I didn't know where the wetness came from, but it was divine. So much was happening at once, I felt I could burst any minute.

It could have been minutes, hours, days, time could have stopped for all I knew. I was in the monster's clutches and that was my reality for now.

My pleas and moans and gasps went unanswered. They only invigorated the monster, fed it with each syllable bursting from my lips.

My body was held fast by the tentacles, they were unmoved by my shaking and twitching.

The moment a mouth fell upon my aching clit--the monster seemingly content now to stop its teasing--and sucked, it was too much.

(orgasms)

I spasmed and screamed and the tentacles rolled with me, absorbing my pleasure as I rode out my first orgasm.

(whimper and heavy breathing)

My eyelids fluttered as I sobbed and a warm hand rested upon my eyes.

A hand?

A flash of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen appeared in my mind.

A manifestation of my fantasies all merged in one being. She was a mirage and a glowing goddess all at once.

I could only see her in the periphery but I could feel her warmth and bask in her smile.

(deep throating and sucking tentacle)

The monster's way of comforting me. It warbled soothingly and a tentacle caressed my lips, prodding me to open my mouth.

I let the monster in once more. I suckled on the tip as if honey flowed from my efforts.