

Sometimes a man can live a life filled with so much order that he has to go mad every now and then to keep himself from going crazy.

Albert Armistead lived that kind of life in the Rhode Island countryside, his homestead nestled in a nook of the Scituate Reservoir a dozen miles west of Providence. Though to say he lived life in the countryside would be misleading considering he spent over half his daylight hours at Providence's Brown University.

He was an aeronautical engineer—a man who spent his day-to-days immersed in formula, schematics, and wind tunnel data. He immersed himself willingly and enthusiastically; for him, making sure an aircraft didn't fall out of the sky was just as gratifying as flying one. Yes, Mr. Armistead was one of those freaks of nature who not only mastered algebra, but had a whipping-good time turning it into a lucrative career.

But, as much as the good man valued a hand full of pen and a head full of drag coefficients, he had his vices—his ways of going mad every now and then to keep himself from going crazy. Luckily for him, he did not need drugs, debauchery, or daytime television to quell his hankerings for vice.

Luckily, he had a 'servant' for that.



It was a Monday after a particularly long and formulaic shift at the labs. Albert had just finished driving and windshield wiping through the heaviest rain shower the county had seen all month.

A distant, perfectly-timed rumble of thunder masked his car door slamming shut as he jogged for his house—a modernized, late 1800s two-story sitting among the maples just a stones-throw from the reservoir waterfront. The automatic lighting above the front door winked on as he hopped onto the porch, shoes clomping on the pinewood as the rain rattled on the overhang. Humming *Sogno di Volare* under his breath, he took his keys and unlocked the front door, pulling it open and taking a moment to appreciate the homely squeaky creak he drew from the aged hinges. But only a moment, as he appreciated the warmth of his home a lot more than its noises.

Wary of drafts, he slipped inside and closed the door behind him with a smart snap. With the door shut, there was only darkness and the sound of rain tapping on the window panes further inside. The interior was all hardwood floors that went creak and hallway-length rugs with tasseled ends. Though electric lighting had been one of the modernizing touches, Albert still preferred a nice candle-lit evening every then and now.

Which was perfectly fine with his servant—as she demonstrated by igniting a pair of triple candelabras on the foyer bureau.

Albert glanced up at the flickering pinpoints of purple flame. He smiled, shrugging off his drenched raincoat and hanging it without turning around to do so. "Good evening, Miska," he said.

Silence, but just for a moment.

Something went thump in the darkness, then continued to thump like a telltale heart as the air took on a coppery taste. Albert looked up at the ceiling, barely able to make out the white plaster in the dim purple light. A shadow bloomed from the darkness further down the hall, creeping and billowing along the ceiling like smoke from a house fire. It stopped above and to the front of Albert before dropping to the floor; it leaked from the ceiling like tar, fell through the air like mist, and gathered on the rug below like a slick of crude oil.

Watching the spectacle made something buzz in the back of Albert's eye—like the warnings of a migraine—but he shook off the feeling and clasped his hands together in a pose of authority as he trained his gaze and smile on the puddle of shadow.

The shadow rose to meet his gaze.

Without a bubble, simmer, or ripple, a feminine silhouette grew from the black mass—head, torso and legs rising up like a shadow rejecting its two-dimensional prison. When the top of her pony-tailed hair came level with Albert's chin, color and concrete form began turning the standing shadow into a standing woman.

Plotches of purple bubbled up from her black insides and spread across her surface like ink in water, giving her a dark violet skin tone that glistened in the candlelight. With color came depth—round, healthy breasts drooping over a slim skindent waist; firm, shapely rear curving into a pair of slender showgirl legs. Before Albert had a chance to fully appreciate her bare, naked body, clothing materialized—a maid ensemble of black silk and white frills that clung to her chest and hung from her hips in an ankle-length

skirt. Her face followed soon after: two orbs of pale, yellow, bioluminescent light glowed into existence above a pert nose and a wide, toothless smile that spoke more volumes than an unabridged Necronomicon set.

And what it spoke of?

Madness, of course.

The maid looked up at Albert, giving him a long, loving sample of her smile before closing her eyes, bowing her head, and pinching her skirt in a curtsy.

*Welcome home, Master Armistead,* Miskatoni'thaqu'rathastur'lathotep said without moving her lips. The words ran through Albert's mind like a gentle hand brushing through hair—the syllables tickling his synapses like fingertips tickling a scalp. *Did you have a pleasant day?* Miska added, standing straight and interlocking her fingers in front of her lap in a pose of subservience.

"Very pleasant and productive, thank you," Albert said.

*Wonderful. Wonderful.* Miska tilted her head. *Ah... Master, you're all wet...*

"Hm? Am I?" Albert brought up a hand and felt the dampness on his face, comparable to the light sweat one gets when trying to race an elevator up ten flights of stairs.

*Here, let me dry you off.* Miska came forward, the hardwood creaking beneath her despite the conspicuous absence of footsteps.

Albert chuckled. "Of course," he said, lowering his head and unbuttoning the top of his dress shirt. "Wouldn't want me catching a cold for the rest of the week."

*Yeess, exactly.* Stopping before Albert and standing (or appearing to stand) on her tiptoes, Miska gently pushed her slick, warm hands against his chest before rubbing them up to his shoulders. As she circled her fingers into the skin to knead away the weariness, she pulled herself close, closing her eyes and planting her lips on his neck. Her breath swept over his skin in soothing waves of warmth as she suckled a trail up to his chin, taking away the damp rain droplets and leaving the telltale moisture of her flicking tongue.

With a moan that slipped through Albert's mind like a steaming washcloth over aching muscle, Miska slid her hands to his neck as she slid her lips onto his cheek. While she tickled the nape of his neck with her fingertips and brushed his jaw line with her thumbs, she planted little pecks of love on his face, switching from cheek to nose to forehead to lips—

mopping up every little drop of water and replacing it with her own warmth and moisture. This close, the coppery taste was nearly overwhelming to him, but it was a good kind of overload—like the tingling sensation of a battery on the tongue.

*Mmmm... there...* Miska stepped back, taking her hands from Albert's neck after one last caress. A navy blush had spread above her smile and several magenta feelers wriggled out from underneath the hem of her skirt, but after one composing shudder, both disappeared without a trace.

"Thank you Dear," Albert said, adjusting his collar.

*The pleasure was all mine, Master.* Miska gave another curtsey before standing straight and interlocking her fingers. *Would you like me to brew some tea before dinner?*

Albert tilted his head and frowned in contemplation. Though he had pretended not to notice Miska's little 'signs,' he couldn't deny that they reminded him that it had been a while since the last time they... coupled. He smiled. "Actually..."

*Master?*

"...How would you feel about skipping the tea, doing dinner, and then doing some... *brainstorming* together in the backroom after?"

Instantly, Miska's navy blush returned, as did her magenta feelers—wriggling in time with her suddenly shivering body. *Master wishes to... join with me?*

"After dinner, yes," Albert said with a raised finger.

Miska's smile softened and her blush lightened. After a pause she nodded—smile once again going from cheek-to-cheek. *Very Well. I understand. Would you be pleased with teriyaki?*

Albert raised an eyebrow. "Chicken?"

*Yes.*

"Perfect. I'll wait in the dining room?"

*Of course. I will have your dish ready within the minute.* Miska flourished her hand behind her. The hallway lit up with purple light as she ignited the wall-mounted candelabras one by one until a path of light had been carved towards the dining room door.

"Excellent. Until then..." Albert bent down, giving Miska a peck on the cheek before moving along. After a silent giggle and shake of the head, she sank to the ceiling and shadowed her way to the kitchen.

The rain was still a-pattering away on the window panes when Albert sat himself down at the table. A grandfather clock, looking as old as its name suggested, ticked away the seconds with its swinging brass pendulum. Another calm boom of distant thunder rattled through the woodwork of the house; though fragile-sounding, it was just sturdy enough to handle most of the weather the Atlantic ocean could throw at it.

Truthfully, if he wished, Albert could have gotten himself a home twice as large and twice as sturdy with the money he earned from his practice. However, the time when he was deciding on a permanent residence was around the same time he had become acquainted with Miska—an acquaintanceship that started with a twelve-sided spherical cube in Brown's archeological department.

To put it simply, A house any bigger than the one beside the Scituate Reservoir would take more than one servant to keep things running, and Albert didn't want to risk someone sneaking a peek of Miska and siccing some paranormal investigators on the poor dear.

And, to be truthful once more, he was quite fond of having her to himself. And he suspected the feeling was mutual.

*Dinner is served, Master.*

Albert looked up in time to see Miska's shadow crawling above him on the ceiling. The darkness dripped, floated, and pooled down once more, both onto the floor beside Albert and onto the mahogany table before him. From the table shadow puddle came an obsidian-colored set of dinnerware: cloche, wineglass, and a knife & fork. From the floor shadow puddle came Miska herself.

Bowing her head, she reached over and plucked the cloche up, revealing a saucy tray of chicken teriyaki with a cloud of steam. The smell was heavenly and the grill lines on the slices were dark and stark—just the way Albert liked them.

*What would you like to drink?* Miska said.

"Mmh... do we have any Riesling left over from Saturday?"

Miska nodded and brought her hand above the black wineglass. Cupping her palm, she tipped her hand over and—like something out of a Penn & Teller routine—poured the glass full of white wine.

"Thank you, Dear." Folding back his sleeves, Albert reached for his knife & fork, only for a little *Ah-ah!* to run through his mind while Miska

held up a finger. Having got his attention, she whipped her hand through the air; a black napkin appeared in her grasp with a quiet, wet slap.

"Of course, where are my manners," Albert said, sitting up straight and adjusting his shirt collar. Giggling, Miska slid behind him, her fingers gently brushing across his nape as she tied the napkin in place.

Bon appétit, *Master*, she said, sliding back to the side with a small bow.

"*Merci, mon amour*," Albert said, drawing another spine-tingling giggle from his maid. Circling his shoulders, he reached out and picked up the knife & fork before hovering the silverware over his meal.

He paused. He glanced to the side without turning his head. He smiled.

Thanks to her 'background,' Miska had quite a few tricks up her frilled sleeves that went far beyond lighting candles from afar and grilling a game hen in under a minute flat. One of those tricks was the reason why it would have been more fitting to refer to the utensils in Albert's hands as 'Miskaware' rather than 'silverware.'

Clearing his throat and doing his best to hide his sly smile, he brought the knife & fork down and cut himself a generous, juicy slice of chicken. After tapping it free of excess sauce, he brought it to his lips... and paused.

Beneath the pattering of the rain and the ticking of the clock, he could just barely make out what sounded like suppressed, excited breathing in the corner of his mind's ear.

Slowly, he opened his mouth and rested the slice on his tongue before wrapping his lips around the head of the fork. The tiniest gasp floated through his head as he slid the fork from his mouth, coyly lapping his tongue against the tines and cleaning them of chicken and teriyaki sauce. By the time the black 'metal' was free of his lips, the breathing had turned much less suppressed and much more excited.

"Mmm," Albert said, smiling and giving the tines one more long, savory lick despite them being free of sauce. "Delicious."

*I-I'm glad you find it agreeable, M-Master*, Miska said, her words fluttering inside his head like butterflies fluttering inside a stomach.

"*Very agreeable, dear.*" Albert cut and skewered another slice and plopped it in his mouth, subtly pumping the fork back and forth as he slathered it in his saliva; he could almost see Miska squirming beside him as he proceeded to suck it clean.

After chewing and swallowing his mouthful of sauced chicken, he gently laid the fork on his plate and plucked up the black wineglass, gently

swirling the golden-white drink within. He brought the glass to his nose, pausing to sample its gingery scent before bringing the rim to his lips and taking a modest sip. The dry, apricot-esque taste was appealing, but nowhere near as pleasing as the moans that floated and swayed through his head—the blissful, feminine tone wavering in time with his flicking tongue as he ran it back and forth across the rim.

"Exquisite," Albert said, replacing the wineglass and doing his best to keep the laughter out of his voice. "I'm amazed we hadn't finish this all off on Saturday night."

*Y-You always were... ah... g-good with self-control, M-Master,* Miska said.

Albert couldn't help but chuckle at her word choice. Still, he valiantly kept a straight-but-concerned face as he turned towards his maid. "Is something the matter, dear?"

*N-Not at all, Master,* she said—and her omnipresent smile said the same thing—but the deepening navy blush on her face and the shivering feelers peeking out from under her skirt were telling an entirely different tale.

Nodding his head and offering a smile of his own, Albert turned back to his meal, carving up the chicken and ferrying the slices to his mouth one-by-one—the motions and sounds of his lips and tongue turning more lecherous with each bite. Miska's telepathic moans and mewls followed along, turning more breathy and unrestrained with every suck of his lips and lick of his tongue.

By the time Albert had mopped up the last of the teriyaki sauce with the last slice of chicken, Miska's barely-suppressed moans were so encompassing within his mind that he could almost feel her breath on his earlobe. After topping himself off with the last sip of white wine, he brought up his Miska-napkin and dabbed away the crumbs and saucy residue, giving the 'cloth' a tender kiss between each swipe. Meal complete, he pulled off the napkin and leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction, patting his belly through his dress shirt. "Delicious as ever, my Dear," he said with a lick of his lips. Grinning, he turned towards his maid. "Are you all set... for..."

Albert couldn't help but trail off after getting a good look at Miska. Her navy blush had gotten so full that if she had a normal skin tone she would have looked like she was choking, and her smiling lips were quivering just as hard as the rest of her body.

But it was the rest of Miska's body that really stole Albert's voice. The appendages slithering out from under her skirt were no longer wriggly feelers—they were large, bright violet, sucker-less tentacles that swayed in the air like charmed serpents. The hem of the skirt itself had melted down along with her feet, leaving her standing on a mass of dark purple goo that pulsated in time with her lustful breaths. Her self-made uniform reflected her desires and turned skintight: skirt outlining the curves of her ass and hips—blouse shrinking down to emphasize her healthy tits and stiffening nipples. Even her hair had changed, the single ponytail morphing into a pair of long, black pigtailed that looked perfect for handholds.

"Suggesting something, Dear?" Albert said, slowly pushing himself up out of his chair with a nervous chuckle.

The only answer he got—besides Miska's needy breaths—was a gentle, hypnotic chant sliding through his mind: *Join... Join... Join... Join...*

Albert smiled and nodded his head. "Well... shall we?" he said, voice shivering in time with his skin as Miska's words of needful love and desire echoed about his head. He walked forward, grabbing a handful of his lover's firm ass cheek through her skintight skirt and guiding her to the backroom, her tentacles lapping at his sides all along the way.

*'Patter, patter, patter'* went the rain on the pane in the back room. As Albert walked in with Miska clinging to his side, he flicked on the lights, filling the room with dim, incandescent light. This was the one room where candles were not allowed; thanks to the intensity of 'coupling,' it was a bad idea to have Miska focusing her powers on anything that wasn't directly in front of her during the deed, lest she accidentally burn down over a century's-worth of Rhode Island history.

*'Rumble, rumble, rumble'* went the thunder in the distance as Miska shut the door behind them and clacked the deadbolt in place with a flick of her tentacle. Albert knew it was just for show—they had 'coupled' enough for him to know that he (and his mind) were in no danger—but that didn't mean it wasn't an effective way of sending a thrilling chill down his spine.

*Does Maaaster have a preference toniiiight?* Miska said, pressing up behind Albert and hugging him tight—circling her soft, slender fingers just below his belly. Again, that tantalizing battery-on-the-tongue sensation spread through his body, coupled with the feeling of Miska's soft and wet chest squishing against his spine.

"N-No, just whatever's most comfortable for you," Albert said.

Miska giggled, sliding her tentacles up his legs and giving him an affectionate squeeze. *Okaaay...* A shadow extended from her mass, slithering across the floor towards the center of the room. Once a large puddle had formed, a piece of furniture rose up from the darkness. It was a bed—looking like a squat, oversized, obsidian medicine mortar overflowing with magenta plush pillows.

Albert smiled. "Something to remind you of home?"

*You did say 'comfortable,' Master,* Miska said, wiggling against Albert's back and urging him forward.

"That I did." Albert walked over to the bed, sitting on the edge after convincing Miska to pry herself from his back. She remained standing, looking down at him with her pale yellow eyes and knowing, cheek-to-cheek smile.

*Are you ready, Maaaster?* she said.

"Ready as I'll ever be," Albert said, spreading his legs and reaching down for his belt. But Miska gently laid her hands on his, shaking her head and somehow widening her smile.

*Allow meee,* she said, lowering herself to her 'knees' until her blushing face was level with her master's crotch. By then, her body had become so wracked with desire that the lines between her human form and eldritch form had become as blurred as the lines between madness and hysteria. Her face was no longer the only thing on her body carrying a pair of yellow eyes—her shoulders, her legs, her mass, even her hair was now able to stare up lovingly at Albert as she ran her hands from his thighs to his belt. A mouth bubbled up from the depths of her mass, licking its plump, purple lips as she unbuckled his pants and revealed the boxer-brief-wrapped package hiding inside.

Albert shivered, both at the physical feeling of Miska tenderly brushing his bulge through the fabric, and at the mental feeling of her adorable cooing.

*Aaaw... Master needs a little help, doesn't he?* she whispered, glancing up and rubbing her cheek against his thigh. Without waiting for an answer, she hooked her fingers on the top of his underwear and pulled them down, revealing his thick, soft cock. *Don't worry, Maaaster—I'll give you all the help you need... and mooore.*

Resting her hands on Albert's thighs, Miska edged forward and let her long, dark purple tongue loll out and drizzle drool on the head of his cock. The electrifying feeling of hot, eldritch saliva oozing down his shaft forced

him to brace himself on the pillows behind him, leaning back with a groan and clenching two handfuls of magenta plush in his fists. His hips trembled along with his voice as his grinning servant closed her eyes and wrapped her smooth, soft purple lips around his glans, slurping it up and letting his slowly hardening cock rest in the wet heat of her mouth.

*Thaaat's it Master*, Miska cooed, telepathy unhindered by the gently growing cockhead twitching on her tongue. *Let's get you all nice and big...* With a soft, unmuffled moan, she started bobbing her head—lewd, wet sucking noises sneaking past her lips as she drew and redrew Albert's dick between them. He closed his eyes and softly hissed between his teeth, his entire body trembling in the face of that electrifying sensation focused on his thickening cock. Miska amplified the sensation, swirling her tongue around his glans in a way that was too fast to be humanly possible.

Soon Albert's cock grew to the point where Miska had to use both her dainty hands to keep the meaty shaft steady as she suckled and kissed the head. She gently shook and twisted her fingers around it, making sure it was hard to her satisfaction before popping her lips off with a sloppy, kissing suck.

*Theeere!* Miska said, taking a moment to marvel at her handiwork with several of her glowing yellow eyes. Albert himself gave a shivering sigh of longing pleasure as he felt her drool cooling and drying on his cock. The noise drew up her gaze. Her smile widened. *Is Master ready?*

Albert nodded.

*How would you like to take me?*

Albert thought for a moment before smiling and slowly nodding his head. "To your liking, Miska. To your liking."

Miska's smile turned as wide as the oceans were deep. *Veeery weeell, Maaaster.*

She stood up, her smiling face calm but her body shivering and morphing in preparation for coupling. Her maid uniform had taken on a soaked texture as well being skintight, showing off her naked, dark violet body underneath. Her breasts had grown in size from one to two handfuls, her nipples poking through the fabric and looking like they would start leaking milk at any second. The front of her skirt parted completely, melting away and revealing a groin and thighs that looked wet enough to drown in.

*Please, Maaaster*, she whispered with a flash of her eyes, *lie back and relaaax.*

*I'll. Take. Care. Of. You.*

The buzz was back behind Albert's eye, and he was pretty sure it wasn't going away this time.

Another far-off strike of thunder marked the start of Miska's approach. Albert started as her mass reached his legs, the pile of fleshy goo pulling off his pants while it crawled up the side of the bed towards his lap. His servant rested a hand on his chest and gently pushed him onto his back as she rose along with her mass. With the dim light behind her, she turned into a curvaceous silhouette pockmarked with glowing yellow eyes, each one trained on either Albert's face, or his cock.

Towering above her master, Miska giggled, one hand resting on her cheek while the other hugged her breasts tight together. By then, her mass had cleared the floor and had Albert's lap and legs trapped beneath its soft, warm weight. He gulped, his cock gently swaying from side to side as his hips squirmed beneath the maid's restricting folds. His rational mind knew there was no danger, but the sight of his lower body almost completely submerged in Miska's mass was not something his fight-or-flight response could ignore. The intensifying electric sensation running up and down his body in time with the mass's gentle pulses wasn't helping either.

*Don't be scared, Maaaster,* Miska cooed, lowering herself onto her knees and gently resting her hands on Albert's stomach. *You know I would never hurt you, riiight?* She giggled again, slowly sliding her hands up his torso and unbuttoning his dress shirt along the way.

"R-Right," Albert said with a shaky nod and shakier smile. And he believed it—or rather, would remember believing it once the coupling was over. Right then, the buzz behind his eye was spreading to his mind—his rational mind—and intensified every second he spent looking into Miska's glowing, yellow, pupil-less, eyes—eyes that looked into infinity, and showed infinity when looked into. "Right," He whispered on a breath, barely feeling the cool air on his bare chest as his servant popped his last button free.

*Riiight.* Miska slid her hands to Albert's face, cradling his cheeks in her palms as her mass slid forward once more, smothering his groin and leaving his cock poking out of the top—right beneath her sopping wet pussy. *Maaaster?*

"Y-Yes?"

*Joooin with meee.*

With a sound like a walking stick being driven into wet, porous mud, Miska sank her thighs into her mass and slammed her hips on top of her master's, plunging his cock inside of her with one meaty thrust.

Albert's eyes went wide and he gasped along with Miska, throwing his head back and clenching his eyes shut as tears moistened the bottoms of his eyes. The sensation was simply too intense. The warmth, tightness, and moisture of her pussy mixed together with the buzz in his mind and the continuous battery-on-the-tongue feeling of her shifting skin on his lower body—it all combined into a overwhelming wave of mental and physical pleasure that wracked his mind and body like a raft in a monsoon.

Even Miska seemed unable to handle the first mental burst of the coupling. While her unbridled moans filled Albert's mind like an angel chorus in a cathedral, the bedding beneath him lost its cohesion, sprouting plump-lipped mouths and snaking feelers that kissed and caressed his body as she rolled and circled her hips around his cock.

*Aaahn... M-Maaaster!* Miska moaned, her first coherent thought shared since they began.

*M-Miska!* Albert said without moving his lips—his thoughts crossing the mental bridge their coupling had erected. But it wasn't just their thoughts: they shared their physical feelings as well. Every time Albert buried himself inside Miska's electrifying insides, he in turn felt the hot, filling pressure of his own thick cock, just as she felt the hot, wet vice of her own tight pussy.

The dual sensations doubled the already overwhelming pleasure to the point where Albert and Miska were nearly speechless, even with the help of telepathy. With their bodies too lost in fervent lovemaking to do anything more meaningful than grind against each other in a cacophony of panting breaths and slapping flesh, they relied on their minds—their *mind*—to share their intimacy.

Doing his best to focus his thoughts as his cock pumped in and out between Miska's puffy lower lips, Albert concentrated on an image of his beloved maid at work, highlighting everything he loved about her and beaming it to her half of their melded mind—her wide, knowing smile; her soft, spine-tingling giggle; her glowing, yellow eyes alight with affection.

Doing her best to focus her thoughts as her bed-body kissed and caressed Albert with her many mouths and tentacles, Miska did the same, concentrating on an image of her beloved enjoying her cooking, highlighting everything she loved about him and beaming it to his half of their melded

mind—his confident, carrying posture; his loving kisses on the cheek; his soft, intelligent eyes.

Albert drank up her love.

Miska drank up his.

A fresh batch of tears welled up beneath Albert's eyes as Miska's mental waves of affection washed over him like warm surf in a tropical bay. Through titanic effort, he threw his arms up and wrapped them around her slender waist, hugging her down tight to his chest as they ground against each other with frantic, rolling thrusts. The two of them were so close together it was nearly impossible to see where one ended and the other began, and they were only getting closer as their movements turned more frantic.

It was too much for Albert. The layers of electrifying pleasure worked on one hemisphere of his brain while Miska's angelic moans worked on the other—a joint team of stimulation that threatened to batter him until he was too feeble to stop himself from being pushed over the sheer cliffs of sanity, tumbling into an abyss of sensual delirium he would never be able to crawl out from. Behind his closed eyelids, he saw that cusp—that sheer drop—and peeking out over its craggily edge from the abyss beyond and below were two giant yellow glowing orbs of infinity. Burning. Staring. Beckoning.

Transfixed, Albert stepped forward, his rational mind buried underneath a mental blanket of overwhelming pleasure and lurid noise. Each step, another lapse of reason that brought him closer and closer to sanity's event horizon. Closer... Closer...

*No.*

Abruptly, the overwhelming sensations ceased. Albert stopped in place. Why? Why did he stop? Her eyes were calling for him...

*No, Allie darling. Those aren't mine.*

He felt her touch on his shoulder. Gently, she spun him around.

Miska stood before him, all prim and proper in her uniform and ponytail. With her cheek-to-cheek smile shining as bright as her eyes, she stood on her tiptoes and slid her hands around Albert's waist, drawing him close.

*We can't have you leaving like this, Master, she said. You still have so much left to create with that mind of yours.*

She eased her face forward, pausing with her lips centimeters from his.

*Come. Together now.*

She kissed him.

Albert's eyes shot open as he let loose a howl of pleasure perfectly harmonized with Miska's—the two of them squeezing tight together on top of the plush magenta cushions. His legs went stiff as he thrust up into her for the final time, nethers churning with pleasure as his first hot load gushed from his throbbing cock like something out of a deep sea vent. With their mental link still active, he could feel his own cum filling up his servant's insides, her thighs and hips shuddering as she moaned in time with the rush churning inside of her slick walls.

In the same moment, Miska clamped down atop Albert's dick, her pussy letting lose a torrent of juices that coated his groin with a slick, penetrating warmth. Body shivering, She collapsed down onto her master, every one of her tentacles going limp and every one of her mouths silently panting with blissful exhaustion. With one last sigh, she rolled to his side, wrapping her arms around him and holding him close as the mouths and tentacles sprouting from the bed slowly retracted, leaving them with a soft and smooth place to rest.

Within Albert's mind, the last of the echoes of their shared orgasm were fading away. As the afterglow faded along with them, a mental exhaustion took its place, leaving him feeling like he had just gone through a year's-worth of wind tunnel data with every report more conflicting than the last. Outside, the storm had passed on, leaving behind nothing but the soft *'tap, tap, tap'* of leftover droplets falling down from the trees outside. The soothing, rhythmic noise went well with his gentle breaths.

*Master?*

Albert glanced to the side, a weary but genuine smile on his face. "Yes, Dear?"

*Are you alright? Is your...*

"Yes, yes. I feel fine. My attic feels fine and"—he closed his eyes and chuckled—"my body feels absolutely wonderful."

Miska gave her trademark cheek-to-cheek smile. *Good.* With a mental yawn, she waved her hand above them and a black bed sheet snapped into existence, drifting down on top of them. Albert gave a yawn of his own as she drew the sheet tight, wiggling and snuggling against him before sending out a strand of shadow to go flick off the light.

With a click, darkness descended—the last, distant rumble of retreating thunder carrying both of them off to sleep.

*Goodnight, Master.*

"Goodnight, Miska."

"Mmmh... say, Miska..."

*Master?*

"Did you call me 'Allie,' somewhere in there?"

...

...

*Hmhmhm! You probably just mixed up your own wishful thoughts with mine, Master!*

"Yeah. Sure."

*Goodnight Master!*

"G'nite, Dear."