

You come to, tied down and spread-eagle on a table in the center of a room. You move your pounding head around and see that you are still in the porn shop. The woman and the pig are gone and now you are center stage.

You feel cold and realize that you have been stripped of your clothes. Next to you a bright light turns on, hurting your eyes. You hear the electrical whine of a machine turning on and you realize you are being filmed.

"I just talked with Vinchetti. He's real happy to be gettin' a two-for' on this shot," says a voice in the darkness.

You can feel and hear the sounds of something large approaching you. Not as large as the things outside, but too big for a human.

You strain your neck and see the thing walking into the light.

Its football-shaped head almost touches the ceiling. Grapefruit-sized eyes gleam lustfully at you. A tongue like a large gray slug runs across broken teeth and bleeding lips.

Worse than its terrible face is its naked body. Its skin is cracked, boil-covered, and bleeding all over. Between its legs is a cock the size of a fire hydrant. You can't call it a dick because it doesn't resemble any dick you've ever seen. It is bloated from sores, infection, and warts. The slit at the tip isn't even visible from the steady stream of puss.

You hear the man from behind the camera, "We're going to need more lube to get this started." The other men laugh.

You scream and the thing moves for you and the building begins to shake rhythmically.

THE END

