

## Attack of the Sand Squid

by The Preve

Based on the picture "Sand Squid" by Synthean

Sand Squid by Synthean can be found on Hentai Foundry.

Thanks to Todger 65 for the edit.

Bernard Heuvelmans (**10 October 1916 -- 22 August 2001**), "The Father of Cryptozoology," pioneered the modern study of cryptids, animals considered myths by the majority of his colleagues. Such studies were cause for great derision, and the destruction of his professional reputation among the scientific community.

The body of work and literature, *On the Track of Unknown Animals*, *In the Wake of the Sea-Serpents*, are akin to the Bible for his followers.

Upon his death in 2001, assertions arose among his fans of unfinished work and research. An unprinted chapter from his book on colossal squid; rumors of an unpublished book detailing creatures far fetched even by the standards of his most fervent believers.

Searches of his papers produced few results, most of which were dismissed as forgeries or pranks, perhaps by Heuvelmans himself. A few brief notes concerning a creature referred to as the Pacific Sand Squid were among the scoffed.

The events said to have befallen the individuals described in this record, are alleged to have occurred during the summer of 199\_\_. Some of the record might be considered rumor and conspiracy theory, the rest pure speculation . . . or not, depending on the fervency of the reader\'s beliefs.

\*\*\*\*

"Sue! Get your ass in here and help with the luggage!"

"Good grief Aunt Ethel! Why\'d you have to bring all that?!"

"What? An old broad like me ain\'t allowed to get some exercise?"

Susan Brown sighed, half exasperated, half amused. Her aunt was only 43, just under a decade older than herself. That may as well be 30 these days. She was more big sister than aunt. "*An eccentric, crazy big sis,*" she smiled, "*Only she would bring barbells on vacation.*"

It was good, though, Aunt Ethel could come to Boracay Malit. Sue loved her aunt. She was tough, boisterous, outgoing, and earthy; not a person to be messed with.

Ethel Martha Brown lived the crazy life Sue\'s father would envy, if he weren\'t so dull. His little sister was the black sheep of his straight-laced, conservative family. In her lifetime, her

professions included roller derby star (Martha "The Mauler" using her middle name), wrestling ("Brunhilde Brown), and bodybuilding. Susan idolized her.

Susan never tried to copy her aunt's eccentricities but did take inspiration from her life. It manifested in her childhood and teen years as a form of adventurism, and some assertiveness in college.

Aunt Ethel rarely visited during Sue's early childhood. Her parents were quiet and evasive when Sue first asked about the large, loud girl who stormed through the door one day, twirled through the house like a tornado, and left the next morning, leaving an exasperated Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and an awestruck Susan.

When Sue was twelve, her grandmother asked her parents to store some old, and some not so old, junk in their attic. Sue couldn't resist rummaging while her parents were out. She found a box full of fliers and clippings.

The coltish, skin-kneed, tomboy read through the clippings with growing fascination. Aunt Ethel was in her roller derby phase, "Martha the Mauler," young but already a star. Sue convinced, actually badgered, her dad to take her to one of Aunt Ethel's tournaments. She went to the stadium a curious girl, and left with a new idol.

A few years of teenage problems tempered the idol worship. Her admiration for the tough, earthy, bawdy Amazon never waned, however.

Sue's staid parents tried to steer their daughter away from her aunt's influence, limiting her visits, forbidding Sue from pursuing roller derby, to partial success. While she didn't exactly follow her aunt's path, Sue did enthusiastically pursue athletics, mostly volleyball and swimming, excelling at both.

A problem, two actually, appeared in her late teens when her breasts, formerly B-cup and manageable, blew up to double D pillows. Her breast expansion was further complicated by her ass plumping to two round bubbles, and a thickening of her torso.

The body changes caused some insecurity. Sue began a phase of dieting which got out of control. Her aunt's intervention put her back on the right track.

"Fuck starving!" she yelled to Sue in her blunt, earthy manner. "Put some grub in ya, and lift some weights girl. Look at me. You think I worry about my looks? You think I give a fuck what some supermodel wannabe thinks on some PC? I told myself not to be a stick, and you damn well won't be either."

Susan went back to swimming, and began to lift weights like her aunt. She never became a muscle Amazon but her regimen allowed Sue to maintain a curvy, toned body.

The older and freer Sue grew, the more she hung with her aunt; often attending her wrestling and bodybuilding competitions. She would help her aunt train, spotting for her on weights. Her work as a production assistant allowed her to cast Aunt Ethel as an extra in a few movies and TV

shows.

While Aunt Ethel did well on the roller derby, wrestling, and bodybuilding circuits, she displayed no real desire for major fame. It was adventure which interested her. She took the occasional acting role as a favor to her niece. Some agents did take notice, and she scored a few more roles but barely rose above C-level status, appearing as an extra here, a henchwoman to a secondary villain there. The extra money was good, at least.

Extra money especially came in handy for bargain vacations. Cheap resorts or spas abounded on the web. The difficulty came from separating the bad from the good, whose affordability stemmed from lesser amenities than the high end places.

Susan heard of Boracay Malcit from a co-worker who'd spent a nice, quiet vacation on the island with her husband. "It's quiet, out of the way. You can rent a small bungalow on the beach. Not many go there so you have tons of privacy. It's the best kept secret in the Philippines. The beach is clothing optional though, so it pays to keep an open mind."

Open mindedness wasn't a problem for Aunt Ethel. Susan, initially more reserved in her youth, opened up under her aunt's influence.

A few more checks brought up no red flags except one, which Sue skimmed briefly before laughing. Some anonymous reviewer with a story best described as, "UFO's, Bigfoot, and conspiracy crap."

Sue and her aunt prepared for the trip with new bikinis and a trip to the salon for hair removal.

"Let's go full smooth," Ethel suggested, "I'll spring for the laser."

Sue usually liked to keep a little landing strip but decided to follow her aunt's lead for this trip. A fifteen hour flight to Manila, a short hop to Boracay Resorts, followed by a short ferry ride to the smaller, cheaper island, and they were in the bungalow, arguing over barbells.

"We're here to relax Aunt, not lift weights."

"Hey! You relax your way, I'll relax mine."

Susan blew another exasperated sigh and helped her aunt with the luggage. The bungalow turned out to be well-kept and maintained. The resort, for all its economy, kept good standards.

The women were less concerned with immediate enjoyment; between unpacking and jet lag, they agreed dinner and sleep were the best options for the first day.

The small bistro at the main building served excellent Filipino cuisine. They decided on a chicken adobo, pancit, and lumpia. They ate, and chatted with the other guests at the bistro.

The other guests present were a couple of pensioners from Glasgow, the Campbells, a jolly red-faced couple enjoying a cheap vacation like them. A married couple and their teenage son from St. Paul, Minnesota, the Maitlands. The kid gaped in wonder at Ethel. The parents recognized

her from her wrestling years. Sue hid a chuckle at the boy's fascination. Aunt Ethel always impressed with her size.

The final couple were a pair of surfers from Brisbane, Barrett Winford and Rob Drummond, college grads celebrating with a windsurfing trip. They were cute. Sue glanced suggestively at Ethel. "Some possibilities here," hovered in the air, unspoken. The boys were just starting their vacations too. Sue and Ethel were pleased. They had two weeks to explore those possibilities. Tonight, for now, was for food and sleep.

Sue yawned, "Yep, that jet lag's hitting me pretty hard."

"I'm feeling it too," Ethel agreed, "Later boys?"

"We'll be doing some windsurfing 'tween here and the main island," the tow-haired one, Barrett, grinned, "but we can hook up later this week?"

"I'd like that," Sue smiled back.

The two women settled into bed. Sue just had time to anticipate the coming days before the jet lag took over. The women were out for twelve hours.

\*\*\*\*

The creature glided through the ocean. Its motion exemplified all the strength and grace evolution gave it and its kind. Its appearance would send orgasms through the scientists, Teuthologists who specialized in its study.

The creature's species, by no means rare, spent the bulk of their lives in deep, dark places, barely accessible to humans, if at all.

Only a few knew of these creatures; fewer still could claim they saw one. None were believed.

Its purpose was an act according to its nature. It happened among its kind only rarely but with biological clockwork. The time window for what it needed was narrow, only a week or two.

The island had changed since its last visit. New dwellings dotted the shore. The new development didn't please the creature, as it meant more of the apes lived on the island. It increased the danger of discovery.

It chose a deserted stretch of beach. The creature liked this area. It used this place before. The apes, in times past, used to beach their fishing logs here. It was perfect, reasonably isolated. The increased number of dwellings, while dangerous, meant an ape was more like to wander by.

The creature swam to a position close to the shoreline and used its tentacles to burrow into the sand.

The creature dug until most of its body was concealed, leaving its eyes just above the water. It extended its tentacles under the sand to the shore.

The tentacles, honed by millions of years of evolution, moved with an ease akin to flowing through liquid. Observers would be stunned; a study of the tentacles would revolutionize drilling, if ever such a creature were captured.

Chromatophoric camouflage allowed the creature to blend effortlessly into the sand. Tiny hairs on its body acted as motion detectors. All it needed was to settle in for a light sleep . . . and wait.

\*\*\*\*

"So Sue, what'd you think of the towhead?"

"Kind of cute but I like the red-haired guy better."

"I like him too and don't Aussies have the best accents?"

"It was fun listening to them talk."

The women walked along Pearl Beach, an isolated area, and talked about last night. The sleep did them good. They'd woken, showered, exercised (at Ethel's insistence. Some curls on her part, Pilates crunches for both), and breakfasted in the main building. The surfers were off on their trip. The pensioners and the family left for the larger island.

"I guess we have the island to ourselves for the day," Ethel said.

The concierge suggested Pearl Beach, a small strip on the west shore. "Just a short walk through the tunnels, past the pool. It's a good place to sunbathe, and good for privacy."

The women carried the bare minimum. Sue wore a yellow and red polka-dotted bikini. Ethel, a light blue and white one piece. The suits looked painted on their respective figures. A pair of beach blankets, a pack of wine coolers, and a bottle of suntan oil completed the pack.

"This beach is so beautiful," remarked Ethel, and Sue agreed.

Pristine sands, near white in the sun, darkened to beige at the surf. The beach was a curved bowl, ringed by ancient lava cliffs and lush jungle. The sea gleamed like an azure jewel. Sue rarely gazed upon such beauty.

"This looks like a good spot, Sue."

"As good as any."

The spot was the middle arc of the bowl, with the beach curved equidistant on either side. The pair spread the blankets, set down the other gear, and prepared to lay out. Ethel stopped and looked around.

"Something wrong Aunt Ethel?"

"No, just wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Why are we wearing the suits?"

Sue cocked an eyebrow, "Is that a serious question?"

"It's a clothing optional resort, most everybody's off the island, the beach is isolated. We waxed and lasered our bodies for a reason, Sue. I'm not shy, you know that, and how often do we get an opportunity for an all-over tan?"

"Makes sense," Sue agreed, noting how just a few years earlier, she would be more hesitant. *"Aunt's influence; Mom and Dad would have strokes."*

Ethel peeled off her suit, baring her muscular body to the tropical sun. She wasn't really bulky like some of her other body building friends, Sue noted. Ethel preferred a more streamlined look. She confided to Susan, once, she disdained some of her colleagues attempts to become, "Female Schwarzeneggers, \sniff!\ Yes, we should build and show our muscles, but we should still be women. Getting too large is just excess."

Aunt Ethel, with her hair pulled back and her strong features, evoked the classic Amazons of myth. *"And she's one for real,"* admired Sue.

Sue untied her top and bottoms, and tossed them to the sand. Ethel privately admired her niece's curvy, toned body. *"All that exercise did her good."* She didn't have her aunt's muscles but sure her body was fit. *"She's perfect for the cover of Fitness, if not Playboy,"* thought Ethel, *"The Brown women always looked good."*

Ethel also liked the Brown women's tendencies toward large breasts and asses, an ample voluptuousness extending back generations. She estimated Sue's breasts as a cup size larger than her own.

After standing in the warm tropical sun for several minutes, the women started with the suntan oil. They made sure to slather their bodies and got each others' backs.

"Damn! Those two surfers would blow their pipes if they saw us like this," Ethel grinned.

"Heh! Any red-blooded male would, and probably a couple of actresses I know, too."

The two Browns shined with oil, muscles and curves defined in the sunlight.

"Well, let's get to it," Ethel said, "A half hour per side maybe?"

"Seems okay."

They spread the blankets and prepared to lay down, Ethel on her back, Sue on her front.

"Sue, what's that?"

"Huh?"

"There. That thing in the water."

Sue turned and looked. It was just at the water's edge. The surf rolled back and forth around it. "Is that a flower?"

It stood at a slight droop in the wet sand. Its color was red, like a ruby, and mottled with gold. The petals resembled fingers, unmoving.

"It doesn't look like a flower. Hey! Maybe it's an anemone," Ethel suggested. She strode towards it.

"I thought anemones stayed around coral reefs," Sue said.

"So did I. Maybe it's a new species. Hey! We might get famous, ha!"

"Well careful. It might be poisonous."

"You're talking about jellyfish, Sue," Ethel knelt down to touch it.

It happened with such split second speed, the women had no time for surprise; an explosion of sand and water, as if a land mine went off.

Ethel gasped and drew back, bringing her arms up to cover her eyes . . . or at least she tried. "What . . .?!" Something held down her arms. She blinked; a long, thick, red rope was wrapped tight around her hands, binding them. The end of the rope, the "anemone," revealed itself as an undulating tentacle, the "petals" actually four smaller tentacles, studded with tiny suckers. They writhed like the fingers of a fidgety child, and ringed a tiny mouth which closed and opened menacingly.

The other end of the tentacle terminated in the sand next to her left foot, just under the surf.

Ethel was too stunned to feel fear. Sue didn't move, paralyzed by shock. Silence and menace hung in the air. Ethel turned her head, slowly, towards her niece. "Uh, Sue?" Tentacles exploded from the sand.

"What the fuck!" yelled Ethel.

"Shit!" cried Sue.

Ethel tried to pull back again, flexing her arms to free her wrists. The tentacle was wrapped tight.

"Sue! A little help he . . . gasp! Ugh! Fucking shit!"

Ethel's gasp, grunt, and following profanity originated from shock and outrage. The said emotions stemmed from four simultaneous actions by the attacking tentacles.

The first tentacle, twined around her leg and wrists, planted its fingered tip squarely on her melon. It's twin, simultaneously, covered the other one. The creature's mouths fit almost

perfect to her nipples. The fingers flexed and began to pump. The mouths opened and began to suck.

Under different circumstances, such molestation would result in immediate and horrific injuries, accompanied by excruciating agony, to the offender. The broken limbs and crushed testicles of the occasional unfortunate male, who'd dared take such liberties on Ethel "Martha the Mauler" Brown bore testament to their folly.

Ethel, at the moment, ignored the tentacle boob grope. Her current attention focused on the lower outrage. Two tentacles, rising from the sand, had deep dived into her pussy and ass. Ethel "Martha The Mauler" Brown, former star roller girl, aka Brunhilde Brown, former Women's Wrestling Federation champion, expectorated the typical response.

"Rrrraaaaarrrgh! Get the fuck out of me you tentacled monster freaks! Sue! Get your fucking ass over here! Sue!"

"I can't Aunt Ethel! They got me too!"

When Sue saw the tentacles attack her aunt, she immediately got off her towel. *"Aunt needs help!"* She hadn't noticed the tentacle around her arm, until it wrenched her body back. "Wha . . . fuck?!"

She turned to deal with the offender. Another tentacle burst up to plant its "hand" on her left double D.

"Yaaahhh!" Sue grasped the molester and tugged frantically. Boof! Another tentacle erupted from the sand and fastened to her other breast. "Fuuuuck!" Something probed at her pussy, with a finger entering her bunghole. "Oh no you fucking don't!"

She reached back to remove the violating appendage. Two new tentacles burst, one entrapped her free arm, the other bound her free leg. Sue was on her hands and knees, arms and legs bound, boobs pumped, and ass and pussy plumbed.

"Oh! Fuck! I'm trapped Aunt Ethel! It's in my pussy! Oh! God! It's . . . aaaarrrgh! It's . . . Oh! . . . On my clit! Aaaaahhh!"

"I'm . . . uuughn . . . not in . . . a good spot . . . oh . . . fuck! Myself . . . Sue!"

Ethel stood, with her legs widespread by the tentacles. The two invaders penetrated deep between her crack and into her flower. They pumped and plumbed, causing gasps of outrage and horror. Ethel's breasts morphed with each squeeze, accompanied by soft sucking sounds.

She gasped and growled, frustrated, unable to free her bound wrists. Strong as Ethel was, she couldn't compete against a creature used to swimming long distances, at crushing depths. The creature, by its standards, was gentle. Its tentacles could crush cars.

Ethel's struggling body gleamed in the sun. Her muscles tense and defined in the sweat and oil of her exertions. Her frustration reflected by the mortified look etched on her face, with healthy



doses of rage.

Ethel's muscles, from groin to torso, rippled. She'd fucked enough men in her life to know what that meant. She growled and shook her head, trying to force it back. Her eyes lit upon the thing in the water. "F-f-fuck . . . Sue! It's . . . a squid!"

"W-w-what? Aunt . . . Ethel?! Oh! Ugh! Oh f-f-fuck! I'm . . . f-f-fucking wet! It's playing . . . with my clit! Aaaauugh!"

"I . . . said it's . . . a squid, Sue!"

Ethel hissed through gritted teeth. She glared at the creature. It was only partially out of the water, so she had little sense of its size. What she saw looked to be the size of a small boat.

Two huge eyes, possibly larger than her head, even though only their top arc jutted out of the water, rose from what Ethel took to be a large flat body. The eyes were set within thick sockets crowned by bony growths. Nictitating membranes covered their yellow-ringed deep black irises. The furious Ethel traded baleful stares with the creature.

Sue gaped at the creature, albeit her shock battled with her distraction. The creature's tentacles looped in arcs, in and out of the sand. An image appeared to Sue, of the sandworms from Tim Burton's Beetlejuice. She counted four tentacles wrapped around Ethel. One looped around her leg and wrists, terminating at one breast. The another wrapped around her other leg ending at the other breast. Two final tentacles undulated in her aunt's nethers.

Ethel continued to struggle but her exhaustion became evident. Sue found the sight of her aunt strangely erotic. The combination of sweat and oil on her skin, the flexed, tense muscles of her body, and the fierce look on her face, lent Aunt Ethel an Amazonian appeal that so drew Sue years ago.

Ethel looked back on her niece. The tentacle on Sue's pussy slowly moved inward. The "fingers" disappeared between Sue's wet slit, followed by the gold mottled hose.

Sue's eyes widened, her mouth parted, and a gasp hissed out. "Oh! Fuck! What . . . kind of . . . squid . . . is this?!"

"I . . . ugh . . . I . . . don't know! Squids . . . uuughn . . . squids aren't supposed to . . . to do this!"

"Oh God! It's going deeper! Oh! Uuunnghn!"

Sue's body quaked. Her muscles rippled, and spasms raced through her torso. A squirt of cream spritzed out from her pussy. "Fuck! I just came!"

Ethel, feeling an orgasm build herself, acknowledged with a grunt.

It pleased the creature to find not one, but two apes on the beach. They were both promising, the larger one more so, albeit her strength exceeded most. The creature found it fun, in its long

life, to play with these smaller mammals. It loved the feel of soft, warm flesh around its tentacles.

The taste of the fluids these apes produced was ambrosia; of course, in order to draw fluids out, something needed to be pumped in. Plus, the problem of keeping apes like these docile and responsive factored. A massage of their erogenous zones worked, but only so far. More needed to be done.

Unbeknownst to Sue and Ethel, the placement of tentacles in their intimate areas served a purpose. The blood vessels were closer to the surface, allowing introduction of various chemicals via tiny stingers on the "fingers".

Said chemicals would cause chemists, scientists, biologists, and corporate pharmacists to stroke out with excitement, were they ever to analyze them.

Sue and Ethel received the benefit of millions of years of evolution, as their bodies flooded with aphrodisiacs and mutagens, used upon countless creatures, from dinosaurs to mammals (including more than a few species of primates).

The milfs moaned in unison as arousal overcame fear and outrage. Ethel, a woman accustomed to making paramours work for her orgasm, shuddered, moaned, and squirted cum onto the sand. The irony of a squid drawing a climax from her hard body was a brief flash, drowned under a wave of lust.

Tentacles weaved in and around the women. Sue gasped as another tentacle dove into her ass.

The "fingers" on the women's melons, with the generous help of specialized chemicals for increased sensitivity and milk production, drew delicious white nectar into the squid's mouths. Lust-flooded Ethel vaguely wondered why the creature kept rolling its eyes.

The scene on the beach was thus: a beautiful, partly cloudy day. A soft, warm breeze. The pleasant sounds of the surf. The golden sand. The ululating moans and rhythmic grunts of two nude and smooth women, shiny and wet, held by ruby red gold-mottled tentacles around their limbs, milking their melons, and deep-diving into their moist flowers.

"Ooooo!"

"Uuuungh!"

"Mmmmnngh!"

"Ohhhh!"

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

"Aaaahhh!"

The sand squid would have loved to play with these apes some more, but it came to this beach

for a reason. After all, she had fertilized eggs to deposit, and these two incubators were just about ready.

Ethel was the first to see the lumps. "Oh . . . shit! Sue!"

"Wha . . . what?!"

Ethel, exhausted, even for her, by the struggle with the sand squid, and the overlapping orgasms, had stopped fighting. The reason she stayed upright came from the enormous strength of the squid's tentacles. She could, as such, only watch, helpless, as a train of round lumps made their way through the tentacle, and into her wide, wet pussy.

Sue, recovering from her latest orgasm, felt her tunnel stretch, as if a ball were rolling through its passage. "Ah! Oh . . . fuck! It's . . . putting something . . . inside me!"

"I . . . think . . . uuunnngn . . . I think it's . . . eggs Sue!"

"Uuuurrrgh! Ugh! Oh fuck! There's more!"

New sensations of soft balls entering her pussy, one by one, squeezing through her tunnel, and entering her womb, brought out a string of grunts and moans from the younger Brown.

The beautiful tropical day crept on. The milfs' bellies grew round and bloated. Milf bodies quivered and quaked; milf mouths moaned and grunted. Sue and Ethel gave up all attempts, and pretense, at resistance. The tentacles were too strong, their bodies buried in orgasms, and their minds drowned in lust.

The older milf, out of the corner of her eye, noticed some tentacle activity in the sand. "Are they digging?"

The sand squid pumped the last of her eggs into the two apes. Once satisfied the women were properly filled, it took steps to protect its investment.

The troughs dug in the sand were filled with a cushion of mucus. Sue and Ethel, their docile bodies flooded with soporifics, were lifted and deposited in the troughs. The sand squid then covered them in a layer of mucus, followed by a layer of sand, to protect them from the sun.

Its task done, the squid settled back just offshore, to keep a watchful eye. The chemicals lowered the women's metabolism, to keep hunger and thirst at bay. The whole incubation should take one or two days; three at the most.

\*\*\*\*

Barrett and Rob, both young, handsome, and twenty-one, walked along Pearl Beach. The windsurfing trip, from yesterday, went near perfect. They'd had a fine 'ol time but returned to the island completely bushed; too knackered to hook up with the Yank milfs who'd flirted with them two days ago.

Barrett and Rob agreed: those two were hot. Sure one was at least ten years older, and the other nearly twice their age but, man, they still had the goods.

"And they're probably more experienced too," Barrett said.

"I looked up the older one on the web," Rob added, "She used to be some wrestler and body builder. Used to roller derby too."

"Bloody hell! Damn these Yanks! And they were hot for us!"

The two grads agreed: soon as they rested from the trip, they'd find these milfs and see what came.

They didn't see the women at the bistro but the manager suggested the beach. His reminder of the beach's status as clothing optional brought grins to their faces. "Naked milfs!"

Barrett and Rob were best mates since childhood. Most thought, on looking at them, the two youths were brothers. They had similar builds, slender and athletic. They both sported long, narrow noses, wide mouths with full lips, and broad jaws. The men's heads were crowned by mops of slightly curly hair, albeit Barrett was a towhead while Rob identified as a deep-red ginger.

"You think they're here?" asked Rob.

"Not much to do here 'cept swim, surf, and sunbathe."

They continued on, looking for any sign of the women. The beauty of the beach wasn't lost on the two youths, but they'd surfed other beaches just as scenic.

"Hey Barrett, what's that?"

"Huh?"

"Those big lumps up ahead?"

They sat near the shore, two large lumps of sand.

"Looks like a couple of tourists buried in the sand," Barrett said.

"You think it's them?"

"We could check, but it's probably that Yank clan from Minnesota."

The two men jogged over to the small sand hills. They immediately noticed something amiss.

Clothes, a bikini, a one-piece, and a towel were scattered haphazardly around the beach; tossed as if the women had stripped off for a skinny dip.

Barrett and Rob might be encouraged by the women's adventurousness, except the two in question were half-buried in the sand before them.

"What the bloody fuck is that?" Rob whispered.

Barrett crept to the younger milf. Only her face was visible. A crust of sand covered the rest of her half-buried body.

The reason for the men's apprehension lay in the sculpture-like nature of the sight. This wasn't some woman playfully buried by a child or lover. It was a woman's nude body, covered by a crusted shell of sand, adhering to the curves and contours of her gravid form.

Barrett noted the center of her breasts, larger than he remembered from two days ago. The area around her nipples was darker, more moist than the rest of her body. A closer look revealed beads of milk seeping through the crust.

The milf's gravid belly and swollen breasts, along with her face, were the most prominent parts rising from the sand. Her legs and arms were only faintly visible.

Her face was free of sand but covered with a layer of, it seemed to Barrett, a thick oily or greasy substance, like sunscreen, or Vaseline. Her eyes were closed. Her breasts rose and fell softly.

Barrett shuddered. "This is bloody weird as fuck, mate."

"Damn straight. The big one's the same way."

"What the fuck happened here, Rob? Women don't get like this in just two days."

"Don't know mate. I just know I'm getting the fuck off this beach and finding some help; preferably a doctor, and the Philippine Army."

"That's a bloody fucking good plan, Rob."

Unfortunately, the boys only managed to take a few steps before a forest of tentacles erupted around them.

"Wha . . .?!" Rob gasped just before his body was entangled, along with Barrett. They were both lifted off the beach to view, spreadeagled, a monstrosity out of H.P. Lovecraft.

"Crikey bloody fuck man!" screamed Barrett.

The sand squid held these two intruders above her body, examining them. A quick tug of her "fingers" stripped the scant coverings from their bodies. Ah! Males! How fortuitous!

Rob and Barrett shared looks of mortification to see their boardies stripped and tossed. Their foot sandals were an afterthought. Sue and Ethel, meanwhile, slept oblivious to the boys' screams, in a state of semi-blissful suspended animation.

The squid looked the young apes over. They were useless as incubators but could serve as playthings until her eggs hatched. Their back openings were fun to bury tentacles into, and male semen was very tasty.

"Gaaah! What the fuck they doing?" Rob yelled. The squid's fingers planted on and stroked his cock and balls. Unlike earlier encounters, usually with women, if not self-pleasuring, he wasn't happy to see his donga plump.

"What's it look like, fuckwit?!" Barrett snarled, undergoing similar ministrations. "Aaahh! Fucking hell!" Something rammed up his arse. "This thing's bugging us!"

The boys helplessly watched their stroked rigid cocks slowly slide into the tentacle mouths. As with the women, aphrodisiacs flooded their bodies, and the men soon were overwhelmed in arousal.

Sue and Ethel slept peacefully on, as the men's screams turned to gasps, moans, and rhythmic grunts. Sometimes one or the other moaned faintly, perhaps in response to the sounds offshore, or some twinge from within their wombs. The mollusk-driven carnal fest would carry on through the rest of the day, and well into the night.

\*\*\*\*

Early the next morning, the golden rays of the rising Pacific sun shone upon an unusual sight: the nude and unconscious bodies of two young men, laying curled on the sand between two equally nude, but sand-covered, women.

None of the quartet made a sound. All quietly slept, dreamless.

The placid silence of the morning broke. It began with soft, but increasing in intensity, breaths from the two women. A rising chorus of moans ululated next.

"Mmmm!"

"Ohhhh!"

"Uunngh!"

"Aaaahh!"

The two youths slept, oblivious, between the laborious milfs.

The sand shell on the women's bellies cracked. Beneath the sand layer, under the mucus coat, Sue and Ethel's bellies rippled. Their moans slowly turned to grunts and gasps.

"Huff! Huff!"

"Ugh! Uck!"

Suddenly, the sand near the milfs' parted legs grew wet. First Ethel and then Sue's slits gushed water and mucus. Two pussies parted; arrow-shaped creatures, light pink in color and writhing with tentacles, slowly slithered through the slits, onto the sand. Larger tentacles gently picked them up and placed them in the water. Another pair of squidlings squeezed through, and another, and another . . .

The sand squid was pleased. Things had turned out near perfectly, with the exception of the intruding males, and that sorted out well enough.

Ordinarily, a seal or a dolphin, or even a blue whale would suffice for hosting. The water births were easier on the infants (not orcas or sperm whales though, too dangerous).

Dolphins, seals, and blue whales were hard to come by these days. The dolphins wised up, seals were too close to humans, and the whales too hunted. Islands, like this one, containing too few apes to make trouble, offered many opportunities, so long as she could keep a few near the shore.

The moaning milfs birthed ten squid babies each, and expelled the gelatinous remnants of the eggs that housed them.

The sand squid waited until all the squidlets were accounted for, then swam away. The babies dispersed into the ocean. Not all would survive to adulthood. Seals, orca, sperm whales, and sharks lay in the future for many of them. Plus other squid, sand or other species, and the undiscovered horrors and wonders of the deep ocean. The survivors would, like their mother, know instinctively the duties written into their DNA.

As for the mother, it felt no concern for her progeny, nor fear of discovery; millions of years of safeguards were present in the chemicals pumped into the apes. They kept other apes from caution, in case another opportunity arose for her or her children. The remarkable properties of the mucus, for example, would cause heart attacks in biologists, chemists, and cosmeticians had they the opportunity to examine it.

Sue and Ethel returned to unconsciousness, and slept as their bellies smoothed, and the stretch marks vanished. The mucus gave added benefits of removing minor cuts, scars, moles, and other small blemishes (not noticeable before really, if one didn't look closely) from the women's bodies.

The four slept on. The sun climbed higher. Morning slowly brightened towards midday. They lay undisturbed, even by the Scottish pensioners, who stumbled across the sleepers while exploring the beach. Upon seeing the sleeping figures, they quickly scarpered off with knowing smiles on their faces. "The young bucks had some party last night."

Barrett woke first; he woke slowly. Aches and pains pulsed through his body. His ass hurt from the squid reaming. His cock and balls throbbed from the tentacle vacuum pump. His throat hurt from the continuous moans and grunts, and his muscles ached from the overlapping orgasms of yesterday.

Even unconsciousness offered no escape, at first. During the ordeal he'd black out, wake to cum, then black out again. It sucked, fucked, and squeezed cum and climaxes from his body until he went comatose.

He opened his eyes. Rob lay across from him, curled and unconscious. "Fuck, is he dead?" He crawled to his friend and placed two fingers on his neck; a faint pulse. "Wake up Rob," he

whispered, shaking his shoulder, "Come on."

Rob's eyes snapped open, "What?! Oh! Ohhh! Bloody hell!" He turned, slowly, on his back and put his hands to his face. "Fuck Barrett! What happened?"

"We got raped by a giant squid, Rob."

There were no other words to describe it. It seemed silly to say, "I don't know."

"Bloody fuck! It really happened didn't it?"

"Yes Rob, it did."

The two young men sat, Rob laying on his back, Barrett kneeling beside him.

"Crikey! The Yanks!" Rob started.

"Oh."

The women were still on their backs, unconscious and covered in sand.

"You wake the big one," Barrett said.

Sue dreamed she and her aunt were in that sushi restaurant in Monterrey, stuffing their pussies with calamari, when one tiny octopus shouted, "Wake up Yank!"

"Gah! Squid billies!" She popped open her eyes to see the worried face of the young Aussie boy gazing at her. In years to come she would look back on that moment. *"Considering what happened, that's a nice sight to wake up to."* Her first thought, however, was "Aunt Ethel!"

"She's okay, I think. Rob's looking after her."

Sue tried to rise, and immediately fell back down. "Ohhh! I fucking ache everywhere."

"You're not the only one."

Barrett and Sue helped each other to stand. Sue's sand crust sloughed off her body like a cracked egg shell.

"Leave it kid. Look, just go help your friend," Ethel snapped.

Sue couldn't resist a soft chuckle. Her aunt's dismissal of Rob was not surprising. Ethel stood awkwardly. The sand fell off the same as Sue. The two milfs stood, nude and shiny with clear mucus. There were no embarrassed attempts to cover up. Modesty seemed silly at this stage. Sue and Ethel noticed something with the boys, however.

"Um, Barrett? Look down," Sue said, "You too, Rod."

"What? Oh."



The boys had woodies; big ones. Both blushed. "Uh, sorry," Rob apologized.

"I think they were there when we woke," Barrett added.

"Well, I'm not standing here with this gunk on me while you two stay hard. Where's the shower?" Aunt Ethel frowned, "And it better be away from the shore."

Beach showers were for swimmers and surfers, to rinse off salt water and sand. Pearl Beach had several near a boardwalk at the southern arc.

Sue and Ethel had reasons, other than the obvious, to get away from the shore. Their nipples were hard, their pussies wet and, somehow, their arousal didn't seem completely related to Barrett and Rob's presence.

They found the showers soon enough. During the walk, no one mentioned the past two days.

The water was cool. It felt good to wash away the sand and salt. Sue and Ethel helped each other with the mucus. Rob and Barrett rinsed off next to the women. The subsequent occurrence was something none of them could understand. It just happened.

It was something unlikely, given the recent harrowing events; the last act the four should have thought, much less perform.

Sue, Ethel, Rob, and Barrett could not have known the potency of the chemicals still coursing through their bodies. Nor of their long-lasting effects. As such, their libidos were boosted into overdrive.

No one knew what started it. The sight of water cascading down nude, wet bodies; virile young men on one side, mature sexy women on the other. The white hot sexual tension charging up the shower.

Hands, male and female, touched each other's bodies, washing at first, rendering some assistance to remove sand, salt, and slime. They moved to breasts and torsos, and then lower. Soon lips were pressed together, with tongues in opposite mouths. The lips slipped to nipples, the hands to breasts. Soon cocks entered pussies, then mouths, then anuses, and then pussies again.

The squid-inspired orgy moved from the showers to the women's bungalow, where it continued for the next two weeks, with breaks for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and occasional sunbathing.

The guests, maids, manager, and caretakers understood, remembering the attraction among the group at the bistro. By the time the squid's chemicals fully cycled through, and libidos and minds returned to relative normalcy (not completely, Sue, Ethel, Rob, and Barrett would be noted for active sex lives afterwards), the relationship between aunt and niece, and best mates respectively, had changed considerably.

\*\*\*\*

Two days after returning home, toned and tanned from assuredly the strangest, most insane vacation of her life, Sue was at work, sorting through script corrections.

A coworker, an annoying idiot Susan disliked, noticed her pensive, distracted look, and began to badger her with questions.

"So, that must have been a wild one. How was it?" he finally asked.

Sue looked at him without emotion. "We got raped and impregnated by a giant squid and fucked two Aussie boys for two weeks."

The man blinked, "Uh . . . okay," and left.

\*\*\*\*

**Author's note:** the record is based upon a series of interviews given with the four individuals, and is consistent with rumored earlier encounters with the mysterious creature, or creatures, colloquially referred as the **South Pacific Sand Squid**.

The increased sex drive of the individuals, relative absence of psychological trauma, altered sexual orientation (**further note:** bisexual orientation was most likely present prior to said encounter but expressed due to erosion of psychological barriers by possibly chemical or biological means) remains consistent with follow up interviews with previous victims.

As no other sightings of said creature have occurred, nor any further evidence of physical or psychological trauma to Barrett Winford, his husband Rob Drummond, or Sue and Martha Brown, nor any manifestation of physical effects on their sons, also named Barrett and Rob, further inquiries are not recommended at this time.

**Record Ends.**

\