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MONSTERS  
OF  
GRIMLAKE

# STUPID CUPID

SALEM SINCLAIR



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To all my girlies and theybies out there that love to peg their partners and turn them into pitiful,  
whining messes.

I see you. I am you.



“What a wicked game to play  
To make me feel this way.”

*Wicked Game*

—

*Ursine Vulpine, Annaca*

## TRIGGER WARNING

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BDSM themes, ball gags, restraints, Dom/sub themes, pegging, breath play, orgies, off-screen ritualistic sacrifices of goats for Lupercalia, and gratuitous monster sex.



## CHAPTER ONE

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The brownstone standing on the empty avenue in the town of Grimlake was not unusual in any way.

It blended in nicely with the neighboring brownstones, all of them arching high into the night sky like sentinels on the darkened street, lit only by glowing gas streetlamps. It was, all things considered, remarkably ordinary.

What was happening inside the home, however, was outside of the ordinary. Or, it was when compared to Noelle's old and dull sex life, anyway. Truly, it was fucking extraordinary, if you asked her. She would forever thank every deity imaginable for the day that Gus von Krampus showed up on her doorstep because, *Christ*, these orgasms.

Noelle panted frantically out of her nose, so close to her fourth—fifth? Sixth? She was losing count and her sanity—orgasm that her pussy was painfully sensitive. The slow drag of Krampus's powerful length against her swollen walls was equally pleasurable and torturous. Drool was dripping in thick, slippery globs from her mouth down to the smooth, wooden floor below her, and she widened her stance to avoid the growing puddle. A plastic ball gag sat behind her front teeth, and she rolled her tongue against it, fighting the urge to retch against the sensation.

As she was still growing accustomed to gags, Krampus tended to veer toward the side of caution and they mostly played with breathable or open-mouth gags. Krampus had gifted her with an early Lupercalia gift, and tonight, she had gone up in size from the first beginner ball gag he had used on her. As he'd slipped this larger ball beyond the barrier of her teeth, stroking her cheek the whole while, Noelle had gazed up at him adoringly from where she knelt, trusting him wholeheartedly.

Now, the gag was covered in her slobber and restraining her wrecked, animal-sounding squeals as he pummeled her cunt with first his fist and now his cock. Noelle was light-headed, and whether it was from her position of head down, ass up or from the numerous orgasms, she couldn't be sure. Krampus held her hips tightly in his grip as he bent her over and fucked her from behind. Her hands had been braced on his thighs, which in his human form were thick with muscle beneath her palms.

When his cock stroked her just right, she jolted against him and let out a whine. With a growl, Krampus shoved her forward until her back was braced against the side of the bed, so hard she was sure the frame would be imprinted on her spine tomorrow. She was neatly pressed in half, the muscles in her thighs and back trembling with tension. Her breasts were crushed tightly against her knees and her belly heaved with strained breaths. Noelle was not a small girl by any means, but she regularly did Pilates and was limber, but all that flexibility did not gift her with the ability to breathe any easier in this position, especially with a ball gag in her mouth.

Her eyes fluttered shut as her breath stuttered in her lungs.

*Yes, she thought. Yes, this. Please, this.*

Even as the gesture for her safety played on a loop in her brain, even as her lungs ached for a full breath of fresh air, Noelle relished the light-headedness and the edge of fear overtaking her.

*One finger slow down, two fingers stop.*

Krampus's thrusts sped up, startling her, and she nearly lost her footing as it slipped in the mess of spittle on the floor.

But Krampus held on tight with his preternatural strength, holding her body still like she was his personal fuck doll, even as he adjusted her hips impossibly higher so he could angle his thick dick directly for that deep spot within her. Noelle grabbed onto his wrists for balance, desperate, aching, and so perfectly full. She pressed up onto her toes; pushed her body to the edge of every precipice she could as she gave herself over, wholly, to the brutal taking of her mind and body.

Between her knees, Noelle could see her abused pussy, swollen and reddened with need, and dripping with her slick even around the plunging plug of Krampus's dick. Her lover's cock was thick, nearly as wide as her forearm, and it seemed impossible that he could fit within her, yet there was the proof right before her blue eyes. That tiny hole of hers was stretched wide around him, straining and aching to accommodate, the thin skin of her perineum so delicate-looking she wasn't sure how it hadn't torn yet. His ball sack, heavy with seed, hung like pendulums as he pummeled her.

Noelle was nothing more than a wrecked puppet at this point, a fuck toy for Krampus to use and abuse at his every whim to get off, and she reveled in this knowledge, welcomed it. Unbelievable pleasure coursed through her body as blackness danced at the edge of her vision.

Her clit was squeezed tight between her thighs and being stimulated with each thrust. She was so, so close. Squeals were trying to escape her mouth from behind the gag, but without any air in her lungs to make any noise, then she just made pathetic little gasps instead.

Krampus was murmuring filthy platitudes—"Good girl, with that filthy sweet cunt. So fucking tight, so fucking wet. Filthy, dirty girl"—and they lit her up inside. She struggled to stay conscious to hear them, wanted to stay awake to feel the pleasure in her body, but as the final, explosive climax coursed through her, Noelle faded, blissfully, into the darkness.





## CHAPTER TWO

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The next day dawned, sunny and bright, with a chilly wind that blew in from the mountains and pressed against the windows in curling frost patterns against the panes. Krampus was up and gone by the time Noelle dragged herself out from between the sheets, yawning. A crystal decanter sat at her bedside table, full of water, and a note with an elegantly scrawled word: “drink. Uncapping the decanter, she flipped the lid upside down and poured a cupful before drinking it down, as the bossy old goat had demanded. Soreness made her limbs heavy as she tugged on her robe and reveled in the deep aches.

She shuffled into the bathroom, flicking on the light before peering into the mirror. Her pimple patch had white ooze on it and she delightedly peeled it off with a glance to examine it before she discarded the used patch in the waste basket and tugged her hair up into a bun before hopping into the shower.

It was a dry shampoo day, so when Noelle exited the shower, she grabbed the spray bottle and gave it a shake before spritzing her roots in various sections. A podcast played in the background as she went about her morning routine, and Noelle plaited her hair as the teeny voice spoke in detail about a heinous crime.

“He deserves to rot in prison, not just 40 years,” Noelle muttered to herself as she wriggled the mascara wand over her lashes, mouth open in the age-old mascara applying face.

Makeup and hair complete, she headed to the bedroom to shimmy into her favorite pair of worn black leggings. She slipped on a thick cable-knit sweater belonging to Krampus—that she may have procured from his house—that hung down to her thighs and wool socks, before tugging on her rubber boots that could handle the remainder of the mushy snow that refused to melt.

She had plans to meet up with Yule and Lumi today at their favorite coffee shop before doing some Lupercalia shopping for their boyfriends.

The thought stopped Noelle dead in her tracks for a moment as she was slipping on her coat. Because, *boyfriend?*

Like, yes. That’s what Krampus was. They had agreed to be exclusive. They had agreed to spend Lupercalia together. They were *dating*. And she liked him, a whole crazy amount of like...

But heavens, it was weird. And yeah, Noelle had dated a monster before, that wasn’t the weird part. It was Krampus’s age. She hated to be ageist, but...

Here’s the thing about dating an eons-old monster: they had everything.

Like, what, exactly, was Noelle supposed gift Krampus for Lupercalia?

He could create a bouquet of flowers with a swish of his wrist, get chocolate from the elves at his brother’s workshop, and he had gadgets and gizmos aplenty—

Noelle shook her head, shaking the kid's tune from her mind forcefully as she finished tugging on her coat, before she grabbed her purse and keys, and headed out to meet her friends.

The walk to Good Mourning Café, the best coffee shop in Grimlake, was a fairly short one from Noelle's brownstone, but the gray slush and meandering weekend crowd made the journey arduous. Her I'm-a-people-person-and-I'm-polite-I-swear mask was already slipping by the time she snuck through the door into the café and stomped up to the counter. Her favorite orc, Etheridge, was manning the shop and stood behind the whirring and steaming machines. The small satyr ordering at the counter was leaning as far away from the orc as politely possible, without making it too horrendously obvious she feared him. Unfortunately, her attempt to not be obvious made it even *more* obvious. Etheridge and Noelle shared a look over the satyr's head as the orc handed the girl her latte and she skittered away.

Setting her bag down on the wooden countertop, Noelle said, "Having a good day, eh?"

Etheridge just shrugged his large shoulders without comment, but she could see the hurt in his oak-colored eyes. As fearsome as orcs were reported to be, the café's owner had never been anything but sweet and gentle when Noelle came across him.

The orc was large, insofar as men go. Easily over 7 feet tall, with wide shoulders and massive trunks for thighs, but Noelle regularly spent time with Krampus in his monstrous form so Etheridge's size didn't intimidate her at all. His dark hair, which he normally kept down his back in a thick rope, was knotted at the top of his head today, with some strands having escaped and framing his craggy face. Ivory tusks stuck out from his mouth and were bright against the black fur of his short, dense beard. The golden rings in his nostrils flashed in the lights as he tilted his head down to get a better view of her.

"Brown sugar latte with oat milk and extra cinnamon today?" Etheridge inquired, already grabbing a large to-go cup.

"You know me so well," the redhead smiled as she handed over her payment.

As he prepared her latte, Noelle settled on a plush love seat near the roaring fireplace and browsed social media as she waited for her friends to arrive.

She was scrolling mindlessly until an article popped up that caught her attention.

"Bend Over, Boyfriend," the article was titled, and it had a cutesy drawing of a buxom girl with something tied around her waist. Frowning, Noelle pinched her fingers to zoom in on the photo, but increasing the size made it too pixelated to see anything. So, intrigued, she opened the article.

### **To Dick or Be Dicked: That Is the Question**

*In the year of Our Lord and Savior 2023, anyone can buy a dick, and put it to good use,* it read. The further Noelle read, the wider her eyes got until she was sure they resembled saucers. She wasn't an innocent by any means, but this article was bringing to light something she had never even heard of and it was making her feel...things.

And it was giving her *ideas*.

*So many ideas.*

By the time Etheridge called her name and handed her the latte, Noelle knew exactly what she wanted to get Krampus for Lupercalia.



## CHAPTER THREE

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Yule and Lumi's arrival to Good Mourning heralded in a breeze of chilly air and a whole lot of sass. The pair were bickering about whether crinkle-cut or waffle fries were better, and most days, Noelle could get down with such an important debate, but today? Today she was having a crisis. So after her friends grabbed their coffees, she ushered them out the door and told them her plans, much to their amusement.

The trio were sauntering down main street as Noelle regaled them with the article's information, and they headed to a store Lumi swore would aid Noelle in her quest. Lumi's blonde hair and bright outfit were a stark contrast to Yule, whose dark hair and clothes seemed to absorb the morning light. Noelle had a brief, hysterical thought, that they probably looked like the Powerpuff girls with their corresponding hair colors.

"I just can't believe you've never played with a man's ass," Lumi said, loudly and without shame, as she took a sip from her to-go cup. A brownie had been passing the girls as they walked down the cobblestone street and sent them a nasty look. Lumi gave him a savage smile in return. "Yeah, we have sex lives. Get over it!"

Mortified, Noelle grabbed her arm and hurried Lumi along but Yule just laughed at their antics, used to Lumi's boisterous personality. The three girls had to separate briefly to fit around a family of kyrkogrimms that were all thoroughly investigating a scent around a potted plant, before meeting back and locking arms so they wouldn't get dislodged in the crowd.

After the recent snowstorms that had been plaguing Grimlake, it seemed all of its inhabitants were out and about to enjoy the sunshine today. Ogres maneuvered carefully down the crowded streets, tiny bags clutched in their huge hands, as fairies flitted here and there, moving quickly to avoid smashing into people's faces on accident. A naga slithered by, a disgruntled look on their serpentine face. They were cradling the last half foot or so of their tail in their arms, and Noelle realized with a wince that the tip had a crook in it, likely from a stray foot stepping on it.

As they reached the town square, Noelle gazed up at the swaying banners that were strung from lamppost to lamppost, taking in the triangles of fabric in alternating colors of crimson, rose, and moon-pale white. English ivy wound up the posts and tangled through the garland, adding a touch of whimsy to the décor. Witches and herbalists had apothecary and metaphysical kiosks set up and the group meandered over to one. Crystals glittered in the bright early afternoon sunlight from their spot on the table.

"This town is so extra, I'm obsessed," Lumi gushed as she glanced around. "It's like a cute little preternatural Mayberry. I am *so* glad I decided to move here."

"Oh? And that decision was all about the town and had nothing to do with those two men of yours? One in particular with his BBC?" Yule asked, one eyebrow raised as she browsed through the sachets of herbs the kiosk was offering. At my confused look, Yule mouthed, "Big blue cock."

Ah, nothing to do with the TV station, Noelle realized.

Noelle mimed an “oh” before nodding in comprehension, a smile playing on her lips. Weird peens were literally one of the best parts of having a monster lover, and the three girls had had numerous giggling discussions regarding the varying differences of their lovers’ dicks during girls’ nights over wine and tacos.

As the trio continued to shop, they trailed off into random conversations regarding the upcoming Lupercalia feast. The sun rose higher in the sky, turning the last of the dripping icicles into puddles, and laughter rang through the town in happy trills. After quite a bit of wandering, they finally found themselves standing in front of Stupid Cupid.

The brick was painted a pleasing light pink, with pale lace bunting strung from the striped overhang. The front window had the store name in a swirling script and was dotted with cartoon hearts. The cutesy storefront was offset by the mannequin standing in the window and dressed up in heavy BDSM gear. Noelle could feel the wide set of her eyes, but she was more intrigued than put off.

“Is that a horse bridle?” she asked, peering at the mannequin, but she didn’t get an answer as Lumi and Yule swept her in through the front door.

The pungent scent of amber assaulted Noelle’s olfactory senses as she crossed the threshold and she nearly sneezed.

The interior of Stupid Cupid was similarly dressed to the exterior, with pale pink walls interspersed with white stripes and matching lace bunting draped throughout. A huge chandelier of white-stained branches hung in the center of the main room, above a large vintage table in the same shade as the walls. Electric candles flickered on the natural-looking chandelier. Matching branches climbed up the walls in random intervals, occasionally covered in crawling vines and fairy lights, giving the whole shop an enchanted forest feel.

“It’s giving...” Yule’s hands waffled around a bit. “Little Red Riding Hood’s grandma vibes. Very cottage core, pastel witch in the woods,” Yule whispered to Noelle from the side of her mouth.

A sultry chuckle sounded from behind them and each woman jumped like startled cats.

“I’m taking that as a compliment, darling. Red’s gran has *great* taste.” The voice was a euphonic tenor, with an almost transatlantic accent. It was delightfully pleasant to the ears.

Noelle turned toward the speaker and her mouth dropped open before she could stop it. The creature before her was just...*jaw dropping*.

They were tall and thin, with etched-out muscles that were easily viewable in the leather bikini ensemble they were adorned in. Their skin was a stunning shade of crimson, and was offset by long, wavy hair in a shade of rose so pale it was nearly white. Small, red wings curved out of their back, bat-like in appearance and seemingly too small to hoist them off the ground. A long tail whipped back and forth behind them like an agitated cat.

Noelle blushed as she took in the large bulge between their thighs and forced her eyes up, but the stranger was just standing confidently, hip jutted to one side and a long leg extended so the group could see them in all their stunning glory. The sleek vinyl boots that extended up their thighs and connected to a garter matched their long gloves that adorned their arms.

All in all, they made an impressive visage and the girls were gobsmacked into silence for a moment.

Fangs peeked out from behind their lips as they gave a pleased smile. “Now, how may I help you ladies today?”



## CHAPTER FOUR

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The Lupercalia feast was held in a cavern at the base of the towering mountains that guarded Grimplake.

When Grimplake was created, a family of golems had been hired to produce a ceremonial grotto and as such, the Lupercal cavern was born. It was massive, with a smooth, gray interior and even boasted natural shelves carved into the cave walls. Upon the numerous ledges sat hundreds of burning candles. Stalagmites of wax had formed beneath the candles. Tealight candles hovered in the air, makeshift twinkling stars in the darkness of the cave.

The sacrificial goats had been slain prior to the feast, which differed from the violent and bloody Lupercalia celebrations of the past, but Noelle figured even traditions evolved to match the current times. The biggest change, perhaps, was that instead of slaying a dog for the feast, the local vet had held a blood drive. Greyhounds, as universal donors, had been highly requested for the event and the owners happily showed up in droves to Grimplake this morning. Noelle and her friends had been glad to help to volunteer as dog wranglers today and had spent most of the day loving on tall, lanky sighthounds.

When afternoon rolled around, Noelle started to get an anxious pit in her belly about her plans for the evening. *Was Lupercalia the right time for this? Would Krampus be interested? Would he hate his gift?* The questions roiled around in her mind, sending uneasiness through even as she prepared for the evening.

After showering, she dressed in the eggshell-colored robes female-presenting people were supposed to wear to the celebration and left her long, cherry hair draping down her back in a wavy curtain. She put on a few stripes of mascara, simply because Krampus liked watching it melt down her face with her tears of pleasure, but beyond that, she was sans makeup. Noelle was spritzing on some perfume when her doorbell rang.

Giddiness surged through her, not an unusual feeling when she was around Krampus, and Noelle hurried to the door.

She heaved the door open and there he was—impeccable in his demon form, towering high above her. His skin new moon night dark, hair starlight bright, and eyes burning red as the fiery sun. “Hi,” she breathed. If Krampus noticed the heart eyes that Noelle was shooting him, he didn’t comment on it. Instead, he gave her a once-over and tugged her close with one clawed hand. Her breasts were pressed tight against his chiseled abs and she curled her arms around his warm back. She could feel the muscles above his tail twitching as they worked to move it.

“You look divine, pet.” Krampus leaned in so close to her neck it caused his horn to scrape gently against her cheek as he inhaled deeply, taking in her scent. “And you smell absolutely edible.” He leaned back and gave her a feral, fanged grin. “I’m looking forward to taking you apart tonight, in front of everyone.”

A shudder ran up Noelle's form at his words. She swallowed hard, mouth suddenly dry. Would this overwhelming arousal he awoke in her ever fade? Gods, she hoped not. Turning her head, she glanced at the clock in her hall.

*Maybe...*

"No, pet. I can see what you're thinking. But you'll have to be a good girl and wait. Aht aht, no pouting." His claw plucked at her bottom lip hard enough to draw blood and she snapped at it in return. His white teeth flashed in the night as he grinned, and then he smacked her, twice. Not hard, just enough to bring color to her cheek, but the sting lit her up.

She was panting, just from that. He leaned down, close enough to kiss her, and then breathed his words into her mouth, "I'm going to eat you up, little lamb. A tasty little feast, all for me. And everyone is going to watch you melt in my mouth, as you scream for me."

Noelle virtually floated to his car after that and barely kept track of what happened during the feast. She vaguely recalled Krampus hand-feeding her bits of herb roasted goat, and salty root vegetables, as well as warm milk cakes dripping with so much honey it dribbled down her chest. She traced the honey along his fingers until her lips were meeting his palm and his claws were nearly down her throat. His eyes were hot and gleaming in the low light of the candles when she raised her gaze. Her core gave a hot pulse in return and Noelle felt her arousal, slippery like wet silk, between her legs.

The air in the cavern was changing, becoming charged with molten heat. Noelle could practically smell the arousal on the air and was sure the supernatural creatures in attendance could too.

The priestess, sitting at the head of the largest table, signaled the end of the feast, and naked men adorned with the furs of wolves came and cleared out the tables of food and chairs, leaving behind only plush rugs. As the priestess began to speak, blessing the town with fertility and love for the upcoming year, the men slunk in with dozens of pillows in varying shapes and sizes and placed them around the cavern, ensuring that every couple or group had pillows to utilize for the next part of the celebration.

The priestess then called someone up to her, a seemingly timid man that was reed-thin beneath his robes, but he happily bent over the sacrificial rock when she asked him to. And as the wolf-men began beating out a hard, drumming rhythm, the outwardly nervous man moaned lasciviously as the priestess paddled him black and blue.

From their position near the front, Noelle could see the man's cock hardening against the rough stone, could make out the slimy line of precum connect the tip of his dick to the rock, and he shook and shuddered with every hit he accepted. She bit her lip and leaned back against Krampus, reaching a hand out for him and finding his thick, furred thigh.

She snuck a peek at Lumi, who had been sitting across from her, and saw Lumi was shamelessly leaning back on her hands, thighs spread wide as the wolven creature, Amaruq, shoved a long, pink tongue between her legs. Her robe was still tied shut, but her breasts were spilling out and her second lover, Jack, was pinching and rolling her pink nipples between his fingertips.

All around Noelle, people were coming together as the drumbeats grew heavier and the man's cries reached a fever pitch.

With a plea that sounded suspiciously close to a whine, Noelle turned to Krampus and was immediately met with a clash of lips and tongue and teeth. Her robe was discarded easily, shredded

with claws, as Krampus led her down to the floor of the cavern. A plush rug met her back, chilly against her skin but pleasantly soft, and the coolness was a nice contrast to the fire-hot heat of Krampus above her. She could feel his cock, hard as stone, against her thighs as they made out.

Whining incoherently, she arched beneath him, desperate to lift her legs and feel him where she needed him most. But as she broke the contact of their lips to beg him to fuck her, Krampus began trailing biting, stinging kisses down her sternum. As he grasped the fleshy underside of her thighs and lifted them up, she realized he was making good on his promise to *feast* on her.

“Oh, Gods,” she whimpered, dragging a hand down her face.

“Basically,” her lover murmured back, cocky as ever. And with good reason because she was trembling with need as she gazed down her body, to where his smirking mouth sat above her cunt. Her pussy was pulsating in needy, hard jerks, her body primed and ready, and so, so accustomed to him. She was like Pavlov’s fucking dog for him.

Noelle reached a hand down between her legs and spread her pussy lips apart, baring herself to him, showing him her swollen, needy clit and wet, quivering slit. The other hand trailed up her own throat before coming to rest on her mouth. She knew she was going to scream—she always did for him—and she wanted to be able to muffle that sound in the echoing cavern. Already she could make out the sounds of numerous other couples, and she knew people wouldn’t care, but fuck, how embarrassing.

“I don’t think so, pet,” Krampus growled. “They’re going to hear every sound you make for me.” His tail whipped up and grasped her wrist, dragging it down and holding it in place. “Every whimper, every plea, every cry I earn from you is a noise to be treasured. Let them hear you.” The last words were said against her sopping wet cunt, vibrating against her clit as he spoke.

His long, dexterous tongue sank into her with excruciating slowness. Her mouth dropped open on a silent cry and she held his gaze as the long, wet muscle dove into her inch by wet, powerful inch.

“Fuck.” It was a high, keening whisper. “Fuck, fuck, oh my—fuuuuck.” Her head dropped back as his tongue started punching into her cunt with true force, thick and perfect and unlike any human tongue that had ever entered her. The sound was lurid, and filthy. Almost pornographic in nature.

As Krampus’s hands clamped down on her thighs, she moved her fingers from spreading her labia open to stroking her clit in furious circles. It was just this edge of too much. She was too slick, too open on his wide, animal tongue—her clit too exposed and too sensitive. Her whole body convulsed with the beginning tremors of her orgasm.

But Krampus backed off, leaving her stranded right at the edge.

“No!” she begged. “Please!” But she saw the gleam in his eye and knew this was only the beginning.





## CHAPTER FIVE

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Sweat beaded on her temples and trailed down her face, mixing with the tears staining her cheeks. Noelle knew her mascara was ruined. She'd gotten a brief glance of her face in a mirror hanging on the stone wall when Krampus had swung her up into a new position and saw the wreckage of her face. Black tear tracks and red splotchy cheeks, along with the kiss-swollen lips and spittle dribbling down her chin.

Krampus had just finished fisting her, working her through a rolling avalanche of building pleasure before denying her an orgasm again, despite her begging cries. Then, he was grabbing a fistful of her hair and dragging her to his cock. It was weeping clear droplets of precum and the thick veins were pulsing with the heavy current of blood flowing through his hard erection. He encircled that thick cock with a dark hand, stroking it once, twice, before slapping her cheek with the heavy weight of the spear-shaped head. He grabbed the base of her skull in his hands.

"Take my dick into your mouth, pet." His words were harsh, nearly choked out. This close, she could smell that earthy, primal musk that screamed sex and made her swollen pussy clench around nothing. "Be a girl good. Yes, that's it. Open those pretty pink lips wide—stick out that little tongue. Perfect, pet. You're perfect."

His praises made her whimper. Noelle looked up at him from under her lashes as he guided her down his length with a gentle slowness. The organic taste of him awakened something feral and animalistic in her and Noelle squirmed as the flared tip slid wetly along her tongue, spreading that salty precum along her taste buds. Krampus's thumbs cradled her jaw, and he tilted her head up, altering the angle of her head as he continued feeding her his cock. The new position opened her throat and allowed him to slide past her teeth easily.

"Swallow me down. Swallow, swallow—yes, fuck yes. Listen to that. Your throat struggling to take me down. Gorgeous," Krampus lauded as she gurgled on his dick.

Noelle's body jolted and jerked as she struggled for air, hands clenching and unclenching as she wrestled against the urge to push Krampus away. She was accustomed to this battle, but even experience never made the fight any easier. Her body always struggled for survival. Finally, *finally*, after so many tense minutes, and long, hard inches, he was fully down her throat. Her nose was buried in the fur at the base of his cock and she burrowed her nose deeper, relishing her accomplishment.

"Hold me there. Yes, hold it—perfect girl. Perfect little pet." Krampus groaned. Noelle peered up at him through watering eyes to see his head drop back in pleasure. The bells tied within his hair jingled as he trembled. "Just a few moments more. You can do it. You've got this. You're such a perfect, good girl."

Then, finally, he was pulling her head back and she was coughing as she took desperate breaths. Her lover was gazing down at her with an expression she couldn't read, and she smiled up at him in return, breathless and triumphant.

Next thing Noelle knew, Krampus was shoving her down into the plush blankets, his large hand on her skull as he forced her face into the plush bedding.

“Don’t move,” he commanded, voice a rumbling growl.

She shuddered as she forced herself to be still. He roughly maneuvered her body until her ass was up high and her thighs were pressed tightly together. As he leaned over her back, caging her in with a hand on either side of her shoulders, he fit his massive cock in between her closed thighs and dragged the head of it along her wet, throbbing cunt in shallow, teasing thrusts. Over and over and over again—just this, tiny, small thrusts. Nothing substantial, just enough to drive her crazy. She grasped onto his thick wrist, desperate for an anchor.

Pleas fell from her with every exhale. Noelle was near mindless with denied pleasure.

“Krampus, please,” she begged. “I need it, I need it, *I need it.*” Her body rocked back of its own accord during her last appeal and the head of his cock popped into her cunt with a wet slurp. Noelle groaned, long and loud, and shoved herself backward forcefully, letting her cunt swallow Krampus whole. If he had wanted to, he could’ve stopped her but he must have decided he had teased her enough because he latched onto her hips with both hands and began thrusting with abandon.

With her legs closed so tightly, the squeeze of him within her was nearly painful. Noelle’s eyes rolled back in her head as her mouth gaped open. Her toes curled as her knees scrabbled at the rug under her. Her throbbing cunt was so sensitive that Krampus barely got started before she was clenching around him with a huge orgasm, tightening so forcefully it shoved his dick out, along with a spray of fluid that drenched her thighs and his tummy.

Noelle floated high after that, but she was vaguely aware of Krampus bringing himself to completion by hand and then shoving his spunk into her with his fingers before he dragged her close to him. She wasn’t sure how long they lay there, listening to other couples in the throes of passion, before Noelle’s mind suddenly clicked back on.

“Oh!” She attempted to sit up in a rush, but Krampus was clutching her too tightly for her to move far. Instead, she angled her head up from his chest to peek at his face. He was frowning down at her in curiosity.

“I got you a present for Lupercalia, but I left it at home,” Noelle admitted, her fingers curling in the thick fur that covered his thighs. “And I’m...not sure if you’ll like it.”

“Oh?” His pale eyebrow rose and as he turned his head to get a better angle to peer down at her, the bells in his hair jingled. “Do tell.”

She buried her face in his chest. After everything they had done together, after all the things he had done to *her*, she wasn’t sure how she had room for embarrassment, but there it was, heavy and aching and unbearable.

“Pet.” Fingers gripped her chin, forcing her head up. “We may have only known one another for a few short months, but during those months, we have spent most of those days together, yes?” At her nod, he continued. “During that time, I have shared more of myself with you than I have with creatures I’ve known for centuries. You know more about me than most. I trust that, whatever gift you’ve gotten, is one that I will surely appreciate.”

Her heart gave a heavy pound at his words, emotions welling up within her. For a gruff asshole, he could be really sweet. She told him as much, a smile playing on her mouth.

He scoffed at the notion. "Sweet? I doubt anyone has ever put that word in the same sentence as my name before."

Pushing up on her hands, she leaned down to kiss him and whispered, "I won't tell anyone your secret, you big softie."

Krampus's fingers clenched hard in the back of her hair, jerking her head lightly. Noelle laughed, even as embers of arousal began flaming once more at the action.

"Tell me about my present, pet," Krampus demanded, his gravelly voice serious. He held her head still so she was forced to meet his eyes instead of shy away in embarrassment.

Licking her lips, she mumbled, "A strap-on."

"What was that? I couldn't quite make that out."

Noelle slapped a hand down on his chest as she rolled her eyes, because she knew he had heard. He was a demon, for Chrissake.

"I said," she enunciated, "I got a strap...so I could peg you."

As she was staring him directly in the eyes, Noelle was able to see the way his eyes began to burn with a gleaming interest.

"Oh, pet," he purred. "You pick out the best gifts." His hips shifted toward her, and she felt him hardening once more. "Want to go play with your present?"

She breathed her yes into his mouth.



## CHAPTER SIX

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They appeared in Krampus's penthouse suite in a burst of shadows and embers.

Noelle was almost too distracted by Krampus's mouth against her to notice, but as her eyes opened for a moment, she realized they weren't at her house.

"Wait," she mumbled, lips still mostly engaged with Krampus's. "Wait, the strap-on. It's at my —" But before she could finish the sentence, she heard a plop and the crinkling of a bag. Startled, she pulled away from his drugging kisses and glanced down, only to find the hot pink Stupid Cupid bag containing her items beside her.

"That is so handy," she commented as she knelt and grabbed the bag.

"You have no idea," was Krampus's only reply as he took to covering the back of her neck in open-mouth kisses. She shivered beneath his touch, anticipation burning in her belly.

"I'm going to go...prepare," Noelle stated, clutching the bag to her chest. A blush stained her cheeks, and again, how she could feel embarrassment after *everything* this man had done to her body, and after everything they'd shared, was astounding.

A soft hum escaped Krampus and he let Noelle slide out of his arms. He leaned back against the foyer wall, horns scraping gently against the plaster as he looked down his nose at her. It was an arrogant gesture, but the burning coal of his eyes spoke volumes. "I'll prepare myself as well."

His cock, burnished crimson in the dim light, was swelling with interest again. Rising up against his belly, where the fur tapered off and met leathery skin, the spear-shaped head reached where a belly button would be on a man, but instead was just met with hardened abs and the deep V of his hips.

It took a moment for his words to filter into her brain through the haze of lust. A frown formed between her brows before realization dawned. "Oh? Oh! You're going to..." Noelle trailed off.

"Finger fuck my ass to prepare myself for your cock? Yes, pet. I am." The filthy smile he sent her would've burned her clothes right off with steam, had she been wearing any. "When you come out, I want to be ready for you."

Nodding absently as she was momentarily struck mute by his declaration, Noelle just started heading for his bathroom. Unfortunately for her, her neck was still craned backward to stare at the enticing picture Krampus made posted up against the wall, and she was nearly taken out at the knees by his coffee table.

"Watch where you're going, pet," was Krampus's amused comment. "Let's not delay the night with any broken bones."

Noelle speed-walked into the bathroom and barely took in the black and chrome décor as she quickly removed her lingerie, harness, and dildo from the packaging. She slipped into the white bra, adjusting her breasts so that they were nearly spilling out from the cups. It boosted her tits up nearly

to her chin and she admired the lift in the mirror for a moment before bending down to slide on her satiny thigh-highs. The tight material didn't have much stretch, so her thighs muffin-ed out over the top. Noelle took a moment to admire the thickness of her thighs, rubbing a finger over the rolls, smiling as she did so.

Next, she grabbed the harness and slid her feet through the right straps and pulled it up her hips. After a few adjustments, she had it settled in a comfortable position and tightened the straps a little so it wouldn't slide too much with her movements. Finally, Noelle grasped the large, pink dildo.

The feeling of the silicone in her hand made her falter for a moment as a wave of overwhelming desire rushed through her. This was it. She was about to dick someone down. And not just anyone—*Krampus*, of all creatures! Her lover, her boyfriend. A monster she was precariously close to loving, despite having only known one another for a few months.

Taking a deep, fortifying breath, she fed the dildo through the metal ring and held it in place until she fully tightened the white straps around her hips. Noelle gave a few experimental squats and thrusts, looking for any spots that would chafe, but didn't feel anything uncomfortable.

Noelle stared at her reflection. She felt oddly powerful, with her dick standing proud and strong out from her hips. She stroked it, once, twice, like she was jacking herself off, and then circled the head with her fingers. They could barely fit around the thick girth and she had a brief moment of concern. Would the cock be too large for Krampus to handle?

He was a large man, so she got a large cock to match, but now she was panicking.

Slapping her cheeks to pull herself together, she reminded herself that there was no point in worrying until she spoke with Krampus. He would be the ultimate deciding factor and if they couldn't do this tonight, then they could try another night, with another cock.

With a nod to herself, she opened the bathroom door and walked into his bedroom. But she hadn't been expecting to find Krampus still bent over the bed, hooves spread wide and tail high in air as he stuffed almost his whole fist into his asshole.

"*Fuck*," Noelle blurted. If her cock was real, she was sure it would've shot a stream of cum across the room. As it was, she felt her pussy dripping at the sight.

Krampus peered back over his shoulder at her, and his expression...

*Jesus.*

He looked *needy*. Noelle had never seen such a look on his face. The dark complexion of his skin was ruddy, a deep flush on his cheeks along with the anguished expression.

His eyes glanced down, taking in the fake cock she was still grasping in her hand, and he *whined* at her. He pulled his fingers out of himself with a wet plop and put his hands on his cheeks, spreading himself for her.

"Fuck me," he pleaded. The lube on his fingers left the fur around his ass wet as he stretched his cheeks wide open. In the light, Noelle could just make out the dark whorl of his hole, night dark like the rest of him. His red, dripping cock was trapped by the side of the bed, hanging down at an angle away from his body. It seemed purposeful, like he had trapped it there for a reason, so she didn't comment, just stroked her fingers along it in featherlight touches as she moved in close to him.

Noelle stroked her hand over Krampus's flank, stroking the dark, coarse fur. He moved beneath her, adjusting his plate-sized hooves on the floor for sturdier footing as he angled his hips up further. His tail twitched, swishing over her bare thighs. She tickled the length of his tail with a light touch and followed it up to where it reached the base of his back. The room was so, so quiet. Filled only with the sound of her heartbeat pounding in her ears and the panting of their breaths.

She had never, in all her years of being sexually active, played with another person's ass. And it felt extraordinarily intimate. Noelle wasn't sure if this was the experience everyone had when pegging someone the first time, or if it was just because this was Krampus and her. Because it was them *together*.

She dug her fingers into the coarse fur of his flanks, an anchor against the desire coursing through her.

"Are you ready?" Her voice was husky even to her own ears. She dragged her fingers over his lubed hole, feeling it twitch and open sweetly from the slightest pressure. There was no tension in his body, anywhere. He was loose and open, fully relaxed.

"Fuck me, pet. Give me your dick." His voice was almost back to its usual gruffness, but still held a breathy tone she wasn't accustomed to hearing. It sent a shiver down her spine.

Instead of replying with words, Noelle grasped onto his flank with one hand and used the other to feed her cock into his ass. She couldn't feel his sloppy wet tunnel swallowing her, but she could see it, and watching the pink silicone disappear into the empty vastness of his hole was unlike anything she had ever witnessed. His groan as she sank inside was loud and long, ending in a whimper that betrayed his need for more. No wonder he always stared at her cunt when they fucked.

Her mouth dropped open as she sunk fully inside him. Her clit was throbbing against the tight force of the harness, something she hadn't been expecting, and by the third thrust, Noelle was almost positive that she was going to come again as she felt the pressure building within once more.

Almost immediately, a cramp began in one of her hips but she pushed through it, refusing to give ground. Krampus was making delicious little grunts every time she bottomed out and she ate them up. As she got a steady tempo going, he soon began thrusting back to meet her. Without realizing it, she was muttering utterly filthy things to him under her breath as she watched him take her cock.

"Yes, good boy, yes, yes. Take my cock, take my fucking cock," Noelle rumbled, breathless and sounding almost agonized in the heightened state of her arousal. She could feel the growing slick between her thighs.

Krampus was murmuring back, pleading with her to not stop, to never stop, to wreck his ass and make him come.

"Gonna come on my cock? Yeah, you're going to come on my cock like the slutty boy you are." She had no idea where the words were coming from, but they dripped out of her mouth like honey.

Her lover arched his hips, angling them higher even as he spread his legs wider so that on the next thrust Noelle gave him, she nailed something within him that made him cry out so loudly Noelle was sure the neighbors the floor below them heard.

"Yes, yes, yes," muttered Krampus, voice low and thick with arousal. His hands were fisted in his duvet, claws nearly shredding it as he released guttural groans. His long tongue unspooled from his mouth and slid under his quivering body until it could wrap around his rock-hard cock. "Almost there, pet. Fuck, almost."

Eyes heavy lidded, Noelle watched in awe as Krampus tongued himself to completion as she pounded his ass mercilessly. He shouted, his voice a desperate moan, and sprayed his duvet with endless streams of cum. The long, thin protrusions that typically massaged her cervix when they fucked slunk out of his cock, seeking a womb to connect to. They flailed around a moment, spreading the stain of his seed farther across the sheets, before disappearing back within the head of his cock. But even as Noelle witnessed this, she kept rutting into his ass, gyrating her hips in a desperate rocking motion.

Instead of continuous thrusts, she focused on swaying her hips so that her clit rubbed against the leather fabric of the harness continuously. His lubed ass and her soaked pussy made grotesque slurping noises in the relative quiet of the room, only interspersed with her desperate panting breaths and Krampus's wrecked groans. Finally, with a last roll of her generous hips, that stretched rubber band within her busted, sending such a sharp release of pleasure throughout her body that her muscles trembled with the force of her release.

She slowly pulled out of Krampus, before crawling up the bed to lay beside him and collapsing bonelessly.

His head had been turned away from her, but he flipped over to gaze at her with hazy eyes. She wondered, briefly, if this was how she gazed at him, soft and love drunk.

Krampus reached an unsteady hand out and stroked her cheek. "Happy Lupercalia, pet."

"Happy Lupercalia," Noelle replied, happy beyond words. She leaned in close to him and let him gather her in his arms and together, they removed her satin bra and the harness strapped around her waist. The heavy dildo hit the hardwood floor with a wet splat that made them both chuckle for a moment, before Krampus was pulling her down for an unbelievably gentle kiss.

If this wasn't happily ever after, Noelle didn't know what was.



## EPILOGUE

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### *Cerys*

Cerys smiled as they gazed into their heart-shaped mirror.

They poked a long, elegant finger into the looking glass, watching as the image of Krampus and Noelle kissing wavered for a moment, like a reflection wobbling in a rippling pond, and then disappeared in a swirl of colors. Letting out a happy sigh, they fell back onto their plush bed, hugging the ornate mirror to their chest.

They loved happy endings.

It only took tugging on a few golden threads of fate in order to give Krampus and Noelle their happily ever after. Were they supposed to intervene in love anymore? *Noooo*, not necessarily, but Krampus had been alone for *so long* and according to the cards, Noelle was perfectly compatible for him! So when the opportunity arose, Cerys might've pretended to be a Christmas tree salesman, and they might've bribed Jack Frost to add some extra ice to Noelle's stairs, and yes, okay, they *might have* also added Noelle's name to the Naughty List but they were none the wiser and were a gazillion times happier together than they had been alone.

In the end, Cerys couldn't force anyone to be together. They could only nudge here and there and offer a couple some prime opportunities to have the perfect meet-cute. Was there any harm in that, really? They didn't think so.

"You should've done it," a deep voice grumbled, the accent thick. Butterflies fluttered in Cerys's belly as their fangs dug into their bottom lip. The gauzy drapes surrounding the bed hid Cerys from the prying eyes of the intruder, but they still sat up and set the mirror aside gently. They wanted to be prepared.

"I know," they said in a voice they hoped sounded contrite rather than excited.

"C'mere, love." Heavy footsteps clunked, before coming to a halt just outside the split in the curtains. Cerys could make out dark crimson pants, and a heavy black boot in the tiny gap.

Cerys crawled out from between the plush pillows and blankets, hips swaying in a serpentine roll as they crept off the bed and came to kneel, naked, before the man in the room. Their tail swirled lazily in the air behind them as they placed their hands on their thighs. Thick leather cuffs surrounded their crimson wrists.

This was a bonus of Krampus falling in love that Cerys hadn't anticipated.

And one that intrigued them.

Thick fingers gripped Cerys's chin, smelling of cinnamon and cloves as the hand tilted Cerys's chin up. Their eyes traced up the velvet pants, lingering on the open button and zipper that caused the slacks to sag low. Dark black hair peeked out, and just below that, the hint of a swollen length



hidden beneath the rest of the fabric. That dark hair trailed up to a belly button, and densely covered a solid, wide chest. Cerys's fingers twitched with the need to curl in that chest fur.

The man was just a beast. Huge everywhere, from his booted feet to his long, braided beard. In his right hand, he held a long, thick whip.

"Forgive me, Father," Cerys said, gazing into the blue eyes of Father Christmas. "For I have sinned."

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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Did you spot some more familiar characters? Etheridge is from *Bad to the Bone* (which was in the *Once Upon A Nightmare Anthology*), Yule is from *Yuletide Nightmare* (which is in the *Mistletoe and Monsters* anthology), and Lumi is, of course, from *Frosted Hearts*.

Cerys is new, but I'm sure they'll make more appearances.

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## ABOUT SALEM SINCLAIR

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Salem Sinclair is an International Best Selling author of monster smut. As a queer author, she truly enjoys writing romance with LGBTQ+ rep. She drinks too much iced coffee, swears like a sailor, and survives on slasher films and true crime podcasts. Salem lives in the rural South with her dogs and tween kiddo, and is forever drowning in the humidity.

If you want to stay up to date with Salem's books, you can locate her on multiple social media platforms under [@authorsalemsinclair](#) or visit her website, [www.salemsinclairauthor.com](http://www.salemsinclairauthor.com).