

Bred by the Billionaire Tentacle

by Pandora Box

My hand was visibly shaking as I opened the door.

For as long as I could remember, I'd wanted to work at Holdings Incorporated. The biggest company in the world, they were incredibly selective. When the single job opening - the first one in years - had appeared, everyone had told me I was mad to try...but I had to.

I didn't have the job, not yet. But this was the final interview - within the hour, I'd know whether or not I was working for Rourke Holding, owner of more than half the world's wealth.

You've heard of the 1%? Rourke Holding was the 58%.

I had expected to be more nervous, walking into the most important meeting of my life.

I'd been approved by all of his underlings, and now I just needed the approval of Rourke himself. Even if I wasn't working as his private secretary, I knew he would've interviewed me. He interviewed everyone from potential CFO's to janitors.

Salaries at the company started at a million dollars a year, so if you worked for Holdings Incorporated, he needed to like you.

No, more than just like you. He needed to *trust* you.

The second I walked through the door, I felt it. And, if I'm being honest, I think he did too. Like an electric charge, as soon as I laid eyes on him, there was a tension between us, unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

"Claire," I said. "Claire Hogan."

There was an audible edge to my voice, but he didn't react. He was far too polite for that. Or perhaps, just like me, he was distracted by the sexual energy that had immediately filled the room.

He looked exactly like he did on the posters, on the commercials, in the endless interviews I'd watched online. Just getting in the room with him was an opportunity I couldn't afford to waste, so I'd boned up, learned everything I could about him. His likes, his pet peeves - I even knew exactly how many cats he had, and what breeds they were.

Rourke Holding.

There was a long pause, but it was anything but awkward. We just stared at each other, reveling in our sudden connection.

I could feel him admiring my body, and I was ashamed to notice that I'd instinctively thrust my chest forward. I'd tried to dress professionally, but it was impossible to hide my enormous breasts. It looked ridiculous when I tried, so I'd started to lean into it, wearing outfits that offered yards of cleavage to anyone who looked.

My body trembled under his gaze - I had a sudden vision, of him tearing my work-clothes off and taking me on his desk. I knew he wouldn't, of course - he was famous for being a professional. The Holdings International health-care plan was so good, the hospital paid YOU for getting surgery. There had only ever been one sexual harassment case in the company's history, and it had later turned out to simply be an embarrassing typo.

Although if I was in the room for much longer, I knew there was a risk I'd cause a second. I yearned to take him in my arms, run my hands up and down his long tentacle, and use my body to bring him pleasures like he'd never known.

Glancing at my shoes, I forced myself to look away. This was Rourke Holding I was talking about - he was rich enough to buy America five times over. He'd invented the internet all by himself, and within a year it'd been on every computer in the world.

Why would he be interested in me, a simple farm girl?

Rourke finally broke the silence.

“BlIIIMMMMF,” he growled softly. God, his voice - it sent shivers down my spine. It was like a wet sponge going through a grinder. “GlllmmPH, twwl.”

I’d never heard anything so sexy in my life.

He ended his sentence with a loud popping sound, and it was all I could do not to sink to my knees in front of him. I’d known he was attractive from the videos, of course, but I hadn’t anticipated the masculine energy he emitted. He was so manly. So authoritative. So *slimy*.

It wasn’t like he’d led an easy life, either. Wall Street hated him - in a genius move, he’d used his enormous wealth to lobby for an end to lobbying. And it had worked; now, laws were passed based on the will of the people, not whoever could pay off politicians.

And, of course, he faced constant prejudice for being an enormous tentacle.

But I could see past that. Looking at him as he spoke, I knew I could see the real him. Genius inventor, skilled orator...lonely billionaire.

I could see the pain that came from being surrounded with people who only wanted him for his wealth. I could see the guilt that he felt for not ending world hunger before he had. I could see the loneliness of being at the top.

And I would have cut off both my long, toned legs if I’d thought it would ease his pain.

“Twwl?” Rourke repeated, and I realized that I hadn’t given him a response.

“Of course, sir,” I beamed. “I can start right away.”

It wasn’t exactly what I’d been expecting, but who was I to argue with my new boss?

I turned to leave, but as soon as my hand touched the handle, he added a comment that made me knees go weak.

“hhROAAARRR,” he said, and I laughed at his wit, while deeply aware of the sexual double-meaning of what he’d just said.

The day passed in a flash. It seemed that as soon as I sat down at my desk it was lunch, and the second I finished eating, the day had ended. I’d never worked as a personal secretary before - especially not for one as prestigious as Rourke - but his previous secretary had left copious notes, and it didn’t take me long to find my groove.

I didn’t see Rourke again until I popped in to see if there was anything I could do for him before I left, but the image of his long, thick tentacle never left my mind.

“Sir, is there anything I can do for you before I go?”

“rraaawwwwwRRRR,” he responded, and my heart melted at the hint of sadness in his voice. “hoouurrghMMMMff.”

My eyes widened.

“May I, sir?”

I held my breath as I awaited his response. I knew I was stepping over the line - hell, I felt like I’d crossed it the first time I’d laid eyes on him, but it was worth it.

Besides, this was Rourke freakin’ Holding. He’d spent more than two decades as chairman of the UN, only stepping down when he’d ended every war and replaced poverty with pizza parties.

He could have any woman he wanted - why would he want someone like me? Sure, I had huge, soulful eyes, plump lips, and smooth olive skin. But the man was a professional, and so was everyone who worked for him. I knew that there was no way Rourke would even see my offer as come-on.

So I didn't even try to hide the lust in my eyes as I walked towards him. The heels I was wearing had been chosen to be practical and professional, but as I walked towards him, my hips swayed back and forth seductively, and I knew I looked like sex on legs.

"Like this, sir?" I asked, positioning myself behind him.

Some say that Rourke wore a single monocle so that people could tell which way he was facing, but I didn't need such an obvious visual cue. The second he started looking at me, my entire body responded.

I just hoped that it wasn't obvious how much I wanted him. I couldn't imagine anything more embarrassing than Rourke Holding, twenty-six time Oscar winner, having to talk to me about what was and wasn't appropriate at work.

His flesh was moist and meaty to the touch...exactly as I'd hoped it would be. He didn't respond to my inquiry; he didn't need to. As he emitted a fresh layer of the thick goo that covered every part of his thick skin, I could tell he was enjoying himself.

We sat there for what felt like hours, me massaging my billionaire boss as he occasionally grunted or moaned in pleasure. I was surprised and disappointed when he dismissed me, a simple growl telling me that I was no longer needed.

"Yes, sir," I responded, and reluctantly pulled my dripping hands away from his hide.

The longer I'd touched him, the greater my attraction had grown. I should have been focusing my attention on giving him the best massage I could give - the massage he *deserved* - but I'd been unable to stop myself from fantasizing, imagining him stripping me out of my secretary outfit and making sweet, sweet tentacle love to me.

But I knew it could never happen. I knew that I'd spend my years as nothing more than Rourke's personal secretary; making his appointments, cleaning out his hectocotylus, and - if I was lucky - getting to massage him when his war wounds began to ache.

He was a lone wolf. A lone wolf tentacle. He'd famously never been married, although he'd had no share of high-profile girlfriends. Rumor was that everyone from Oprah to the Queen had proposed, but he'd turned them all down.

He didn't need anyone.

Who was I to think he'd need me?

Rourke didn't say anything when I entered the room the next day, though the stiffening of his tentacle told me that I'd caught his attention. I'd barely slept - even after washing them, my hands still smelled of his mucus, a smell so erotic that I'd been unable to stop myself from touching myself, mentally replaying every moment of our massage.

And so I'd decided to take a risk.

Dressing so provocatively wasn't ordinarily something I'd do on my second day at a new job...but, well, Rourke Holding was no ordinary man.

He was an extraordinary, extraordinary tentacle.

There was a chance I'd be fired, I knew that going in. But I also knew I had to try. I'd tried to tell myself that I could live the rest of my life as nothing more than his secretary, but as my eyes had rolled back with orgasm the previous night, I'd been filled with visions of what could be.

And so, on my second day at the new job, I wore a short skirt - I knew he liked those - and heels that made me almost as tall as he was. Thick, red lipstick, and the *pièce de résistance*: a top that started just above my nipple and ended just below it.

It was an outfit that screamed sex. Rourke would've had to be blind to miss the signals I was putting out.

Fortunately, Rourke was just as savvy in his personal life as he was professionally, and as soon as he saw me, he knew what I wanted.

“rrOORWWRgllarrBBtungggGGGgggg!” he gurgled in pure arousal, and with one move of his thick meaty tentacle, he'd thrown his desk aside in arousal.

I giggled. It was nice to be wanted.

Rourke pulsed towards me, and I waited in anticipation. With one movement he scooped me up, and I could feel his throbbing flesh against every part of me. I'd never made love to a tentacle before, but I could tell that Rourke was about to rock my world.

“phluMM,” he said, and I nodded in agreement, my eyes wide.

I don't know if you can call it a kiss, but that's what it felt like to me - the end of his single tentacle touched the end of my lips, almost tenderly, before opening up and coating my entire face in goo.

“Buy a girl a drink first,” I joked, spluttering through the salty liquid, but Rourke was in no mood for levities. As his ooze dripped off my face, I felt some of the suckers that dotted his entire body opening, attaching themselves to the little clothing I was wearing, and ripping all of it off in a single motion.

I'd assumed the tentacle's contact with my mouth was as close as Rourke could get to a hot smooch, but as his thousands of tiny suckers attached themselves to my skin, it felt like every inch of me was being kissed at once.

I'd been turned on even before stepping into the building that morning - walking through the city dressed like a streetwalker had set off an exhibitionistic side that I'd never known I had - but the feeling of my skin being moistly caressed, kissed all over...I pulsing with an arousal that I'd never felt before.

“Oh god, Rourke...” I moaned.

“FluMPHwww...” he repeated back to me, and I wondered if that was as close to a declaration of love as I'd ever get from my distant, brooding boss.

“Oh GOD,” I screamed suddenly, all thoughts of love expelled from my mind. One of Rourke's little suckers had found my asshole - I'd never even considered it an erogenous zone before, but as Rourke's fluid dripped into it and I felt the suction of what could easily have been a tiny mouth, I wondered the first time what it would be like to take something up in my rear entrance.

It had been less than five minutes since I'd walked through the huge doors of Holdings Incorporated, but I was already on the brink of orgasm. Every part of my body was being stimulated by the giant tenacle that held me - his slime coated every inch of my naked, flushed body, and even my feet felt like they were being massaged.

The tip of his tentacle (which I'd been so intimate with just seconds ago) slipped inside my mouth, and pumped another load of his viscous goo inside. I choked with surprise as the thick liquid slid down my throat, and for reasons I can't explain, the sensation of his mucus against the inside of my cheeks was enough to push me over the edge, and my entire body writhed in the most powerful orgasm I'd ever experienced.

“Oh, fuck, Rourke...” I moaned as I came, and was met with a disapproving “hrRRng”. I'd forgotten how much Rourke disliked swearing, due to his conservative upbringing.

I silently set a challenge for myself; I'd bring him such pleasure, he'd be unable to stop himself from swearing.

I was going to rock his tentacle world.

Running my hands up and down his single appendage, I marveled at how pleasant his nooks and crannies felt beneath my fingers. And he was enjoying it too, if the goo regularly pulsing from every part of his body was any indicator.

“Do you like that, sir?” I asked innocently, my big eyes looking up at him. I knew that my naïve expression was beautifully contrasted by the salty liquid that covered the rest of his face. “Do you like your little secretary touching you like this?”

I wasn't sure exactly which parts of my boss were sensitive and which weren't, but my exploration quickly made it clear. I was delighted to discover he had a particularly strong reaction when I put my slender fingers inside the suckers that had been kissing me so tenderly just a minute ago.

The end of his tentacle was either sore from the amount of goo it had been gushing, or it simply wasn't an erogenous zone, because every time I reached for it, he shied away.

“Would you like to stick your big, thick tentacle into your secretary's slippery hole?” I asked, trying to avoid any words that might irritate his delicate sensibilities. “Would you like to pump her full of your hot goo?”

“GGGluurrrggg...” he replied softly.

“Yes, *please*,” I gasped, and was delighted when he did.

“flurrrMMM, ddrRRRAWWyaah.” he said, and the image of him doing so ran through my mind. “hurVVVVVV, rettttEPT.”

As he spoke, his suckers had resumed planting countless kisses onto every inch of my exposed skin, but this time I wasn't just laying back like a limp doll. My fingers were exploring his rubbery surface, grasping and poking and prodding as I trembled in pleasure.

I had no idea what a tentacle orgasm looked like, but I was determined to find out.

“yyuRRRpPpP, dIGGrrrlett...hUUUUUUUnppp, gLOOWst!”

I moaned involuntarily. His words were turning me on so much, and I realized there was a serious risk of him bringing me off again before I even got a chance to return the favor.

“yuMPPPwwet, FLLLuurrr!” he said, moving faster and faster. “druNNT, jowwwSSSttt, MMmeeeeTT, rRRRRRomNNeEEI!”

My body arched as a second orgasm overcame me. Every inch of me felt alive, like he was some kind of electrotentacle, absurd though the concept was.

I don't know if it was the sight of his hot young secretary cumming for the second time in just a few minutes, or the entire fist that I was now pounding in and out of his sucker, but my orgasm was almost immediately followed by my boss's.

“FLLLLLLLLLURRRRNNNBBBBBBB” he cried in pleasure, and suddenly each one of his suckers opened widened than I ever would have guessed they could go, no longer distributing the translucent goo that I was covered in, but a dark green liquid instead.

The tip of his tentacle opened up as well, and like an unattended firehose, began spraying everywhere - the ceiling, the walls, the overturned desk. I watched in fascination as the same dark green liquid suddenly coated every visible surface of his office, before turning back to cover his own body as well.

No wonder his janitors were so highly paid.

Just as suddenly as his orgasm had started, it was over, and Rourke pushed me away in horror.

“TrRous!” he gasped mournfully, and I stared at him in shock. I don't know what I'd been expecting him to say, but it certainly hadn't been that.

I slipped and slid as I ran out of the room, naked and crying, before huddling beneath my desk and openly sobbing.

My world had just been brought down around me, by the same tentacle who had given me the greatest pleasure I'd ever known.

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It couldn't have been more than a few minutes before Rourke slid out of the room and plopped himself beside me, but it felt like a lifetime. I turned away from him, hurt, but he reached his tentacle out and turned his head towards mine.

"gRRRRullIT," he said gently. "flUMMMttt, luuuuuurg jjaaRRAAppp burLOMmmMP."

I looked up at him. I must have been a strange sight; naked but for my heels, covered in a mix of green and translucent goo, my eyes red and puffy from crying. I was so touched by what he said that I didn't even register that I'd won the battle, and caused him to swear.

"Really?" I said, and he nodded in response.

"IUURg pURRRssEnntaj."

"IUURg pURRRssEnntaj," I replied, and we both laughed.

Rourke carried me back into his office and lay me on his desk. We were both silent as he wiped me clean of his tentacle cum. I'm not quite sure how he managed to pour me a glass of water, but he did, and I drank it gratefully.

We just sat there for the next few hours, talking, laughing, sharing stories. I told Rourke about the time I lost my mother's dog, and he recounted the time he'd accidentally eaten New York. We told each other things that we'd never shared with anyone else, and stayed well past leaving time, not even noticing when the sun went down. Neither of us wanted to admit how much we wanted to stay, and it wasn't until Rourke's driver called to see if he wanted to be driven home that we acknowledged our situation.

"tRRullGG?" he asked, and I shook my head.

"There's no need," I said. "We have everything we need right here..."

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Rourke was trying to be tender, I could tell, but tenderness wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to make him lose control again, like when I'd entered that morning and he'd thrown his desk to the side, driven by pure tentacle lust.

His suckers were kissing me, and although he tried to avoid my attempts to finger them, I knew how much he liked it. Finally, I pushed him aside, and stood in front of him.

I knew exactly how to drive him wild.

Before coming to work for Rourke, I'd skimmed his autobiography, so I knew exactly how much he enjoyed the musical stylings of The Mountain Goats. I started humming their classic song "Dance Music" and my body started to sway to the rhythm.

I enjoyed watching Rourke's tentacle pulse in time to the music coming out of my mouth, and as I started to run my hands up and down my body, I was rewarded with a steady stream of translucent goo pulsing out of each of his holes.

My hands went to my nipples, tweaking and playing, and Rourke's monocle dropped in astonishment as I spread my lips wide, exposing my pussy for his viewing pleasure.

I hadn't even reached the second verse before Rourke bellowed in arousal, and just as he had that morning, scooped me up roughly.

"BlorrrrrallLLL!" he cried, once more coating my face with his sweet, salty tentacle pre-cum. "tuRMaAAAAaaaaAA!"

I spread my legs wide and started rubbing my sensitive sex up and down his thick flesh,

practically going mad with desire.

“Do it!” I shouted lustfully, “do it! Please, Rourke! Fill me up!

“I need it!”

I could tell he was holding back, but it wasn't until his next sentence that I realized why.

“ccURrrourrrgh...” he said intensely. “coRRalllRrrugh.”

On a day when I thought nothing could surprise me, once more I stopped dead. Did I? Did I want to run the risk of being impregnated? Did I want my billionaire tentacle, my beloved boss to fill me up with his tentacle babies?

I thought about it for less than a second before realizing my answer - of course I did!

“Fill me up!” I moaned, smiling as I saw how happy my words made him. “Do it! Knock me up, sir. Fill me with your salty cream!”

I realized now why Rourke had been so reluctant to allow me access to the sensitive tip of his tentacle, but now that I'd given him the go-ahead he didn't hesitate. After blowing another load of translucent lubricant onto my waiting pussy, he started to slowly insert himself into me.

I've had large boyfriends before, but I can honestly say that nothing, NOTHING compared to this. Rourke's suckers continued kissing me all over as he slowly penetrated me. Part of me wondered how he'd know when to stop, while the rest of me simply wished he never would.

Inch by inch, Rourke's tentacle slowly, agonizingly filled me up. He was just over a foot in when we both knew I couldn't take any more.

“Fuck me,” I panted, and to his favor he didn't call me on my swear. “Fuck me, sir. Do it.”

“glaRRb,” Rourke responded, and slowly started to do exactly that.

My heart was pounding, and the sensations coursing through my veins blocked everything else out - all I was aware of was my beloved Rourke, his thick tentacle alternately filling me up and then leaving me empty, each one of his suckers seeming to kiss my clit every time they passed it. Every inch of me was covered in a mix of my own sweat and Rourke's tentacle goo, and my entire body seemed to be hyper-sensitive to his love.

I don't know if I blacked out or if fantasy took over, but I suddenly saw myself bloated and pregnant, full of thousands of tentacle babies, as big as a cow. I imagined Rourke's suckers latching themselves to my lactating breasts, even as his huge appendage filled me up again and again, shooting its green goodness deep inside me, somehow knocking me up anew even though I was already pregnant.

I started to cum, again and again. My earlier orgasms had been the greatest of my life, but even they were blown out of the water by the intensity of the pleasure that overcame me. The Rourke of my dreams, the Rourke in real life...it all started to blur together as I was heartily fucked.

My well-lubricated breasts were rubbing against Rourke's fleshy skin, and one of my hands came around to play with my suddenly-stimulating asshole. I remembered the orgasm that I'd observed in Rourke earlier that day, and imagined myself being flailed around the room as he came, filling up like a water balloon as he unloaded inside me, rope after rope of green cum filling me up.

I wanted to act as my tentacle boss's condom. I wanted to house all of his sexy dark green semen.

Part of me felt guilty for not taking care of Rourke's pleasure myself, but I think he got off on seeing me completely overcome by lust, in my own world as I pictured his sweaty cum splashing against my womb, his countless swimmers filling up my eggs.

Three of my fingers were now furiously fingering my rear, and Rourke was pounding into

me faster and faster. I could tell that he was getting close, and a mischievous smile came across my face as I worked out exactly what I could say to push him over the edge.

“pluRRUmPH,” I whispered, and I felt his entire being stiffen. The combination of the dirtiness of what I’d said, and the smutty way I’d said it - despite my horrendous accent - was enough to trigger his orgasm, and he bellowed an unintelligible response as he started pumping his cream inside of me.

I’d been worried about being propelled off the end of him as he unleashed a virtual geyser, but suddenly the purpose of his suckers became apparent to me; each and every one of them attached to me, and I couldn’t have moved if I’d tried.

Completely helpless, uncontrollably turned on, I couldn’t move as he filled me up. It felt like gallons and gallons of tentacle cum was being pumped deep inside me, searching for my womb, looking to knock me up, and it immediately started another orgasm of my own.

I knew I’d never forget that moment. Cumming furiously, flailing around the room, feeling completely safe, wholly aware of my body expanding due to the sheer amount of liquid being pumped into me. Nothing in my life could have prepared me for that moment - I’d never felt so perfectly used before, being knocked up and serving my boss at the same time.

It was perfect.

“Oh god, Rourke! I love you!!!” I cried, finally putting it into words.

“TTTrrrulllGGG,” he replied, as his orgasm finally ended and he slowly pulled me down towards him. I smiled at him.

“I hope I have a thousand of your babies, sweetie.” I whispered, my body still shaking from the intensity of the moment we’d just shared.

“tllllllllllllll” he responded, too exhausted to say any more.

We lay there for a few minutes before a thought occurred to me.

“Rourke...” I said, a hint of laughter in my voice.

“hLul?” he replied cautiously.

“You know that if I’m around all day you’re never going to get any work done. If we’re going to continue...this...”

“GgggRRg!” he assured me.

“...then you’re going to have to get a new secretary.”

“pLooonPH,” he said.

Against all the odds, I was shocked for one last time. I hadn’t even realized he had a son.

“gYyyyuppp, tllrrrrr, LhUhhhH Kkllllleeeeeek qwWWun.”

We both laughed at that, the sound of our mirth echoing into the empty halls of Rourke’s skyscraper.

The whole summer. This was going to be...interesting.

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