

[lake ambience] Such a weird texture. Where are the scales? Where is the webbing between fingers or toes? None of this is good for swimming. Oh, it's eyes are opening. Hello there. I did not invite you to my pond, why are you sleeping on my shore?...You're not sure? How do you not remember? There are clear track marks left in the sand. Look, the one on the left matches your foot shape which is not very practical for swimming might I add and there is a pair of hoofed ones next to it. And in different positions. You must have been very busy last night, little one. **[chuckle]** Not an ounce of fabric covering your naked body. **[chuckle]** Judging by your expression, you didn't realize you were naked, did you?

..Well you are. It's why I was examining your body. It's so different from my mind. Only 4 limbs? How do you manage to get anything done?...Well, I have many limbs. I'm not sure how many. Some days it seems like there is more than I could ever need but others it just isn't enough. Haven't gotten around to counting the wriggling mass of tentacles. You are only seeing my two arms. The rest of my body is in the pond. See? **[splash noise]** I need about 7 limbs to be able to move freely. Do you walk on all fours? It seems like it would be faster..You only walk on two? Slow travel, not very good for the forest. Things can get you. Things like me. **[chuckle and tentacle noises]** Why do you feel like this? It is not scales. Seems delicate. Could easily rip. Where are your scales, little one?...

Now you tell me you don't have scales? It leaves you weak! Exposed! The elements could get you or if you are in battle you could easily be wounded. Touch my tentacle. See? Much sturdier. Protection on it, pure muscle, no bones, better for fighting. As I trail a tentacle across your chest, I can feel your heartbeat. It is not wise to allow me this close to such an important area. I won't be doing anything to you but you don't know my intentions, little one. With your heart directly underneath me, I could leak some of my toxins and paralyze it without you being able to stop it. It makes no sense why a heart would be that easy to get to. I have three hearts all throughout my body. If one stops working or gets attacked, I still have two to pick up the slack while the injured one repairs itself. What are these? Are these some kind of suckers?...Nip-ples? What an odd word. What are they for?...What happens if a tentacle of mine starts caressing it, effortlessly flicking it before settling and resting a sucker on it to just lazily play with your nipple. **[chuckle]** Interesting reaction. I can't tell if that is in pain or pleasure. There is only one way for me to find out and that is to keep exploring your body, little one. It's so much different from mine. I didn't expect human anatomy to be so...frail. Have you ever considered yourself a weakling?

...Interesting. What is this area one of my other tentacles is touch? It's soft, lower than your chest. Seems vulnerable. Not even a bone to protect it. What do you call this?...Sto-mach. It feels weird under my tentacle. Snaking it around your waist multiple times, enveloping you. I could squeeze you until you pop like this. But I'm sure you've figured out I don't want to hurt you. I just want to compare anatomy. I've never seen a human up close like this that didn't want to kill me. If I had perceived you as a threat, I would have left you on the shore and I would be in my grotto underneath the water but you were sleeping and naked. It made you easy prey to examine. Do you wish to know more about my anatomy as well?

..Well, it seems that our anatomy is just as similar as it is different. I have a head and neck just like you. Down my chest there are my breasts. Quite small with permanently hardened nipples from the piercing. It goes lower of course and right with where your stomach is, mine is located as well. My belly button also has a piercing, a small piece of sea glass. That's my favorite piercing I have. The only real difference between our stomachs is that mine has scaling to protect me. It makes me a bigger threat, a better foe, you would actually have to work to stab my stomach. Your skin is so flexible. Easy to tear. I can squeeze around your waist and it makes all the air leave your lungs. How humans became apex predators will always be a wonder to me. On a different note, just like you, I have two arms up on my torso but no legs. My fingers have webbing between the claws though. Gills on the side of my neck to breathe under water but I can breathe my nose just as well. My eyes are the same as yours though. I wonder if we are similar in other ways. Do you feel that?

...That's another tendril of mine. It's actually two. Snaking up each of your legs, winding around them. Rendering you motionless. The cool wetness against your hot skin as the tentacles keep getting here and there. Curling around your calves, knees, thighs. Going higher and higher until I reach this. What is this between your legs?...Can you not answer my question while I stroke it? I'll just keep the tip right on top of it then, a nice weight. Now tell me what it is I'm playing with...Is that what it's called? What is it for?...Sex. This is where our anatomies differ, little one.

[wet noises start] Like humans, we use our body for pleasure. Sex isn't something we do just for reproductive value. That's why I decided to keep playing you. I'm going to let my tentacle do all the work while you are restrained and you are going to answer all my questions, little one. I have always been curious about humans and now that I have one I'm not letting you go.

The reactions you are giving me are fascinating. Have you ever felt anything like my tendrils between your thighs, little one?...What about the two climbing up your legs and holding you in place?...The one wrapped around your stomach, keeping your arms in place so you can't move or squirm away from me?...And the one across your chest with the suckers playing with your nipples?...So these are all new sensations to you?...Do they feel good, little one?...I am happy to hear that. I wouldn't have stopped touching you if they felt bad but I'm glad they are making you feel good. I want to see what a human looks like as they orgasm. I want to see if it is similar to when I have an orgasm. An orgasm for my kind is internal. The walls of my pussy clenching around whatever object is inserting inside it. Sometimes my own tentacle, sometimes a toy, sometimes someone else's tendrils. **[chuckle]** But most of the time I stroke my clit until I cum. I wonder how fast you are going to orgasm? Does it normally take humans long to cum?

...I bet you are going to cum fast. A fragile little thing like yourself isn't going to be able to last a long time. I am certain of it. There are too many sensations going at once. So many places my tentacles are touching, massaging, sucking, playing with. You aren't going to be able to outlast me or my tendrils. You're going to orgasm sooner rather than later and I'll be here studying you the entire time. Observing your reactions to my touches to see which ones you like best. Human bodies are so interesting. That all the most important sensitive parts like your reproductive organs or neck are just out in the open without any protection. My reproductive orgasms are inside me, same with my clit. The only part that is exposed is my nipples but I would be able to survive and mate without my nipples. You cannot mate without what I'm stroking, can you? This is what you need to reproduce and make more little humans, right?

...How fast I go, does that correlate to how quickly you cum?...Fascinating. It is the same for my species. It is so interesting how we are two entirely different species with separate anatomy yet we have so many similarities. Do you prefer to be fucked fast and rough or slow and sweet?...Do all humans prefer it that way?...If I ever meet another human willing to let me observe them in a debauched state such as this again I'll be sure to ask what they prefer since you said that everyone is different. You are very much enjoying how my tentacle is playing with you, though. That much is obvious. From how your body is twitching in my firm grasp, your facial reactions of pure pleasure, and your heartbeat has started to pick up. I feel it underneath my suckers that are continuously sucking your nipples. Massaging them and helping you reach your inevitable peak. That orgasm of yours is imminent when you are under my watchful gaze and you'll enjoy it. I believe you won't disappoint me, right?

..Good. Then all you have to do is orgasm when you feel like you have to. Don't hold back anything. Be as loud as you want. I want to observe human pleasure in its rawest and untainted form. I know being restrained by my tentacles is only heightening the pleasure for you. I could tell as soon as I wound my tentacle around your stomach and lifted you into the air that your body was getting interested. Even if I didn't understand human arousal at that very second, it was clear from your reaction that you were enjoying it more than you should have. It seems you have a thing for being manhandled and feeling small, don't you, little one?...I am not sure how you ever became an adventurer if you like being roughed a bit. Does that mean that every fight you get a little turned on? When conditions are less than ideal, does your arousal grow? Does fear turn you on?

...It does, does it? Is that why you almost came as soon as my tentacle starting dancing between your thighs and stroking you, trying to get you to cum? You like the idea of something so big, something so monstrous, something so human like playing with you and making you orgasm, don't you? To be fucked and marked and owned by something that is going to use and abuse your body like a toy. What a perverted thought. I had no idea humans could be so crude about their desires. To get turned on by this is quite pitiful. Is there no shame? No self respect? No dignity? If I was in your spot I would be fighting to keep composure. I would be struggling and not wanting to enjoy this but you, well, you're getting closer to orgasm. I guess that is why we are so different. I'm meant to be in control. To take charge and you are meant to follow orders and be obedient. Simply put, you were meant to be a toy that the bigger things play with, weren't you?

..You like that thought. I could feel how you reacted to that. Why don't you show me just how good of a plaything you can be for me, little one. Orgasm for me. Let my tentacle's touch bring you over the peak. Be a good little toy, and cum on command, just like that. Consider me impressed. Actually being able to do it on command was not something I was expecting from you, little one. I guess I should lay you on the sand then while you are catching your breath. Being suspended in the air with writhing tentacles exploring and touching your sensitive body is only going to turn you on again. Not that that seems hard considering how well you responded to me and my tendrils. I guess I just have that effect on tiny adventurers like you.
[chuckle // water splash]

~ Inclusivity Stuff ~

Pet Names: Little One

Body Parts Mentioned: Feet, fingers, toes, chest, chest, nipples, heart, stomach, and neck

Included: Monster Girl (not specified), inspection, let's compare anatomy, tentacles, restrained listener (via tentacles), tentacle job (?), she is touching you/inspecting you/playing with you with a cold and clinical detachment, nipple play, manhandling, size kink (she big you small), objectification (comparisons to being a toy), and listener orgasm