

## ***Horny Hieroglyphics (Inanimate/Lewd Graffiti TF)***

The great stone doors groaned like a dead man's final gasp as they swung open, spilling sand into the hall.

As the opening grew wider, so too did the smile on Professor Jones's face. Grinning, she raised her torch and took an impatient step forward, her gigantic breasts straining against the blouse of her explorer's outfit. Twenty years. For twenty years, she'd been waiting for this, ever since she'd been an undergraduate at the University of Hull. Now she was finally going to get her just reward.

Not everyone in the team was as excited about the prospect as Professor Jones, however. Nearby, her favorite student shuffled uncomfortably on the spot, trying to focus on the strange writing that covered the door's frame. Susan had spent almost a full day sitting out here trying to translate it before giving up, but she might as well have been reading Linear A. She *had*, working backward from the local languages, managed to make a guess as to the phonetic content of the symbols, but the words they produced were unrecognizable: they weren't Egyptian, modern or ancient. They weren't Greek, they weren't Latin, and they *certainly* weren't English.

**Fgbc! Ab fnyrf! Ab fheirlf! Ab pnainffvat! Ab pbyq pnyyf! Ab rkprcgvbaf! (Hafbyvpvgrq pngnybthrf jvyv or erplpyrq.)**

She could only hope they weren't some kind of warning...

As she returned her eyes to the beginning of the inscription, Susan felt something distinct from the general anxiety she'd been suffering since they'd arrived: the undeniable sense that a man's eyes were on her ass. Flicking a look over her shoulder, she shuddered to see one of the local helpers they'd recruited gazing at her. Tugging down her soft beige skirt, she tried to ignore him—her generous rear had been receiving attention since high school, but these locals were especially unsubtle about it. She would have complained, if she and the Professor weren't reliant on their aid.

After several tense, the doors finally struck the walls, shaking the entire tomb and spilling sand from the bricks above. Susan shivered as some landed on her shoulders.

As the local laborers let their ropes fall slack, all eyes turned to Professor Jones. For a moment she stood, still as one of the statues carved into the walls, the flames of her torch flickering on her smile. "Here we go," she said at last. "We're in. ...Coming, Susan?"

Susan snatched her attention away from the inscription with a gulp. "Coming, ma'am." She scurried after her. Sand swirled around her feet.

The Professor raised her torch high as she passed through the tomb doors, letting its flames illuminate her hidden angle of the chamber beyond. It seemed, on initial inspection, to be rather small, or at least no larger than any of the pyramid's outlying corridors, which were more of the cramped and twisting type than spacious. But this...

It took Susan's mind a second to process what she was actually seeing. The chamber before them seemed to sprawl endlessly into the darkness, so large their torches could barely reveal a percent of it. The walls stretched off into the distance like two great cliff-faces, while a grid of titanic pillars rose to support the ceiling hidden above. Neither it nor the far wall were remotely visible. And between them...

"Incredible," said Professor Jones, taking a confident step forward. "It's like nothing I've ever seen."

Artwork filled the chamber. Statues and vases, figurines and effigies. Every inch of the pillars and the walls—hell, even the blocks of the floor—had been covered with bas-reliefs too. It was like walking into some kind of ancient Egyptian art gallery.

Only... it wasn't *just* art. Every item in the chamber, from the statues to the reliefs on the walls, shared one thing in common. One single, undeniable thing:

They were unbearably fucking horny.

Bending down, Professor Jones stroked the stone breast of the slab beneath her. It depicted a woman lying on her back with her legs spread and her arms raised, as if she'd been flattened into the floor. Her eyes were half-rolled back in their sockets and her fingers raised in v-signs—she looked a little like a snapshot of a girl taken in the middle of a party, minus the fact she was naked. "Incredible," she said. "We've always thought the Mori Dynasty was so... chaste. But maybe we were wrong. Maybe they were just hiding it all away instead. Down here." She gestured, looking like she'd found the lost city of Atlantis. "They certainly won't be able to put any of *this* out on the floor of the Museum."

Susan couldn't help but suppress a shiver. In some strange way, the chamber reminded her of her younger brother's 'bedroom'. Last she'd seen him, he'd been living in their parents' basement, where he'd plastered the walls with posters of his favorite anime girls in lewd poses and covered half of the floor with figurines that weren't much better. Oh God, and don't even get her started on the *tissues*...

Professor Jones marched on, her boots smacking the faces and breasts and vaginas of the slabs beneath her. Susan hurried to keep up—she really didn't want to be left alone in a place like this.

The local helpers followed behind them, taking the chance to observe their asses bouncing in their pants. The erotic artwork filling the chamber didn't seem to interest them—they barely passed it a glance, as if they'd seen all of it before.

They marched deeper into the chamber, their torches flickering as they slipped between statues of women fingering themselves and busts with emphasis on the 'bust'.

"Interesting," said Professor Jones, as they walked. "The farther we travel into the chamber, the denser the placement of the artwork seems to become. What do you make of that, Susan?"

Susan had been busy studied one of the giant pillars, searching its enormous girth for clues to the tomb's mystery, but the Professor's question snapped her back to reality. "Um. Well, perhaps the, ah, objects..." She stepped over a tiny figurine of a woman with a horsecock longer than its arms. "...Were placed around some sort of central feature? Maybe an idol? Or a shrine of some kind?"

"Interesting," said the Professor, pausing to examine a bas-relief of a young woman mounting the world's largest dildo. "So you think it's merely a matter of space?"

"Or perspective, possibly," said Susan. "Perhaps they wanted as much of the artwork as possible to be visible from the center."

"Hmm." The Professor raised her torch with a frown. "Well, it seems we'll be finding out the answer sooner rather than later. I believe we're coming up on something now."

Susan paused, intending to stand up on her tiptoes—the forest of statues and vases made it impossible for her to see clearly.

Naturally, one of the local laborers took the chance to slam into her—she leapt forward with a squeak as the bulge of his crotch nuzzled her cheeks, almost knocking over a statue of a girl giving head in the process. "Don't do that!" she snapped.

The young man who'd bumped into her raised his hands deferentially, though he didn't bother to hide the smirk on his face. She threw him a scolding look and marched on, huffing.

By the time she caught up with the Professor, the center of the room revealed itself. In the center of the chamber, *surrounded* by an impenetrable wall of female statues entangled in a giant lesbian orgy, stood a large dais. In the center of *it* stood a sarcophagus. Or, at least, that's what Susan assumed it was. If it was, it was certainly the strangest sarcophagus she'd ever seen: enormous and gold, it had been shaped to resemble a man, reclined, as a woman bounced on his cock. Susan couldn't help but blush—she felt as if she'd walked into a couple's bedroom and caught them going at it.

For almost a full minute, she and the Professor simply stood staring at it. "Well," said the Professor at last. "There's no use simply standing here. Let's get a closer look." She marched off, approaching the thorny circle of the sandstone orgy as if she planned to join it. After a moment of hesitation, Susan hurried to catch up, the smack of her boots echoing through the chamber.

On the pillars, the bas-reliefs danced in the torchlight.

The Professor clambered over the ring of statues as if it were nothing more than a chain-link fence, but Susan had to pause before she made the attempt. Looking down, she found herself standing over a woman on her back, her legs spread to allow another to eat her out. Her *own* mouth was wrapped around another statue's teat, sucking hard. It looked shockingly lifelike.

Moving as carefully as she could, she raised a foot and placed it on the statue's other side. But as she went to hop the other one across, her bottom-heavy body displayed an uncharacteristic sign of imbalance. With a squeal, she dropped, landing buttocksfirst on a pair of stone fingers that seemed to have been specifically posed to catch her as she fell. Pushing through her skirt and her panties, they slipped into her crack and would have poked into her anus itself if she hadn't shot into the air in shock.

As she landed, clasping her ass and shivering, the Professor turned back and cocked an eyebrow at her. "Susan, what exactly are you doing?"

"N-nothing," said Susan, rubbing her butt. That was a close one—she'd come dangerously close to losing her anal virginity there. Putting it behind her (poor choice of words?), she hurried up onto the dais next to the Professor.

"Help me remove the lid," said the Professor, placing her hands on the sarcophagus's sides.

"E-eh?" For some reason, Susan found the idea strangely terrifying. "Why would we do that?"

"To see what's inside, of course." The Professor seemed to think it was obvious.

Susan shivered. "Shouldn't we at least wait until the rest of the team get here? So we can do a proper examination? We wouldn't want to risk contaminating it."

The Professor rolled her eyes so hard it made her tits wobble. "Please, Susan, be realistic. It's a thousand-year-old sarcophagus. Nothing we find inside it is going to suffer just because we took a little peek at it."

Susan swallowed. "I don't know..."

"Don't worry," said the Professor, grinning wider than ever. "I'll take full responsibility." Placing her hands on the sarcophagus's lid, she started to push. After a moment, Susan joined her. The great golden sculpture groaned as it slid slowly from its base.

Smoke, thick and pink, started to seep out of the gap.

Susan leapt back, instinctively covering her mouth, but the Professor kept her hands on the lid and pushed and pushed until there was a large enough gap to look through. The strangely-colored smoke billowed out of the sarcophagus like gaseous cotton candy, flowing in thick plumes towards the ceiling and making it all but impossible to see what was inside. Covering her own mouth, the Professor used her torch to waft it aside. Susan could only hope the stuff wasn't flammable.

Finally, after several minutes, the smoke died down, as if whatever secret fire were fuelling it had finally gone out. Removing her hand from her face, the Professor sniffed the air and took a curious step forward, peering into the coffin. Susan hovered behind her, too afraid to step forward. "Wh-what's in there?"

“Nothing,” said the Professor, smile drooping into a frown. “It’s completely empty.”

“Empty?!” cried Susan. She threw herself forward and took a look inside: sure enough, the sarcophagus was completely barren. There weren’t even any ashes from whatever had been burning. “How can it be empty?”

Behind them, the strange pink smoke rose, coiling around a pillar like an octopus’s tendril.

“That’s a very good question,” said the Professor. “Perhaps this tomb is even older than I assumed. The mummy must have had time to disintegrate completely.”

“But...” That didn’t sound right to Susan, but she couldn’t articulate exactly why.

Still frowning, the Professor stepped back from the coffin and looked around. “Perhaps we were a little hasty rushing in here without any proper preparation. Come on, Susan,” she added, making her way back to the ring of sex statues. “Let’s leave and fetch our equipment. I’m sure the tomb will last until we return.” She hopped over the fence with remarkable ease for a woman of her curves.

“Coming!” cried Susan. She paused at the ring and hopped delicately over it, taking care not to lose her balance this time.

Gathering their helpers, the two of them made their way back in the direction of the entrance, taking care not to knock over any slutty sculptures in the process. As they reached the halfway point, however, they heard something that almost knocked *them* off their feet:

A great thud, as if someone had dropped a giant slab of stone. Or two of them, even. Sweat began to bead on Susan’s head; she turned to the Professor with a look of utter horror. “That... That can’t have been the...?”

As one, their eyes turned in the direction of the entrance.

Without waiting to respond, the Professor broke into a run, rushing through the lewd statues and vases as if she no longer cared about damaging them. Susan hurried behind her, taking considerably more care not to knock anything over. *She* didn’t have tenure yet.

She didn’t actually have to reach the doors to figure out what had happened. She’d already suspected from the start, of course, and seeing the Professor simply standing there, clearly frozen in thought, was the final confirmation. They were trapped.

“Wh-what do we do?” she cried, ready to fall to her knees.

The Professor stroked her chin with a frown. “Don’t despair,” she said. “We got those doors open once—it should be trivial to open them again.”

“But we don’t have the ropes!”

"True, but then we're on the opposite side of them now, aren't we? We should simply be able to push them open." Turning, she snapped her fingers. "You," she said, jerking her head at their aides. "Help us push these open." She always said 'help', even when she expected someone else to do the work for her.

Their guides exchanged a look—if being trapped in this timeless tomb scared them at all, they weren't showing any sign of it. Frankly, they looked as if they'd been in this situation a hundred times before.

For a second, the group simply stood there, exchanging a look Susan didn't quite understand. Then one of them shrugged and made his way to the doors—the rest of them followed shortly behind him. Soon, the six young men had their hands on the gate, three to a door, their muscles straining and slick with sweat as they pushed and pushed and—

Susan's heart beat a little faster with every failed bout of effort. No matter how hard the six men pushed, the doors didn't seem to budge at all. It was like they were barred from the other side.

After ten minutes of this futile effort, the leader of the group—the same one who'd bumped into Susan's behind—stepped back and shook his head. "I'm sorry, professor," he said, sounding truly, truly aggrieved, "I am afraid it does not appear to be working."

The Professor worked her jaw in irritation. "Very well then," she said, turning and striding away. "In that case, we'll simply have to find *another* means of escape." She spread her hands, gesturing vaguely all around them. "There must be more than *one* way into this chamber."

Susan wished she could feel half as confident.

With the Professor leading the way, the eight of them set off again. As they marched through the statues and the vases, Susan couldn't help but keep looking over her shoulder, expecting to see something behind her, but all she found were the familiar faces of their helpers.

Above, the pink smoke slithered around the pillars like a serpent searching for a juicy mouse.

\*

They spent the next hour trailing the left wall of the chamber, desperately searching for another door, a hidden passage, even a crack they could slip through. But no matter how far they walked, they failed to find anything. The tomb might as well have been lined in solid steel.

It would have been bad enough if the walls were bare, but they bore the same erotic art as the rest of the chamber: women, naked, their legs splayed and intertwined in lesbian orgies—where they weren't being screwed by the shadowy figures of silhouetted men. It was almost as if the tomb were trying to taunt them.

“Cheer up, Susan,” said the Professor, as they crossed the one-hour mark. “It’s not as if we’ll be stuck in here much longer.”

“What makes you say that?” asked Susan, who wasn’t feeling *half* as optimistic.

“Think about it,” said the Professor. “Even if we might be strangers in this land, our guides are all locals. They have friends, families... People who’ll inevitably come to search for them when they fail to return home. And when they do, they’ll find the tomb, and they’ll be able to force the gate open from the outside. All we have to do is wait and listen for the sound of the doors.” She inspected a bas-relief of a woman wiggling her ass. “Not that I wouldn’t mind getting out of here before then, of course. These images are beginning to annoy me.”

Susan rubbed her arm and said nothing.

The next few minutes passed in silence as the two of them nurtured their fading hopes of escape. But before anyone could sink into *complete* despair, they found something that brought them to a halt for an entirely different reason.

“Now, isn’t that interesting?” said the Professor, cocking her head. “This part of the wall is blank.”

Susan studied the segment of the wall she was looking at: sure enough, it was entirely empty, a smooth slab devoid of any woman, erotic or otherwise. “Perhaps they didn’t have time to finish it?” she said, though that didn’t sound especially convincing even to her.

The Professor shook her head too. “If that were the case, why is the rest of the wall complete?” She pointed out the sea of female flesh depicted nearby. “The art would have been finished *before* the panel was installed, not after. So why would they install a *blank* panel?”

Susan shook her head. “I don’t know.”

The Professor remained with her eyes locked on the wall. “It’s almost as if it were—”

A crash of shattering porcelain rolled through the tomb. Susan and the Professor turned to see that one of the locals had knocked over a vase, scattering its lewd pieces all across the floor.

The Professor put her hands on her hips with a scowl. “Honestly,” she said. “You lot should take more care. This is *your* heritage we’re dealing with.” She shook her head. “Susan, help them collect those pieces. Perhaps if we bring them back to the Museum, we can have them reassembled.”

Susan nodded and hurried off.

The Professor, meanwhile, turned her attention back to the wall. The vast slab of smooth beige sandstone seemed somehow like a liquid. Like a mud bath she could slip her feet into.

She actually raised her hands as if to plant them on the wall, but at the last second some primal instinct seized her. She snatched them away with a frown, feeling a little uneasy. For all her interests in mummies and tombs, Professor Jones wasn't even slightly superstitious. The pharaonic curses were a Victorian myth, not a reality. And even if the ancient Egyptians *had* intended to curse their unwanted guests, *magic wasn't real*. She had nothing to be afraid of, and yet...

Wisps of pink smoke coiled around her ankles.

There was something about this blank wall panel that was off. She couldn't put it into words exactly what it was, but it simply wasn't natural. It was almost as if it were waiting for something...

Hands on her back, pushing her forward. Professor Jones tried to scream, but she could barely even open her mouth before her head struck the sandstone and passed through it as if it were water. One moment she was in the open air of the tomb, the next she was drowning in a deep, beige ocean.

As she sank, thrashing and squirming, into its depths, she squealed and fought to swim back to the surface, but the substance of the wall was both as fluid as water and as sticky as tar. She couldn't get a grip on it, but the same time, it refused to release its grip on her.

Just as she thought she'd drown (or be smothered, or whatever the term was for running out of breath in a block of solid stone), something approached from her sides. Tickling her, it wrapped around her limbs, wrapped around them and squeezed tight, before wrenching them apart and exposing everything between them. She squealed again, but she couldn't escape them—whatever they were, they were as solid as stone.

As she struggled, the mysterious tentacles suckered to her explorer's outfit and tore it from her with a terrifying *rrrip*. She thrashed, her eyes wide in panic, as another one of them unhooked her bra and yet another pulled down her panties, exposing every inch of her curvaceous body.

No sooner had her breasts left her bra than a tentacle wrapped around one and squeezed it, fat slipping through its coils. Jones screamed, throwing back her head in a wild moan of ecstasy. It felt far better than it possibly should. Far better than anything she'd ever felt.

Another one of the stony tentacles wrapped around her other breast, gripping it just as tightly as the first. She screamed again, her entire body throbbing and pulsing with ecstasy now, an orgasmic inferno burning in her core.

As if annoyed by the sound, one of the tentacles filled her mouth, forcing its way down her throat and stifling her moans of protest in the process. She would have choked, but it didn't seem to be a possibility. Instead, the farther inside her the tendril slipped, the greater the pleasure of having her mouth filled became.

Even as she adjusted to this first tentacle, another one slid through her open legs and tickled her labia. She slammed her eyes tight and thrashed, shivering in pleasure, but she couldn't

pull away before it drew back and thrust, slamming deep, deep inside her. Filling her sex like one of the chamber's pillars, it spread her vagina wide as it disappeared deep.

Just as suddenly, something started to tickle her asscheeks. She had a moment of warning as it probed her crack and then, without further fanfare, it slammed between them and disappeared into her anus. Professor Jones squealed, shaking in pleasure, as it wormed its way deep into her ass, so deep she worried it would spring out of her lips as well. She wanted to scream, but the tentacle in her mouth made it impossible.

Dissatisfied with simply penetrating her, the tentacles soon went one step farther... Wiggling even deeper, they thrust, building up speed with every pump till they were working her like pistons. She squealed, screwing up her eyes and choking on the pleasure as the flame in her gut grew greater and greater, and at last—

\*

Sweeping up the last of the shattered vase, Susan dropped it into her bag with a sigh. "There," she said, stepping back. "Now there's a chance we can repair it."

The man who'd been helping her shrugged, as if it didn't matter to him in the slightest. None of the others seemed especially interested either. In fact, they seemed entirely focus on the Professor and her strangely blank wall (or, more likely, on her jiggling rear). Susan tried to ignore it.

Just as she'd finished checking they hadn't missed a piece, she heard a stifled scream from the Professor. She whirled, ready to rush to her mentor's aid, but to her horror, she found her missing. "Pr-Professor?" There was no sign of her whatsoever.

Heart pounding in shock, she spun to the guides. "What happened? Where did she go?" As one, they shook their heads. "Weren't you watching her?!"

Seeing she wasn't going to get any answers from them, she rushed to where the Professor had been herself, looking around as she ran in case she was hiding nearby. She wasn't, at least as far as Susan could tell, though the plentiful statues and other works of art offered plenty of places to hide. Reaching the wall, she slammed to a stop and looked around, but there was no sign of the Professor anywhere. Where could she possibly have gone? She couldn't have just disappeared!

She realized the guides were staring at her. Hungrily, actually. It made her shiver a little. Just as she was about to tell them to stop, she realized she was wrong: they weren't looking at her, they were looking past her. At the wall...

She turned. And saw. The sandstone... As she watched, her eyes widening in terror, the stone of the wall rippled like water, and from its solid depths rose...

Susan leapt away from the wall with a gasp, covering her mouth.

From the solid depths of the wall rose the Professor, naked, thick pink tentacles coiled around her limbs, spreading them wide. One filled her mouth; another couple disappeared between her legs. And though they didn't move, they gave the impression of thrusting, thrusting hard. The Professor's eyes were rolled back in pleasure, her face flushed.

Like the other pictures decorating the chamber's walls, this one was mostly two-dimensional. But, like many of the others, it made an exception: the Professor's breasts remained as big and firm as ever, poking out of the wall as if through a convenient gap. Only the fact they were hard to the touch told you any different.

For several seconds, Susan simply stood there, her eyes wide in shock.

Then, without further thought, she turned and ran for the entrance.

\*

Susan sprinted for the gate, her heart pounding, her face slick with sweat, her feet smacking against the erotically-slabbed floor.

Reaching the entrance, she raised her hand and pounded hard on the door. "Help!" she cried. "Help! Let us oooooout!"

Her cries went unheard.

When she turned back, their guides were waiting behind her, looking as unflappable as ever. Being trapped in the tomb didn't seem to have fazed them at all.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "Help me!" They looked at her like she'd gone insane.

Throwing up her arms in frustration, she rushed past them. If the door wouldn't open for them, she *had* to find an alternative exit—she clearly couldn't afford to wait around for rescue, not when people were being sucked into walls and turned into erotic art! She had to get out of here!

Heart thudding, she rushed back through the chamber, barely even caring to avoid the statues now. Some wobbled as she brushed them, but mercifully none toppled. The thought that some of them might be people as well, made her want to—

She reached the sarcophagus with its ring of stony concubines and froze as a terrifying realization passed through her like lightning. Weren't the pharaohs meant to take their servants with them to the grave? What if...? Oh God... She ran on, trying to not imagine an eternity as orgiastic stonework.

By the time she reached the far side of the chamber, her legs had started to feel weak. She came to a stop and dropped to her knees, sweat dripping from her face to the pale tile beneath her. She felt as if she were about to have a heart attack.

As she knelt there, panting for breath, she felt that unmistakable feeling of someone's eyes on her rear again. Looking back, she found—surprise, surprise—their oh-so-helpful local guides standing behind her, their eyes on her ass, as if nothing at all were out of order with the world.

Realization set like the cold desert night. “Y-you... You all knew!”

The lead guide, the one who'd bumped into her, chuckled. “What tipped you off, genius?”

Too late, she realized the slab she'd stopped on was empty. “No! No!” With a cry of panic, she leapt to her feet, but the stone had already lost its solidity. With a resounding plop, her ankles disappeared into the slab.

“No! No!” Eyes full of tears now, she threw herself at the edge of it, hoping to grab the neighboring slab. But before she had a chance to reach it, something coiled around her ankles and—

With a scream, Susan dropped into the stonework.

As the surface of the slab washed over her face, the world turned beige and creamy, bland but not dark. How she could see through solid stone was beyond her—all she knew was that she needed to get out. Heart thudding in her ears, she scrambled for the surface.

Unfortunately, the stone refused to release her. As she breast-stroked desperately upward, whatever had grabbed her ankles tightened its grip and dragged her back down. She screamed, kicking her legs instead, but it refused to release them. It was like trying to shake off a pair of manacles.

As if this wasn't bad enough, the same stuff soon grabbed her wrists as well. To her horror, she realized it was the stone of the slab itself, shifting like a living thing to grab at and restrain her. She screamed louder and louder as she remembered what had happened to the Professor. *No! No! This can't be happening! Someone help me! Help me!*

A tentacle slammed into her mouth, cutting her screams off entirely. Her eyes snapped wide open, bulging in surprise. Which was just about all she *could* do, as the tentacle of sandstone forced its way farther down her throat. “Mmmphf!”

Even as she struggled to spit it out, another tentacle suckered to her clothes, gripping the fabric of her explorer's outfit tight, and tore it from her body with an awful ripping sound. Left floating in her lingerie, she squealed as the tentacles attacked them too, slicing through her bra's straps and peeling off her panties. By the time they were done, the only parts of her covered were those the tentacles were wrapped around. “Mmmphf!”

Two of the fat stone limbs attacked her breasts next, coiling around her boobs and squeezed them till they looked like a pair of tightly-tied hams. She moaned, throwing her head back and shaking, desperately trying to slip out of the stonework's grip, but it was as futile as counting every grain of sand in the desert.

Even as two of the tentacles made use of her nipples, another couple coiled between her legs and tickled her labia, leaving her squealing in surprise. She slammed her thighs shut, trying to crush it like a vice, but the tentacles simply prised them apart and forced their way inside her anyway. She moaned as it forced its way into her sex, striking her with a pang of pleasure so strong her entire body shook with the force of it. She could barely even breathe.

Just as she thought things couldn't get any worse, she felt one tickling her ass.

For a moment, Susan froze, her entire body rigid with terror. Of all the things she'd imagined happening, nothing scared her more than the possibility of anal. The thought of one of these disgusting things worming its way up her ass...

"Mmmphf! Mmmmpfhf!" *No! No! Not there! Anywhere but there! Anywhere but there...!*

But the tentacles could hear her, they didn't care. Slipping between her cheeks, they spread them wide and coiled around them, squeezing them tight, shaking and jiggling like them a pair of water balloons. And now her anus was exposed, another slithered through the substance of the stone, its rock hard tip aimed right towards her butt.

"Mmmmmmmmpfhf!" *No!*

Like a battering ram, it slammed into her asshole, stretching the tight walls of her rectum around it as it wiggled its way inside. Susan screamed, or tried to, at any rate, throwing back her head and writhing and moaning like a thing possessed. Her face blushed red, throwing off fat beads of sweat. Her nipples perked, poking erect through their tentacular prison. And still the tentacle in her ass wormed its way deeper. She screamed.

And then, just to really finish things off, the tentacles plugging her holes drew back and started to thrust, slamming into her over and over and over, each round of abuse blasting her with a fresh bolt of pleasure, ending at last with one final blast so strong it shattered her mind like a vase.

Screaming, Susan lost herself to the ecstasy.

\*

The guides stood and watched, their arms folded and their heads cocked, as the empty slab rippled like a puddle in the rain. Some of them already had their hands in their pants.

Finally, the slab gurgled one final time, and from the depths of the sandstone rose the image of a woman, kneeling face down as if in prayer, her butt raised to the air and then some. A solid mass of stone, bigger even than the butts of the statues around them, it rose from the relief as if through a hole in the stone. Accompanying it were a pair of carefully sculpted tentacles, painted to look slick as they slammed into its holes. Though nothing moved, there was an undeniable sense of thrusting and squirming, and though there was no actual sound, anyone who'd been asked would have sworn they could hear moaning.

Stepping forward, the lead guide planted his foot on the giant stone butt with a smile. "Not bad. It'll make a nice stool, if nothing else." He laughed.

Like rain through invisible guttering, the pink smoke curdling above poured down from the ceiling and into a puddle at their feet, frothing as it formed.

As one, the men dropped to their knees.

Bubbling, the puddle of pink smoke rose in a large puddle and congealed, shivering, into the shape of a chubby young man in a pharaoh's headdress and loincloth.

"Pharaoh Hikiko," said the lead man, bowing his head. "How may we serve you?"

"Yeah, hey guys," said the Pharaoh Hikiko Mori, plucking a chip packet from his loincloth and tearing it open. "Yeah, thanks for bringing me some new pics for my collection, I really appreciate it. Hey, next time you visit, could you maybe bring me some more tissues though? I'm running out again."

"Your wish is our command, Pharaoh."

"Neat. Thanks again."

As the Pharaoh dissolved into smoke and wafted back into his sarcophagus, the men rose and shared a look.

"Come on," said the leader, making his way back to the entrance. "We've got a bus full of tourists to show through at eleven. And someone make a note about those tissues!"