

Love's Landscapes:

ACHIEVEMENT, TENTACLE LUST

NK Layne

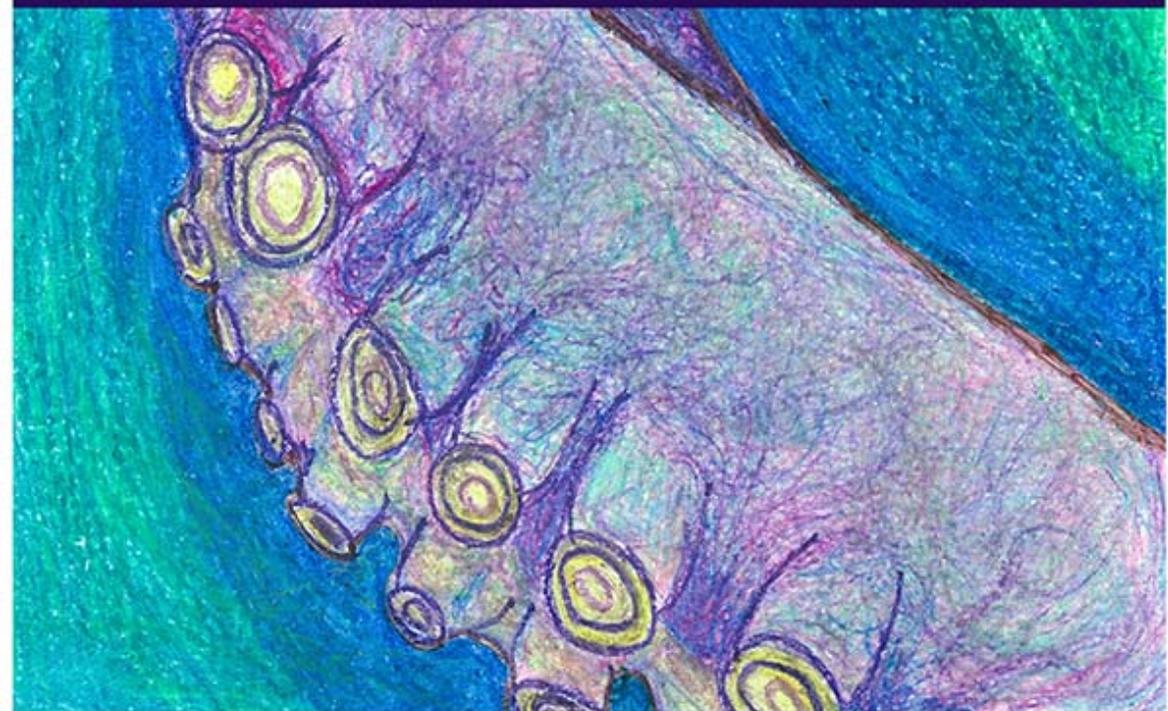


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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

ACHIEVEMENT: TENTACLE LUST

By NK Layne

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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ACHIEVEMENT: TENTACLE LUST

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Photo Description

A gorgeous man stands in front of a sea cave entrance while raising his bulked arms behind his head with hands clasped. He stands in the ocean's wave with squid limbs that are presumably his own. The ocean surrounding him is outlined by crimson.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

There is one smoking hot tentacle hottie somewhere in the ocean and he wants himself a mate! And he isn't asking too many questions about the willingness of said mate. He knows when the guy is right for him and that is all that matters.

I'm in for some hot tentacle porn and I'm okay with dub-con. If you get a whole story out of it, that's cool but good piece of PWP is alright with me too.

Just remember that there can never be too many tentacles!

Sincerely,

Eepa (Eija)

Story Info

Genre: paranormal

Tags: tentacles, mythical creatures, interspecies, m/m/m, kink, spanking, bondage, orgasm denial, PWP

Content Warnings: dubious consent, graphic violence, a giant pile of smut

Word Count: 4,191

Acknowledgements

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Thanks!

ACHIEVEMENT: TENTACLE LUST

By NK Layne

The human's desperate chorus repeated itself again and again. Hungry for more, Tente moved his slimy tentacle out only to immediately thrust himself back into his human.

More moans filled up the space. "Oh, Jesus Christ!"

The brisk sea breeze flobbered Tente's squid mantle back and forth. Tente heard the bellowing *caws* of seagulls. The gulls' song was like an audience's applause to Tente's sex. It gave his exhibitionism something to fuck home about. The sea cave was nestled into a stony island at the edge of the ocean. Here, the water was shallow and each note could be heard in surround sound. It was perfect for kidnapping humans, so the Squids called it the Fertilization Dungeon.

Tente snarled through his sharp squid beak and entered his tentacles deeper into Alec's taut ass. The tightness swelled Tente's arms and clouded his vision so only Alec was focused.

The human's quivering vocal chords and belting moans provided a sensual soundtrack. Tente zealously added his heavy pants to the melody.

"Oh, you don't know what you are feeling, huh?" As a Dungeon Master, Tente was in charge of supervising the fertilization dungeon's activities. This was a safe space for sexually alternative Squids to copulate. Tente spent a lot of time in the dungeon to ensure its safety. In consequence, Tente grew a fuck list like no other. Yet he never heard notes like Alec's before.

The human's long hair floated in the deep sea, like squid arms in its own right. Tente tugged it backwards with his second arm, and with his third, he traced the human's gaping pale lips. Alec arched his back.

Tente's arm kept still inside Alec's tightness. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Alec's forehead and nose were so scrunched up they created ripples on his skin. His neck jerked away from Tente, and he softly muttered something incomprehensible. At a brief glance, this looked like torture. Yet his cock was pink, his moans were guttural, and his nipples were hard.

Tente pounded. His arousal flourished to its tipping point—the point where his suction cups started to bloom. Each one of his tentacles began to pulse a buzzing noise. The Squid gasped at the new warmth crawling up his body.

A long moan escaped Alec's lips.

Tente whispered into his ear, "Man, by the time I squirm all eight of my arms inside of you, it's going to be straight up supersonic." Alec's eyes rolled back as he groaned. The guttural notes caused Tente's buzzing vibrations to go up an octave.

It was breeding season, and Tente planned on celebrating. The intention was to probe some nice, tight human pussy. The problem was that humans all looked the same in their scuba suits. Plus, by the time Alec's cock hit the water, Tente stopped giving a fuck. His squid arms were throbbing and evolutionary science was no longer a priority.

Tente's buzzing tentacles nudged deeper. Alec started to growl.

Tente leaned into the human's ear. "I can stop, you know, and bring you back to your people. I can go away. Do you want me to leave you alone?"

Alec's eyes shot open. "No, please don't stop." Tente's bulging black eyes brightened.

Tente's first arm continued to fuck as a third moved towards the edge of Alec's asshole. The Squid's vibrating tentacle lightly outlined him. Alec continued to growl.

"Are you sure? You sound like you want me to stop."

Alec jerked his head. Tente's raised arm, the one that was formerly wrapped in the human's hair, pressed against his lips. Alec's cock grew as he sucked his first tentacle.

A high-pressured static took over Tente's nervous system and he melted a bit more. Tente intended on giving Alec the full Squid experience, but he didn't realize how naturally Alec would find his tentacle lust. Tente had five more arms to go and he was already hard, constricted, and ready to burst. The arm that was inside Alec squirmed out, only to penetrate his tightness again. Tente repeated, like a rhythm, with each thrust creating constricting tremors in all eight of his arms.

Alec's growls had by now dissipated into pants.

Tente's fourth arm wrapped itself around Alec's torso. But before he could grip Alec's cock, a figure from behind gripped Tente and flung him to the side.

Tente's senses swirled midnight blue. The dizzy disorientation sucked the breath right out of his gills. He coughed out thick phlegm and his heart thumped a bit louder. "What the fuck?"

In the corner of his eye, he saw the dodging squirms of tentacles.

Tente rubbed his temples as anxiety sobered him up. It was time to play Dungeon Master and protect the fertilization dungeon. A protocol that always gave Tente chills at the start.

The Squid in question was moving their arms towards an obelisk-shaped shadow. Tente tilted his head sideways as he tried to identify this silhouette. But then those memorable moans started and everything came into focus. "Fuck, that Squid is fucking my human!"

A flush went up Tente's mantle, and he reached out, like a child reaching for their favorite toy. But a second pull interrupted him. It was lighter, yet Tente still felt as if his heart skipped a beat.

Tente turned around to face his aggressor and met a familiar foe—Squalo.

Squalo did not look like Tente. He didn't come with gangly cephalopod monstrosities. He was the fantasy that humans expected when they got kidnapped by Squids. Unlike Tente, Squalo wasn't gooey but instead incredibly buff. The top of his head didn't have a flabby mantle but was crowned with smooth human hair. And he didn't kiss with a hard, sharp beak but with plush, smooth lips. His only squid features were his eight tentacle arms. Squalo had everything human that made Tente hard and everything Squid that kept him erect—basically, he kept Tente in an erection overdrive.

Squalo noticed Tente's stare. He leaned into his fish-face to plant a cold one on Tente's cheek. Tente wiped it off with his suction cups. "What's your problem?"

Squalo smiled, full of pearly teeth and salty breath, but said nothing. He opened his mouth slightly, as if he were to respect Tente with an answer, but more silence. Squalo rubbed his stubble in mock-thought, as if he had all the time in the world.

Tente brusquely pushed him to the side. "Don't make this worse for yourself. Get out of here."

Squalo shrugged and wrapped his thick tentacle arms around Tente. Finally he spoke up. "Tente. I think I want him." He lifted an arm towards the shaking human.

Tente tried to jerk towards Alec, but Squalo's bind was too tight. "You are ruining my fucking scene."

"What's up with you Dungeon Masters and your scene's sanctity? Did you ever think that if your kink is so vulnerable that my presence fucks it up, then your scene was probably already ruined?"

Squalo's snark caused fury to thump in Tente's head and lust to thump through his arms. "I'm kicking you out now."

Squalo shrugged. "But you need me, Tente, to mentor you. It doesn't seem like you know how to properly fuck a human."

Tente jerked again, harder this time. But mid-movement, Squalo let go of him, causing Tente to topple over.

"No, you don't get it, Squalo. I'm kicking you out of the dungeon for good. Invading a Dungeon Master's scene and personal space? You are straight up blacklisted from now on."

Squalo shoved the human, like a doll, into Tente's face. "I'm in heat. Do you even know what that feels like?"

"My arms are like eight scalding bricks, Squalo. I'm pretty sure I have an idea." Tente grabbed Alec with his own throbbing tentacles and pulled him towards his slimy center.

Tente wrapped an arm around Alec's limp cock. "Who do you want?"

Tente's gaze followed Alec's pointed finger and landed on Squalo's glowing crimson eyes. "Him."

"Well, congratulations. You've totally destroyed my dynamic. Fuck, this is why we have protocol."

Tente didn't even believe that Squalo was attracted to human beings. He just wanted to break some rules. The fact that a Dungeon Master was using the fertilization dungeon only made it better.

"You are so fucking self-absorbed, Squalo, it's like you were made with a human face, squid legs, and a shark heart."

Squalo's slimy arms wrapped around Tente's. "How about you relax with a nice fuck? Just you, the human, and me. I need to be involved for hands-on educational purposes, but hey, I'll cut you a deal. Won't charge you my full price."

Heat squirmed through Tente's limbs. Squalo's face beamed and Tente growled. "Fuck off. Just take him, there are plenty more where that came from. Interpret it as a good-bye gift, as this will be your last fuck in any fertilization dungeon in this ocean. I'm going to make a large complaint at the next Dungeon Masters meeting. I have the full intention of keeping you out of our scene forever."

Squalo mouthed the word "complaint" with a smug grin as he brought Alec closer. The human's long hair tickled the side of Tente's face. "If you thought eight arms were too much, how about sixteen?"

"I only had four on me," Alec confessed.

Squalo scrunched his eyebrows and cocked his head at Tente. "Tsk. Tsk. What are we going to do with you?"

"I was interrupted," Tente reminded him.

"You go far too slow, watch this." Mid-snark, Squalo molested both Alec and Tente.

Half of his arms were crawling around the human, probing for entrances. Alec arched backwards as Squalo's tentacles cupped him. They did not vibrate, but they did release a crimson excretion allowing for an extra slippery texture. The vine-like arms wrapped around Alec's balls and inched up his firm and rosy cock. Meanwhile, Squalo's second and third arms were tackling Alec's thighs. They curled around each thigh and stretched them open, bringing Alec into a spread-eagle position.

And then that perfect moan as Squalo penetrated him.

Tente's breathing was high and restless like the yelping whiplash of the sea during high tide. Alec's blushing face and drooling mouth were enough to put Tente in a whirl, but then there was the way Squalo was handling him.

Squalo's remaining four arms had constricted around Tente's limbs and released more crimson ink. A slick feeling, like a long hot breath, massaged Tente's appendages from base to tip. Tente swelled up and groaned.

Squalo twisted Tente into his arms as if his arousal was calling his name. He pushed forward and entered Tente's beak with a long, steady kiss. Tente felt light-weight and precious, like an air bubble floating to the surface.

A guttural belt on the sidelines called out, "That's so fucking hot." Alec. Then that memorable growl as Squalo penetrated him.

The human's approval caused Tente's arms to engorge, but they hit their breaking point as Squalo started to jerk off four of Tente's shafts. A squeal escaped Tente's beak every time Squalo's grip moved upwards, so he rubbed the tips of Tente's suction cups. Tente felt levitated, as if he could arch up to something more than that cold, wet place. Tente's suction cups bloomed and vibrated.

Squalo paused his fucking. He lifted an eyebrow. "I always forget that you are a buzzer."

Alec groaned at the threesome's sudden stop, and their shafts ached with heavy heat. Tente grumbled. "Not everyone hates buzzers. Alec really likes it, in fact."

Squalo released both Alec and Tente. "Oh, so that's the trick to fucking humans? Man, it is almost like you are the expert and I'm the one who needs mentoring."

"For a second, I forgot how much of a sharkhole you are."

"I know. My charm is an amnesiac. Lucky for you, I like repeating myself."

"You mean you like hearing yourself." Tente's whole face was twitching, from the tip of his pout to the arch of his brow, as he frowned. "You had your fun, Squalo. Now it is time to really make you leave."

Squalo put on an exaggerated pout. "You mean you aren't going to show me the strengths of a buzzer? Boo."

Tente recalled Alec's previously orchestral moans. Didn't they prove that the human was attracted to him, buzzers and all? Yet, if he had the evidence, then why did Squalo's dismissive comments burn, like a jellyfish sting?

"How about we ask Alec what he wants." Tente repositioned himself before Squalo could dismiss him. He moved forward so he floated face to face with Alec. "What do you think?"

Alec was drooped over, like a comma. "Can I go home? This fertilization dungeon makes no sense. No squid babies are coming out of me."

"We were actually thinking of mpreg-ing you," Squalo shouted from behind.

Alec's eyes shot open. "What!?! You can DO that?"

Tente rolled his eyes. "No—don't listen to him." Tente cocked his head at Squalo. "He doesn't dig our sex anymore, Squalo. I want this to end now."

“Tente,” Squalo said, as he leaned into Tente’s face with puckered lips, “I don’t really care what you want.”

Squalo’s tentacles invaded Tente’s spongy body with their crimson ink. Its slick moistness was like a toxic aphrodisiac: it aroused Tente and made him vibrate.

Tente heard Alec howl, and knew he had also been inked.

“Okay, Dungeon Master. Perform for me,” said Squalo.

Tente’s mouth was salivating, and his tentacles were reaching towards both Alec and Squalo, and he shook. But at the same time, he was enveloped by a heaviness in the pit of his core—Tente knew this wasn’t what he wanted or what Alec wanted.

Alec’s cock was stiff and rigid. However, his sounds were not in earnest. He didn’t moan with chaotic desire, like he had earlier. Instead, he whimpered.

Tente shook his head, back and forth, like a madman. He squinted his eyes shut as visions flooded in—visions of Alec whimpering, as he pounded deeper and deeper. But still, Tente stayed stiff.

“I would do as I say,” Squalo said.

Tente ignored Squalo’s threat. “Grab on to me. I’ll take you home,” he said to Alec.

Squalo squirted more of his crimson ink at Tente. “Fine then.”

It was a cavernous arousal, as if Squalo was carving a cock-shaped hole inside Tente’s soul. And then there was Alec’s swaying body, like a temptation dangling on a fisherman’s hook. It took all of Tente’s will to stay put.

Squalo approached the human. “I know things that can arouse you more than my ink.” Squalo’s tongue wrapped itself around Alec’s erect nipples and flicked at their pink core. Squalo winked at Tente’s buzzing tentacles before he bobbed his head and sucked the human’s chest.

Tente was at maximum horniness. His thoughts were nothing other than tentacles and cocks. Tente twisted himself to jerk off, but he only got three strokes in before Squalo delivered penance by inking him again. “Don’t touch yourself.”

Tente ached, yet he obeyed.

Alec was still drooping, bent over at the waist. Squalo raised three of his arms and slammed them on Alec’s exposed cheeks. The suction cups produced

swollen circular welts, outlining the contours of his ass. And that's when Tente buckled.

Tente's first arm wrapped around Squalo's neck and up to his lips. He prodded so that Squalo moved his mouth away from the human's nipples and instead enveloped Tente's tentacles.

Squalo took Tente's arm so smoothly that Tente slipped in a second. Squalo sucked two of Tente's arms at once with the same vigor as Tente performed when he sucked only one. Squalo's tongue traced figure eights on the tips of Tente's heads while he throat-fucked him to the rhythm of his simultaneous spanking scene.

The layered soundscape was made up of buzzes, whiplashes, and expletives. Yet Tente was still searching for a note. His third arm gripped Alec's firm cock and pulsed vibrations up and down the shaft... but he still didn't hear it. Squalo's aphrodisiac had, in fact, coated Alec. The human's cock was hard, back deeply arched, and nipples pointed. But Tente was surrounded by a new noise. The static-silence was a shout in itself.

Tente jerked his arms away from Alec and Squalo with velocity and speed, as if he were exiting the orifices of pure evil.

Squalo opened his mouth, to probably say something horrible, but Tente cut him off and jumped on his face. It was time for him to take his Dungeon Master role seriously, and fight.

Tente had never assaulted a rule-breaker before. His closest physical attack had been a light shove. Community discourse and public shaming had always been effective in banning rule-breaking Squids from the scene. But Squalo was far more toxic than anyone Tente had ever handled before.

He pierced Squalo's neck with his beak. Breaking Squalo's thin human flesh didn't take much effort. For Tente, it was just a simple slip downwards. Squalo howled and tried to pull away, but the more he squirmed the deeper Tente entered. Squalo's russet-colored blood slipped out of Tente's snarling beak, outlining their embrace. Squalo tasted tart yet personal, like marking a day with a shot of whisky.

Tente's tentacles started to bloom with each sip but collapsed as Alec howled. "You octopi are never going to take me home, are you?"

"Well, technically we are squids," Squalo blurted out in between yelps. His snark wasn't as penetrable as his neck.

Tente sneered at Squalo. Squalo met his sneer with a punch. He hit Tente square in the jaw, blurring his vision.

Tente jerked back, to orient himself, and in consequence freed Squalo from his bite. "You son of a bitch!" Tente's jaw throbbed.

Squalo floated in front of Tente. All eight of his arms were up and in fighting pose. And he sprang.

Tente caught some of Squalo's limbs mid-punch, a minor alleviation from the attack. Minor because for every punch he caught, he missed another. Tente's jaw felt unhinged and his mantle throbbed. Squalo was doing a fine job at beating Tente up.

"Bet you miss your cock throbbing now," said Squalo.

Alec moaned. It was not the earlier gutturally erotic tone, but one of quivering despair.

Tente used the distraction to whack Squalo right in the gut. Squalo doubled over. In this moment of advantage, Tente gripped the rest of Squalo's limbs and tied his own arms around them. Tente was using his arms to create a bind around Squalo's.

Squalo released his crimson ink. It was a desperate escape plan that he didn't think all the way through. Tente's arms did engorge, but Squalo vastly miscalculated Tente's strength. The tightness around Squalo's limbs increased, not lessened, therefore strengthening his grip. Plus, now that Tente was inked, he started to vibrate. In this binding, the two squid-hybrids had their suction cups padded into each other. This allowed each buzz to quake into Squalo's tentacles' soft cores.

For the first time, Tente heard Squalo's moan. It was a mixed note of hazy breath and high-pitched whimpers. It excited Tente. "What is that, Squalo?"

Squalo bit his lips in attempt to keep silent, but Tente's suction cups vibrated a bit harder. Squalo gaped open and groaned.

"Hey. This wouldn't happen to arouse you. Would it?" Tente tightened his grip a bit more. His vibrations teased circles inside Squalo's soft weak spots. Tente continued to tease as he floated to the cave's exit.

"Tente. Please," Squalo said in between pants.

"Please what? Jerk you off?"

"Please." Squalo nodded. "I'm sorry, Tente. For ruining your scene."

“You must be really horny.”

“I need you, Tente. Didn't you want me to need you?”

Tente shrugged. He shifted his position to that of a torpedo, where his arms were out of the dungeon, but his face was still inside. Tente released Squalo. “I don't care what you think of me anymore.”

Squalo attempted to push himself back into the dungeon but, instead, whacked into its opaque security wall. He let out a high-pitched yelp as if he touched a toxic anemone.

“You are on the blacklist, so that's going to happen every time you try to enter my dungeon. Welcome to being banned.”

“Can I go home now?” Alec had followed them to the exit and was waiting for Squalo to swim out of view.

“Are you okay?”

Alec tangled his fingers into his own hair. “If I don't answer—what will happen? Will you plunge your tentacles back inside of me?”

Tente shook his head. “I'm sorry—I didn't mean for this to go so awfully. I'm just kinky. That's why I wanted to fertilize you. A human. I didn't mean for this to be a nightmare.”

Alec rolled his neck. “That wasn't an accusation.”

“I thought you wanted to go home? That's totally an option, was actually what I was planning on doing anyway.”

Alec nodded. “I know. But please. I want it to be just you. Like before.” He bent over so the tips of his fingers grazed the sea's light waves. Alec's exposed asshole caused Tente's suction cups to buzz up again.

Tente wrapped two of his arms together, to create one big phallus, and plunged deep inside the human.

Alec moaned his deepest moan yet. “I fucking love tentacles!”

Alec was never going to shrug that feeling off. Thus one of Tente's intentions actually did come true. To give Alec tentacle lust.

The End

Author Bio

NK Layne sees the world through queer brushstrokes, infinite rainbows, demonic cartoons, gory afternoons, and a veil of moss.

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