

BELLA DURAND

ROSES
FOR THE
DAMNED

WICKED CREATURES TALES | BOOK 1

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ROSES
FOR THE
DAMNED

BELLA DURAND

BOOKS BY BELLA DURAND

WICKED CREATURES TALES

Roses for the Damned

Lilies for the Cursed

Poppies for the Hunted

Daisies for the Broken

Tulips for the Chained

SINFUL VOWS

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To the monster that fell in love with a human, gifting her a piece of his soul.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE & CONTENT LISTING

Dear reader, this book contains dark themes and elements that might be triggering or disturbing to some audiences.

Reader discretion is advised.

Subjects include: death, scenes of violence, stalking, elements of horror, attempted SA (not by MC), explicit sexual scenes and kinks, including bondage/restraint, breath play, impact play, and extra large penetration.

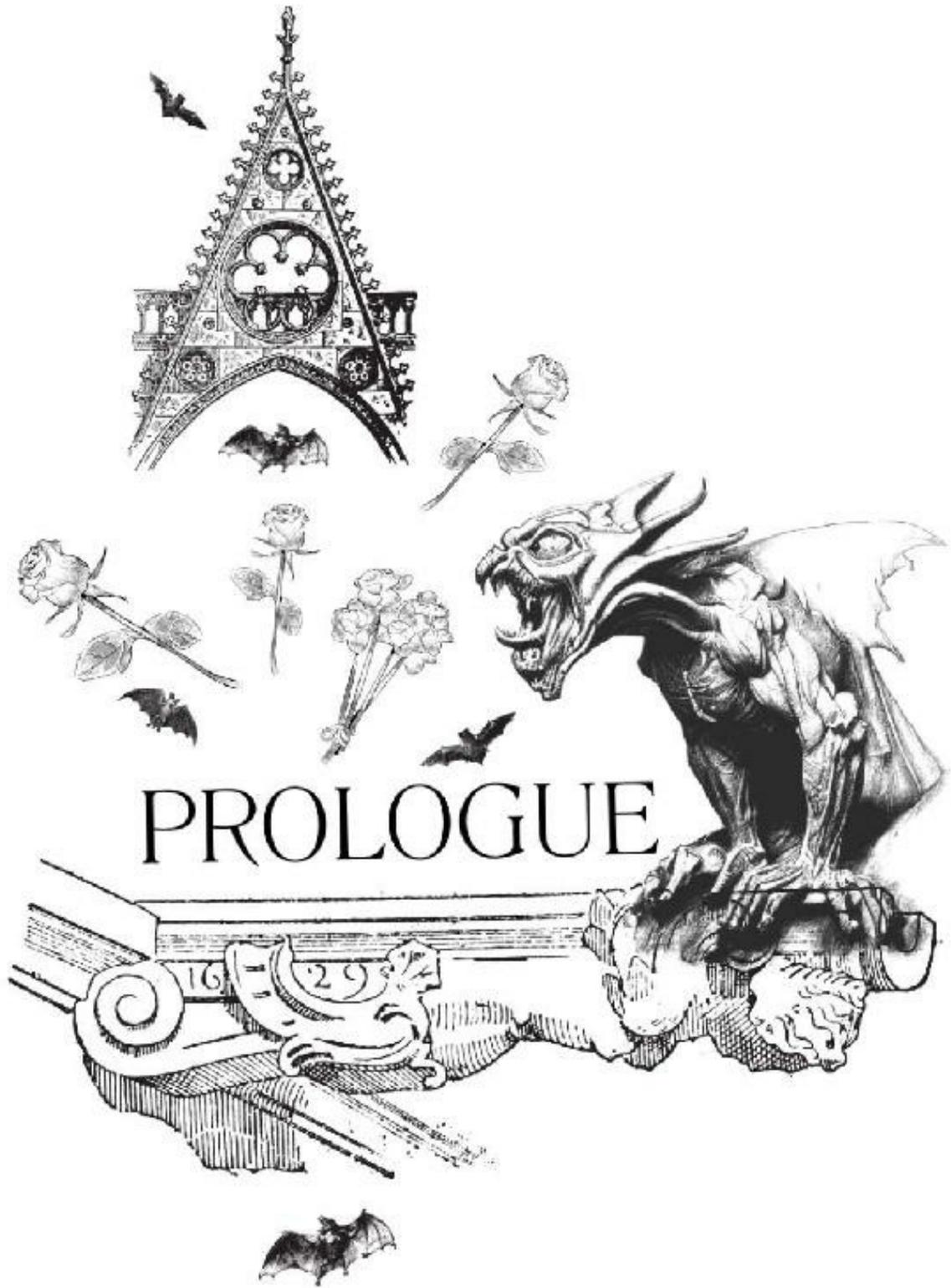
Any character depicted in a sexual scene is at least 18 years of age.

This book is intended for mature audiences only and is not to be used as a reference or guide for safe sex practices.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME

Paris, the 15th century





PROLOGUE

Prologue

Once upon a time, when man was still learning how to walk, the Devil made a deal with God to split the world in two. The condemned would be banished to an eternal life in Hell, while the worthy would ascend to Heaven, their souls residing in blissful oblivion.

Sentries were placed at the gates of both realms – angels for the heavens, and demons for Hell. A special breed of demons gave birth to ruthless creatures called gargoyles, the mightiest of them all for their impenetrable stone-like skin and vile nature. They were merciless, powerful, and indestructible beings.

One such gargoyle stood out the most for his especially blood-thirsty reputation and overwhelming scope of destruction that he left behind when reaping the souls of men.

The Devil warned him to tame his appetites, to control his despicable urges. But he wouldn't listen, and so, the Devil was forced to do the only thing that would make him obey – he confined him to a temple of God, where he was doomed to live out the rest of his wretched days.



Ch. 1



The church bells rang their eerie tune, jolting her from her dreary thoughts.

“Shit,” she glanced out the window, “I’m going to be late.” She had been so caught up in the night’s activities that she had failed to realize the time.

Her father would be waiting for her by now, the spoon and medicine bottle held tightly in his hands as he lay motionless in bed, counting down the

minutes until Rose finally made it home from one of her never ending shifts at the city's brothel.

Each day it was the same old routine – she would wake up at the rise of dawn, tend to her sick father before leaving for one of the many markets to purchase the day's necessities, making sure all was ready for the man before she hurriedly made her way to Madame Roche's at the strike of midnight.

Were it not for the money, she never would have even stepped into such a place of business. But her father was ill and absolutely helpless to do anything but lie in bed, leaving Rose the sole provider for the two of them. Her mother had died while giving birth to her, and seeing as Rose was an only child with no other living relatives, it left her with little options.

Beggars can't be choosers, after all.

Snatching up her purse and meager belongings, she sought out her friend and the brothel's most requested courtesan. After a few moments, her eyes landed on the woman in question.

Anita was seated in the mayor's lap, a vile man in his late fifties whose soul was as hideous as his outer appearance. Dark eyes that seemed void of life and a balding head with a stomach so big it reached his bent knees, it was a miracle that the woman was even able to find a spot on his leg to sit on without being pushed off by the bulging piece of fat.

Grimacing, Rose rushed to her, making sure to keep just out of reach of the many lecherous customers ogling her as she wound her way through the densely packed lounge area.

"Anita," she leaned in, whispering in her friend's ear, her hand covering her ass as she bent over, "I must leave, father's waiting for me."

The busty blonde nodded, her gaze still on the slimy man beside her, never once openly acknowledging Rose lest it bring unwanted attention to her. She knew all too well what depraved tendencies the mayor had, and she

had always done everything to protect Rose, even offer her body up in place of hers.

Rose would be forever indebted to the petite woman, for were it not for Anita, she and her father would have long starved to death. The blonde courtesan had not only found Rose her current job, but had also kept her away from the more despicable customers, sending only the younger and more tender men to her chambers.

Rose was no innocent virgin and had plenty of experience with various appetites, but she had been spared the ugliness of their business.

Hesitating for only a moment, she hurried through the back door, making sure no one was following. She had been unfortunate enough on a number of occasions to have a stray customer wander after her, and it had been painstakingly slow work persuading them to cease their stalking tendencies.

If only she could get rid of all of them in the same manner; there was one persistent chaser, however, that seemed to be a constant leach in Rose's side, one disgusting male specimen that seemed to think that he was entitled to everything just because his father ran the city – Florent, the absolutely grotesque mayor's son whose very presence caused Rose's stomach to turn from nausea.

He was as depraved as his father, if not more, and it was only by some miracle that Rose had been able to avoid him for as long as she had. But she knew the time would come when he would take matters into his own hands, when Florent wouldn't be willing to wait any longer and would take what he wanted from her without consent.

Shuddering at the notion, Rose marched along the dimly lit narrow street, her shoes clicking on the gray cobblestones, her eggplant colored thick shawl wrapped tightly around her upper body.

It was a chilly night, as was usual for the early autumn months in old Paris, but it wasn't solely for warmth that she wore the damn thing. No, it was to cover herself up, to hide those ample curves that mother nature had gifted her with.

Her long skirts billowed around her, long black locks swaying in the cool breeze as adrenaline pumped through her veins. She hated the late hour, not knowing what lurked in the night. The occasional lantern did nothing to illuminate her surroundings, allowing Rose's mind to wander until she imagined horrid creatures crawling out of the dark alleys, dragging her screaming into the pits of Hell itself—

A large form stepped out of the shadows in front of her, her steps faltering as it came near. Wide shoulders and an unnaturally slim waist that connected to absurdly long legs appeared first, the pale face and white hair with alarmingly blue eyes staring back at her causing warning bells to go off in her mind.

"Florent," she muttered low, her voice betraying her as unease crept into her system.

"Hello, Rose," his voice was like nails scraping over chalk, the shrill sound only heightening her level of apprehension.

She glanced around, sudden awareness striking her when she realized that they were completely alone on the street, not a soul in sight, as if every resident knew that this was the hour that the true monsters came crawling out of the dark.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, false bravado making her stand taller, her voice firmer, stronger.

A long spindly finger wrapped itself around a strand of her hair. "I am making sure my prize is untouched." He tugged as slight pain shot through her scalp. "You are, untouched, are you not, Rose?"

Squirming, she clutched the shawl over her chest. “Surely, you cannot be serious. I am a courtesan, you know this very well.”

The finger became two, then three, until his entire fist was gripping her hair, tilting her head back at an awkward angle. “And yet, you have refused my advances every single time.” Hissing, he leaned in, his sour breath washing over her. “I have been patient with you. You will give me what I want, one way or another.”

“Never,” she whimpered as he pulled, the pain too great to ignore. “I would rather rot in some ditch than ever let you touch me.”

An ugly smirk plastered itself onto the man’s face, his already vile visage becoming utterly grotesque. “It makes no difference to me whether you are alive or dead when I fill your tight holes, as long as I’m buried inside of your body.”

A scream erupted from her as he yanked her hair, dragging her behind him as they disappeared into a dark alley. Her hands lashed out, hitting, scratching. Nails digging into his flesh as Rose desperately tried to get him to release her.

“My, my, what a feisty little thing you are. I will enjoy breaking you.”

She dropped to the ground, her weight like a sack of rocks as he continued to drag her along the filthy path, ripping a strand of hair from her scalp as she screamed her lungs out.

It was all in vain, her attempts feeble and hopeless, as if the man only drew strength from her misery and fear.

It would be foolish to think that anyone would be coming to her aid; it was the stark reality that they all lived in, where the strongest survived and the weak were left to fend for themselves until they became food for the hungry vultures to feast on, starvation and sickness taking their turn when all else failed to rid them of their pitiful lives.

“Stop, please!” Her throat burned, her voice cracking. “I won’t tell anyone, I swear! Please, just let me go!”

“What makes you think that anyone would believe *you*, a filthy whore?”

Fabric ripped along her leg, her thigh springing forth, abrasions decorating it as her skin scraped along the hard ground until she was thrown against a wall. Her head hit the stone, pain lacing it as he lunged for her.

She screamed again, thrashing like a feral animal, tears and grime soaking her skin through. A hand covered her mouth. She bit down, blood seeping into her mouth, clogging up her throat as she dug her teeth in and pulled, a large chunk of flesh dislodging itself from the rest of the hand.

“You stupid bitch!” *Smack*. Her head spun on itself, ricocheting off of the wall behind her as Rose collapsed onto the cobblestones. “You will pay for this.”

Her clothes were ripped down the middle, exposing her breasts to the warm air. “No,” she grumbled, not able to move, her mind demanding she get up, *run* – get away from the horrors that were pressing down on her.

A boot connected to her stomach, the force of it so brutal that she blacked out for a split second in time.

This is it. I’m going to die.

Sobs wrecked her body, her lids parting ever so slightly, the Full Moon casting an eerie shadow over the towering building a few feet in front of her, its central spire like a stake through the heavens, accentuating the countless beastly statues that decorated its imposing facade.

“Shut the fuck up–” his leg swung at her, the boot ready to lodge itself into her gut once more.

Closing her eyes, she prepared herself for the blow, sending a prayer to God, begging for the absolution of her soul.

I had no choice for the life I led. Please, forgive me.

A vicious snarl erupted somewhere to her left, the sound of flesh tearing mixing in with the blood curdling shrieks pressing down on her, engulfing Rose until she could no longer take it, until all that remained was her absolute fear and the coppery stench of fresh blood in her nostrils.

Silence ensued, as if all sound had been sucked from the air around her. Her breathing strained, she attempted to lift her lids as an unnatural calm washed over her. It felt like coming home, as if everything up to that point had been inconsequential and meaningless.

Was this the bliss that the priests preached about before death took one's soul from this mortal world? The same one that promised eternal peace in the house of God?

Strong arms wrapped around her, lifting Rose up and cradling her against a firm chest. The scent of pine, wood, and earth enveloped her, her fears dissolving into the air as the sweetly intense aroma took over, muddling her head until her body relaxed.

A sudden feeling of total safety washed over her, the horrors of before completely forgotten about, as if someone had taken a sponge and cleansed the entirety of her mind of them. Her head fell to the side, resting on something solid. A whimper escaped her, pain zapping her back to the present.

“Shh,” soft rumbling came beneath her, the deep baritone soothing, “You’re safe now. No one will ever hurt you again.”

As her lids slid shut, a single thought took over – for some reason, she believed it.



Ch. 2



The smell of incense was strong when she finally came to her senses. Lifting her lids, she slowly took in her surroundings.

A grand nave with ten spans reached as far as the eye could see, with elaborate rib vaults and towering columns with pillars, arches, and pilasters creating harmony and a sense of grandeur, the sight so splendid that Rose's heart stuttered in her chest.

Magnificent Gothic-stained glass windows decorated the walls, while a twelve-piped wooden great organ, a choir and high altar stood at the core of

the structure. Awe-inspiring artistic masterpieces and intricately carved lines embellished the stone, the occasional candle casting eerie shadows onto the walls.

Bats of all sizes flew across the open space, the beat of their wings like a calming lullaby in the otherwise silent building.

I'm in a cathedral.

Movement caught her eye.

She jolted up, pain lashing through her as her muscles screamed. Her gut ached, head throbbing, but surprisingly less than before. Heart pounding, pressing, squeezing, until she was sure it would explode—*run, hide, save yourself!* it seemed to shout.

A pair of black eyes shone in the dark, halting her rising panic. They seemed to be focused on Rose, observing her in her little dark corner.

Sudden warmth burst in her as she stared back, spreading from her core to the end of her toes and fingers, wrapping its delicious grip around her until she no longer felt afraid, until all she could think of was the pulsing between her thighs.

What the hell is wrong with me? She must be going crazy, the trauma to her head surely having dislodged a few sane brain cells. There was no other explanation to her sudden and inexplicable state of arousal, especially not after what she had just been through.

The undeniable feeling of being watched caused the hairs on her neck to stand on end. Ever so slowly, Rose stood then hurriedly went to cover herself when she remembered her torn clothes, only to realize that she was no longer half-naked. A shirt of some sort was draped around her, its buttons clumsily buttoned up, as if being done in a hurry.

“Wha—” her words lodged in her throat, shocked anew when her pristine clean skin came into view. No blood dripped down her thigh, no dirt

covered her limbs, the abrasions and cuts covered with some type of salve, their appearance less severe.

Someone must have tended to her while she had slept, the horrors of the past hour wiped away with all the grime.

“They will heal in a few days.”

Her head snapped up at the voice from the shadows. It was the same one that Rose had heard before drifting off to unconsciousness.

“It’s you,” she braved, no longer afraid, “you’re the one that came to my rescue.” Silence. “What did you do to him?” She swallowed. “Did you kill him?”

Nothing, and then, “No.”

Relief and disappointment swept through her – relief, that no one had died because of her, and disappointment, because that bastard had survived when he should have been rotting in the ground.

“You seem troubled,” the voice came again, this time nearer, as if whoever it belonged to had moved closer to her. A bat flew overhead, getting almost tangled in her hair.

She shook her head, eyes darting around, fists clenching at her sides in anger. “I don’t know how to feel.” *Lie*. “He deserved to die, to suffer the worst that Hell has to offer, but–”

“But you still pity him,” it muttered low by her ear, jolting Rose into awareness.

“Where are you?” she spun around, “Come out, show yourself.”

“That would not be wise.”

Light flickered around her, the shadows dancing on the walls, goosebumps erupting over her skin as she stood frozen in place, her heart frantic.

“Please,” she reached forward, “you–you saved my life. I wish to see

you.” A chorus of shrieks rang out as the hall erupted with bats.

Eyes like obsidian appeared before her first, two bottomless pits of night as she stared into them, unable to look away, as if hypnotized. Shoulders so wide they seemed to go on forever followed next, her fingers lightly grazing the sturdy chest as the creature fully stepped out of the shadows.

She gasped, waiting for the panic, for the paralyzing fear to strike her, but none came. Instead, she shamelessly stared.

Its face was perfection, so defined, as if sculpted from the finest onyx colored marble. Lips lush, plump, begging to be bitten and sucked dry. Dark stubble matching the long ebony locks framed its face, while a pair of elongated spiraled horns adorned the top of its head.

A pair of massive bat-like wings loomed behind this *thing*, the countless dark veins like a map along the membranes that Rose’s fingers itched to trace. Powerful arms with elongated claws on its humanoid fingers caused her mind to race with endless possibilities. What they could do, how they would feel – on her, *in* her, gripping, pulling, pumping.

I’m fucking insane.

Craning back her neck, Rose was struck by how tall it was. No, not it – *he*, for it was clearly a male, a beautiful *naked* specimen of whatever species he was, the massive member standing erect between his legs an indisputable indication of the fact.

Don’t you dare look down.

Heat swept over her, her cheeks blushing like some virginal maiden, her muscles straining from how hard she was concentrating on his face.

As if sensing her embarrassment, the creature chuckled, clearly amused. “Don’t be shy. Take a look.”

“Wha–No, I–” she glanced down, “Oh, shit,” then covered her eyes like

some silly school girl.

A husky laugh erupted around her, the sound like smooth chocolate, decadent and rich. Fingers wrapped around her wrists, the touch gentle yet firm as he lowered her hands.

She shivered at the contact, giggling like some hormonal adolescent when his huge monster cock came into view again before quickly looking away.

Unbelievable. Pull yourself together.

“No need to hide yourself, little human,” he said, still holding on to her wrists. “There is no shame in having your fill. Go on, look at it.”

But she couldn't. It was impossible to look at anything but those two black pits of oblivion that bore into her soul as she held the creature's gaze.

His stare was like lava, burning her through, igniting her skin. Butterflies sprang forth in her gut, the fluttering motions causing Rose's heart to race. She couldn't look away, no matter how hard she tried.

The creature cocked his head. “Your heart is pounding.”

No, not pounding – *galloping*, fucking thundering, as if it would crash through her chest and obliterate everything in its path.

It was madness. No fucking way was this normal. She had been assaulted mere hours ago and was already imagining doing filthy things with another male.

But what a male, indeed. Her thighs clenched, arousal leaking onto her panties. *There is definitely something very fucking wrong with you.*

He went still, as if having turned to stone. “You need to leave now.” He took a step back, then another.

“Did something happen?” Confused, she followed him. “I—I'm sorry if I offended you somehow.”

He cracked his neck, his eyes rolling back as a low groan escaped him,

his long tail whipping back and forth. “You did nothing wrong, sweet human. You must go home now, it is getting late.”

Reality struck her. Her father would be frantic with worry by now.

“Wait!” she bolted forward as he spread his wings, ready to take flight. “You never told me your name.”

A brief pause, and then, “Gabriel.”

She repeated it to herself. “Like the angel.”

Eyes twinkling with mischief, he grabbed her chin, leaning down to whisper softly in her ear, “There are no angels here, little dove, only the devil.”

And then, he was gone.



Ch. 3



Water cascaded down her body as she got out of the bath, the tiny droplets sticking to her flesh like desperate lovers.

She had gotten home just as the Sun was rising anew, allowing Rose to sneak in before her father woke up for the impending day.

Perhaps it was by sheer luck alone that the man had not been waiting for her as he usually was when working one of her late night shifts at the brothel, for she did not know how she would explain her battered state to him.

Having scrubbed and cleaned what remaining dirt Gabriel had missed while tending to her, she had carefully applied some soothing balm to her wounds before covering them up with some colored creams. There was no reason to alarm her father, she would resume with her daily chores as usual. No one would ever know what had transpired the night before – no one, except the three of them. To her surprise, her body didn't physically hurt as much as she had expected it to, only her mind remained to be healed.

A fresh wave of rage washed over her.

Florent deserved the most horrendous of deaths for what he had done to her – for what he would have been successful in had Gabriel not interfered.

To make things even worse, there was no one to punish him; the authorities would be on Florent's side seeing as his father was the mayor and no one would be so stupid as to go against him and his word.

After all, she was a courtesan, who would ever believe her?

Finally having finished with her morning pampering and changing into a plain burgundy day dress, Rose crept to her father's bedroom on the lower floor, the spare medicine bottle held tightly in her hand as she slowly peered inside.

"Daughter," a hoarse voice reached her, "where have you been?"

Sighing, she approached the frail man, taking a seat on the mattress beside him as she poured a spoonful of the brown liquid. "Good morning, father, it's time for your morning dose."

He gulped it down, his gray eyes that were a slightly lighter shade than her dark ones staring back, observing Rose carefully, as if sensing that something was wrong.

"I was waiting for you."

A soft smile graced her lips. "I know, I'm sorry, I didn't want to wake you when I got home—" Banging noises reached them from below, cutting her

words short. “Don’t worry father, everything is alright.” Planting a light kiss on his forehead, Rose quickly made her way to the front of the house where angry shouting could be heard. The door swung open, preparing to lay one on whoever was threatening to bust down the wooden panel, when she froze.

Three police-men surrounded the mayor, whose grotesque abdominal fat seemed to have grown since the last time that Rose had seen him. A crowd was gathered behind them, the familiar faces of her neighbors staring back at her, shouting obscenities – at who, she wasn’t sure.

“Rose Boudin,” one of the police-men stepped forward as the other two grabbed her arms, “you are under arrest for the attempted murder of Florent Lacroix–”

“What?!”

Yanking her, Rose stumbled, attempting to regain her balance, panic setting in as the implications of her current situation set in.

“You are to be tried tonight at sundown and hanged after your sentence has been declared.” The crowd roared, curses and rotten food flying at them.

“No, wait! This is a mistake!”

“There are witnesses Miss Boudin, do not try to refute your crime.”

A short stocky woman in her forties with flaming red hair caught her eye. “Marie!” she grabbed her arm, “Marie! Look after my father, he must not know!” Firm hands pulled her again, her hold faltering. “Please, Marie!”

“Don’t you worry, dear, he’s in good hands.” Concern wrinkled Marie’s forehead, her eyes filled with moisture as the authorities led Rose away. “You take care of yourself, you hear me?”

As uniformed men pushed her into a carriage with iron bars and the inevitable conclusion dawned on her, Rose’s eyes flew to the two story washed out building in front of her, the very same one where she had been born, where she had taken her first steps. Where all of her happiest memories

were packed and greatest sorrows still gripped her heart. Would she ever see it or the man who had given her life, again?

The carriage rolled on, the lower class district passing by, a murky canal coming into view. Her breath hitched, their surroundings causing alarm bells to go off in her mind as Rose became very aware of where they were headed to – the Bastille, an impenetrable fortress housing the city’s main prison, a hell of its own where the only way to get out was in a body bag.

Lungs straining, she desperately tried to calm herself, to not give in to the rising panic that seemed to be a recurring state for her for the past day.

I can’t go there, I’ll never make it out alive.

The police-man sitting across from Rose wasn’t paying her any attention, as if she wasn’t anything but an annoying fly on the wall. Fingers curled around her dress, gripping it to the point of tearing.

I have to get away. I have to—

The carriage jerked, coming to an abrupt halt. Before she could even ask what was happening, the doors swung open, revealing none other than the mayor himself.

“Get out,” he said to the police-man, then turning, took a seat on the bench in front of her. “Rose, Rose, Rose—” he tsked, “What am I to do with you? You almost killed my son, yet he is willing to make amends with you.”

Fury roared through her as she saw crimson. *How dare he.* “He is willing to make amends with *me*?” She leaned in, getting in the man’s face. If she was going to die she might as well go out with a bang. After all, what more did she have to lose? “He assaulted me, almost fucking *raped* me, and you have the gall to sit here and insult me?”

An ugly smirk plastered itself onto the man’s grotesque face, the rolls of fat hanging under his chin like an accordion. “You are a worthless whore, whatever made you think you had a choice about who fucks you?” She

grimaced, repulsed. “If I was my son, I wouldn’t have even bothered waiting to get what I’m owed. But he’s a stupid shit, and so, here we are.” A piece of parchment appeared in his stocky fingers. “You are to be hanged for your crime—”

“I’m innocent.”

“Do you think me simple-minded, Rose? My boy came back barely alive, with flesh hanging down his battered body. There was more blood on him than flowing through his veins!” he roared, his face taking on a livid red hue. “I don’t know how you did it, but there is no escape for you. Not unless you marry Florent. That is his condition for dropping the charges.”

It was her turn to laugh. “You must be delusional.” She hissed, “I would rather suffer a lifetime of torture than ever let him near me again.” Suspicion took root in her mind. “Why is he doing this? Why would he want to marry someone that tried to kill him?” It didn’t make any sense.

His grin widened, as if he was privy to a secret that no one else knew. “So that he can punish you himself, you stupid girl. He’s a Lacroix, and we always get the last word, no matter what happens.”

Body shaking with anger, her fists blanching from how hard she was gripping them, she did the only thing that any self-respecting person would have done – she spat at the vile man, the large ball of saliva hitting him directly in the eye.

He recoiled, his face a deep livid color, so dark that it was on the verge of turning purple. “You filthy–*rotten*–” a handkerchief wiped at his face “–stupid bitch! You will burn at the stake, mark my words!” The doors of the carriage flew open as he pushed at them, the two police-men from before standing idly some way off, chatting casually before the sight of the obese man climbing out caught their attention.

Desperation clawed at her insides. There was no way in hell that she

was ever going to give him the satisfaction of watching her die.

She lunged, pushing at the mayor's back as he came crashing down to the ground. As if a bird had attached itself to her and spread its wings, she took flight, springing forth from the carriage and away from the fumbling police-men.

Time slowed.

Houses blended into one confusing blur as Rose ran for her life and the salvation of her soul, before it shattered into a million tiny fragments from the cruel injustice in their wretched world with no hope of ever healing.

She had to get away, even if it meant that she would spend the rest of her days in hiding, never to lay eyes on her father again.

Hours seemed to pass this way; feet throbbing from how hard she was running, heart pounding until she was sure it would explode. The daylight was slowly being replaced by the darker hues of the oncoming evening as she finally allowed herself to come to a stop.

Glancing around, she realized that no one was chasing her. Not anymore, at least. Sweat dripped down her face as she doubled over, throwing up on the side of a garbage container, her long black hair plastered to her skull. Nothing mattered anymore, only that she had to get far away, before someone reported her and dragged Rose to the eternal stone prison of the Bastille.

Where would she go? The brothel was out of the question. It would be the first place where they would look for her. Not only that, she would never endanger Anita and the rest of the women by staying with them.

Her thoughts flew to the mysterious creature from the shadows, wondering if he was lurking somewhere nearby. Watching as he had been that life-altering night.

Gabriel.

Sudden warmth spread through her at the mere thought of the name, his face flashing vividly in her mind. His powerful physique and otherworldly aura sending shivers down her body, as if he was there beside her, tracing one of his long claws along her aching flesh.

She should have been terrified of him, of the realization that such a monstrous creature even existed in their world of man. But instead, gratitude and affection bloomed in her chest, overriding the acute fear and horror that she had felt in the carriage.

He had saved her, without demanding anything in return. Without taking advantage of Rose when she had been most vulnerable and at his absolute mercy. A complete contradiction to his demon-like appearance.

A new realization struck her then, one where in her entire life of twenty seven years, she had never felt as safe as when she had been by Gabriel's side.

He might be a monster to the rest of the world, but for her, he would always be her dark angel.

Her savior.

And with that thought in mind and a newly found hope that everything would be alright, Rose picked up her skirts, running towards the only being that had unknowingly claimed a piece of her heart.



Ch. 4



The Sun was setting over the horizon, its brilliant hues of orange and red slowly being replaced by the dusty shades of blue.

The entire city of Paris lay before him as Gabriel crouched on one of the balustrades of the cathedral's many galleries. Stone statues of gargoyles, griffins, and massive eagle-like chimeras stood watch beside him, making him blend in perfectly. If ever a human was to look up at the imposing

building, all they would see was just another massive form observing them from the shadows.

He smirked with satisfaction.

Little did they know that an apex predator was hiding in the dark, one that could crush them with a mere flick of his tail. Whose wings were so powerful that they could cause a storm, one so violent that not even mother nature could compare, laying waste to the entire structure on which he sat upon at the very moment.

No, the humans had no idea what kind of a monster truly lived amongst them. He had been to Hell and back, banished from his own home for his overly aggressive nature, one that was too vile even for the likes of Lucifer.

The Prince of Darkness had punished him for his lack of obedience by cursing him to an eternal life of solitude in the house of God, a joke no doubt, for Gabriel was the very epitome of evil and everything that the same God and his army of angels fought against. Preached against in their Holy Book.

But no one had dared to stand in Lucifer's way when he had sent Gabriel to be the sole sentry to the Otherworld, the same one that would later usher the dead to their final destination.

The Keeper of Souls, they called him. A being that did not shy away from violence and reaping one's life for himself, especially if they were undeserving and treacherous. Oh, how he relished taking those especially despicable humans, sucking their very essence dry until only a carcass remained.

No one had ever escaped him, unless he wished it so. Like that filthy cockroach that had believed himself to be a god in his own right when he had assaulted his precious flower, one that was much weaker than him and incapable of retaliating.

Rose.

The very memory of her battered body sent him into a raging fit. Had the man been alone, Gabriel would not have spared him. He would have instead taken his sweet time torturing him before draining him of his disgusting blood. But Gabriel had been well aware of how it would appear to others, and he did not want Rose to take the blame for the worm's death.

He cracked his neck, anticipation of the kill that was owed to him simmering in his veins. He would have come to her aid much sooner had he foreseen what that rat had in store for her. For Gabriel had his eye on Rose for quite some time, had observed her every night for the past couple of months as she had obliviously made her way home from her place of work.

It had been mere coincidence when he had first laid eyes on her. He had been perched atop his usual spot when a flash of purple had caught his attention. It was as if someone had switched on a light in his soul at that very moment, one that only continued to burn until it had ignited a need so great within him that he could not extinguish it, no matter how hard he tried.

It was maddening, ever consuming.

Had he not been confined to the cathedral grounds, he would have long swooped in and snatched Rose up, locking her in his tower where he would worship her for the rest of her days.

But alas, it could not be, and so he had settled for the little snippets of her from a distance, his gaze following her until she was too far away to be seen even by his highly keen eyesight.

Gabriel was no stranger to murder and violence, it had never made him uncomfortable for he had been a part of it himself, had the pleasure of killing and maiming for thousands of years before the very first civilization of man sprang forth. But unlike the general misconception that demons were inertly evil creatures that stole what they wished without an ounce of remorse, there was a simple rule that him and all of his fellow comrades adhered to – they

never took a life that wasn't deserving of death. And they never took liberties on another's body that they did not give with their clear consent.

Free will was an absolute imperative for all beings of his kind, for the pleasure that they sought and gave in return could not be complete without it, without the knowledge that their partners were well aware of what they were getting themselves into. Who they were giving their bodies and souls to.

Gabriel had many lovers in his eons long life, from all over Earth and Hell itself. His appetites stretched far and wide, and did not shy away from the more darker shades of pleasure. Like pain. There was so much gratification in pain, if one only knew how to access it properly.

Humans were fragile beings, unfortunately, and he had to be very careful when dealing with them, for their levels of tolerance were far lower than those of demons. He didn't want to break his toys before he even truly started playing with them.

His precious flower was no frail damsel, however. Gabriel had sensed as much after last night's attack. She had fought viciously for her salvation, had fearlessly stood her ground when faced with Gabriel himself.

He was a gargoyle, an ancient demonic being and the cruelest of them all. He was well aware of his outer appearance, of the absolute terror that his form evoked in not only humans but other creatures as well. Yet, Rose had not even flinched when he had revealed himself to her. A miracle in its own right, one that he would have savored for hours on end had he not sensed that sweet aroma leaking from her drenched cunt, suffocating him, turning him into a feral animal that would have fucked her raw on the cathedral's pristine marble floors had she not been assaulted mere hours before that.

Groaning, he imagined all the depraved things that he would have done to her had the circumstances been different. All the inches of her delectable body that his tongue would have licked, so thoroughly and languidly that

nothing but a slick puddle of cum would have remained of her. Until she was utterly and completely useless to do anything but take his massive cock in every one of her little tight holes.

Oh, how he would stretch her. Fill her up until she was screaming his name in ecstasy for Hell and Heaven to hear.

He cracked his neck again, realization that he would probably never see his little human again causing sheer agony and lethal rage to rip through his monstrous heart.

The beast in him roared.

He must have her.

Possess her. Engrave himself into her fucking soul.

She will return, she must. And then he would claim her. No man would ever touch her again, Gabriel would make sure of that. He would give her a safe haven, a place away from the ugliness of the world. A home where she would be worshiped and where she would pray at his altar in return.

His strong female would never want for anything in her life as long as she was by his side.

“Gabriel!”

His head snapped around at the voice. *She’s here.* For the first time in his existence, hope blossomed in his chest. She, too, must have felt their shared connection; he wasn’t being delusional after all.

“Gabriel, where are you?”

Without waiting another moment, he flew from his spot, using the shadows of the inner hall to crawl closer to her until he was seated on one of the statues, the light of the dying day seeping through the giant rose window like a halo above his dark form.

A pretty little burgundy day dress covered her lush curves today, her ample breasts pressed tightly to her form as the mounds spilled slightly over

the edge of the fabric, enticing him, urging him on to rip it down the middle until her perk nipples sprang free.

Drool collected in his mouth as he imagined licking them, sucking them. Biting them to oblivion.

Patience, Gabriel. You don't want to scare her away.

Her hair was loose again, the thick waves coming down to the small of her back, a slightly disheveled look overtaking them, as if she had been running in the wind for hours. Eyes like two ebony jewels sparkled in the dim light, creamy skin tempting him to dirty her. Mark her. Fucking brand her with his touch.

Spinning around, he saw that her back and arms were still bruised from the other night, the abrasions now only faint lines on her skin. She must have covered them up. He growled; she would bear those wounds with pride, for she had overcome and survived a great horror, one that she should not be ashamed of.

Having moved closer to his hiding place in the shadows, her eyes still searched the surroundings for any signs of him. A sudden need to grab her and have her all to himself overtook him.

His wings spread.

She yelped. Then was swept off her feet screaming as Gabriel soared towards his lair, a mischievous grin on his monstrous face.

Oh, how he was going to enjoy this.



Ch. 5



Her lungs hurt from how hard she had been screaming. “What is wrong with you?!” Fuming, she lunged at him. “You could have dropped me!”

Long claws wrapped around her wrists before her palms could connect with flesh, yanking her onto Gabriel’s hard front. “Do you really think I would ever let anything happen to you, Rose?”

“I-I” she stuttered, lost in the intensity of his gaze, his face barely an inch away as he leaned down, purring low.

“Get on the bed.”

“Wha—what?” she breathed, her eyes wide.

He chuckled, the sound reverberating across her chest as he pressed her even closer to him. “I wish to treat your wounds, little dove.”

“Oh,” she whispered softly, disappointment making her stomach drop.

He arched a brow. “Was there something else that you needed from me?”

Swallowing, her throat felt suddenly very dry. *Your dick.* “No,” she finally said, lying shamelessly through her teeth. Her core was on fire. Churning. Bubbling. Like a volcano waiting to erupt. Moisture pooled between her thighs, the evidence of her treachery undisputable. All he had to do was lift her skirts up and her lies would come crashing down around them.

His nostrils flared, eyes heating as they locked on her mouth. “You wicked thing, were you sent to torment me?”

“I don’t know what you mean.” A whimper escaped her when she felt his massive erection against her stomach. *This is torture. How is he so big?*

She shouldn’t have even craved another male after Florent’s attack. Should have been repulsed by the very thought of being touched in any way, let alone sexually. Yet she found herself dazed with lust, barely holding on to her sanity as she relaxed against Gabriel, his warm body and firm hold setting her mind at ease, erasing her fears.

He had saved her. She could rely on him to not hurt her.

“Am I making you uncomfortable? Would you like me to put some pants on?”

Searching his gaze, she sensed his sincerity. “No.”

“Do you trust me?” he muttered softly, as if reading her very thoughts.

She nodded. “With all of my heart.” And there it was, the irrevocable truth. It was astounding to her how in such a short amount of time she had grown attached to this dangerous creature, how attuned she was to his entire

presence.

Rose's world had always been filled with rot and vileness, with the ugliness of humans and their unrelenting greed. She had experienced very little kindness in her everyday life, and most of it had always come with a price.

For the first time in her life, no one had demanded anything in return.

Gentle hands gripped her shoulders, turning her around until her back was to Gabriel. A hiss escaped him as he stood behind her, inspecting her battle wounds.

"I have to clean them, they will get infected if I leave them like this. Why did you cover them up, Rose?"

She hesitated. "I didn't want my father to see them," pause, "and I was afraid of being judged by others. Most people already think so lowly of me."

Silence encroached, her heart thundering at her admission. She hadn't meant to tell him that, but it had spilled out of her without a moment's thought. Yet another effect that this creature seemed to have on her.

"They are fools." Arms of iron wrapped around her, carrying her over to stand beside his bed. "I need to take your dress off, little dove." His eyes pierced her, waiting patiently until she eventually nodded in agreement. "Tell me when to stop." Without breaking eye contact, his claws ever so carefully undid the lacing, her breasts sighing in relief from the lack of constraint.

Chest heaving, heart pounding, she could only stand there, Gabriel's skillful hands roaming across her stomach, the last of the ties coming undone. Slowly, as if afraid he might send her running for the hills screaming, his fingers brushed her bare shoulders, lowering the simple straps over her arms.

His touch was like velvet, smooth yet firm, her skin pebbling as he rolled down the fabric. Lower and lower it went, over her breasts and hips, until her dress finally landed in a pool by her feet, leaving her completely

naked in front of him.

Taking a step back, he appraised her, his gaze heavy, sweeping hungrily over her flesh.

Her nipples hardened, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps. Her pulse skyrocketed when he groaned, fists clenching wildly at his sides. He was clearly very aroused, his massive cock at full mast now, standing erect like an arrow, pointing directly at her. She inspected him, for the first time noticing that his shaft wasn't at all smooth like those of human's, but instead was entirely covered in multiple marble sized protrusions that jutted from just below the head, reaching all the way to its base.

She licked her lips, squeezing her thighs together as she imagined what a cock like that would feel like inside of her.

“Lie down on your stomach, little dove.”

A moment later, she was sprawled across his mattress, her head resting on an oversized ivory down pillow, the intoxicating aroma of pine, wood, and earth hitting her like a drug. She inhaled, savoring his delicious scent.

“Do you trust me?” he asked again, hovering above her.

“Yes.” And she did. Inexplicably so.

A weight settled behind her as he straddled her thighs. “I am going to rub some salve into your wounds now, it might sting a bit.”

“I can take it.”

A low chuckle erupted behind her, flaming her desire even more. “I bet you can.” His voice was pure sin, dripping with sex and filthy promises.

Fireworks exploded in her gut, her pussy clenching violently, slick shamelessly streaming out of her. It took all of her self-restraint to not start moaning.

An oil of sorts was poured onto her back, so cold to the touch that she was sure her overheated body was sizzling beneath it.

Scooting up, he rested behind the curve of her ass, his legs locking her in position on the bed. Slowly, he worked the oil into her skin, rubbing it gently at first until she got accustomed to the sting, then more firmly, until all she could feel were Gabriel's skillful hands roaming greedily over her flesh. From her neck to the small of her back, back and forth, in long, fluid motions.

It was torture, the sweetest fucking agony, her clit swollen beyond belief, pulsing as his body pressed her into the mattress. She moaned then, her restraint snapping, the image of him spreading her legs wide and piercing her imprinting itself into her mind.

He froze, his hands on the small of her back. "Rose," he warned, voice strained, as if clenching his jaw.

"Make me forget." She wanted Florent's touch erased from her body, wanted the memory of that horrid night to be replaced with something good, something that she chose freely for herself, without being forced into it by Madame or by vile men. "Please, Gabriel. I need to forget."

A moment of absolute stillness passed, Rose doubting herself and whether she had misread Gabriel's body language. For all she knew, his species could always have a hard on, it might not have anything to do with her. Perhaps he thought her deranged for wanting this after what she had endured.

Before she could open her mouth and change her mind, his hands resumed their path, oiling the globes of her ass in deliciously firm strokes. His grip increased, spreading her cheeks out wide. Fingers swept in between, oiling the flesh, drizzling it over her pucker. She gasped as his claws ever so slightly grazed her hole.

"I won't fuck you, Rose," he rasped, hands overflowing with her ripe ass as he played with it. "Not tonight."

"Please," her back arched as his hold increased, "please." She had

never been so aroused in her entire life and he was barely touching her.

He spread her ass again, pouring a fresh load of oil in between as he positioned himself behind her. “No,” then nestled his monster cock in between her cheeks, his thick shaft covering the entire length of it. His engorged head peeked out on the other side, precum already leaking down onto her back.

“Gabriel,” she moaned as he began to move, rubbing his ribbed dick in between, pressing her cheeks firmly together so that they formed a cavity that he could fuck.

“You are still too weak to take my cock,” he groaned, increasing his pace, “The things that I plan on doing to you will need all your strength, little dove. I will not settle for anything less.”

“Oh, God!” she cried out, his motions rubbing her clit against the covers underneath, sending ripples of bliss straight to her core.

“God has nothing to do with this, sweet human.” His chest lowered until he was lying on top of her, pressing her even further into the mattress. “I want you screaming my name when you come.” Powerful thighs spread on each side of her body, his full weight settling on her as he continued to rub his dick.

“Fuck, oh, fuck.” A fresh load of moisture gushed out of her, drenching the bed.

His tail wrapped around her throat, maneuvering it until her head was tilted to the side. Their gazes locked, their breaths mixing as they panted in unison.

“You’re addictive,” lips grazed her mouth, “fucking intoxicating. The scent of your pussy is driving me insane.” He inhaled, shuddering. “I want to tie you to my cock, carry you around on it while you impale yourself mindlessly.” He licked her lips, groaning, then dove in when she parted for

him. Their tongues clashed, ravishing each other like hungry beasts.

She whimpered, lost in the sensations. “I need you to fuck me, please, Gabriel, I can’t take this anymore.” Shoving her ass harder against his length, she started grinding her hips, increasing the pressure on her clit.

“Fucking hell.” His claws retracted as he shoved two thick digits into her parted mouth. “Suck my fingers like you’d suck my cock. Show me what that mouth can do.”

Locking her eyes on him, she extended her tongue, swirling it around his digits, then hollowing out her cheeks, sucked them into her mouth, bobbing her head languidly along them.

He hissed, eyes smoldering as he watched her. Suddenly, his wings spread out, casting a massive shadow over them. “My little human, I must sample you.” Popping his fingers out of her hot mouth, he lowered onto his haunches.

“What are you doing?” she asked, confused, already turning her head to look at him.

A tortured moan escaped him, his cock pulsing uncontrollably merely an inch away from her soaked entrance. Sturdy arms swept under and around her middle, lifting her up until her pussy was right in front of his mouth, her upper body bent over, dangling below.

“I’m going to eat your cunt now, little dove. Hold on tight.”



Ch. 6



It was pure torture. The most excruciating punishment that he had ever had to endure.

All he wanted to do was sink his giant cock into her warm center and ravish her until she no longer cared about anything but being filled by him. But fuck, he couldn't do that.

Not to her.

Gabriel couldn't be that despicable creature that he usually was, the one

that didn't give a shit about morals and honor. The one that took for his own satisfaction and gratification, fucking for weeks on end in every sick and depraved way imaginable, abandoning his ruined conquests as soon as he emptied his balls inside of them, leaving their souls and bodies in shambles.

He wasn't a generous male. He wasn't understanding, nor gentle. He was selfish, self-serving. A demonic being as vile as they come. But the moment Rose entered his life, he had an inexplicable urge to shield her, to make her feel safe and protected at all times.

And if it took him withholding his own pleasure and suppressing his basic needs for her to get to that point, he would bear it. He could be selfless for once in his life and give her what she needed instead.

For her.

Anything for his precious little flower.

When that first moan had erupted out of her, it took all of his eons long self-restraint to keep him from shoving his dick down her throat, her cunt. Her thick ass. It would have been impossible for Gabriel to go slow and gentle, he would have broken her beyond repair and she was already too fragile in her current state.

No, he couldn't be that creature this time. So instead, he did the only thing that he knew was safe for the both of them. He lifted her up, inhaling the sweet scent of her arousal as her succulent pussy gaped in front of his awaiting tongue, savoring her gasps as her walls clenched and constricted around nothing.

"I'm going to eat your cunt now, little dove. Hold on tight."

Her legs wrapped around him just as his tongue lashed out, licking the juices around her drenched entrance, cleaning her up until nothing but her awaiting hole remained.

"Mmm," he groaned, tongue diving into her, "you taste divine. So

fucking sweet, like the rarest honey.” He swirled his tongue, lapping away inside of her, gliding against her inner walls in firm, forceful motions. More slick oozed out and into his awaiting mouth. He sucked it all down, drinking from her cunt while his tongue fucked her like a demon possessed.

“Gabriel,” her moans filled the tower, thighs clenching around his head. Delicate fingers wrapped around his dick.

Hissing, he halted his motions. “There will be time for you to suck my cock, little dove. Tonight is about your pleasure.”

She squirmed, pressing her wet slit into his mouth. “I want this for myself as much as for you. Lick me while I taste you, please.”

Cursing, he stuffed his face back into her center, devouring her while she strangled his dick. Her hands pumped along his thick shaft until they stopped and a new wetness met the tip, swallowing the mushroomed head until it was half-way seated in her greedy mouth.

He chuckled against her, his claws digging softly into her flesh. “Are you hungry for my cock, sweet human?” His tail wrapped around her middle, replacing his strong arms as his hands landed on her head. “Well go on, suck me nice and good, Rose, show me how much you want my cum.”

She struggled against his girth, wiggling her head back and forth.

“That’s it, stretch that pretty mouth and stuff my cock deep down your throat, sweetness. All the way, now. If you’re breathing I’m not deep enough.”

Exhaling, she gave one last final push before he was fully planted inside of her, panting against the sweet pain.

He growled, throwing his head back in bliss. “There you go, that’s my girl.”

His tongue lashed out again, eating her out while she screamed from pleasure around his shaft. Claws gripped her hair, fisting it as she choked and

splattered. His hips thrust forward, demolishing her mouth while his tongue fucked her cunt. Her hands locked around his thighs as she dangled upside down, sweat dripping down her body, making her slick and slippery.

On and on they went, moaning in ecstasy, mouths fucking each other in desperation, cum drizzling from his tip until he couldn't hold back any longer.

With one final shove into her mouth, she came around his tongue, screaming as her pussy fluttered around him, soaking his face in her juices. Hot white milk shot down her throat as he emptied his balls inside of her, holding her head in place until she swallowed as much as she could, the rest of his cum dripping down over her face, into her hair, and onto the floor.

Releasing himself, he slowly lowered her onto the bed, his tail retreating behind him until it latched around a blanket.

“Stay with me, Gabriel,” she whispered softly, grabbing onto his forearm before he could move away. “If only for a moment, until I fall asleep. Please.”

“Oh, my sweet little dove, I'm not going anywhere.” He rubbed his cum into her skin, savoring the sight of it. “You've ruined me forever. I could never leave your side now, even if I tried.”

And with those final words, Gabriel crawled under the blanket with her, wrapping an arm around Rose as he pressed her close. His wings shielding them from the outside world and all that would dare harm her.

In a few days, he would claim her, and she would finally be completely his.



Ch. 7



Birds chirped by her ear, jolting her awake. Something heavy was pressing down on her, keeping her bolted to the bed.

Eyes darting around, Rose didn't recognize her surroundings. Sudden panic struck her, her chest heaving in short, shallow breaths.

I need to get away.

I need to run, to flee. I-

"Shh, little dove," Gabriel soothed, gently petting her hair. "You're safe. No one is going to hurt you." His wing enveloped her, as if protecting

her from invisible assailants.

A sigh of relief left her, Rose's body relaxing against his warmth as the haze finally receded. She let her gaze wander, absorbing the space.

Dozens of wooden beams criss-crossed above the two of them, forming a lattice-work of timber, while four pillars holding a system of frames circled them, reaching all the way to the top where they eventually came together in a long, sharp point. Openings in the walls formed paneless windows, the Sun's rays shining through, where pigeons and owls perched, observing them.

"Where are we?" she asked, awe-struck at the magnificent structure surrounding her.

"This is Our Lady's spire," his tail wrapped around her ankle, "my lair, sweet human. No one has ever seen it before, and no one but you will ever see it, as well."

"It's beautiful," she scooted closer, her back pressing against him, "thank you for allowing me into your home."

"Our home," he corrected.

"What?" taken aback, she fully turned around, inspecting his features. "But—you hardly know me," her voice faltered, uncertainty making her gaze drop. All she wanted was to appease him. "What if you get sick of me? What if you don't want me around after a while?" She wouldn't be able to bear his disappointment. *This is not good, you've grown too attached to him.* Never before did she have the urge to form a bond with a male.

Fingers traced her skin, stroking the lines of her face. "You're too soft," he whispered, blatantly ignoring her, obsidian eyes following their path, "too fucking perfect."

"I'm not perfect," her insecurity flared again, "I'm nothing, a nobody."

Claws wrapped around her throat, lightly gripping it as he leaned in

closer, their breaths mingling. “I don’t want to hear you speak like that ever again. Nod if you understand—” she nodded “—Good. Now, do you think I would have given a shit about what happened to you, a *human*, and saved you had you been a nobody to me? Had you not been engraved in my fucking soul from the very first moment that I saw you?”

She searched his gaze, taken aback by his admission. It seemed so far-fetched to her, the emotion too strong for him to have formed it in such a small amount of time.

It was her turn to pretend like she hadn’t heard him. “Yes, you would have. Because you have a good heart, Gabriel, no matter what you say.”

Growling, he flipped her onto her back. Strong arms landed around her head, barricading her in, legs locked around her middle. “I can see your disbelief, so let me put it plainly for you. I am as foul as they come, naive girl. I have killed for pleasure, have fucked in the very blood that I spilled, and then went on to my next victim where I repeated it all once again.” He leaned down, licking a path over her cheek with his wide tongue. “I want to tarnish you, little dove. Dirty you up and mark you. I want to spill my seed so far up your cunt that it comes out on the other side through your mouth. But I can’t do that, because you’re too fucking innocent and pure, and for the first time in my life I don’t want to leave a useless shell behind. In time, you will realize that you are precious to me.”

She whimpered, her walls already coated in a thick layer of cream, dripping out of her as she clutched the sheets.

Lowering his body over her, his massive erection pressed against her clit as he threatened, “Don’t do that, Rose. Don’t make that fucking noise. I am barely holding on to my sanity right now, and if you fucking mewl like that, I won’t be able to control myself. I will rip into your cunt. I will fuck you senseless until your legs fall off. So, unless you are ready for that, don’t

fucking tempt me.”

Without waiting for a reply, he suddenly straightened, his wings spreading out around him. “Get dressed, I’ll get you some food.” Then soaring from his lair, disappeared out of sight.

Dumbstruck after what had just transpired, Rose did as was told, washing up over a basin that she found in the corner of the space, making herself look somewhat presentable. Her body felt light, the abrasions almost completely gone. It would appear that Gabriel’s balm was, indeed, a miracle cream.

The space appeared to be clean enough, but in dire need of tidying up. Deciding to go ahead and do so without asking for permission, Rose got to work.

First she made the bed, tightening the covers and folding the blanket so they were crisp once more, puffing up the pillows into a pair of ivory clouds. After a bit of searching, she finally discovered an old cloth that didn’t appear to be of any use to Gabriel since it was lying in a corner as if discarded, using it to dust off some of the beams surrounding the bed with it. A pair of pants were folded in a corner, their existence making her pause. “Since when does he wear clothes?”

“I don’t.” She spun around. “I have them for emergencies.”

Her brows shot up. “What kind of emergencies?”

“The kind where I’d do anything to make you feel safe. Even wear those filthy garments.”

Her heart cracked, the reality that someone existed that would put her needs first before his own causing an ache in her chest.

“Come, eat.” A basket filled with cheese, fruit, and baguettes landed on the floor beside the bed.

Her mouth watered. “This is amazing! Where did you get all this

food?”

“It’s mine.”

She stared at him.

No one had ever shared a meal with her, let alone their own food rations. The urge to show him her gratitude overtook her. An idea struck her then.

Rushing forward, she made haste with the items, spreading Gabriel’s pants over the bed as a type of make-shift tablecloth.

“What are you doing, little dove?”

“I’m setting the table. I would be prettier if we had some flowers, but this will do just fine. Do you like it?”

She held her breath, nibbling on her lip, desperate to have his approval. Hopeful beyond hope that he would get the message that she was impatiently trying to convey to him.

“If we soil my pants, what will I wear, sweet human?”

“You won’t need them.” He stilled. “I trust you without them on, Gabriel.”

Time froze as they stared at each other, the tension loaded with everything that neither one of them dared to admit. She refused to treat him as anything less than what he deserved, what his kindness and generosity towards her demanded.

She might have been a courtesan, but her father had taught her to always be just and honorable, to be respectful of others, no matter their standings and what they could offer her. To show gratitude when it was deserved.

And in all his monstrosity, Gabriel was more human than any of her own species. She would show him just how grateful she really was for everything that he had done for her.

For him, it might not have been much, but for Rose, it was the world.



Ch. 8



Time passed. Days turned into weeks, the two of them getting into a comfortable routine, each playing a part in their new arrangement.

It astounded Gabriel how accustomed he had grown to Rose's presence, as if she had always been around. As if she was meant to be there, with him in his lair.

Over the days he had learned a generous amount about his precious

flower, mostly how she had been shown little kindness and how she thrived on his approval. So he did his best to praise her whenever he got the chance, purposely leaving his items discarded in a messy manner just so that she could tidy them up and feel appreciated and useful. It would bring about the most stunning smile that would transform her from a beautiful being to an ethereal angel.

What had pained him the most was how rarely she smiled, an absurdity that he never cared about, especially when it came to humans. But, when Rose smiled – it would light up his world. He would do anything just to see that blissful sight every day for the rest of his existence.

Was that what Heaven felt like to mortals? Did their souls ache like his did when they thought about reaching those overrated heights?

He spread his wings, stretching them out before returning to his sweet human, the Moon already high in the sky.

“You’re back,” she cooed with delight. Her face was aglow, eyes shining bright as she stared at him from her place in bed.

“You’re still awake.”

She blushed, lowering her gaze. “I was waiting for you.”

He approached her, pinching her chin and lifting it until she eventually looked up at him. “Why were you waiting for me, little dove?” tsking when her eyes darted away. “Eyes on me, Rose. Tell me what you need.”

She swallowed, her voice lost. That’s when he sensed it. He inhaled, nostrils ablaze, his lungs greedily taking in the sweetest fucking aroma of strawberries and vanilla, his cock already hard as stone at the promise of what’s to come.

Hands cupped his balls, massaging them firmly. He hissed as fingers wrapped around his shaft, squeezing it hard before they started roaming freely, her gaze still locked on Gabriel from below.

“Rose,” he growled, his control on the verge of snapping, “if you continue touching me like that I won’t be able to hold back, I will need to fuck you. Walk away now while you still have the chance.”

“No,” she breathed, gripping his length, “I’m not going anywhere.”

“Fuck, little dove, you don’t know what you’re saying,” a tortured groan escaped him, halting her hands with his own. “Listen to me. Once I fuck you, you’ll be mine to play with whenever I want. *However* I want. I’m not a gentle lover, Rose, I will take everything from you.”

Shaking her head, she resumed her exploration of his massive member. “I don’t want gentle, Gabriel. I want you, the entirety of you. I can take it, I’m ready.”

His cock jerked, leaking from the angry livid head. “Mouth open, tongue out.” Fingers fisted her hair, yanking her forward until she was latched onto his cock. “If it ever gets too much, snap your fingers, and all stops right away, no questions asked. Show me you understand.” He waited, not knowing why he even gave her a way out. It was very uncharacteristic of him.

She snapped her fingers in demonstration.

Grinning wildly, he held her head in place as he slowly slid all the way in, stopping once he hit the back of her throat. “You look so pretty stretched around my dick, sweet human.” She moaned, gagging, eyes tearing up as he began to fuck her mouth. “Such a good girl, letting me defile you.” Saliva dripped around his shaft, his pace even as he began to thrust harder, his balls heavy, slapping against her chin. Her nails dug into his thighs, desperately trying to hold on. “You’re a greedy little dove, aren’t you, swallowing a monster’s giant cock.” His tail lowered to between her thighs, teasing her swollen nub under her dress.

Moisture rushed out of her center, coating him as she whimpered and

squirmed. He chuckled, rubbing harder against her clit.

“Let’s see,” he pinched her nose, halting the air from entering her lungs, “how long can you go without breathing, little dove?”

Fingers dug into her skull as he pushed her all the way down until her lips touched his stomach, his entire length planted firmly down her throat. “Mmm, such a good fuck toy, the perfect little hole for my cock.” Gabriel watched as her eyes widened, her face slowly turning a shade of crimson.

She was magnificent, a queen fit for the devil. He’s never been so hard in his entire life. His cock throbbing painfully, a fucking waterfall waiting to erupt from the tip.

Then he began to move, alternating between pinching her nose and releasing it, cutting off her air supply, prolonging the latter each time until she had no choice but to hold her breath completely.

Slapping and sucking echoed around them, loud grunts mixing in with the sounds of her choking. Her eyes were blown wide, the whites rimmed by red circles, her face turning livid.

Gabriel waited, giving her the chance to end it all with the simple snapping of fingers, but it never came. Instead, she stared him down, suffocating around his shaft, nails digging into his muscles. “That’s my girl,” his thrust turned rapid as his balls tightened. “Now, for your treat, little dove.” Endless cords of cum shot down her throat just as her eyes started to roll back. He released her nose, twitching inside of her as color slowly returned to her face.

“You did so well, my precious little flower,” he caressed her hair, releasing his still hard cock from her mouth, “So well.”

Gulps of air entered her parted mouth, her body trembling from adrenaline, chest heaving from exertion. Her dress was discarded as she remained kneeling on the bed, Gabriel getting to work on the unnecessary

items that were in the way.

He picked her up, laying her down on the covers. “What should you do if you want me to stop?” She snapped her fingers. “Good girl.” He spread her thighs, pushing her knees back, hissing when he saw she was completely drenched through. “Fuck, I’m going to enjoy this pussy. Grab onto my horns, Rose, and don’t you fucking dare let go.”

His wide tongue spread out, licking her entire cunt from her hole to her clit. It was massive, able to cover her entirely with just one swipe. But that wouldn’t do. He needed to devour her. To suck her sweet juices down like a fucking addict. Ravishing her until she was grinding against his face, pulling madly on his horns as he ate her out.

“Gabriel,” she rasped, delirious, “I want to feel you inside of me, please.”

In one final wide swipe, he coated her nub in a fresh layer of slick, then went to work, flicking his tongue until she was twitching against him, screaming his name, endless pools of arousal leaking from her hot center.

Without waiting for her to come to her senses, he climbed over her body, his tail holding her spread out before him as he lined himself up with her entrance.

“I can’t wait anymore, little dove. I need to fuck you now.” He slammed into her before she could say anything, thrusting his beastly cock inside of her as she cried out. They groaned in unison once he was fully sheathed, both of them so aroused that he glided effortlessly through her, her walls stretching to accommodate him.

“Your pussy was made for me, sweet human. Look at how well you’re taking me.” He rolled his hips, watching his dick enter her over and over again. “I’m going to fuck you so good, little dove, you’ll never want to get off my cock.”

Hips bucking against him, she yanked him down by the horns, shoving her tongue down his throat. He growled, increasing his pace, sucking her tongue while he demolished her cunt. Their bodies slapped against each other, fucking like rabid animals, his loaded balls tightening painfully.

“Gabriel—” she locked up, his monster dick rubbing her walls, “Gabriel!”

He followed her, spilling his hot seed down her slick center, both of them shaking from the force of the orgasm.

He stared at her, as if seeing her for the first time. A new, foreign emotion hit him then, so strong and vivid, that for the first time in his long life he saw a clear purpose to his existence.

Rose. My little dove.

He was never going to let her go - his own piece of Heaven in his world of Hell. Gabriel would do anything to make her happy. He would die for her if she wished it so. All she had to do was ask, his life was hers for the taking.

Suddenly, her lids snapped open. Locking eyes with him, a familiar emotion played across her face. And that’s when he knew – she, too, would follow him, wherever he went.

Even to the black pits of Hell itself.



Ch. 9



Laying awake, she stared at the stone-like creature asleep beside her. Her heart felt full, at peace for the first time in her life. All because of this glorious being.

In his final admission to Rose, the truth of his character had come out, but she still couldn't bring herself to believe it. Gabriel had been nothing but doting, going out of his way to make her feel cherished and wanted. Had shown that he was, indeed, capable of great good, no matter what he had previously claimed.

Her body ached blissfully, a reminder of what they had done mere

hours ago. Closing her eyes, she could still feel his touch, as if it had never left her body. As if her mind had memorized it, had made it a part of her. Long gone was the ugly image of Florent and what he had done to her, erased by her very own monster. For the first time, she sensed like she belonged somewhere. To someone.

Was this what love felt like? An ever consuming need to be one with another, both physically and emotionally, where she felt like she would die were she to be separated from him?

She had known Gabriel for over a month now, and yet, it seemed as if an eternity had passed already. There wasn't a part of him that she hadn't explored, nor a secret of his that she hadn't discovered.

She loved it all, and couldn't imagine him being any other way.

A tiny part of her wept for the life that Rose had to leave behind, for normality of being able to go out into the real world without having to look over her shoulder in fear of being dragged to the gallows. For the father that she would never see again. *Perhaps, I could go see him, just once. Just to make sure that he's taken care of.*

"I can see the wheels turning in your head, sweet human. What is causing you such conflicting thoughts?"

A light laugh escaped her as she nuzzled into his firm chest. "I was thinking about going to see my father."

He tensed. "You never told me why you ran away from home, little dove."

"The man that had attacked me," she said, "his father is the mayor. The day after I left you, police-men came to my house. They arrested me, claiming that I tried to kill Florent. They were going to hang me, Gabriel. For a crime that I didn't commit. So I ran, without saying goodbye to my sick father."

Growling, Gabriel's strong arms went around her, holding her tight as they lay on the side, as if afraid that she would disappear. "It's all my fault. I should have ended that vile rat when I had him in my claws."

"No," she quickly said, cupping his face, desperate to ease his conscience, "you saved my life. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you." Her lips met his, parting at the same time as their tongues ground together. Her core burned, her body already preparing itself for his cock's sweet intrusion.

Groaning, his fingers slipped into her hair as he deepened the kiss. She was so wet – so impossibly soaked through. His tail slipped between her thighs, rubbing against her center as it swirled around her swollen clit.

"Wicked little creature, desperate for my cock again." Fingers pinched her tight nipple, pulling at it. She hissed, then moaned in ecstasy when he twisted it, massaging her breast. "Such pretty nipples." Without warning, he hauled her on top of him, sitting up so that she was straddling him. Leaning down, his hot mouth clamped around one perk bud, sucking on it, then the other one, saliva coating them as he gave her nipples all his attention.

She whimpered, his teeth lightly grazing her flesh, grinding against his rock hard erection that was pressing against her entrance, the mushroomed head rubbing the swell of her ass.

His tail went around her middle, lifting her up. In one swift motion, she was impaled on his big cock.

She cried out, the stretch so deliciously painful, every swell and hollow filled to the brim with his ribbed monster dick. Her fingers gripped his horns as she was lifted then plunged back down again, over and over, holding on for dear life, completely at his mercy as he did whatever he wanted with her. Her breasts bounced up and down with the motions as he leaned back, spreading his strong arms out to rest on the bed frame.

Not having anything to hold on to anymore, she gripped his tail.

“Play with your breasts, little dove. Pull on those nipples for me.”

She was so fucking aroused, her body fluids leaving her in rivers of moisture as she did as was told, coating his entire cock in a thick layer of slick, making it so fucking easy for him to drive into her without an ounce of resistance.

“My very own human doll, so willing to be my filthy little plaything,” he pulled her off then slammed her back down again, her body starting to convulse. “That’s it, Rose, scream my name, I want your God to know who you worship now.”

“Gabriel!” she exploded just as he shoved her down onto his cock, keeping her in place as she rode through the wave.

His hands finally touched her as he flipped her over onto her stomach before disappearing out of sight. Delirious from her orgasm, she didn’t notice when he returned with coils of rope. Her limbs were tied up to each of the four bed posts, leaving her completely helpless and spread out like an eagle in front of him.

“A true heavenly masterpiece,” he muttered low, taking the oil from before and lubing her pucker. “Have you ever been fucked in the ass, little dove?” She groaned, shaking her head. “Use your words.”

“Yes, but, the men weren’t as big as you.”

Chuckling, he lifted her hips. “Of course not, sweet human, they’re silly sheep,” he spread her ass, lining his tip up with her forbidden hole, “and I am the fucking devil.” His cock dove in, breaching her entrance and pushing through the first layer of resistance.

Crying out, her limbs tensed against the ropes. “Fuck, Gabriel, it hurts so much.” Tears rolled down her face, the pain excruciating from the sheer size of him.

“Shh, you’re doing so well,” he caressed her spine, easing out a small

portion then diving back in, each time slightly more as she began to relax against him. “That’s it, little dove, open up for me. Let me in.”

“Oh, fuck—” she gasped as his entire cock finally settled inside of her, “Oh, my God, fuck, fuck—” the feeling of being split in two overtook her as he rolled his hips, retracting slightly before slamming back in.

She bucked, raw pleasure overriding the initial pain, making her go feral as he began to truly fuck her ass. It was nothing like she had ever felt before. His tail wrapped around her throat, cutting off her air every now and then. Her pussy pulsed, gaping empty, desperate to be filled.

All sense of time and space disappeared as Gabriel unleashed himself, railing her hard while she screamed in ecstasy throughout it all.

She was completely at his mercy, yet again, unable to do anything but take it all. And oh, *did she take it*.

Fingers plunged into her cunt, finally filling her aching center. Not knowing what to do with herself, she let go, bucking against his cock, driving it even further into her as she mindlessly ground herself on his thick digits. His tail squeezed her throat, heightening every sensation until she could no longer take it.

“I’m going to cum in your ass, little dove, and I won’t stop until it’s leaking down into your pussy. Ready?” With one final push into both of her holes, she erupted, thrashing around him as his own orgasm took over, shooting thick cords of cum down her cavity that spilled over and into her core.

He collapsed onto her back, his cock still lodged inside of her, breathing heavily. “Little dove, I am never letting you go. You must know this.”

“I know, Gabriel,” she admitted as he carefully undid the bindings around her wrists, planting kisses along the reddened skin. “I wouldn’t want

it any other way.”

And that’s how they both knew that they were hopelessly lost without each other, and that not even Heaven nor Hell would be able to separate them.



Ch. 10



Standing outside her door, she slowly inhaled. *This is it. I'm finally going to see father now.* It had been months since she last saw the man; months, since she had been brutally stolen from her home.

Gabriel had insisted that she wait a bit longer before making the trip to the lower class districts of Paris, arguing that the police could still be searching for her and that until her presence was a mere memory in the back of Florent's mind, she shouldn't risk it.

But Rose couldn't wait any more. She had to see her father. Had to see

if Marie had kept her word. Besides, it was night time, no one would even be awake at this late hour. What could possibly go wrong?

Taking the spare key from under one of the flower pots, she quietly let herself in. Darkness greeted her, as expected, not even a candle flickering in the narrow hall.

Inching her way over to her father's room, she took a calming breath, counting down from ten while her nerves settled down. A cough erupted from behind the wooden panel, making her breath catch. *He's awake.*

"Who's there?" her father called out, as if sensing that someone was standing just outside.

Tears welled up in her eyes at the sound of that frail voice, her heart aching from sorrow, imagining what the man had to endure during her absence. Ever so carefully, she stepped inside.

"Rose!" he bolted up, eyes wide as another coughing fit attacked him. "You're alive!"

Rushing forward, she threw her arms around the slight man, hugging him, memorizing the feel of his body as a sense of foreboding took hold of her, one where she instantly knew that once she left here, she would never see him again.

He was so weak, so terribly thin. His body even more emaciated than the last time she saw him.

"Have you been taking your medication, father? Has Marie not been feeding you?"

"My dear child," he released her, taking her hand in his own as he looked her over, "she is doing as much as she can. Do not be angry with her. Where have you been? They told me you were arrested, that you tried to kill that Lacroix boy."

Pure rage took over at the utter lie that they had fed her father. "I did no

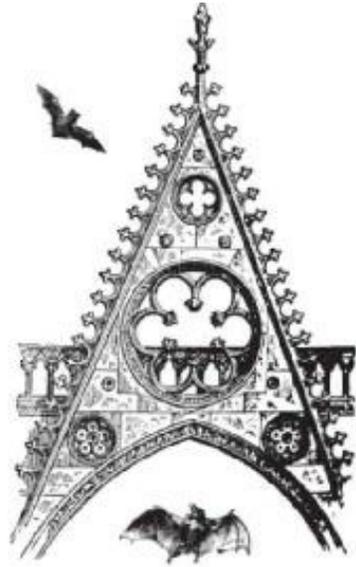
such thing. He—” she stopped, deliberating whether or not she should concern the man with the truth. Deciding against it, she resumed in a more cautious manner, “—he got angry when I refused his advances and wanted me to pay for the blow to his fragile ego. Which was why he sent those police-men after me, to blackmail me into marrying him, threatening to hang me if I refused.” His eyes widened, so she quickly added, “But I managed to escape. I’m staying with a friend now, I’m safe and looked after. And, father,” she squeezed his hand, “I’m happy.”

Sighing in relief, her father rested peacefully against his pillow once more. “You must return then, Rose, go back to where you came from. The Lacroix family is spiteful, they will be looking for you to get their revenge. Do not come back, child. Go, now, before it’s too late.”

“I had to see you, father, just one more time in case anything happened to me.” Her arms went around him once more as rivers of moisture soaked her skin. “I want you to know how much I love you and how very proud I am to have you as my father. Forgive me, if I have failed you in any way. I tried my best to be a worthy daughter.”

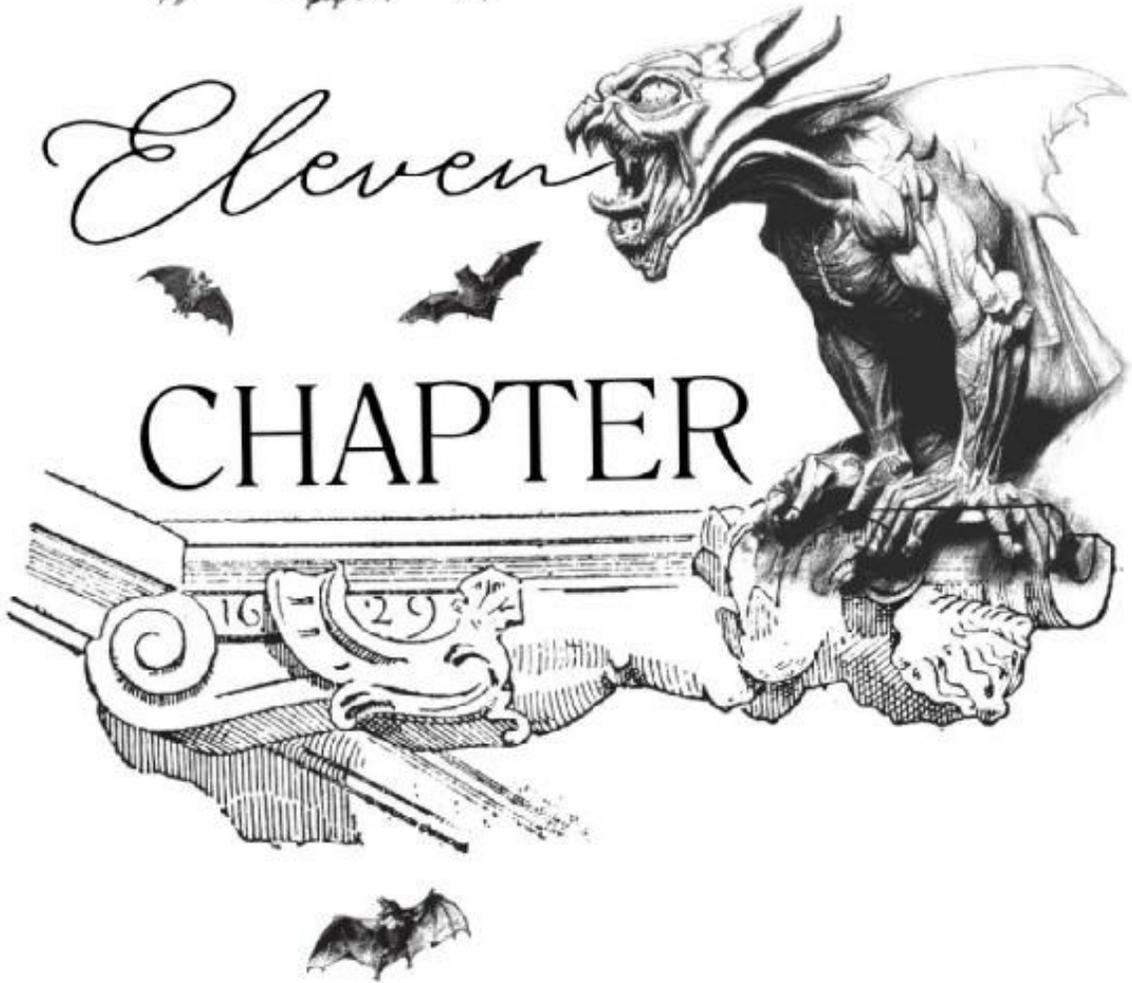
Thin arms went around her, his voice cracking as he shook with sorrow, “Sweet, innocent child, you are the greatest gift that God could have given me. A true angel walking amongst us mere humans. You take care of yourself, you hear me?” he pushed her away, “This old man’s time has come to an end. I will be watching you from a better place. Now, go, hurry!”

With one final look at the man that had given her life, Rose bolted from the room, running until her lungs collapsed, until her soul shriveled up, knowing that the morning would soon be upon them, and her dear father wouldn’t be alive to see the Sun rise one final time.



Eleven

CHAPTER



Ch. 11



Their home was aflame. The fires raging with fury, eviscerating everything in their path like merciless orange beasts.

Prowling across the balustrade, Gabriel peered down, seeking for the slightest hint of an escape route for his little dove. He didn't care about the flames. He was accustomed to them; after all, Hell was known for the endless blazing pits that sinful souls were regularly thrown into. They couldn't hurt

him. But they were deadly for Rose. A sure nail in her coffin.

“What are we going to do?” her voice reached him, the fear in it as clear as day. “Why are they doing this? They will burn the cathedral to the ground at this rate!”

She had returned from her father’s place barely an hour ago when the first fire had started. At first, Gabriel had thought it to be a simple bonfire that the homeless would start when the nights became too cold. But then another one had sprung forth, and another one, quickly turning into a ring of orange that encompassed the entirety of the building.

Suspicion clawed at him.

Gabriel had warned Rose about the possible repercussions of going to visit her father so soon after her escape from the authorities, but as expected, she had refused to listen to him and had brought the authorities straight to her hiding place instead. He couldn’t really blame her though, he was well aware that aside from Gabriel, her father was the only other person in her life that she cared about.

Shaking his head in exasperation, he finally answered her, “We have to get you out of here, Rose. It’s not safe for you.”

“What about you? I’m not leaving you here!”

“Sweet human, I will be fine. The fires cannot harm me, I am a gargoyle, my skin is as impenetrable as stone.”

Sobs shook her beautiful body. “This is all my fault! If only I had listened to you!”

Tugging her against him, he wiped away the tears, cursing the Heavens for the vile humans that had dared to make her hate herself. “This is not your fault, little dove. You didn’t set the building on fire, nor did you attack Florent. If anyone is to blame, it is me. I should have ripped him to bits when I had him in my clutches, no one would have known. You would have been

safe at home, with your father, and none of this would have happened.” *And I never would have fallen in love with you.*

Soft lips grazed his mouth, his heart swelling with an emotion that he never thought himself possible to feel. All because of her, his very own angel on Earth.

His lips parted, tongue teasing as she opened for him, their bodies tangling around each other as if afraid they would perish without the other’s touch.

“Do not be afraid, Rose,” he whispered softly, his strong arms braced around her in a possessive manner. “I will keep you safe.”

“I know, Gabriel. I trust you.”

Wings spread around them as he scooped her up, her upper body and knees pressed against his chest as if carrying her to bed and not away from the very pits of Hell.

“We will make a new home, little dove. For home is where you are, and I would rather cease to exist than live in this world without you.”

She yelped as he jumped off the ledge, soaring into the night sky and away from the raging inferno. Moments later, they landed on hard ground, the southern wall of the cathedral the only place where the fire hadn’t yet reached.

“My, my,” a shrill voice came from the shadows, “what do we have here?”

Gabriel leaped in front of Rose, shielding her from the monster in front of them, for the man standing ten feet away was not human anymore.

Empty holes and pockets gaped in Florent’s body where large chunks of flesh should have been, a part of his scalp void of all tissue, the bone completely exposed and bare to the air around it. One half of his face was covered in scars, as if a serrated knife had been used to carve ragged lines

into it. An entire fist was missing from his left arm, as if someone had yanked it out of its socket, the skin still raw and angry. It was the same hand that had struck Rose, the one that had sealed Florent's fate.

"I should have killed you that night."

"Yes," Florent said, gleefully snickering, "you should have. That was your first mistake, demon. Your second mistake," a group of men appeared behind him, torches flaring all around them, "was thinking you were safe from me. Now, hand me over Rose and we will be leaving you. The fires will be put out, you have my word."

Rose laughed, mirroring Gabriel's very own thoughts.

"Is there something that amuses you?" Florent asked as a crowd gathered behind him. It seemed as if the entirety of Paris had come to the streets. "Justice will finally be served tonight, you filthy whore. You will pay for what you did to me." He took a step forward.

Lethal fangs dropped from his jaw as Gabriel roared, his already massive body growing in size as he dropped to all fours in front of Rose. His tail swung back and forth, snapping at the humans, sending them scurrying back in fright. Wings spread out, blocking their view of his precious flower. No one would touch her. He would skin them alive.

"Hand her over, demon," Florent's voice shook, uncertainty making him falter. "I have no quarrel with you."

"How so, worm?" Gabriel hissed, slowly advancing on the man. "Was it not me that remade your despicable anatomy into a somewhat presentable one?"

"Don't come closer! Stay away!" Florent screeched, taking one of the torches and swinging it frantically in front of him.

A satisfied chuckle escaped Gabriel when he saw the wet patch spreading across the man's trousers. "Come now, mayor's son. Shall we tell

these people what you did? Are you brave enough to tell them the truth?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm innocent!"

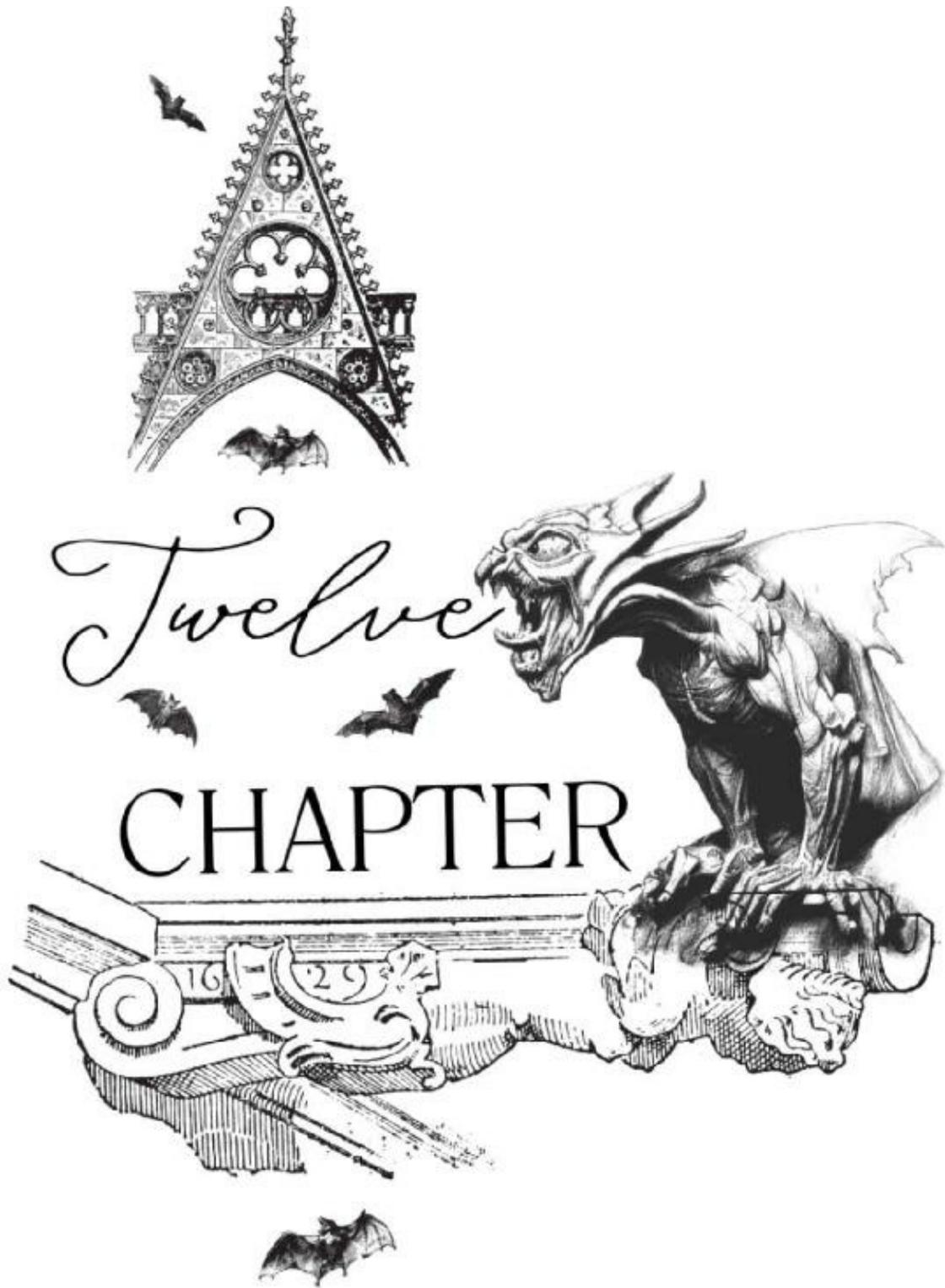
The crowd murmured as their interest peaked, talking in hushed voices that seemed to only grow as Gabriel continued, "No? Shall I remind you, perhaps?" he turned toward Rose, "Maybe we should let the real victim tell them how they were lied to and deceived." Shouts erupted around them. "How you had assaulted their sister. How you had almost raped her behind this very building that you had them set on fire." The mob turned wild, pushing and pulling at each other in an attempt to get closer to Florent. "No one likes to be made a fool of, little rat, or did you not know that when you sent God's sheep to burn down his temple?"

Like a dam under pressure, the human wall shielding Florent shattered. A wave of bodies erupted all around them, washing over the vile man, latching onto him. Screams rang out, so animalistic and raw that there was no doubt in anyone's mind about the sheer agony that had caused them. Limbs were stretched as hands grabbed and pulled, until nothing but bits of flesh remained in Florent's place.

It was the most beautiful fucking sight that Gabriel had ever seen. But it was time for them to go, his work here was done.

There was an even more important issue to be dealt with now; a certain lesson that his little dove needed to be taught.

Without another word, he spun around, and grabbing Rose, rushed towards the sky.



Ch. 12



“**Y**ou know I have to punish you, little dove.”
She swallowed, her body pulled taut by the ropes around her limbs, standing bent over one of the beams. “Yes.” A sharp claw trailed down her spine, shivers erupting all over her skin.

“It is for your own good,” he purred, igniting her blood with desire.

“I understand.” *Drip. Drip. Drip.*

“Does that excite you, sweet human?” Fingers traced the inside of her thigh. “Is that why your pussy is leaking all over the floor?”

Drip. Drip. Drip. “Yes,” she whimpered, the sound of her arousal

hitting the ground making her desperate for Gabriel's cock.

Chuckling, he dipped into her center. "Mmm," he groaned, teasing her, "do you know why you're being punished?" adding a third thick digit as he began to slowly pump inside of her. Slurping noises filled the air, her slick shamelessly streaming down over his knuckles.

Moaning from the delicious stretch of his fingers, she could only shake her head in answer. A hard slap met her ass. She yelped, arms pulling at the ropes.

"Wrong answer, little dove. Let's try again," his large hand smoothed over her skin, rubbing the painful spot. "Why do you need to be punished?"

"I—" another moan escaped her as he leaned down, licking her pucker. "I disobeyed you." *Smack*. "I—" *Smack, smack, smack*. "I put myself in danger!"

"You put yourself in danger," he repeated low, caressing the reddened skin of her cheeks as he continued to finger her. "What will I be forced to do if you repeat your error again?" His tail wrapped around her throat, pulling until her back arched in midair, the ropes binding her wrists restricting her from leaning back against his chest.

"You will have to punish me again," she rasped, her pussy pulsing with need.

Smack. "Smart girl," his hand came down again, the blows to her ass firmer than before, alternating between the sweet agony and the gentle soothing of the flesh right after.

She had never known that it could be so good, that she could get pleasure from pain. Her heart thrashed against her ribs, her pussy drenched through, every nerve ending of hers screaming from the overflow of sensations that Gabriel was wreaking on her body.

Fingers fucked her center while his tongue ate out her ass, his tail

wrapped around her neck, cutting off her breathing. Then a hand would come down again, adding fuel to the fire, leaving her craving for more.

“Fuck me, please,” she begged in between moans, “I need to feel your cock, Gabriel.” Fingers scissored inside of her, stretching her walls as she began to rock her hips.

“Such a greedy little cunt, wanting to be filled up by a monster’s big dick.” *Smack.* “Fuck yourself on my fingers, Rose, and if you do it properly, you’ll get your wish.”

Her hips swirled as she found her pace, impaling herself on his thick digits while he shoved them deep inside of her, his other hand playing with her pucker then driving two fingers into her ass as well.

She cried out, the sudden double intrusion pushing her over the edge. His massive cock rammed into her fluttering core. “There you go, see how well you listen?”

He fucked her hard, his thrusts deep, merciless, increasing in pace as he held on to the globes of her ass, stretching them so he had a clear view of her two holes.

Like a wild animal she wailed away, mewling and moaning as he destroyed her cunt.

“Who do you belong to, little dove? Who is your master?”

“You, Gabriel,” she cried out, heat rising in her stomach, “Only you,” then erupted in a chain of deep moans when she felt his seed hit her womb, unloading his balls inside of her until they were completely empty.

Her limbs were unbound while she remained bent over, her legs too weak to be able to stand without the beam’s support underneath her. Strong arms lifted her, obsidian eyes gazing down at her in Gabriel’s arms.

“I love you,” she whispered, finally admitting what she had known to be true all along. Her body and soul had recognized him long before her heart

caught on. From the very first day that he had saved her, Rose never stood a chance.

His eyes softened at her admission as he laid her down on the bed. They stared at each other, not uttering a single word for what felt like hours.

A tinge of sadness hit her; he hadn't said it back. Did he not feel the same about her? Was she just another one of the many conquests that he had spoken to her about?

Peace settled over her then, overruling the rising sorrow. She was well aware of his demonic nature, he had warned her about it many times over the course of their meeting, about not having any expectations concerning it. He couldn't change, he had told her. Couldn't be something that wasn't in his blood.

So perhaps, it wasn't a matter of him not loving her, but him not being capable of feeling love at all, at least not in the way that humans were used to. Maybe his species showed it through actions instead, something that Gabriel definitely wasn't lacking in. Did she really need to hear those three little words to be sure of the true nature of his feelings?

"Little dove," he murmured as she closed her eyes, relishing in the sound of his deep voice, "what is that human brain of yours thinking so hard about this time?"

She smiled, still taken aback by how well he knew her. "I was thinking just how special you make me feel, and how I am lucky to have found you."

He cupped her face, palming her cheek in the softest touch, as if afraid that he would unintentionally hurt her with his monstrous hand. "Do not despair, sweet human, I may not have said the words back to you, but I am irrevocably captured by you. My heart and soul are yours for the taking, do what you will with them. Crush them, drain them. Take my body and rip me to pieces, and I will beg you for more. And when your final hour comes at

last, know this – I will lay down beside you and hold you close while we perish together from this ugly world. For you are everything and I am nothing; for without you, I would cease to exist at all.”

“I love you,” she repeated, kissing him, snuggling up beside this glorious creature as she peacefully drifted off to sleep, the beat of his strong heart erasing all doubts.

She was loved, and for the very first time, had something that no one could ever take away from her. Her very own monster.



Epilogue

STORMING OF THE BASTILLE

Paris, 14 July 1789



PARIS

year 1792

“**A**ntoine, over here!”
“Pass it to me!”

“Run, Pierre, run!”

The brown rag ball soared through the air. Shrieks and yells erupted around them as both boys bolted forward, grinning wildly as they ran to reach it before the other. It bounced into a brick wall, shooting down into an abandoned service chute.

“Ah, *mon dieu!*” the younger boy shouted, eyes wide as he stared down into the dark opening. “What are we going to do now? *Maman* will kill me if I lose that ball!”

The two boys crouched down, searching the chute for any signs of their toy.

“We’ll just have to go down and get it, Pierre.”

“No, Antoine! It’s too dark, I can’t go in there!”

“Don’t be a wuss, Pierre. There’s nothing down there but rats. And they will eat your ball if we don’t get it back. Do you want a beating from your *maman* instead of dinner?”

Pierre swallowed, his dirty blond hair plastered to his sweaty forehead, whispering as all hope left him, “I really liked that ball, Antoine.”

“Ah!” the dark haired boy sat down, rolling up his shirt sleeves, “Come on, we’re wasting time!” disappearing into the shadows.

Not having much of a choice and fearing for his ass, Pierre jumped in, joining his older friend. Both boys stood still, allowing their eyes to adjust to the dark. After a few minutes, they could clearly see that it wasn’t a service chute at all as they had originally suspected, but something entirely else.

“Whoa!” Pierre exclaimed, spinning in a circle, excited about their new discovery.

“Don’t touch anything,” his friend warned, eyes blown wide, “it might be poisoned.”

“Pfft, you’ve read too many books Antoine. Can’t you see?” He shook his shoulders. “We’re in a tomb!”

Antoine grimaced, his curious gaze sweeping over the space. “I wonder who’s buried here.”

A moment of silence passed between them. Then a glint of iron caught their eye.

“Here, Antoine! Come, quick!”

Crouching down once more, a plaque of sorts stared back at them, its surface mostly covered by dirt where the ground above it must have collapsed over it. Hurriedly, they cleared it away, revealing the words underneath.

“What does it say, Antoine?”

Squinting, the dark haired boy struggled to make out the words. “I’m not sure, it’s written in old French. I think it’s some kind of a poem,” he said. “Quite strange, actually. I don’t really understand it.”

“Well, go on, read it.”

“Alright,” and so, he began:

*The chimes of bells strike twelve, once more
my heart has turned to stone.
I wait and weep, upon the floor,
my life is now in vain. Alone,
at last I lay me down,
my flower waits for me.
I refuse to live, don't frown
at me, for I go to the one I love.*



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bella Durand is the monster romance alter ego of dark fantasy romance author Isabella Khalidi. Her books are steamy and dark, with tormented main heroes and brave heroines that strive for love and a sense of belonging. When not creating new worlds, she can be found helping out in her family's cozy little restaurant in a small town in Europe.

Roses for the Damned is her first published monster romance novel, with the *Wicked Creatures Tales* as her debut monster romance series.

Follow her on Instagram: [belladurandauthor](#).

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WORKS BY BELLA DURAND (writing as ISABELLA KHALIDI):

The Snows of Nissa:

<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B0BZQ75MW1>

The Storms of Fury:

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C199S14T>

The Sands of Titans:

<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B0C19B1FPK>

The Plains of Wrath:

<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B0C198SRTL>

Fairy Tales Reloaded: Down in Grimm's Dungeon:

<https://www.amazon.com/Down-Grimms-Dungeon-Fairy-Reloaded-ebook/dp/B0CB2RVPS7>

UPCOMING WORKS BY BELLA DURAND (2023/2024):

1. Wicked Creatures Tales

Lilies for the Cursed – A Sleeping Beauty Retelling

Poppies for the Hunted – A Robin Hood Retelling

Daisies for the Broken – A Frog Prince Retelling

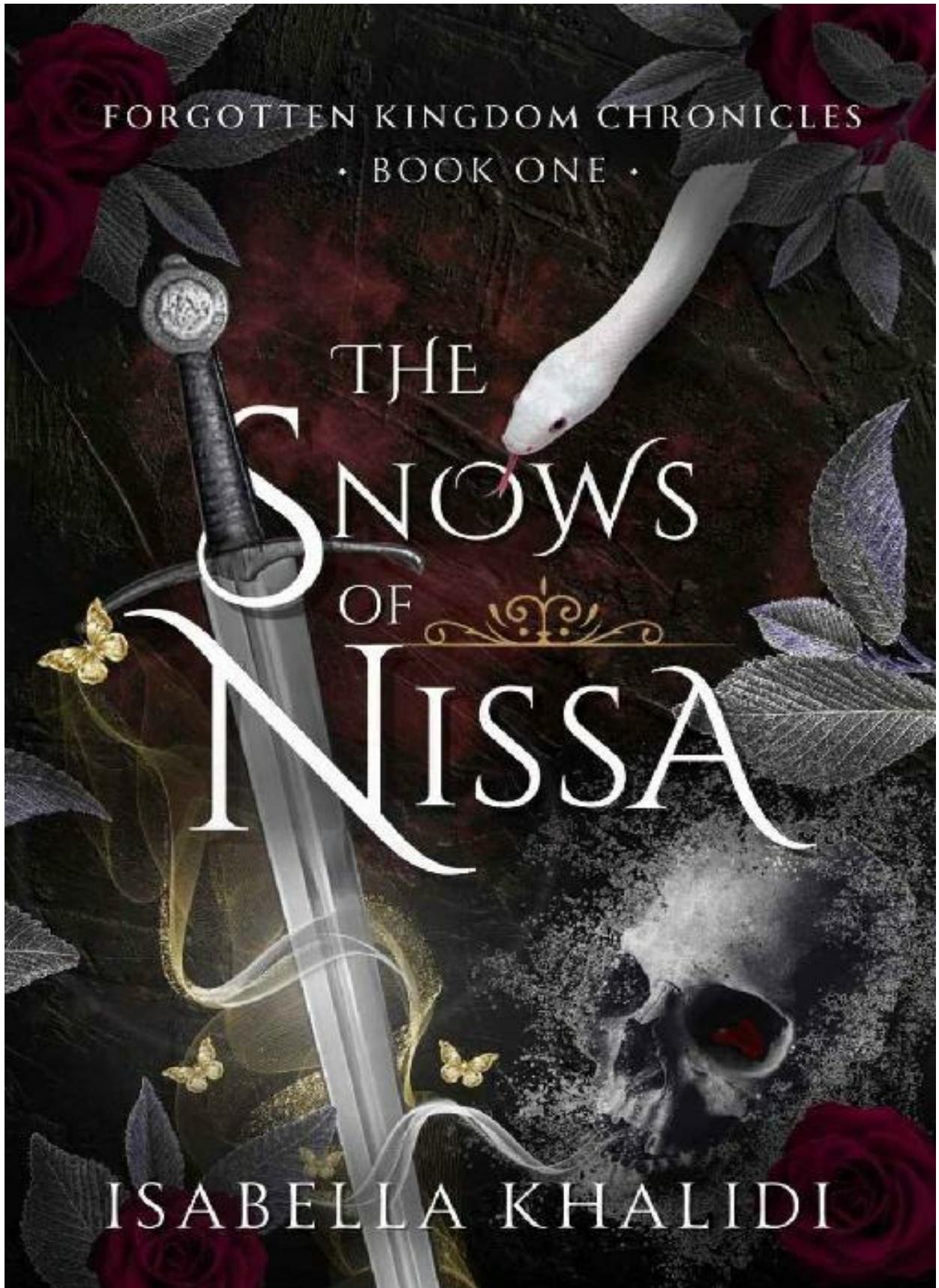
Tulips for the Chained – A Hensel and Gretel Retelling

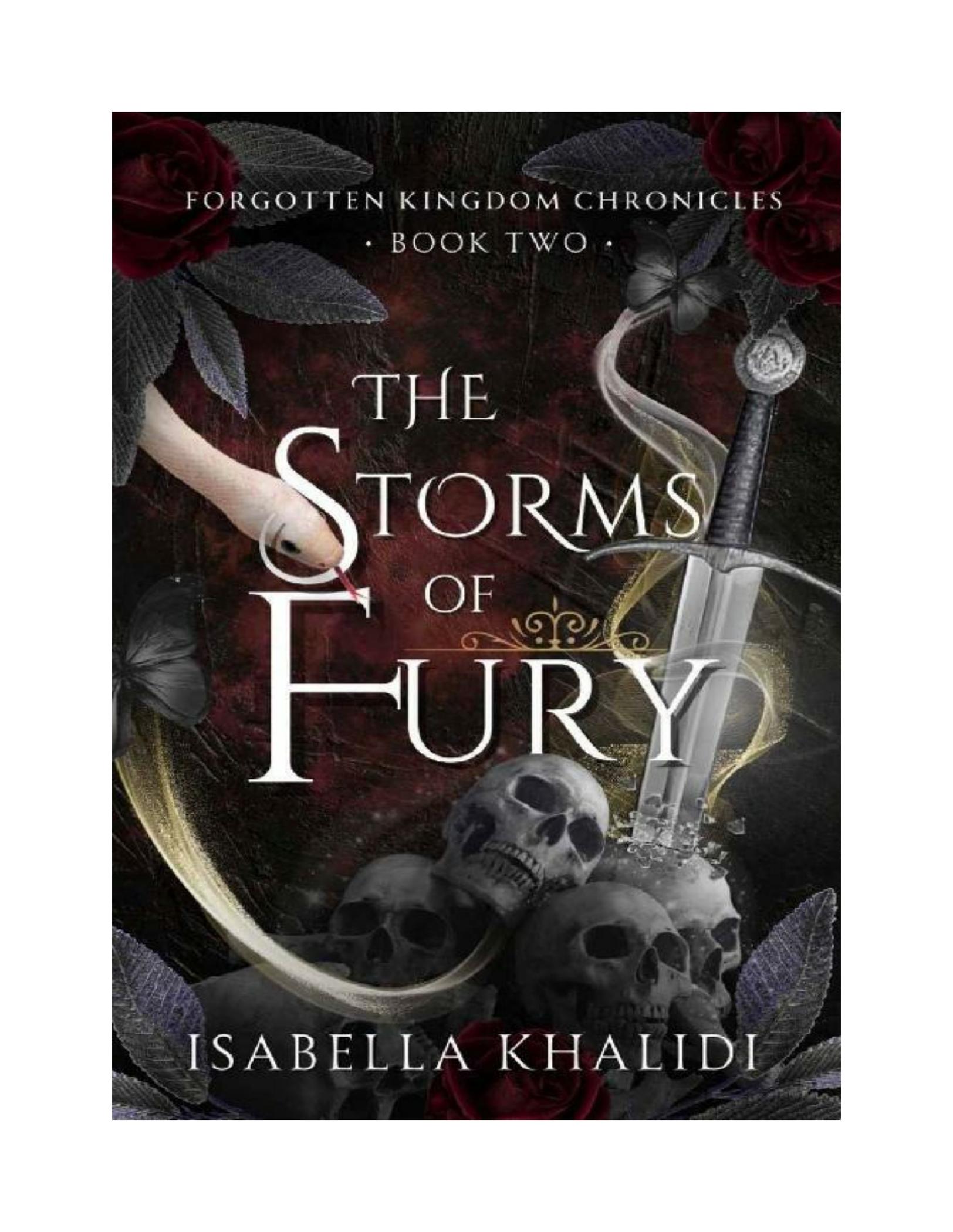
2. Sinful Vows

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM CHRONICLES
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THE
SNOWS
OF
NISSA

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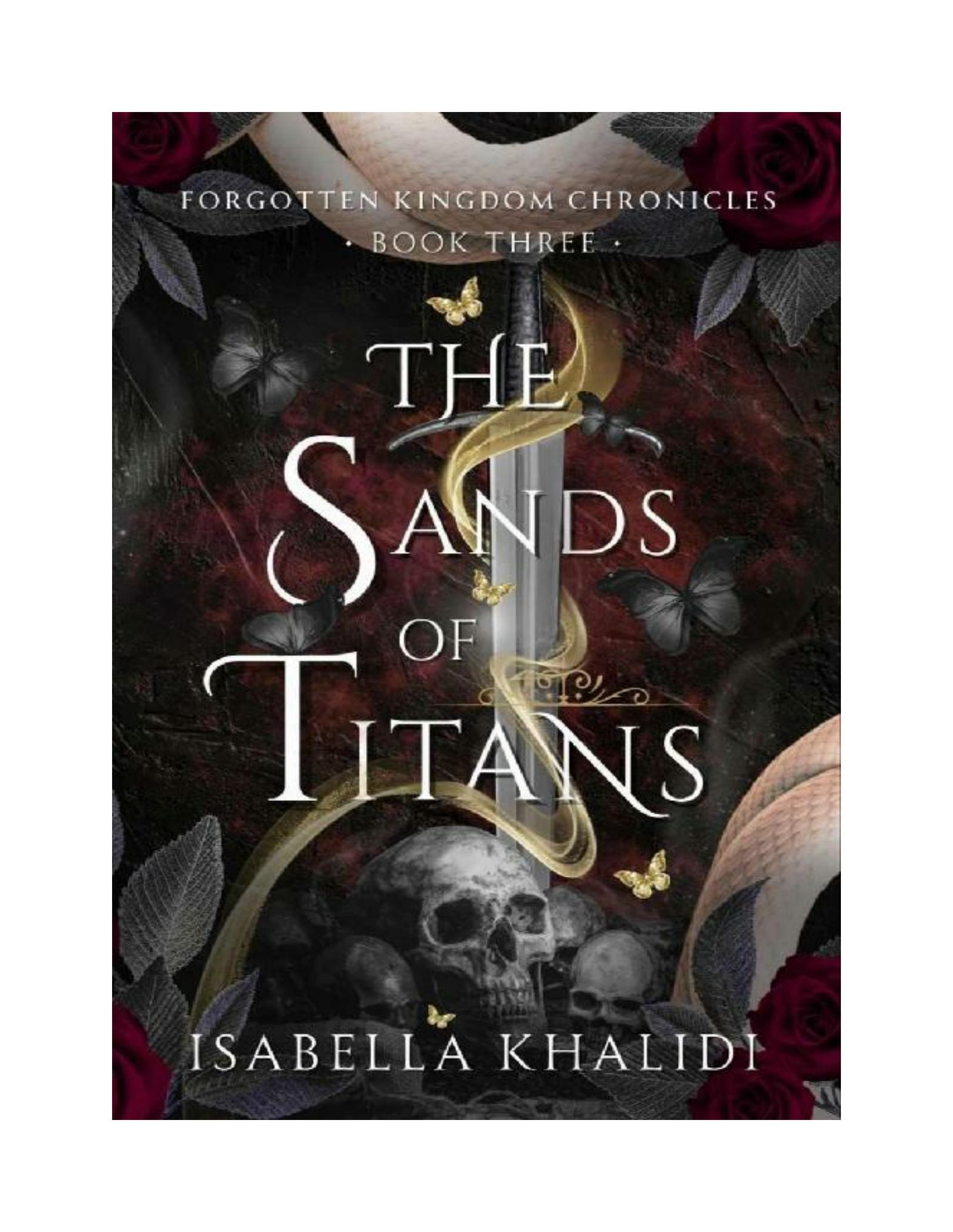


The book cover features a dark, moody background with a snake on the left, a sword on the right, and several skulls at the bottom. Red roses and dark leaves are scattered throughout. The text is in a white, serif font.

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM CHRONICLES
• BOOK TWO •

THE
STORMS
OF
FURY

ISABELLA KHALIDI

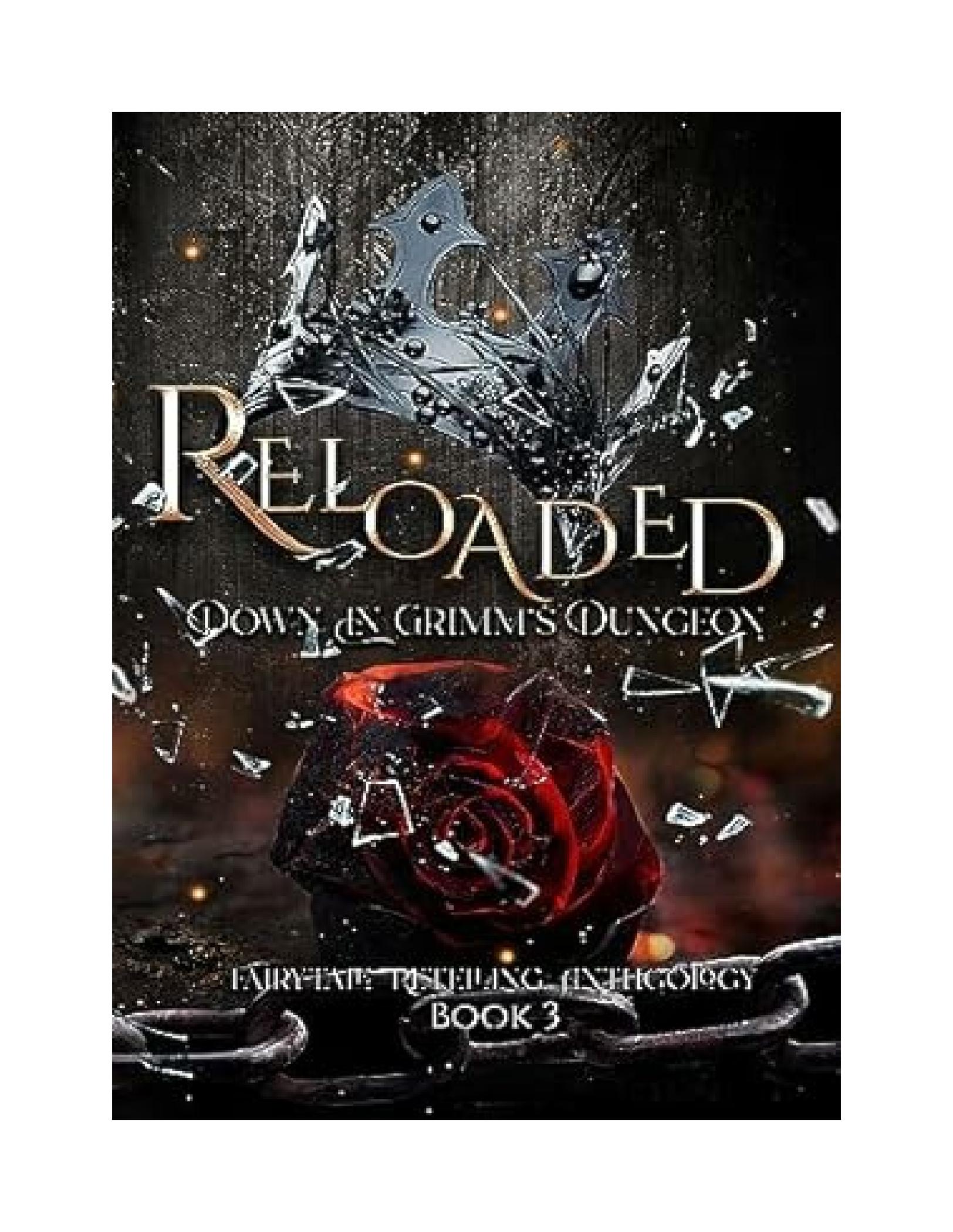


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• BOOK THREE •

THE
SANDS
OF
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