



BREEDING WITH
BIGFOOT
SIGGY SHADE

Breeding with Bigfoot

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Trigger Warnings

Breeding by Bigfoot contains the following content warnings:

Abortion (discussion only)

Anal sex

Animal hunting

Baby trapping

Cannibalism

Captivity

Cheating

Childbirth (graphic)

Mass murder

Pregnancy

Sexual harassment

Sexual objectification

Vaginal fisting

To everyone who's ever wanted to swing on it like a wrecking ball and likes it thick and creamy and tasting of salted caramel.

Chapter One



This is turning out to be the worst romantic vacation.

The walls of the tent we're huddled in flutters in the wind and are about to collapse on our heads. My fingers close around the top of the sleeping bag, trying to keep in the warm air, but it's futile on such a chilly night.

There's no way I can sleep in such an unstable shelter.

"Brian," I hiss to the figure curled up at my side. "Let's pack up and return to the truck."

My boyfriend mumbles something, which he never does unless he's pretending to be drowsy.

Brian and I have been dating for four months, but this is our first trip together. Both our dating profiles said we enjoyed the outdoors, but I prefer glamping to freezing my tits off in the world's thinnest tent.

An owl hoots so closely to us that the walls tremble. I scramble for the flashlight but only find my phone.

"Did you hear that?" I ask.

"Go back to sleep," he mumbles.

Somewhere in the distance, I swear a wolf howls.

"Brian!"

“Faye.” Brian pokes his head out from his four-season mummy sleeping bag with a drawstring hood. “We are not going back to the truck. I paid a lot of money for this trip and I won’t waste it spending the night in a vehicle. Go back to sleep.”

“Don’t forget I paid for half,” I snap. “At least give me the keys.”

He shoves the sleeping bag’s hood over his head, zips it up to his chin, and lets out a loud snore.

“Why are you being such a dick?” I snarl.

He doesn’t respond. Not even when something from above us creaks loudly enough to make my skin crawl.

I inhale a deep breath to stay calm. This is not the time to lose my shit. This isn’t my first camping trip, but something is off about this patch of the forest.

The trees surrounding our clearing are all wrong, with shorter-than-average trunks and tangled branches that creep over the canopy like fossilized snakes. They block out the moonlight, leaving us in total darkness.

Brian chose to camp a few feet away from a rickety staircase pointing toward the stars. Who builds stairs in the middle of the woods and where are they supposed to lead?

His breathing deepens, sounding like he’s really sleeping. I pick up my phone and unlock the screen for a little light. There’s only one bar of reception. Maybe I could walk to the edge of the forest and get an Uber?

Heavy footsteps crunch nearby, sounding like they’re coming close. Oh, shit. It’s probably a bear. Or worse, a psycho.

“Brian,” I hiss.

His breathing changes.

“Can you hear that?” I ask.

Brian doesn’t respond. He probably thinks I’m being paranoid.

I’m not.

Especially when the footsteps are accompanied by animalistic panting.

“Brian,” I bark.

He rolls onto his side, giving me his back.

“Okay, fuck this.” I stuff my phone into my jacket pocket, unzip my sleeping bag, and roll off the mat.

“What are you doing?” Brian asks, feigning sleepiness.

I shove on my boots. “Going to the truck.”

“Good luck getting there without a flashlight or keys,” he mutters.

He’s right. The truck is over half a mile away. All I have is a smartphone and a headlamp with a failing battery. It was dumb of me not to come prepared, but I trusted Brian when he said he had everything covered.

My jaw clenches. Why did he choose now to show this selfish side of his personality? He was half-decent up until now. I curse myself for letting loneliness blind me from nothing too late that he’s such an ass.

The footsteps crunch closer, sounding like snapping bones. Every fine hair on my body stands on end. It’s too late for me to talk sense into Brian—I’m leaving.

Crawling on my hands and knees, I unzip the tent and scamper outside. Slivers of moonlight stream down from the thick canopy of trees, looking like floating wraiths.

Rapid, heavy breathing fills the clearing. I'm ninety-nine percent sure that whoever is out there is after the tent.

"Brian," I whisper. "Someone's coming. Let's go."

"Either get back inside or break your neck on the way to the truck," Brian hisses. "But I'm not leaving."

I've watched enough slasher movies to know what's about to happen next.

Without looking back, I scramble to my feet and scale the nearest trunk. Thanks to having two brothers who used to make me play with them when we were little, I'm decent at climbing trees. The footsteps continue, feeling like whoever is making them is within grabbing reach.

Cold sweat breaks out across my skin, making my teeth chatter. My heart thrashes against my ribs like a manic woodpecker, desperate to escape this clearing and fly home.

I ignore the mounting panic and settle onto a thick branch. From my vantage point, I can see the tent. Brian has turned on a light and is sitting up. I wait for him to exit through the door, but from his silhouette, it looks like he might be taking off his pants.

My brow furrows.

That can't be right.

There's no time to shout a second warning because a huge figure steps out from behind the trees. It's a bear... or something else, I can't tell, but it's at least seven feet tall and covered in fur.

I'm too high up in the branches for a close look at its face, but moonlight streaming through the thick canopy highlights a heavy brow and the nose of a human. My throat tightens.

That can't be a bear.

It also can't be a person.

How else can I describe a giant, bipedal monster with amber eyes that glint in the slithers of light? I grip the branch and scoot forward, trying not to let it see my hiding place.

The creature circles the tent. Shuddering, I take in its massive frame with thick, ropy muscles that bulge through its pelt, and the huge club that drags behind him on the forest floor.

Bigfoot?

Bloody hell.

Brian's about to die.

My mouth opens, and I suck in a deep breath to scream, but common sense clamps it shut. Am I really going to advertise my location to Bigfoot and put myself at risk to save Brian? Brian, who ignored my warnings and insisted on staying? Brian, who wouldn't escort me to the truck? Brian, who always made me go 50-50 on dates?

Brian can face Bigfoot alone.

I pull my phone out from my pocket, fire up the camera app, and hit the red button.

Reddit would call me an asshole for recording my soon-to-be-ex boyfriend getting torn apart by Bigfoot, but I'm not about to become the prime suspect in his murder. Besides, I'll need something to show the police... and to upload on Tiktok.

When Bigfoot crawls into the tent, Brian makes a high-pitched scream, and my gut tightens with guilt.

I should do more to help Brian than make a video of his demise, but this is the same bastard who wanted me to break my neck. Hell, he wouldn't even lend me a flashlight.

Fuck it.

I've got to put me first.

Chapter Two



I lean forward, my fingers trembling around my phone, watching Brian brighten the light and accentuate the silhouettes of himself and Bigfoot. Bigfoot crawls toward my former boyfriend, his huge bulk taking up most of the tent.

My stomach drops, and a cold sweat breaks out across my brow. I clench my teeth and focus on staying silent to capture the footage, but a deep growl makes me flinch.

Bigfoot is grunting and pawing at Brian like a wild animal. His massive hands grope at my ex-boyfriend's body, and my stomach churns with dread.

Brian fights back—at least that's what it looks like at first. Even though he's an asshole, I'm rooting for him to slip away and escape. He tugs Bigfoot's fur, grunts, and bucks against his larger body. No matter how much Brian struggles, Bigfoot is stronger.

A lump forms in the back of my throat. I briefly consider looking away or maybe turning off the camera app to call the police, but what good will that do? This forest is in the middle of nowhere, and Brian will be dead and decomposing before I even catch a glimpse of blue-and-red sirens.

Bigfoot pushes Brian down to the floor and pins his arms over his head.

Oh shit.

Bigfoot is going to eat my ex!

Brian chuckles. “Face to face this time? Alright then, big boy, give it to me nice and hard.”

My jaw drops, and for the next few heartbeats, my mind goes blank. Did Brian just say what I think he said? I have to be imagining things. Or maybe hallucinating.

The silhouettes shift inside the tent, along with the tearing of fabric. Bigfoot grabs Brian’s leg and throws it over his shoulder.

I stop breathing for several seconds, wondering if this is some kind of nightmare. Brian is having consensual sex... with Bigfoot.

“Lube first.” Brian raises a hand in a motion to stop. “We’ve talked about this before, buddy.”

Bigfoot roars.

My heart kicks up several notches, and all the moisture leaves my throat.

Brian lowers his hand with the kind of tentative gesture a person makes when they don’t know if the creature they’re trying to subdue will heel or attack. I should take this opportunity to go to the truck, but I’m too invested in what’s happening to consider escaping.

Bigfoot’s rolling growl changes pitch, but Brian cuts him off by producing a large tub.

“Easy now,” Brian says with an unusual amount of patience and unscrews the lid.

I crane my neck to get a better view of the scene. Bigfoot slams his fingers into the jar and shoves Brian onto his back.

The silhouettes move, looking like Bigfoot is applying the lubricant between Brian's ass cheeks. He seems to be doing a great job for someone who'd just been roaring with protest.

Bigfoot takes his time, working his fingers in and out of Brian's back passage. From Brian's satisfied sigh, I can tell that Bigfoot is doing an excellent job.

"Oh, fuck," Brian says, his voice muffled. "You're so good at this."

My jaw ticks. Brian never once gave me that sort of praise when we were having sex, but then I didn't know he liked men.

Bigfoot's arm moves back and forth as though wanting to draw out Brian's pleasure. My mind tries to reconstruct what's happening behind the tent walls, but it's too incredible.

There is absolutely no way that Bigfoot is pinning Brian to the floor of the tent and is thrusting his lubricated fingers in and out of Brian's anus.

First of all, Bigfoot doesn't exist.

Second, Brian's dating profile said he was straight.

Third, who on earth goes camping with their girlfriend to hook up with their sneaky link?

I shake my head. No matter how much I try to deny what's happening, it's obvious that Brian and Bigfoot have fucked before. Based on Bigfoot's practised movements, I would say they've been hooking up on the regular.

Bitterness rises to the back of my throat. Our entire relationship has been a lie. Did he bring me here to break it

off, or is this his way of saying he wants a threesome? I swallow down the jealousy and betrayal. There's no way of knowing.

Bigfoot draws back and raises his club.

My breath catches. Wait—is he going to bludgeon my ex?

From the way he's running his hands up and down the club's shaft, I would say he isn't. From the way the club thickens under his touch, I would say it isn't a weapon but his cock.

No. Fucking. Way.

How can anyone be so desperately out of proportion?

Heat rushes to my cheeks, and I squeeze my thighs together to contain any arousal. Bigfoot rumbles something that sounds like, 'Here it comes.'

Brian groans, the sound so deep and guttural and resonant that I feel it in my core. My throat tightens, and I swallow hard. He never made that kind of noise with me.

Bigfoot rocks back and forth with shallow thrusts, entering Brian with a level of patience and care that I didn't expect from a mythical brute.

"Yes!" Brian raises his arms above his head and bucks his hips, looking like he's trying to deepen the penetration.

With a furious growl, Bigfoot grabs Brian's wrists again and pins him to the floor.

I bite down on my bottom lip and groan. Who would have thought Bigfoot likes to take control?

The monster rotates his hips, his thrusts becoming more powerful. Brian's moans and gasps become full-blown grunts

as his body jerks under Bigfoot's commands.

The sounds of their coupling fill the night, and a sickening mix of fear and arousal sweeps through me in rivulets. I can't decide whether I'm horny or horrified.

Bigfoot moves more gracefully than I could have imagined, and the way he flips Brian onto his stomach and guides his hips back toward his own is shockingly sexy.

Brian never fucked me with such abandon. He never grabbed my wrists or pinned me to a surface while he took his pleasure. Sex with Brian was safe... and boring. Maybe that's why he needs Bigfoot.

That thought is drowned out by their synchronized moans. My heart races, and the pulse behind my clit pounds so hard that the vibrations spread down my thighs. Heat floods my pussy, and moisture slicks my folds. I can no longer deny what I'm seeing—getting fucked like this is all I ever wanted.

Bigfoot slams into Brian over and over, eliciting guttural cries that make me so wet I'm in danger of sliding off the branch. I lean back against the thick trunk and stifle a whimper.

"That's it, big boy," Brian says from between clenched teeth. "Fuck me harder."

The slick sounds of flesh slapping against flesh join the mix of grunts and snarls, but it's nothing compared to the pounding between my legs.

Without meaning to, I slide my hand beneath the waistband of my pants. My clit is so swollen that touching it hurts, but I circle the over-sensitized bud with my fingertip and try not to moan.

This is so fucking wrong—I never thought I could be a voyeur. Never thought I could stay aroused in the face of such flagrant disrespect.

My mind flickers with a dozen other intrusive thoughts. Thoughts like:

Brian is no stranger to sasquatch sex.

Brian is cheating on me with a monster.

Brian brought me here on purpose.

Brian probably wanted a three-way with me and Bigfoot.

Brian is now keeping me excluded.

The thoughts go around and around until they melt into a single, stunning realization: I want Bigfoot to fuck me, too.

I close my eyes, exhale, and try to let go of my anger as I watch the rutting silhouettes. The backs of my eyes burn with tears, and my pussy burns with longing. I'm not sure why—I'm angry, aroused, and a little ashamed.

But shame doesn't stop my other hand from entering my panties. Shame doesn't stop two fingers from sliding into my wet pussy. Nor does it stop the muscles from clamping around those digits.

Biting down on my bottom lip, I touch myself in time with Bigfoot's thrusts.

Later.

I'll think about what this all means later.

For now, I've got to cum.

Rocking my hips, I fuck my fingers in unison with Brian and Bigfoot's rhythm. I'm mesmerized by their movements, and I'm even more mesmerized by their sexual noises.

My mind conjures up a fantasy of joining them in that tent. Bigfoot would push me onto my hands and knees and fuck my pussy from behind, while I would have to suck Brian's cock.

Then I'd be the one grunting and groaning.

Pressure builds around my clit, coursing through my veins until I lose track of the fantasy. My fingers move at a frantic pace, making me tremble and pant with molten desire.

I'm.

So.

Fucking.

Close.

Bigfoot roars. Brian cries out. And an orgasm tears through me like wildfire.

Flames of pleasure lick at my nerves, setting every inch of me alight. I'm burning from the inside-out. Moaning long and loud, I ride my orgasm, my back slamming against the tree trunk. I'm trembling. Lightheaded. Euphoric. My pussy clenches around my fingers, each spasm infusing my spine with a new burst of ecstasy.

It's too much and not enough. I'm twitching, panting, shuddering on a branch, and all I can think about is Bigfoot's cock. Sensation overwhelms my system until I collapse into a heap of ash.

I slump against the tree's rough surface, trying to catch my breath. Did I just masturbate at the sight of my boyfriend cheating on me with Bigfoot?

Yes, I did.

Can my self respect sink any lower?

Probably.

With a deep sigh, I withdraw my fingers and lean against the branch. Somewhere in all the excitement, my phone fell to the ground and now its flashlight shines through the twigs and leaves.

As the orgasm fades, my breathing slows, my body starts to relax, and I turn my attention back to the tent. Bigfoot crawls out of its entrance, looking extremely relaxed. He stumbles to his feet, crossing a beam of light from my flashlight.

It's about that time I realize that the club I thought he was dragging on the forest floor is actually his penis.

More importantly, I'm dreading the drive back home with Brian.

Chapter Three



I slump against the tree trunk, letting tears trickle down my cheeks. Wiping my wet fingers on my pants, I try to process the barrage of conflicting emotions. Anger at Brian for bringing me here to witness his cheating. Frustration that he didn't give me the choice of joining him and Bigfoot.

And jealousy.

My chest hollows with a strange sense of loss. After spending a year getting messed around and ghosted on dating apps, I thought I'd met someone with a bit of staying power. We sparked on our first date with our mutual love for the outdoors, nature, and the Discovery Channel.

Brian had been the first person who didn't think I was weird for growing vegetables in my back garden, the first who didn't keep me guessing when it came to arranging the next date.

Wind blows through the trees, making the leaves rustle. Now that I'm no longer titillated or terrified, I finally notice how the chill seeps through my hoodie. I hug my arms and shudder.

What the fuck do I do now? I can't stay up this tree forever. Not with the cold creeping into my bones and with

tree bark digging into my ass. But I can't bear the thought of getting into the truck with Brian.

Light footsteps sound from below, followed by a gentle, "Faye?"

I purse my lips.

Brian walks around the clearing, pointing his flashlight into the trees. "Where are you?"

I would ignore him, but he's the only one with the keys to the truck.

"Up here," I mutter.

He shines the light into my tree, making me recoil.

"Are you okay?" he asks, his voice gruff.

"What the hell was that?" I ask back.

Brian lowers the flashlight. "I know this looks bad, but hear me out—"

"Looks bad," I blurt. "You just got fucked by Bigfoot."

He sighs. "It was supposed to be a surprise. Could you come down, so we can talk?"

"Not until you give me a reason why," I say with a huff, even though I'm freezing. Brian doesn't get to reason his way out of cheating by claiming he did it for me.

"Okay," he says with a slow nod. "You deserve to know everything. I've been hooking up with Bigfoot on and off for over a year, so it isn't exactly cheating. He was with me first."

I pinch the bridge of my nose. "So, I'm the side piece?"

"It's not like that." He dips his head and shuffles on his feet. "Sex with Bigfoot is hot, but I want someone who

touches my heart. Someone who can offer me a happy future. I want a family, kids, pets. That person is you.”

My lips part, but I can't form words. Brian has never talked about a long-term future before, but I don't want a relationship with a man who cheats.

Before I can tell him to stick his apology up his ass, he falls onto his knees. “Faye, I'm sorry. What I did was fucked up. I should have told you earlier, but there isn't a way to explain what Bigfoot and I have without sounding like a lunatic.”

“So, you decided to give me a show?” I ask, my lip curling. “What would Bigfoot have done to me if I hadn't hidden up a tree?”

“The plan was for you to join us,” he mutters.

A bolt of arousal shoots straight to my core. Without meaning to, my pussy muscles clench.

“What?” I whisper.

“I don't want to lose you.” Brian rises to his feet and walks to my tree. “When I worked out you were the one, I wanted to keep Bigfoot a secret, but the thought of lying to you killed me.”

My mind conjures up an image of that movie, *Broke Back Mountain*, but starring Brian and Bigfoot. I push away that thought and focus on the man scaling my tree trunk.

I would climb higher to get away from Brian, but the cold has turned my limbs to stone.

“Faye,” he murmurs from less than three feet away. “I handled it all wrong, and I'm sorry. Bringing you here was my clumsy way of sharing what I have with Bigfoot.”

My pulse quickens, and my throat turns dry. All the fantasies I had earlier while watching Brian get fucked by Bigfoot rise to the surface. Even my clit starts to throb.

“What do you mean?” I rasp.

“You’re the most open-minded woman I know.” He reaches for my hand, the warmth of his fingers making my skin tingle. “When I saw your book collection, I knew you were the only person I could choose for our throuple.”

My eyelids flutter shut, my skin tightening with annoyance. Just because I read paranormal romance books and have enjoyed the occasional reverse harem, it doesn’t mean I asked for my ex to cheat on me with a monster.

I pull my hand away from Brian’s and place it on my chest. Part of me feels relieved that he isn’t leaving me out. The other part wants to work out a way to ditch Brian and have Bigfoot for myself.

“Faye, I know I’m asking for a lot, but I want to be with you and Bigfoot.”

Heat sears my cheeks, burning away the nighttime chill.

“And if I refuse?” I mutter.

“Then I will never return to this forest, and Bigfoot will be a distant memory,” he replies. “No matter what, I will always choose you.”

Those words would mean more if I hadn’t just seen him have mind-blowing sex with someone other than me, but they certainly take away the sting of his infidelity. Do I want to be part of a throuple with a hairy ape man with an unfeasibly large penis? No.

Do I want to fuck Bigfoot before I announce my decision?

Hell yes.

I already know I can't ever forgive Brian. My mind is too jumbled to work out if I want to drown him now or wait until he's driven me back home before I tell him to get lost. If I leave him for dead, I'll probably never find my way back to the van. Plan B it is, then.

"No three-way," I say, keeping my words even. "I'm too annoyed by your cheating to even consider letting you touch me."

"Anything else?" he says, his voice light.

"Help me out of this tree, make me a cup of hot cocoa and marshmallows, and let me give you a decision about Bigfoot after I've had a good night's sleep."

Brian takes my hand again and this time, I don't pull away. Tomorrow is going to be tricky as hell.

Chapter Four



“Faye.” Brian pokes me awake.

Last night’s anger rises back to the surface, making my jaw tighten. I keep my eyes shut, pretending I’m still asleep.

“Babe?” he says.

My breath deepens. I’m a coward and barely slept because my mind kept circling back to the hot silhouettes of Bigfoot fucking Brian. The more I thought about the two of them together the more my pussy throbbed with need.

Rubbing my clit only took the edge off my desire. I want to be fucked like that. I want to be taken. Shit. After what I saw last night, I doubt that a man like Brian could ever give me satisfaction.

“Faye!” His sharp voice jolts me out of my pretense.

“What?” I snap.

“You said we would talk about it in the morning.” He draws back, unzips the tent door, and crawls out. “Breakfast is nearly ready if you want it.”

When I finally exit into the overcast morning, Brian is sitting on a fallen log with a wooden plate on his lap, laden with sausages and baked beans. He’s wearing a beige hoodie with a matching pair of shorts cut off at the knee. I try not to

compare him to the hulking beast I saw lumbering through the clearing, but it's impossible.

He gazes up at me with a nervous smile and offers me his plate.

“How on earth did you start this thing with Bigfoot?” I ask.

“Answer me one question first,” he mutters. “Are you angry?”

“I will be if you don't give me answers.” I take the plate and fork then settle beside him on the log.

Brian picks up the second plate and loads it with food. I glance around for a third and frown.

“No breakfast for Bigfoot?”

“He's a pescatarian.”

“Oh.” I pick up a sausage and take a bite. “You were going to tell me how you went from finding Bigfoot to fucking him to trying to finagle some kind of threesome.”

“Alright.” He licks his lips. “My grandad used to tell me about the monster that lived in the woods. When he was a boy, a woman in his village went missing for three months, only to return saying she was the captive of a giant ape man.”

“And everyone believed her?” I take a forkful of beans.

He grabs a mug and pours out the tea. “Not at first. When she started showing signs of pregnancy, everyone thought she'd slept with one of the village lads. But they sure as hell believed her when she gave birth.”

“What was wrong with the baby?”

“It was larger than normal and covered in hair, according to Grandad.”

Any other time, I would sit back and dismiss the story as an urban myth. But I saw Bigfoot with my own eyes.

“What happened to the baby?”

“The girl’s father wanted to kill him—”

“It was a boy?”

“Their kind only produce male offspring.”

“Alright.” My brows pull together. “Can Bigfoot speak?”

Brian makes a see-sawing motion with his hand. “Kind of... You’ve got to be in very close contact with him to link minds.”

“That’s why you fucked?”

He nods.

I pinch the bridge of my nose. “Sorry, darling,” I say, mimicking his nasal voice. “I only cheated on you because it was the means of communicating with Bigfoot.”

“Faye,” he whines. “That’s not fair.”

Maybe I’m being hypocritical for dumping Brian in my mind, considering I also want to cheat on with him Bigfoot. Maybe I’m just bitter. But I’m still pissed off about how he ambushed me with Bigfoot last night instead of sitting me down and presenting a throuple to me as an option.

“Tell me what happened to the little baby,” I say.

“The mother left the village. Last thing Grandad heard was that she and the baby joined a circus.”

“Wow.” I shake my head. “Is this story even true?”

Nodding, Brian hands me a steaming mug of tea. “Grandad said the woman came back a few years later, telling everyone her son escaped to the forest.”

“Right.” I take the drink and blow on its surface. “That explains how you knew Bigfoot existed, but the sex?”

Brian tells the rest of the story over breakfast. According to him, the tale stuck with him throughout his history course at university, where he pored through hundreds of old newspapers for sightings of Bigfoot that went back to the reign of Henry VIII.

I listen in silence, still confused that he never once mentioned this obsession on his profile or during any of our dates.

“You know I have a Youtube channel?”

“Sure.” The Unusual Histories of British Forests hardly gets any views, but I can’t really judge when all I have are dancing TikToks.

“The one time I ever went viral was the video I created about the Apeman of Epping Forest.”

“So, you came here trying to capture footage of Bigfoot?”

He nods. “It was last year when I first caught sight of him with the camera. Fuck, I was so chuffed, but when I was about to leave, I found him waiting by the truck.”

My eyes widen. “No.”

“He pointed at my backpack and gestured at me to give him the camera.”

“Are you sure?”

“He’s intelligent. He knew exactly what I was planning.”

“What did you do?”

“I didn’t want to hand over the footage, so I tried to get into the truck, but he attacked.”

“Shit!”

Brian chuckles. “He grabbed my neck, pinned me to the ground, and snarled in my face.”

“How did you convince him to let you live?” I say with my hand over my chest.

“Do you know about fight or flight?”

I nod.

“You know there’s two more responses?”

“Uh...” I take a sip of tea. “Freeze—”

“And fawn. Well, there’s another one.”

I clap a hand over my mouth. “Fuck?”

“Bigfoot held me by the neck and pulled back his arm, ready to punch me with that massive fist. I reached down and grabbed his cock.”

My brows furrow, and my mind dials back to a monster smut I bought last Halloween. “Wait. Isn’t that the plot of a book about a woman who fucked the Headless Horseman?”

Brian chuckles. “It might not have been my idea, but it sure stopped him in his tracks. Let me tell you, grabbing a man’s cock makes him docile, even if he’s a slathering beast.”

“I’ll file that one under things to do if I’m ever in a tight spot,” I mutter. “Was that the time you fucked?”

He shakes his head. “I sucked him off.”

“Your first time with a man?”

“Anyway,” Brian says in a loud voice that indicates his sexuality isn’t for discussion. “The moment that huge cock entered my mouth, something changed.”

My lips tighten. Maybe his sexuality isn’t my business. I plan on forgetting about Brian the moment I get home, but I’m still curious. This asshole is an expert at lying by omission and keeping secrets. He’s also my only chance of ever leaving this creepy forest, so I’ll wait until we’re back in civilization before pressing for more details.

“What happened then?” I take a huge bite of the sausage and gnash it between my teeth.

“I choked on it at first,” he replies with a fond smile. “Fuck, it was so veiny and thick and humongous...”

Heat floods surges between my thighs, making my pussy throb. This shouldn’t turn me on, but I love the thought of a cock being so big that I could suffocate.

“Go on,” I whisper.

“All I could do was swallow, but everything changed the moment I ingested his precum.”

“He talked?”

“I saw images.”

My fork drops into the plate of beans. “What kind?”

“Everything. He remembers being born and having a human mother, being taught to hunt by his father, and spying on human campers.”

“Does he remember the circus?” I ask.

He shakes his head. “That was another one of his kind.”

“There’s more than one?” I laugh at the dumb question. “Of course, there is. They impregnate women.”

“The blowjob was an entire conversation. Each time I swallowed his fluids, I gained an extra bit of knowledge.”

“Fuck.” I huff a breath. I’ve heard of all kinds of communication methods—symbols, sign language, even speaking drums, but semen? “What else did you learn?”

“When one of their kind reaches maturity, they break away from their male parent and find their own territory.”

“Why can’t they form a community?”

“Bigfoot gave me a faded image of humans tearing through one of their settlements with muskets,” he says. “It’s easier to stay hidden when you’re alone.”

My shoulders sag. “That’s so sad.”

“They communicate with the animals, so they’re never lonely.”

“The blowjob led to sex, then?” I ask.

“After he came into my mouth, I handed over the camera’s SD cards and explained to him that I wouldn’t tell anyone about his existence.”

“That’s nice,” I say with a smile. “But you returned.”

“I tried to resist, but there was something so addictive about Bigfoot. He occupied my mind when I was working, out with friends, and even when I was sleeping. I kept going back to the forest, just for one last taste.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Every time I sucked him, I would learn something new. His cum is like a fucking encyclopedia. I kept experimenting,

and found that taking him up the ass was even better.”

Jealousy burns through my chest, turning the edges of my vision red. I can't tell if I'm angry because Brian's talking about having sex with someone else or if it's because I want to be the one getting fucked.

Scooping up a forkful of beans, I force down the feelings to focus on his story.

“The only thing that quietened my obsession it was you.”

My fork freezes halfway to my mouth. “What do you mean?”

“I couldn't keep fucking Bigfoot. It was becoming an out-of-control addiction. That's why I signed up for online dating.”

A squirrel skitters across the branches, and I follow its progression down the trunk. It's hard to maintain eye contact with someone so full of shit. There's more than one thing suspect about his statement, but I start with the most obvious.

“If being with me helped, then why the hell did you bring me here for a threesome?”

“You're an amazing girl.” He reaches out and gives my shoulder a gentle squeeze. “But no one could ever fuck like Bigfoot.”

“We could have tried pegging,” I snap. “You could have asked me to wear a strap-on—”

“Faye.” Brian takes my plate, places it by the fire, and returns to kneel at my feet. “Ever since I fell in love with you, I haven't been able to think straight.”

I rear back, nearly falling off the other side of the log. “Wait, you love—”

“You mean more to me than anyone... even Bigfoot. I’ve never met a woman who’s so kind and giving and open-minded, and you’re fucking gorgeous.”

My breath shallows, and I gaze into his blue eyes, my insides churning. After being benchmarked and ghosted by assholes online and thoroughly messed around, Brian was the only real man in a world of losers.

Until last night.

Now, he’s just the same as any other asshole. Worse, because he waited until I was trapped in a forest with him before revealing he was a filthy cheat. Doubly worse because he’s trying to trick me into staying by declaring his love.

“Let’s just leave,” I murmur.

He squeezes my hands. “But I want to introduce you to Bigfoot.”

“What if I don’t want to meet him?”

“If you don’t like him, I’ll pack up and go. We’ll become a couple, and it will only be you.” He swallows. “Say the word, and I will never come back.”

Shit.

I don’t want Brian, but it’s not like he’s giving me a choice. He still has the keys to the truck and he’s the only person who knows its location. Even the thought of stringing him along until I get what I want is tedious. I just wish there was a way he’d disappear, leave me the keys, and let *me* introduce *myself* to Bigfoot. I’m curious about the way he communicates through sex.

“Come on,” he says. “Once you meet Bigfoot, you’ll know what I mean.”

“But what if I become addicted, too?”

Brian chuckles. “The three of us together would be a best-case scenario, but if I had to make the choice, it would always be you.”

I bite down on my bottom lip. “Can Bigfoot even consent?”

“He’s an intelligent being,” Brian replies. “Let him meet you and see if you’re compatible.”

Common sense screams at me to call Brian’s bluff and insist that we go home right now, but my pussy is taking control of my motor functions. It clenches so hard that I have to stifle a moan.

Last night, I wanted to have sex with Bigfoot because of his impressive physique and the way he fucked. Now, I want to try his semen.

“Alright,” I rasp. “I’m ready to meet Bigfoot.”

Chapter Five



I can't believe I'm about to meet a sexy Sasquatch. We spent the rest of the morning setting up a nice romantic spot by the pool where Brian says Bigfoot likes to bathe. Brian is still a bastard who I plan to dump the moment we reach civilization.

The scene looks like something out of a fairytale, with tall reeds surrounding its banks and frogs croaking on huge water lilies at its center. Sunlight filters through the trees on the bank opposite, coloring the water ripples a warm shade of gold.

I sit on a huge mattress we inflated, barefoot and clad in a large t-shirt that barely covers my pussy. Birds tweet overhead, filling the air with their sweet music. I stretch out my thighs, exposing them to the sun, barely able to contain my anticipation.

Brian gazes down at me with a sigh. "You look beautiful."

"How's this going to work?" I ask, my voice trembling.

"Don't worry. Bigfoot will love you."

"But what if he doesn't?"

"Then he walks away."

Before I can ask Brian anything else, a loud splash has us both turning toward the pool. Bigfoot rises from the water. He

looks more like a hairy Adonis than an apeman, and ten times more promising than anything I've seen on Baywatch.

A sharp breath hisses through my teeth. Not just because Bigfoot just appeared out of nowhere but because of the way he looks.

Bigfoot is more impressive in the daylight and looks more like a giant human than a beast. Sure, he has a low hairline and a heavier-than-normal brow, and there's something a little ape-like around his mouth and nose, but the overall effect is quite handsome.

My gaze darts to Brian's bland features. Besides, I've seen worse in human men.

Bigfoot is taller than the average basketball player but three times as broad, with strong shoulders and biceps as thick as my torso. Wet black fur clings to his frame, accentuating prominent pecs and a defined six-pack.

My mouth waters, as does my aching pussy.

"Isn't he magnificent?" Brian whispers.

I nod, too awestruck to speak.

Bigfoot walks through the water, the way I imagine Aphrodite emerged from the waves. I lean forward, my lips parting, my gaze traveling down his body with each approaching step.

Brian rushes to the bank and into the shallow end, splashing through the water with outstretched arms, but Bigfoot side steps. Every molecule of air escapes my lungs, leaving me frozen.

Oh fuck.

He's looking at me.

“Bigfoot.” Brian sweeps his arm toward where I’m sitting on the mattress. “Allow me to introduce you to the woman I told you about, Faye.”

Brian says something else, but I’m not listening. Neither is Bigfoot from the way his gaze locks on mine. His amber eyes glimmer in the sunlight, drawing me further into his animal magnetism.

I’m not sure if I’m imagining things, but they seem to sparkle with recognition. I remain frozen, unable to breathe for several heartbeats, before Bigfoot curls his lips in a wide grin of perfect white teeth.

My pulse ratchets up to its maximum capacity, and I finally suck in a sharp breath. He’s bloody gorgeous. My own lips form a smile, trying to match his brilliance, which only makes him grin wider.

“Say something,” Brian hisses. “Otherwise Bigfoot won’t approach.”

Bigfoot remains in place, still standing in the pool, which is now hip-deep. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I wonder how long he’d been waiting there for us and whether he can breathe underwater or hold his breath for hours like a hippo.

His presence has turned my mind to mush.

“Hello,” I squeak. “I’m pleased to meet you.”

My words seem to trigger Bigfoot into action. The moment he climbs out of the pool, my gaze drops to the thatch of fur between his legs. It’s silly to assume that a creature like him would have pubes, but he does.

Rivulets of water cascade down his fur, making it form a perfect outline of a penis the size of his forearm with a thick,

bulbous head. It's about knee-length and doesn't drag on the ground like it did last night but it starts to expand.

Lust tightens my throat and swells my clit.

I think he likes me.

Bigfoot walks past Brian as though they hadn't fucked last night and multiple times before, and he drops to his knees. It takes a few moments to realize he's holding four squirming fish with iridescent, blue-green scales and a pale silver underbelly.

"It's a gift," I hear Brian saying from somewhere behind Bigfoot.

I place a hand on my chest. "For me?"

Bigfoot gives me a solemn nod.

"Thank you." I vaguely recognize them as mackerel.

He tries to place the fish on my lap, but I raise a hand. "Can you give them to Brian?"

With a nod, Bigfoot turns around and thrusts the fish into Brian's arms.

"Right..." Brian walks toward the cooler.

I shift on the mattress, my skin itching with the need to take off my t-shirt, to expose my body to the warmth of the sun and the heat in Bigfoot's gaze.

It's hard to withstand his intensity. I keep lowering my lashes, only to peek to meet his eyes, even if it's just for a millisecond.

His chest rises and falls with rapid breaths, and somehow, the sound goes straight to my pussy. I don't know what I was

expecting, but Bigfoot is showing an incredible amount of restraint.

He leans toward me, filling my nostrils with the mingled scents of water lilies and musk. When his nostrils flare, I squeeze my thighs together, hoping he doesn't smell my arousal.

The deep growl says he does, and the cock that was thickening now lies flush against his abs.

“You've got to make the first move, Faye,” Brian says. “Bigfoot is too noble a creature to act without your consent.”

“Right.” I reach out a hand and place it on the wet fur covering his chest.

His body is as hard as I expect, but with flesh and blood that runs hot, even for someone who just emerged from the water. I gasp at the heavy thud of his heart, which beats in unison with mine.

Bigfoot growls, the sound reverberating against my palm. My pussy makes a similar response.

I have never met anyone so masculine.

I have never wanted to fuck anyone so badly.

“That's it,” Brian says, not sounding the least bit jealous. “Now, touch his cock. Let him know exactly what you want.”

My hand drifts down the contour of his chest, across his ribcage, and to the huge erection standing to attention. I cup the side of his cockhead and give it a gentle squeeze.

Bigfoot rumbles his approval.

“That's it,” Brian says, his voice breathy. “He likes that.”

Brian must have a cuckolding kink. Ignoring him, I reach out with my other hand to cup Bigfoot's balls.

They're so big that only one of them can fit in my hand and about the weight and circumference of a grapefruit. A grapefruit shaped like a plum.

As I fondle the hairy testicle, Bigfoot's breath quickens, and his pupils widen to pools of black with tiny rings of amber.

Brian sits so close to me that his hot breath fans against my ear. "You're doing so well. Now, give him a lick."

My gaze drops to his cockhead. It's too big for the mouth of a human and way too thick. Precum dribbles from its slit, and my mouth waters. Not just for a taste of Sasquatch spunk, but for the chance to see what Bigfoot wants to communicate through his semen.

Groaning, I lean forward and flatten my tongue, but Bigfoot places a palm on my head.

"What's wrong?" I glance up to meet his amused features.

Bigfoot shakes his head.

My brow furrows. What kind of ape-man would refuse a blowjob?

Brian clears his throat.

"What?" I ask.

"He's never been with a woman."

"So?"

"Bigfoot just sent an image into my head, and it looks like he wants to eat your pussy."

Chapter Six



Brian positions himself behind me on the mattress and massages my shoulders, while Bigfoot kneels between my thighs, his gaze burning hotter than the afternoon sun.

The air stills. I'm so consumed by this majestic creature, so transfixed that the rest of the world disappears and all that's left is Bigfoot.

"What do you say?" Brian murmurs in my ear. "Are you going to let Bigfoot have a taste?"

Bigfoot rumbles his approval.

My gaze drops to the impossibly large erection that's now weeping rivulets of precum. I want to run my tongue down that slit. I want to savor his flavor. I want to connect with Bigfoot and learn the secrets of his kind.

"You'll be his first woman," Brian adds.

"Really?" I rasp.

I've never been anyone's anything. Not even in my family, where everyone favors my more talented, more beautiful, more sociable sister. I thought Brian and I had something special, but last night proved otherwise.

The hands massaging my shoulders wander down my arms and to the hem of my shirt. "May I?"

“Please,” I whisper.

Brian pulls up my shirt, exposing my bare pussy. Bigfoot sucks in a breath between his clenched teeth.

“Do you like her?” Brian asks.

Bigfoot makes a growl that sounds like ‘yes.’

Brian takes his time, exposing me inch by inch. First my belly, then my ribs, then my breasts.

Bigfoot’s eyes widen. He parts his lips and pants. Is this the first time he’s seen a woman naked?

There’s an awkward moment where Brian pulls the shirt over my head, and I lose eye contact with Bigfoot, but it returns again when Brian pulls the garment over my arms.

Bigfoot’s gaze is no longer fixed on mine. He’s staring straight at my wet pussy.

Brian tosses my shirt to the side, and it lands on a clump of ferns. Bigfoot leans so close that my skin tingles with his body heat. The tension is so thick that I can hardly breathe.

Both Bigfoot and I are waiting. He’s never been with a woman. I’ve never been with an ape man.

“Alright, then,” Brian says. “You need to be careful with Faye. She isn’t as sturdy as a man.”

Bigfoot nods.

“Faye, open your legs. Show Bigfoot your sweet pussy.”

Gulping, I part my thighs.

Bigfoot whines.

“That’s it,” Brian says. “Now, spread those lips open.”

My fingers slide down to my wet pussy, and I part my labia, exposing my swollen clit.

Bigfoot's jaw drops. His eyes are so wide that I worry about them falling out. He even licks his lips. His chest heaves with hot, heavy breaths, making me feel like I'm special, beautiful, unique.

"Lean back," Brian murmurs in my ear.

I recline against his chest with my legs still spread wide, my entire pussy exposed.

Brian reaches around and slides his fingers down my belly. Bigfoot growls.

"Easy now." Brian snatches away his hand. "I'm just going to show you how to give her pleasure."

Bigfoot grunts.

"Alright, buddy?"

Bigfoot nods.

Brian taps my clit. "This is her most sensitive part. It's where you should concentrate if you want her to cum."

His nostrils flare, but he points a thick and trembling finger toward my opening.

"You can stick your tongue there, too, but Faye likes it better when you play with her clit."

Bigfoot's brows pinch together. It's almost as though he's asking Brian how he knows. Perhaps Bigfoot thinks Brian has been faithful the entire time they've been fucking. Perhaps I'm thinking too much. Brian has been cheating on us both. Perhaps it's time we cheated on him.

"Are you ready?" Brian murmurs into my ear.

“Yes.” I buck my hips. “Please, Bigfoot, lick my pussy. Make me cum.”

Bigfoot’s large hands grab my knees. His palms are leathery and warm, like an old baseball glove, but there’s no time to consider this when he bends his head toward my pussy.

My breath catches.

Bigfoot takes his time reaching my core and drags his lips down my inner thigh, all the while sniffing deeply. His fur is still damp from the water, providing a wonderful contrast to the sun. Sparks of pleasure race up and down my legs, settling in my swollen clit.

“That’s it,” Brian says, his hands cupping my breasts. “Nice and slow. Nice and gentle.”

Bigfoot slides his palms down my thighs, seeming to push them further apart.

Anticipation skitters up my spine. I throw my head back and rest it against Brian’s shoulder. Contrary to Brian’s instructions, he was never this careful in bed. Anytime he ate my pussy, it was only to make me wet enough for his dick. If I wanted to climax, I had to reach between our bodies and tease my own clit.

Bigfoot nips at my outer labia with his lips, making me gasp. I send Brian a silent word of thanks for at least training this creature to be patient.

He settles the flat of his tongue at my entrance and licks a slow path to my clit. It’s larger, thicker, heavier than a human tongue, but with prominent taste buds that each drag along my flesh.

Fuck. Sex with Bigfoot is going to be unbelievably hot.

When he reaches my clit, every taste bud seems to move with a volition of its own. Each tiny projection drags against my clit, feeling like I'm being licked by dozens of little tongues.

A moan slips from my lips, and I circle my hips, wanting more, needing more. Maybe my pussy juices are also communicating with Bigfoot, because he seems to understand exactly what I need.

His hands tighten on my thighs, holding me in place, while he quickens the rhythm of his tongue.

“Well done, Bigfoot,” Brian says. “She likes it.”

Bigfoot makes a pleased rumble.

I try to block out Brian's nasal voice and focus on Bigfoot's tongue.

It swirls around my clit in tightening circles, making my head spin. When I glance down to watch, I find Bigfoot staring at my face. My breath catches. All this time, he's been observing my reactions. I give him a smile, and he smiles back.

Bigfoot changes to up-and-down flicks. His tongue is so large that I feel it on every inch of my clit. Pleasure courses through my veins, making my limbs tremble and my toes curl.

I lean further back onto Brian's chest, my muscles clenching as pressure builds behind my clit.

Oh shit. If he continues like this, I'm going to cum.

“Don't stop,” I say through panting breaths.

Bigfoot's answering rumble almost sounds like ‘Never.’

The thought of this creature wanting to bury his face between my legs forever sends my mind into a tailspin. My pussy clenches and throbs, needing to be filled. I'm trembling so badly, my hips lifting and convulsing in Bigfoot's face.

"That's it," Brian says, his voice breathy, his puny erection pressing into the small of my back. "Let Bigfoot take control."

I tune him out and focus on the only man who has ever made me feel so feral—Bigfoot.

His tongue continues to lash at my clit, and the pressure continues to build. My poor pussy continues to ache for something, anything to fill the void.

"Finger," I cry out. "Please fuck me with your finger."

Brian clears his throat. "We can build up to that later."

"Bigfoot, please."

With a sharp nod, Bigfoot places a thick finger at my entrance. He makes gentle circles as though trying to coax it open, but I bear down, letting him enter me to the first knuckle. Bigfoot's finger is the equivalent of three of Brian's and as he slides the digit deeper into my pussy, I realize it's even larger than Brian's cock.

My eyes flutter shut.

This is already the best sex of my life, and I haven't yet even cum.

Bigfoot's clever tongue continues devouring my pussy, while he pumps his thick finger in and out of my channel. My walls close in around the digit, trying to trap it inside, but he merely chuckles around my clit.

Fuck. Bigfoot's fingers and tongue never slow, never stop. It's a relentless barrage of pleasure, each delicious flick of his

tongue bringing me closer to the precipice.

Brian rolls my nipples, his breath fanning my ears. “You look so fucking hot, getting eaten out by Bigfoot, just like I thought you would.”

“Huh?”

“You’re so sexy.”

My hips move in counterpoint to Bigfoot’s finger, deepening the penetration. My thighs squeeze around his massive head. I’m so close to climaxing that I can barely breathe.

“What do you...” I exhale a shuddering breath. “Mean?”

“From the first moment I saw you, I knew you would be the one.”

I’m so scrambled with pleasure that I can’t tell if what Brian is saying is a red flag or green. Before I can consider his words, Bigfoot changes the flicking motion of his tongue to suction, and the pressure building up in my core snaps.

Wave after wave of molten ecstasy crashes over my senses, drowning out my concerns about Brian. I throw my head back and scream. Every inch of my body trembles with the force of a powerful orgasm that wipes out all thought.

Bigfoot rumbles between my legs, continuing the licking, flicking, and pumping of his finger and tongue. He’s pushing my pleasure to further heights, and I’m not sure if I can take it.

I want to tell him to stop, but the orgasm tearing through me has taken away my words. So, I lie there, thrashing as Bigfoot drags my orgasm on and on as though he’s a natural pleasure Dom.

My eyes roll to the back of my head. I'm cumming so hard that it's an out-of-body experience. My orgasm eclipses the sun, filling my mind's eyes with a landscape of stars. I float into the ether and revel in sheer bliss.

"Give her one more," Brian's voice cuts through my mind space, bringing me back to reality.

A deeper orgasm rushes through my body and steals my breath. I open my mouth in a silent scream. If he makes me cum once more, I'm going to implode.

After what seems like an eternity, the stars brighten and push away the dark. Sunlight floods my vision, and my body relaxes.

Bigfoot withdraws his finger from my trembling channel, leaving me a quivering mess. I blink, barely able to keep my eyes open, only to meet Bigfoot's dazzling smile.

He raises his brows as though to ask if I'm satisfied.

I give him a tired nod.

Brian pulls me into his arms and adjusts us on the mattress. "Well done, Faye."

I grimace at the absence of Bigfoot's touch and try to meet his eyes again, but Brian pulls me into his chest. I'm too boneless and spent to push him away and still twitching from the aftershocks of my multiple orgasm.

It's only now that I'm in Brian's arms that our surroundings return to sharp focus. Birds squawk, and the frogs croak so loudly that my teeth are on edge. Who would have thought that climaxing so hard would make me overly sensitive to sound?

Brian peppers my face with kisses. "You did so well."

I shrink away from his touch but there's nowhere to go when I'm so tightly encased in his embrace.

“Are you ready for round two?” he asks.

“What?” I try to say, but the words come out slurred.

“Your pretty little pussy has gotten Bigfoot so excited. Now, he wants to fuck.”

Chapter Seven



Brian finally releases me from his grip and lays me on the mattress. It takes a few moments to open my eyes and when I do, they're flooded with sunlight.

The sky is blue, adorned with fluffy white clouds tinged by the golden rays of the sun. I squint, trying to focus, but Bigfoot towers over me, his eyes still burning with need.

His gaze roves my naked body, and his mouth parts with anticipation, exposing those perfect teeth. His incisors are larger than those of an average human and look sharp enough to tear flesh. It's a peculiar thing to notice, considering he's a pescatarian.

As he licks his lips, my gaze tracks the movement before wandering down to his heaving chest and to the thick erection straining against his abs.

His presence is more than majestic, more than overwhelming. I'm the luckiest woman in the world for the opportunity to bask in his lust.

"You want to fuck me, Bigfoot?" I murmur.

The nod he gives me is emphatic. Even though I haven't yet tasted his semen, I can already picture him saying he wants to fuck me more than anything.

Brian places a hand on my shoulder.

“Kneel between her legs.”

Bigfoot doesn't move, but his eyes are still fixed on mine. He's waiting for me to invite him.

“Go on, Buddy,” Brian says. “Faye is hungry for your huge cock. She wants to fuck just as much as you.”

Bigfoot scowls.

“Brian,” I hiss. “Let me speak for myself.”

“Sorry,” he mutters. “I was only trying to help. I mean, don't mind me. I'm only the guy who brought you both together.”

“Through cheating and deception,” I mutter back. “Just give me a minute and let me talk to Bigfoot myself.”

Huffing, he slides off the mattress and heads toward the cooler, where he placed Bigfoot's fish. I turn back to Bigfoot and smile. Maybe I'm imagining things, but his face relaxes, and the smile he gives me is decidedly less strained.

“Come here,” I murmur.

Bigfoot kneels at the edge of the mattress, between my spread legs.

I reach up and cup the side of his face. His fur is dense and coarse, with none of the dampness from earlier. He gives me a satisfied rumble and a smile.

“You did such a wonderful job when you licked my pussy,” I say, meeting his amber eyes. “I've never been so thoroughly satisfied.”

Brian snorts.

Bigfoot's gaze doesn't waver. He's not going to let my ex get between him and his first chance with a woman.

"Do you know what to do?"

His gaze drops to my pussy, and his Adam's apple bobs up and down.

"Let me guide you in, but be very gentle. You're going to fuck my pussy the same way you did with your fingers, alright?"

Bigfoot gives me an eager nod.

"Come here."

He leans closer, his thick, hot cock flush against my slit. I'm so sensitive down there that I feel every vein, every ridge, every contour. Precum drizzles on my belly and slides into my pubes.

Stifling a groan, I reach between our bodies, scoop up a finger full, and place it in my mouth.

He smells of salt and musk, of animalistic manhood and tastes like freshly tapped maple syrup. Humming, I lick my lips, only for my mind to be filled with an image.

It's a beautified version of me, lying on a green mattress of moss with my legs spread wide. My mousy brown hair shines like mahogany in the sun, and my pale skin glows like alabaster. Between my legs is an obscene red orchid that oozes liquid nectar.

My jaw drops.

Bigfoot thinks I'm beautiful?

I meet his gaze, only to find him nodding. He can't read my mind from the fluids... Can he?

My fingers wrap around his erection, making him hiss through his teeth.

“You like that?” I ask.

His approving nod says that he does.

Somewhere on the edge of my awareness, Brian is gutting the fish with violent strokes. I let him fade into the background. He’s probably annoyed he’s not the center of attention.

I run my fingers up and down Bigfoot’s shaft, each stroke bringing his cockhead closer to my pussy.

“You feel so good,” I murmur. “So big.”

Grinning, Bigfoot hovers above me, resting his elbows on either side of my shoulders. His larger body blocks out the sun, but his fur keeps me safe and warm.

“Are you going to tease him all day?” Brian mutters from close to the trees.

Bigfoot turns his head and roars at him to be quiet.

The force of his anger sends tingles up and down my body. I arch my back and moan in the face of such power.

Branches clatter to the forest floor. I expect Brian just dropped his firewood out of fright. He’s lucky Bigfoot hasn’t punished him for cheating. Maybe Bigfoot doesn’t even know.

“Come back to me,” I murmur, my fingers squeezing Bigfoot’s shaft.

He turns his gaze back to meet mine, his eyes softening, his lips curving into a smile.

“I’m going to guide you in, okay?”

Bigfoot nods and pants.

I line up his cockhead with my entrance and pull him closer.

He bares his teeth and squeezes his eyes shut.

“Eyes on me,” I murmur.

His eyes snap open. Orange flames lick around his irises, making him appear even more supernatural. His entire body is rigid as though he’s holding back the force of his excitement.

“Gentle strokes, okay?” I say.

Bigfoot slides further in, stretching my opening beyond its usual capacity. Pleasure ignites deep within my core, stretching out across my belly and inner thighs. It’s so electrifying that a scream catches in the back of my throat.

He pauses, his brows raised in question.

“Yes, I’m alright,” I blurt. “Please, keep going.”

Bigfoot pushes into me, inch by delicious inch, bestowing me with the most incredible stretch. The muscles of my pussy spasm, not knowing whether to relax and let more of him in or to squeeze around him and never let go.

He’s stronger than my attempts to clamp around his cock, and with a deep, guttural groan, he enters me to the hilt.

“Wait,” I rasp, barely able to breathe.

There’s no way I’m taking all of him in. There has to be something magical about that cock. I sure as fuck didn’t hallucinate it dragging on the forest floor, and I got a good look at it earlier as it lay flush against this abs. Hell, I even touched it. None of this makes sense.

Maybe it’s a magical penis that changes shape to accommodate any opening. Stranger things have happened.

Either way, he's bigger, longer, thicker, and meatier than any dildo in my meager collection.

"Oh, fuck," I whisper through panting breaths. "You're too big."

His cock shrinks, taking away the magnificence of his girth.

"Put it back," I whine.

It expands again, and he grunts something that sounds like, "*Is that better?*"

"Did you just speak?" I ask, my gaze returning to meet his eyes.

"Bigfoot has the gift of camouflage," Brian says, his voice gruff with the exertion of scaling fish. "He can blend into most surroundings, including you."

"Oh." I turn back to Bigfoot. "This size is perfect. Can you give me a few gentle thrusts?"

Bigfoot doesn't disappoint and back pulls his hips. His thick cockhead drags against my walls and stretches my entrance once more before pushing back into my pussy.

"Aaaah." My eyes roll to the back of my head.

"*Eyes on me,*" Bigfoot growls, the words coming out so garbled they might as well be my imagination. "*I want to see your pleasure.*"

"Was that you?" I ask out loud.

Bigfoot answers me with a snap of his hips. I'm too enraptured with that thick cock sliding in and out of my pussy to question if Bigfoot is really talking. Right now, all I want to do is cum.

I cling onto his shoulders, my fingers sliding into the dense fur. His muscles ripple beneath my touch, but they're tight.

"Oh, fuck," I say between panting breaths.

No one has ever fucked me so thoroughly, and he hasn't even gotten started. I rock my hips, meeting him stroke for stroke. Over the next series of thrusts, Bigfoot and I find a rhythm that makes my toes curl.

Never in my life have I been so close to climaxing on a man's cock. The only thing that ever gets me off are fingers and tongues. My clit is so engorged that every brush of his fur feels like sweet torture.

"*Cum for me,*" Bigfoot growls, his voice perfectly clear.

I gasp. "W-what?"

"*You heard me, woman. I want to feel your sweet cunt clamping around my cock. I want to fill you with my seed until you can take no more.*" In a deep, low snarl that makes my nerves thrum, he says, "*Now, cum!*"

The command pushes me over a precipice, and my pussy spasms around his girth. Fireworks burst on the edges of my vision, making my head spin. Pleasure sears through my veins like a firestorm, burning me into a pile of cinders.

Bigfoot quickens his thrusts, his cock swelling so hard that it triggers yet another orgasm. I scream, trying to tell him it's too big, but I've lost the ability to speak.

All I can do is cling onto his fur as he completes.

With one final thrust, he cums with a roar that makes me rise from my ashes like a phoenix and soar into the sky. My pussy clenches with each beat of my fiery wings, propelling me to further heights of ecstasy.

Ropes of hot cum splash against my walls. It's thicker than human semen and stickier, as they slow Bigfoot's thrusts to a more reasonable pace.

"No more," I say, my body drained. "Please, stop."

Bigfoot collapses to the side, wraps his arms around my waist and shoulders, and pulls me onto his front. His cock still remains inside my pussy and still pumps out so much cum that it spills between our joined bodies.

I don't remember Brian and Bigfoot locking together last night. Maybe he's making a special effort because it's his first time with a woman. I'm too exhausted from two sets of multiple orgasms for this level of analysis, and too steeped in euphoria to give a shit.

Bigfoot strokes my damp hair, his masculine scent lulling me into a cocoon of safety and love. Our breaths slow and our hearts beat in sync. At this moment, I've never felt so connected with another being.

Drifting deeper into the afterglow, I let my eyelids flutter shut.

"*Thank you,*" Bigfoot says, his voice seeming to come from inside my skull. It's so choked with emotion that my chest fills with a delicious warmth.

"I should be the one thanking you," I murmur. "No one has ever made me feel so loved."

"*This is only the start of a lifetime of pleasure, my beautiful queen,*" he rumbles. "*I cannot wait for you to birth my child.*"

I'm so exhausted that the words barely register, and I slip deeper into slumber. Bigfoot doesn't know I've been on the

pill since I turned sixteen. He has no idea that one round of sex and copious amounts of semen won't produce a baby.

There's no way I could be pregnant.

None whatsoever.

Chapter Eight



I'm not sure how long I fall asleep for, but I awake alone on a firm mattress within a bedroom made of wooden walls. There's a window on my left with a view of the forest, as well as a tiny pool bordering the trees.

Moonlight shines on the water's surface, looking like liquid silver. I have to blink a few times to get my bearings.

This isn't a bizarre dream—it's real.

But I have no idea why I'm no longer on the air mattress and there's no sign of the tent.

My pussy still throbs from getting fucked by Bigfoot, and my nostrils are still filled with his masculine musk.

“Brian?” I yell.

There's no answer.

I roll off the bed and pad across the wooden floor toward a door a third larger than normal. It opens, which I take to be a good sign, and leads to a spacious lounge of wooden floors, matching tables, and comfortable-looking white couches.

“What on earth is this?” I mutter under my breath.

It takes a few moments to work out which door leads to the outside, but during my wanderings, I find a bathroom, a

kitchen, another bedroom, and another room containing an array of suitcase-sized batteries.

When I step outside, the forest is still. A cool breeze meanders through the trees, barely rustling the branches, but my skin prickles into goosebumps. That's when I realize I'm still naked.

I cup my hands around my mouth. "Brian? Where are you?"

Still no response.

My throat tightens. Brian couldn't have just left me in the forest alone. He was acting left out and passive-aggressive earlier because Bigfoot seemed more interested in me than in him. Could he have packed everything up and driven away to teach me a lesson?

"Brian!" I snap.

A large shadow moves between the trees. My heart leaps. Could it be Bigfoot?

I step back into the doorway of the house, ready to bolt inside if it's a wild animal.

Instead of Bigfoot, it's a large doe, with a snowy owl hovering over her head. My mind conjures up scenes from the Harry Potter books. Maybe they're here to help?

The doe steps forward, her head bowed.

"Your Majesty, you are distressed," says a soft voice in my head.

"Who was that?"

She bows even lower. *"It is I, Cassandra."*

I rub my chin. "Cassandra the deer?"

“It is an honor to make your acquaintance,” she replies into my skull. “May I introduce you to Levander—”

“Alright,” I say to myself. “This is weird.”

I step back into the cabin and shut the door on the doe and her flying companion. Maybe I really am still asleep. Maybe having sex with Bigfoot has given me dreams so lucid that I’m mistaking them for reality.

“Your Majesty?” Cassandra asks.

“I can’t hear that,” I mutter and walk back through the living room and into the bedroom.

Maybe if I go back to sleep, everything will reset in the morning. The moment my head hits the pillow, I’m dragged back into a deep slumber.



Sunlight shines through my eyelids and warms my skin. I suck in a deep breath, my mind going over that bizarre dream.

A luxury cabin in the woods? Talking deer and a white owl? A laugh bubbles up from my chest. I’ve had worse dreams, but this was the most vivid.

Sucking in a deep breath, I open my eyes...

Only to find myself still in the cabin.

“Fuck!”

I roll out of bed, my gaze roving around the room. It’s exactly the same as it was last night, except I probably didn’t notice there’s a dresser in the corner.

“Please contain something for me to wear.” I cross the room, pull open a drawer, and find all the clothes I packed for

the camping trip.

“What on earth is this?”

It takes me less than a minute to get dressed. Fury powers my actions and betrayal sears through my veins. Fucking Brian left me here like some demented Hansel and Gretel story.

As I walk toward the door, it strikes me that everything in the room, from the huge bed to the extra-tall door is sized for a creature like Bigfoot.

Oh, shit.

I’m in Bigfoot’s house.

As his fucking hostage.

Did he kill Brian to gain possession of me? I storm through the living room, taking in the beautifully upholstered couches. Since when did a forest-dwelling apeman acquire linen cushions? And what about that room full of batteries?

Nothing makes a lick of sense.

“Bigfoot?” I shout.

He doesn’t answer.

Where’s my phone?

I walk around the sofas and fling the door to the battery room open. One of the displays says Solar Kilowatts, which makes me grind my teeth. This is the type of equipment I saw on a TV show where a couple set up their house to run on solar power. Bigfoot might be an intelligent being, but he sure as fuck doesn’t have a credit card, internet access, or the know-how to set up solar electricity.

“Brian,” I yell.

When he doesn't answer, I walk to the end of the row of batteries, find the fuse box, and flip the red switch.

"What are you doing, Faye?" says a voice from a speaker. It's Brian, sounding like he's speaking through a walkie-talkie.

I whirl around. "Where are you?"

"Answer my question."

"Answer mine, asshole."

He lets out a long sigh, as though I'm the one who's being unreasonable. "Do you remember my YouTube channel?"

My throat tightens. "What about it?"

"Every time I posted about Bigfoot, my videos went viral."

"So?"

"Well, Bigfoot wouldn't let me take photos or video footage of him, so I had to think outside the box."

"Get to the point," I snap.

"I told him there were women out there who wanted to mate with him. Fertile women, desperate to have children."

Brian pauses, and I can imagine him looking down at me with his brows raised, urging me to work it out for myself. My mind whirrs with possibilities, but each one of them makes my stomach churn.

"What are you talking about?" I ask.

"You're an intelligent enough woman, Faye. I'm sure you've already come to a conclusion."

"Did you sell me to Bigfoot in exchange for pictures?"

He chuckles. "Not quite."

If last night wasn't a dream, then I really saw Levander the owl and Cassandra the doe. Cassandra spoke into my mind, as did Bigfoot. Bigfoot all but told me I was pregnant, but I didn't want to listen.

Bile rises to the back of my throat. I hold onto my stomach, wanting to retch.

"Morning sickness already?" he asks, his voice laced with amusement.

"I'm on the fucking pill."

"Not quite."

"Will you stop saying that?" I snap.

"I swapped your contraceptive for Clomiphene to induce hyperovulation. You've been taking it for twice the suggested duration. I had to make sure you got a successful pregnancy."

Nausea kicks me in the gut, and I stagger backward. The past few weeks, I've had acne, bloating, and felt a little more irritable, but I just thought it was PMS. I trusted Brian around my things. How could he set me up for something so heinous?

"Why?" I rasp.

"This patch of the forest contains all manner of microphones and cameras, and you're going to be the star of a reality show. Viewers will be able to track your pregnancy and watch your relationship with Bigfoot blossom."

I shake my head. "This is all about clout?"

He huffs. "Of course, not. By the time your contract is over, you'll be a very rich woman."

"But I didn't agree to this."

“The trailers are ready. They’re all clean, of course, but there’ll be premium content for anyone who wants to view the sex scenes.”

I sway on my feet.

“OnlyFans?”

“Give me some credit. I’ve signed up with someone more exclusive.”

“Get me out of here, or I’ll—”

“You’ll what? Scream, cry, yell? Any tantrums will only add to the drama.”

“You can’t do this.”

“I can,” he says, his voice growing cold. “And if you don’t cooperate, I’ll leave you in this forest forever so you can get eaten by the giant wolf. Now, turn on the electricity.”

“Come here and do it yourself.”

Brian doesn’t reply. I’m not sticking around to get into a fight with my ex. There’s a chance he’s still in the forest somewhere, trying to control me from a distance. If that’s the case, then maybe I can steal his truck.

I turn on my heel, walk out of the door and through the living room. Everything inside looks untouched, making me wonder if Bigfoot even knows about this cabin.

Brian probably put me here as bait, so Bigfoot could move in, and we’d star in his bizarre internet reality show. Well, fuck him. And Bigfoot, if he’s part of this charade.

I fling open the door and nearly bump into a doe.

“Cassandra?”

She inclines her head. “*Yes, Your Majesty?*”

“Why do you call me that?”

“You are our king’s new consort.”

“Bigfoot?”

She rears back. *“You would address His Majesty with such disrespect?”*

My shoulders sag. “He didn’t tell me his name.”

“It’s His Majesty,” says the doe.

I walk around her, my gaze scanning the large clearing. Trees surround us at all angles with no sign of a well-trodden path. It must have taken Brian ages to set up the dwelling, its furniture, the hidden cameras, and the solar electricity.

Taking several steps back, I peer up at the roof, finding it covered in solar panels.

Fuck. He had a game plan all along, even before we met online. What a bastard.

“Your Majesty?” Cassandra asks.

“Do you remember the man who built this house?”

“His Majesty’s matchmaker?”

My jaw clenches. “Yeah, that one. Where is he?”

“The matchmaker left in his chariot.”

“Show me.”

Cassandra tilts her head. *“But he is no longer in the forest.”*

“Then help me get out and find him.”

She hesitates for several long moments as though she’s conflicted about helping me leave. Cassandra and the other

animals are my only hope, and I'm going to have to take advantage of their strange deference.

“Cassandra, I order you and whoever is capable to guide me back to the matchmaker.”

She inclines her head. “*Of course, Your Majesty.*” When a large stag trots out from the trees, she adds, “*My mate says you should ride on his back.*”

Relief washes through my system, and I collapse forward with the longest exhale. If the animals can take me to the next road, I might be able to hitchhike back to civilization.

The stag trots forward but halfway through the clearing, he freezes, and Cassandra gasps.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

Both deer turn toward the pool’s rippling surface, where Bigfoot rises from the water, looking furious.

Oh, shit.

Chapter Nine



Bigfoot looks just as awesome as he did yesterday—even more so, since my pussy still aches from getting so thoroughly fucked. Both Cassandra and her mate bolt into the trees, leaving me alone with the angry ape man.

My legs tremble, and I edge backward toward the house.

“I feared you left with Brian,” his deep voice echoes in my head.

“Brian moved me here.” I gesture at the door.

It’s hard to be surprised that Bigfoot can communicate with me through telepathy, when I’ve just had an entire conversation with a doe. But something he just said strikes me as odd.

“Didn’t you help Brian?”

Bigfoot shakes his head. *“I fell into a deep sleep after eating the fish.”*

“It was probably drugged.”

His thick brows pull together. *“I do not understand.”*

“Brian tricked me into coming here. I need to get home.”

“You cannot leave.” Bigfoot advances on me, his amber eyes boring into my soul.

I step back, my ass hitting the door. “You can’t keep me.”

“You are carrying my child.” He flashes his teeth. *“A child that the humans will likely kill for being different.”*

My jaw drops. “But I’m not pregnant—”

“Faye,” he growls. *“The fact that we can communicate like this is proof that my seed has taken. For your own safety and that of my child, I cannot allow you to leave.”*

I shake my head from side to side. “That’s not true. Brian says he communicates with you by drinking your semen.”

“I send him images, but as you are aware, I understand the human language and am capable of gesturing.”

He’s right. Brian never once mentioned telepathy. Nor did he mention ever being able to communicate with the animals. I’m so screwed.

“Please let me go.”

Bigfoot cups the side of my face. *“I am sorry, Faye, but I cannot.”*

This is so unfair. I never signed up for any of this. The backs of my eyes burn with tears, but I refuse to let them fall. Not until I’m back home and have the headspace to work out my options.

As if answering an unspoken question, Bigfoot continues. *“Our kind shares memories through a familial bond—even the infants. I’ve seen instances where they’ve been murdered, abused, and even dissected by humans. I cannot allow the life inside you to suffer such a terrible fate.”*

“Why did you do this to me?” I rasp.

Bigfoot tilts my head up, so I have no choice but to stare into his amber eyes. All traces of fury have disappeared, leaving him looking miserable and confused.

Wait a minute. Why has he suddenly changed?

“Brian assured me you wanted to carry my young,” he says. *“I didn’t believe him at first, but you were so eager—”*

“Eager to fuck,” I blurt. “But I didn’t agree to get pregnant.”

He tilts his head and frowns. *“But sexual intercourse between males and females leads to pregnancy.”*

Oh.

Nobody told Bigfoot about contraceptives.

“Maybe it does in this forest, but in the human world, good men don’t trick women into having their babies.”

His hand drops away, leaving my cheek cold, despite the sunny morning. Bigfoot steps back, his face dropping. *“I do not understand the ways of humans. When you begged for my cock, I believed you understood that sex would lead to bearing my young.”*

Heat rushes to my cheeks. I squirm against the door, needing to dip my head. Yesterday was the hottest sex of my life. I’ve never climaxed with a man’s cock before, yet Bigfoot brought me to multiple orgasms.

He sucks in a deep breath, and I glance up to find his nostrils flaring.

“Even now, you are aroused,” he says. *“A sign from nature that you are eager for my seed.”*

“I’m not.”

He places a large hand on my shoulder. *“Do not lie to me.”*

“There’s a big difference between wanting sex and wanting to get pregnant. I don’t want a baby.”

Bigfoot gives me a gentle squeeze. *“Once you have given birth, you may leave the infant in my care.”*

Before I can insist on leaving again, he wraps an arm around my shoulders and leads me to the pool. *“What would humans do to you when your appearance changes?”*

I stare down at the water and scowl. My face is darker than usual, and one touch of my face tells me why. Every inch of my skin is covered in downy hair.

“What the hell is this?”

“Human women carrying our young often adopt their features,” he says from behind.

I whirl around, grabbing his thick bicep for support. “What have you done to me?”

“The effect is temporary,” he adds. *“The fur and swellings will disappear the moment you give birth.”*

“Swellings?” I rasp.

Bigfoot walks me back to the house. *“From what I observed in the shared memories, pregnancy only makes the humans look more beautiful.”*

Beautiful to Bigfoot, maybe. My mind conjures up the image of a baboon’s huge red ass or the blue markings of a mandrill. I’m turning into a monkey. Worse. A pregnant human monkey with a monster’s spawn.

Brian's story about the woman pregnant with Bigfoot's baby was a lie. His grandpa and the rest of the village would have noticed she was covered in hair. Why am I fixating on Brian's bullshit when I'm transforming into a creature? The forest spins like I'm stuck in the middle of a manic merry-go-round. My insides churn with another bout of nausea, and I lose my footing.

Bigfoot scoops me into his arms and carries me to the house.

"Did you build this with Brian?" I ask.

"Yes," he replies. "*The animals also helped.*"

"Why?"

"*Brian told me that the mother of my young would want to be comfortable in a human dwelling.*"

"Don't go there. The house and the clearing contains lots of hidden cameras."

Bigfoot freezes.

"*Explain,*" he growls.

I tell him everything Brian told me, adding my own details to fill in the gaps. Some of it is difficult for Bigfoot to comprehend. He barely understands the basics of things like TV and the telephone, and struggles with the notion that humans around the world could pay to watch us.

A growl reverberates in his chest. "*I thought Brian was my friend.*"

"Brian's a compulsive liar who wants to expose you to the world and get rich."

“Humans and their money.” Bigfoot sends me an image of a younger one of his kind chained up within a cage. A man in a bowler hat collects payment for whoever wants to enter to check that he’s real.

“Is that you?” I ask.

Bigfoot shakes his head. *“This is another of my kind who suffered greatly before he could escape. I do not wish for you or our son to suffer such a fate.”*

Dread settles in my gut, making me stifle a groan. “That won’t happen.”

“In a few weeks, your entire body will be covered in thick fur.”

“But I can get help at home—”

“Faye,” he says, his voice softening as though I’m the creature that needs to be handled with care. *“Once a pregnancy has started, it cannot be stopped without the death of the mother.”*

My stomach drops to the forest floor.

“How do I know you’re telling me the truth?”

“You are speaking directly into my soul,” he rumbles.

Bigfoot walks toward the small pool, indicating that he plans on getting into the water.

“Wait.” I grab the fur on his shoulder. “Do you use those pools to travel around the forest?”

He nods.

“Do you plan on transporting me through that?”

“Of course,” he replies.

“But I’ll drown.”

“You will not.”

I struggle in his grip. “Let me go.”

“We must change location, Faye. If Brian is sending images of us to humans around the world, it will only attract hunters.”

Panic lances through my chest. I’ve gone from wanting to fuck a monster to getting hunted like one. Maybe karma is punishing me for sexualizing Bigfoot. Maybe this is the consequence of being impulsive with my pussy. But if I don’t do something this instant, it looks like I’m going to become just like him.

“Do not stress yourself,” he murmurs. *“I will keep you safe.”*

Bigfoot climbs into the pool and wades into the middle, where warm water laps at my skin. I rest my head against his shoulder, trying to think of a way out of this mess. He takes another step forward, and we tumble down a chute.

My stomach lurches. I open my mouth to scream but clamp it shut, remembering we’re under water.

“You can breathe,” Bigfoot says.

“I’d rather not,” I reply with my mind.

He lets out a pleased rumble. *“You touched my soul.”*

I fidget in his arms, not knowing how to respond to that comment, but making a note not to speak into his mind unless it’s necessary.

A second later, our heads break the surface of the water, and we arrive in a completely different part of the forest.

Tall trees loom overhead, their canopies blocking the sun. The air is heavy with the scent of overripe berries and damp moss. Bigfoot carries me through the water, only setting me down when we reach the bank.

My feet sink into cool, spongy moss, and something green wraps around my boot.

“We will be safe here from Brian’s devices,” he says.

I’m still nauseous from Brian’s betrayal, my pregnancy with Bigfoot, and the fact that I’m on the way to becoming an ape-woman.

With a groan, I fall to my knees and retch.

“Faye?” Bigfoot rubs my back.

Nothing escapes my lips, and I remember why. The last time I ate were those beans and sausages at breakfast. Brian probably drugged those to make me extra horny.

“I’m alright,” I say through hacking coughs. “This is all a bit much.”

“It is morning sickness,” he says.

I sit back on my heels and wipe my mouth. “Just stress.”

Bigfoot crouches at my side.

“Every human woman in your condition experiences this.”

I nod. “Right. Maybe I just need a glass of water—”

“No water,” he says, his eyes darkening. *“In fact, everything you eat will end up on the forest floor.”*

“Then how do these women survive their pregnancies?”

“With infusions of seed.”

“Seed? What does that—”

My jaw clicks shut because I no longer need to finish that question. The answer is Bigfoot's huge erection.

It stands flush against his abs, leaking copious amounts of precum. Copious amounts of precum that make my mouth salivate for a taste.

Even my pussy clenches.

Bigfoot's nostrils flare. *"This is another reason why you cannot leave my side. I'm the only way you can survive pregnancy sickness."*

Oh, bloody hell.

Don't tell me I'm going to spend the next nine months drinking Bigfoot's cum?

Chapter Ten



I stumble up from the poolside and step away from Bigfoot. It's bad enough that I'm pregnant with his offspring but I'll be damned if I spend the next few months sucking his cock for sustenance.

"You are distressed," he says into my mind.

"You think?" I spit out. "I've just found out that the last few months of my life were an elaborate scam. Fucking Brian went online to find a woman stupid and horny enough to go camping with him and want to fuck Bigfoot."

His brows pull together. *"I do not understand."*

Waving my arms up and down, I vent out my frustration in a screech that has the birds flying out from the trees. "He never gave a shit about me. All I meant to him was some kind of broodmare."

Bigfoot takes a step toward me with his large hand outstretched. Even he can tell that I'm spiraling, but once I've started I can't stop.

"Faye—"

"I can't do this anymore."

"Do what?" Bigfoot asks.

“It’s bad enough that I’ve been tricked. Brian had a game plan from day one. Now there’s you.” I wave my hand up and down his hairy torso, trying to ignore the huge, thick erection dripping with fluid.

“*Me?*” he asks.

“You just want a woman to carry your baby and suck your cock.”

His jaw drops.

“That’s right,” I hiss. “You must have known all along that Brian lured me here under false pretences.”

He shakes his head. “*Faye, I would never have fucked you if I had known there was deception.*”

“Right, because you think all sex leads to pregnancy. That might be how things are like in the animal kingdom but it doesn’t work like that with humans, Buddy.”

Bigfoot’s lips tighten, and his chest heaves. The connection we share fills with frustration. I can’t tell if it belongs to me or him, or if we’re feeding into each other’s anger, but my blood pressure rises each moment I have to stay in his presence trying to avoid that thick leaking cockhead.

“*Please sit down.*” Bigfoot gestures toward a fallen log. “*I will fetch you something to splash on your face to cool your temper.*”

“No,” I snap. “Just get me some food.”

He exhales a long breath as if I’m the one who’s being slow. “*Your body will not be able to absorb anything you eat until after—*”

“I am not swallowing your cum.” I stamp my foot.

Oh fuck. I'm acting like such a brat. It's the pregnancy hormones, I swear. And the unfamiliar situation coupled with the fact that my ex-boyfriend is the biggest liar since Keyser Soze. I want to stop myself from ranting at Bigfoot. None of this is really his fault.

Brian took advantage of Bigfoot's loneliness and concocted an elaborate plan. Even if no woman would want to have his baby, they sure as hell would want to fuck him. He's the most masculine creature I've ever seen, with thick ropey muscles, handsome features and a beautifully huge cock.

Heat floods my veins. Bigfoot is getting the brunt of the fury I should reserve for Brian.

My worthless ex also took advantage of my sexual frustration, coupled with my desire for adventure. How was I to know he'd swap out my contraceptive pills for something that would make me ovulate? Now, Bigfoot and I are trapped in this situation, and Brian's about to make himself a fortune on social media.

Not if I can help it.

"I'm afraid you have no choice," Bigfoot says. *"Every one of my kind with a pregnant female has fed her his seed to help her survive."*

"How do I know this isn't a ploy to get your cock sucked?"

"I do not lie."

"You could be just saying that."

"Faye," he says with a sigh. *"When we first met, you were eager to taste my seed."*

“That was before you got me pregnant and transformed me into a disgusting, hairy monster.” I clap a hand over my mouth.

Bigfoot flinches.

An apology rises to the back of my throat, but I swallow. I had meant every word of it because I hate the layer of downy hair on my skin and I’m dreading the moment it thickens into a pelt. I never consented to becoming pregnant and having to stay in the forest.

But that doesn’t mean I need to insult Bigfoot.

“I will take my leave.”

He walks back into the water, his head bowed, his shoulders slumped.

“Bigfoot, I’m sorry,” I murmur.

Either he doesn’t hear me or he doesn’t believe my apology. I can’t really blame him since I said those words with so much venom. This is such a mess. No matter how many ways to think about it, this is a baby trap. I consented to sex, not pregnancy, and I sure as hell didn’t consent to birthing a bigfoot.

He disappears into the water, leaving me standing in the clearing alone.

Oh, shit.

Now probably isn’t the time to upset my only ally in this mess.

Moments later, movement bustles from the trees. I step back toward the pool, ready to dive in at the first sight of danger.

“Your Majesty?” asks a soft voice.

I dip a toe into the water. “Cassandra?”

“It is I.”

She and a deer with huge antlers step into the clearing, looking like they galloped the entire way here.

“Forgive the intrusion,” she says, *“But His Majesty mentioned that you were hungry...”*

My gaze darts to the pool, where there’s no sign of Bigfoot. Guilt twangs at my heartstrings. Even though I insulted the guy, he still thought about making sure I had enough to eat.

A little voice in the back of my head reminds me that his concerns are only for his unborn child, but I shove it to one side. Even if all Bigfoot cares about is the fetus I’m carrying, he’s still a better alternative to Brian.

“May we bring forth a feast?” Cassandra asks.

A growl rumbles through my stomach, making me press a palm to my belly. “Yes, please.”

With a nod, Cassandra turns toward the trees, and two fawns step out, each carrying little bundles between their teeth.

“Are those your children?” I ask.

She inclines her head. *“The spotted one is Maria, and the striped one is Tobias.”*

“Oh.”

The fawns give me wobbly curtsies before laying their bundles on a blanket of woven tree bark. I stagger backward, finding a quartet of rabbits, each stationed at one corner, who rush forward to nibble open the bundles.

My eyes widen at the sight of pink salmon cut into rough chunks. “Is that sashimi?”

Before I know it, all manner of forest creatures emerge holding packages wrapped in leaves or small branches laden with berries and fruit. This is Snow White on steroids. A few more stags arrive to roll a fallen log so I can have somewhere to sit.

“Is the feast to your satisfaction, Your Majesty?” Cassandra asks.

I gaze into the doe’s soft black eyes. “It is. Thank you so much.”

She and her mate bow low, and the other animals step back. I sit on the log and grab a chunk of raw salmon. The tastes explode on my tongue. It’s both salty and creamy with an umami flavor that’s completely mouthwatering.

Either this section of the forest is enchanted or being pregnant with Bigfoot’s baby has altered my taste buds because salmon has never been so delicious. I take another bite of sashimi and moan.

To make sure that none of the animals feel left out, I take small bites of their offerings. I recognize blueberries, raspberries, tiny strawberries that taste sweeter than candies, almonds, hazelnuts, chestnuts, and pine nuts. There are roots I don’t recognize that are chewy and soft and leaves containing sweet sap that remind me of aloe vera.

The animals watch me eat, each of them preening when I sample their dishes. By the time I’ve eaten something that resembles a sweet potato, I’m stuffed.

“Thank you so much,” I say, my voice breathy. “That was delicious.”

“May we clear the feast?” Cassandra asks.

I give her a soft nod.

She flicks her head to the side. “We have prepared a bed in case you would like to nap.”

“Where?” I glance around the clearing and into the trees, but it takes a moment to find it.

While I was eating, some of the animals created a hammock from dried bark and lined it with down feathers. I walk toward it, the backs of my eyes stinging with happy tears. These animals are so devoted to taking care of me, even though I don’t deserve it.

A voice in the back of my head reminds me that they’re only doing it because they think I’m Bigfoot’s consort. He probably ordered them to make sure I was comfortable. I let the thought drift into the ether and remind myself to give Bigfoot a heart-felt apology.

I reach the trees, finding that the hammock is about waist high, which is easy enough for me to climb without help. Cassandra points out a knot in the tree I can use as a foothold but is tactful enough not to mention that she’s referring to when I become bigger.

I’m about to climb up when nausea strikes, making me bend over double.

“Your Majesty?” asks Cassandra, her voice rising with panic.

“I’m going to be sick.” I turn around, not wanting to throw up over the pretty hammock, and stumble toward the pool.

“Fetch His Majesty,” Cassandra cries. *“Her Majesty is in desperate need of an infusion of his seed!”*

Chapter Eleven



Five minutes later, I'm lying on my side, having emptied out my stomach on the bank of the pool. Sweat soaks my brow, and every inch of my skin itches as though I'm covered in fire ants. Groaning, I hold my belly, no longer fighting back the tears.

I have never felt so wretched.

Both physically and emotionally.

"Your Majesty," Cassandra says, sounding like she's been asking for the past five minutes on repeat. *"Are you alright?"*

"No," I moan.

"His Majesty is on his way," she says.

"No."

She bends toward me, her breath warming the side of my face. *"His Majesty knows how to heal your condition."*

It was him who got me in this condition in the first place. I don't voice that to Cassandra. It wouldn't be fair to her or to Bigfoot.

The water ripples, and a dark head emerges from its surface. Despite myself, some of the nausea recedes back to

the pit of my stomach, and the tight muscles of my torso loosen with relief.

“Faye,” Bigfoot says, his voice rough. *“You are unwell.”*

“It’s just morning sickness,” I rasp.

Bigfoot glances up at the sun. He’s too tactful to tell me that it’s already the afternoon, but I’m too tired to explain that morning sickness can strike at any time of the day.

“You must take my seed.”

“No.”

“Then at least wash your mouth out with water.”

“Alright.”

He wades through the pool, climbs out of the edge, and gathers me into his arms. His fur is cold and damp, cooling my feverish skin. I want to crawl out of my clothes and have him wrap his body around mine like a cocoon of safety.

What the fuck?

Thankfully, Bigfoot can’t hear my innermost thoughts, otherwise he might suggest that I undress.

He scoops a handful of water and brings it to my mouth.
“Rinse.”

I take a huge mouthful, tasting hints of rosemary and mint. Ignoring his request to rinse, I swallow. The nausea washes away, only to return the moment I stop drinking. On the plus side, I’m not vomiting.

“Thanks anyway,” I mutter, still feeling queasy.

“I am truly sorry for your suffering,” Bigfoot says.

“It’s not your fault,” I reply. “And all those things I said earlier—”

“There is no need to apologize to me,” he says into our bond. *“Brian acted with dishonor. Nothing about this situation is your fault.”*

I lean against his chest and exhale. He’s wrong. This is mostly Brian’s fault, but I’m not completely blameless. Nobody told me to meet a man on the internet and bring him to my home. Nobody told me to go camping in a forest I’d never visited. Nobody told me to have unprotected sex with a stranger.

These days, a woman has to be extra careful with the men she associates with. I should have fucking learned something from watching *Tinder Swindler* because Brian is a whole different category of romance scammer.

“Will you take my seed?” Bigfoot asks.

I don’t know why my mouth forms the words. Maybe it’s a delayed sense of responsibility. Maybe it’s because I should have said something to that effect yesterday, but I find myself blurting, “No.”

Bigfoot gazes into my eyes, his features radiating sorrow. My heart sinks. He was really looking forward to having a queen, and now I’ve spoiled his plans. Even though he’s innocent, it’s hard to let go of my resentment. It’s all directed toward Brian, but he’s not here, so poor Bigfoot is suffering the brunt of my bitterness.

“You must be so disappointed,” I mutter.

He sighs. *“My only disappointment is with Brian.”*

My lips tighten. How can he be so understanding? It’s taking every effort for me to stay rational.

“You are in need of comfort,” he says.

I raise my shoulders. “I’m in need of Brian’s head.”

“May I give you a hug?”

I nod, letting Bigfoot scoop me into a tight embrace and press a kiss on the crown of my head. He’s so big and strong that it’s easy to feel safe in his arms, despite the fucked-up circumstances.

Just as I relax into his soft fur, his voice drifts into my mind. *“Human women who do not take the seed will eventually wither and die. I do not want to lose you, Faye.”*

I gulp. “Let me think about it, okay?”

“Very well.”

I place both hands on his chest, pull back, and try to stand. Bigfoot rises before me with his arms outstretched, ready to catch me if I fall.

“It’s alright,” I say with a smile. “I’m feeling much better.”

He jerks his head to the side, his gaze fixed on where Cassandra and her mate are standing under the trees. The two deer bend low into a bow.

“What did you tell them?” I ask.

“Cassandra will accompany you wherever you wish to go. Her mate, Alexander, will take you on his back if you become tired. Levander and his flock will watch out for enemies.”

I turn to meet Bigfoot’s amber eyes. “You mean Brian?”

His shoulders bunch. *“Humans sometimes visit my territory, trying to find glimpses of me. Then there is the dire wolf, whose territory borders mine.”*

“Dire what?”

“He will not bother you as long as you do not stray from the boundaries.”

“How will I know where your territory ends and his begins?” I ask.

“Cassandra will be your guide.”

“Alright.”

His head jerks upward. *“Someone is in the hut.”*

My breath catches, and vengeance surges through my veins, making my skin burn with angry heat. “Brian?”

“I do not know.” He turns to the pool. *“Excuse me while I deal with them.”*

I tighten my jaw, wanting to go with him, but hold back. As much as I want to tear Brian’s head off his shoulders, I’m still feeling nauseous. Brian wouldn’t return without some kind of plan to trap me into becoming his cash cow.

“Alright,” I murmur.

Bigfoot runs back into the water and disappears under its surface.

“Bring me back his head,” I ask into our bond.

“I will bring you both of them as souvenirs.”

I huff a laugh, imagining Bigfoot ripping off Brian’s puny cockhead.

“Are you feeling better, Your Majesty?” Cassandra asks.

“Yes, thank you.” I say. “Could you please take me for a walk?”

For the rest of the afternoon, we explore the forest together and pass through an orchard of apples, pears, and quinces. My

nostrils fill with the mingled scents of ripe fruit, tripling my nausea.

“Your Majesty?” Cassandra asks.

“I’m fine,” I mutter.

We stroll through a clearing of lavender bushes, followed by a patch of oak trees bordered by waist high sprigs of mint. The thick menthol scent clears my sinuses and infuses me with strength.

“Are you there?” I say into our bond.

“Yes,” Bigfoot replies.

“Why don’t you speak to me while we’re apart?”

He hesitates.

Cassandra and her mate guide me to a waterfall that sprays out cool droplets that dampen my skin. The afternoon sun peeks out from a cloud, creating pretty rainbows that make me sigh. My head spins a little, partly from overwhelm, but mostly out of hunger. I sit on a log and rest my forearms on my thighs.

“I wanted to give you privacy,” Bigfoot says. *“You are still upset about your pregnancy, and I did not want you to feel any worse.”*

A layer of the ice around my heart cracks a little, letting out the warmth. That is unusually considerate. Most men I’ve encountered would either disappear into the ether the moment they get a woman pregnant or use her condition as a way to take control.

Yeah, I’ve met some shitty guys, starting with my dad. Mum already had my older brothers when they met, but he disappeared on her the day after I was born, saying he was too

young for a baby at the grand old age of twenty-seven. Then a year later, he got another woman pregnant and stuck around to play happy families.

My stepdad is the complete opposite but an even bigger piece of shit. He worked in my mum's pub and slithered his way into her bed. The moment he got his proverbial feet under the table, he decided bartending was too stressful and proceeded to live off us as a freeloader. The bastard got Mum pregnant with my little sister, and now every time she gets the good sense to kick him out, he cries about wanting to see his daughter.

Bigfoot is a whole different breed of man. A better one, even if he is technically a monster.

"Did you catch Brian?" I ask.

He growls through our connection. *"He disappeared on a wheeled vehicle just as I emerged from the water."*

I grind my teeth. Brian probably only came back to turn on the electricity. I make a mental note to dismantle the batteries or maybe order some of the smaller animals to shit on them. Let's see him power up his spy cameras with crap all over his equipment.

Bigfoot falls silent, and Cassandra trots to the edge of the waterfall to take a drink. Her mate joins her, and the pair of them nuzzle. Moments later, the two fawns step out from the trees to take a drink.

I sit back on the rock and watch the happy little family. That's all I ever wanted. A bit of stability with a man who knows the meaning of commitment and love. When Brian kept returning for more dates, I thought we were on the path to a

solid relationship, only to discover he had other plans. Why the fuck can't I have the same as Cassandra?

Tearing my gaze away from the deer, I stare into the cascade and marvel at how the falling water foams when it reaches the pool's surface. I could stay in a place like this forever. It's better than any meditation video on YouTube.

My stomach rumbles, and my mouth waters for another taste of salmon sashimi. Over the next few minutes the hunger intensifies from a dull ache to the sensation of stabbing knives. Maybe I should accept Bigfoot's offer of spunk.

I wanted to taste it yesterday. I was desperate to suck that huge cock. If swallowing his cum is the only thing that will stop me from wasting away, maybe I should try it for the sake of survival.

Nodding, I rise from my seat. He's right. I owe it to myself to get through this pregnancy. Once I've had the baby and the fur has fallen away, I can return to civilization and forget all about Brian and Bigfoot.

Blood rushes away from my face, leaving me feeling light headed.

I take one shaky step forward, then another, and inhale deeply, trying to stave off the urge to faint.

"Your majesty?" Cassandra asks.

My eyes roll to the back of my head, and I suddenly regret having been so damned stubborn. Two sets of high-pitched shrieks ring through my ears. I send a silent apology to the fawns for causing them distress.

Before I know it, a pair of strong arms cradle me to a hairy chest. *"You are too willful,"* Bigfoot rumbles. *"But I cannot allow you to perish."*

“What do you mean?” I rasp.

“*I mean,*” he says into the bond, “*I will prepare my seed.*”

Chapter Twelve



For someone who never speaks out loud, Bigfoot is extremely careful with his words. He didn't say he would give me his spunk or that I had to swallow it. All he intends to do is get it ready. Whether I drink it or not is entirely my decision.

He props me up against one of the rocks beside the waterfall and sits on a boulder opposite. Great. I now have a view of what he's about to do.

Bigfoot spreads his thighs. His fur is wet from the pool and clinging to his balls. Balls that are so big and swollen that they look ready to burst. My mind wanders to how women produce milk when they give birth. Do ape-men produce extra spunk for their pregnant mates? If so, his testicles must be aching.

His erection stands proud against his thick abs, already leaking so much precum that I wonder why he doesn't offer me some of that. I lick my dry lips and try not to moan.

Bigfoot flares his nostrils, seeming aware of my interest. To his credit, he doesn't comment.

Clever guy.

He wraps his fingers around his shaft and makes slow, up-and-down strokes, making sure to squeeze tightly at the top.

Each grip around his bulbous red crown brings a cascade of precum over his fingers.

Oh, fuck.

I've never seen anything more erotic than Bigfoot playing with his cock.

Does he need any help?

I shove that thought away. Why must I continue sexualizing Bigfoot? He isn't gripping his cock for erotic display. He's worried for my survival and is milking out some sustenance.

Once more, my tongue darts out to drag against my lips. This time, Bigfoot's eyes flash.

"You are hungry," he says.

"No, I'm not."

His deep chuckle reverberates through our bond. *"Humans lie so easily."*

As much as I want to deny it, he's telling the truth. Neither of us would be in this situation if it wasn't for Brian's lies. Neither would I be pregnant and half dead in a magical forest if I was more honest.

He quickens his pace, with deep groans that hit me straight in the pussy. The precum spilling onto his fingers becomes more abundant, making them glisten in the afternoon sun. The tip of his erection darkens to an angry shade of red, indicating that he's close.

I cannot lie. Bigfoot is fucking magnificent. I've never seen anything so powerful. His breath quickens, and the muscles in his chest and abs tighten and loosens as his excitement builds.

Bigfoot leans back on the boulder, thrusting his hips in counterpoint with his hand. I bite down on my bottom lip, my own hips rocking in unison. Memories resurface from that thick cock sliding in and out of my pussy. My pussy aches for a chance to get stretched again, and every inch of my body aches to be plundered by that magnificent creature.

My jaw clenches.

This is the pregnancy talking, not me.

Bigfoot pumps his shaft harder, faster, all the while boring his gaze into mine. He knows that my pussy yearns for his cock. Knows that my mouth hungers for his spunk.

Maybe it's the link we share, but I can almost feel his pleasure. My poor, swollen clit throbs as though a tiny hand pumps and squeezes it in time with the movements of his fist, and my nipples harden to the point of pain.

A faint musk carries in the breeze, turning every molecule of me feral. I inch forward, desperate for a taste. What's taking so long? He should be spurting, not teasing.

When I finally meet his gaze, it's to find his eyes sparkling as though he's reveling in the attention and knows exactly what he does to me.

"Cum for me," I whisper into the bond.

Bigfoot's breath hitches, and his body stiffens. With an ear-shattering roar, he throws his head back and spurts ropes upon ropes of milky cum. The orgasm is so powerful that even I get knocked aside with a wave of euphoria.

When I come to my senses, his fluid spills onto the rocky floor, gets diluted by the water droplets, and washes back into the pool.

It takes every ounce of self control not to scramble onto my hands and knees and lick it off the floor. My throat tightens, and my mouth dries with disappointment. What a waste of precious spunk.

Bigfoot kneels by my side and offers me his wet fingers. “Will you have a taste?”

I’m still breathing hard from the aftershock of his orgasm. Still not thinking straight. That’s what I tell myself when I murmur into the bond, “*Give it to me.*”

Bigfoot’s fingers enter my mouth. I run my tongue over the thick digits, chasing what’s left of the sweet, salty fluid. The relief I’m getting and the infusion of strength is like being struck by a lightning storm of pleasure, like downing a bottle of cold water on a scorching day.

I swallow down the sweetness, which reminds me of maple syrup, but I’m too engrossed to continue that thought. When the flavor disappears, I suck them so hard that he groans.

“*Good girl,*” he rumbles. “*Even such a small amount of seed will boost your energy. Shall I call on my subjects to bring you solid food?*”

My head snaps up, and I look him straight in the eyes.

“No.”

His pupils widen. “*Faye?*”

“I don’t want any more raw fish.”

He draws his thick brows together. “*What can I get—*”

I rear up, my hands on his shoulders, and push him onto his back. Either pregnancy has given me superhuman strength or Bigfoot is letting me overpower him.

“You wasted so much spunk earlier.” I run kisses down his hairy chest, my tongue circling his nipple.

Bigfoot lies back and groans.

My hand wanders down his tight abs and to his impossibly thick cock. It’s still semi-hard from having just cum, but the moment my fingers tighten around his shaft, it hardens and thickens to an iron rod.

“What are you doing?” he asks.

“Taking it from the source.”

I pump my hand up and down his hard cock with one hand and cup his balls with the other. They’re even firmer than they look, confirming my suspicions that he’s been building up spunk for my consumption.

“Be careful, Faye,” he says. *“My testicles are very sensitive right now and heavy with seed.”*

“Why didn’t you give yourself relief?” I bite down on his nipple, making him roar.

“My balls no longer function for myself. The moment I knew you were pregnant, they became your property. I could not waste a drop.”

I kiss a path down his muscular chest, down his tight abs, and to the thick cock weeping for my attention. Bigfoot shudders under my touch, and when I glance up at him, his eyes are ablaze.

My hands tighten around his shaft, eliciting a pleased rumble. “I’m so stupid. I could have been doing this with you hours ago. Then I wouldn’t feel so bad.”

He shakes his head. *“You were upset and needed time, but please. Milk me hard. Milk me fast. Make me cum.”*

“With pleasure,” I growl and lower my lips onto his cockhead.

It’s still too large for me to encase in my mouth, but I run my tongue up and down its slit, lapping up the sweet fluids.

“Why do you taste so good?” I ask into the bond.

“My body is yours to devour,” he groans.

I drag my fingers up and down his erection, feeling the veins pulse beneath his skin. Only the base of his cock is hairy, with the same kind of downy fur that coats his balls.

Each lick brings a kaleidoscope of flavors. What I first thought was maple syrup now gives way to hints of honey and caramel and vanilla. Groaning, I swirl my tongue around the head, reveling in my new form of sustenance.

Bigfoot trembles under my touch, his hips thrusting for extra friction. He’s completely at my mercy, and I’m going to make him cum.

“Faye,” he moans into the bond. *“You are so good at this.”*

“Only because you’re so inspiring.”

His breath catches. *“What do you mean?”*

“Everything about you is impressive, from your face to your muscular body. And I can’t get enough of your cock.”

“But I am hairy.”

Claws of guilt twang my heartstrings, and my mind dredges up the memory of my rant. I complained about being hairy, and Bigfoot took that to heart, thinking that I found him ugly. Fuck. That isn’t what I meant.

“You are hairy, but on males that’s extra masculine.” I suck hard on the fleshy part of his crown, closest to the slit, making him growl. *“It looks sexy on you, but I like my own body to be bald.”*

“Thank you,” he says, his voice stuttering. *“That is reassuring.”*

My heart soars, glad to have cleared the air. He’s so close now, with tension rippling through his powerful form. I open my jaw wider than it usually can go, and suck his head into my mouth.

“B-by the stars,” he says. *“You look so enchanting with your lips wrapped around my cock.”*

I suck harder, urging him to spill.

“Give it to me, now,” I say into the bond. *“All that cum you’ve stored in your balls belongs to me.”*

A deep moan reverberates through his body, making my pussy tingle. I want to reach down and massage my clit but I’m too busy stroking his shaft and squeezing his balls.

They swell under my touch and rumble as though about to erupt.

“Brace yourself,” Bigfoot says into the bond. *“I’m about to spurt!”*

“Do your worst!”

Bigfoot jerks his hips, and a barrage of hot cum pours out of his crown and hits the back of my throat. I swallow mouthful after mouthful, trying to keep up with the deluge of delicious fluid, but he won’t stop.

His huge body trembles and shudders beneath mine, feeling like someone has plugged him into a socket. I would

ask if he's alright, but I'm too focused on drinking his cum.

My belly fills with warmth that spreads across my torso and into my pussy. This cum is more powerful than a drug because it's not a high I'm getting—it's love. Love for the baby growing in my womb, not for me.

Maybe I'm imagining things or maybe it's the lingering unease at having rejected Bigfoot, but there's a tiny part of me that feels left out in the cold. I shake off the feeling, dismissing it as irrelevant.

The climax goes on and on, until his balls deflate, and I almost feel guilty for making him wait. Droplets of fluid spill from my lips and onto my fingers. I make a mental note to lick him clean.

After what feels like an eternity, the orgasm fades to tiny spurts, and Bigfoot makes a pained groan. I suddenly remember how some women find breastfeeding uncomfortable, and pull back.

We gaze at each other without speaking, the silence only broken by the roar of the waterfall. Bigfoot's eyes are heavy, and his features relaxed, but he still manages a lazy grin.

"Do you feel better?" he asks.

"Much."

His nostrils flare. *"But you are not satisfied."*

I pat my belly. "Yes, I am."

His gaze drops down my body and settles between my legs. *"I can smell your arousal."*

Oh, fuck.

“Let me bring you to orgasm,” he says. “I am spent, but I will let you sit on my face.”

Chapter Thirteen



I stare down at Bigfoot, who still lies flat on his back, gazing up at me through heavy-lidded eyes as though he's about to fall asleep. He's panting harder than a marathon runner and looks exhausted.

“Are you alright?” I ask.

Bigfoot gives me a slow blink. *“This is the first time I have expressed nutrient.”*

He means spunk.

But what I just guzzled down was no ordinary semen. Strength courses through my veins, and my body has never felt so energized. If I had to guess, Bigfoot gave me some of his life-force.

He exhales a long, tired breath.

Pumping out that amount of jizz has to be tiring, even for a creature like Bigfoot. It felt like at least two pints. No wonder he looks so drained.

“Do you need any help getting up?” I ask.

“Sit on my face,” he rumbles.

The words go straight to my clit. A question bubbles up to the surface about how a creature who has never been with a

woman before knows all about face sitting. Then the answer hits me upside the head. Bigfoot shares the memories of his peers. One of them probably did it a woman he got pregnant.

Without meaning to, I shuffle on my hands and knees toward his head. "It's alright," I say out loud. "You don't have to—"

"Your arousal is like a beacon. If I do not satisfy you then someone or something will take my place."

My pussy throbs at the thought of one or more of his kind vying to give me pleasure, but I shove away that image. Thoughts like that got me pregnant.

Heat rises to the surface of my skin, making it itch. I wriggle about on the spot, trying to make myself comfortable. I'm too hot, and my clothes feel too tight.

"Undress," Bigfoot says. *"Clothing is unnecessary. Your thin layer of fur already keeps you warm."*

I want to refuse, but another burst of heat flares across my chest and back. Pulling off my shirt and bra, I exhale a sigh of relief as water droplets spatter on my skin.

"That feels so much better," I say with a sigh.

Bigfoot's gaze wanders to my lower half. *"You will need to take off the rest if you want me to give you pleasure."*

I kick off my boots, wriggle out of my pants and underwear, and try not to look down at my hairy legs. But there's no mistaking the dense thicket between my thighs.

"Gorgeous," he says. *"Come here."*

Gulping hard, I stretch out a trembling hand toward Bigfoot's face. His fur is softer than a man's beard, and the

skin warmer. Bigfoot's eyes flutter shut as though he's been starved of touch.

"Are you sure about this?" I rasp.

"You are giving me the greatest gift," he says into our bond. *"The least I can do is keep you comfortable and pleased."*

I scramble upward and straddle his head. Bigfoot's hot breath fans against my inner thighs. He reaches up, grabs my hips, and pulls me onto his face.

My breath catches.

No man has ever let me sit on his face. Brian wasn't particularly generous with cunnilingus and went so far to make me moist enough to fuck. I would always have to finish myself off with my fingers.

Bigfoot's huge tongue runs up and down my slit, infusing me with a jolt of pleasure. I jerk upward, only for his hands to tighten on my hips.

"Stay exactly where you are," he groans into the bond. *"I want you to ride my face. Take what you need."*

He's still breathing hard and hasn't gotten the chance to regroup his energy. I grind my hips on his huge tongue, feeling all the tastebuds drag against my labia. The buds servicing my clit seem to have a life of their own and stroke up and down its swollen length.

Oh, fuck. This feels amazing.

I squeeze my eyes shut and circle my hips hard and fast against Bigfoot's face, enjoying how both his tongue and fur work in tandem to give me pleasure. His huge, leathery hands roam up my belly, over my ribcage, and reach my breasts.

“You are so beautiful with your cunt over my face,” he says into the bond. *“Delicious and drenched.”*

My teeth clamp down on my bottom lip. “I-I taste good?”

Bigfoot groans. *“Pregnancy has only enhanced your flavor. You are now sweeter than the ripest berries and twice as juicy.”*

He continues like this for several minutes, comparing my pussy to various kinds of fruit. No one has ever showered that part of my body with any kind of compliment, even if they are a little bizarre.

Pressure builds up behind my clit, which twitches and pulses on Bigfoot’s bumpy tongue. I’m so close to cumming, but I don’t want this to end.

A little voice in the back of my head asks me what the hell I think I’m doing. Why am I still in the forest, fucking Bigfoot’s face, when I should be trying to make my escape?

When he rolls my nipples between his thick fingers, those thoughts disappear into the ether. Pleasure sparks across my breasts and races down to my clit. His tongue moves back and forth, intensifying the sensation, and my pussy clenches with need.

I gaze down to find his cock lying on the rocky ground between his spread legs.

It’s no longer a hard rod the length of my forearm but has returned to the length I’d originally seen two nights ago when he emerged from the trees.

Bigfoot’s penis is longer than his entire leg. I guess that makes him the opposite of a grower—he’s the ultimate shower.

Rolling my hips over his tongue, I ask, “What happened to your cock?”

He chuckles into my folds. *“I am spent.”*

“I mean, it’s so big. Can your cock change shape?”

“Of course.”

I wait for him to elaborate because I’ve never heard of a mammal, let alone one in the primate family, that can perform such a feat.

Bigfoot’s tastebuds flick up and down my clit, making me moan.

“You understand that there are no females of our kind?” he asks.

“Yes?” I rock my hips back and forth against his bumpy tongue and groan.

“If we are to survive as a species, our cocks need to adjust to the anatomy of whatever female we encounter. This is how we survive.”

His tongue makes a circular motion around my clit that makes my legs tremble. I fall forward and grab onto his fur with both hands.

“Fuck, that feels so good.”

“How would you like this kind of pleasure every day?” He changes his motion to a figure eight.

Bigfoot tightens his grip on my nipples, and my eyes roll to the back of my head. It’s not fair. This is the best sex of my life but also the most bizarre. I shouldn’t enjoy it so much, shouldn’t be tempted by a lifetime of this attention, yet with

every stroke of that clever tongue, I'm falling deeper into temptation.

"Faye," he says, his tongue slowing around my clit. *"I asked you a question."*

"I-I can't focus," I say out loud. "I need to cum."

The tongue stills, but I pick up my pace, making sure to increase the friction. Bigfoot wants me to admit that I want more from him, and there's a part of me that wants to say yes.

Grinding my clit against Bigfoot's tongue isn't as pleasurable as having it work against me, yet the pressure behind my clit builds to the point of bursting. I move harder, faster, trying to regain that exquisite pleasure, but it's nothing without Bigfoot participating.

Frustration thrums through my veins, urging me to give in and confess that being in this forest with Bigfoot isn't so bad, but I can't.

My life at home might be in a shambles, but it's my shambles. My love life might be a disaster, but at least it's mine. I only wanted sex with Bigfoot. Now I have a baby.

His tongue twitches, knocking me backward with a rush of sensation, but the pleasure quickly disappears, leaving me aching.

"Please?" I whisper.

"Please, what, Faye? Use your words."

"I need it. I need you."

"Yes?" he asks.

"Please move your tongue."

"Not until you answer my question."

The worst part of this situation is that he doesn't need to move his lips or tongue to form the words. They trickle straight into my skull, without any delicious friction.

"Alright," I say through panting breaths. "I want pleasure like this every day. I want a man who takes care of all my needs. I want a man who treats me like a queen."

"*Good girl,*" he says, his tongue and all its taste buds sliding back and forth against my clit. "*Now, you may climax.*"

Tightening my grip on his fur, I circle my hips while his tongue continues its exquisite torture. Blood roars between my ears, drowning out the roar of the waterfall, and every nerve gathered around my clit thrums like struck guitar strings.

I'm so fucking close.

He licks, sucks, and teases, pushing me to a precipice. My clit swells and throbs under his attention, and for a moment, I can really see myself running naked through the forest with Bigfoot for the rest of my life.

We could live off the land, eating fruits and fish, with the animals as our companions. We could make love every morning, noon and night, under the skies. The scenarios are so vivid that it takes a few moments to realize that the images aren't coming from me, but from Bigfoot.

I jerk away, but one of his hands leaves my nipples and clamps down on my hips. With one gentle suck, he pushes me over the edge.

All thoughts of calling him out on those images are washed away by a cascade of pleasure more intense than any waterfall. The orgasm crashes through my body, sending my spirit adrift. I thrash from side to side, trying to stay afloat, but

another wave of sensation washes through my pussy, making me drown.

I convulse on Bigfoot's face, my vision blinding with the white light of euphoria. This feels even better than the first time we fucked. I blink away the stars and gaze down to find Bigfoot's cock standing at full mast, except it's nearly four feet tall.

The toxic part of me wants to scale that monstrous cock and see how much will fit.

Chapter Fourteen



I'm still sitting on Bigfoot's face, and his huge, bumpy tongue draws out my orgasm with back-and-forth strokes against my pussy.

Grabbing handfuls of his fur, I ride out the last few bursts of pleasure until they fade into gentle ripples. Boneless, I collapse onto his abs.

"Good girl," he rumbles into our bond. *"I love the way you squirt when you cum."*

"I do?" I pant into his fur.

"You gushed like a waterfall."

Groaning, I turn toward the cascade. Now that the roar of blood between my ears has receded, I can hear the tumbling water. Bigfoot has to be exaggerating. No human woman could ever produce even a fraction of that liquid.

His large hands squeeze my ass. Maybe that's a hint for me to get off his face, but I can't move. As he parts my asscheeks and licks a circle around my pucker, I stiffen.

"What are you doing?"

"Giving you more pleasure," he says.

I scramble off his face and tumble onto my knees. No one has ever rimmed me before. Hell, hardly any man has ever been patient enough to lick my pussy to orgasm, let alone my asshole.

Bigfoot sits up and stares down at me with a frown. Sunlight shines on his black fur, coloring the ends a beautiful shade of mahogany. His amber eyes are bright and shiny with the light of happiness.

“Are you alright?” he asks.

What an absurd question. Forty-eight hours ago, I was a young woman in a relationship that was going places. Twenty-four hours ago, I was a curious woman about to embark on a three-way with Bigfoot. Now, I’m covered in downy fur and pregnant with a baby Sasquatch.

He tilts his head. *“Faye?”*

I take a step back. *“Why are you being so nice to me?”*

“I do not understand,” he replies. *“That is how things are between mates.”*

“M-mates,” I say out loud.

His gaze flicks down to my belly with the tiniest of movements before traveling back up to my face.

“I want your time here to be comfortable and pleasant.” His tone is guarded, as though he’s trying to conceal his true intention.

“You want me to stay after the baby.”

“Of course,” he replies. *“I would like that very much.”*

“Why?”

“I have always wanted a companion.”

My jaw clenches, and I shake my head, trying to get rid of an image of me running naked through the forest like an ape woman. I can't go feral. I have a life back at home. There's the room I'm renting in a house shared with strangers, my vegetable garden, and my part-time job at the cafe. Even if it's shitty, even if I have a mountain of debt, it's still a stepping stone to something better.

"Faye." He reaches for my hand.

"Don't touch me." I snatch away my arm.

"What is wrong?"

"You can't keep being so nice," I say, my eyes stinging. "You can't keep scheming and trying to get me to stay."

"I do not understand."

"Withholding my orgasm until I admit to wanting pleasure every day? I don't know a single woman who would say no, but that doesn't mean I want to live in a forest."

He frowns.

"And look at this place." I wave my arms at the fairytale waterfall and clearing. "It's magical. And then there's the cute family of deer that follow me around and the animal picnic."

Bigfoot's shoulders slump. *"You did not enjoy them."*

"That's the problem," I say from between clenched teeth. "It was wonderful."

He scratches his head, probably not wanting to keep repeating himself.

"Can't you understand?" I scramble to my feet. "Everything here is designed to tempt me into staying and becoming your Jungle Queen. I can't."

“Why?” He rises, his huge bulk towering over mine.

Clenching my jaw, I try to focus on the space between his eyes and not the high cheekbones, prominent pecs, or defined six-pack. My eyes certainly don't wander down to the huge, heavy, thick penis that's now dangling between his legs.

“Faye?”

My throat tightens. He wants an answer. “I have a life in the city.”

“But it is not happy.”

I sputter. “What makes you think I'm not?”

“The burst of frustration and sadness when you talked about it.”

“Wait—can you read my emotions?” I ask.

He hesitates as though feeling caught. *“Only the strongest ones. But it is for your protection. If you are in danger—”*

“Stop.” I raise both palms.

Bigfoot draws back, his brows creasing.

I gulp down a surge of guilt. From his point of view, this has to be confusing. He thinks he's done nothing wrong—he hasn't, but I can't go from feeling tricked to elated in the space of a few hours.

Common sense tells me that Brian betrayed us both, but the irrational part of my mind still blames Bigfoot.

“I need some space,” I mumble.

He takes a step toward the pool. *“I will leave you here to rest—”*

“No.” I turn on my heel. “Just let me take a walk.”

Cassandra and her mate appear on the edge of my periphery.

My stomach flips.

Did they watch me ride Bigfoot's face?

"Alone," I say.

Cassandra stills.

I walk toward the trees, not knowing where I'm going or if the curving path ahead will take me back to Brian's hidden cameras. Each step hits my pussy with delicious aftershocks, making me clench my teeth.

Right now, I don't want to consider that Bigfoot has treated me better than any human man has and given me the most mind-blowing sex. This is still the same creature who has turned me into a pregnant ape-woman.

"*Faye*," he says into our bond.

"*Don't follow me*," I snap. "*And don't send any of your animals.*"

His answer is a huge sigh, accompanied by a sense of muffled disappointment. I trudge toward the trees, my shoulders around my ears. It isn't until the canopy blocks out the sun and filters in a cool breeze that I realize I'm naked.

Twigs crack underfoot, but my soles are now so thick that I feel only the barest pressure.

My gaze drops down to my legs, and I scowl. The fur between them is dark brown, but it's nothing compared to my new thicket of pubic hair.

"Fuck," I snarl. "So much for that Brazilian."

As I travel through the woods, the small animals I encounter offer me curious glances but refrain from bowing. Maybe Bigfoot ordered them not to make me feel under scrutiny or something, but the lack of attention is appreciated.

I continue walking, passing clearings filled with bluebells, a poppy field with flying yellow pollen, and a strange looking cave that might house a bear. My footsteps quicken until I reach the end of the trees and reach the bank of a fast-moving stream.

The burble and gurgle of water is a balm to my frazzled nerves. I walk alongside the running water, looking for stepping-stones or a bridge.

“Bigfoot?” I ask.

He doesn't answer.

Part of me is glad that he took my need for space seriously. The other part is a roiling mass of confusion. I hate being so indecisive. I hate blowing hot and cold. One minute, I'm all over the ape-man, draining his balls dry and then riding his face, then the next, I'm telling him to leave me alone.

I'm acting no better than all the assholes who messed me about on the dating sites.

“Oh fuck,” I mutter. “That's right.”

“Bigfoot, I'm sorry,” I murmur into our bond.

He still doesn't reply.

I can't blame him.

A loud splash catches my attention, and I glance into the water to find a huge fish whose scales pick up every color.

“Is that rainbow trout?” I ask.

Someone growls.

My gaze snaps to the bank opposite, where a huge wolf slinks out from between the trees. It's about the size of a small horse, and glares at me through malevolent red eyes.

“Woman,” he snarls. “The self-styled Forest King wishes to keep you captive. You will listen to me if you ever want your freedom.”

Chapter Fifteen



I step back toward the trees, trying to break eye contact with the wolf. If this forest is the Garden of Eden, then this malicious-looking animal would be the serpent. This has to be the dire wolf, the creature Bigfoot said was his enemy.

He's some kind of prehistoric monster that skipped evolution, with saber-shaped incisors and claws that curve like sickles. Everything about him screams predator, and the ropes of saliva hanging from his jaws say that I'm his preferred prey.

The wolf chuckles, the low sound sending shivers down my spine.

"I know you hear me, woman," he says into my mind.

Shit.

I take another step away from the wolf, careful not to turn my back.

"Do you believe the Forest King will release you after the birth of his son?"

Bigfoot isn't a liar. I want to hurl those words in the wolf's face, but what the fuck do I know? I only just met the guy.

"He plans on getting you pregnant again until you are also a victim to the curse."

“What curse?” I blurt.

The wolf grins, his eyes glinting with triumph.

My jaw clenches. I had one thing to do: stay quiet and back away from the wolf. Now, it’s going to fill my head with nonsense until I break or help him defeat Bigfoot.

“Bigfoot,” I whisper into our bond. *“If you’re listening, I want you to know that I found the dire wolf. Or he’s found me.”*

“Don’t bother calling for the Forest King,” the wolf drawls. *“We’re so close to the border that he won’t be able to hear.”*

Now I wish I’d allowed Cassandra to follow me at a distance.

“You asked about the curse?” He doesn’t hesitate to hear me say no. *“The original Forest King came to this land as a child before being cursed with the appearance of an ape. The animals took pity on him and made him their king.”*

My lips tighten. Does this wolf think I’m going to stick around to hear him regurgitate the plot to a Disney movie? I take another step backward.

“Don’t move,” he growls. *“With one leap, I can clear the stream and clamp my jaws around your scrawny neck.”*

“You can’t cross the barrier,” I say.

“Do you want to wager your life on that?” He dips a foot into the water and chuckles.

I wait for a burst of magic to throw him backward, or for lightning to strike him down. He only sits on his haunches and licks his wet paw.

“Disappointed?” he asks, his voice mocking. *“You realize that this barrier serves only as a vague marking between our territories. I can cross at any time.”*

“Bigfoot?” I ask.

Still no answer.

Shit.

I turn my attention back to the wolf. *“Alright then, what were you saying about freedom?”*

“I can show you the way to a busy road where you can get transportation back to your human life.”

“What do you want in return?”

“Nothing,” he says with a wide grin.

“Then why are you helping me?”

He inclines his head. *“Clever woman. My ulterior motive is simple. More offspring means more of those bipedal nuisances coming of age and stealing more of my territory.”*

My tongue darts out to lick my lips, and I wrap my arms around my middle. Bigfoot mentioned leaving his father to carve out his own patch of the forest. If every new Bigfoot needed land, then it had to come from somewhere. It's no wonder the dire wolf wants me gone.

“In case you're planning on ending your pregnancy, it's impossible without a specific flower.”

His words hit my chest with a jolt.

“Yes,” he purrs. *“In less than an hour, you can leave the forest as human as you entered it.”*

My hand drifts down to my belly. I don't know what to think. The dire wolf has to be lying, right? Bigfoot's words

resound in my mind. Animals cannot tell falsehoods.

“What’s this flower?” I ask.

“A magical rose that’s as old as the first self-styled forest king.”

“What color?”

“Color?” he barks. *“I see only shades of light and dark.”*

“Right.” I scratch my head. “Where can I find it?”

“In my territory.”

My gaze wanders across the stream. Twenty feet is too wide for me to jump, and I have no idea if it’s deep. Maybe if I had a pole, I might be able to vault it, but I wasn’t the best at sports. Besides, if it’s deeper than it looks, I might get washed away.

“Leap,” he says.

“I can’t.”

“Of course you can,” he replies with a sigh. *“Carrying that bastard’s child gives you more than just his fur.”*

The clouds disappear behind the sun, leaving me in the gloom. I step back toward the trees, not sure if I should even try.

Bigfoot would be heartbroken—not that I owe him any loyalty, but this baby has made him so happy. Do I want to go back to a life of shitty sex and even shittier boyfriends?

Months of frolicking in the forest can’t be too much of an imposition. My room will still be there when I want it, and I can always get another part-time job.

“I warn you, woman,” the wolf snarls. *“The Forest King will never let you leave these woods alive.”*

“That doesn’t sound like Bigfoot.”

“Ask what happened to the human woman who birthed him. Ask what happened when she tried to leave.”

I gulp, my stomach churning.

Bigfoot mentioned the human women losing their fur after childbirth, but he didn’t specify how many of them were allowed to leave the forest.

What if all the good sex and princess treatment was stage one of an elaborate plan to force me to stay?

“Cassandra?” I say out loud. “Levander?”

The wolf rises to all fours and flashes his teeth, his red eyes glinting. Every inch of fur on his huge body bristles, and the muscles beneath it tremble with the force of his rage.

“Come with me this instant or you will also die.”

His voice is low, demonic, and menacing. I wouldn’t go with this monster even if he was telling the truth.

“No.”

“Then I will tear his spawn out of your belly.”

I don’t wait for him to carry out his threat. If the wolf was right about my newfound physical prowess then I intend to run.

He leaps over the stream, making me turn on my heel. But the air fills with a huge splash, accompanied by a familiar roar.

I turn back to find Bigfoot rising from the water, catching the wolf in mid-air.

My jaw drops.

Don't tell me Bigfoot was listening under the stream this entire time?

Chapter Sixteen



The dire wolf struggles in Bigfoot's clutches, sinking its canines into Bigfoot's neck. Bigfoot's agonized roar echoes through my skull and makes my ears ring. I gasp and flinch backward as they fall into the water with a huge splash. Before I can even process what's just happened, they're swept away by the current.

I stand frozen for a moment in shock, before my body springs into action. What if Bigfoot isn't strong enough to fight off the dire wolf? I drained his balls dry and sucked out the poor guy's life-force. What if he gave me all his strength?

"Cassandra," I yell as I sprint along the banks of the stream. Bigfoot roars, and I catch a glimpse of his fist rising out of the water several feet ahead. "Levander!"

A huge owl swoops overhead. "*Your Majesty?*"

My mind flicks through every nature documentary I ever saw, every video on Tiktok and Youtube, and every episode of Baywatch. How on earth do I yank someone out of the water without getting swept away? All I can think of is a lasso.

"Can you and your friends find me a rope?"

"*I do not understand,*" he replies.

Of course, he wouldn't know what I'm talking about. It's not like birds of the forest understand human objects. My mind whirrs for an alternative.

"How about a thick vine?" I yell. "Something I can use to tie around Bigfoot's arm so I can pull him out."

With an affirmative hoot, he disappears back into the trees.

Heavy hoofbeats come charging out of the forest. It's the stag with Cassandra mere feet behind.

"Climb on Alexander's back," Cassandra says into my mind, her voice panicked. *"My mate will overtake His Majesty's progress."*

The stag slows to a canter, letting me mount. As soon as I'm firmly seated, he bursts into action. Up ahead, Bigfoot wrestles with the dire wolf, leaving the water colored with fading streaks of blood.

Guilt pushes past my ribcage and clenches my heart. This is my fault. I fucked up. If Bigfoot gets hurt—

I cut off that thought as the stag approaches the fighting monsters. Bigfoot's huge hands clamp the wolf's jaws open, while the wolf claws at Bigfoot's chest.

"Stay back, Faye," Bigfoot says into our bond. *"If the dire wolf breaks free—"*

"Then I'll run into the forest."

I won't let Bigfoot sacrifice himself for me. I won't let him die.

The wolf chokes out a gurgle, the sound making my stomach churn. *"This is your doing, Woman,"* he snarls. *"Order your Forest King to release me or I will kill you in your sleep."*

I don't bother to tell him he's about to drown because there's an approaching roar of water. Up ahead, the stream disappears into a chasm. There's a patch of forest that descends into a ravine, and I shudder at the sight of the water racing down into an abyss.

An owl hoots overhead. My head snaps up to find Levander and about six others each carrying vines in their beaks. They're too slow. Too far away. There's no chance they'll reach us before the stream ends.

"Slow down," I say to the stag. "I need that vine."

He picks up his speed.

"What are you doing?" I yell at the top of my voice. "The owls can't keep up with your galloping."

"Your Majesty," Cassandra's voice fills my head. *"Call for the falcon."*

"What?"

"He's the fastest bird in the forest."

My stomach plummets. How on earth does anyone expect me to summon animals I haven't even met?

"Falcon?" I ask into my mind. *"If you're out there, please come."*

Bigfoot and the dire wolf continue their fight, tearing at each other with terrifying force. The water bubbles and churns around their struggling figures. Neither lets go of the other as the stream races them toward the ravine.

Oh, fuck.

If the blood loss doesn't kill Bigfoot then he'll perish in the fall.

Dizziness hits me like a slap. Or maybe it's despair. I cling onto the stag's antlers, my heart pounding loud enough for two.

At this rate, Bigfoot is going to die.

The air trembles, and a loud screech pierces my thoughts. A huge black falcon swoops down from the sky carrying the vine in its beak.

"Your Majesty," he rasps into my head. *"I can deliver this vine to the king, but I cannot save him from the fall."*

The falcon flies ahead, passing the stag and me, leaving the vine trailing down toward my hand. I grab one end of the vine and ready myself to pull.

Bigfoot and the wolf accelerate toward the huge drop, still in the midst of their fight. The falcon dangles the vine within their reach. He needs to catch the vine. Catch the vine so I can save him.

"Look up," I yell into our bond.

The wolf leaps out of the water and snaps at the vine with his jaws. *"Thank you."*

Cold terror surges through my veins, making my heart stop beating. I failed, and Bigfoot is going to die. What's left of my heart splinters into several pieces.

"No!" I scream.

Bigfoot roars as the current takes over, his huge body plummeting off the edge. Bile rises to the back of my throat as he disappears, leaving only the wolf clinging onto the vine as though it's his lifeline.

Just as the stag halts at the edge of the ravine, I release the vine, letting the water carry away the dire wolf. The wolf

plunges off the edge with the vine still stuck between his teeth. I can't even get satisfaction from his demise when all I can see is Bigfoot's large mass tumbling down the waterfall.

"Damn you, woman," the wolf growls. *"Damn you and your monstrous offspring. I hope it devours you from the inside-out!"*

His words barely register. I'm too consumed with losing Bigfoot. I jump off the stag's back and fall onto my knees. Pain sears through my heart, and I release a scream that echoes through the forest. No one can survive such a treacherous drop. Not even him.

"Bigfoot?" I whisper into the bond.

He doesn't answer.

Anguish spreads across my chest, and my eyes burn with tears. I can't breathe, I can't speak, I can't do anything but scream. I can't even move. All I can see is Bigfoot's huge body disappearing into the spray.

"BIGFOOT!" I scream into our connection.

Silence.

My frame trembles with recrimination and rage. Bigfoot had a peaceful life here in this forest and an uneasy truce with the dire wolf until Brian exploited his loneliness and tricked me into getting pregnant.

Now, Bigfoot is gone.

Forever.

Cassandra's wet snout nuzzles my ear. *"Your Majesty?"*

"Don't call me that," I say into my mind.

"You are still carrying His Majesty's child."

“For how long,” I mutter, my gaze now tracking the wolf, whose body has gone rigid. “In a few days, I’ll start throwing up my food. Then I’ll wither and die.”

“That is not true.”

I gulp. “What do you mean?”

“Forgive me for eavesdropping, but His Majesty gave you enough seed to sustain you until the birth of his heir.”

“Oh.”

That was surprisingly thoughtful.

Most guys would give it out a squirt at a time to guarantee daily blowjobs.

I swallow hard and tear my gaze away from what I hope is now a dead dire wolf. There’s a part of me that wants to continue Bigfoot’s legacy, and it’s larger than the part of me that wants to find the magical rose.

But I can’t give birth to a baby Bigfoot and leave him to fend for himself in the forest, even if the original Bigfoot was brought here as a child.

“Can someone take me to the bottom of the waterfall?” I ask.

Nobody answers.

My throat thickens. “I want to find him.”

I turn to Cassandra, who glances away.

“What?” I ask.

“His Majesty is no longer with us,” she murmurs. *“And he would not want us to put you or his heir in danger.”*

“We can’t just leave him. He has to have floated somewhere,” I say.

She dips her head, seeming conflicted. I don’t have the heart to make the deer take me down a perilous path, so I glance toward the trees and find the snowy owl. “Levander, can you and your friends fly along the streams? Someone needs to get him out of the water. Maybe we can hold some kind of memorial?”

“*Of course.*” A small flock of owls launch themselves off the branch and fly down the ravine, keeping a wide distance from the water.

“*The bears are making their way down to help the owls with their search,*” Cassandra says. “*It is time for you to rest.*”

The thought of Bigfoot’s lifeless body being pulled out of the water by bears makes my heart plummet to the pit of my stomach. All the air leaves my lungs, only to be replaced by an emptiness that’s worse than grief. It’s surreal to feel such sorrow for someone I barely know, but the past twenty-four hours have been the most intense of my life.

My throat burns with the injustice of it all, and I swallow back a surge of emotion, only for anguish to burn my chest. Eyes stinging, I place a trembling hand on my belly. It’s still flat and still covered in downy fur, but the tiny life growing inside me is what’s left of our connection. I blink, letting tears roll freely down my cheeks. This baby is the only way something of Bigfoot will survive.

“Did His Majesty have somewhere to live?” I croak.

“*Of course,*” she replies. “*We will take you to his treehouse.*”

I mount Cassandra's mate and rest my head on his neck, part of me hoping that this is still a dream and I'll wake up in Brian's truck, ready to dump his sorry ass. Reality is too harsh, and I don't have the mental bandwidth to consider how I'll tackle the next few months.

It looks like I'm about to become the single mother of Bigfoot's baby. If the situation was happening to anyone else, I might laugh.

We trudge through the forest in a silence so suffocating that our surroundings become lifeless. The birds no longer sing, and the greens are no longer as vibrant. Even the animals we pass are somber, as though they're all mourning the tragedy of Bigfoot's death. Cassandra trails beside me, her eyes downcast. She and I both know this is all my fault.

Mine as well as Brian's.

The weight of losing Bigfoot is unbearable, but it's nothing compared to my guilt. I should have directed my anger toward Brian. Should have been less absorbed with my own feelings of betrayal. Should have understood that Bigfoot would do anything for the promise of love. Swallowing back a sob, I wipe my tears and focus on where we're going.

Up ahead stands a huge oak with a trunk that stretches twenty feet wide and looks like half a dozen twisting trees have merged into one. I raise my head, my gaze searching for the top, but the treehouse lies hidden in the branches.

Cassandra's breath catches.

Her mate stops in his tracks.

"What is it?" My gaze snaps back to where they're looking.

Beyond the huge tree is a twenty-foot-wide pool surrounded by rocks. Tall trees encircle its far bank, forming a leafy canopy. A large figure lies face-down in the water, looking exactly like Bigfoot.

Chapter Seventeen



I scramble off the stag's back, sprint across the clearing, and jump into the pool. The water shifts, moving Bigfoot's body toward the other bank, but I wade forward, my heart slamming against the back of my throat.

How on earth did he find his way here?

"Your Majesty," Cassandra says. *"Please, pull him out."*

Flinching at the implication that I might leave him there to drown, I continue toward Bigfoot and grab his arm. His body is a dead weight, but I dip under the water beneath his bulk, and shift him onto his back. The pool splashes as he gets into position, but he remains unresponsive.

I haul Bigfoot's heavy body to the bank, roll him onto the grass, and check for a pulse. My nostrils fill with the scent of wet earth, and none of his usual musk. He feels colder and clammy than the pool.

Either that's because his fur is too thick and waterlogged, or because he's dead.

A sob catches in my throat.

Cassandra and her mate inch forward, their snouts to the ground.

"His mind is quiet," she says, her voice broken.

“His Majesty is dead?” Levander hoots from the trees.

My throat tightens, and the backs of my eyes burn with tears. That can't be the end of Bigfoot. He can't fight a dire wolf to the death and tumble down a waterfall, only to appear in another location to die?

Bigfoot was too strong for that.

I clench my teeth and shove away that terrible thought. Bigfoot is too strong to perish. He has to survive.

“You're not going to die,” I say into the bond. *“Not if I can help it.”*

Rolling him to the side, I arrange his limbs in what I hope is the recovery position. If it works for humans, then it has to work for Bigfoot. I inhale a deep breath and place one palm against his chest and another between his shoulder blades.

“Come back to us,” I whisper. *“Your baby needs you.”*

Closing my eyes, I focus every ounce of concentration into Bigfoot's lungs. Magic shouldn't exist, but neither should Bigfoot, talking animals, and pools that transport people from one end of the forest to another.

Maybe this is an advanced form of nature that's been lost to humans, but Bigfoot has it, and so does our baby. If I can channel some of this magic, I might be able to save Bigfoot.

Exhaling all my anxiety in a long breath, I push all the hope and affection and trust into my hands. Buzzing fills my ears, sounding like every bee in the forest has gathered around to help. Warmth spreads across my palms and seeps into Bigfoot's fur.

Steam rises from his chest. I don't know if this is a good sign, but I push on.

“Wake up, Bigfoot,” I say into the bond. *“It’s not just the baby who needs you, it’s me.”*

Bigfoot jerks forward and exhales a rattling breath, followed by a series of coughs.

My heart skips. I place both palms on his back, channelling this magic as he hacks up streams of water. When the coughing settles, he flops backward and gazes up at me through half-lidded eyes.

It’s over.

Bigfoot is alive.

“Faye,” he says into our bond. *“You saved me.”*

I can barely see his amber irises through the tears. *“Of course, I would.”*

“Why?” he rasps.

My chest burns. Does he think so little of me that he would need to ask? It make sense, since I’m the one who raged at him about getting pregnant. *“You’re a good person, and I don’t want to see you hurt.”*

“Because I am good?” he asks.

Shallow breaths graze the tops of my lungs, and I search my heart for answers. *“That’s part of it,”* I say through tears. *“Losing you made me realize how much I care. Something inside me broke when I thought you were dead.”*

His chest heaves, and he exhales something that feels like relief. I swallow hard, my stomach twisting at the thought of him thinking I didn’t give a shit.

“Everything went dark,” he replies with a weak chuckle. *“I am sure that I broke my neck while tumbling down the*

waterfall. Then I thought I crushed my skull.”

Exhaling a shaking breath, I collapse onto Bigfoot’s chest. Something special just happened. I’m not sure if it’s magic but it’s certainly a miracle. It doesn’t matter. All I care about is that he’s back.

“I thought you were gone forever, and then when you turned up here—”

“I am sorry.”

My head jerks up, and I meet his amber eyes. “What for?”

“I should never have allowed you to reach the edge of my territory.”

“But I told you and the animals not to follow.”

He squeezes his eyes shut. *“I followed you. I could never leave you without protection.”*

Bigfoot remains silent for several moments, as though struggling to decide whether or not to speak.

“What is it?” I ask.

“I wanted you to make your own choice.” He cracks open an eye.

“About what?”

Bigfoot heaves a long sigh, struggles to sit up, but flops back down on the ground. The near-death experience must have sapped his power, along with my draining of his balls.

“The dire wolf was telling the truth about the rose,” he says. *“It does exist.”*

“But you said I couldn’t do anything about the pregnancy?”

“Until now, I thought the rose was lost to our kind, but I can send animals into his territory to find it.”

My lips tighten. “I don’t want it.”

“But you were tricked into this pregnancy.”

“I was, but I’ve decided to keep the baby.”

“Will you stay for our child?” he asks, sounding hopeful.

Sitting back on my heels, I pull my gaze away from his eyes and glance around the clearing. I don’t know how to respond. Life in the forest with Bigfoot could be adventurous and fun and full of love. No man has ever satisfied me so thoroughly, and no man has ever shown me so much care.

But is love enough? At some point, I will need a career. I want to become more than Bigfoot’s stay-at-home ape-wife.

“I’ll leave as soon as the baby can survive without me,” I mumble.

Bigfoot doesn’t look surprised at my response. He offers me a smile, but even I can tell his eyes are sad.

“Thank you,” he says, his voice weary. *“Both for bringing me new life and for saving mine.”*

An ache forms in my heart. It’s clear that Bigfoot is getting attached to the thought of having a family. It’s all he ever wanted, and Brian sold him false hope. I want Bigfoot to have his happy ever after, but not at the expense of my future.

“Bigfoot, I’m sorry—”

“It is alright,” he murmurs. *“You have given me more than I could ever have imagined.”*

Tears burn my eyes, but I force them back. The last thing I want is for Bigfoot to feel guilty.

With a sigh, Bigfoot pulls me into his chest. I snuggle against him, feeling the thrum of his heartbeat. Hugging Bigfoot shouldn't feel so good. It shouldn't feel like home and comfort and everything I always wanted.

We lie together like this, basking in each other's company, until the sun dips behind the horizon and blankets the forest in black. Animals gather around the trees still paying silent homage to their king. It looks like they're keeping their distance out of respect.

My eyes drift shut, and I fall asleep in his arms.



Hours later, Bigfoot wakes me up with a kiss on the forehead. I sit up, stretch, and bask in the morning sun. When I open my eyes, I'm no longer on the grass but in a beautiful round room with wooden walls.

The surface beneath me is a mattress of woven threads stuffed with down and feels like lying on a cloud. It's supported by a wooden frame that looks like it's been carved with rough stones.

Birds fly in through the windows, each holding little bundles wrapped in leaves. They deposit their burdens on a wooden tray atop a table, where a red squirrel directs their movements like a conductor.

I turn to Bigfoot, my gaze taking in the unfamiliar surroundings. Everything here looks like it's from a fairytale, including the wooden furniture.

Bigfoot leads me to the table, where I lower myself into a chair that perfectly fits my frame. The scent of freshly cut

wood fills my nostrils, making me think he carved it while I was sleeping.

“What is this place? Another concoction of Brian’s?” I ask.

“This is my home,” he sets down a wooden cup, filled with clear liquid. *“I carried you up to the tree house last night.”*

I gaze into his amber eyes, searching for any traces of yesterday’s sadness, but his smile is so joyful that my heart aches.

“You have questions,” he says.

Conflicting thoughts burrow through my mind, forming complicated knots. Too much happened yesterday for me to process, from my surprise pregnancy, Brian’s betrayal, to the encounter with the dire wolf.

Pushing away the memory of Bigfoot’s close encounter with death, I drop my gaze to the liquid.

“I still don’t understand why you didn’t tell me there might be a way out,” I say, not wanting to look him full in the face. “You made me think I had no choice but to keep the baby.”

“My ancestors lost the rose centuries ago. I did not think that obtaining it was an option until the dire wolf told you it grew in his territory. Without the power of the rose, ending your pregnancy will be deadly.”

Bigfoot takes a seat at the table and waves away the animals, who either fly or scurry out through the window. We fall silent for several heartbeats, neither of us touching the food. It’s a banquet of fruits, nuts, root vegetables, and edible flowers. I’m still too overwhelmed to eat.

He reaches across the table and places his hand over mine. The warmth of his leathery palm seeps into my skin, putting

me at ease.

“You still have a choice,” he murmurs, his voice soft.

“And I still choose to have this baby.” I take a sip of the liquid, enjoying its unusual sweetness. This has to be tree bark.

Bigfoot makes a pleased rumble and brings my knuckles to his lips. Instead of kissing them as I expect, he licks the back of my hand with his rough tongue. The sensation goes straight to my pussy.

Another question bubbles to the surface.

“What happened to your mother?” I ask, my gaze drifting down to his mouth.

Bigfoot’s long sigh and lack of answer makes me turn to meet his eyes. Instead of the anger or pain I expect, he slumps with his head bowed, his shoulders sagging, seeming drained of all hope. I gulp. He looks defeated.

“Bigfoot?” I ask.

“My father impregnated her during my birthing process.”

I jerk back against the chair. “You remember that?”

“Our kind have shared memories,” he replies, not meeting my gaze. *“I know exactly what he did and why.”*

“Oh.”

“My father wanted her to stay with him forever, and to that end, he made sure she remained pregnant with another baby.”

“So, she was still covered in fur?”

Bigfoot gives me a solemn nod.

“What happened?”

“One day, when my father was introducing me to the animals, she disappeared.” He rubs his temples. *“The dire wolf told my father that she returned to her people.”*

“But didn’t you get the memories of your brother when he was born?”

Bigfoot shakes his head.

“Why not?”

“My mother would not have been able to survive the pregnancy without nutrient, and my father only gave her enough for a few days.”

My jaw drops. “He kept her dependent on him.”

Bigfoot nods. *“I did not want such a fate for you.”*

“That’s why you let me take enough for the whole pregnancy?” I ask.

“What my father did was dishonorable,” he rumbles. *“As soon as I was old enough to understand his memories, I left.”*

I reach out and take his hand. “That’s terrible. I’m so sorry.”

“It pains me to think that Brian created a situation that makes me no better than my father.”

“You’re nothing like him,” I say and give his hand a tight squeeze. “You’ve given me chances to back away and made sure I’ll be healthy with or without your help.”

“Thank you,” he replies with a sad smile. *“And the dire wolf was wrong about my plans. As soon as your fur drops, you will be free to leave.”*

Some of the tightness in my chest from yesterday’s encounter with the dire wolf loosens. I exhale a sigh of relief

and start on my breakfast of nuts and berries and tree sap. In a few months' time, I can return home and pick up the rest of my life.

I should be happy but why does the thought of leaving him make my heart ache?

Bigfoot reaches beneath the table and brings out a garland made of red orchids. "*This is for you.*"

"Why?"

"You helped me vanquish the dire wolf. Now, I'm free to venture into the heart of his territory and show you the source of our magic."

Chapter Eighteen



I sit up straighter in my seat, my insides thrumming with anticipation of discovering the source of Bigfoot’s magic. As he rises to place the garland on my head, I notice that his cock extends under the table, part of it resting on a small stool. It lies coiled like a constrictor, save for its thick, bulbous head.

He arranges my hair around the flowers and tucks a lock behind my ear. This should be a tender moment, but I can’t keep my eyes off that huge penis.

My jaw clenches. I need to snap out of this fixation and focus on the day ahead. Clearing my throat, I ask, “Is where we’re going linked to the curse?”

“That is correct.” He takes his seat and glances down at my empty plate. *“We will leave after you’ve had some more nuts.”*

“There’s only one type of nut I want, and it’s not on the table.”

Brows pulling together, his gaze roving over the collection of walnuts, hazelnuts, chestnuts, and acorns. *“What is it? One of my subjects will—”*

“Your nuts.” I slide my hand beneath the table and squeeze his hairy thigh.

Bigfoot's jaw drops, his eyes widening with realization. "Faye," he says, his voice breathy. I can't tell if he's scared or scandalized. *"You really want more seed?"*

I slip down onto my hands and knees. "Fuck, yes."

Bigfoot swallows, his huge chest heaving with rapid, shallow breaths, and gazes down at me through hooded eyes. *"I cannot express as much as I did yesterday,"* he says into our bond. *"Until I replenish myself, all you will get is a few spurts."*

My tongue darts out to lick my lips, making Bigfoot groan. "That's all I want. Just a little taste."

He squeezes his eyes shut and pinches the bridge of his nose. *"Why? I gave you enough nutrient to last your entire pregnancy."*

"Maybe I just like your cock."

The penis in question uncoils itself and shifts off the wooden seat. I have to crawl back several steps to reach its head.

"Faye," he growls.

"What's wrong?" I run both palms up and down his shaft.

"I am too big," he says from clenched teeth.

He's not wrong. Bigfoot's cock is the same thickness as his calf and stretches over five-and-a-half feet long.

"Please," I whimper. "Let me have a taste."

He throws back his head and pants. *"You truly want it?"*

"More than anything."

"A-alright."

I crawl further backward, to where his cockhead is now leaking so much precum that it already forms a small puddle on the wooden floor.

His crown is so engorged that it's now larger than my head and with a huge, gaping slit. Holding it steady with both palms, I press my entire face into his opening and run my tongue up and down the slippery flesh.

Bigfoot's precum is incredible. Musky and salty and sweet. I lap up the creamy fluid, making his hips jerk forward, and the room tremble with his deep, guttural groan.

Sound waves race straight to my clit. The pulse behind it quickens and my pussy becomes slick.

"You are aroused," he says.

"Everything about you turns me on," I say into the bond.

Fuck, I could stay here the entire day, drinking at Bigfoot's huge, purpling font.

"You can feed on the way to the dire wolf's territory."

My head snaps up. "What?"

His cock jerks to one side, pulling me closer to the table. As bigfoot rises, his erection coils around my middle and moves me into his chest.

"Got you," he says, his amber eyes sparkling with mirth.

"Hey." I place my palms on his shoulders. "But you said I could suck your cock."

"Turn to your left," he says.

I turn to meet his cockhead, which continues to ooze delicious precum.

“You can feed on the way. I need to make my move before another predator lays claim to the dire wolf’s territory.”

My cheeks heat at the realization that I’ve become so cock-hungry that I’ve lost sight of his mission. “Oh,” I murmur. “Sorry about that.”

The huge erection tightens around my torso. It’s like the scene in *The Jungle Book* where Mowgli is wrapped in the snake’s coils. I’m hypnotized but it’s me who’s about to feed.

“No need to apologize for your appetites,” Bigfoot says with a hearty chuckle. *“I will release small amounts for the journey. After I have replenished my magic, you may take as much as you need.”*

Before I have a chance to consider that my appetites are draining Bigfoot’s power reserves, he jogs across the room and out through a patio window.

My stomach lurches at the sudden movement, but I suppress the urge to yelp. I’m safe. Cocooned in Bigfoot’s coiled erection. There’s absolutely no chance of falling.

After passing a beautiful wooden deck nestled within the treetop, Bigfoot runs down a branch the width of a trunk. We’re so high up that the pool I found him in yesterday looks the size of a bath.

Bigfoot picks up speed, keeping one arm secured around where I’m nestled within his cock. Then he leaps, seeming to fly through the air.

All thoughts of delicious precum disappear into the ether, leaving behind blank terror. We’re airborne for the next few heartbeats before we descend.

Anxiety grabs me by the throat and squeezes.

I open my mouth and scream.

“Faye?” Bigfoot says into the bond. *“Do not be afraid. You’re safe with my cock.”*

His gentle words calm my nerves, taking an edge off my terror. Exhaling, I let my muscles relax and squeeze my eyes shut.

Something damp presses into my cheek. I crack open an eye to lock gazes with his huge purple cockhead. A thick drop of liquid oozes out through its slit, making my mouth water.

Bigfoot lands on another tree with a gentle thud, pulling my attention away from the precum. I drop my gaze to take in the sights of the forest below.

“Did you just fly?” I ask.

“I can jump long distances, but I thought it would be the same as traveling in your human vehicles.” He braces a hand on a tree trunk. *“Take a few moments to relax.”*

“This is far more thrilling.”

Turning back to the huge, bulbous tip, I lap up several thick droplets of cum. Bigfoot’s entire body shudders, and he releases a soft moan.

Flavors burst on my tongue, triggering sparks of pleasure that gather in my pussy. It might be my imagination, but I swear I can taste his affection. My clit swells, feeling like it’s on the verge of bursting. I lick and suck and moan, never wanting this to end.

“You are so good with my cock,” he says.

“It’s the best one I’ve ever seen or tasted.” I turn my head from side to side, not wanting to spill a drop.

Bigfoot stiffens. *“You have had others.”*

I fall still.

Oh, shit.

Something tells me that Bigfoot has only had one lover, whereas I’ve had so many forgettable hookups that I’ve lost count.

“Yes,” I say, pushing back a pang of regret. *“It’s different with humans. If you’re lucky, you can find a person to stay with you for the rest of your life, but most have to try different partners before they find the right one.”*

When he doesn’t reply, I turn away from his crown to meet his eyes. The look he gives me is tender and soft, as though he’s tapped into the part of me that’s experienced years of disappointment.

“I did not mean to judge,” he murmurs.

“I know,” I say with a nod.

“But I must know one thing.”

Nervous butterflies line my stomach, their wings fluttering faster with each passing moment.

“What is it?” I ask.

“Was Brian one of these men?”

My gaze drops to the forest below. “Yes,” I say, my voice rough. “He made me think we had a future.”

“But he led you to become impregnated by me.”

I nod.

“You must be deeply disappointed,” he rumbles.

With a deep breath, I meet Bigfoot's sad eyes. An ache forms in my heart and rises to the back of my throat. I don't need to be able to read his mind to know he feels guilty. He probably thinks he's partly to blame, but he's wrong.

Swallowing hard, I search for the right words.

"Brian's behavior hurt," I say, my tone measured. "But it led me to you. You and your subjects treat me like a queen."

Bigfoot smiles, and the erection around my arms tighten. I lean against him, and he presses a kiss on my forehead.

"I am angered that Brian was dishonest to us both, but I am thankful that I now have everything I have ever wanted."

Gulping, I drop my gaze.

"Even if I only have you for a few more months," he adds with a sigh.

I nod, my throat too tight to speak. His words are so heartfelt that my breath turns shallow, and the backs of my eyes sting.

It would be so easy to stay with Bigfoot forever. My short time here has been more erotic and exciting than I could ever have imagined. But I can't spend the rest of my life in the forest. Sure, there'll be beautiful moments, but how will I cope in the winter? What about when I get old?

"Did you..." I clear my throat. "Did you ever love Brian?"

"No," he says without hesitating.

"But you two had sex."

"The sex was an extension of our friendship. I thought he was helping me with my heart's desire."

"A child?" I ask.

“A family. I have felt isolated most of my life—even when I lived with my father. When Brian came along, I allowed him to live because he was a change to the monotony of my life. The way Brian betrayed us both cut deep. He knew I was alone and would do anything for a mate and child.”

My breath catches. Hearing that Brian also duped Bigfoot makes my affection for him grow. It looks like we both have the same need for a family.

“Did you love him?” Bigfoot asks, his voice faltering.

“I was more in love with the idea of having a husband and a happy future,” I reply. “And I used to think Brian was the only man who didn’t disappoint me, but he was even worse than the others.”

Bigfoot shakes his head. *“He took advantage of you too.”*

“Bastard.”

Without another word, Bigfoot launches off the branch. My stomach dips, but this time, I don’t scream. I’m so safe and content in the coils of his erection that it’s impossible to fall.

“Why aren’t we traveling via the pools?” I ask.

“My reserves are running too low to use the waterways,” he replies.

“Because I drained your balls?”

His chest vibrates with a satisfied rumble. *“I used the last of my power to heal my wounds. The dire wolf’s bite can be lethal.”*

“Oh.” I pull away from his huge cockhead. “I shouldn’t keep feeding—”

“Take what you need,” he says with a deep groan. *“My cum, and all the nutrients it contains, belongs to you.”*

Bigfoot leaps from treetop to treetop with the grace of a squirrel. The air buzzes, and the forest below us becomes a blur of blues and greens and browns. We cross the fast-moving stream where the dire wolf died, and pass flocks of birds, who dip their wings in salute to their king.

The sun climbs toward its zenith, casting its warmth on my exposed face. I relax into his cock and continue slurping his precum.

Eventually, we reach the edge of the forest, where Bigfoot leaps down from the treetops and lands in a field of wildflowers. His cock unwinds itself and lands on the ground with a gentle thud.

My jaw drops. Somehow, while wrapping around my body, it’s doubled and now stretches over seven-feet in length. I’m so transfixed at the sight of his penis crushing the wildflowers that I forget to move my aching limbs.

“But I thought it only shrank,” I blurt.

Bigfoot sucks in a deep breath, seeming to reel in his enormous penis until it only hangs down to his knees. *“Why are you so surprised? Human cocks are capable of expanding.”*

“That’s true, but—” I shake off that thought. Brian was a grower, not a shower, as were most of my other exes.

“You’re right.” I place a hand on his bicep. “Where are we going?”

Bigfoot points at a steep hill in the distance. *“To pick the flower of my royal house.”*

Chapter Nineteen



It takes a hard sprint through the wildflowers for his words to trickle through my skull. My mind churns as I keep up with his long strides, and a question forms on my lips.

“Are you the King of the Forest because your ancestor was human?” I ask into our bond.

“My species is called Forest King.” Bigfoot stops at the foot of the hill and offers me his hand. *“But the first one of us was a king who was never crowned.”*

The dire wolf mentioned that the first of Bigfoot’s kind was brought here as a child, but he’d neglected to tell me that the boy had been royal.

“King of what?” I ask.

“Have you heard the story of the princes in the tower?” Bigfoot leads me to an opening in the hill.

My mind rolls back to high school history classes. “Are you talking about the two sons of King Edward IV who were held prisoner by their uncle?”

“That is correct.” Bigfoot steps through the opening and into a giant cave.

Fluorescent vines hang down from the cave’s ceiling, some of them reaching the glowing stalagmites protruding from its

floor. A cool breeze sweeps in from deep within the cavern, bringing with it a faint scent of death. I step closer to Bigfoot for safety and warmth.

“My ancestor was Edward V, the older of the brothers, brought here by royalists to escape execution.” Bigfoot pushes aside a vine.

“But wasn’t he human?”

“He was until his uncle sent soldiers to make sure he never returned to claim the throne. When the royalists defeated them, the uncle resorted to black magic.”

“The curse?”

Bigfoot nods.

“The uncle stole the throne and made sure that poor King Edward V and his descendants would never take back their rightful power.”

“By changing their features?”

“By cursing us to become monsters,” he says with a sad smile.

My throat tightens. Bigfoot’s appearance might be monstrous to some, but he has a gentle heart and a spirit that’s nobler than any king. I hold back from saying this because I can’t give him false hope.

I need to leave after the baby is born and has finished breastfeeding.

“What happened next?” I ask.

“The royalists no longer recognized their true king, but his young wife was already pregnant at the time the curse struck. When she started growing fur, they cast her out.”

Bigfoot and I travel through the cave's network of tall stalagmites, his deep voice echoing through my skull. *"The young King Edward retrieved his pregnant wife and took care of her until she gave birth to a cursed child. When the wife shed her fur, she escaped King Edward with the help of the dire wolf."*

"Do all the women who have babies want to leave?" I ask.

He hunches his shoulders. *"This forest is a paradise for animals and cursed beasts, but apparently not for human women."*

Taking his hand, I give his fingers a gentle squeeze. "I'm sorry. Everyone deserves love."

"But not everyone is ready to receive it." He stares down at me, his eyes shining.

My stomach flips. He's talking about us. About the happy future he can offer the baby and me. Life could be blissful here with Bigfoot. I know it. He knows it. Even the part of me that's terrified about the future knows it. But the longer I stay here, the less I'll have when I reach civilization.

Snatching my gaze away, I glance down at my feet.

"What's so special about the rose?" I mutter.

He's silent for several moments, his gaze burning the side of my face. I keep my head bowed, hoping he'll drop the subject of wanting me to stay.

"It is the symbol of the Royal House of York and the source of our power. My ancestor would have died from the curse if the royalists had not brought the rose."

The ground becomes uneven and the stalagmites surrounding it grow shorter. Bigfoot places a hand on my

shoulder, making me stop.

“We are approaching the rose.”

“Where is it?”

He points downward.

A few feet ahead of us is a deep chasm that reminds me of yesterday’s waterfall. My stomach churns.

“Don’t tell me you’re going down there,” I say.

“It is the only way to replenish my power,” he replies.
“And we still have not resolved the situation with Brian.”

My shoulders sag. He’s right. Brian must have spent a fortune on all the electronics he’d set up to stream footage of Bigfoot and me in the forest. I doubt he will fuck off and lick his wounds.

“Let me go with you,” I blurt.

The smile he gives me is so radiant that my heart aches.
“Thank you.”

Taking me by the hand, he leads me to the edge of the chasm. The pulse between my ears pounds so hard that I almost miss what he says next.

“We will take the vines and go down together. Do not worry about falling. I will protect you.”

With a shaky nod, I grab a vine, while Bigfoot takes another.

He descends first with the practiced movements of an ape. I climb down my vine with trembling hands, occasionally needing to wipe the sweat off my palms and onto my furry ass.

“Are you alright?” Bigfoot asks.

“Fine.”

The walls close around us, with rocky protrusions that look sharp enough to take out a person’s eye. Some of them glint in the light of the glowing vines, looking almost alive.

“How did the rose get here anyway?” I ask.

“It was in the possession of the royalists until the dire wolf killed them all.”

I gulp. “Even King Edward’s wife and brother?”

“Unfortunately, yes,” Bigfoot replies. *“The dire wolf wanted to destroy the rose but none of the animals would help. Eventually, he hid it in this chasm.”*

“If he hid it, how would you know its location?”

Bigfoot chuckles. *“A little bird told my ancestor, but no body could enter this place until the dire wolf’s magic ended with his death.”*

“Of course,” I reply. “There are eyes everywhere in the forest.”

Something slimy and black jumps out from the wall and flaps its wings on my eyes, making me thrash and scream. I’m certain it’s some sort of bat. As I bat it out of my face, the ceiling rumbles, sending a cascade of stones raining down on our heads.

I tumble off the vine and plummet past Bigfoot.

“Faye,” he roars. *“Grab my cock.”*

My stomach twists, and my heart threatens to leap out of my throat. Survival instincts override my terror, and I reach out in the dark. My fingers brush against something thick and

veiny and warm. I cling onto his cock, because it's my only lifeline.

Bigfoot's deep groan resounds up and down his length. I grip tighter and wrap my arms and legs around his shaft.

"How are you doing this?" I ask.

"You know I have a shapeshifting cock," he says with a moan.

"How long is it right now?" I run a palm up the thick length, trying to reach his balls or even his legs. All I find is more of his shaft.

"About ten times my height," he rumbles.

"Fuck. That's seventy feet."

He chuckles. *"Let me reel you in a little. This is taking up a lot of my power."*

Beneath me, the cock shortens until I feel its thick crown under my buttocks. It also moves upward until the backs of my hands brush against his feet.

"Thank you for saving me." I give his ankle a hard squeeze.

Bigfoot's panting breaths fill the chasm, the sound going straight to my clit. I knew his penis could extend like an anaconda but who knew it could also become so thick?

"I can smell your arousal," he says.

"Sorry. I've never had a cock this big before."

"Stroke it," he says.

"What?"

“Run those slippery hands up and down my shaft and tease my cockhead with your wet cunt.”

Now, it's my turn to moan.

I move back and forth, swinging on Bigfoot's cock like it's my own personal wrecking ball. Its thick cockhead forms a perfect seat. My clit rubs against the ridge of his mushroom tip, all the while stroking my hands around his erection like I'm reading large print braille.

Bigfoot thickens and groans under my command. *“Good girl,”* he rumbles through my skull. *“Take your pleasure from my huge cock while I take us to the bottom of the chasm.”*

One of the benefits of being covered in downy hair is not needing any clothes... Or underwear. My bare pussy lies flush against his hard flesh, streaming so much moisture that the walls echo with obscene, wet sounds.

My swollen clit aches for more, and I quicken my pace, pushing and rubbing against his monstrous cock. Bigfoot's penis sways back and forth in time with my movements.

I rub everything against his glorious thick shaft—my clit, my hands, my nipples, and my tongue. I slide the edge of my foot along his dripping slit.

“Oh,” he says, the voice in my head breathy. *“You have such a talented little body.”*

I smile against his erection, happy he's also getting pleasure. *“Don't orgasm. I can't have you wasting any of that precious cum.”*

Bigfoot groans. *“My balls and all its contents belong to you.”*

A bolt of arousal surges straight to my core. The thought of this majestic creature dedicating any part of his body to me is intoxicating.

Bigfoot's moans become louder, turning our surroundings into a chamber of sexy echoes. I pant, my hips rolling harder, faster, more desperately against his cockhead. Pleasure builds up around my pussy, and my clit expands to bursting point. I'm so close, but I never want this to end.

"Cum for me," Bigfoot snarls. *"I want to feel your sweet cunt along my shaft."*

The words tip me over the edge, and a powerful orgasm shudders through my pussy, traveling down to my trembling legs. I squeeze my eyes shut and cry out as my vision fills with exploding stars.

Bigfoot's cock quivers, feeling like it's about to erupt. I wrap my legs around its tip and my arms around its middle to stop him from cumming.

His pained groan fills my ear, making me feel bad for giving Bigfoot blue balls.

"No, not yet," I say through my own orgasm. "When you cum, it's going to be down my throat."

He whimpers but obeys my command. I'm not just doing this because I find his spunk delicious. It's also an important nutrient for our baby.

Once we both catch our breath, Bigfoot descends the vine and reduces the length of his cock so he can hold me with one arm. We reach the bottom and he sets me to my feet.

"Thank you." I give him a kiss on his furry cheek. "You didn't just save my life, you also made me squirt."

Bigfoot's deep chuckle resounds through the cavern.
"Come. I want to give you one last chance for freedom."

Chapter Twenty



I'm still unsteady on my feet from my orgasm when Bigfoot guides me through a network of tunnels covered in bioluminescent moss. Greenish-yellow light illuminates the ends of his fur, making him look magical.

“What is this place?” I ask, my voice breathy with awe.

“The beginning of the underground forest,” he replies into our bond. *“This is the first time I have seen it with my own eyes.”*

“It’s beautiful.”

He gazes down at me with a soft smile. *“Very.”*

Heat surges to my furry cheeks. The warmth radiating through our connection tells me he’s not just talking about our surroundings.

I squirm on my feet, unable to withstand the admiration in his gaze. Men don’t give compliments unless they want something, but Bigfoot is so genuine with his praise.

He sees something in me that I’m not sure exists. I’m not the beautiful accomplished creature worthy of this level of adoration—I’m just a woman who got duped.

“Stop looking at me like that,” I murmur.

“What do you mean?”

“Like I’m special.”

“You are.”

I lean my head on his shoulder. “How many women have you met?”

“You forget that I hold every memory of my kind, including their encounters with human women. Trust me when I say that you are unique.”

My heart flutters, and I have to swallow down a lump in my throat. Bigfoot knows exactly what to say to melt my insides. The most troubling part is that I’m talking to his soul. He means every single word.

We continue walking until the tunnel ends in a huge cavern filled with cool, sweet-smelling air. Tall foliage covers the wall, glowing so brightly that it feels like dusk. I glance around, my mouth falling open. Mushrooms stand above us with stalks as high as lampposts, streaming down luminous spores that resemble fairy dust.

“This place is perfect,” I whisper out loud.

He takes my hand, brings it to his lips, and presses a soft kiss on my knuckles. *“I am so pleased to have met you. The time we have spent together has been the happiest of my life.”*

I jerk my head upward to meet his sad gaze. “Why does this sound like goodbye?”

“You will see in a moment.”

Bigfoot walks to the middle of the cavern, where the plants part to reveal a tall bush growing a glowing, white rose.

He reaches into it and plucks a petal. Instead of eating it or however forest kings absorb power from their source, he holds it to my lips.

I step back, my brow furrowing. “What are you doing?”

“This is the White Rose of York. It is imbued with the magic of our kind.”

“And you said you needed it to replenish yourself,” I say, still not understanding his actions.

“It also has the power to end your pregnancy.”

“No.” I raise a palm. “We already discussed this. I’m having the baby.”

He lowers the petal and stares into my eyes with an intensity that makes my stomach twist into complicated knots. Bigfoot is confusing. I can’t work him out. He’s the one who wanted me to get pregnant and now he’s offering me an escape.

“Faye.”

“What?” I step backward. “Have you changed your mind?”

“Of course, not.”

“Then stop waving that petal under my nose. I don’t want it.”

“Brian took away your free will, but I want to give you a choice.”

“Didn’t you hear me tell the dire wolf I chose you?” I say from between clenched teeth.

He nods, his chest heaving, his entire frame trembling as though he thinks I’m going to accept the petal, end the pregnancy, and walk out of his life.

“I wanted to be sure,” he says, the voice in my head a whisper.

My breath hitches, and it takes every effort to fight back the tears. His gesture is so self-sacrificing that I can’t believe anyone would be willing to put my needs before their own.

“Throw that petal away.” I shake my head.

He hesitates for several heartbeats, giving me the chance to change my mind. I can’t cope with this generosity, this overwhelming selflessness. But if I don’t say something else, he won’t stop.

“It’s only a few months,” I mutter. “That’s enough time for me to have the baby, wean it, and go back to my life.”

“You are sure?”

“Yes,” I say, my voice gruff. “Stop making things difficult, and let me do this for you.”

He exhales a long breath, and I don’t need to be connected to his mind to know that it’s relief. When I meet his eyes, they’re shining and bright.

“Thank you, Faye,” he says, his words choked.

“It’s my pleasure,” I reply with a smile, meaning every word.

Bigfoot scoops me into his arms and pulls me to his larger body for a hug. His heart beats hard against my chest, and his breath warms my neck. *“You will not regret this. No matter what, our baby will always be loved.”*

I close my eyes, inhales his musky, masculine scent, and relax into his embrace. Everything about this creature tells me he will be a loving father who will treat his son as precious.

My heart pounds in unison with his, and our bodies melt together as if we really are a couple brought to each other by love and not deception. I exhale a happy sigh. There's one thing to be said about life here in the forest. It's an unending adventure.

When he finally releases me, I'm about to take a step back, when he kisses me on the forehead.

An ache forms in my chest, and I swallow back the disappointment that he didn't kiss me on the lips.

"Are you going to replenish your power?" I ask, my gaze darting down to the petal between his fingers.

Bigfoot nods and brings it to his lips. I take a step back, not knowing what to expect. The forest is full of magic, but I'm still surprised when white light shines from the petal.

He places it in his mouth, the action doing nothing to dampen the glow, not even when he starts to chew. The light grows brighter as it travels down his throat and settles around his heart.

"Does that hurt?" I whisper.

He takes one huge breath, then another before doubling over and bracing his arms on his knees.

I step toward him and place a hand on his back, only for the heat radiating off his body to sear my palm.

"Shit." I snatch away my hand and take a step back. "Bigfoot, are you alright?"

"I was not expecting it to be so potent," he says into my mind.

"Does it hurt?"

“No.” His voice is deeper, rougher, more predatory.

My hand flies to my chest. “Why do you sound so beastly?”

Bigfoot doesn’t reply, but his breath deepens. My prey instincts kick into overdrive, and every strand of fur on my body stands on end.

Oh shit.

What’s happening?

“Are you having an allergic reaction to the rose?”

I ask, taking another step back.

My hands drift down to my belly, and I swallow hard. Are these my protective instincts toward the baby?

Bigfoot grunts and growls, sounding like he’s in the midst of transforming into a terrifying monster. My heart slams against its cage, trying to break free. I stagger backward, ready to bolt in case he loses his shit.

“*Say something,*” I whisper into our bond. “*I’m scared. Bigfoot, please—*”

His head snaps up, and I stare into irises as white as the rose petal. Panic explodes across my chest, triggering my fight or flight. I’m about to scream when he speaks.

“*My power...*” he says in a low growl. “*It has never felt so potent.*”

“Th-that’s good,” I rasp, trying to look anywhere but the thick erection rising off the ground.

It’s nearly as long as I am tall with the thickness of his calf. A shudder runs down my spine and settles into my pussy.

The more it rises, the more it contracts, until it reaches the length of my forearm.

The pulse behind my clit pounds hard enough to make my thighs tremble. I turn to him and ask, “Did you resize that erection for me?”

“Yes,” he snarls. *“And you will take it like a good girl. Then I will cum down your throat.”*

My mouth waters, but it’s nothing compared to the way my pussy dribbles with need. I’m still loose from that last orgasm and really need his cock.

I glance from side to side, looking for a surface suitable for fucking. “Where?”

Bigfoot steps closer, the glow in his eyes getting brighter. *“I want to hunt.”*

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me, woman. I will give you a slow count, and you will run. When I reach twelve, I will make you scream.”

“That sounds nice.” I turn around, duck beneath a glowing fern, and dart around a thorn bush. “But what happens if I get away?”

“You will not.”

My knees buckle. He says that with such certainty that it’s only a matter of time before I get fucked with that thick cock.

“Will you play?” he growls.

“Y-yes,” I reply, my heart already galloping.

“Then run. Run as far as you can, little human, because I plan on claiming that sweet cunt.”

He doesn't need to tell me twice. I take off, my arms and legs pumping in unison with my frantic heart. Fluorescent plants slap at my exposed arms but I pay them no mind.

All that matters is getting ahead of Bigfoot. I can't wait for him to catch up with me and fuck me until I see stars, but I also want him to burn off some of that aggression.

The air splits with a loud, guttural roar that sounds like it's coming from an apex predator on the verge of feasting. My prey instincts kick me up the ass and force me to accelerate.

Oh shit.

I fear for my poor pussy and all my other holes.

Bigfoot, my sweet gentle giant, is turning feral.

Chapter Twenty-One



I sprint through the dark tunnel toward a pinprick of light, hoping it will provide an escape. The walls close in on both sides, getting narrower and narrower until they will slow someone as large as Bigfoot.

“Ten.” His deep growl reverberates in my head.

My heart stutters, and my core floods with heat. I’d better make this chase nice and long, or my pussy will be finished.

“Nine.”

With each passing moment, the light grows brighter until it forms the exit of the cave. I stumble out into the cool night air, only to find the ground descending at a steep angle. Shit. This has to be some kind of valley.

“Eight.”

Above me is the overhang of a cliff and beyond that, the stars. Vines hang overhead like silken ropes, providing me with an easy escape. I grab the nearest one and take a swing.

“Seven.”

My pulse quickens, and not just because of the prospect of getting caught by Bigfoot. Tarzan makes it easy, but swinging on vines is hard on the arms. Blood roars in my ears,

punctuated with my hot, heavy breaths. I lose track of Bigfoot's countdown and focus on getting away.

This valley is shaped like the inside of a ball, and the one way out is through the top. But I'm barely strong enough to make that high swing.

Throwing my weight back, I pull on the vine, swinging higher and higher to create enough momentum to reach the exit. I'm so preoccupied with escape that I don't notice Bigfoot until something hard prods at my ass cheeks.

I clutch the vine and glance over my shoulder to find him swinging backward with an erection the length of a pole vault. My clit throbs, but my heart skips several beats.

"What are you doing?" I shriek.

"Ready or not, here I cum."

My pussy clenches in anticipation. "You can try."

He grins at me, his eyes glowing in the darkness. His long erection bobs with every swing, aiming for my holes. Bigfoot has an advantage. Not only is he an expert on vines, but his cock can change shape to suit his needs.

Right now, it's swinging toward me like a second vine, its bulbous tip aiming between my legs. I shift my hips, trying to dodge his thrusts, but it's too late.

The cockhead slips inside my pussy with a deep thrust that fills me to the brink of choking. He's so meaty and thick that a wave of sensation radiates through my core, forcing out a scream.

Bigfoot's triumphant roar fills the valley, making the air tremble.

"Got you," he snarls into our bond.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan, my fingers tightening around the vine.

I swing away from him and push out his cock, making Bigfoot growl.

Next time I turn around it's to find Bigfoot holding onto his vine without moving, and letting his cock give chase. It swings like a heat-seeking pendulum, set to one specific target.

His clever cock finds me again and again, moving in and out of my pussy with increasing power and momentum. Each time I succeed in avoiding him, it swings up and spansks me on the clit.

“This isn't fair,” I say through panting breaths. “You're supposed to be chasing after me, not using your magic penis.”

“Your dripping cunt has no complaints,” Bigfoot says with a deep chortle.

Shit. He's right.

I'm so hot and wet and swollen. Every thrust hits my g-spot with an accuracy that makes me cry out. I want him to pin me down and fuck me until my vision turns white, but I'm determined not to lose this game.

Bigfoot's swinging dick is running me ragged through the vines. Each time his cockhead finds my pussy, it's with a fresh burst of pleasure that pushes me toward orgasm. My body is alight with excitement, as I never know if he'll stretch me open or deliver a sharp slap to my clit.

I swing farther and faster, but his penis always catches up and always finds the right spot.

“You look so beautiful, trying to escape my cock,” he rumbles. *“No matter where you run, I will always find you.”*

My heart leaps, and I wonder if he's talking about more than just this game of chase. There's no time to think about that when his huge penis swings toward me like a lasso.

Twisting to the side, I avoid its trajectory, only for it to circle back and hit my clit with a delicious sting. Sensation spreads up my belly and down my inner thighs.

"Oh," I moan, my eyelids fluttering shut. I can't let Bigfoot make me cum with a cock-whipping. "You missed."

Bigfoot chuckles. "*Did I?*"

I'm so slippery and wet that moisture coats my outer lips, asscheeks, and inner thighs. Before I even get the chance to reply to his question, Bigfoot's huge body presses into my back.

"*Got you.*" He wraps an arm around my middle and pulls me into his strong chest.

"Only because you cheated," I reply, my voice breathy. "You just hung on a vine and chased me till exhaustion, while your cock did all the work."

His rumbling laughter infuses me with warmth. Bigfoot hangs behind me on my vine and presses several kisses down my neck, not seeming to care that I'm sweaty and hot.

"*You smell delicious,*" he says.

"Good enough to eat?" I ask.

"*Always.*" He enters me with another thrust.

This time, his cock is thicker, heavier, with prominent veins and ridges that shift against my walls. His thick erection pistons in and out of me while the rest of him remains still, pushing me closer and closer to the edge.

Releasing the vine, I clutch at the strong arm holding me in place. My pussy trembles and convulses in his embrace, and my eyes rolls toward the back of my head. Who would have thought that being hunted like prey would be so exciting? More importantly, I can't believe his amazing penis.

"H-how are you doing that?" I ask through panting breaths.

"I have complete control of my cock," he replies into our bond. *"My mastery of it has taken long hours of practice."*

"Show me," I whisper.

With a deep rumble, Bigfoot's erection changes the angle of its thrust, hitting all my sweet spots. His motions are deliberate, controlled, as though his cock has a will of its own. It's as dextrous as any finger, but with the girth of a limb. It has everything I need to guarantee a multiple orgasm.

The muscles of my pussy clamp around his girth, making him moan. *"Good girl,"* he growls. *"You are taking my cock so well."*

"F-fuck." I squeeze harder.

He growls. *"I love it when you milk me of my cum."*

"It's so delicious," I reply with a moan.

"And all yours."

He continues pistoning in and out of me with deep and hard thrusts, all the while encasing my body in a hug. I lean against his chest, feeling so pampered, so protected, so pleased.

Sensation mounts throughout my core. I'm so close to the edge that I can almost taste my own orgasm. My fingers dig

into the strong forearm wrapped around my middle, and my hips make erratic jerks.

“Let it come,” he says, his voice vibrating through my skull. *“I want to feel your pleasure.”*

Bigfoot maintains his pace, but each thrust becomes harder and more accurate until every inch of my body trembles.

I’m so close...

Then his teeth clamp onto my neck, sending a wave of shock that pushes me over the edge.

An orgasm explodes through my system like a lightning storm, detonating every inch of my nerve endings with pleasure.

“You feel so good,” he says, his cock jerking through my insides and making everything twice as intense.

My vision goes white. I’m trembling, gasping, and screaming, all while Bigfoot drives home with one final thrust.

“Oh, god,” I yell.

Bigfoot growls. *“It’s Your Majesty. I am your ruler and you are mine.”*

I cry out, unable to process the larger meaning of his words. Euphoria races up and down my spine and travels to my every limb. Bigfoot throbs within my walls as though on the verge of cumming, but when my orgasm fades, he pulls out.

Delicious aftershocks rush through my system at the absence of his girth. I collapse against his chest, my body thrumming. No one has ever made me feel so satisfied, so complete, but Bigfoot still hasn’t cum.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, my eyes heavy lidded.

His cockhead appears in my line of sight, all red and swollen and glistening with my juices. It’s about the size of my fist and too large to fit in my mouth.

“Feed,” he rumbles. *“My seed belongs to you.”*

Saliva floods my mouth. How considerate of Bigfoot to remember that his balls contain a precious nutrient. I grab his crown with both hands and run my tongue up and down its slit.

Bigfoot’s panting breath fills my ears, and he buries his face into my neck. *“Faye, I can no longer hold back. I am going to—”*

“Cum,” I say into our bond. *“Let go, drain those swollen balls, and give me everything you’ve got.”*

I barely complete my sentence before he climaxes with an ear-shattering roar. A burst of warm, creamy fluid splatters over my face.

Opening my mouth, I direct the flow and swallow it with greedy gulps. He’s saltier than usual but just as sweet, with a faint scent of roses.

Each mouthful I guzzle infuses me with strength. Strength to continue this pregnancy and give birth to a healthy son. I lose myself in the delicious fluid and revel in my feast.

When his balls drain down to a trickle, Bigfoot kisses my temple. *“You are mine, and I am yours.”*

I’m too exhausted to reply, and Bigfoot doesn’t put me under pressure to respond. Instead, he eases the cockhead from my grip, snuggles me closer and strokes my hair until my eyelids flutter shut.

His chest rises and falls with mine, and our hearts beat in sync. I can't imagine a more perfect ending to this adventure. The way he makes me feel is addictive.

Chapter Twenty-Two



Months pass, and I lose track of time, save for the movements of the sun and moon. My belly is so swollen that I can't see my feet. The process has been surprisingly pleasant for a monster pregnancy, but then I have Bigfoot helping me all the way.

I sit against his chest in the middle of a field of lemongrass, my ass and pussy resting on his thick erection, which he's shifted to the size of a log.

Bigfoot crushes a clump of herbs in his hand, releasing their sweet, citrus scent. Milky juices dribble down his fingers, and he rubs it onto my shoulders. Its warm liquid soothes my skin, making me sigh into his touch.

My fur is almost as thick as his but a mousy brown to match my hair. The only part of me that isn't covered is the space around my cheekbones, around my brow, and under my lips.

"Is that better?" he asks into our bond.

"Shouldn't the mighty forest king tell the insects not to bite his mate?" I mutter.

Bigfoot chuckles. *"Pregnancy has made your blood sweeter. They cannot resist your scent."*

“Hopefully the lemon grass will keep them away,” I say with a huff.

“I can guarantee it,” he replies, his hands drifting down my arms.

Cassandra raises her head from where she lies at my side with her fawns and mate close by. It’s a lazy morning, and the sun has nearly completed its ascent above the line of trees. Either of us are in a rush to do anything—we’ve had breakfast, a gentle swim in Bigfoot’s pool, and now plan on taking a walk around the forest.

My thoughts are interrupted by a sharp kick in my abdomen that makes me flinch.

“Are you alright, my love?” Bigfoot asks.

“It’s just the baby,” I say with a wince.

He places his hand on my belly, his chest making a rumbling purr that indicates he’s pleased. *“Our child is ready to be born.”*

I shake my head. “He’s just a little menace.”

“He is strong,” Bigfoot says with a laugh.

“Okay, he’s a strong little menace.” The baby gives me another kick for good measure.

Bigfoot rubs gentle circles over my belly, the warmth of his palm seeping through my womb and making the baby relax. I melt into his embrace, let my eyes flutter shut, and bask in his warmth.

This is the most peaceful I’ve felt in my entire existence and the most loved. Bigfoot takes care of my every need, from food to hugs to sexual pleasure. I know I’m a vessel for his

baby, but there's a part of his affection that's reserved only for me.

His lips graze my neck, and I almost forget about the outside world. Now is the only time that matters. I don't have to worry about the future until after giving birth.

As he soothes the baby with his touch, my own body starts to respond. Warm tingles travel down to my clit, tightening the muscles of my core. I bite down on my bottom lip to suppress a moan. Pregnancy has made me eager for sex, but it doesn't help that my pussy lies flush against his oversized erection.

His cock stretches halfway down his calves today, but lies nestled on the lemon grass at three times its usual thickness. I pull up my legs and rest the balls of my feet on the ridge of his cockhead, making him moan.

"Eager little mate," he murmurs into my mind, his warm breath sending jolts of sensation across my chest.

I arch my back, my hips circling, my clit rubbing against a prominent vein. Months ago, I would have bristled at being called his mate, but that's the most accurate way to describe our connection.

Bigfoot's palms rise up my belly, and he cups my breasts. His thumbs brush over my hardened nipples, making me moan.

"You like that?" he asks, his thick fingers rolling them into peaks.

"You know I do."

"Faye, you are even more beautiful when you're grinding your wet cunt on my cock."

My cheeks burn, and I lower my gaze to the feet pressing on his cockhead. It's hard to deny the truth. It's not just the pregnancy that makes me horny—it's Bigfoot.

I haven't been able to get enough of him since the first night I saw him emerging from the trees. As much as I despise my ex, I can't blame him for cheating on me with Bigfoot. Bigfoot is the most generous and considerate and masculine creature I've ever met, and I can't believe I'm the object of his attention.

His fingers tighten around my nipples as he pulls them taut, stretching them to twice their usual length. Sensation rushes straight to my clit, which now feels ready to burst.

“What are you doing?” I ask with a moan.

“*Getting you ready for feeding,*” he replies. “*I want them longer and thicker.*”

“For the baby?”

His low growl makes my skin tingle. “*And for me.*”

One of his hands drops down between my legs. He parts the thick fur, pushes a finger through my inner lips and presses down on my clit.

Pleasure explodes across my core, and my breath catches. I throw my head back and pant.

“*That's it,*” he rumbles. “*I want you to have an orgasm that will shake the entire forest. I want you to cum so hard that flocks of birds burst from the trees.*”

Pressure builds up around my clit, and my breath comes in shallow pants. I wriggle and jerk beneath his touch, my pussy smearing juices over his huge cock.

The pleasure is too intense. I can't hold back much longer, but I'm determined to make this moment last.

"Cum for Daddy," he says in a low growl.

An orgasm rips through my body, setting my fur alight. I arch my spine, throw back my head, and scream. Bigfoot continues teasing my clit, pushing my pleasure to higher states of delirium.

His cock shrinks to the girth of his forearm, and he lifts me onto his hips. I reach down, guide his erection into my hungry pussy, and thank the stars that he has the world's most versatile penis.

"You are so tight," he growls, his hips jerking.

"You're so bloody big," I reply through panting breaths.

I'm still cumming, yet he hits my sweet spot over and over, turning my vision white. My senses go into overload, and I can no longer feel my legs as he triggers yet another orgasm.

"That's my girl," he says, his voice filled with warmth. *"I love the way you cum around my cock and squeeze it with your muscles. I love the way you milk me of my cum."*

"My cum," I say into the bond.

His chest vibrates the way it does when he's pleased. *"All yours."*

He moves his hips in gentle circles, his cock lengthening and shortening within my pussy and doing all the work. My orgasm eventually fades, leaving me lying boneless against his chest with my legs splayed wide and my muscles clinging to his erection.

Bigfoot's erection trembles and swells like he's about to erupt.

"Give it to me," I say, my words slurred.

My hands are already between my legs by the time his cock withdraws, and I wrap my fingers around his length as it expands to reach my mouth.

"That's it," he says. "Pump it hard, make me spurt, swallow all my cum."

With a moan, I run my hands up and down his shaft, which is still slippery with my fluids. Bigfoot's chest tightens at my back, his abdominal muscles drawing in. He's close.

I take him into my mouth, swirl my tongue around his bulbous head, and lash the flat of it back and forth over his slit. Precum streams into my mouth, making it water. I swallow it down, hollow my cheeks and apply suction.

"Good girl," he groans. "Just like that."

Both hands rub up and down his shaft, encouraging it to spurt. The veins and ridges on his erection grow more prominent, telling me he's close. I want to draw out his pleasure, make him beg, but I'm so eager for another taste of him that I close my lips around my mouthful of cock and hum.

Bigfoot groans, bucks his hips, and spurts. My mouth fills with hot, syrupy liquid that reminds me of salted caramel. I swallow mouthful after mouthful, my hands reaching down between his legs to squeeze his heavy balls.

"F-Faye," he moans.

"You like that?" I ask.

"Fuck. Keep milking my cock," he rumbles. "Drain my balls until I am dry."

I bob my head up and down his shaft, taking him as far back as I can down my throat. It's difficult with his cock twitching and swelling with every spurt.

Bigfoot shudders beneath me, his huge frame pumping at my command. My mouth and hands and tongue work in harmony to extract every precious drop. Eventually, after an eternity of bliss, his body goes limp, then he lies back and pulls me into his side.

His cock still remains in my mouth, and I lap up the last drops before releasing his softening shaft. He heaves a heavy breath and sighs.

"I am thankful you helped me vanquish the dire wolf," he murmurs into the bond.

"HMMMMM?"

"Getting past him and his minions to reach the rose would have been difficult, and I do not know if I could survive your appetites without the assistance of its magic."

I snuggle against his back. "It's your fault for being so delicious."

Tightening his arms around my middle, he nuzzles at my neck, making my chest purr. This is probably a pregnancy thing, but I've never felt more blissful.

Bigfoot and I drift off into a nap, the gentle breeze cooling our fur. Bees buzz, birds tweet in the distance, and my chest swells with an emotion I'm not ready to name.

I'm just about to tumble into a deeper slumber when his body stiffens.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

Bigfoot sits upright, bringing me with him. He scowls, his gaze fixed onto the bordering trees.

My fingers close in around his forearm. "Tell me."

"Human intruders."

"Brian?"

He rises to his feet. *"There are too many to count, but Brian is among them."*

I squeeze my eyes shut.

Oh, shit.

What the fuck is Brian scheming, now?

Chapter Twenty-Three



I scramble to my feet, my legs still trembling from the aftershocks of the most pleasant orgasm. Bigfoot holds my shoulders, keeping me steady, but it's hard to remain composed knowing that Brian has returned with reinforcements.

"Faye, you must retreat to the treehouse." Bigfoot's fingers tighten around my shoulders.

"Alright," I reply, my gaze boring into amber eyes that burn with fury. "But you're coming with me."

"I must go to Brian."

Jealousy slices through my chest, making me flinch. The emotion is irrational, considering that Brian betrayed us both in multiple different ways, but I can't help but remember that they were once lovers.

"Why would you go there?" My voice cracks.

"A large quantity of humans invading my territory can only mean one thing." He inhales a large breath. *"From the scent of gunpowder, I expect they are hunters."*

I hiss between my teeth. "Are you sure? That's all the more reason to stay away. What if they have machine guns and —"

Bigfoot places a thick finger over my lips. *“Hush, Faye. I will keep out of sight.”*

“How?” I ask through our bond. *“You’re huge.”*

He wraps his arms around my back and draws me into his larger body. My belly is so big that I have to shift to the side to rest my head against his chest. His heartbeat is strong and steady, which is a good sign, considering I’m on the verge of panic.

“I am a master of camouflage,” he replies. *“Do not worry. I will stay safe.”*

Every instinct in my body wants to hold onto Bigfoot forever and never let him go. This patch of the forest is secluded, and Brian doesn’t have a chance of being able to navigate the waterways.

Inhaling Bigfoot’s masculine scent, I let my eyelids fall shut. We stand together for several heartbeats, his presence a balm on my frazzled nerves. Even the baby, who had started to stir, now relaxes back to sleep.

Finally, he draws back and scoops me into his arms. *“I will take you to the treehouse.”*

“Alright,” I rasp. *“Is there anything I can do to help?”*

“Stay safe and out of the way,” he says, his words gruff. *“Brian and the hunters must never know your location.”*

I nod, my throat thick. Something terrible is about to happen, and I don’t know how to stop it. Bigfoot carries me across the field of lemon balm and into the shadow of the trees, with the family of deer flanking us on both sides.

Leaves rustle around us, carried by the breeze, but the birds stop singing and all the smaller animals still, seeming to

sense the tension in the air.

“Can you call on the other forest kings for help?” I ask.

“Unfortunately, not,” he replies. *“We are territorial creatures and are more likely to attack each other than work together against the humans.”*

“Even if it means putting yourselves at risk?”

He huffs a laugh. *“Perhaps there is something in the royal blood that says there can be only one.”*

“Or maybe it’s the curse.”

He nods.

After taking me into the treehouse and stationing all manner of wild animals at the base of its trunk and small creatures and birds around the windows, he kisses my forehead and disappears through the door.

I walk around the wooden room, trying to distract myself from the oncoming danger. It takes every ounce of self-control not to use our bond. The last thing Bigfoot needs right now is a distraction. I straighten the bed, sort out the nuts, and even make a makeshift weapon out of a twig.

No matter how much I try not to think about Brian’s latest machinations, my mind wanders back to his plan to turn my pregnancy into an online reality show.

What if he’s already captured enough footage to tell the world about Bigfoot?

“Your Majesty?” asks Levander.

I turn to the window and lock gazes with the snowy owl.
“What is it?”

“Try not to fret. His Majesty has everything under control. We will protect you and your child, no matter what.”

I offer him a tight smile, even though my heart sinks at the suggestion that something might happen to Bigfoot.

“Can the other animals tell you what’s happening over there?”

“No.” He flaps his wings and perches on the round table. “But from the stillness in the forest I can tell that His Majesty is in no danger.”

“Thank you,” I say with a sigh.

“Would you like something to eat?”

I rub the back of my neck. We already had trout sashimi for breakfast, and the thought of food makes my stomach churn. My gaze darts back to Levander, who bobs his head and bounces on his talons, looking so eager to help.

“Actually, I would love something sweet. Do you have any of those tiny strawberries?”

With a sharp nod, he takes off, leaving me with the not-so-talkative animals.

I lie back on the bed and stretch out my arms and legs. It’s so vast and empty here without Bigfoot. We haven’t spent much time apart since the day we traveled to the cavern, so even an hour away from him feels like an eternity.

Tuning into our bond, I try to sense his feelings. Bigfoot usually sends me thoughts when he needs to communicate, but I’m in the habit of saying things out loud.

Little by little, I pick up emotions—mostly strength and determination. There’s a brief moment of surprise as he notices me eavesdropping, followed by a rush of warmth.

He doesn't say anything, and neither do I. Whatever he's doing out there has to be dangerous. Brian is a coward and wouldn't have returned here without protection after pulling such an evil stunt. Bigfoot was angry enough being tricked into getting me pregnant, but Brian's plot to broadcast us to the internet was heinous.

An image forms in my mind. At first, it's the dense foliage of a shrub. Bigfoot's large hands part the bushes to reveal a clearing on the edge of the forest filled with humans. They each carry backpacks, weapons, and cameras. Two of them hold a banner that says:

BRIAN'S BIGFOOT SIGHTING TOURS.

What an asshole.

I stop counting the humans after twenty because I'm so painfully aware that Bigfoot is within hunting distance.

"Your Majesty?" asks a hooting voice.

It's Levander, perched on the back of a dining chair with his wings outstretched. Huge leaves cover the table, each containing different colored strawberries, each a quarter of the usual size.

"Please relax and enjoy your feast," he sweeps into a low bow.

"Thanks." I pad over to the table, my gaze wandering to the squirrels and owls crowding the window. "This looks delicious."

I make sure to sample at least one berry from each pile, focusing on their sweetness and rich flavors as a distraction from Brian's bullshit.

If everything goes right, Brian will give them a tour of the forest, show them a few dubious looking footprints, and they'll all denounce him a scammer and demand a refund.

A laugh bubbles in my chest. That's the best possible outcome.

A peculiar buzz rips through the air, distracting me from my feast. I jerk my head up and find the animals scattering from the windowsill, their eyes wide with fright. A drone hovers toward our tree, its blades slicing through the air.

I sit motionless, my pulse pounding hard enough to drown the hum.

"Please stay calm," Levander says, his voice rising with panic. *"If we hold still, I'm sure it will fly away."*

He's wrong.

The drone's red lights blink on and off, indicating that it's capturing footage. I need to grab it, break it in half, and make sure it never returns to Brian.

In a few quick strides, I reach the window and snatch the drone out of the air. Snarling, I crush it under my fingers and toss it to the ground.

"Naughty, naughty, little Faye," a tinny voice says from the wreckage. "Did you honestly think I wouldn't keep track of my little project?"

My jaw drops. "Brian?"

Chapter Twenty-Four



Panic hits me in the chest, making my heart lurch. I stumble away from the broken drone, my mind spiraling. How did Brian get hold of such a high-tech device? Does he have more? Can he access our tree house?

I shake off those questions. Their answers are too obvious. What I really need to ask is if he and the other humans are close.

“Yes, it’s me,” Brian says, his voice echoing from the broken machine. “You can run, you can break my toys, but you can never hide.”

Levander and I exchange shocked glances, but I don’t dare speak again. It doesn’t matter because Brian breaks into a laugh.

“I knew there was a chance you wouldn’t cooperate with the show, so I set up a contingency plan.”

“What are you talking about?” I whisper, my voice hoarse.

“Remember when Bigfoot brought us trout to eat after our three-way? It was drugged,” he says, his voice giddy with triumph. “After Bigfoot fucked you senseless, I gave him a meal of fish laced with colorless, odorless, and tasteless ketamine.”

My jaw locks tight, my teeth hard enough to crack the enamel. Brian talks like a movie villain, every syllable hitting my nerves like daggers. He has to be performing for an audience.

“Get to the point,” I growl.

“I had to drug you, of course, so you wouldn’t notice me inserting the microchip.”

“Micro—”

Nausea swirls in my gut and hits the back of my throat, accompanied by a sound that’s part-scream and part sob. I clap a hand over my mouth, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of my shock.

“Where is it?” I rasp, already knowing he’ll never give me an answer.

He falls silent for several tense heartbeats before finally replying, “No matter where you hide in this forest, I will always find you. And from the video clips I just captured, it looks like the pregnancy has changed your species.”

“Your Majesty, we must leave,” Levander says into my mind.

He’s right. Bigfoot’s beautiful home is now compromised. Staying here any longer would be like inviting the whole world to climb up the tree and take selfies of the pregnant ape-woman. None of it matters because of the trackers.

I turn on my heel and rush away from the broken drone, only for Bigfoot to stride through the door, his eyes wild with panic.

“*Faye.*” He scoops me into his arms. “*I felt your alarm through the bond. What has happened?*”

“We have to get out of here, right now. I’ll tell you on the way.”

Bigfoot carries me out of the door and into the small wooden deck that surrounds our treehouse. He grabs a vine, slides down to the ground, and lands in a crouch.

The animals he stationed around the base of the trunk shift to one side, their fur standing on end. Even the sun, which was bright an hour ago, now cowers behind a cloud. Everyone seems on edge, aware of the impending danger.

Cassandra and her mate are the only ones to approach. There’s no sign of the fawns, who I hope have gone into hiding.

Grabbing Bigfoot’s arm with one hand, I point the other toward the pool. “We need to go somewhere they can’t reach. Brian found us with a drone.”

“*Drone?*”

“It’s a flying object with cameras...” My voice trails off, and I send him the memory of the object that flew into the treehouse.

Bigfoot bares his teeth in a snarl. “*Did it touch you?*”

“No, but he’s probably on his way here with others.”

With a snarl, Bigfoot jumps into the pool. “*If I catch that bastard, I will tear off his head.*”

My stomach lurches as we plunge deeper into the water, and my heart pounds loud enough to deafen the baby. As I explain about the microchips Brian is using to track us, dread wraps its coils around my neck, making me choke. It’s not because we’re traveling so fast, but because I’m terrified for our future.

My fingers scramble around Bigfoot's neck, feeling out for hard patches of skin. His fur is so dense that everything feels the same. Without full-body shaving and a strong magnet, neither of us have a hope in hell of finding the microchips.

"Are you alright?" Bigfoot asks.

"What the fuck are we going to do, now that these people know our location?"

"Any threat to you and the baby will not leave the forest alive."

I exhale a long sigh. "The problem is bigger than those hunters. If any footage gets leaked to the internet, we're screwed."

His growl reverberates in my ears. *"Then every human who comes here looking for us will perish."*

We emerge in an unfamiliar part of the forest, where moss grows on every surface, and the pool is surrounded by twisted trees. On our left is a staircase of rubble that stretches up to a cave.

Thick strands of lichen grow down from the entrance like curtains, giving it an air of mystery.

"What is this place?" I ask.

"The young King Edward hid here from the royalists after his curse." Bigfoot carries me out of the water. *"It is also where he brought his wife when she could no longer hide the symptoms of her pregnancy."*

I gaze up at the cave entrance with a newfound sense of awe.

"But what about the microchips?" I ask.

“As long as we remain here, nobody will reach us,” he says as he ascends the uneven steps. *“Only birds and fish and others of my kind can access this part of the forest.”*

His words give me some comfort, although I shudder at the thought of Brian finding us again with one of his drones. I send a silent word of prayer to anyone listening that the cave can muffle electromagnetic signals.

“Let us go inside and rest,” he says.

Bigfoot parts the curtain of lichen and carries me through the threshold. Damp air chills the skin beneath my fur, and my nostrils fill with the sweet smell of moss.

The cave’s entrance is dark and damp, but my eyes soon adjust to the lack of light. We pass through the narrow walls and down a slope into a large chamber arranged around a fire pit.

Tiny footsteps echo from behind. I glance down to find squirrels and rabbits scurrying ahead of us, each carrying gossypium flower stems with their cotton-like buds.

“What’s happening?” I ask.

Bigfoot gestures toward a low platform beside the fire pit. *“They are preparing your bed.”*

“Don’t you mean ours?”

He shakes his head. *“Those kicks you keep experiencing are a sign that the baby is ready to be born. You must stay here while I help you deliver.”*

The dread in my stomach intensifies in the light of the recent dangers. Brian must have chosen this time to descend on us because he knew we’d be at our most vulnerable.

“Are you sure?” I whisper. “Maybe we can delay the birth.”

Bigfoot nuzzles my neck. *“No matter what happens, I will protect you with my life.”*

His words should give me comfort, but they don't. These months I've spent here in the forest with Bigfoot have been the happiest moments of my life. I can't imagine carrying on without him.

The baby kicks so hard that I jerk forward with a gasp.

“*Faye,*” Bigfoot says, his arms tightening around me.

“Oh, no,” I groan. “You're right. Put me down, the baby wants out.”

He arranges me on my hands and knees on the bed of gossypium buds and positions himself at my rear end.

“Wait,” I say, my voice trembling. “Shouldn't I be lying on my back.”

“This position allows me to start the delivery process.” Thick fingers glide through my folds and tease my clit until it's swollen. *“Human women cannot give birth to our kind without extra stimulation.”*

A moan slips from my lips, and my back arches as the pleasure intensifies. I've never heard anything like this, but it makes a strange sort of sense. Orgasms cause the womb to contract and contractions are what deliver babies.

The baby kicks again, but I barely feel the pain because Bigfoot's mouth lies on my pussy. He makes long, back-and-forth strokes with that textured tongue, and the pressure in my core builds and builds until my eyes cross.

“Deep breaths,” Bigfoot says into our bond. *“You need to keep sending yourself and the baby fresh air.”*

“A-alright.”

Sweat breaks out across my skin as the pleasure travels down my limbs, making them tremble. I’m so hot and wet and needy that I lose track of all thoughts of Brian and the humans and even the baby. A fog of lust clouds over my mind, leaving just me, Bigfoot, and his clever tongue.

“Good girl. You are doing so well.”

Warmth floods my chest at his praise, and an orgasm rips through me with a rush of euphoria. My arms collapse, my head hits the soft bed of blossoms, but Bigfoot’s large hands keep my hips held high.

“Oh, fuck,” I say through panting breaths. “That was great.”

“We have only just gotten started,” he growls, his voice deep and raw. *“Give me another.”*

Before I can protest and tell him that I haven’t even completed the first orgasm, he clamps his lips around my clit and sucks. Sensation kicks me in the core, making my legs rise off the makeshift bed. The only thing keeping me from launching up to the rocky ceiling is Bigfoot’s strong arms.

“Yes,” I hiss, my entire frame shivering with need.

“Cum for me, my love,” Bigfoot croons. *“Break your water with the next climax.”*

A sound penetrates my fog of lust. It’s the *whump-whump-whump* of helicopter blades.

Cold shock races through my veins and pierces my heart.

Fucking hell.

This part of the forest was supposed to be secluded. Bigfoot took us here to to counteract the trackers, but that bastard found another way to capture us.

Chapter Twenty-Five



The thunderous roar of the helicopter slices through my inner peace. Each rotation of its blades infuses me with so much terror that every muscle in my body seizes.

Bigfoot's head snaps up, and he pulls me onto my feet. "How did they reach us?"

"Do you remember what I told you about Brian's tracker?" I send him an image of a chopper, making him hiss through his teeth.

"Another drone."

"Sort of, only large enough to carry humans." I tug at his arm. "Does this cave have an escape route?"

His nostrils flare, and his chest rises and falls with heaving breaths. When his brow tightens with an ominous form of determination, I grab his arm.

"What are you thinking?" I whisper.

"Brian and the other humans will continue pursuing us until we are either captured or dead."

My throat tightens. He's right.

Bigfoot turns to me, his eyes blazing. *"You will escape to the valley, where Levander will be waiting to help you with*

Cassandra and the others.”

“What will you do?” My hand tightens on his bicep.

“I have birds and squirrels waiting to make their attack. In the distraction, I will end all the humans.”

“What? No! They have guns.”

“And I have you and our child to protect,” he says into our bond. *“Go now. I will join you later.”*

“But Bigfoot—”

“Now,” he roars.

I stagger backward, my heart thrashing against its cage. Bigfoot has never raised his voice to me in the entire time we’ve been together.

Footsteps echo from the direction of the entrance, accompanied by excited chatter.

Bigfoot’s eyes glisten, their corners etched with pain. *“Leave. I cannot let you see me slaughter an entire group of humans.”*

An ache forms in my chest. I don’t care that he’s deadly and capable of mass carnage. I don’t care if he tears off their heads and bathes in their blood. I just don’t want to see him hurt.

“The only thing worse than leaving you alone is seeing you captured,” he says, his voice broken. *“Having you here will only make me throw down my life to protect yours.”*

I rush into his arms, press a kiss on his lips, then bolt. Screams echo through the cave, making my heart skip. It sounds like the work of Bigfoot’s army of critters.

“Do not stop, no matter what.” he says into the bond.

“Come with me,” I reply. “Leave the humans to get eaten alive by rodents.”

His deep chuckle resounds through my skull, but then the bond goes silent.

I try to reach him, but it’s as though he’s locked the door to our connection and snapped off the key. Tears sting the backs of my eyes. He thinks I can’t handle a mass slaughter, but he’s underestimating the humans.

At the first gunshot, my heart leaps into my throat. One foot stumbles over the other, and I stop.

“Bigfoot?” I try to reach him through the bond, but it’s silent.

Gunshots and cries echo through the cavernous walls, along with Bigfoot’s roar. My fur stands on end. A huge fist of terror tightens around my throat, choking off my air. I have to turn back. I have to save him.

I’m about to make my way toward Bigfoot when a sharp pain lances through my toe. A squirrel hops off my foot and points its little arm toward the escape tunnel.

He’s right. I can’t do anything in my condition. Not when the humans back there are agitated and shooting like it’s hunting season.

I continue down the dark corridor, trying to run away from the encroaching guilt. Going back would only make me a target. Going back would make me a distraction. Going back will hurt Bigfoot.

The mantra runs through my head until the words blur into a dull roar. Moments later, I step out into a rocky opening in the valley with a tiny pool.

A loud thud echoes from behind, followed by raucous cheers.

My heart plummets to my feet.

They've captured Bigfoot.

Or worse.

He could be dead.

"Bring the female," someone bellows.

That's the kick up the ass that I need to keep moving. I sprint to the pool and dive in head-first, my mind fixed on the only thing that might help us out of this mess.

The White Rose of York.

Water batters me on all sides, somehow realizing that I have no right to use this method of transport. The only thing keeping me from drowning is the life in my belly. I might be a human interloper, but I'm carrying Bigfoot's heir.

I keep my eyes closed and focus on my destination. If Bigfoot is injured or near death, I could revive him with a petal.

Eventually, the current pushes me to the surface, and I climb out of what feels like a puddle of mud. From the sharp slope of the ground and the overhead vines, I can tell that I'm deep in the dire wolf's territory and at the closest point to the rose.

Up ahead is the mouth of the cave where Bigfoot and I had played chase. Stumbling to my feet, I shake the sludge off my fur, and hike upward.

My hands tremble too much right now to handle the vines, and my heart aches so painfully with worry that I can barely

stay upright.

Bigfoot has to be alive.

I couldn't stand it if he was gone, but I'm prepared to give up everything to save him.

For the last leg of the journey, I scramble up the vine and into the darkened hallway. My feet drag on the rocky floor, heavy with the weight of my task. Even if I take a few rose petals, I still need to get through the hunters and feed them to Bigfoot. What if he's already dead?

I shake off that thought and continue through the narrow walls. Brian needs Bigfoot alive, otherwise there's no subscription revenue for his internet reality show. A dead Bigfoot is a one-time windfall, but a living one with a mate and a child is a goldmine.

Fury powers my steps, burning away the last remnants of my grief. I walk through the underground forest, shoving aside overhanging ferns and branches that block my path.

Finally, I spot the familiar white glimmer and I quicken my pace. Standing proud among glossy green leaves is the White Rose of York.

"Thank god." I reach for a petal, but a large hand grabs my wrist and pulls me into a furry chest.

"You made it," I say with a gasp.

He gazes down at me, his face splitting into a wide grin. Something is off about his features. They're so similar to Bigfoot's, yet they lack the warmth. His amber eyes are sharp and predatory, making me feel like a morsel he's about to devour.

This is not Bigfoot.

This is someone else.

Someone older, more jaded, less kind.

He leans close, his hand tightening on my wrist, takes a deep sniff, and groans.

“Bigdick, at your service,” he says, sounding nothing like my mate. *“I believe you are pregnant with my grandson.”*

Chapter Twenty-Six



My jaw drops, and I gape at Bigfoot's father, wondering why he's here with the rose. His free arm snakes around my back, holding me steady, even though my legs haven't buckled.

"We need to save Bigfoot," I blurt out loud. "Humans followed us to King Edward's sanctuary, and they fought—"

"You need help," he says, his gaze sweeping down my form.

For the first time in months, I feel naked, even though I'm covered in dense fur. Bigfoot's father's gaze lingers on my swollen breasts and elongated nipples before settling on my belly.

"You need help giving birth," he repeats and licks his lips.

My fur stands on end. This is the creature the dire wolf warned me about. The forest king who impregnated Bigfoot's mother during her labor. It sounded like bullshit at the time, but it all makes sense knowing that human women can only give birth while having multiple orgasms.

I clear my throat. "Sir—"

"Call me Bigdick."

My stomach churns. That name sounds completely made up, and I'll be damned if I say something so suggestive. "Er... Mr. Biddik."

"Big. Dick," he enunciates each syllable.

Bitterness churns in my gut and makes its slimy descent to the back of my throat. This creature isn't here to save his son. He's only here to help himself. The baby kicks me in the gut with a burst of pain that makes me flinch.

Bigdick's eyes flash, and he bares his sharp teeth. *"Come."*

A shudder runs down my spine. "Let me go."

"Do you know what happens to females who ignore the needs of their babies?" he asks.

I wriggle out of his half-embrace but can't release his grip on my wrist. "I need to save Bigfoot."

"My son has fallen to the humans. His territory is compromised. He made the ultimate sacrifice to allow them to capture him and now they will leave and never return."

"You're wrong." I jerk on my arm.

Bigdick's eyes narrow.

"One of the humans knows I exist. He knows I'm pregnant with Bigfoot's child and he won't stop hunting this forest until I'm found."

His features tighten, and he glares straight into my soul, as though assessing the truth of my words

"You have one last chance," Bigdick snarls. *"Come with me, and—"*

“The humans will follow me with their technology. Then they’ll invade your territory, and you’ll end up in the same cage as Bigfoot.”

He bares his teeth and snarls. *“You are a willful female.”*

“I love your son.” The words escape my mind before I can stop them.

Bigdick’s eyes widen, and he releases my arm with a hiss. Shit. I hadn’t meant to say that, and I hadn’t meant to speak into this stranger’s soul.

I stiffen, waiting for him to retaliate or to knock me over the head and drag me back to his territory, but he turns to the rose, snatches a handful of petals, and walks away.

“Foolish woman,” he snarls. *“If you approach the humans, you will fail.”*

“Better to live in a cage with Bigfoot than be free without him,” I say to his retreating back.

His steps falter, and his shoulders rise up to his ears. I hold my breath, waiting for him to retort. From what I understand, no forest king has managed to keep the mother of his child after the birth, and Bigfoot’s mother even risked her life and escaped.

Bigdick glares at me over his shoulder and roars loudly enough to loosen the stalactites. I bend over double and skitter toward the overhead branches, trying to protect my belly.

By the time the cavern clears, he’s gone.

Good riddance.

The White Rose of York stands askew, damaged from Bigdick’s rough handling. My lips tighten, but I approach the royal flower, trying to find some undamaged petals.

I have no idea how the magic works, but I suspect that Bigdick's actions have either sabotaged or weakened its power.

Clasping my hands on my belly, and channelling the baby, I say to the rose, "You don't know me, but I'm carrying an heir of the Royal House of York. People have infiltrated our territory and captured my mate. I don't know if he's alive—"

A sob bursts from my throat, and my vision blurs with tears.

"I don't know if he survived their attack, but I have to save Bigfoot. His son is about to be born, and I can't do it alone."

The rose glows an incandescent white, its petals straightening.

"Please lend me your strength. I need it to save the kindest, most noble descendent of your line."

The rose bobs its head, and its glow fades.

"Thank you," I whisper and pluck three petals.

There's no telling what effect they'll have on something as delicate as an unborn baby, so I don't swallow and only place them between my lips. My plan is reckless and goes against Bigfoot's orders, but I can't let him live the rest of his years as a spectacle. I can't stand for Brian to exploit him for money.

Besides, someone needs to help me deliver the baby.

I give the rose a deep curtsy, and make my way back to the pool of mud.



The journey through the waterways is easier. I can't tell if that's because I have the rose or because I'm traveling to a pool I've used before, but my entire body thrums with determination.

Even the baby stops kicking me so hard, seeming calmed by the rose. By the time I emerge from the water, the sun descends toward the tree line, casting long shadows across the multitude of tents crowding the clearing.

Everyone seems to be preoccupied with a huge white structure at the center of it all to notice me, and judging by the red cross at its peak, it's where they conduct first aid.

"Shit," I mutter under my breath. "How much is Brian charging these assholes for a chance to capture us?"

My gaze wanders to the wooden hut that was supposed to be my home, the one I awoke in the morning after Bigfoot got me pregnant. The falcon perches on its roof, his eyes trained on my hiding place.

"Stay quiet," I say.

He inclines his head.

I glance from side to side, taking in my surroundings, noting the reflective eyes of animals hidden in the trees. My heart skips. They're all here because of their king. He has to be alive.

"Bigfoot," I say into the bond, but there's no answer.

It doesn't matter. I'm going to get my man.

I rise out of the pool, letting the water slide down my fur.

"It's a Bigfoot," screams a woman. "Bride of Bigfoot."

Her voice detonates an explosion of activity, with a group of armed men rushing from their tents.

I raise my hands above my head and freeze. This plan had better work.

Everyone either seems to point a camera at me or a gun. I cringe, hoping Brian has the good sense to cut off the internet. A materialistic, clout-chasing asshole like him would want complete control of all Bigfoot-related footage.

“Put down your guns,” says a familiar voice.

I keep my arms raised, not wanting anyone to get trigger happy, and turn my gaze toward the first-aid building.

Brian steps out, looking like he’s shrunk five inches. That, or I’ve become so accustomed to Bigfoot’s bulk that he makes everyone look puny.

“She’s pregnant,” he says. “Don’t shoot.”

I swallow hard, waiting for them to lower their guns, but Brian rushes past the others and stands at the edge of the pool.

“You gave me a lot of trouble.” He wags his finger. “Your little tantrum caused me a fortune.”

“Where’s Bigfoot?” I say through clenched teeth.

Someone behind him gasps, as though they can’t believe I’m capable of human speech. They can go get fucked.

“He murdered half my crew,” Brian says.

The words drift over me like a breeze, the only part of me registering that these people work for my ex. I file that knowledge away for later.

“Where is he?” I ask.

“Sleeping off the tranquilizer darts in the cage.”

Knots in my stomach unravel, and the tightness in my chest eases a little, allowing me to exhale. I blink back happy tears and try to conceal my relief.

Bigfoot is alive.

“Want to see him?” Brian hooks his thumb toward the first aid building.

I stiffen, not quite understanding how Brian can be so casual about the deaths of his workers and the fact that I thwarted his plans of a reality TV show. With a nod, I climb out of the pool and walk toward the first-aid building.

Scenarios run through my mind. If anyone charges, I’ll side-step. If they try to shoot, I’ll call on the animals to attack. I can’t escalate until Bigfoot is free.

Shit. He’s going to be so furious when he discovers I ran straight back into danger.

A man at the first aid building opens its door, revealing an iron cage twice the size of a double bed. Bigfoot lies on its wooden floor, his chest rising and falling with deep breaths.

My insides warm, and my heart makes a tiny flutter. He looks so peaceful like this, as though he’s snoozing in the treehouse after a night of making love.

“Open the cage,” Brian says.

I glance to the right of the structure, where a man in a white lab coat rises from his desk. There’s a monitor on it displaying an image of DNA and a wooden rack beside the keyboard filled with vials of blood.

My lip curls, but I don’t comment.

Not until the cage is open and I step inside and sit next to Bigfoot. The door swings shut behind me with a loud clang. I

raise my head to find the man in the lab coat turning a lock.

“Out,” Brian says to him.

The man frowns before backing away, leaving us alone in the first-aid building.

“You’re not the brightest star in the sky, are you?” Brian says, his voice giddy with glee.

Ignoring him, I turn Bigfoot onto his side and run my fingers through his fur. It’s dense and matted as though damaged by the helicopter journey. I press my lips together to hold back a reaction.

“You could have run and saved yourself, but you walked into this cage and got captured.” Brian tilts his head and smiles. “Why?”

“Loyalty isn’t a word in your vocabulary,” I reply. “I’m not going to abandon Bigfoot.”

Brian huffs. “You think you can save him? He’s going to be studied and dissected until we work out what makes him tick.”

“Why would you do something so awful? He was your friend,” I say.

“In this world, you are either the predator or the prey. Bigfoot was weak.”

“He should have crushed your neck and stuffed that camera down your throat.”

Brian flashes me a grin. “That would have been the wisest course of action, but Bigfoot chose his fate.”

“You mean he let you suck his cock,” I snap.

Flinching, Brian glances over his shoulder, seeming to look out for eavesdroppers. Then he approaches the cage, his teeth bared. “Shut your mouth if you want to stay conscious.”

My mouth clicks shut. I need to stop antagonizing this asshole and start feeding Bigfoot rose petals. There’s a time and a place for chastising Brian, and it’s going to be after we’ve defeated the humans and torn off his scrawny dick.

His gaze travels down my body and settles on my belly. “Don’t you have a baby to deliver? I’m looking forward to training him to become my own personal cash cow.”

Fury burns through my veins like molten fire, and my guts twist with rage and disgust. My nostrils flare, but I clamp my lips shut and force myself not to respond to the baiting. Brian won’t even be alive to witness the birth of my son.

I nestle into Bigfoot’s side and place a kiss on his lips, ignoring how Brian reaches down to adjust his pants.

“That’s it, Faye,” he says. “Get him nice and hard, then you can ride that sweet cock.”

I place a hand over our joined lips and try slip the rose petals into Bigfoot’s mouth, but his jaws are clamped shut.

“Listen to me,” I say into the bond. *“Stay still and pretend to be unconscious. I have a plan to break us both free.”*

Chapter Twenty-Seven



Cuddling closer to Bigfoot, I ignore Brian’s disgusting commentary. Guilt tightens my insides as I realize I was once like my ex—only seeing Bigfoot as a creature to be used and exploited.

It pains me that I just wanted Bigfoot for sex, that I didn’t care about his loneliness, his desire for companionship, or his huge heart. Back then, I was preoccupied with his huge penis.

At least now, I can see the beauty of his soul and can feel the depth of his emotions. Bigfoot is so much more than his looks—he’s the man I’ve come to love and respect.

“What are you doing?” Brian asks, his voice tight with frustration. “Stop kissing his lips and start sucking that cock.”

My jaw tightens, and it takes every ounce of willpower not to snap. The last thing I want is for Brian to remove me from the cage and lose my chance of waking Bigfoot.

“If you must know, I’m trying to get him in the mood,” I lie.

Brian huffs. “I would have thought you’d have learned to please a man by now.”

His barbed insult flies overhead without even penetrating my pelt. I place both hands on the sides of Bigfoot’s temples,

urging him to awaken.

The baby chooses that moment to kick, sending a flare of pain through my belly that makes me moan. Oh, shit. He's tired of waiting. He wants to be born.

Bigfoot's brow furrows, and the corners of his eyes tighten as though he's fighting his way back to consciousness. It looks like our son is trying to help. I place a hand on my belly, urging the baby to kick.

This time, he slams into me with both feet, the force of the blow so powerful that I cry out.

"Faye!" Bigfoot sounds muffled.

"Wake up," I say into our bond. *"We need you."*

"I. Am. Trying."

One of his legs twitches, and I rub tight circles over his heart, trying to kick start his circulation.

The bars of the cage rattle. *"Faye,"* Brian snaps. *"What are you doing?"*

"Come on, Bigfoot, you can do it."

The baby delivers another kick, making me groan.

Bigfoot's eyes snap open, and his body jerks upright. A shriek sounds on the other side of the cage, but I'm too preoccupied with the awakening of my mate.

He turns to me, his face a mask of confusion that morphs into terror.

"They caught you?" he asks, his voice broken.

"No time to explain," I say into the bond. *"But I brought some petals."*

Bigfoot's gaze unfocuses as though the tranquilizers are still fighting back. He lolls his head to the side and catches sight of Brian.

"Hello, big boy," my ex says, his voice husky. "Remember me?"

Bigfoot bares his teeth.

Oh shit. He's still woozy and confused. I need to get through to him before Brian panics and calls for reinforcements.

I grab both sides of Bigfoot's face. "*Kiss me.*"

He rocks forward, his lips falling into mine. I slip the petals out from under my tongue and push them into his mouth, making him flinch.

"That's it," Brian says, his voice hoarse. "Now grab hold of that huge cock and pump it with both hands."

Brian can go fuck himself with the barrel of a tranquilizer gun. The moment we break out of this cage, I'm going to feed him his own cock.

Bigfoot's breathing deepens as the petals work their magic, and a wave of power seeps from our bond and hits me in the chest.

I rock backward, but he catches me with a strong arm.

"*Faye,*" he growls. "*How are you here? I told you to run to safety.*"

"*I would rather live in captivity with you than be free without you,*" I whisper into our bond.

His eyes widen, and his lips part with surprise, revealing tiny streams of light. That's when I realize that for the months

we've spent together, I haven't told Bigfoot what's in my heart. He's taken such good care of me, filled me with his love and warmth, yet all this time, he assumed I planned on returning to my old life.

"Do you mean it?" he asks.

"Every word." I place a hand over his heart, my fingers tingling from the rapid beat beneath my palm. *"Forgive me for not telling you this before, but I love you."*

"Will you stay with me in the forest?"

"As long as you'll have me," I reply with a smile.

His eyes squeeze shut, and he pulls me into his chest. *"I never dared to hope that you would choose me over your life with the humans."*

I lean into his large body, inhaling the warm musk of his fur. Nobody has ever made me feel so wanted, so loved, so complete. Nobody has ever looked into my heart and seen something worth keeping. Nobody has ever compared to Bigfoot.

Heat radiates from his chest and seeps into mine. The baby stills as though in awe of Bigfoot's power. This feels like the work of the rose petals.

Rising to his feet, Bigfoot pulls me up to standing and then pushes me behind his back. His broad body forms a barrier between Brian and me.

"Hey there, buddy," Brian says. "What's the fuss?"

Bigfoot draws back his fist and punches through the metal bar, making Brian skitter backward and out of reach.

My jaw clenches, and I ball my hands into fists as Brian turns to run toward the door.

If he alerts the others, we're screwed.

Bigfoot's cock whips out like a cobra and wraps around Brian's neck. Brian opens his mouth to scream, but its crown forms a gag.

I walk toward the bars, smirking at the terror in Brian's eyes. Color leaches from his skin, turning it a sickly white.

Now he knows what it feels like to become prey. The best part of this situation is that Brian already secured the door and asked not to be disturbed.

Bigfoot's cock tightens around Brian's throat, turning his face from white to red as he gasps for air.

"Please," Brian croaks. "I can't breathe."

Bigfoot growls and grips tighter.

"Where was your mercy when you were hunting us?" I snap.

"I'm sorry." He wheezes. "Stop. I'm going to die."

Bigfoot reels him closer, so his body is pressed up to the bars. I reach into Brian's pockets, pluck out a key, and unlock the door.

"Tell me something, Brian," I say. "Are there any cameras in this room?"

He shakes his head.

"Who else has the keys?"

"N-nobody can enter this place if it's locked from the inside," he blurts.

"You had better be telling the truth."

“Time to deal with this betrayer.” Bigfoot pulls back his fist.

“Don’t kill him,” I whisper. “We might need Brian later.”

Bigfoot scowls.

“We’ll kill him after he deletes all the recordings he’s made of us and after we’ve dealt with the other humans.”

He punches Brian in the temple, knocking him out cold.

The baby kicks me so hard that my knees buckle.

Bigfoot catches me before I hit the floor. *“Faye!”*

“We can’t wait any longer,” I rasp. “We have to deliver the baby right now.”

Chapter Twenty-Eight



Bigfoot drops Brian's unconscious body, letting his head hit the floor with a satisfying crack. I grip his arm, pulling on the fur so tightly that I swear I'm plucking hairs.

"I wish I could take you somewhere safe," he says.

The baby throws himself against my ribs as if he's trying to escape. I grunt, my insides reverberating with pain.

"No time," I say through clenched teeth.

Bigfoot carries me out of the cage, his gaze darting around the room. To our left are a row of cots covered in pillows and blankets.

He shoves them together, tears a roll of paper off the wall, and arranges the items to form a little nest. It's a more clinical upgrade to what we had in the cave, but anything will do, considering the baby's furious attempts to be born.

After arranging me on my hands and knees, he spreads my legs apart, exposing my pussy.

"I will ease your pain." Bigfoot's hot and heavy breath fans against my folds, making me moan.

Before I can beg him to lick me, he clamps his lips around my clit and sucks. His tongue swirls around the sensitive bundle of nerves with strokes so firm that my thighs tremble.

I'm so sensitive that I feel every taste bud dragging over my clit. Pleasure shoots up my core, making my eyes roll to the back of my head. Even the baby settles and stops kicking.

"It has never been so swollen," he says into our bond.

"I'm so ready to give birth," I whisper out loud.

He laps at my clit, sending bursts of sensation across my sex. Sparks gather at my core, each one swirling around and around so quickly that they form golden ribbons of pleasure. I cry out, my pussy clenching and releasing, desperate to be filled.

"Good girl," he says, his tongue making faster strokes. *"You are getting so close."*

Tremors wrack my entire body, and my limbs feel like they want to collapse. My head drops down to one of the pillows, and all I can do is pant.

Someone knocks on the door, making my heart jump.

I try to ignore them but the knocking becomes insistent.

"Brian?" asks a male voice. "Are you alright in there?"

Bigfoot's huge body stiffens behind me, but he quickens the pace with his tongue.

Oh, shit.

"If I don't say something, they'll break in and start shooting," I moan into the bond.

"Can you impersonate Brian?" Bigfoot asks.

"Doesn't look like I have much of a choice." I clear my throat, deepen my voice, and say out loud, "Fuck off, I'm busy."

The person outside hesitates. "Are you sure?"

Bigfoot pauses, letting me catch my breath.

“What part of ‘I’m busy’ don’t you understand,” I say, channelling the unconscious asshole. “This is my expedition, now leave.”

Whoever is outside doesn’t respond. I’m breathing too hard to listen out for footsteps, but Bigfoot’s tongue resumes its strokes.

“He walked away, telling someone else that Brian is a bastard,” Bigfoot says.

“He isn’t wrong.”

Bigfoot moves his tongue at a more urgent pace, hitting all the right spots. Pressure builds around my core, and the muscles of my thighs and pussy clench.

My head flops down, and I buck my hips, trembling as Bigfoot worries at my clit. The pressure builds and builds until the golden threads holding it back begin to fray.

“That’s it,” he rumbles. *“Now, I want you to cum.”*

Something inside me snaps, and my body is flooded with euphoria. It’s so intense that I open my mouth in a silent scream. Bigfoot clamps his lips around my clit and sucks so hard that I see stars.

Something in me releases, shooting out a deluge of warm fluid all over Bigfoot’s face, down my thighs, and onto the blankets.

“What just happened?” I ask.

“You squirted.”

“My waters broke?”

“Same thing,” he says with a groan.

My pussy is still clenching and spasming with the force of my orgasm, but my entire lower body collapses onto the cot.

“What happens next?” I ask into the bond.

“It is time to prime your channel,” he says from between my legs.

I turn around, my gaze blurry. All I can make out in the haze is the liquid clinging to Bigfoot’s fur. *“What are you talking about? Won’t I get contractions?”*

“No,” he replies. *“I need to ease open your womb and collect the baby.”*

“H-how? Will it hurt?”

“I spent the entire pregnancy preparing you to take my fist. You should find it very pleasurable.”

My heart lurches at the thought of being fisted by Bigfoot, but common sense takes control. How many times have I taken his huge cock and let it stretch my pussy beyond reason? How many times has that thick crown of his shrunk and expanded against my g-spot?

Hell, Bigfoot even fucked me while swinging on a vine with his cock fashioned into a pole vault.

I can take his fist.

“Ready?” he asks.

“Do it.” I buck my hips. *“Fist me, Bigfoot. Fist me hard. Deliver our baby.”*

He pushes his fingers together and tucks in his thumb to make his hand narrow enough to slip through my entrance without discomfort.

I'm so sensitive that I swear I can feel the raised ridges of his fingertips. He pushes into me, bringing a surge of pleasure that makes my muscles clamp.

"Relax," he says with a chuckle, and stretches out my walls.

"Oh, fuck," I moan as his first and second knuckles breach my entrance. "This feels so good."

"Enjoy it."

He pushes in further, the slope of his hand widening with the knuckles that border his palm. I clamp and spasm around him, feeling the beginnings of another orgasm.

"Please," I whisper. "Let me cum."

Something slippery and wet slides over my asshole, making both cheeks clench. Bigfoot's tongue makes slow circles over my pucker, and I pant hard through parted lips. Fuck. This is so kinky. My asshole relaxes with each gentle stroke, and I moan as his tongue breaches my anus.

Pleasant tingles race up and down my spine. I should jerk away as I usually do during anal play, but this feels so delicious. Every raised tastebud of his tongue drags along my walls. It's like being massaged from the inside-out.

"How are you doing this?" I ask.

His pleased growl reverberates across my back. *"I must attack all pleasure centers. If I had another pair of arms, I would use them to pull your nipples."*

With his other hand, Bigfoot reaches beneath my body and clasps my clit between his thumb and forefinger. It feels about four times the size as usual, but I'm too absorbed in the pleasure to care.

Bigfoot gently rolls my clit between his fingers, teasing until it pulses and expands at his command. Maybe this is what he meant when he said that parts of me would swell. My clit is so big that it feels half the size of my thumb.

“Fucking hell. That’s so good.”

His thick fingers glide up and down my clit, squeezing it at the base as though he’s trying to draw out milk. The pleasure is so intense that my walls tighten around his fingers, and my pussy sucks in the rest of his hand.

My asshole trembles around his tongue, making him moan. *“Good girl,”* he says. *“You are taking me past my wrist.”*

I arch my back, my hips trembling from shivers running up and down my spine. Bigfoot doesn’t move his fist back and forth as I expect, but his fingers drag along my walls, hitting every pleasure spot.

Fullness doesn’t even begin to describe how it feels to be fisted by Bigfoot. Ecstasy doesn’t begin to describe how he synchronizes the movements of his tongue. Bigfoot’s clever digits move deep inside my pussy, reaching parts he never could, even with his huge dick.

I twitch and spasm under his command, but when a fingertip traces a circle around my cervix, every muscle of my lower half tightens.

“Good,” he says. *“Keep clenching.”*

His tongue pumps in and out of my asshole, and the fingers around my clit quicken their strokes, pumping up and down until I can’t breathe. It’s impossible to know which I enjoy more—the way he jerks my sensitive bundle of nerves, or the way his fingers skate back and forth over my cervix. Or

maybe it's the ass-fucking he's giving me with that thick tongue.

My body quakes on the edge of a climax that starts at the follicles of my fur. Pleasure spreads outward from my core, intensifying until my vision fills with tears.

Bigfoot's cock snakes beneath my body with its crown curving toward my lips. *"Put this in your mouth. I will secrete enough seed to ease your discomfort."*

I wrap my lips around his cockhead, needing that orgasm, right now.

Streams of precum spill into my lips and down my throat. I swallow over and over and groan.

"Yes," he rumbles. *"Release for me, right now!"*

Bigfoot sticks two fingers into my cervix, triggering an orgasm that launches my soul into orbit. Molten pleasure erupts from my pussy, burning across my flesh. I clench my teeth, feeling like an invisible force is tearing the fur off my back, while the rest of my body spasms with inconceivable bliss.

My asshole feels like it's tearing out Bigfoot's tongue at the root. But my brain is too scrambled to care. I scream, but the sound muffles when his cockhead expands to form a gag. The hand that was once around my clit lands between my shoulder blades, holding me down while the rest of my body thrashes.

This is beyond any pleasure I've encountered before—beyond any imaginable ecstasy. His thick cock pistons in and out of my mouth, supplying me with copious amounts of fluid.

The only thing I can do to stop myself from choking is to swallow.

I'm not sure how much time passes. My soul hovers somewhere close to my body so all I can feel is the orgasm but none of my limbs. I can't even feel the fullness of my asshole.

As the sensations fade, I settle into my body, which lies face-down on the cots, trembling, weak, and empty.

I no longer feel Bigfoot's fingers. All that's left is his cock and even that has stopped spurting.

"What's wrong?" I say into my mind.

Bigfoot doesn't reply.

Even our bond seems to have vanished. I'm alone with my own thoughts, and his lack of presence feels like being plunged into the cold.

As the pleasure disperses, Bigfoot's large hand rolls me onto my back.

I stare up into his amber eyes. Amber eyes that shine with a love that can't be expressed with words. Bigfoot's gaze softens, and I don't even notice what he's holding until I hear a high-pitched squall.

My heart skips a beat, and I glance down at his arms. A tiny pair of amber eyes stare back at me from within a face covered in downy fur. The baby's proportions are different from a human infant, with a smaller head and a large body with long, sinewy limbs.

Warmth fills my heart and spreads across my chest. I can barely speak through a throat thickened with emotion. "Our baby?"

Bigfoot smiles and places the furry bundle in my arms. I'm so overwhelmed with love that I barely notice that I'm hairless.

“Our connection is gone, isn’t it?” I whisper.

He gives me a slow nod, his eyes so sad I can no longer hold his gaze.

Giving birth to Bigfoot’s baby is like waking up from a dream where everything made sense at the time, only to find its events ridiculous in the harsh light of day. My connection with Bigfoot was a drug that numbed me to reality.

Now that I’m sober, I understand why all the other human women left. These past few months have been insane.

The baby wriggles in my arm, his little mouth seeking my breast. With a smile, I guide him toward my nipple, and he latches on.

“Thank you,” I whisper, my gaze rising to meet Bigfoot’s. “I love him.”

Bigfoot’s smile tightens into a grimace. I realize why. He can no longer speak into my mind and can no longer sense my emotions. Instead, he sends me an image of myself and the baby, but there’s no sight of him.

It takes a few moments to remember that swallowing Bigfoot’s cum gives a one-way connection where he can communicate with pictures. He’s trying to ask if there’s any room in my heart left for him.

Exhaling a long breath, I gather my thoughts and push past the weirdness of our situation. Sure, I spent my entire pregnancy hungering for his cum and riding an unfeasibly large cock. And the past twelve hours have been perilous. That’s not even mentioning Bigfoot’s creepy dad, Bigdick.

None of that matters. Beneath the craziness is a male who has shown me more love and commitment than any human. One that’s impossible not to adore.

“Nothing has changed, you know,” I say, my voice thick. “The love I have for you shines as brightly as ever, even if we can’t communicate through our bond.”

Bigfoot smiles again, this time with the radiance of the sun. He leans forward, his lips moving toward my forehead, but I tilt my head back and capture his mouth.

The kiss is slow and sweet and saturated with happiness. Bigfoot sends me images from the time we spent together, from the lazy mornings in bed, to the evenings we made love beneath the stars. Our connection might be gone, but my love for him will never fade.

Two sets of knocks pound on the door, breaking us away from the kiss.

“Brian, are you even alive?” someone yells from outside. “Open up!”

Chapter Twenty-Nine



The persistent knocking grates against my nerves and sparks the realization that these people won't ever leave us alone. My jaw clenches, and I gaze into Bigfoot's eyes, which burn with frustration. I'm certain he's thinking the same.

My gaze drops down to our baby suckling on my breast, and a knife of dread pierces my heart. Brian and his entourage are a threat to the freedom of my child. If I allow them to live, they will hunt my poor, innocent baby and place him into captivity.

Or worse.

Horrible scenarios infest my mind, making my skin tighten. Brian could exploit the poor child into some kind of internet *Truman Show*, offer him up to collectors, or carry out the threat to keep him as a plaything.

That's never going to happen as long as Bigfoot and I are alive.

The knocking continues, and the voices become frantic. They think something's happened to Brian, and they would be right. Through my own personal fog of panic, I hear someone mention blowing the door open with a gun.

My gaze sweeps up to meet Bigfoot's. "We can't let these people hurt our son."

He cups the side of my face, his palm warm and leathery. His expression is sad and imploring, as if he's asking me for permission.

"Could you kill those humans in front of us?" I rasp. "If they get hold of the baby—"

He places his finger on my lip as though hearing the words out loud is too much to bear and brings his forehead close to mine.

"Please, protect him," I whisper. "I don't want our child to be hunted and exploited."

Bigfoot draws back, his features set with determination. I can't read his mind, but his expression asks me to forgive him.

"I love you too much to judge you for protecting our son," I say, my throat tight.

We share one lingering kiss before he straightens his shoulders and heads for the door. I stare at his broad back, willing the White Rose of York to give him the strength and stamina to survive.

He steps over Brian's prone form and is about to turn the key when my mind fills with an image of Bigfoot getting shot in a blaze of glory. I don't know if it's coming from me or from him, but this isn't how I imagined our future.

"Wait," I say and scramble off the cot before grabbing a white coat. "I have a plan."

"Brian, this is your last chance," someone yells from behind the door.

I deepen my voice and channel my unconscious ex.
“Bloody hell, hold on.”

“Brian?” the person yells.

“What part of ‘hold on’ don’t you understand?”

They fall silent.

My gaze drops to the baby, who has now fallen asleep. After folding his long limbs and swaddling him in a clean blanket, I place my precious bundle in a far corner, where nobody is likely to shoot.

Shouldering on the white coat, I hurry to the door, trying not to fret about the baby. He’s sleeping. He’s safe. He’s hiding at the furthest end of the room, and no one will find him.

Bigfoot’s brow furrows. I reach his side and whisper, “We’re going to let them in a few at a time. I want you to snap their necks and toss them into the cage.”

He nods.

There’s a part of me that can’t believe I’m about to murder over a dozen humans, but it’s the only way our son can have a normal life.

I take a deep breath, turn the key, and open the door. Four men stand at the other side with guns. Behind them, other people in their hunting party are busy setting up a barbecue.

How nice of them to enjoy themselves while thinking they’ve captured an innocent family.

“Who are you?” the tallest of the men asks.

“Faye, of course,” I reply with a grin. “Brian’s girlfriend.”

They exchange glances.

“Are you here to see the baby?” I ask.

“She gave birth?”

My smile tightens. It looks like Brian didn't tell them that the female Bigfoot that surrendered to them was the woman he tricked into getting pregnant.

“I helped deliver the baby,” I reply, my voice deceptively light.

The tallest man steps through the threshold, far too preoccupied with the empty cage to realize that Bigfoot is looming behind the door. As soon as the three companions follow, I slam the door shut and press my body against the wall.

Bigfoot springs into action with a karate chop that hits their necks in quick succession. The hunters don't even get the chance to scream before they fall limp to the floor.

I drop down to my knees and check each of their necks for a pulse.

“They're all dead,” I whisper, my gaze fixed on Bigfoot's face. “Thank you.”

He pulls me to my feet and brings me in for a tight hug. Now, the images he pushes into my mind are of us cuddled in a field of bluebells with our son.

Tilting my head up to meet his soft, amber eyes, I rock forward on my tiptoes and press a kiss on his lips.

A knock sounds on the door. “Trevor?”

We jump apart.

“One second,” I say, imitating Brian's nasal whine. I turn to Bigfoot and whisper, “Put those bodies in the cage.”

With a nod, Bigfoot gathers all four of them in his arms and pushes Brian's unconscious form with his foot. I wait for him to return before opening the door to the next visitors, who turn out to be a man and woman.

As soon as I let them in, Bigfoot snaps their necks and catches them before they hit the floor. Throughout the evening, more people come to see what everyone is doing in the first aid tent. We continue letting them in and murdering them until the baby cries, and I rush to the other side of the room to pick him up.

Bigfoot gazes at me as the baby feeds, his lips curling into a soft smile. I smile back, my chest swelling with satisfaction and love. This isn't just for our son. It's for us. After all the stunts Brian pulled, we deserve to be happy.

By the end of the evening, twelve dead bodies fill the cage. With Brian lying unconscious within the pile, that makes thirteen.

"No one else is coming," I whisper from the other side of the room.

Bigfoot nods and sends me the image of him sneaking through the tents, looking for the others.

I shake my head. "Let me do it."

Scowling, he raises a large palm as though to tell me to stay here, where it's safe.

"No." I close the distance between us and hand over the sleeping baby. "The moment you go prowling around the camp, the others will know you're loose and fill you with bullets. I can't let that happen."

Bigfoot flashes his teeth, and my mind's eye fills with images of me running through the camp with the baby,

sneaking up behind an armed man and failing to snap his neck.

“It’s not going to be like that.” I place a hand on his shoulder, my heart fluttering at our first argument.

It takes every effort to shove aside the fact that none of my previous relationships ever reached that stage. The only man who didn’t ghost me after sex ended up stabbing me in the back and making sure I got pregnant by Bigfoot.

“I would never put our baby in danger,” I murmur.

His lips flatten against his teeth.

“Or myself.”

That seems to calm Bigfoot, and his expression returns to normal. He wags his finger and points it to the key before gesturing at the corner behind the cage.

“You want me to lock myself in here with the baby while you finish off the other hunters?”

He nods.

“What if they shoot?”

My mind fills with an image of the White Rose of York.

“Of course.”

I step backward, but Bigfoot wraps an arm around my waist and captures my lips. The kiss is desperate, urgent, and conveys everything he can’t communicate with his mind. His love for me and the baby. His fierce protectiveness. His desire for a happy future.

My heart fills with warmth, which chases the last of my fears. Bigfoot survived the dire wolf when his power was depleted. With the magic of the rose, he will return to me triumphant.

He pulls back with a smile and places his hand on the key.

“Hurry up and kill those bastards,” I say, returning his confidence with a smile. “I want to show the baby our home.”

Eyes softening, he leans down and kisses our son’s furry little head.

I draw back, letting him open the door and step into the night. As ordered, I lock the door to the first aid building, as well as the cage, before retreating to the back of the room.

“Faye?” croaks a familiar voice.

Brian pokes his head out from the pile of dead bodies.

“Awake, are you?” I ask, my voice bitter.

His gaze slides from my hairless face to the baby. He squeezes his eyes shut as though he can’t believe what he’s seeing. That, or he’s still concussed.

“When did you give birth?” he asks.

“Just before Bigfoot and I murdered the rest of your crew.”

Brian’s face drops. He twists around within the confines of his cooling comrades, and sucks in a shocked breath. “They’re...” He chokes back a sob. “They’re dead?”

I glance down at the baby, wrap him up in more blankets, and place him down on the cot. Brian doesn’t get to be within ten feet of my child, and what I have to say isn’t suitable for innocent ears.

Crouching down, I meet his bloodshot eyes. Every feature on his face twists with anguish. Not in sympathy for the others but for himself.

“You did this,” I hiss. “You could have been happy with either me or Bigfoot, yet you chose to exploit us both. Now,

look at you: crushed beneath a heap of decomposing bodies.”

Brian wriggles. “I can’t move. I can’t feel my legs.”

“Now you know what it’s like to be trapped,” I hiss.

Gunshots ring through the air, making me flinch. I steel my nerves, trusting Bigfoot to return alive and triumphant.

“Faye, please.” He frees an arm. “I’m sorry. You can’t leave me like this. Give me a chance to make things right.”

“How?” I step back and pick up the baby.

He licks his lips, his breath coming in shallow pants. “All the footage I shot with the drone and from the helicopter hasn’t yet been broadcasted. I planned on editing it with dramatic music before streaming it online.”

My heart skips a beat, but I keep my features even. This is excellent news. Feigning boredom, I ask, “So what?”

“I can give it all to you and fifty percent of what I earned on the creator fund.”

Tuning out the rest of Brian’s ramblings, I cuddle the baby, who gazes up at me through Bigfoot’s amber eyes. They’re probably communicating with each other right now, sharing the deep bond of the forest kings.

Brian sobs and pleads, but all I register is that he hasn’t disclosed the location of our forest to anyone else but the hunters we killed.

The gunshots come to an abrupt stop, bringing my attention back to the door, which vibrates with three heavy knocks.

Bigfoot fills my mind with images of dead hunters, and I run to the door.

“Don’t leave me,” Brian wails. “I’ll make it up to you. What do you want? I can suck his cock, lick your pussy. I can take care of the baby. Just don’t leave me here with these dead bodies.”

I unlock the door and fling it open to find Bigfoot standing on the other side with white light streaming through tiny holes in his chest. Behind him are Levander, perched on the head of a bear, Cassandra, her mate and an army of familiar-looking animals.

The light fades, and the bullets tumble to the floor, leaving Bigfoot’s fur unmarked.

Relief floods my heart to bursting point and pulls out a sob. The White Rose of York saved Bigfoot from the hunters’ gun.

Falling into his huge, muscular arms, I cry out, “I love you so much.”

Bigfoot’s chest rumbles, and he responds with a deep growl that sounds like, ‘I love you too.’

“Faye,” Brian yells. “You can’t leave me here. Not with all those corpses!”

Bigfoot draws back, his features a hard mask of determination. I don’t need to have a bond to know that he wants to tear off Brian’s head... Or his cock.

I place a hand on his furry chest. “Don’t.”

His lips part as though to ask why.

“That asshole doesn’t deserve a quick death. Let him fester. We’ll clear up the camp so there’s no trace of the humans then I’ll raze the clearing to the ground.”

The corner of Bigfoot's lip lifts into a half smile. He's about to discover that I'll do anything to save our family.

Brian brought these people here to hunt innocent beings, but he's going to regret betraying his lovers for money. For the first time, he can face the consequences of his actions as they decompose around his starving carcass.

Ignoring his pleas, I let Bigfoot scoop the baby and me into his arms. He carries me through the camp and back to where I belong: with Bigfoot in the forest.

Epilogue



TEN YEARS LATER

Children's laughter rings through the air. I turn away from the blackboard and face a row of smiling little faces, each covered in fur in shades from snowy white to black. Their ages range from three to six, yet half of them already reach my height.

I glance at the only one of them who won't meet my eye.

My youngest son.

"Ash, do you have something to share with the rest of the class?" I say out loud.

He shakes his head, his lips pressed together to hide a smile.

Out of my three children, Ash looks the most similar to Bigfoot. Birch, our eldest, has coal-black fur and bears more of a resemblance to Bigfoot's father, while Hazel is a miniature version of me, even down to the auburn fur.

Thanks to Bigfoot eating petals from the White Rose of York, we had a daughter. After news spread of the first forest princess, the other forest kings went to the valley to consume their own petals.

Now, our younger population skews mostly female, but the presence of little girls has formed a community. Forest kings are no longer so reclusive and want their daughters to socialize with others of their kind.

"What's in your hand?" I ask my son.

Ash hides it behind his back.

I cross the classroom, hold out my palm, and gaze into Ash's innocent amber eyes until he extracts a smartphone.

Giggles spread across the room, as the other children try to catch glimpses of its screen. I hold back a grimace at the thought of a human running rampant in our forest, handing out smartphones to unsuspecting kids.

"Where did you find that?" I ask.

"It was in a car," Ash replies into our bond.

"Where?"

He sends me a picture of an upturned jeep, its wreckage wrapped around a tree. My lips tighten at the prospect of my five year old seeing a dead body, but it looks like someone already smashed through the windscreen and extracted the passengers.

Most likely one of the forest kings will dispose of the human male and nurse the female back to health. Human women still flock to the forest, wanting to meet Bigfoot, only to encounter others of his kind. It's the reason why our school is so full.

I take the phone, eliciting a room full of groans, and walk back to my desk.

"You'll get it back after class," I say.

Ash hunches his shoulders and nods.

I continue writing on the blackboard and smile at the satisfying sound of pens scratching against paper. Shortly after Ash was born, Bigfoot confided in me that the other forest kings wanted a way for their children to meet.

That's why we converted the hut Brian and Bigfoot built into a school. Forest kings or their human mates can deposit

their offspring at the doors and pick them up at the end of lessons. Now, both adults and children get to socialize.

Laughter rings out from the room next door, where the older students learn to use the internet. Thanks to the number of humans who visit the forest in search of Bigfoot and the animals who arrange convenient accidents, we have ample supplies of technology.

My mind wanders back to the first and last time hunters invaded our forest and how hard Bigfoot and I had to work to clean up Brian's mess.

After reviewing his social media channels to confirm that Brian hadn't revealed our location, we got the animals to clear up the camp and pack it into the coach. Then I drove it to a ravine and set it on fire.

Before we let Brian die, we made him record a fake confession admitting to killing all his followers in a death cult. By then, he had gone insane from having to eat the bodies of his dead followers.

We waited until all traces of Brian were gone before releasing the recording but the forest only had one brief visit from the police before they moved onto somewhere else.

Thanks to Brian, the hut still has a satellite internet connection and solar panels, and thanks to the humans who perish in the forest, we have all the latest tech. Most of the money we need to pay for things like the internet comes from selling nature photos on Etsy.

A breeze blows through the window, rustling my fur. It turns out that the dire wolf's warning was correct. Getting pregnant more than once by Bigfoot transferred his curse.

As soon as our eldest, Birch, was old enough to hunt, I got pregnant again and gave birth to a forest princess. This time, my fur didn't fall away after the birth, and neither did my connection with Bigfoot's soul. I didn't know which made me happier—our daughter or the fact that we would now be forever connected.

The bell chimes, signaling the end of classes.

Ash springs to his feet and rushes to the desk, his amber eyes shining.

“You know the rules about using technology?” I hold up the phone.

He nods, his fur bristling. *“No uploading photos or videos online.”*

Ash can access the memories of all forest kings. He knows better than I how much Bigfoot suffered while being hunted and captured by Brian. He also knows what happened to the others unfortunate enough to live outside the forest. No one is remotely interested in a repeat of that hell.

As the other children spill out of the classroom, Birch and Hazel push their way in. Ash grabs the phone and rushes at his older brother and sister to show off his new toy.

Hazel plucks it from her younger brother's fingers, only for Ash to crawl up her back. Ignoring them, Birch walks to the desk and gives me a hug.

I tilt my head up to meet his amber eyes. At six-and-a-half-foot tall, he's still willowy without the bulk of his father. He's growing fast, and I don't know how long before he'll want to move out of the treehouse.

“How was IT?” I ask.

“Not as interesting as fishing,” he replies with a yawn. *“By the way, Dad says he wants you to pick something up from his office.”*

My brows pinch into a frown. “Alright.”

Something is up. Why didn’t he just tell me via our bond?

“Bigfoot?” I ask into our connection.

He doesn’t answer. He doesn’t even send me an image, but all I sense is a trace of amusement.

I turn back to Birch. “Will you take your brother and sister home? Cassandra says the animals have made carp sashimi.”

He flings his arms around me for a tight hug. Out of all my children, he’s the most tactile. I suspect it’s because of the extra time he spent in the womb, waiting to be born while I rescued his father.

Ash growls, and I turn around to find Hazel holding his phone above her head. At seven years old, she’s exactly the same height as me.

Birch and I walk to the two youngest siblings, who separate. I raise my brows, and Hazel hands the phone back to Ash.

“You know it’s not nice to tease your brother,” I say.

“I love him really.” She scoops Ash into a hug and ruffles the fur on top of his head.

When Hazel gives me the brightest smile, I can’t help but return it with one of my own. She’s my miracle baby—the one who changed me from human to a forest queen capable of connecting with nature.

Being the first-born female of her kind and the one that got the most attention has spoiled her a little, but she still has Bigfoot's generous heart.

After giving Hazel a hug and reminding her not to tease her brother, I step out into the lounge area, where a group of parents have gathered around the sofas. There's a mix of forest kings, human women, and pregnant women covered in fur. After exchanging a quick greeting, I continue toward Bigfoot's office.

It's empty, save for a long, thick cock that stretches across its wooden floor, already leaking a small puddle of precum.

"What are you doing?" I ask into our bond.

The cock twitches. I reach down, pick it up, and run my tongue back and forth against its leaking slit. It trembles beneath my touch, and I place it between my lips.

A groan resounds through our bond, making my pussy throb. The cock in my mouth pulls me across the room and through an open door.

Bigfoot lies on a wide bed of feathers with his legs outstretched. He gazes up at me through eyes that burn with desire. My mate has never looked more alluring, with his muscled chest rising and falling with rapid breaths. My gaze travels down his tight abs and to the base of his cock, which continues to reel me closer.

I kneel before his legs and rest my hands on his thick thighs.

"I trust this is the reason why you sent for me?" I ask into our bond.

"Birch is talking about building his own home."

The heavy weight of disappointment sinks my heart into my stomach. I can't picture him venturing out into new territory, living all alone and trying to build a tree house.

“Already?” I rasp.

“He plans on staying in our territory, so he can be close to his brother and sister.”

Some of the tension in my chest lightens, and I bite down on my bottom lip. “That’s reassuring.”

“I told him to stay until the baby is born.”

“Which baby?”

He pulls me onto his lap, his chest making a deep, satisfied rumble. *“The one I plan on putting into you tonight. Another daughter.”*

Heat floods my pussy, and my clit swells to three times its usual size. One of the side effects from getting pregnant by a forest king is an enlarged clitoris. That, and distended nipples that are always extra sensitive. Not that I’m complaining, since it guarantees mind-blowing orgasms.

I place both hands on his chest. “Don’t think I’m going to bend over and let you get me pregnant without a challenge.”

His cock snakes around my waist. *“Alright. I will give you a count of ten—”*

“Twenty.”

“Twelve,” he growls. *“And I won’t stop fucking that sweet cunt until you’re pregnant with my child.”*

Ignoring the way my clit pulses, I dart my gaze to the open window.

There are a dozen ways I can escape Bigfoot. I could jump into any of the abandoned vehicles, ride a stag into the depths of the forest, or conceal my scent. I shove all those possibilities aside. I'm aching to be caught. Aching for him to fuck me until his balls run dry. Aching for another taste of his delicious spunk.

The only thing better than being pregnant with his baby is giving birth.

END

Dear Reader,

Thank you for joining Faye and Bigfoot on their hair-raising adventure. I really enjoyed writing this story world, and I'm thinking of creating a romance between Bigdick and some unsuspecting human woman he plucks from the forest.

It will be darker than Bigfoot's tale, but I'll make sure that Bigdick gets the redemption arc he deserves. If this sounds like something you want to read, please register your interest at www.SiggyShade.com/Bigdick

Love,

Siggy

About the Author

I write dark contemporary and paranormal romance featuring villains, monsters, morally gray heroes, and the women who make them feral.

When I'm not writing steamy scenes, you'll probably find me at my TikTok, @SiggyShade

Join my newsletter for exclusive short stories and updates on upcoming books:
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