

Hybrid Commission – Cruel and Unusual Punishment

The tear in reality rent apart the space in front of Hecate like a hot knife through butter. Sparkling, glittering – dangerous beyond measure. She shot up abruptly, alert and awake. The light side of the moon often made it difficult to sleep with the light, but she would be remiss to let such a phenomenon pass her notice. Before she could speak, the rift opened wider, an unknowable, eldritch *thing* reaching with tentacles from the beyond. No stranger to arcane magicks, she nonetheless could not fathom who would be so bold as to invade her space directly, and with something seeming so crass as *tentacles*.

“Would you encroach upon mine own lair, I will teach you your place,” she spoke, her tone commanding. She waved one fair-skinned hand, glowing swords of lunar light swirling around her. Moving both hands now, she formed them into an array flanking her, and sent them forth to slice apart each of the tentacles which quested out from the tear in space time. She smirked as she watched them dart forward to pierce and slice apart her would-be foe...

Only for her smile to fade as they crashed into the appendages with no effect, breaking upon them. Hecate put both her hands together, sweeping them in tandem to form a greatsword of magic, and wielded it to bludgeon the first of the questing limbs nearing her beauteous form. This time, connected to the magic, she could feel the impact, and as the blade shattered, Hecate could feel both her arms turn to jelly on contact. It rattled even her teeth, making her feel as if her whole body rippled from the weight of the connection. She could manage no words, and less so as two hands gripped the edge of the rift, splitting it open wider and casting a horrid gold and green glow over her throne room.

Stepping through lay a behemoth she could not properly fathom. Her eyes slid away from its form, twice her height and more, a huge swaying bust on a lithe, inhuman figure, not

proportional at all. So many eyes! Six on the face, with no mouth or nose, and the tangle of tentacles held eyes each their own which glared at her.

“I think you had better behave. I am here to fetch you, not crush your feeble little mind beneath my heel,” came its voice. Feminine. But as if it echoed in her mind, impossible and huge, like an anvil crashing into her brain. Hecate clutched her head, her tiara feeling as if it constricted her skull, and tried but failed to scream. The light of the moon disappeared from her vision as the tentacles enveloped her, and she saw naught as she passed out.

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Groggily, she awoke, a wet slapping sound echoing somewhere. Hecate blinked several times, trying to focus, her mind muddled. She could not fathom where she was. How it occurred. The events of her abduction rushed back to her mind. Panicked, her eyes darted about as she tugged her wrists, each bound by manacles to a dungeon wall, along with her legs.

Before her lay a woman on the opposite side of her cell, fair and beautiful – and the source of the sound. Some manner of demon stared at Hecate, a sinister grin plastered on its visage, as it kept one of its four hands planted on the woman's head, forcing her to deepthroat its cock. Black and red skinned, the creature raised one of its free hands and liquefied it into a tentacle, reaching across to tilt Hecate's chin up. She attempted to wrest her chin away, to no avail: the sheer strength of this thing seemed implacable.

“I'm glad you're awake. I hate to bore myself with unconscious toys.” Her voice, sultry and assertive, gave Hecate pause. She couldn't ascertain why, but the tone... it made her feel ways she hadn't in some time. But why? A proud woman like her could not be harassed so brazenly and be pleased with it. The woman throating the cock of the entity before her was left without a partner as its entire body shapeshifted and came forward in a sinuous mass, reforming

in front of Hecate. Not as colossal as the previous foe, but huge nonetheless. She gazed up at her, and tried to resist her body's arousal on seeing the thick, veined member dangling in front of her. Those heavy balls... she could sense the virility within them. Even if she could no longer bear child, Hecate knew her body already responded regardless. It incensed her. To be aroused by her captor!

“Have to say, I'm impressed.” The liquid gripped Hecate's head and pulled her face close, rubbing it against the still slick shaft of her cock. “Most women are just gibbering cum sluts by now. You've got so many pheromones flooding your system your brain should be short-circuiting, and here you are glaring at me.” She licked her lips. “It's sexy. I love breaking in new girls.”

Hecate snorted. “I should be so lucky. Ripped from my kingdom, who no doubt seek my return—”

“I don't think so.”

“What?” she puzzled. The creature spoke with such certainty. But why?

“Your niece ensured you'd not be missed. I admit, I don't know everything, but most of it on my end was pillow talk. You did quite a number on your family.” The woman pressed Hecate's face closer to her crotch, and Hecate could only smell the musky odor of aroused genitals. She resisted the urge to stick her tongue out and lap up the steadily accumulating runner of precum at its tip, saliva coating it from the previous prey.

“So you've been with Azure. And no doubt dealt with my sister Selene...” Hecate breathed heavier. She would not be broken in such a base manner. She could feel her nipples, stiff in the cool air of this prison, standing in sharp relief. It dawned on her for the first time since she awoke she wore no clothes at all, her body exposed. She felt the slickness on her inner

thighs, the urgent yearning in her womb. Her body would not betray her. Hecate refocused.

“Yes, yes. Speaking of which, she mentioned I shared a name with one of your overseers! Nyx. Pleasure to meet you, Hecate.” Before the lunar queen could respond, a slithering, pooling sound echoed into the dungeon. “Oh, good, our other playmates are here. You didn't think I'd be the only one tormenting you, did you?” Nyx's smile widened, and Hecate managed to sneakily kiss the shaft of the cock as her face was pressed to it, alleviating some of her sex-starved urges. Only for the sake of resistance, of course. She would never be broken by such base, wanton lust.

Her knees trembled as she looked to the newcomers, their own forms solidifying – liquids, like this creature which fucked with her mind. A seeming human woman, blonde hair cut in a punk style with side braids, tight shredded fishnets, and grenades adorning her belt. She formed as if out of pooled gunpowder. As Hecate watched, this one shimmered out of her clothes after forming, and they seemed to shimmer and warp into her own body, disappearing. A titanic cock lay between her legs, smooth and sensuously massive. The length defied her understanding, far too huge proportionally for the size of the woman, and even more so, its girth exceeded Hecate's own wrist.

“That's Fuse,” Nyx said, amusement sparkling in her voice. “And this one...” she turned, indicating the other one. “...well, we *call* her Coral,” Nyx finished. The tentacled, eldritch being from before, towering over the other two, loomed before her.

“And what is it you expect to do to me? Punish me with sex? I fail to see how that would make me atone for my—”

“Fuckin' hell, Nyx, this one doesn't shut the fuck up.” Fuse walked over, a bounce in her step. She gripped Hecate's hair, the woman giving a yelp as her head was yanked up, and the tip of Fuse's dick pressed to her lips. The scent... different from Nyx's, like gunpowder or cordite?

Explosive, somehow, not natural, despite the more normal look of this captor's body. She wrinkled her nose, the scent overpowering. Despite Hecate's best efforts, Fuse waited until the former needed to breathe, and then shoved her member deep. Gagging, Hecate strained against the shackles which bound her. Tried to use her will to form magic blades to divest herself of them, but to no avail. Cloying, heavy, she couldn't breathe properly, Fuse treating her face as a fleshlight, thrusting with no concern over Hecate's well being.

“Ever tactful.” Nyx gave Fuse a sloppy kiss, the two twining together. Nyx's member brushed up against Hecate's cheek again. Tears streamed down the queen's face. It hurt, her throat convulsing with effort trying to handle being forcibly expanded, near bulging. And yet, her womb ached with a starved, desperate lust. These shapeshifters cared nothing for her. Her own family, perhaps in just revenge, abandoned her – no, *arranged* for her – to be their plaything. But she would not break. No matter the cost.

She could only see Fuse's front, the woman still thrusting into her mouth, but the titan (Coral, she distantly remembered) crossed next to the other two. Despite Nyx already being so tall, this one exceeded even her, and Hecate wondered how she might battle these creatures if even her magic held no effect. Coral's tentacles shot out, sliding along her hands and feet, cupping each. Slithering along her digits, Hecate couldn't even whine, so full with Fuse's dick was her throat. It felt so wet, almost slimy, not unlike touching the skin of a stingray. Each of the tentacles bound her wrists and ankles as they wormed their way along her hands and feet, snapping the shackles open and leaving her freed.

But Hecate could not relish her newfound freedom, could not attempt to conjure her magic again. Fuse pounded her face, harder and harder with each thrust, until she could hear the liquid's arousal rise to a peak. Feel the upswell in her balls, the sack against her chin rising.

Orgasm, then. She had proven she could weather one of them, and so she would do the same with all until she were able to escape. Hecate's eyes widened as she felt the first spurt of Fuse's load travel through the shaft, her tongue practically guiding it along. It was as if she tried, unconsciously, to urge the liquid to fill her stomach full with seed.

Scalding hot, she could feel her belly warm as Fuse gripped her head, an impossible, inhuman strength. No way to resist it. And she wouldn't have, anyway – she had to prove she could outlast them, prove her superiority. Hecate did not register her own squirting orgasm, painting the floor as Fuse painted her insides, cum splattering her stomach. The orgasm lasted longer than a human's would by several magnitudes, and Hecate gripped Coral's tentacles for support, until at long last Fuse pulled out.

Hecate coughed and sputtered, her mouth coated with semen, and she grinned at them, a savage look she rarely would espouse. “Is that all you've got?”

Nyx looked down at her in surprise, and shared a glance with Fuse. The two began guffawing, and Hecate's stomach fell. Nyx knelt down to get closer to her face. “You took one load. We can cum nearly infinitely. And there's more than fifty of us. *What do you mean, is that all we've got?*”

None of the liquids mentioned Hecate's orgasm, of course. It wouldn't do to let the toy learn her own weakness so early. In fact, they might not at all. Coral raised Hecate up by all four limbs, holding her aloft in the air. Using some of her remaining tentacles stemming from her hair, Coral herself seemed to float down unto it like a bed, as if fluttering down to the ocean floor. Her legs spread, and Hecate gazed into the abyss between her legs. Forming from the unknowable darkness came a bioluminescent penis. Heavy and huge, it glowed sea green, with several gaps in the shaft, looking not unlike gills. She couldn't fathom why it held such a design, until Coral

flexed her hips upward, and the shaft pulsed, thickening wider and expanding. It could engorge and compress at will. Hecate's mind reeled at the possibilities, wondering if her love canal could handle such inhuman intensity. Coral reeled Hecate in as if the former were the waiting maw of some undersea predator, and spread Hecate's legs wide. Fuse crossed behind her, spanking Hecate's ass.

“Slut's gonna have plenty of fun. We don't have to be gentle, right?”

Nyx chuckled. “Bit late for that, but no. In fact, her family told me quite explicitly she's been a very bad girl, and needs as much punishment as we can muster.”

Coral let out a rainbow laugh through their minds. **“I'll try to leave her mind intact.”**

Hecate didn't struggle. She would have to survive whatever this onslaught entailed. The tip of Coral's penis lay just below her, now, and she swallowed, the motion difficult from the thick layering of Fuse's cum still coating her throat. She stilled on feeling Fuse, the enthusiastic woman's dick still rock hard, laying it along her ass. It reached far further up her back than she expected, the middle of her spine getting precum dripped on it. And as she looked up, she saw Nyx's own member in front of her. It would be a proper triple penetration, then.

Hecate steeled herself. She could handle it. She could handle anything they threw at her. Or so she lied to herself, as her pussy drooled on Coral's cock, starved for it to reach her womb. She could feel Fuse's hands on her buttocks, spreading them wide. Exposing her. On some level she didn't mind. Enjoyed it, in fact. To be used, reamed, cummed in – not as a woman, but as a toy, a plaything. A piece of fuck meat for stronger, more powerful beings. The thought could not be considered a conscious one, but it pervaded her mind nonetheless.

And this time, as the two began to press into her holes from behind, she opened her mouth, a defiant expression on her face as she began to suck on the tip of Nyx's cock. Derision

on her face, she invited the challenge. Nyx looked down at her and matched the expression, but with something else in it – a lust, something truly primal and aggressive. Hecate's womb burned on seeing it. She could not have children as a result of her curse. But were these liquids to attempt it anyway, she would welcome it.

The tip of Nyx's cock filled her mouth as much as Fuse's had, but unlike the previous one, Nyx had already been lubed up fully by her last partner. Hecate glanced at the blonde woman laying in a quivering, orgasmic heap at the other wall, and wondered what put her in such a state. Hecate's mind could not wander long, Nyx gliding deep into her throat in one motion. She could envision it – the sleek curve of her neck, delicate porcelain skin, bulging from the sheer girth which forced it wider. Between her legs, Hecate could feel her pussy openly and hungrily flexing, as if trying to slurp Coral's member inside.

A shudder went along Hecate's back as she felt some kind of lubricant, cool on contact but gradually warming, drip along her buttocks. Sliding down, touching her ass, she felt the bottom of Fuse's shaft rubbing it, reminding her she needed to handle three women. Hecate tried to focus, but the sensations all over her skin kept her flitting from thought to thought. The firm, almost painful grip of Fuse's fingers spreading her, letting that lube slip inside her, even as some dripped down and mixed with the wetness of her pussy... Coral's tip, brushing between her lower lips and waiting, as if trying to ensure she would give consent to being ruined... even Nyx, who linked her hands with Hecate's, keeping her helplessly swallowing.

Fuse angled her tip against Hecate's entrance, and pressed upon her. Hecate could offer only a muffled groan as Fuse's too-large member slid inside her anus. Plunging deeper, Hecate could only marvel at how easily she accepted such a thick penis. It felt as if it would reach her stomach, grinding further and further; the sheer heft of it and Fuse's forward pressure forced her

hips downward. The ensuing motion moved her thighs forward as well, leaving Hecate's wet cunt to wrap around the tip of Coral's dick. Hecate's eyes widened, feeling the relative shape of it, the size of the head. It bore the same slick texture as Coral's tentacles, clinging to her skin.

With no fanfare, Nyx pushed deep, drilling into her throat and blowing a load. Hecate dug her fingers into Nyx's forearms as she grabbed them for support. Intense! Hotter and with more rapid, staccato thrusts than Fuse, she could feel each pearly rope of semen pump into her. Some distant part of her mind fantasized about all the sperm in each drop of cum, and she internally squirmed at the thought of all of it being pumped into her womb. She couldn't have kids. But that yearning, that need, so intense, so ravenous... despite herself, Hecate wanted them to make her womb swell with dozens of orgasms. To be so full she would look as if impregnated from their cum alone.

Hecate could not dwell overlong on her fantasies of bearing their children, even if she were not aware of it. Coral drove her hips upward, and between Fuse bearing down upon her and the forced motion of her hips in turn, Hecate at last was triple penetrated. Too much, so full! Her eyes rolled back as Nyx kept thrusting, using her mouth as if it were no more than a sleeve. The paired dicks in her other end began to pound her in tandem, alternating their affections. Hecate's legs wobbled, nearly giving out from the pressure of being fucked so thoroughly, but even if they did, she could be supported by these shapeshifters. Nyx pulled out wetly from Hecate's lips to allow her to breathe. Glottal coughs erupted from her mouth as she sputtered, haggard panting as she looked up, dazed. Despite her former resistance, she offered none now, kissing Nyx's shaft and licking the residual semen of the previous two orgasms pumped into her throat.

“Looks like we're starting to break her. She might be a bit more pliable by the time everyone's had a turn. Of course, by then she'll have had so many pheromones pumped into her

system I doubt she'll be able to think straight..." Nyx trailed off, using one of her bigger hands to slap her cock on Hecate's face. Brazen, shameless behavior, which Hecate would never approve of – but she didn't care at the moment. She realized she'd been cumming almost the entire time, her tender loins aching from exertion, exertion she couldn't stop, wouldn't stop, needed to go on and torment her further.

Did they say if we can breed this one? Coral asked, the color of the question tinged an inquisitive pink in their minds.

"Who cares if they did?" Fuse grunted, slapping Hecate's ass. A firm red hand print formed on the smooth, unsullied flesh, and Fuse did it twice more, cementing it. "Bitch obviously wants it."

"I can't," Hecate managed, still clinging to Nyx's arms. She slathered the shaft in front of her with kisses. "Can't have them," she said.

"Can't? Or won't?" Nyx said, mild curiosity in her gaze.

Hecate looked away. Her haughty nature could not permit herself to admit it, truly. But the shame turning her cheeks a ruddier hue could not be hidden. She valued that part of herself so much and yet could not have it any longer.

Coral met Fuse's hands, guiding Hecate's hips down further, and her legs finally gave out. She allowed them to support her, as Coral's dick not only forced its way all the way in, but pressed the head insistently to her womb, her cervix pushed back all the way. Were she able to conceive, she could not be more primed for it, and Hecate mewled submissively, unaware of even doing so.

"Aw, what a cute little slut. Learned her place already, even if she'll say otherwise. Why not, we'll try and knock her up. With so many of us treating her as our personal cum dump, I'm

sure she'll get pregnant one way or another. Failing that, we'll have Ange or Versus make it happen. Blair, even," Nyx said, smirking.

The names didn't mean anything to Hecate. Nor did she focus overmuch on the idea of becoming their functional slave and taking their sexual frustrations upon herself. No: what mattered was they seemed so confident in that she not only could but *would* be made pregnant by their affections. Coral stirred beneath her, the many eyes of the eldritch liquid widening as she realized Hecate's love canal slurped and sucked upon her member, desperate, eager beyond want for the liquid's seed. The soft, pillowy undulation of her walls massaged Coral's member, and she felt it push back against them, letting out a little involuntary gasp. Hecate could feel the dick inside her growing larger, expanding in thickness, stretching her wider.

Hecate could not dwell upon this: one of Fuse's hands shifted to grab a handful of the lunar queen's hair. Pulling her head back, Fuse at the same time thrust deeper into Hecate's ass, her balls slapping against Coral's own shaft and balls. Hecate found it harder to breathe, though whether because of the angle her neck now laid at or the thick layering of cum which coated it internally, she could not surmise. She felt both of the thick shafts in her lower half grind against one another, only a thin veneer of flesh separating them. Feeling it caught between, as if the fingers of a giant rubbed the shallow separation of her holes between its thumb and forefinger, Hecate orgasmed again. This time, audibly, she screamed in pleasure, even as Nyx amused herself slapping her own fat cock against Hecate's cheek. Debased, humiliated, turned into naught more than their sexual toy. Such treatment *pleased* her?

Fuse grunted again, this time without words, and Hecate arched her back more. Breasts exposed and vulnerable, Nyx played with both of Hecate's while Fuse poured her second orgasm into Hecate's bottom, flooding the other side of her stomach this time. It scalded her belly with

its sheer heat, luxuriously thick and potent. Hecate could only keep fantasizing about the idea of being knocked up by it. Imagine! Nyx mentioned fifty of their kind. To be forced to bear a child for each would be the most heavenly torment Hecate's warped mind could handle.

Coral's own breathing intensified, and as Fuse let go of Hecate's hair to grip her hips more as she continued to cum, Hecate focused on the tentacled titan beneath her. Coral's hair, each strand its own tentacle, curled around Hecate's limbs and drew her closer. Inside Hecate's pussy, she could feel Coral's penis undulating and flexing, as if it were to propel cum out at greater velocity by virtue of its motions. A moment later, and she could feel it, the heavy, hot spurts of semen pumped directly at her cervix, so tight to it the liquid flooded her womb itself. Hecate whined weakly, letting out little noises pleading for more as she looked up at Nyx. It took only two spurts for Coral to completely fill Hecate's womb, and begin forcing it to stretch wider to accommodate even more of her orgasm.

Hecate lay in their embrace, being filled to their satisfaction, and offered no resistance. In her mind, there could not even be competition with these creatures, so strong and unassailable their strength and will. But even so, she began to ponder a means to save face, to prove herself superior. It would not work, of course. And she would try anyway. Both Fuse and Coral finished, withdrawing from her body as the trio of liquids stood, Hecate laying and breathing heavily on the floor.

“We're done for now, Hecate. But I'll send some more playmates soon. I'm sure you're strong enough to handle that much.” Nyx turned to walk away with her cohort, only to stop as she felt Hecate's hand around her ankle. “Oh, come off it, you can't possibly—” Nyx stopped speaking as she looked down at Hecate.

The woman held a warped smile on her face. “You haven't broken me yet,” Hecate

uttered. “My womb may be sullied with your pleasure, and my dignity trampled upon, but your mark of conquest is not yet emblazoned upon me,” she said.

Nyx shared a glance with the other two: Fuse shrugged, and Coral could only furrow her brow in confusion. Nyx knelt down, still dwarfing Hecate immeasurably despite compressing her form. “I’ll bite. What mark is that?”

Hecate shifted, leaving her crotch exposed as she spread her legs. Coral’s semen, despite its copious quantity, did not leak but a droplet from her soaked lips, a testament to how much lay within Hecate’s womb. “I am not impregnated by your power. I am unsullied. You should have to do a lot more to ensure I lose, let alone that I am your obedient thrall,” Hecate said, voice strong despite the depravity of what she spoke.

Nyx hesitated and then let out a laugh, holding Hecate’s chin in her hand. Unlike before, Hecate did not recoil, and meekly allowed herself to be kissed when Nyx pressed upon her. “Alright, fuck doll. We’ll teach your womb it’s our personal sex toy. And by the time we’re done, by science, magic, or whatever the fuck else, you’re going to be breeding quite a few kids. Hope you’re ready to go back to that little kingdom of yours only when you’re *marked*.” Nyx laughed again, and this time, Hecate laughed in turn. She would have the last laugh – victorious, and with her belly laden with new child.

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Hecate opened her eyes blearily. The endless sex blurred together, now, and while she may not have been broken, she certainly felt herself being worn down. No sense of time in this place. For all Hecate knew, it could have only been a few hours, though it felt eternal. While she would never admit it, the sexual ecstasy of being the relief tool of these shapeshifters was like nothing she’d ever experienced. Nyx hadn’t lied, either – more than fifty of them made a routine

of preying upon her feminine body, and her body felt both sore but ethereal, floating in the cornucopia of orgasms forced upon her. But a sensation woke her this moment, and she saw the cheeky face of Pomelo, floppy sleeves holding a marker, scribbling something on her forehead.

“Pomelo, what the hell are you doing?” came Nyx's familiar voice. It stirred Hecate's loins, already inundated with the orgasms of dozens of liquid shapeshifters.

“Marking our territory! Everyone's gotta know back at her place!”

“That's not what that means– never mind.” Nyx sighed.

Hecate's mind reeled. Send her back? But they mentioned getting her pregnant. By the nature of her arcane powers, she knew she wasn't. And she needed it. Would do anything for it. Even pretend to have been broken, if it worked. She crawled forward, pushing Pomelo back in a sultry fashion, her breasts swaying above the smaller liquid's face.

“Surely you don't intend to send me away when you all need so much more affection,” she purred. She stroked along Pomelo's small bust, lowering her hips so the heat of her groin warmed Pomelo's still-wet cock. It dawned on her the girl might have actively been fucking her when she dozed.

Pomelo didn't seem to mind: her floppy sleeves went over Hecate's hips, her dick pressed to Hecate's entrance. “I just emptied my balls into you, but if you want we can go again!”

A photo snap noise echoed into the dungeon, and Hecate looked up as it snapped again, her confused and cum-soaked face immortalized. Nyx held a smart phone, looking down at her with an amused smile. “What? Did you think we would send you back without proof for Azure

we broke you?”

“I – but...” Hecate didn't even register Pomelo thrusting into her, the smaller liquid making a point of cumming quickly to add yet another load to Hecate's collection in her womb. Nyx knelt down, showing the phone to Hecate. Her hair, streaked and soaked with cum, runners of it all over her face, makeup ruined. 'NUT JOB' written on her forehead (evidently Pomelo was not mature). Hecate could see the lines of trembling motion of her body even in the still image, cum actively dripping from her holes, and her belly distended from sheer volume of cum pumped into it.

“Don't worry. When Pomelo's done, you're going back. Just like that,” Nyx said, snapping her fingers. “And... sent,” she said, pressing a button on the smartphone. “Which just leaves you,” Nyx finished. Coral loomed behind Nyx, and Hecate could barely open her mouth to protest before she felt herself shunted through time and space by Coral's power, ending up on her throne. She could still feel thick semen leaking from her pussy, Pomelo's orgasm the most recent, and her mind reeled from the sudden transition.

And then: bitterness! She wasn't pregnant! They failed! And they didn't break her, even if they thought they did. Hecate rubbed her pussy, masturbating in the dark and empty throne room. It didn't satisfy the itch she felt now. The sensation she yearned for, to be full again. They got her used to it, got her used to being stuffed to the brim, double, triple penetrated. Her mind actively denied it, but her body could not reject its desires, its desperation. And, even as Hecate resolved to see about revenge, her mind whirling in rage, her body anxiously waited for the next opportunity to submit to her captors again.