

SexQuest: The Harbinger

by Quixerotic

“Up until that moment, Elliot believed sex to be overrated. He’d masturbated more times than he could count. In high school and college, he’d known a few girls who had jerked him off or deigned to suck his dick. The relationships never progressed beyond that, at least that he remembered, and so Elliot came away with an idea of sex as something nice, but on the whole no better than a good bite of cake, or the scent of a spring breeze, or a warm bed on a cold morning. As he entered Janice, Elliot knew how fucking wrong he had been...”

Elliot worked as a low level IT tech in one of the least prestigious accounting firms in New York City. He lived in a small, over priced studio apartment in Brooklyn surrounded by other people roughly his age that all had competing senses of self importance and abject self loathing. Several facts could be shared as an introduction to how Elliot came to be in his apartment or his job or his state of self loathing, but none of them are very interesting. The span of his life until the day he saw the strange figure outside his apartment was incredibly, almost intentionally dull. But, it is important to note that Elliot thought himself to be a virgin. He was not, but only by virtue of what could be called an accounting error.

The saviors of humanity come in all shapes and sizes. Norman Borlaug made a special kind of wheat that could grow under easier circumstances while producing a higher amount of wheat grain. This in turn meant that more people had access to bread and other wheat products. According to the French, the accessibility of bread directly correlates with the number of beheaded people, a correlation which can be safely extrapolated to humanity en masse to say that more bread, or bread equivalents, meant more people. As a result of Borlaug's work, starvation, malnutrition, and regional conflicts over arable land all declined. Most experts agreed this was an improvement over famine and war. A few experts erratically pointed to graphs of exponential growth limits while shouting and throwing balled up papers full of equations at people, but the other experts pointedly ignored them as those other experts often ruined conversations by using math.

Borlaug received much praise for his work, but there are lesser known heroes as well. While Borlaug might have saved billions with his plant breeding fetish, Stanislav Petrov preserved the world through sheer lack of doing anything. When an early warning system didn't work, Petrov simply put his hands in his pockets and waited out the potential nuclear destruction of his home at the hands of five poorly targeted nuclear missiles. Petrov relied on a cold sense of logic in the face of oncoming devastation by posing the simple question of, "If America wanted to destroy the Soviet Union with nuclear weapons, why would they only *sort of* nuke us. That's not very American."

Elliot did not know anything about these men or understand how either affected him. When asked who his heroes were in grade school, he usually mimicked the answer of someone beside him in line. This typically worked by parroting back the name of an astronaut or an athlete. Occasionally, he slipped up and said his father, despite the fact that Elliot did not know his father, nor did Elliot's father know him. It's possible that, in those moments of teachers asking banal questions to ten year olds, Elliot really did look up to his father for the man's uncanny ability to be absent at a moment when he was expected to be present. At any rate, those lessons about heroes that were meant to show desirable traits the young students might replicate utterly failed Elliot, and he thrived in the opposite direction. He learned to obfuscate, avert responsibility, and claim the work of others.

These tools helped him well in his job. Elliot possessed a single, simple desire in life — to not be at work. He needed money to pay his rent and buy the things he wanted to play with while not at work. His job paid him in the fashion that kings once paid their wizards to divine the meaning of the stars. To the accountants, HR specialists, and suite level executives, Elliot

and his ilk were wizards. They practiced the dark arts of information technology. The good Puritan jobs held by the likes of Janice in HR should only suffer the arcane ways of the IT department through necessity and otherwise shun them. Elliot had never once been called to troubleshoot a computer without the owner of said computer proudly announcing that “I am not a computer person” or “I don’t do computers” each said with the same piety of decrying witches. These occasions caused Elliot the utmost frustration since the person who broke their workstation spent their free time playing on their phone, musing about the office temperature, and wondering how the stock market would perform. Another way of interpreting Elliot’s frustration, “the person who broke their computer started playing on a different computer, musing about the computer controlled temperature, and wondering about the great amalgamation of computers which decided how much money everyone had.”

This was Elliot’s life. Unconcerned with heroes or the great questions, he spent his time frustrated with work and desperate to return to his distractions. He kept his head down and did not go out of his way for trouble. In fact, he very often went considerably out of his way to avoid trouble. And left turns in high traffic, which are mostly the same thing.

One evening, as Elliot walked down his block toward home thinking back on his day and looking forward to the weekend. In the right light, Elliot looked like a creature out of a dark fairy tale, a spindly thing that might steal kittens for nefarious purposes. Fortunately, the right light was not fluorescent office lighting or direct sunlight, so on most occasions he looked rather unremarkable. Like most men his age, he mimicked a certain style. For work, he dressed in a slim cut suit with a skinny tie. He wore circular lensed glasses and had a short, well groomed beard. His physique matched this waifish style, He had a long, lanky frame with a narrow chest and spindly limbs. Often, he was told that he had the hands of a piano player, which he disagreed with having never touched a single ivory. On the evening in question, Elliot’s mood had been bolstered by a conversation earlier in the day with Marie, a pretty half Puerto Rican woman who also worked in the IT department. Elliot liked to recall that she was Puerto Rican because he considered it exotic, ignoring the fact that he’d lived in New York his entire life and Puerto Ricans were less exotic than Canadians.

Perhaps it was his good mood that made him notice. Across the street from his apartment steps, a man stood a few steps out of the street’s lamplight. Sinister characters were not unusual in the city. Elliot believed some people stood around looking menacing as a hobby, enjoying the feeling of making others uncomfortable. Most of those types of people wanted to be noticed. They loomed or lurked in as obvious a manner as possible until someone took issue with them, they had some kind of argument, and everyone went off with a new anecdote. The man across the street was not being conspicuous. As Elliot stopped to look at him, breaking the cardinal rule of how to deal with sinister characters in the city, the man looked away first. The stranger wore an over sized dark coat even though it was warm out and a wide brimmed hat even though President Kennedy’s flagrant aversion of hats had driven the hat from modern style. Elliot’s senses came back to him. He looked away and hurried into the apartment building. Later that night before bed, he peeked out of the window and saw the man quickly dart further into the shadows.

Elliot knew something was wrong and did the only sensible thing. He ignored it.

Elliot tossed and turned throughout the night. He dream of vast stretches of space filled with millions of planets. He could look down on them and see the mysterious stranger lurking in the shadows. The inhabitants of the planets looked human, but with distorted features which he couldn't exactly make out. Other strange creatures moved among them, seemingly equal parts of the society. As he soared over the eons of time and space, Elliot felt himself growing ever closer to some greater entity. Past dying stars and black holes, he came to a dead planet covered in tears in the fabric of reality. At the center of it all sat a man on a throne of silver and starlight. He held a scepter shaped...like a phallus. The closer Elliot looked, the more ludicrous the man appeared. The man's own cock stood up, rigid and throbbing, but he had no testicles. Instead the creature had the wet lips of a female, human vagina. Elliot realized the man was changing, constantly. The entity was in a state of flux between male and female and some others Elliot didn't understand. Every version was obscenely gratuitous with carved pecs and bulging forearms or mountainous breasts and a round bubble ass or throbbing stalks and shivering bulbs. Though at first it seemed human, as Elliot watched, the creature passed between other species as easily as it shifted gender. One moment feline, another lupine, and another serpentine. It unsettled Elliot further to realize he was not seeing human in the thing at all, but hominid. It changed into beings Elliot recognized from the planets he had passed. The being retained its size, the scepter, and a motley jester's hat, but everything else about it was impermanent.

The longer Elliot looked the more he saw. All around the throne, hordes of similar creatures arrayed themselves in troop formations. Their leaders waved phallic staffs and truncheons as they barked orders through whatever happened to be their mouth at the moment. A new tear in reality would appear and they would march through, sometimes by the hundreds and other times only a few. The ones that did not go away in a war march enjoyed the carnal pleasures of whatever species and gender they happened to be at the moment. Their ruler or god or whatever it was looked down on them with a bemused smile.

And then, it looked directly at Elliot and sneered. Millions of eyes turned towards the unwanted guest hanging in the nether space above this dark world. The creature rose to its feet as its legion of minions flocked up toward Elliot. The traveling human realized quickly that he had misjudged the creature's size. It was merely far away and growing closer as the distance of void between them vanished. It was enormous, the size of a planet itself, and it stretched out its hands to swat Elliot like an errant bug. Elliot felt a pull and the whole universe zipped past him. He awoke with a jolt and instantly forgot it all except for a lingering feeling that he'd seen something important.

On the other hand, Elliot had not forgotten the strange man lurking outside the night before and attributed his uneasy sleep to his mind's preoccupation with a possible threat. He also attributed his growing anxiety to thoughts of the man jumping out at him the second he stepped outside. And that's exactly what happened.

"Elliot. Elliot Yates."

“No thank you!” Elliot replied trying to keep moving.

“I need to speak with you. It is a matter of utmost importance!”

“Hang on, how’d you know my name?”

“From the book, of course.”

“Book? Sorry, what? Like a phone book?” Elliot slowed to a normal walk as the man strode easily beside him seemingly no matter his speed.

“No, not a damned phone book, the Arkitelig, Book of Names. Could you stop walking?”

Once again certain the man was some kind of lunatic, Elliot picked up his pace. “Akiwhat? Look, pal, I don’t need whatever you’re selling. I don’t know how you got my name, but unless you’re robbing me, I’m late for work.”

“Alright fine, I’m robbing you.”

Elliot came to a stop. “You can’t just decide to rob someone so they have to listen to you. You don’t even have a gun.”

“I have this.” The man reached into his jacket and pulled out an object shaped like an ice cream cone. The cone part looked to be made of wood while the the bit that made the ice cream shape was clear glass. The man brandished it with a sense of awe.

Elliot smiled and nervously walked off again, “That’s very nice. You should be careful with it though.” At the very least, the object could bludgeon someone, and the man believed it to be a weapon of some type.

“They are coming! You’ve had the dreams. We must prepare, and we’ve already lost so much time. You are Elliot Yates, and you bear the mark. They will come for you first.” The man no longer trotted after Elliot, but watched as he scurried away. Elliot muttered a last “thank you” before disappearing around the corner.

Obadiah returned the Eye to his coat pocket. The peculiar device hummed softly. Admittedly, it had been a bad plan. Mortals were never receptive when presented with the impossible. Obadiah walked over to the shadow of a building and found a comfortable spot against the wall. In seconds, he melded into the nothingness. He lowered the brim of his hat and crossed his arms. “A few hours,” he thought. “If he hasn’t been attacked by then, I’ll have to lure one to him.”

The appearance of a man yelling unintelligible words and waiving about phallic toys usually did not bother Elliot. He was a New Yorker, after all. But as he entered work and headed over to his cubicle, he was very shaken. The man knew his name. Elliot tried to think of how many people whose name he had learned in the city. A few coworkers, maybe one of his neighbors, the barista at the corner coffee shop, and his boss totaling about ten. He was surrounded by thirteen million people, and he knew none of their names. “Hey you!” and “Watch it, fuck face!” covered everyone else. Yet somehow the man outside his apartment had learned his name and inserted it into a wild conspiracy. Maybe it was all a ruse to cover plain old identity theft. The man might have been trying to trick Elliot into revealing some security question answer. “What’s your mother’s maiden name or the world ends!” Elliot took solace in the normal idea that his whole life was being stripped away from him with a discarded credit card mailer and some plucky on the ground research.

His desk phone rang. “IT, this is Elliot Yates,” he said into the receiver.

“Mr. Yates, this is Janice in Human Resources. How are you doing this morning? Can you come to my office, please?”

“If you’re having a problem with a computer, you need to submit a ticket, and we’ll address them in the order they’re placed.”

“Umm, no. Nothing like that. Our worker’s comp insurance has had an update, and we need everyone to sign a new policy. We can talk about it when you get here. Office 403.”

Bureaucracy was the perfect thing to take his mind off of his weird morning. He headed over to the elevator lobby and pressed the button for up. He hummed to himself as his mind drifted off to video games or when the next comic book movie was due out. The elevator dinged, and the doors rattled open. Elliot started to walk inside, but stopped when he saw what was within the small metal cube. A blonde woman with big tits was bent over in front of a harried man. Elliot knew the precise size of her breasts because they were naked and jiggling underneath her as the man fucked into her from behind. She moaned gratefully and man grunted in pleasure and disbelief at his current situation. Elliot blushed and looked away, but neither of the fucking couple acknowledged him in the least. The elevator dinged again and the doors closed. Elliot decided to take the stairs.

Elliot immediately regretted his decision to take the stairs. In his several years at the company, he had never taken more than a single flight from the first floor to the basement where he worked. As he turned to take the final flight up to the fourth floor, he bemoaned each and every inch of concrete keeping him from his goal. He thought he should mention the couple having sex in the elevators to Janice as it did not seem to be very ethical behavior, but guessed she would tell him that he would need to file a form to be addressed in the order in which it was received.

He tried not to think about the woman’s body. While the man had looked like the normal type of office schlub Elliot believed himself destined to become, the woman looked absolutely

gorgeous. She had a pretty, kind face even as it scrunched up in pleasure at the feeling of being fucked in an elevator. Her breasts were full and soft in color, with pink round nipples. Her back arched in that particular form that comes hardwired in the male brain to evoke arousal, and the globes of her full ass shook gently with each thrust. The scene played over and over in Elliot's mind as he trekked up the stairs except that the man could easily be replaced with a vision of himself.

After arriving on the fourth floor, he wandered around looking for 403. Like his floor, the main area of the fourth was covered with cubicles. Unlike the IT department, the HR department's cubicles were filled to the brim with beautiful people. The men and the women all looked like super models. The women had full, upthrust breasts, the men had broad strapping chests, and all of them had perfect hair. They smiled at Elliot as he walked through and then turned their attention back to their computer screens, but Elliot soon realized that none of them were actually doing anything. A few pretended to be on the phone having conversations like, "The dog postulates herring canned air microphone the spoon lamp picture." Elliot tried not to judge, but even for people who hated their job, this was unusual.

He knocked on the door of Janice's office, and she called for him to enter. As he opened the door, Elliot finally decided that something usual was definitely going on. Janice sat on top of her desk. She wore a corset and fishnet leggings with stiletto boots. Also, she looked nothing like Janice from HR in that she was not a middle aged, overweight woman with long red fingernails, but instead was a thin waisted, wide-hipped, plump-lipped bombshell with normal sized well manicured fingernails. Deep red, curly locks shook slightly as she smiled at Elliot. Not knowing what else to do, he stepped into the office and closed the door behind him. Meanwhile, Janice seductively spread her legs, showing off her supple thighs and her barely covered nethers.

Elliot cleared his throat, "You wanted to see me?"

"Oh yes," Janice replied, her voice breathy and warm. "I've been positively aching to see you, Elliot."

"You look good!" he replied. "Lost some weight, I think."

"Don't be coy, Elliot. Don't you like the new me? My big, milky tits..." She stood up and turned around, bending over to a ninety degree angle to allow the supple flesh of her bottom to press through the gaps in the stockings, "...or my big round ass?"

Elliot did like what he saw. He thought it best not to mention that. "Janice, I had no idea you thought of me like this, but I'm not sure this is appropriate for the office."

"I'll show you what's not appropriate for the office." She pulled a string above her hip and the corset fell away, allowing her breast to spill into view. "Don't you want to touch them. Can't you imagine them in your mouth? Your tongue flicking over the nipple as you suck on my big fat titties?"

Elliot backed away as she walked to him. “Is this some kind of elaborate test?”

It was, but not by Janice.

She reached out and grabbed the stiff rod jutting out from Elliot’s pants. “Not a test. I just want you inside me. I want you to fill up my hot, tight cunt with your cum. Can you do that for me? Please?”

“Oh god yes,” Elliot finally relented.

Janice dropped down in front of him into a squat. She quickly opened his pants and pulled out his cock. She smiled to herself, confident in her victory. They had warned her that Elliot would be difficult to conquer, that he possessed an unidentifiable quality which alarmed her leaders. Yet here he was, just like all the other men, ready to fuck away his humanity and fall before the coming might of her god.

Elliot groaned as her hot mouth slipped over his stiff and aching cock. The whole thing was too surreal to comprehend. This porn version of Janice bobbed her head up and down on his shaft while her tongue slithered along underneath, stretching far enough to lick his balls as she bottomed out on his cock. For the first time in his life, he considered his dick wasn’t long enough to please a woman since Janice clearly wanted to swallow his entire cock and more. The sensation was amazing. Her hands moved up to squeeze and massage his balls, urging them to produce more and more cum. She pulled away from him with a wet slurp. “Oh you like that? You like me sucking your cock? Don’t you want to cum in my hot little mouth? Or on my face? Spray your cum all over my face and make me your cum soaked whore? Please?”

“Uh...can I fuck you instead?” Elliot was never one to be very commanding in bedroom scenarios. As previously mentioned, he believed himself to be a virgin.

“Mmm, is that what you want baby? Do you want to look at my ass while you fuck me? Do you want to play with these big, fat titties while you cum inside me? That’s what I want. I want to feel your cock in me, filling me up, making me cum around it.”

Janice stood up and bent over, displaying her wonderfully perfect ass for him. Elliot’s dick had never been so hard. He couldn’t understand why he hadn’t cum at the sight of her, let alone after her expert ministrations with her mouth. He watched as she pulled down the fishnets, until her perfect ass jiggled and her pussy was free. She took his hand and guided to her hips. Elliot’s finger dug into the soft flesh, and he groaned. He’d touched women before, but never so intimately and never in such a satisfying way. His cock pushed against her ass and he instinctively repositioned himself. The head of his dick pressed into warm, wet lips.

Until that moment, Elliot believed sex to be overrated. He’d masturbated more times than he could count. In high school and college, he’d known a few girls who had jerked him off or deigned to suck his dick. The relationships never progressed beyond that, at least that he

remembered, and so Elliot came away with an idea of sex as something nice, but on the whole no better than a good bite of cake, or the scent of a spring breeze, or a warm bed on a cold morning. As he entered Janice, Elliot knew how fucking wrong he had been.

Her pussy felt like warm velvet designed specifically for him. The heat of it drove him wild. His hands pushed harder into her hips. He stopped believing in anything other than the feeling of her wrapped around his dick. If he concentrated, he could feel her pussy contracting around him, urging him to cum inside of her. He pulled out, the absence of her wet heat just as thrilling until he pushed back inside of her again. “Yeah, baby, fuck me.” She encouraged him. Her own hands went to her breasts to squeeze and tweak her nipples. She too, loved the feeling of having a cock inside her. It was all she lived for, the gnawing hunger for sex driving her mad until it was finally, temporarily sated. She loved how much Elliot gave himself to her. He hunched over, curving his body around hers, trying to touch her as much as possible. He kissed her neck and then leaned back, being driven once again by pure instinct. As much as he loved the feeling of being inside her, something motivated him to fuck. Sliding in and out of her created a new type of pleasure, a building sense of urgency within him. The immediate delight of slipping inside her wet cunt was pulled away and the only way to keep the heavenly sensation was to saw in and out of her.

The wet smack of flesh against flesh filled the small, windowless office. His balls sagged and slapped forward against Janice’s pussy. She reached between her legs to take hold of the swinging sack and tug. Elliot took handfuls of her ass and squeezed, not understanding why that should give him pleasure but loving it more than he’d loved anything in his life. Janice’s own body tensed in anticipation. For every bit of mind boggling ecstasy simply entering her had given Elliot, she knew it was but a fraction of what she would feel when the first rope of cum sprayed inside of her. She loved her thralls and happily awaited Elliot joining their ranks. His delicious cock would make a nice addition to her horde.

“Oh, I’m gonna...ughh...” Elliot moaned. He tried to pull out of her, the bubble of pure pleasure suddenly spiked on a needle that represented the idea of pregnancy. He realized with shocking clarity how deeply that lesson had been put in his psyche as he fully considered pulling out and leaving the room rather than cumming in Janice. She ended his moral dilemma for him and slammed back onto his cock, her hips rocking quickly, urging him to cum with all of her tricks. The stimulation was too much. He let go of her hips and leaned back as she fucked him, her ass wobbling deliciously in front of him. Elliot felt it rushing up from the root of his cock and pushed forward, driving himself in to the hilt and erupting inside of her. “Ahhhhhhnnng!”

Janine’s body tensed and went rigid. She shook as orgasm tore through her body. For as long as she could remember, which in the sense of time was both forever and since the previous Tuesday, the command of her god rang in her head, yet as Elliot emptied himself inside of her, that voice went quiet. She cried out in ecstasy, squeezing her tits with one greedy hand while massaging her clit with the other. His cum leaked out around his shaft, sliding down her leg. He tried to pull out, but again she leaned back against him. She didn’t want to be parted from the feelings he had given her.

“I really think we should get cleaning up now.” Elliot said. His senses returned and he realized what he’d done was very much against the rules.

He slid out of her. Janice fell forward onto her hands and knees. She turned around and quickly sucked his cock into her mouth. Her tongue bathed over him, cleaning every drop of cum from his shaft and teasing out the final dollop from the head. It was her only purpose now. She looked up at him ruefully. “What have you done? You were supposed to be mine! You should be licking me clean! Eating my ass! Drinking your own cum from my cunt.” Remembering that she a heavy store of his delicious spunk leaking down her thighs, her hand dove between her legs to scoop up his seed and bring it to her mouth.

“I...uh...better go.” Elliot was once again terrified. Despite her beauty and the strange sexual appeal of watching a woman fervently consume his cum, Elliot was very uncomfortable in the situation. He started to pull up his pants while Janice was distracted.

“Master? Where are you going?” she asked in a monotone, dead voice.

“Uh....just going to slip out for a bit. Grab an energy drink.”

“I’ll come with you.” She rose to her feet, but did nothing to cover herself.

“No, no! You wait here. I won’t be gone long.” He backed to the door.

“I will wait here for you, Master. I think you will be a good master. You will give me more of your delicious cum if I’m good and wait here. I’ll spend my time deciding to have it in my mouth or in my pussy. Maybe my ass.”

“That’s great. You do that. I’m gonna —” He ducked out and closed the door behind him. The office floor was bedlam. All of the beautiful men and women he’d seen as he walked in had abandoned any pretense. Women had men pinned to the floor, riding their cocks or their mouths. Others were bent over desks getting fucked hard and shaking whole cubicles. One woman bounced between two men, a cock in both holes and her head thrashing about in pleasure. Elliot watched for a moment and then broke into a run for the elevator.

The sounds of the impromptu orgy faded behind him as he rapidly pushed the button for down. “I’ll just go sit at my desk. No one will know I was here. I can go into the phone logs and pull Janice’s call. This is all going to work out.” Elliot was the type of person to whistle while walking through a dark, haunted forest as if a cheerful noise would keep the wolves at bay.

The elevator dinged, and Elliot prepared himself to see another couple screwing their brains out. Instead, the stranger from outside his apartment waited inside giving off the impression that he’d not arrived in the elevator, but been in that space as the elevator arrived around him. Obadiah grinned and said, “Are you ready to listen now?”