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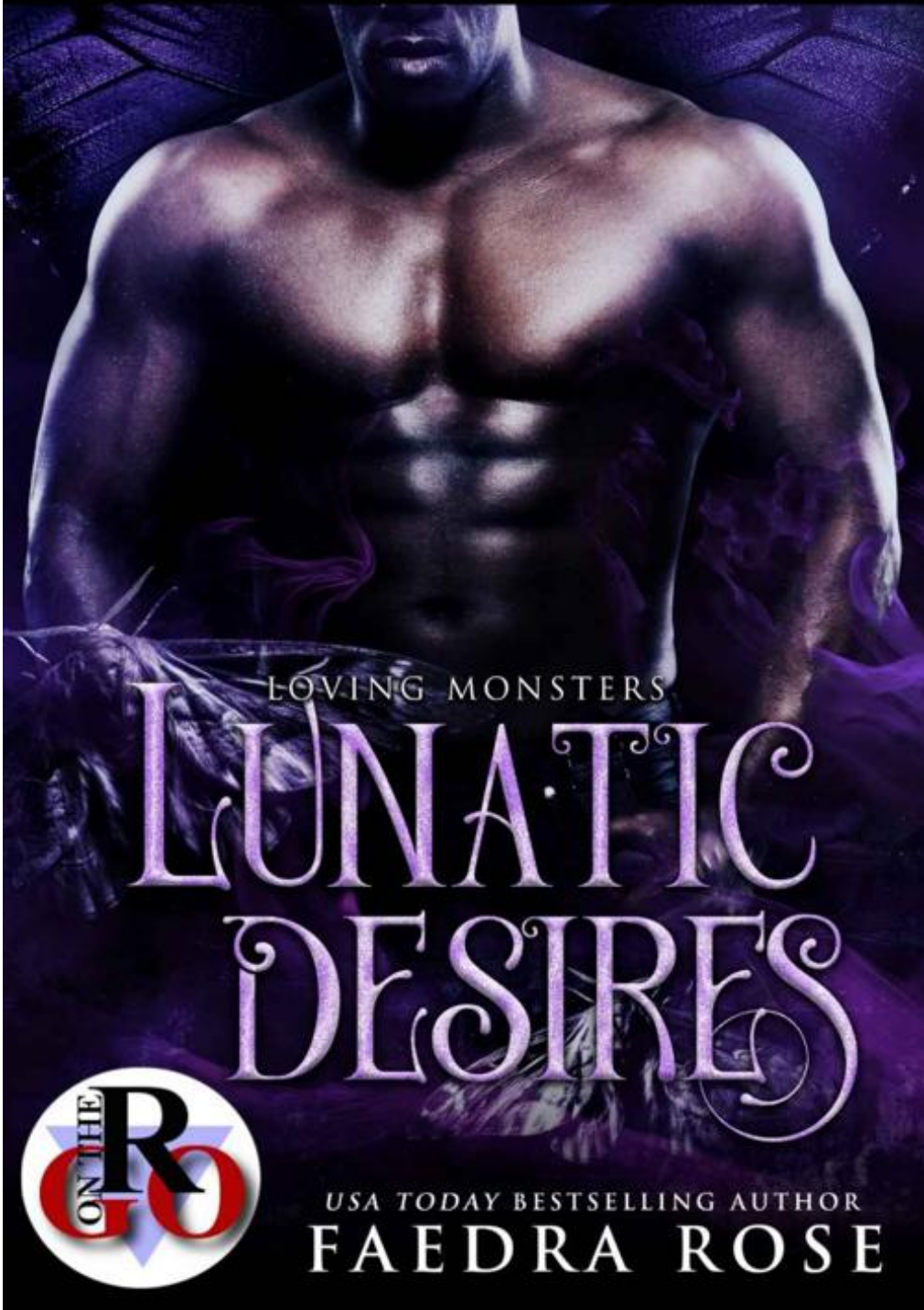
LOVING MONSTERS

# LUNATIC DESIRES



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**FAEDRA ROSE**

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ISBN: 978-0-3695-0908-6

Cover Artist: Jay Aheer

Editor: Lisa Petrocelli

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## **DEDICATION**

This series is dedicated to all my fellow spooks, to those who love the darkness and live for the excitement and thrill of Halloween! You are my people, and I hope you enjoy reading this book as much as I did writing it. Stay spooky monster lovers!

# LUNATIC DESIRES

## *Loving Monsters, 5*

**Faedra Rose**

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## Chapter One

The darkness beneath the trees is fluid, leaking between the gnarled and twisted trunks of the forest like spilled ink. It shifts with the wind as it howls through the night—almost like it's alive and stalking me—as I follow the well-trodden path toward Blackwater Falls. The shadows dance and sway, seemingly avoiding the moonlight's touch as it filters through the canopy in fragile shafts of glittering radiance. The moon hangs in the sky high above the world like a brilliant silver pendulum or a white-hot jewel.

It's All Hallows' Eve and it's a picture-perfect fall night, which suits my purpose perfectly. Readjusting my bag on my shoulders, I can't help the easy smile that creeps to my lips. Tonight, I hope to capture a truly breathtaking shot of the full moon hanging over the iconic falls. And if my photograph wins first place in the prestigious Western Virginia Photography Awards, the five-thousand-dollar cash prize will be mine! It's enough to start over. *Just.*

I'll be able to afford a reliable car for the road trip and a few weeks' rent up-front when I arrive in New Orleans. I might have to find work along the way because nothing burns coin like gas ... but to get out of here, I'd do anything.

Point Pleasant might be where I was born, but it's not where I'll die. My parents never made it out of this fucking State, but I will. I must. This place haunts me, and I can't stand it, and I won't. I refuse. Not for any longer than I absolutely have to.

Once I reach Louisiana, I can live the life I've always wanted. I can try and make a living from my art, make a real business of it. And life doesn't get more thriving, colorful, or interesting than it does in the old French Quarter. It's where I want to be, and that's why I'm here trekking to Blackwater Falls on Halloween. This is my chance and I'm going to seize it like a lifeline with both hands.

Hugging myself against the chill, I continue through the dark, until something unusual and unexpected catches my eye. I stop and do a double take, squinting through the shadows to make sense of what I'm seeing. *What the fuck?* It's ... a locket—a real silver locket glittering beneath transient moonbeams. Approaching the branch from which it's dangling, I inspect the trinket by what limited, dappled light there is. It's beautiful and ornate but tarnished heavily by time and the elements.

Taking the locket in my hands, I trace my fingers over its surface, admiring its delicate heart shape and the floral filigree decorating its surface. “What are you doing here?” I ask aloud, my brows furrowing in thought. Is it lost or stolen property? *Who would leave such a timeless treasure hanging from a tree exposed to the weather?* Reaching for my phone, I wrangle it one-handed, turning on the light to better inspect the trinket.

With hesitant, careful fingers I open the heart to find a tiny, sepia-stained photograph of a man. Tilting my head, my curiosity aroused, I peer at the photo as my eyes adjust to the light. The man is handsome as far as I can tell, with a strong jaw, a serious expression, and short, slicked-back hair. He seems like a gentleman of a bygone era. Being sepia, and judging by the silversmithing of the locket, it must have been taken some time in the late 1800s. *This is a fucking heirloom! A piece of history*, I marvel.

Depending on who this man is, this could be worth a fortune. The jewelry alone makes it a timeless antique that deserves to be locked behind glass in a museum. So, what the hell is it doing hanging from a tree? Surely if this were hanging here earlier, during the day, some opportunistic bastard would have stolen it...

Which can only mean that someone hung it out here tonight. But I haven't encountered another living soul. The trail through Blackwater Falls State Park is dead silent, devoid of everything but the sounds of nature. I don't imagine anyone in their right mind would venture out here after dark. Especially not on Halloween.



Most folk in Point Pleasant are heavily superstitious, though they'd never admit it in this day and age. The cryptid icon of Western Virginia supposedly calls this town home—the elusive and terrifying Mothman of legend. First spotted in 1966, the rumors and sightings have circulated ever since. We even have an artistic metal statue of the monster on Main Street. It's a bit of a draw card when it comes to tourism for the area.

Don't get me wrong, I'm a fan of monsters. They're cool. They make for great horror movies and fun fiction, but anyone with a brain knows that shit isn't real. There's no God, no Devil, and certainly no fucking Mothman. Obviously. Pursing my lips, I can't bring myself to leave the locket. There's no guarantee that someone with less honorable intentions won't take it in the morning.

At least if I take it, I can protect it until I'm able to get it valued and investigated. It might belong to a family that still lives in town. *Maybe I could reunite them with their precious heirloom! I imagine there's quite a story behind it.* I slip it carefully over the ends of the branch and secure it around my own neck for safekeeping until I get home. If it's around my neck, I can't lose it in the dark.

With a smile at my find, I move to step forward, only for my brows to scrunch again. I hadn't noticed at first, but there's a small trail that leads off the well-worn path by the tree from which the locket was hanging. *Curious. I wonder where it leads?* Being a bit of a “curiosity killed the cat” type, my heart leaps with excitement at the prospect of adventure. Judging from the direction it disappears into the forest, it just may lead to a lesser-known vantage point above the falls. And that idea has potential.

I won't be the first photographer to capture a nice shot of Blackwater Falls, but maybe I'll be able to snap an angle that hasn't been seen before. Perhaps that's what will help me secure a win—a unique view of one of the most popular tourist attractions in our State. Before I even consciously decide, I know I'm sold. The temptation is too great. The

moon is bright, I have all my equipment, and a blazing hope for a new beginning. It's all I need.

*Maybe this is Fate?*

Sucking a deep breath into my lungs—the promise of a better future ahead of me—I glance down at the locket hanging between my breasts and set off down the obscure trail and into the night.

## Chapter Two

The trail is narrow, and damp shrubbery brushes against my shoulders as I pass. I feel the moisture soak into my thin leggings as I go but shrug it off. What's a little discomfort for a chance to start over? The path winds this way and that, meandering in an odd pattern that slowly follows the incline of the mountain.

An owl flusters and hoots nearby, perhaps offended by my trespassing so close to her nest.

"I'm just passing through," I say, spying her magnificent golden orbs in the darkness of the treetops. "Never mind me." A smile quirks my lips as I move on. I can't imagine how wonderful the freedom of having wings must be. Flying anywhere you want, whenever you want—with nothing and no one to stop you! It must be marvelous. If I had wings, I'd leave this place and soar high above the world, skimming clouds and dancing with the wind.

A sigh escapes me, and I forge ahead, readjusting the straps of my camera bag. The night fills me with a sense of wonder. I may not be superstitious, but I love Halloween. It's a great holiday. Fall is one of my favorite times of year, and the decorations and festivities fit my Gothic style to a *T*. All I need to see are a few bats silhouetted against the brilliance of the moon, or the Mothman, and my All Hallows' Eve will be perfect.

The wind begins to pick up and I regret not grabbing my scarf on the way out as the chill breeze raises the tiny hairs on the back of my neck. I shiver involuntarily. The evening is satisfyingly crisp, but with the added wind chill it's definitely cold. It feels like it's going right through me, like a ghost transcending my flesh to steal all the warmth from my soul. *Come on, Penny, I chastise myself. Ghosts? Really. As if!*

Time loses all meaning as I trudge on. The twisting, secret path seems to have no end. But it does end—eventually. My breath catches in my throat, my stomach drops, and my

legs turn to jelly at the sight before me. A yawning maw of pitch-black darkness rears out of the earth like a pit of despair, swallowing all natural light that dares enter.

“Whoa.” Every instinct screams at me that this was a mistake. My gut warns me to turn back and find an alternate route to the Falls, but another part of me yearns to risk life and limb for the sake of adventure. Where could it go? Why is it here? I can only guess. I’m alone and cell reception out here is sketchy at best. I’d be mad to go in. I stand at the cave entrance, dangling upon the precipice of indecision.

What if I fall? What if I damage or lose my camera equipment? I don’t know where this hole leads, and if something happened to me, how long would it be until someone raised the alarm? How long until they began their search? Would they find me? I told no one where I was headed tonight. *There was no one to tell.* I grimace. With my parents gone, I’m practically alone in this world. I’ve grown used to being independent and making ends meet all on my own.

It’s just me, myself, and I. If I don’t make my dreams a reality, I’ll end up stuck here, forced to endure a monotonous and unfulfilling life of shift work at the Seven Eleven in town. The thought gives me pause. I don’t have insurance. If I get hurt there’s no one to take care of me, either. But despite every rational and logical reason to walk away and never look back, I find my feet taking steps forward, toward the impenetrable, inky gloom.

Maybe I can explore just a little way in? A peek couldn’t hurt, could it? A distant voice on the wind calls out, or is it a bird screeching? Or perhaps my mind is playing tricks on me as nerves get the better of me. *There’s no one here,* I assure myself. *Stop being a baby. It’s just a peek!* Steeling my nerves, I shrug off my bag and leave it by the cave mouth. It’ll be safer here, and I’ll be more sure-footed if I’m unburdened. Checking my phone battery, my signal plunges to zero.

“Just a peek,” I whisper. Raising my phone before me to light the way, I glance over my shoulder at the picturesque night once more, then step into the darkness. The ground beneath my feet is strangely smooth, as if worn down by feet

over a long passage of time. Strange. The rest of the area surrounding the cave looks wild and untouched. Aside from the narrow path, there's no sign that this route is frequented by more than the odd explorer. It's too overgrown—too hidden. *Weird.*

Undeterred, I walk on, descending into the bowels of the earth and toward the unknown. Maybe, if Fate is kind and luck is on my side, this cave will lead me somewhere spectacular ... to a part of the Blackwater Falls never seen before! If it does, I can always retrace my steps and collect my equipment.

The path leads down, the darkness all-encompassing. It's cold, but without the breeze it's infinitely more bearable, and the deeper I venture, the warmer it seems to get. Makes sense, I reason. Bears like caves because they're safe and warm. *Bears.* "Shit," I breathe, my eyes widening in the gloom. I'm a fucking idiot!

## Chapter Three

Holy crap. *Shit. Shit. Shit.* I'm unarmed and who knows how deep and far into this tunnel. But surely, if there were bears, I would have come across them already, wouldn't I? Heart racing, I feel torn. Go back while the going's good and get a damn shot of the Falls? Or explore on and find out just where this bizarre, smooth passageway goes? My inner rebel takes my fear and beats it to death before it can take ahold and destroy my Halloween adventure.

I've come this far without incident—I might as well go on. Soon the cave seems to bottom out and widen into a larger cavern. My phone light isn't powerful enough to see further than a few feet, but there's space all around me now, and I can no longer reach the cold, stone walls. "You're okay," I whisper. "Just keep the light ahead and watch your feet."

A deep and rumbling growl fills my ears and my heart bunny-hops in my chest. I can almost feel my life leave my body. *Oh no. Dear God, No!* I freeze as still as a statue, my phone still grasped firmly in hand. Every muscle in my body quakes with terror. I'm fucked. I'm so very, very fucked! I'm going to get mauled, eaten, and shit out by a fucking black bear! What a way to go. *Seriously. Fuck my life.*

So much for my new beginning. I'm going to die here in West Virginia, just like my parents, and I'll never see New Orleans. I'll never take another photo again. This is my curtain call. I hear the distinct sound of heavy footfalls on the earth, and in a sheer moment of panic I lumber backward. Something crunches horrifically underfoot, and I stumble right onto my ass. A shriek escapes me as I fall and it's amplified by the cavern, echoing in a mockery of my ungracious stumble.

I scramble backward and raise my phone before me like a shield of light. There're bones scattered all over the ground. Lots and lots of bones. And that cracking sound? A skull of some description that I just crushed with my boot. In the shadows beyond the reach of my pitiful light, I see a great lumbering shape. There is no mistaking the territorial huffing

and low rumble of the bear as it ambles forward, closing in for the kill.

This is it. This is how I die. The bear draws nearer. It's so close I smell its breath now. There's nowhere to go. I can't outrun a bear. For a split-second I contemplate grabbing a broken bone and attempting to defend myself, but this beast is massive, and I just waltzed into its home. It's pissed. Even if I managed the odd stab or two, it'd be like tossing stones into the Grand Canyon. It probably wouldn't even feel it and then it'd gore my throat anyway.

It roars suddenly and its spittle flies at my face, its rancid breath blows my hair over my shoulder. I can't prevent the strangled scream that tears forth from my throat as I realize the bear's mouth is wide enough to just bite my face off.

A bloodcurdling screech vibrates through my soul, ricocheting off the rock walls to bounce around painfully in my skull. It's so shrill and high-pitched that it could be ultrasonic. In confusion and agony, I drop my phone and plaster my hands to my ears, protecting them from the abominable sound.

The bear shakes its head from side to side in the darkness, illuminated only by my discarded phone. It roars in retaliation, but a heartbeat later a great black shadow slams into the beast—knocking him sideways and across the cavern.

*What the fuck was that?* My guts twist inside me as whatever it was that barreled into the bear shrieks again. My head swims, and I squeeze my eyes shut tight against the pain. I feel warmth trickle from my ears and between my fingers. I know with mortifying certainty that it's blood. Bones skitter in all directions as the two creatures fight, and I turn my face away, but then it hits me. Now is my chance. Maybe I can make a run for it while they're occupied?

Steeling my courage, I scramble to my feet and bolt haphazardly into the darkness, blind without my phone. It's live or die, I must take the risk. But my ears ring, and I have no idea in which direction I'm headed. I just run, hands

outstretched before me, and pray to God that I make it out of here alive. Maybe West Virginia isn't so bad, after all.

Maybe I should count myself lucky to be breathing and able to stand on my own two feet? Maybe chasing a dream was the dumbest thing I ever did. But I don't have time to mull the thought over, because in the next two seconds my already dark and terrifying world comes to a bone-grinding halt. One moment I'm pelting through the inky gloom for my life, and the next—nothing.



## Chapter Four

When I awaken pain greets me, ringing clarion clear in my ears. I wince, my hand flying to my head. “Fuck me,” I breathe. Disoriented, it takes a moment for my situation to sink in and for me to remember just where I am. And a further several seconds to comprehend just what the fuck I’m looking at when I glance up, squinting in the firelight.

A tall shadow looms over me, wings flared, antennae erect. A scream dies on my lips as the figure squats down, and suddenly the nightmarish shape has a face, and I scramble backward on my ass for the second time, heart thumping in my chest like the drums of war. Big black, lidless eyes regard me with curiosity within a very otherwise humanlike face. My gaze roves over his body, drinking him in, every ounce of logic in my mind rejecting what my eyes are seeing.

His skin is as black as the night sky and has an iridescent sheen in the flickering light. The creature is lithe and athletically muscular, and his rippling ladder of abdominals makes my foggy brain swoon despite my sheer disbelief and terror. And as if my heart could bear another fright, my gaze drops between his thighs, and I almost die on the spot.

His cock is knotted like rope, with thick bulges every inch ... of which there are several. My stomach lurches and I raise my eyes to meet the creature’s once more, before I find my voice. “You’re the Mothman,” I choke out.

“I am,” he answers, his voice like silk and midnight.

“And you can talk,” I gasp, my already fragile mind reeling.

“I can.”

Chest rising and falling like I’ve just run a marathon, I lick my lips as I attempt to gather my thoughts. “This is impossible. You’re an urban legend. A monster. A cryptid! You can’t exist. I must be dead, or dreaming? Unconscious maybe?”

“I assure you, I am very much real, and you are very much alive.”

Through the dull ache in my head, my thoughts scramble to make sense of this. “Oh my God. The bear,” I breathe. “Holy shit, you saved me.”

“Indeed, the bear is a friend of sorts. She keeps unwanted visitors at bay.”

I swallow hard. “Your friend?”

“We are all animals, my pretty. We understand each other, though it takes time and patience. Something which humankind is sorely lacking.”

“Is—” *I can't believe I'm going to ask this.* “Is the bear okay? I didn't mean to trespass. I was just hoping to get a photograph of the Falls. I thought the narrow path might lead to a beautiful view.”

The Mothman snorts. “The bear is well. She was in her natural defensive bloodlust mode. It just took a little physical strength to remind her who is the alpha in these parts.”

“I owe you my life,” I say aloud, the realization dawning on me with startling clarity. “I'd be bear food right now if it wasn't for you.”

“You do, and you would.”

A tremor of apprehension ripples through me as he reaches out a strong hand toward me.

“Take my hand, brave girl, and I will show you how you can repay the favor.”

I recoil, eyes wide, searching the unfamiliar earthen cavern around us for an escape. “I don't underst—”

“I think you do,” interrupts the Mothman. “I have needs and desires. If you wish to live, you'll help me to fulfill and slake them.”

My gaze falls back to the enormous knotty cock swollen between his muscular thighs and a part of me almost wishes the bear had succeeded. “I don't think that will fit.”

“Oh, you’ll be surprised what the female form can handle, my curvy mate.”

“Mate?” I squeak.

The Mothman seizes me by my upper arms and lifts me to my feet, towering over me, his dark eyes gleaming. “On All Hallows’ Eve I must deposit my eggs in a suitable womb. My cock aches with them.”

“Eggs? Oh, Jesus, no.” My legs give way beneath me, and it’s only the Mothman’s grip that keeps me upright.

“Each knot of my cock contains an egg, and all of them must find a home to be kept warm before they can be birthed and hatch.”

I feel myself physically pale, like the blood has dropped out of me.

“Now, you can consent to being my mate or I’ll let my friend pick up where she left off. The choice is yours.”

*Life or death.* Vicious bear jaws tearing me apart, the air filled with my screams and the tang of my spilled blood. The unearthly pain of being eaten alive ... or let the monster fuck me and live to see another day. What a choice. But it *is* a choice, no matter how horrific.

“So, what will it be?” he asks, black hair tumbling past his shoulders as his intense gaze bores into my soul.

“I don’t know that I can stand,” I whisper.

“You don’t need to stand. You’ll be on your back and in my arms. I’ll be all you need.”

My mind swims and my tongue suddenly feels impossibly thick in my mouth, as if it’s a dead weight made of stone that refuses to be moved.

“Consent, my lovely,” says the Mothman. “You will enjoy our time together. You have my word. I can’t promise the same of your time with my friend.”

Visions of my limbs torn asunder and my face ripped off steal the spine out of me. I can’t die yet. I have too much to

live for!

“Yes,” I whisper, though it’s scarcely audible.

“You forget I have supernatural hearing, my little mate. Your consent is loud and clear.”

I feel my sanity slipping, and fear eats away at whatever semblance of courage I have left.

In the next instant I’m thrown over the Mothman’s shoulder and I feel jostled as he carries me somewhere new. As the last of my consciousness begins to fade, I can’t help but notice the Mothman’s tight black ass below me. He might be a terrifying monster with giant moth wings and segmented antennae. And he might fill me with his damn eggs. But there’s no denying that the Mothman is fit as fuck, and almost beautiful in his own strange and ethereally cryptid kind of way...

## Chapter Five

When I regain consciousness, I find myself sprawled on my back amongst a collection of soft blankets and pillows. Not what I expected. A fire burns in a pit nearby, and an intriguing array of trinkets and paintings lines the walls. Beyond the firepit, the cavern opens into eternity, the glittering stars go on forever, and the Black Water Falls National Park Forest sprawls below in all directions—like a sea of emerald-green bathed in shadow and moonlight.

And then the Mothman is down on his knees and between my legs, stalking over me. He lines up his mind-bending cock and begins to rub it up and down my slit. *My slit?* My leggings are gone, as are my boots. I'm naked from the waist down.

“Welcome back,” says the Mothman.

I shudder at the feel of his flesh touching mine, but at the same time, I can't help but feel a twinge inside me. Whether I want to admit to it or not, there is something wickedly taboo and hot about the idea of being railed by a monster.

“I can smell your musk, little one,” he says, interrupting my thoughts. “Do not be ashamed. I am built for mating. My form is as pleasing as can be to ensure successful breeding.”

I can only stare down my body at him as he gently presses the head of his cock against me, increasing the pressure as he attempts to enter me.

“Wait,” I gasp.

The Mothman glances up with his spectacular, insect-like eyes. They flash ruby-red in the firelight. Their beauty is mesmerizing.

“Do you have a name, besides ‘Mothman’, I mean?”

“Curious,” he muses. “I have been called a handful of things over the last couple centuries, but my true name is what

I am and have always been. I am Omen.”

My eyes widen. I should have known. “They say you appear before tragedy and life-changing events...” and that’s the last coherent word to fall from my lips as Omen plows forward, sinking the first knot of his strange cock inside of my surprisingly wet cunt. A groan escapes me, and I instinctively claw at the blankets beneath me.

Omen smiles down on me, his mouth full of razor-sharp teeth. It’s as beautiful as it is insane—the perfect expression of lunacy—and the very picture of Halloween.

My pussy reacts to the intrusion, clamping down around the knot as my back arches.

“You are so tight, my beauty,” he says, before seizing my ankles and driving forward again.

A garbled moan of ecstasy burbles out of me, spilling like water from a fountain as his second knot stretches me wide again. The temporary burn of the stretch is everything. And despite every doubt and fear, my body acts of its own accord, pushing forward, desperate to consume him. Desperate for more. I’ve never been one to explore too broadly with my sexuality, having been preoccupied with merely surviving, but Omen’s ropey, knotty cock feels better than any toy, or any man for that matter, that I’ve ever experimented with.

My hands stray to my breasts, and I rub my palms over my pert nipples. They feel alive with fire, as if charged with electricity, sensitive to even the most fleeting of touches. Adjusting myself on Omen’s nest, I raise myself up on my elbows so that I can watch in erotic-fueled awe as the third delicious knot presses into my pussy. I bite down hard on my lip, accidentally drawing blood as it disappears inside of me. “Oh, God, yes,” I whimper.

“Do you like my moth-cock, pretty? Do you think you can take it all? All seven of my knots?”

I don’t know if I can, only God knows. But I sure as hell want to try. “Yes,” I breathe, my gaze plaintive. “I want them all. It feels *so* good.”

Omen pushes my legs together, and forward so that I'm forced onto the flat of my back once more. They press against me, folding me in half, and in one breathless moment another knot stretches and fills me.

My cunt locks down around him and I mewl at the incredible pressure inside of me.

"Count for me, my mate," croons Omen. "I want to hear you."

"Four," I gasp, my breathing heavy.

"You're juicy as fuck," he groans. "The last three are going to slide in so easily. And then, I'm going to fuck you—hard." His gorgeous, midnight-black form tenses as he presses forward.

"Five." I rake my fingers through my long ginger hair, grasping at fistfuls as I'm stretched again. "Six." One after the other his knots are buried inside my greedy cunt. *Oh God.* I feel indescribably full. I don't know if I can take any more. The last knot might be what breaks me. But there's no time to wonder on the fortitude of my pussy.

Omen hisses as the final knot is enveloped by my flesh.

"Seven!" I cry out, mortified and proud in equal measure.

"How does it feel to be the first woman to willingly take my monster cock, mate?"

Locked around him like a bitch in heat, my body shudders with the exertion of containing him. "First?" I whisper.

Omen grins and it sends a shiver through my soul. "All have chosen to face my furry friend, rather than be joined with me."

My mind boggles. Omen might be the Mothman, an ancient cryptid monstrosity of the paranormal world, but there's no denying that he is mouthwateringly hot in a beastly and sinfully taboo way. How could anyone choose death at the dreadful maw and sinister claws of a bear, over being filled

with his epic fucking knotted cock? *Those women must have been lunatics*, I reason, all thoughts of photography and New Orleans long forgotten.

“And now, I’m going to ruin you for mankind,” says my strange and terrifying Mothman. “I’m going to fill you with my eggs, and you will be a mother of monsters — beautiful, frightful, and strong little cryptids who will make the wild forests of America their homes.”



## Chapter Six

Just when I don't think any of this can get weirder or more extreme, Omen scoops me up, still buried to the hilt.

"Wrap your legs around me, my lovely," he instructs, supporting my weight by groping my bare ass.

I wrap my legs around his hips, and my arms around his neck.

"Now, hold on. You're in for the ride of your life."

Impaled on several inches of monster cock, I can only do as he says. I have no idea what's to come. I can't even begin to guess.

Omen walks us past his warm, crackling firepit and to the edge of his cave. His taloned toes curl over the rock as I hang suspended over eternity.

"Oh my God. What the fuck!" I grip him more tightly. Horror consumes me at the thought of plunging to my death, skewered like a kebab on the trees far below.

"Calm yourself," says Omen directly into my ear. "I will not let you fall." And then he spreads his gorgeous, almighty moth wings, their patterned beauty flaring behind him. "We moths mate in the sky, beneath the beauty of the full moon."

My heart hammers in my chest, frantic to escape its ribbed cage and find safety within the rocky, solid foundations of the cavern. "Sky?" I squeak. Because knotted Mothman cock and birthing insect eggs clearly wasn't enough...

My heart plummets, a scream tearing from my throat as we suddenly drop, free-falling through the night toward the dark canopy below.

Omen's laughter fills the night, drowning out my scream. Then his wings flare, catching the wind, and our descent becomes an effortless glide. Before I can find my

voice again, the Mothman withdraws his cock, before slamming it back inside me.

My eyes roll back in my head, and I hang on for dear life, the crescents of my fingernails biting into Omen's black flesh.

And so, the fucking begins. With powerful, methodical thrusts, Omen plows my depths, his egg-filled knots plundering my wet, hungry cunt as he beats his wings, completely undeterred by my physical burden.

We rise and fall, soaring, and spiraling through the night. It's like a roller coaster without the rails. Like two animals locked in heat, our mating dance is beyond my control. Omen is the pilot, and I'm the passenger—the submissive partner to his dominant guidance and artful prowess.

Filled with unparalleled and intoxicating levels of adrenaline, as well as cock, I scream over and over again, until I taste blood. *Have I torn my bloody throat?* Even if I have, it's the least of my concerns. I blank in and out of consciousness. There's nothing but the sky and stars, and the all-encompassing radiance of the All Hallows' Eve moon one moment, and the very next the earth is almost upon us, ready to catch our fragile bodies with its hard, unforgiving, and crushing embrace.

And all the while Omen's knotted cock thrusts within me, hard, and bulbous.

My poor pussy gapes as he plunders me without remorse, lost to the frenzy of our mating. "Omen!" his name a desperate and strangled cry wrenched from my lips as we rise to greater heights. And for one breathless, heart-racing moment time falls away, and I feel if I just reached out and strained my fingers to their fullest extent, I could almost touch the moon.

But before I can dredge up the courage to relinquish my hold on the Mothman, we fall. The world rushes past us at impossible speed, and my hair flies, blocking my vision. I

cling to Omen with all my strength in mortal terror as he fucks the shit out of me, his thrusts deeper, faster, and more frenzied.

Just as I think we're past the point of no return, and our flesh is destined to be united with the cruel, bone-crushing impact of the ground, he back-wings and glides, unleashing an unholy and hot torrent within me. His claws dig into my back, and he shrieks, the inhuman and godawful sound deafening me. One brutal thrust after another, his cock engorges, releasing all seven of his eggs inside me — a literal Mothman ovipositor.

My cunt instinctively clenches around him as the seventh and final egg releases.

Omen's cock feels impossibly huge, it's girth swells to fill my hole completely, sealing it shut so tightly that I couldn't release him even if I wanted to. No eggs will be falling out of me anytime soon. We're bound together like two mutts humping in the streets. Only we're hundreds of feet up in the air, and instead of creating cute little bastard puppies, we're creating monsters together. Monsters that are mine, as much as they are his.

The Mothman soars once more, wings pumping as he flies us back to his nest—his cozy, fire-heated cavern within the mountains of West Virginia. Before long, he touches down, and the world feels solid and secure once more. Omen carries me inside, his arms wrapped protectively around me. “We're home, mate,” he whispers in my ear. “You did so well, my beauty. My eggs are inside you now, and we'll remain knotted until your womb accepts them.”

My head spins, and I feel inexplicably exhausted, like I've just run a marathon, or climbed a thousand stairs at speed. My body shudders around Omen's monstrous cock, and I sigh, just grateful to be back inside and on solid ground.

“We will sleep now,” Omen whispers as he drops carefully to his knees on the nest of blankets and cushions. “And when you wake, we'll speak of what happens next.”

Fatigue steals over me, and I relax, completely at ease as we lay down together, chest to chest, arms entangled around

one another, him buried deep inside me. What could there possibly be to talk about? I'd just been mated by a monster.

## Chapter Seven

Stretching my arms above my head, I yawn. I feel languid and warm. I'm free, I realize. Omen is nowhere to be seen. I tentatively reach down between my legs, my fingers grazing over my puffy pussy. *I can't believe I fit a fucking monster inside of me... Unreal!* And then my mind falls back to the eggs. "My God." I swallow the lump in my throat. "Eggs."

With trepidation building in me, I slowly trail my hands up and over my stomach, circling the subtle swell. No one would know anything was amiss if they looked at me. I'm on the curvier side of the scale already, with a distinct hourglass figure. My breasts are full, my ass sports some dimples, and my belly and thighs are pleasantly cushy — or so I've been told. "*More cushion for the pushin',*" one of my exes once said.

I shrug the thought away. *Fuck them.* Omen thinks I'm beautiful. Beautiful and brave, and strong enough to bear his offspring.

"I see you're awake," says the Mothman with a lopsided grin, a silver tray balanced on his splayed hand.

"How long have I been asleep?" I ask, rubbing my eyes as I sit up slowly.

"Just a couple of hours," he answers, crouching down before me. "Water?"

Grateful, I take the glass and swallow a sip. "Thank you. I didn't expect you'd have things like this."

"Home comforts?" he asks.

"Yes. I mean, you're a monster," I offer. "And you live in a deep, dark cave hidden in the mountains of the Black Falls. I didn't exactly imagine you'd have paintings, pillows, and glasses to drink from."

"How else would I live?" Omen laughs. "I might be a monster, but we're not so different, pretty girl. I need to eat

and sleep like everyone else.”

“I suppose so,” I say, draining the glass. “Did you steal it all?”

“I’ve acquired my homely comforts over many years. I have no need to steal from the living, when those who are dead leave what they have behind.”

“And did you—” I purse my lips, then lick them. “Did you kill those people?”

Omen regards me curiously. “You truly know nothing of my kind, do you?” he asks. “I do not kill. I am a creature of prophecy and dark truths. My purpose is to foretell what is to come, and to procreate. No more and no less.”

I can’t prevent the easy smile from spreading my lips. “Well, you’ve managed to find a warm body to deposit your eggs. So, when do you foretell my future?”

“It doesn’t work quite like that, I’m afraid. But I did foresee your coming.”

“You did?” I ask, my brows furrowing.

“Think.”

My frown deepens. *Think? On what?*

Omen reaches out and lays the flat of his palm against my forehead.

And suddenly I’m taken back in time, to earlier in the evening. I’m walking through the forest with my camera bag, and a glint of silver catches my eye. And then I’m returned to the present and Omen removes his hand.

“Oh my God!” I gasp. “The locket.” I reach for the pendant nestled between my breasts. “You planted it, didn’t you? As a marker? So that I’d follow the narrow path.”

“Smart girl.”

“I have a name, too, you know,” I remark. “It’s Penelope, but most people just call me Penny.”

“Well, Penny,” says Omen, testing out my name for size. “My gift is unpredictable. I am but the means by which the truth of life reveals itself — like the paper upon which a letter is written. I foresaw that you were coming to the Falls, though I did not know why. I saw that you were beautiful, with a fine body. And I knew the true reason for your coming must be that you were my fated mate. So, I hung my locket for you to find—to tempt you toward my cave.”

I gently pry the locket open with trembling fingers. “And this photo?” I query. “Who — ”

“Who do you think?” says Omen.

“It’s ... you?”

“I am not the only monster that was once a man, Penny. Many of us have been cursed to this life through no fault or choice of our own. I was once a young man with hopes and dreams before this fate befell me.”

“What was your name before? When you looked like this?” I say, running my fingers over the old sepia portrait.

Omen’s dark brow furrows now.

“You don’t remember?”

“My old life feels distant and hard to grasp, like a dream fading in the morning light.”

There’s a tug on my heart, and I reach out to grasp his hand. “It’s all right,” I say. “It doesn’t matter.”

“I was called Nathaniel,” he says. “Nathaniel Jacobson. I was the son of the town blacksmith.”

Intrigued, I squeeze his hand. “What year were you born?” I ask.

“I was born in the year 1872 ... and I was twenty-five when my life changed forever. The turn of the century looked very different for me. Instead of assuming my father’s business and settling down with a family, I found myself chosen by Fate. Exiled from humanity, I had no choice but to live as was intended—a recluse in the mountains, reborn with

wings, antennae, bug eyes, and an entirely new color to blend in with the night.”

“And you’ve been alone all this time?”

“Believe it or not, my brave Penny, there are not many who wish to believe in the existence of monsters, let alone desire to spend time with them. I’m an urban legend and myth. My place is in the shadows, beyond the awareness of humankind.”

My lip trembles and my heart goes out to this beautiful man who had his life torn away by powers beyond his control. It suddenly makes my own dream of running away to New Orleans seem small and insignificant. Ridiculous, even. I’m alive and normal. I am not a spectacular beauty, and I scarcely get by paycheck to paycheck. But my life is my own, dictated by no one. Omen’s life was stolen. *And he’s alone.* No one deserves to be alone, especially not this terrifyingly beautiful and majestic creature.

“What if you didn’t have to be alone?” I ask, a mad, impossible, and entirely new life plan brewing in my mind in an instant. “What if I stay with you even after our little monsters are hatched? What if I choose to truly be your mate—to stay with you ... always?”



## Chapter Eight

Omen's eyes flash red in the firelight, and he swallows hard, before rising to his feet. "You would give up your life to be with me?" he asks. "You'd forsake your family, friends, and your dreams? The modern conveniences? To live with me here in the forest?"

It sounds batshit mad. But somehow, I've never been more certain of anything in my life. Maybe West Virginia was never the problem? Maybe being alone in the world was. "My parents are dead, and I have no extended family or friends to speak of." I shrug. "As for dreams? They're just that — wistful wishes and empty hopes. Ever since my parents died all I've wanted to do was get out of this State. I thought that by being somewhere else I could start again. But now?" I stand, the fire of conviction blazing within me. "Now I think Fate brought us together for a reason. No one deserves to be alone, Omen. Not even a monster."

The Mothman turns his back on me, then his immense, patterned wings flare. "I yearn to accept such a possibility," he says, his voice wracked with emotion. "But I will not ask you to give up everything you know, the familiar and safe, for a life of darkness and seclusion. A beauty like you deserves the world."

I reach out and trail a hand down his muscular back, before embracing him from behind, my arms wrapping tightly around his waist. "Well, this is not your choice," I answer. "It's mine. If you'll love me and share your days and nights with me and our children, that is all I need."

Omen sighs, the sound like a breath of wind in the darkness. "I would have settled for offspring and let you free, Penelope."

"I am free," I say, a smile quirking my lips. "I'm freer in this moment, on this night, than I have ever been. I can't go back to what I knew, knowing you're here. I know it in my

heart. I'd just come back. So, I'll just never leave in the first place." I gently release Omen. "Look at me."

Omen relaxes his wings and turns to face me.

"I want this. Unless you reject me and send me away, I will stay."

Omen catches my small face in his large hands. "I'd never send you away. I want to keep you."

"Then I'm yours."

In the next instant the Mothman stoops down to kiss me.

Despite his maw of sharp teeth, I have no fear. I know he won't hurt me—at least not in any way I'm not more than happy to endure. My hands wander between us, trailing down his abs, to the delicious V, and to his stiffening cock. I gasp, breaking our kiss to look down in wonder. "It's smooth!" I marvel.

Omen's lips are slack with lust. "Of course. My cock returns to a normal state when it's not engorged with eggs."

A wicked thought crosses my mind, and I lick my lips. "Well, then," I say. "I think it's my turn to show what I can do with this mouth of mine, and then maybe we can find another place for it..." With that, I turn him around and playfully shove him backward.

The Mothman's startlingly midnight-black skin has the most beautiful sheen, made more obvious by the combined luminance of the moon and the fire. He allows himself to fall into our eclectic nest, a broad and lunatic smile on his face.

"Just relax," I purr, getting down on my knees to crawl between his lithe and muscular thighs. "We'll take care of each other." I take his big, smooth cock in hand, and tucking my hair behind my ears, I bob forward, my hot mouth enveloping the tip.

Omen moans. "Sweet girl," he breathes. "The women of my time were not so forward."

I kiss the head of his cock, and glance up to meet his gaze. “Well, welcome to the twentieth century.” I grin. “Women take what they want.” And then I’m down again, my tongue swirling around his head and my other hand strokes his hard and impressive length. When he’s thoroughly drenched in my saliva, I take him deeper and deeper, until he hits my gag reflex. I hold him hostage there as my throat spasms around him. If there’s one thing I know, it’s that I was born to deep-throat.

Again and again, I plunge him deep into my tender throat. His exclamations of ecstasy and his growly moans serve only to spur me on, encouraging me to greater efforts.

Then, without warning, he seizes the sides of my head, and begins to thrust his hips, fucking my face with a frenzied passion.

Relaxing my throat, I allow him to use me as he will, like a puppet of human flesh to be used and abused for pleasure. And as my eyes water, and I gasp around his cock, I feel whole. This strange, cursed monster is the missing piece of my life’s jigsaw puzzle. Being his mate and having him claim my womb and face is erotic in ways I can’t even begin to describe.

“Oh, fuck,” Omen grates out as he continues. “Penny, I’m going to come.”

With hot tears of exertion streaming down my face, I give his thigh a squeeze. My physical consent that it’s all right. I brace myself as his thrusts become even more inhuman, and my face is all but mashed into his groin as he plunders me deep, seemingly desperate to spill his load directly into my stomach.

I clamp my lips around Omen’s cock, creating a deliciously tight seal so that not a drop of his monstrous cum is wasted.

The Mothman releases my head, instead clinging to fistfuls of hair. “Yes, God, yes,” he moans, and then his ultrasonic shriek overwhelms my senses—filling the cavern and echoing into the night.

I wanted so desperately to take him all, to swallow every last drop, but as I slam my hands down around my ears, and gasp in shock at the pain, his cum fills my mouth instead of my throat and I gag, coughing and spluttering in the most unsexy and unladylike way imaginable. “Holy shit,” I choke as a fit wracks my body and my lungs burn. “I think I breathed in some cum!”

## Chapter Nine

Omen stares at me.

I'm covered in thick, milky-white cum. I can feel it around my mouth, spilling down my chin, to drip splattered all over my black Halloween t-shirt. "Fuck. I sort of forgot about your climax screech," I say. "I normally pride myself on my deep-throat. I'm sorry I made a mess." I sigh.

"Are you serious, mate?" he asks, crawling forward onto his knees to touch my face tenderly. "Are you all right? I think I nearly drowned you!"

I can't help the snorting laughter that bursts out of me as I wipe my face on the back of my arm. "Yeah, you could say that. But I'm okay," I promise.

"Your clothes are ruined," he observes. "I'm afraid I don't have female attire here, but I could fashion you a dress of sorts. And your pants are over there where I left them."

I lean into his hand and smile. "That would be really nice. I'll have to go back into town and grab at least some of my things, so something warm would be great."

Omen rises and returns with a bowl of water and a cloth. "Here," he says. "Clean yourself up while I get to work."

The cold water is shockingly refreshing, and I hurry to wash away as much of Omen's seed as I can, carefully pulling my dirty shirt over my head so as not to get it in my hair.

Mothman returns a minute later with a warm tartan blanket with a hole cut out for my head. He slips it over my head, and then secures it around my waist with an old belt — most likely his from when he was still a young man.

Slipping into my pants, I re-lace my boots and straighten myself out, observing my reflection in a frosted glass mirror on the cave wall. "Well, that's as good as it's going to get," I surmise. "Thank you. I feel much better now."

“No,” says Omen. “Thank you. I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

I run my hands over his strong, warm chest. “Not a chance,” I say. “I think I’m going to have to find my earmuffs, or pick up some earplugs, though, because that shriek of yours is kind of deafening.”

Omen’s eyes shine like blood-red rubies in the firelight. “It’s a moth thing,” he says by way of apology. “I wish I could remain silent, but my releases are so brutally intense, there’s really no way I can.”

A grin splits my face, and I stand on the tips of my toes as he leans down to kiss me. “Don’t apologize for who and what you are, Omen. We can make this work. You’ll see.”

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There’re perhaps a few hours left of darkness when Omen carries me down the mountain, landing within the safety of the shadows of the tree line where my car is parked.

“Don’t be long, mate,” he coaxes, brushing my hair from my eyes. “I can’t be seen during daylight hours.”

“I’ll be as fast as I can,” I say, raising my gaze to his. “I’ll have a few bags with me. Will you be able to carry that much?”

Omen’s laughter is all the response I need.

“Okay, well. How will I let you know when I return?”

“I’ll be watching,” he promises. “I’ll be waiting.”

I lick my lips and nod. “See you soon.” With that, I creep from the forest and hop into my little car that looks ridiculously like a pregnant roller skate. Careful to obey the traffic rules despite my excitement, I make it home to my rental in record time. I race around the house, filling my suitcase, and half a dozen bags with my belongings. Clothes, shoes, a sewing kit, my books and art supplies, as well as some practical necessities like toiletries, some cutlery, bowls, cups, towels, blankets, and a bunch of matches from my kitchen drawer.

Glancing around my ransacked home, I take a deep breath. *Am I really doing this?* I wonder to myself, heart racing. No more movies, no more electricity, no instant hot water. I'll have none of the modern conveniences I was raised with. *But what does that matter when you have the love of a monster?* a voice whispers deep inside. *It'll be like camping forever with the father of your monster babies!*

A smile twitches the corners of my lips and I nod to myself. Yep. I'm doing this. I have no idea what will happen once I'm gone. Will I be reported missing? Will debt collectors come looking for rent owed? How long until the town of Point Pleasant forgets I ever existed? Soon, I hope. I'll become a forgotten memory, the girl that wanted to get out, never to be seen again.

Stuffing my car, I lock the house behind me and leave the keys under the mat. It's time to go. In the distance, the faintest glow begins to peep above the horizon. The twilight hours are gone, and the dawn is upon us. Taking the fastest way I know back to Blackwater Falls State Park, I meet Omen in the same place.

Loading all my bags onto his arms, he kisses me on the forehead. "I'll be back for you shortly, mate. "I'll collect the bag you left by the cave, too."

"Thank you," I say, before he disappears into the last shreds of darkness that remain.

Leaving my car unlocked, with the keys in the ignition, I return to the trees to await my monstrous mate. "Well, this is it," I whisper to myself. "No more running. West Virginia is our home. Now, and for always."

## Chapter Ten

As the dawn grows brighter, Omen retreats into a secondary den within our cave. The morning light hurts his eyes. I join him, filling the space with candles and cushions for comfort. “What do you eat, Omen?” I ask as I sink down beside him. “Do you even need to?”

Omen laughs, his bright teeth gleaming in the candlelight. “I do eat, though my diet is not like my insect kin. I hunt and eat game, like deer and rabbit, and sometimes ducks and wild geese. But right now? I’m going to eat you.”

I gasp as I’m taken by surprise.

My devious Mothman stalks on top of me, tearing my clothes from my body with ease. Then he lowers his head to my chest, swirling his tongue around my hard nipples, before leaving a trail of hot kisses down my belly. He pushes my legs apart wide, dropping between my thighs, his lips tease my clit, his tongue snaking out to flick and suckle it.

I want to crawl out of my own skin. My God, that feels good! I bite my own fist as I moan, my other hand clutching at the blankets beneath me.

His tongue sinks inside me, pumping, deeper and deeper—impossibly deep.

I raise myself up on my elbows, eyes wide in the dim light. “Omen,” I breathe. “How long is your tongue?”

Omen lifts his head, retracting his wicked tongue from my pussy, before revealing the impossible truth. It’s obscenely long and thick, just like a popular comic book alien antihero. It’s as unnerving as it is amazing.

I can feel myself growing wet just at the sight of it. “Oh my.” *It’s longer than his cock! Holy fuck!* And then all logical thought and contemplation leave me as in the next heartbeat that monstrous tongue is plunging back inside of me, probing depths that no man ever has before. Guttural moans tumble unchecked from my mouth as I experience the best



fucking oral of my life. *Sweet Jesus*. He's ruined me. I'm his forever! Between his knotty cock and this magnificent tongue, I'm set for the rest of my days.

For how long this relentless clit-and-cunt torture goes on, I can't say. I lose track of how many times I come. There's just wave after wave of toe-curling ecstasy. Each merges into the next, until it seems my poor pussy is just trapped in one long, wickedly cruel orgasm. Tears leak from my eyes and soon I'm begging him to stop. I feel jelly-legged, or like a wrung-out towel. I've got no more energy. He's literally licked, sucked, and tongue-fucked it out of me.

"Last time, my mate. Come for me," growls Omen, before slapping my pussy as if it were an ass. I'm so riled and strung out that the sharp sting does it for me, and I scream out, my cunt spasming uncontrollably as I writhe on our makeshift nest like a cut snake.

Omen sits back on his haunches, just watching me, clearly satisfied with a job well done. "Are you happy, mate?" he asks.

I rake my fingers through my hair and stare at the cavern roof above, huffing out a dramatic breath. "I have never experienced anything like that before. I don't think I could stand right now, even if I wanted to. I'm fucking well fucked. Thank you."

Omen grins. "Good. I'll steal the legs from you at least twice a day from now until our end."

I roll over onto my side and snuggle up. "Sounds too good to be true."

My Mothman gently lays a heavy wool blanket over me, then spoons in behind me, wrapping a protective arm over me. "For now, let's rest," he says, his breath hot on my ear. "But I'm going to go hunting once it gets dark. Sleep well, Penny. When I return, I'll rustle up something for you. You'll no doubt be ravenous when you wake." He chuckles.

"Mmm," I moan softly. "A hot meal would be amazing." Fatigue begins to wash over me, tugging

mercilessly at my eyelids. “Thank you, mate,” I whisper, before giving into the promise of sex-satiated oblivion.

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The smell of roasted game reaches my senses and I stir, stretching and yawning. I place my flat palm against my stomach. It feels slightly more firm than usual, which isn't surprising, given my womb is currently gestating seven eggs. “I'm going to take care of you, little ones,” I coo, rubbing circles on my belly. “And your father will protect us all.”

Fumbling through one of my bags, I locate my fluffy bathrobe and shrug it on, then wrap the fabric belt around my waist and secure it with a casual knot. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes I wander out into the central cavern where the firepit burns cheerfully. “Oh my God, I breathe. “It's dark. I slept all day?”

The stars shimmer beyond, as Omen rises from beside the pit, a plate of steaming roasted meat in hand. “You did,” he says. “It's a few hours after sunset. I didn't have the heart to wake you.”

I yawn again and plonk myself down on a cushion facing the incredible view. “Is that for me?” I ask, hunger stirring in my belly. “It smells delicious. What is it?”

“Rabbit,” says Omen, dropping down beside me. He passes me the plate with a smile. “Eat up, mate. Incubating our babies is going to take a lot out of you, but I'll keep you fed and safe. I promise.”

The meat is crispy on the outside, and perfectly succulent inside. I carefully pick at a piece, burning my fingertips, but I'm so hungry I don't care. Piece after piece, I devour my portion, then suck my greasy fingers clean. “Thank you, Omen. That was delicious. I swear the meat just melted in my mouth.”

“What can I say?” says the Mothman. “I'm a sexy monster that can cook.”

“You can say that again,” I agree, leaving the plate on the ground before pouncing on him. “I never imagined I could

be so lucky,” I say, pleased to feel Omen’s stiff black cock against me. “How about I steal the legs from *you*?” I challenge, before pushing him back and positioning myself directly above him.

“You can try,” he counters as his strong hands take hold of my waist.

Taking his cock in my hand, I rub it against my already wet slit, dipping his head just inside my cunt, before removing it and sliding it back. Holding my breath, I ease my weight down and his cock punctures my puckered, tight ass. *My God, he’s huge.*

A hiss escapes him, and his eyes gleam with feral lust.

I take him all the way, until I’m sitting on him, flush against his firm sac. Biting my lip, I offer him a seductively playful smirk. “You bet your ass I’m going to try.”

As the moonlight pours into our cozy mountaintop cavern, bathing us in its mystical light, I feel empowered beyond my wildest and most lunatic desires. I’m going to fuck the Mothman’s bloody brains out! No regrets. I don’t need photographs. I’m going to live every moment, every day like it’s my last.

**The End**

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# **BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER**

## **INFERNAL DESIRES**

### ***Loving Monsters, 3***

**Faedra Rose**

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**Sample Chapter**

“With this blood I summon thee, Lucifer Morningstar, Fallen One, King of Hell, Bringer of Light, and Master of Truth.” My voice is strong and unwavering as I chant alone in the middle of the forest. “Come to me on this Hallowed Eve, grant me your favor! Grant me my desires!” The lush forest falls silent as the candles of my circle are extinguished by a timely gust of brisk autumn wind.

I hold my breath, shivering in my simple white slip-dress beneath my black velvet cloak. The shadows loom and stretch around me, distorted by the dappled moonlight, reaching with gnarled fingers as if to ensnare the unwary.

For most, Halloween is nothing more than an excuse to overindulge in candy, wear risqué costumes, and run-amok ...

but for me it's so much more. Tonight represents sacred tradition, a duty passed down from mother to daughter since the time of the infamous Salem Witch Trials. The foremother of our line paid with blood and flesh to save us all, to grant us protection, and to ensure we had a future beyond the cruelty and barbarism of those dark days.

The world has changed, and continues to change, but religious zealots still exist, and bigots of all kinds ravage the world with their hate-mongering. Inciting fear and panic among the masses on a daily basis, they ruthlessly corrupt from their untouchable positions of authority. And so, the truth remains that people have in fact not changed at all. Not really. The ill-informed are still as easily led, and stupid as sheep. They'll flock to the first false shepherd to promise prosperity, and rid them of their supposed enemies. And history has proven that time and time again my kind often fall prey to being viewed as just such an enemy.

And that's why I stand here tonight in my ceremonial circle of salt and flame, pantless and ready for what is to come. I must make the same sacrifice my forebears have made over the centuries if I am to ensure the renewal of our powers, and the safety of my great family. These powers I speak of are no sham. They are real, a gift from the Dark Lord, himself. All he asks in return is our fealty and love—quite literally. Soon, I will know the fiery touch of the Devil, and experience the depths of his depraved and infernal desires for myself.

The candles unexpectedly relight, bursting into flames one by one, until the circle is complete once more. A great fire erupts from the center of my makeshift altar on the forest floor, the flames spiraling upon themselves in a flurry, as if caught up in a great hurricane. The heat and wind buffets me, and I shield my eyes as the brightness diminishes.

There can be no mistaking the horrifyingly beautiful beast that now stands before me on cloven feet. His pitch-black eyes gleam with the eternal darkness of the Abyss, like unholy jewels nestled into the face of an angel, his form more perfect than any likeness ever carved by the hands of man. Great curling horns like those of a ram sprout from his head—

adding to his already unnatural height—and black hair spirals to his shoulders, drawing my attention to his long, braided goatee.

My breath catches in my throat as my gaze drops one painstaking inch at a time, drinking in the magnificence of his broad shoulders, chiseled abs, and the definition of the famed Triangle of Adonis that leads to the forbidden treasure resting beneath the silky black fur that covers his crotch and monstrous goats' legs.

“I’ve been expecting you,” says Lucifer, his deep voice husky and full of illicit promise.

“Master,” I breathe, falling to my knees, head bowed.

“What is your name, girl?”

Swallowing the urge to whimper, I clear my throat and raise my voice to just above a whisper. “It’s Willow Wildes, Master. Daughter of Lily, granddaughter of Abigail.”

“Ah, yes,” he says. “I remember them most fondly. Each more than earned their power.” Lucifer pauses a moment, before squatting and lifting my chin with a long, curved claw. “And now you seek your own power,” he says. “As the women of your line have done for some three-hundred years.”

I tremble as I gaze into the eternity of his dark eyes. “Yes, Master. I have come to offer you blood and flesh in return for your favor, just as Sarah did so long ago.”

“You are a unique beauty, Willow Wildes,” he says thoughtfully. “I have not seen this for over a hundred years.” Raising my chin further, he brushes away errant strands of my blood-red hair to examine my face. “One blue, and one green, for the sky above and the earth below. Most intriguing.”

“It’s a condition. We call it heterochromia,” I whisper.

“It is a good and rare omen,” the Devil interjects. “It bodes well for you, my pretty. To be different is a gift in and of itself. To wear your difference with pride, and stand apart from others as unique takes courage.”



“I only ask for that which my foremothers were given,” I say as he rises.

“I cannot give you the powers of your foremothers,” he answers, looking down upon me.

Fear and sudden panic surge in the pit of my stomach, bringing with it the sour taste of bile. I wring my hands in my lap in an effort to contain my nerves and maintain my self-control. *Dare I question the Dark Lord?* I lick my lips, my gaze fixed on his cloven hooves. “Have I offended you, Master?”

“No, child.”

Heart racing, I feel like I’m going to be sick. “Am I unworthy?”

“Far from it.”

“Then why?” I ask, looking up to gaze upon his flawless face backlit against the bright moon.

“You have been marked for greatness, Willow. I cannot give you that which I have given your foremothers because you are destined to have much greater powers.”

“Greater?” The word tumbles from my lips unbidden in wonder.

“Much greater,” he emphasizes.

With chaotic butterflies in my belly, I place my hands on my knees—palms facing up in submission and obedience—and hold his gaze as boldly as I’m able. “Ask of me what you will, Master, and it will be yours.”

End of sample chapter

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