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MONSTERS
OF
GRIMLAKE



THE BAB TO THE BONE

SALEM SINCLAIR

Bad to the Bone

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TRIGGER WARNING

Porn without major plot.

Orgasm denial caused by a binding spell, binding, blood bonds, sex to gain power, blood play, face sitting, gangbang, blindfolds, belly bulging, knotting, water sports.

PLAYLIST

MJ Cole + Freya — *Waking Up*

Lana Lubany — *THE SNAKE*

Elley Duhé — *Middle of the Night*

Zeal & Ardor — *Gravedigger's Chant*

Handsome + Gretyl — *Avalanche*

Chri\$tian Gate \$ — *Lost*



CHAPTER ONE

If there was one holiday that the village of Grimlake went all out for, it was Samhain.

A gigantic bonfire burned at the city's center, nestled in between where the town's buildings bled into fields and forest. For at Grimlake's heart lay the Wyldwood, the magical gateway between our world and the other.

On this night, at the end of harvest season when the moon spooked the sun from the sky earlier than usual, the veil between the living and the dead was thin.

For such this reason, Callahan Campbell waited just beyond the glow of the fire, hidden in the shadows.

The warmth of the blaze tickled her cheeks, even nestled into the forest's edge as she was. Druids and ghouls danced merrily around the open flames, their nude bodies glistening in the flickering light. Orcs pounded a heavy, sensuous beat on thick drums, the deep pulse matching the heavy thump of her heart.

Slaughtered cattle hung from numerous posts, the town's sacrifices to appease the dead. Below the cows sat pails full of freshly drained blood, a delicious treat for the ghouls dipping their spindly fingers into the thick mess. A family of Pukah sat in a circle around the day's final harvest, picking and plucking out the wheat stalks of their choosing as various Sidhe glided around feast tables, refilling their mugs of mead, or adding heaping piles of spiced vegetables and sweetened fruit tarts to their plates. A tall, horned creature with fur the color of coal was twirling a full-figured woman around the flames, her crimson hair flashing in the firelight.

The three-day festival was off to a raucous start, and Callahan was pleased by the amount of booze flowing between monsters and humans alike, as it meant no one noticed her...or her companion.

Leaning her head back against the rough bark of the tree, Callahan slammed a hand over her mouth when a moan tried to escape. Her dress was pulled up around her waist, panties dangling from the ankle currently wrapped around the Lich's head.

"Ederic!" she gasped, body alight with the pleasure surging through her veins as the bones of his teeth, unhindered by the trappings of lips, rubbed roughly against her clit.

For an undead mage that lacked a tongue, Ederic was wondrously skilled at oral sex.

His fingers, skeletal and thin, tickled up the back of her thick thighs before digging in and roughly kneading the skin just below her ass. The aggressive gesture caused her hips to jerk harshly against his mouth.

A growl rumbled out from Ederic's chest at the movement, and he pressed his teeth harder against her nub, gaping his mouth open so her clit glanced off his bottom and top rows of smooth, bony incisors.

In the dark, she could barely make out the ivory coloring of his skull, but she could feel his gaze on her like a beautiful, suffocating weight. One of her hands reached down, grasping for him, and landed on a thin, cloth-covered clavicle.

In clothes, she knew he looked like a full-bodied man, as though the magic that made him alive—well, as alive as a skeleton could *be*—also wanted him to be able to pass as *real*. His body was lithe in the lines of his suit, appearing muscular and trim, but beneath the suit lay little more than bone. No meat, no muscle, no organs—just a skeleton, held together by magic and sheer force of will on Ederic's part.

He had died more than a century ago, grievously murdered by a serial killing wizard. However, after his burial, his spirit refused to move on—too angry at his death, too unfulfilled in his life—and after decades of wandering between the veils, he had gathered enough of his waning power to reanimate himself.

The passing of time beyond the veil was not the same, Ederic had once told Callahan, as it was on the earthly plane. When he had brought himself back to life, he was expecting to be a full man, or at the very least, something human-adjacent.

But his human form had withered away beneath time and dirt, leaving little more than a skeleton behind. Due to this, he spent his time in the human world gathering more energy so that eventually, necromancer magic could bring him back fully. He returned to the world during the three-day festival of Samhain, when crossing into the world of the living wouldn't expend too much of his reserve, and during those days, he worked toward building his magic...

By bringing Callahan to numerous blinding and dazzling orgasms.

Such was her good fortune that Ederic's specialty lay in *aponia*, a form of incubus energy that mages could channel into power. He feasted upon her pleasure, drinking in every single drop from each fantastic climax he brought her to.

She was so close to coming undone again that her thighs trembled around his head.

It had been over a decade since Ederic originally picked her to be his sacrifice, to be the maiden that he would sully and use, endlessly, for the three-day festivities of Samhain, and Callahan still wasn't accustomed to the blinding pleasure. Part of their bargain, made on parchment and solidified through blood all those years ago, required that she remained chaste until the calendar wheel rolled back onto the harvest's end celebration. Only then could she relinquish control of her carnal bliss and fall into the pleasure at the hands of Ederic.

The binding spell placed upon her body meant that even she could not bring herself to climax. On some nights, when the moon was high in the sky and her desperation was out of control, Callahan would ride her pillow, the couch's arm, the table corner—anything and everything she could—just trying to wrest an orgasm free, but always without completion. Always without success.

The terrible wanting made her ache.

She could feel the pleasure, she could build it up to an overpowering, cresting wave, but never breach that shining end.

So, tonight, when Ederic's tall, slender body glided out of the Wyldwood portal, she rushed over to him, the crown of sunflowers upon her head nearly slipping out from her speed, before she grasped his spindly hand and led him into the shadowy woods to help sate her need. The Lich had just chuckled darkly at her actions, even as he followed along with her tugging.

She had barely managed a gasped out "hello" before she was hauling up the skirt of her thin, white dress over her generous hips and pleading with him to help her, to fuck her, to squelch the rioting embers of arousal that had been burning through her all year. And luckily for Callahan, Ederic was eager to oblige to her demands.

His skilled fingers and the deft movements of his teeth against her swollen nub had already wrung three orgasms from her shaking body, yet still she craved more. That fourth release was building low in her belly. A shimmering, shining edge of bliss so close she could nearly taste it.

Slamming her head back against the tree supporting her, she grasped for the undead mage's head, fingers scrabbling over the smoothness of the bones before she was able to link her fingers behind the round base of his skull. She drew him so deep onto her cunt that if he required air to survive, he would have likely suffocated. The press of his teeth was so intense it was nearly painful, but she continued to rock her hips, chasing that glimmering end.

With a quick movement, Ederic tucked his hands around the back of her thighs and yanked, hard, until she fell onto him as he lay down in the dead leaves covering the forest floor. On all fours, her cunt still pressed tightly against his face, the Lich took control of the grinding rhythm of her hips with a firm hold against her plush rear.

"Fuck my mouth, sweet maiden," Ederic growled, words barely audible against the wet flesh of her center. "Come against my face. Let me eat you up."

Gravity forced the weight of her body onto him and she leaned into it, sitting up fully until her thick thighs were spread wide by his head and her pulsating clit was pushed so firmly against his face that it caused an ache to spring up. Callahan knew, without a doubt, that she would feel this bruising pressure for days and smiled at that thought, nearly laughing, as she was delirious with the delicious feelings coursing through her. She could force all her weight upon his face without fear of hurting him and it made their joining all the sweeter for her.

Reaching up, she tugged the elastic band of her dress down, exposing her bare breasts to the cool night air. She rolled and tugged at her nipples in turn, rocking her hips even harder. Biting her lip, she gazed out beyond the sheltering shadows of the woods, into the glow of the firelight, and took in the sight of numerous couples locked together in passionate embraces. Just beyond the tree line was her friend Etheridge, an orc. He appeared the color of granite in the orange light and was thrusting roughly against a tiny-bodied Sidhe. Over the years of her attendance at the Samhain celebration, she had seen Etheridge in various states of undress, but she had never seen him like this: feral, wild, and strongly domineering.

The orc held the Sidhe's entire weight in his palms as he forced her up and down along his ample erection. With every downward thrust, the Sidhe's belly bulged out, full of cock. The filthy sight and whining, keening noises the well-fucked Sidhe made had Callahan's mouth drooling as her core clenched around nothing.

Callahan glanced down, watching Ederic's head reappear and disappear beyond the curve of her tummy in delight. He was mumbling something against her cunt feverishly, reverently, and the

movement of his teeth sparked a new sensation. Something so delicious that it shot sparks up her spine.

“Oh!” she cried out, nearly in unison with the Sidhe, who was reaching her climax as well. “Oh gods, oh fuck. Yes, yes!”

Her climax blazed through her, so hot and powerful she was unsure how she wasn't lit aflame. As she wailed her bliss, she caught sight of Etheridge and the Sidhe peering her way, and she locked eyes with the male monster for a split second before another wave of pleasure washed through her, causing her eyes to slam shut. Her body unlocked from its joyous stiffening and Callahan fell forward onto her palms, ample chest heaving.

She shuddered from sensitivity as she crawled forward, dragging her swollen, wet pussy across Ederic's face until he was free to sit up. Exhausted, she collapsed down into the browning leaves, uncaring that her skirt was trapped under her hips or that her tits were still exposed. She gazed at Ederic as he crawled over her, taking in the glistening on his face, soaked from her release.

A drowsy smile appeared on her face as she reached a hand up lazily, stroking a fingertip along the sharp, angled line of his jaw. The Lich leaned down, so close she could smell herself on him, and then his mouth was gaping wide, jaw snapping open with a *click* as it became unhinged—all the better to swallow down her pleasure. With a deep inhale, Ederic began drinking in the magic she created from her orgasm. It was nearly colorless, just a glimmer in the air, almost akin to a mirage. It distorted her view of him for a moment, made his appearance hazy, before his jaw was snapping closed again and it was done with.

For now.

Because although he had soaked up four of her climaxes already, Callahan knew that her night was not nearly complete. She had hours of endless gratification awaiting her and after a year of denial, she was more than ready.



CHAPTER TWO

10 YEARS AGO

Living in Grimlake was akin to living in a different universe, Callahan decided, as she strolled down the cobblestone path. She had moved here only two weeks ago, after accepting a position as a historical archivist for their local museum, Monstrum. And while she had been aware of monsters, she had never had up close and personal contact with them...until now.

She gazed at the various creatures and humans traveling in packs of twos and threes as they headed toward the town center. It was the first day of the Samhain celebration, and Grimlake was dressed to the nines. Swaths of fabric trailed from lamppost to lamppost, delicate arches of chiffon trailing with greenery. The effect created a beautiful canopy across the street. Callahan gazed up at it now, taking in the bright glow of the moon through the hazy fabric.

A pounding of drums could be heard in the distance, deep and thrumming with energy she felt down to her core. There was a power behind that beat, something fierce and wild.

It made her feel out of control, and she loved it.

Everyone around her must've felt it, too—the dripping anticipation flooding through her veins, nearly sensual in nature—for wild hoots and growls peppered the air as the excitement grew exponentially into something fevered.

A grin overtook Callahan's face and before she knew it, she was flat out running toward Wyldwood, her long gown streaming behind her. She reached down and gathered handfuls of maroon satin, hoping to avoid tripping on the hem of the dress. But she didn't let the possibility slow her down.

A trio of ghouls raced by her on all fours, their silvery skin almost glowing in the moonlight. On her other side, a large, cat-like monster loped past with a nude man riding on its back. Most of the humans kept pace with her, while some were swept off their feet by their monstrous lovers and carried off into the trees.

Through the smattering of woods surrounding the town's center, Callahan could see what appeared to be the glow of a large fire. She pranced through the brush, exiting the tree line while laughing with glee, nearly overcome with the electric mood permeating the meadow.

At its center lay a large stone dais. Pillars surrounded it on each corner, with sharp, antler-like tips rather than the typical rounded column she was accustomed to. Wide, flat stairs led up to the dais. On that platform set a huge bonfire. So high were the flames, they seemed to lick the stars.

Druids, marked by the crown of thorns on their heads, danced around the bonfire as they chanted. The words were ethereal, with a singsong quality to them that made Callahan nearly breathless.

Pumpkins were scattered around, some with gently glowing smiles and sharp-tipped triangle eyes. Soft, woven blankets draped along the cushiony grass, strewn with pillows. Couples and groups of friends were taking up residence upon the blankets, laughing and chatting in turn. To the backside of the meadow was a line of tables, full to bursting with food.

Callahan trailed over to the wooden tables, taking in the huge, roasted pig and platters of fresh fruit. The herbaceous smell of rosemary and thyme drifted to her nose as she filled her plate with goodies. She grabbed a soft, savory roll that glistened with butter before dipping the serving spoon into what appeared to be a colorful root vegetable gratin. Slices of roasted pumpkin topped with nuts and honey called her name as she perused the mass of serving platters.

A beautiful salad of greens and cranberries caught her eye and she reached for the serving utensil, only to be met by someone's hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, smiling as she peered at the orc beside her. "I'm so sorry! Please, go ahead."

The orc smiled at her, his lips pulling taut around his tusks. "No, ma'am. I apologize. You go on ahead." His accent was something she couldn't place but was beautiful and lilting. Callahan smiled in return and filled her plate with the salad before grabbing a handful of sunflower seeds from the charcuterie board and adding it atop her kale.

Behind the pair, the pounding of the drums stopped for a moment, before beginning again. This time, it was a slow, heady tempo. Siren-like wails came from the druids, hauntingly beautiful.

"What's happening?" Callahan questioned, turning back to peek at the fire. Everyone appeared to be transfixed, excitedly staring at the flames.

The orc paused in adding a rack of lamb ribs to his plate and turned to peer at what caught Callahan's attention. "The Magus is coming through."

"Magus?" Her eyebrows pinched together in confusion.

"Yes. He's—well, technically he's a Lich." At her blank stare, the orc continued, "A mage that has passed away. The Magus died nearly a century ago and has been coming through the veil at Wyldwood for...hm, nearly a decade now, I'd say.

"He stays throughout the entire Samhain celebration. Those ladies, just there—" He nodded his large head toward a group of kneeling women. "—are waiting specifically for him."

The question must've shown on her face, for he explained, "Each year, the Magus chooses a maiden. For the three nights of the celebration, he—uh, well..." The orc coughed, seemingly embarrassed. Callahan was charmed by the faint hue of muddy red on his cheeks.

"That is to say, the Magus and the maiden are locked in...a passionate embrace." The orc tugged at his collar and glanced at Callahan from the side of his eye.

Grinning, Callahan said, "So he fucks a girl for three days straight, eh? Lucky lady."

The orc blanched at her blatant words, before chortling. Together, they filled their plates further as they chatted. She learned his name was Etheridge and that he had grown up in Grimlake. He was ten years older than her own twenty-one years of age. After some more amiable chatter, they parted ways—Etheridge heading back to his group of friends and Callahan finding a spot in front of the fire so she could witness the returning of the Magus.

Callahan settled down on a small, mercifully empty blanket and lounged back on a pile of plump pillows. She plucked bites of food from her plate as she gazed at the clear, star-bright sky and soaked up the warmth of the fire. As the sensual beat of the drums and ethereal chanting reached a fevered pitch, she heard moans and gasps starting to ring across the meadow.

Glancing over at the pair of satyrs on the blanket closest to her, Callahan was startled to see them in the beginning throws of a passionate coupling. They rocked their hips frantically together, hooves scrabbling on the woven fabric beneath them. Face flushed, and body alight with arousal, Callahan forced her gaze away just in time to see a line of bright white light split the flames of the bonfire.

From the gap emerged a tall, slender creature. There was no face to be seen, no eyes, no flesh. Simply a skull, ivory and pale and gleaming in the red glow of the firelight.

Callahan's mouth dropped open.

The Magus, she thought.

He wore an impeccable suit, black in color and pressed into sharp lines. Dark, leather gloves covered his hands. He stepped out of the mess of burned wood and flames, entirely unscathed, and onto the dais before pausing to stare out among the crowd. His posture was that of a man with an endless well of confidence. Despite not having a face, Callahan swore the expression on the bare skull was nearly haughty.

Even without eyes, Callahan was sure the Magus could see every detail laid out before him. His head moved as his gaze traveled along the smattering of available and wanting women. Then, suddenly, those empty sockets were locked onto her.

Throat dry, Callahan gazed back, entranced. Something was burning deep inside her, a feeling she'd never felt before. A swelling of something almost wild.

The Magus tilted his head, and in a clear voice stated, "You. You'll be my maiden."

She had been chosen.



CHAPTER THREE

After rearranging her clothing, Callahan left Ederic speaking with Etheridge and the tiny Sidhe as she sought out a pitcher of water. She tiptoed around the rutting couples, avoiding flailing arms and furry limbs in turn.

Once she reached the drink station, she poured herself a glass of cider and downed it. Amazing how parched a person could become after four orgasms.

Callahan refilled her glass and sipped on her second helping as she turned around to stare at the ongoing celebration. Nearly every couple or trio in her eyesight were fucking. Her gaze turned heavy lidded as she focused on a large group of goblins. They were circled around a female ogre, worshipping her. The goblins varied in size, from tall and lanky to short and rounded. One of the shortest goblins was two fists deep within the ogre as she wailed her pleasure to the sky in animalistic, grunting cries. Another was cutting into the meaty flesh of the ogre's breast and was sipping her blood as it pebbled and dripped.

The iced cider was so cool and soothing as Callahan took another chug; it was juxtaposed against the low-level embers of arousal still flaming within her.

Setting her empty cup down, she made her way back to the secluded spot in the woods. As she approached, she noticed the Sidhe was gone but Ederic and Etheridge were still deep in conversation as they sat at the base of a large tree. She walked up to them, blushing a little as she took in Etheridge's still shirtless body and thinking about how she'd just seen him in much less clothing.

Ederic reached out a bony hand and she latched onto it. She cuddled into his side, finding a comfortable position before sighing dreamily.

Callahan must have dozed off to the soft, deep murmurs of her champions because the next time she was aware of her surroundings, her bladder was pushing at her insistently. She made to stand up, but Ederic stopped her.

Even though he had no face and could not make true expressions, Callahan could sense his questioning stare.

"Little girls' room," she explained, as delicately as she could.

"No," came the response from the Lich.

She blinked. *No?*

"Wha—" she started but was cut off.

“During all our years together, there are very few things we haven’t tried, sweet maiden. You’ve been so beautifully open and receptive to my fantasies.” Ederic’s hand curled around her face, bringing her forehead against his. She sighed happily.

“Tonight,” he continued, “is all about you. Your fantasies. Bringing them to life. Do you remember the filthy things you whispered into my ear last year? All the dirty things you wanted to try?” His tone was smooth like velvet, nearly dragging over her skin in teasing touches as he spoke.

A gasp of shock escaped her lips before she sent a shy glance to Etheridge, who was still sitting before them and could hear the conversation. His expression was reticent.

“Ederic,” Callahan whispered, embarrassed. *Yes*, Etheridge had just seen her in the throes of passion but now, after the arousal had mostly faded, the idea shook her to her core.

The Magus tucked a strand of her brown hair behind her ear. “Don’t be embarrassed, sweet. Etheridge shares a few of your fantasies. And together, you will get to play them out while I watch. And feast.”

Her eyes slanted toward her orc friend once more, and this time, she allowed herself to explore his body in a way she never had before.

Etheridge was a large man, easily over seven feet tall. His dark hair was braided down his back in a thick rope. Ivory tusks stuck out from his mouth, bright against the black fur of his dense beard. He had a craggy face, with a prominent brow bone and flat nasal ridge. Both of his nostrils boasted golden rings.

Wide shoulders slimmed down into a trim waist. Below massive pectorals, his belly hung over his belt buckle slightly, looking soft and inviting. A sparse trail of hair led from his belly button and disappeared into his pants.

His thick thighs were larger than the circumference of her head, and between them...

Callahan could see the bulge of his erection. She had seen the massive cock in use and her core clenched desperately around nothing at the idea of gliding down his shaft.

She peeked up at Etheridge and his expression was fierce. Heat warmed up his hazel eyes until they were nearly molten.

There was no doubt in her mind that he wanted this as well. So tonight, without a doubt, they would cross that line from friends to lovers.

And she couldn’t wait.



CHAPTER FOUR

Callahan was running for her life.

Her bare feet crunched against the fallen leaves, echoing loudly in her ears. Every noise she made was one move closer to being caught. Panting, she paused in her fleeing to gain her bearings. She wasn't sure how deep into the woods she was. Would anyone even hear her scream?

The thought ignited another spark of fear.

Beyond that, her bladder was full to bursting. She desperately wanted to stop and urinate but she couldn't risk being still for that long.

A twig snapped behind her, and she turned toward the sound, heart thundering in her ears. Her desperate breaths were whistling in and out of her nose as her chest heaved.

Suddenly, a voice, dark and threatening, peppered the air, "Fee, fi, fo, fum—I can nearly taste the maiden on my tongue."

Throughout the decade she had known Etheridge, Callahan had *never* heard him sound so dangerous. A lightning bolt of adrenaline shot through her and with that bolt, she took off like a flash.

The hem of her dress snagged on underbrush. She knew her feet were likely being torn up but she couldn't feel anything. Her whole body was solely focused on survival and escaping the monster chasing after her.

As she wove around another tree, a high-pitched scream worked its way up her throat as her ankles were snagged up in a snare. It yanked her off her feet and jerked her into the sky, until she was floating feet off the ground. Callahan tried to swing her body back and forth to garner momentum to see if the line of the snare would snap, but it held strong. Her dress blinded her, covering her face wholly and exposing her dewy center to the night air.

She felt helpless, like a coyote caught in a bear trap.

But the helplessness and fear were turning into something molten within her—a stunning, fiery arousal unlike anything she had ever felt before.

Callahan hung from the snare, feeling the throbbing in her head from the blood pooling there. Her heart was a drumbeat, loud and foreboding in her ears. She strained to hear anything in the forest around her but could only make out the creak of branches swaying in the wind.

A sudden touch on her thigh, like a bug crawling on her, made her cry out. A gravelly laugh hit her ears. Callahan realized, all at once, that the tickle to her thigh must've been Etheridge's fingers.

“Little maiden,” Etheridge purred. “Before we begin, what is your safe word? What word will you cry out if it all becomes too much?”

Safe word, Callahan thought. Yes, sometimes she and Ederic needed a safe word when they played hard.

“Bellevue,” she answered, voice breathy. “My safe word is Bellevue.”

“Bellevue,” Etheridge breathed. “Cry it out for me if you can’t handle what happens next.”

His palm slapped against the generous flesh of her ass, cracking out a sharp sound that echoed with her squeal.

“Are you ready, darling?” asked the orc. He was prowling around her. Callahan couldn’t see him through the gauze of her dress, but she could *feel* the primal energy he was exuding.

“Yes, please,” she whispered. She was antsy with nerves even as she craved whatever would happen.

Another crack of a palm against her rear—again, and again, and again. Her core clenched with each heavy slap. Before long, her brain felt foggy as she melted into the deep thuds of Etheridge’s hand on her ass. She was a writhing, trembling mess.

A sudden loosening of the binds around her feet made Callahan shout as she started dropping toward the forest floor. Hands caught her, and she was flipped upright so quickly it made her dizzy.

In the darkness, she could just make out the edge of Etheridge’s craggy face before her. She wondered where Ederic was, if he was just at the peripherals of her sight.

“Bind her for me, Magus.”

“With pleasure,” came Ederic’s reply.

So her mage *was* there, hidden in the shadows, about to watch his maiden with another man. Another monster. The idea sent a wave of excitement flooding through her, drenching her cunt even more.

Although Callahan couldn’t make out much in the darkness, she was well accustomed to the natural bindings Ederic so loved. She felt the magical vines wrap around her wrists, her waist; even her legs were snared in their hold, spread wide open for easy access. She was brought snug against the bark of a tree and the vines wrapped around her until she could hardly move. Even her eyes were covered by the soft flesh of her earthly binds.

Instinct had her fighting against the binding even while her mind knew the battle was useless.

“There,” said Etheridge, voice unsteady. “You’re laid out so perfectly for me. A delicious morsel for me to partake in.”

A thudding before her made Callahan startle. Then, large hands palmed the inside of her meaty thighs, kneading and caressing.

In her mind’s eye, she could just picture the orc on his knees before her, gazing up at her through hooded lids.

Large fingers grazed her clit before sliding back farther. One digit delved into her core.

“Deliciously wet for me, aren’t you, darling?” Etheridge’s words were growled out deep from his cavernous chest.

“Yes, sir,” Callahan whimpered in reply, the honorific flowing off her tongue as she became delirious from arousal.

A booming laugh. “Sir? *Sir?* Ederic, you have this sweet, young thing call you sir?”

Callahan could just picture the kingly shrug of Ederic’s shoulders. “Maidens have to learn their place, dear friend. She can’t be getting too cocky. Enjoy the gift of obedience, orc. It was hard won.”

They talked about her like she was of no consequence, like she wasn’t dangling before them, trussed up like a present.

Their indifference was delicious.

“We orcs are soldiers. Never once have I been called *sir*.” Callahan could hear the amusement, the pleasure, in Etheridge’s voice. His fingers still toyed with her pussy as the men spoke, sparking the embers into flames.

“I’m going to relish this, darling. Your desire to submit makes me want to. Eat. You. Up.” Each word was bitten into her skin. His tusks dragged against the sensitive flesh of her inner thighs, nearly painful.

“Please,” she begged. “Please, sir, please.”

“You beg so deliciously. What do you want? Use your words.” His breath was hot against the damp curls covering her aching core.

“Touch me. Use me. *Fuck me.*” The words were hissed out of her.

Then, without any further hassle, Etheridge pushed his face against her flesh and ate her up.

At the first flick of his tongue against her clit, Callahan was groaning in delight.

Finally. Something to ease the ache that had been building. Those smooth tusks pushed with surprising intensity against the lips of her cunt, placed almost perfectly so that when he leaned in, the tusks dragged her lips back, baring her clit to his onslaught.

She could already feel the orgasm building. But with that deepening pleasure came the realization that something else was craving a release as well.

“I’m going to pee!” she cried out, panic mingling with the heat of her oncoming orgasm. Her bladder was painfully full, and so uncomfortable. She knew if she orgasmed, it would all come rushing out.

“Do it,” Etheridge barked, his words mumbled by her flesh. “Piss on my face. Be a good girl and let me have it.”

No, she thought. *It’s too much. Too dirty.*

Her safe word was on the edge of her tongue, ready to be used, when one last stroke of his thick tongue against her sent Callahan careening.

“Please, no, no—oh my *gods!*” As her climax burst free, so too did a rush of urine, exiting out of her so quickly, so forcefully, the release of pressure was almost like a climax in and of itself. Mingled with the soaring rush of her orgasm, Callahan was nearly overcome.

Etheridge was making filthy, sloppy noises as he drank up her piss. His hands were gripping her thighs so tightly it was edging toward pain.

She swooned in her binds, still crying out softly as his mouth moved over her painfully sensitive nub.

“Beautiful,” Ederic praised, voice soft. Earlier, his voice was distant, like he was far away. Now, she could tell he was nearly directly in front of her. “My beautiful, sweet maiden”

The smooth center of his palm cupped her cheek. He lifted the blindfold of vines from her eyes and smoothed her messy hair back from her face.

“Are you ready for more?”

“Yes, sir.”



CHAPTER FIVE

Ederic was gifted at keeping secrets.

Callahan wasn't sure if that was a skill that came with being hundreds of years old or if it were true of all mages. Maybe all wizards were as tricky as her Magus.

The thing about all of Ederic's secrets, though, was that they all pertained to *her*.

One year, he bloomed a whole field of sunflowers for her. But for Callahan, knowing he had sacrificed some of his precious magic that he was painstakingly working toward growing was even better than the sunflowers themselves. It was one of the first times he had shown that their arrangement meant more to him than simply sex.

This year, though, Callahan had a secret of her own.

During the decade they'd spent together, the couple had openly discussed their desires and dreams, their hopes and fantasies. One of Ederic's deepest fantasies was to watch Callahan be racked with pleasure by creatures other than himself.

And tonight, Callahan planned to make that dream a reality.

Redressed and cleaned from a dip in the pond, Callahan stalked through the festival grounds, Etheridge a mountain at her side.

As they neared their intended targets, the pair of orcs belonging to Etheridge's horde turned their gaze to them as they approached.

The orc on the left, whose name Callahan knew to be Valaris, was missing an eye. It was covered by a thick leather patch but the scar of the wound that took his eye traced all the way down to his chin. Rather than being off-putting, the effect was fiercely attractive. This orc had seen serious battle and *survived*. There was an organic, primal interest deep within her that stirred as she stared at the warrior.

The second orc had gleaming white hair that trailed down his back and he was missing both tusks. His face was pretty rather than handsome. He was named Urzuk. He was smaller than Valaris and Etheridge in stature but made up for it in the stacking of muscles upon his frame. His arms were larger Callahan's head.

While she had bathed, Etheridge had approached his horde members and enlightened them of her request. Both orcs had enthusiastically agreed, much to Callahan's delight.

"Well, gentlemen," she started, voice lilting in a teasing tone. "Are you ready to plunder a maiden?"

The fierce smiles that overtook their faces said that they were, indeed, ready.

The hardest part of all of this, Callahan decided, was figuring out the positioning. She had been unsure how best to position herself with three new bedmates, but the horde was apparently accustomed to sharing because they knew exactly how to handle her.

When the group had appeared in front of Ederic, who was lounging against the base of the tree, Callahan could've sworn his nonexistent eyebrows were raised.

She'd gone to her knees before him, draping her gown out prettily around herself as she peered up at him through her lashes. "Sir, I have a surprise for you. Something you've been wanting, something you desire."

Ederic settled more deeply against the tree, his legs spread invitingly as his elbows dangled off his knees. His head cocked to the side in curiosity. "Tell me, sweet maiden, what have you done?"

Callahan placed her hands on her knees, palms up, as she lowered her gaze back to the ground. "I've found a band of ferocious orcs to put me in my place, my Magus. They've agreed to let you swallow their pleasure as well. A horde of virile, ferocious orcs will produce so much power, sir."

"Mmm," Ederic pondered, fingers stroking along his jaw. "And does my maiden want her sweet cunt to be taken by these orcs?"

"It would give me so much pleasure, sir. If you'll let me have it." Callahan sent him a coquettish look.

This was all part of their game, this bargaining. The illusion that Ederic was fully in control when in fact Callahan set the rules. She laid down the groundwork for their trysts because her mage would never go beyond her limits. Yes, he would push her to the line and ease her back down again, but it was always with her hearty, enthusiastic consent.

"And orcs," Ederic said as he peered at the orcs. "Do you promise to treat my maiden as she deserves? Like the filthy, whoring slut she is?"

The cruel words made her wet core pulsate. Callahan could feel the drip of wetness seep from her pussy and trail down her thighs.

The orcs had responded with a resounding "yes." And then they had descended on her.

Now, she was in the throes of her pleasure. Etheridge lay beneath her, his sizable cock deep within her sopping wet cunt. Her tits were pressed firmly against his muscled chest as his huge hands moved her hips in the rhythm he wanted.

Valaris was behind her, his lubricated fingers probing deep into her ass. The sensation was one she was used to, but Ederic's fingers were much thinner than the orc's. The immense pressure exuding from her rear end made her cry out.

"Ungh, gods!" she squealed when Etheridge's cock struck that wonderful spot within her.

"Please, sirs," she begged. "Please may I come?"

"Not yet, maiden. Keep holding on." It was Urzuk who spoke. He currently stood before the rutting trio, his thickly-veined cock sticking out from his pants. Soon, she would be gagging on that cock.

Her mouth drooled in anticipation.

Callahan opened her mouth wide, tongue sticking out, and she enticed Urzuk closer with a whine. “I need your cock, sir. Please, may I have a taste?”

“What manners your slobbering bitch has, Ederic. A true marvel.” Urzuk’s voice was crass and rude, but the palm he placed on Callahan’s head was gentle. He threaded his fingers in her long, messy hair as he guided her mouth toward his massive erection.

“She is truly a wonder,” Ederic agreed. He still sat sprawled against the tree. His spindly fingers held his head up as he gazed at the coupling group. “The best girl I’ve ever had.”

Callahan whimpered at the praise as she opened her mouth wider to accept Urzuk’s cock. He started out with small, teasing thrusts to test her ability to take him, before growing bold and thrusting so hard she gagged on him. His groan echoed in the forest around them.

Behind her, Valaris was pulling out his fingers to replace them with his hefty dick. The initial stretch burned, causing her to hiss. Then, a stroke from Etheridge’s fingers on her clit made her squeal around Urzuk and had her jerking her hips. The jolt had sent her backward against Valaris, impaling her on him.

She had to take her mouth off of Urzuk for a moment, just so she could hang her head and process the feeling of delicious fullness.

“Fuck,” she breathed. “Oh, fuck.”

Ederic called out to her: “Tell me how it feels.” His voice was dark velvet, all sinister pleasure.

“Good,” she hissed, gyrating her hips on the penetrating limbs. “So fucking good. I’m so full.”

“You’re about to be fuller, girl,” came Urzuk’s growling reply. “Choke on my cock, maiden. Gag on it.” With a fistful of her hair in both hands, he jerked her mouth back toward his straining dick and she obliged him by opening her waiting mouth.

The bulbous head of his erection choked her immediately. There was no easy slide, no gradual buildup this time—just a sudden blocking of her throat. She retched against his dick as tears sprang to her eyes.

The punishing pounding of cocks within her was overwhelming. Animalistic cries were echoing from her chest, escaping anytime she had a reprieve from Urzuk’s member. Something was building within her, some sort of overwhelming, deep pleasure, threatening to burst within moments.

“Come for us, maiden,” encouraged Etheridge. “Come on our cocks. Give your mage his magic.”

With that command, Callahan shattered. Her cries were stilted, drowned out by the flooding of semen ejaculating into her throat. She swallowed it down as best she could. But it kept coming—the copious fluids leaked from her mouth in steady streams, dripping onto Etheridge. He just laughed, mouth opened wide to accept the offering of juices, as he, too, reached his pinnacle. Shooting into her womb in a burning claim. Valaris shouted his joy to the sky, and she felt his seed empty into her in hot bursts. She was drenched in their cum. Absolutely wrecked from their brutal fucking.

Her face and hair were covered in cum, her belly down to her pelvis just drenched in orc completion. Callahan’s thighs trembled where they spread around Etheridge’s hips, and she fell bonelessly onto his chest. She could already feel the soreness springing up.

A hand stroked along her bare back gently, soothing her.

When she finally had the strength to turn her head toward her mage, she was surprised to find him kneeling right above her.

She hadn't even heard him move.

"My sweet maiden," he cooed. "Are you all worn out?"

Callahan nodded sleepily.

"Mmm," Ederic soothed, rubbing a hand over her hair. Then, suddenly, he grabbed a fistful of her mane, jerking her head back. "Too bad. We're just getting started."



EPILOGUE

The end of Samhain was here.

It always came sooner than Callahan was prepared for, because the end of the Samhain celebration meant saying goodbye to Ederic once more. And although they had ten years of goodbyes under their belt, the parting never got easier. One day, Samhain would mean *hello hello hello*. She would be able to greet Ederic and never have to watch him leave again.

Someday.

The tables had been replenished with fresh food and sparkling ciders. The cows they had drained were now the night's meal in the form of thick, tender steaks, roasts with root vegetables, and juicy tenderloins. This last night, Ederic filled up her plate for her. Adding tart fruits and sweet vegetables, along with a pile of honeyed bread. Atop the bread he placed melted cheese and pumpkin jam before sprinkling on cinnamon roasted nuts.

Ederic placed a pillow in his lap before encouraging Callahan to lay her head on it. He brushed her hair behind her ear before ripping off a bit of bread and offering it to her.

Her first bite into the concoction was delightful. Creamy and nutty from the cheese, delicious and sweet from the honey, and the touch of cinnamon added the perfect bite of spice. Her mage continued to hand-feed her, until her full tummy was making her drowsy.

She drifted in and out of consciousness for a while, lulled by listening to Ederic discuss books with Etheridge as the warmth of the bonfire seeped into her skin.

Opening her eyes, she gazed up at Ederic. His gleaming, ivory skull. The smooth, strong jawline. Her movement caused him to peer down at her, and the hand stroking her hair move to cup her cheek instead.

They had never said the words, never cemented their bond with true romantic gestures. But Callahan felt his love for her, and knew that he could feel the enormity of her emotions for her.

And although Callahan would always grieve their goodbyes, she knew, without a doubt, that their next hello would be all the sweeter.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Salem Sinclair is an International Bestselling Author of monster smut. As a plus-size queer author, she truly enjoys writing romance with diverse representation. 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.