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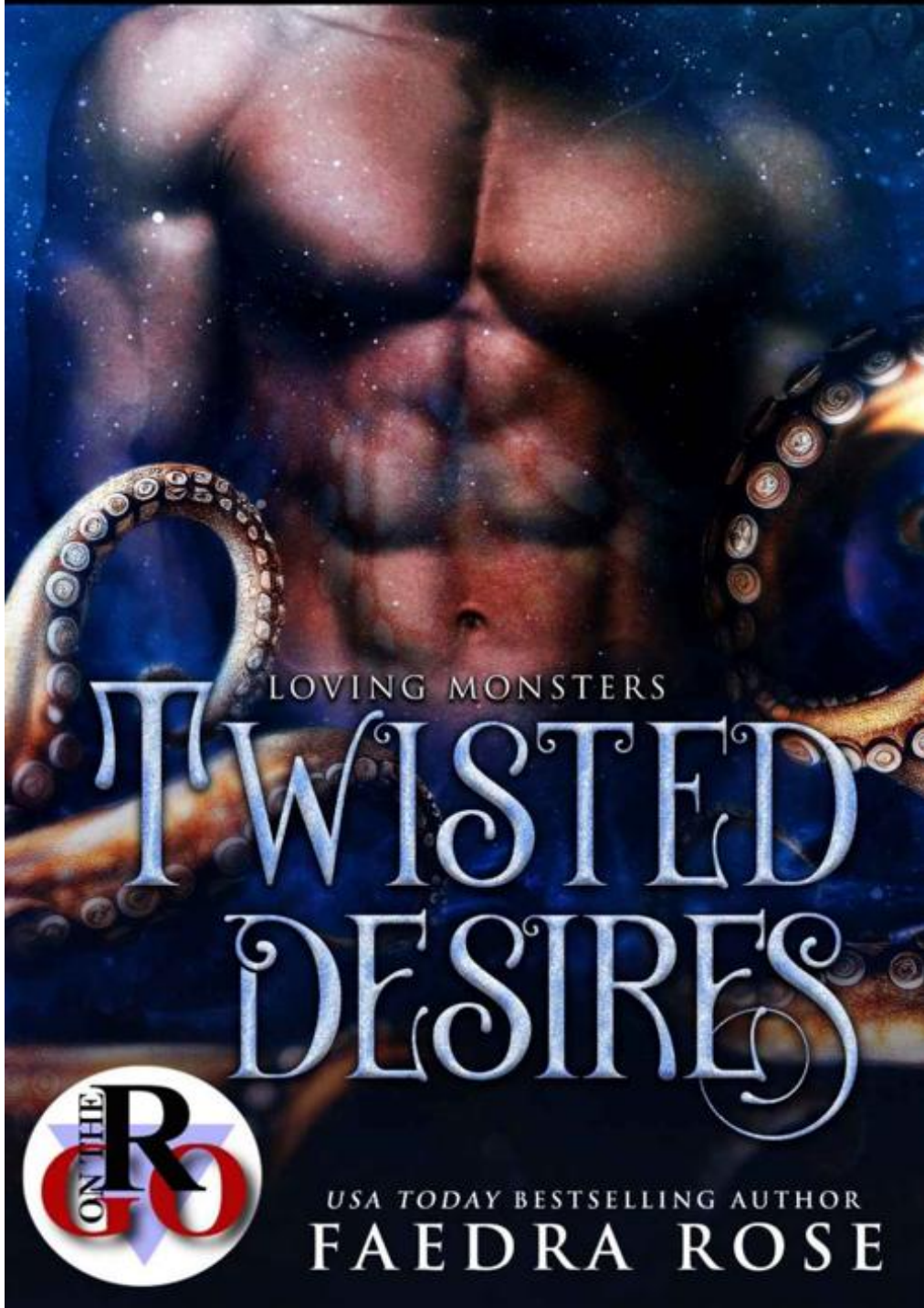
LOVING MONSTERS

TWISTED DESIRES



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
FAEDRA ROSE

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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!

TWISTED DESIRES

Loving Monsters, 4

Faedra Rose

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Chapter One

“Wow,” I breathe as I paddle through the ancient sea caves of Devil’s Island. The timeless red and gold rock formations are breathtakingly beautiful. Eroded by the intense surf of Lake Superior over millions of years, the caves are popular with kayakers and tourists from all over the world. I’m Wisconsin born and bred, yet I’ve never seen this stunning and dramatic spot for myself—until now. After falling out with my college friends, it seems the perfect place to explore, get drunk, and nurse my sorrows on Halloween.

Local legends say an evil spirit dwells here. The natives claim to have heard it howling and roaring on stormy nights. The thought has gooseflesh prickling up my arms as darkness descends and the winds pick up. The waters of Lake Superior start to get choppy. *Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea*, I muse as my head buzzes with warmth. But a part of me loves fear. I revel in it. I always have.

The thrill of danger pumps me full of adrenaline, and I find myself squinting into the gloom, surreptitiously glancing about as if something might just rise from depths to fulfill my most twisted All Hallows’ Eve fantasies.

Resting my double-ended paddle over my lap, I adjust my bright orange life vest and reach for my bottle of bourbon. I shudder after taking a deep slug of the amber alcohol as it burns down my throat. Doesn’t taste great, but it gets the job done. After screwing the lid back on, I slide it back down alongside my legs and dip my paddle back into the water. *Do I have a death wish?* I wonder. What kind of sane person drunkenly kayaks through caves at night—alone?

“Well,” I say aloud to no one in particular, emboldened by the relaxing hum in my veins. “If my fuckwit friends weren’t such jerks, I wouldn’t be here, now, would I?” No. I don’t have a death wish. I just need an escape. Time to rage. Time to be reckless. Time to get the frustration out of my system. “I didn’t fucking kiss Jett! He’s just a friend.” I inform the darkness. But it doesn’t matter. Jessica believes what she

heard from some tart on campus, instead ... even after ten stinking years of friendship. She didn't even give me the benefit of the doubt! She didn't even confront me or speak to me. She just turned everyone against me on a whim like a butt-hurt little bitch. *Ugh!*

We were supposed to go out tonight. We were going to trick-or-treat together, then kayak out to Devil's Island to get smashed and camp the night away. There was going to be a bonfire and everything. I've been looking forward to it for months. I love Halloween. It's my favorite holiday, so spending it with friends and getting wasted was going to be next level. I needed this. It was going to be epic.

Scowling, I slap the paddle down across my lap, again. My so-called friends obviously changed their plans at the very last minute—without notifying me—which means they really are done with me. I've been cut out of my own damn social circle like a bruise on an apple. And here I am bobbing about in the dark like an idiot out of pure spite.

There's no one in sight, not at this hour, in these conditions. Though I know a volunteer ranger mans the Devil's Island lighthouse. But whoever they are, they can't possibly see me—not down here. And they wouldn't expect anyone to be out on the water at Halloween, anyway. It's just me, the lake, and my misery. I sigh.

A strange, mournful sound echoes around me—sudden and unexpected. I stiffen, frozen in place, eyes wide. *What the actual fuck?* That doesn't sound like the surf and wind howling through sea caves... It sounds too poignant. The lamentation itself is rife with emotion. I can tangibly feel it. There is no way that it's just the elements of nature bouncing and echoing off each other. It's almost like someone or something is calling out. It sounds lonely, I realize. And somewhere deep down inside of me, the call resonates. The sound could have come from my own damn soul.

I take a steadying breath and try to remain calm, though my rational and educated mind races for an explanation. *It's just nature, Bethany,* I tell myself. *Just like the scientists say. There are no such things as evil spirits or*

creatures from the depths. You've let the ancient stories get to your head like a kid afraid of the monsters under the bed. Despite my feeble efforts to rationalize the strange sound, my gut isn't fooled, not by a long shot. I know what I heard. It wasn't the bloody wind, and it certainly wasn't fucking human.

Swallowing my fear like a bitter pill, I make the only decision that makes any sense. I'm going to get out of here. This was a stupid idea. But I've lost my way, and I can't remember which direction I entered the cave system from. As quietly as I'm able I scrounge around my legs for a flashlight. Raising it at eye level, up by my shoulder, I press the button, illuminating the sea caves around me. Gold and red sediment glitters in the light's beam. It's breathtaking. Then something splashes nearby, painfully distinct from the sloshing of the surf against the smooth rock walls.

Lowering the beam to the water's surface, I nearly drop the flashlight altogether when I see something move, made visible by the light penetrating the rippling depths. Any precious shred of calm I had remaining evaporates, and I begin to hyperventilate, my heart racing for a finish line that doesn't exist. My arm trembles and I reach for my throat with my free hand. Panic begins to overwhelm me and suddenly I can't breathe. I try to draw breath, but it's like my throat has closed, restricting my airway almost entirely. My chest tightens and burns like fire. The darkness begins to close in all around me.

I feel the flashlight slip from my fingers, lost to the turbulent waters of Lake Superior forever. *I can't breathe!* I cry out in my mind. *Oh, God. I'm going to die.* The devastating realization slams into my chest with the weight of a sledgehammer, and I swoon, gasping in vain as my kayak topples over and oblivion claims me.

A heartbeat later and the shocking cold of Lake Superior embraces me from all sides, jolting me back to consciousness. Inverted, I can't get free. My legs are firmly stuck. *Fuck!* My curvy girl ass and chunky thighs are going to be the death of me. *For fuck's sake, you've got to be kidding me!* I wiggle and squirm, leveraging my weight against the

sides of the kayak, all the while upside down. I pull and push, but it's no use.

This is it. Fear floods me all over again with a fresh wave of equilibrium destroying devastation. I'm going to drown! Someone's going to find my cold, fat, bloated, and lifeless corpse stuck in my kayak. My parents will be alerted, and I'll be just another drunken Halloween fatality on the news. My ex-friends will probably laugh when they hear it.

Just as I'm ready to give up and kiss my bombastic ass goodbye, I feel movement in the water around me. Something slick snakes its way around my waist, and in the chaotic darkness of the world below the surface, I make out two glowing yellow eyes. They stare back at me, unblinking and curious. Pure terror takes a dump on my fucking soul, and I open my mouth to scream. The lake rushes in, eager to quench the fire in my burning lungs.

Chapter Two

Like the unexpected suddenness of a balloon bursting, reality returns in an explosion of confronting awareness. My eyes fly wide as powerful blows strike me with pinpoint accuracy between the shoulder blades. My body convulses in response, and my lungs instinctively purge themselves of the lake. Water burbles and splutters from me in heaving gushes as I gasp for breath. There's rock beneath me and I'm out of the water. *How?* Mind racing, I try to raise myself up, to see where I am. The strength holding me up suddenly vanishes, retreating in a slither of tentacles and back into the murky depths.

I scoot backward until my spine is pressed flat against the wall of the small, smooth ledge. With my gaze trained firmly on the swirling waters, I shiver from head to toe, unable to control it. Several minutes pass as I sit on the precipice of indecision. Whatever it was ... it saved me. It pulled me from my kayak, got me to this ledge safely, and then struck me on the back to expel the water so that I wouldn't drown. *If it wanted to eat me, it fucking would have*, I reason.

Once my breathing steadies to a degree, I lick my chapped lips and decide on my next move. And it's positively batshit insane. "Hello?" I call out, my voice trembling as my teeth chatter. I can't believe I'm doing this... "If you can understand me, thank you for saving me."

The water stirs several feet away and I squint, with only a shaft of moonlight pouring in through a crack above to see by. Long, wet black hair rises slowly from the water, followed by those glowing yellow eyes, and then the rest of a surprisingly handsome and chiseled human-looking face. Aside from the fact that the monster's skin is a deep shade of mottled orange, he'd almost pass for a man, features-wise at least.

I hold my breath, and we stare at one another for a handful of anxious heartbeats. "Can you speak?" I venture, when the silence hanging between us becomes unbearable.

The monster blinks two sets of eyelids, eliciting a gasp from me, before answering. “I can.”

My mind reels as I run a hand through my tangled bleach-blonde hair. “What are you?” The monster rises higher, his entire torso—that of a man—breaks the surface. His muscles gleam as water cascades over his rippled form. Then tentacles appear. There’s fucking eight of them! Some snake along the surface provocatively while others walk him along the cave floor.

“I am what I am,” he says succinctly. “No more and no less.”

His deep baritone washes over me, and to my shame I feel warmth blossom within me. It’s the voice of a seasoned rock star, the type with that natural gravel that can make a girl lose her panties in a New York minute. I’ve officially lost my mind. Hot for a monster? Seriously?

“You look like a...” I pause, considering my words, but there really is no polite way of putting it. “Like a monster.”

The monster smiles then, revealing sinister fangs. “Yes. I’ve heard that word before. Your kind lacks my beautiful appendages, so I suppose they might appear rather shocking to the unappreciative eye.”

“Your tentacles?” I ask, dumbfounded. “Yeah, we humans don’t have those.”

“That’s a shame for you,” says the lake monster. “They really are quite useful.”

Lost for words, the first thing that pops into my head is what spills from my lips. “I can imagine.”

His dark brows quirk, and he moves closer still. “Can you?” he asks, his voice dripping with salacious promise.

I blink, realizing what I’ve just fallen headlong into. *Oh, hell no!* “I, ah—I guess you don’t get many visitors?” I ask lamely, attempting to deflect and diffuse the unnerving and increasing tension.

“No, I don’t. You’re the first in a very long while,” he drawls, moving closer.

“Do you have a name?” I blurt, desperate to stall the monster’s deliberately slow and predatory advance.

“I do.”

Closer.

“What is it?”

“Why do you want to know?”

Closer.

I swallow the stubborn lump in my throat and feel my cheeks flush with an impossible heat. A tentacle slithers around my waist and I ignore it by sheer force of will. “Well, what am I supposed to call you, then?” I ask. “How do I thank you properly if I don’t know your name?”

“I do not give my name lightly, pretty girl. For tonight, you may call me Master ... and I can think of other ways you might show your gratitude to me if you so desire.”

My heart thrums in my ears as tentacles snake around my wrists, pulling my arms above my head. A gasp escapes me, and then the monster’s lips are pressed to mine, his tongue snaking between them to explore my mouth. Despite the coldness of the lake, his kiss is surprisingly warm. His hands reach for my face, alighting softly on my cheeks, before trailing down my neck, to my sodden, see-through t-shirt to cup my ample breasts.

I break the kiss, trying in vain to pull back, but he holds me firm. There’s nowhere to go. And there’s nothing I can do. He has my arms secured, and a fore-tentacle wrapped firmly around my waist. “Wait,” I breathe, breathless as a heady mixture of fear and curiosity dances through me. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“What does it feel like, pretty?” he drawls, tweaking my frozen nipples painfully with a wickedly suggestive smirk.

I yelp, then bite my lip. “I-I...” I stutter, starting over a handful of times, seemingly unable to get the words out. It’s

like I've lost my command of coherent speech. I scream internally in frustration.

"Let's keep this simple," the lake monster suggests. "How about I ask the questions, and you simply answer with *yes* or *no*?"

With no other option available to me, given my shameful and sudden tongue-tie, I nod warily.

"Wrong answer," he says, tweaking my nipples again.

A yip escapes me, and I fight to keep my breathing steady. "Yes," I gasp.

"Yes, what?" he presses, his glowing eyes holding my gaze.

Fucking Jesus! What the fuck am I supposed to do? *Play along.* The answer pops into my head unbidden. *It might be the only way to survive until morning...* Truthfully, I don't know shit about this monster. Is it benevolent? Or will it finish what the lake started when he's had his fun? I can't possibly know. But there's at least five damn hours until the sun rises and no chance of help whatsoever.

The only thing I can do is agree with my feminine instincts. They've helped countless generations of women survive the ages despite their abusers. So, I'll play his game and with any luck, tonight won't be my last.

With my resolve steeled and my heart set on survival, I take a deep breath. And though my voice quivers with fear, I give my answer. "Yes, Master."

Chapter Three

The monster's smirk would be enough to soak my panties—if they weren't already saturated with freezing-cold lake water. I shiver in his grasp as a tentacle snakes under my skirt, the transparent fabric sticking to my chunky thighs like a wrinkled second skin.

“That's a good girl,” he praises as my legs spread of their own accord. “I may be a monster, but I know how to please a woman.”

My brows furrow and I bite my lip, whimpering as his nubile appendage begins to play with my clit. Conflicted, I try to pull away, but in the same breath my body betrays me, and my hips lean into the monster's ravenous touch.

“Look at you. Your modest mind and childhood fears would have you withdraw and fight me. They would force you to deny your innermost twisted desires, but your primal soul craves me. I can see it, smell it ... taste it,” he finishes. He steals another kiss as the tentacle between my legs ramps up its wickedly delicious ministrations.

“Oh my God,” I gasp against his mouth as I squirm on my ass against the smooth rock ledge.

“There is no god here but me, my pretty,” he answers, nipping at my lower lip with his fangs.

Pain—though fleeting—registers as blood begins to bead from the small puncture wounds to trickle down my chin. It feels disturbingly and blessedly warm against my cold skin.

The monster licks the blood away, his eyes blazing. “Delicious.” He draws another whimper from me with ease as the sensations below my navel change. It's as though he's sucking on my clit, though his face remains right here by mine, watching for my reaction.

“What is that?” I manage, my breathing growing heavier with each passing moment.

“What is what, pretty?” he drawls with malicious feigned innocence.

I bite back a moan as the intensity grows. “It’s like ... like you’re sucking on me.”

“Ah, that. I have placed one of my suckers directly over your precious pearl. Do you like how it feels, or do you need more?”

My cheeks flare with heat, my nipples tingle—hard as rocks—and it feels like I’m perilously close to *something*. “Master,” I whimper, unable to hide the sulk in my voice. “I’ve never felt anything like this before.”

“You are no virgin,” answers the monster. “I know it just by looking at you. There is confidence in your bearing. You know what it means to be with a man.”

“I do,” I gasp, squeezing my eyes shut tight. My insides contract, and my pussy quivers. It’s like I can feel my heartbeat in my clit! When I open my eyes several desperate breaths later, the monster looks alarmingly disgusted, though his tentacle continues to pleasure me with effortless deviance.

“The men you’ve been with have taken their pleasure, and not given in return?”

I grimace against the intensity building within me, gasping aloud as his fingers brush over my sore nipples. “They’ve gone down on me,” I admit in between breaths. “But it’s never felt anything like this. I feel like I’m going to explode, or piss myself, or something! I don’t know,” I finish, overwhelmed with frustration.

“You’ve never come,” says the monster with fire in his golden eyes. “Bastards.” The amount of venom surprises me.

“I’ve always assumed I couldn’t ... that there was something wrong with me. I thought maybe I was just broken.”

The monster shakes his head with a dark smile. “Oh no, precious girl. You can, indeed. I can hear your heart racing, your breath quickening. All the telltale signs are there, my beauty.” I feel his sucker pull away, and instead he rubs my clit

with the soft, but firm end of his tentacle, working it like a trigger on the battlefield. “Now, come for me,” he commands, pushing me over the edge.

“Oh my G—” I bite off my blasphemy with a sharply drawn breath. “Master. It’s happening. I can’t...” My legs tense, my cold toes curl, and a strange keen that I scarcely recognize as my own voice escapes me. I can’t help it. I can’t control it. I can only feel, and bear witness as my body takes over, forcing my mind to take a back seat. There’s nothing but fire and unrelenting ecstasy. My cunt spasms, and a warmth unlike any I’ve ever experienced before fills me, radiating from my pussy in pulsating, breath-stealing waves that consume me.

“Jesus Christ,” I gasp when the intensity finally begins to wane, and I can feel my toes again.

“That was magnificent,” says the monster, having drifted back a little way in the water to watch me, as if I were an actor on stage performing for a live audience.

“Magnificent?” I roll my eyes, fatigued. “I feel like I just died a million times over!”

“You just experienced your first release, pretty. From the lip bite to the scrunched brow, to the way you ground your ass against the stone in desperation, toes curled and white with strain—it was *magnificent*.” Without having to ask or beg, the monster gently releases my wrists, and the tentacle that had been securing my waist withdraws silently back into the depths.

“Thank you,” I whisper, as I attempt to get a little more comfortable on the ledge in my soaking, disheveled state.

The lake monster quirks a dark brow, his expression stern. “Do you need to be punished, beautiful one?”

I gulp, pursing my lips in apology before I answer, almost forgetting the dangerous game I’m playing. “Thank you, Master.”

“Better,” he acknowledges. “But that’s the second time now.”

“I won’t do it again, Master,” I say, lowering my gaze to the dark, swirling waters.

“We’ll see,” he says.

A wave of exhaustion floors me in the wake of my near-drowning and first earth-shattering orgasm. “What now, Master?” I ask, rubbing my arms to fight the shivering cold prickling my skin.

“Tell me your name.”

“It’s Bethany Summers,” I answer. “But everyone calls me Beth.”

The lake monster slinks through the darkness like the perfect predator, and the dangerous glint in his eye has me backing up on the ledge. *Oh shit.* “I’m sorry, Master. Damn it. I’m not used to this. I’ve never even had a long-term boyfriend, let alone a master!” I explain.

“Well, Bethany Summers,” drawls the monster, closing the distance between us once more. “That makes three. It seems you need a heavier reminder to watch your manners. A lesson, if you will—a heavier hand.”

What does he mean? I wonder with sudden panic. What’s he going to do to me now? There’s nowhere for me to go. I’m trapped like a mouse in a dark, flooded maze.

The monster seizes my ankles with a pair of synchronized tentacles, pulling me forward so that I’m forced to lie on my back. Propped up on my elbows, fear races through me. Sinking deeper in the water until I can feel his hot breath on my cunt, he smiles as his fingers explore my folds. “I’m going to eat you until you cry, Bethany. And if you try to pull away or fight me, I’ll only make it last longer. Understood?”

A mewling whimper slips from my lips as I try to relax. Prone, exposed, and helpless, I’m completely at his mercy. “Yes, Master,” I whisper.

Chapter Four

Time loses all meaning as the tentacled lake monster chows down on me like I'm a fucking hot, crisp, soft, buttery, and sinfully sweet croissant fresh from the oven. I can't even think straight. It's like my cunt is a fucking puzzle box and he wrote the damn manual on it! My body shivers against the onslaught of conflicting sensations. Pleasure wars against the cold, lighting a fire within my belly to warm me, as the chill of my wet clothes and the breeze through the caves work together to steal every ounce of comfort from me.

The monster's tongue tickles my clit, before sinking inside of me. I let my head fall back against the time-worn rock, fighting the overwhelming urge to cry. A gasp rips from me as a sudden sting sings across the flesh of my ass, shocking me. I raise my head to meet his gaze, eyes welling with tears against my will.

"You're holding back," he accuses, his voice like rolling thunder. "Are you ready to let go?"

"No, Master," I answer, a surge of unexpected fire blazing to life within me.

"No? Look at that passion in your eyes, Bethany. It's captivating. You're willing to fight me on this, now, are you? You don't want to make my task easy?"

Emboldened by the flames burning inside of me, I hold his gaze with as much courage and defiance as I can muster. "Why should I, Master? You hold all the strings. I'm merely your waterlogged pleasure puppet."

"Oh, beautiful girl. You don't know what you're doing to me, do you?" he growls. "I can't resist a challenge. Do you truly desire to be broken? I could do it," he promises. "You aren't the first to have foolishly gotten lost in my lair. Or the first to have fallen prey to the Devil of Lake Superior."

A tentacle toys with my puckered asshole, teasing me open, before slowly—ever so slowly—slithering itself in.

“I’ve had much practice over the years. If you desire it, I could draw so much ecstasy from you that you’ll wish for death’s release. It would be a shame, in a way. You are the most voluptuous goddess to have tempted me.”

“A wager, then,” I gasp as his glowing yellow gaze bores into mine, and another tentacle pries its way inside my pussy. “Fuck,” I moan, dragging out the *u* until I run out of breath.

The lake monster’s eyes somehow gleam all the brighter. “What kind of wager, my pretty?” he coos too softly. The tentacles inside me begin to thrust, pumping me at alternating speeds like it’s some kind of malicious team effort. “Are you sure you want to play this game with me? I must warn you. I’ve never lost a bet.”

This isn’t the meek and mild survive-the-night plan, I warn myself as his words drip over me. This is playing with fire! But within the dappled moonlit shadows of the Devil’s Island caves, I feel compelled to follow the light inside of me that rages against the darkness. I might be a larger woman. And I might be most men’s drunken mistake or second choice. But I am not a victim. Some ancient, angry, and defiant part of me refuses to be. It screams: *Break me! Do your worst. But I will not go quietly!*

My heart swells with the courage of every woman in history to have faced a monster and lived to tell the tale. Not because they took what was coming to them, but because they refused to be tamed. I will not just weather the storm. I will fucking ride the storm! As two more tentacles fiddle with my poor, oversensitive nipples, I grit my teeth. “I’ve never been surer, Master,” I snarl.

“Color me intrigued, Bethany. State your terms.”

The monster tries to scatter my wits, driving his meaty appendages deeper inside of me, pumping me in both holes with a maddening vengeance. Panting against the pleasure that would rob me of my rational mind, I flex my cold, white fingers against the stone, my short nails scraping against its time-worn surface. *What’s something he has no control over?*

What's something I'm really fucking good at? I rake my mind for options, scouring my brain for something—anything remotely viable—when it occurs to me. “If I can make you come with my mouth, you let me leave when the sun rises, alive and unharmed.” I declare. If nothing else, I’m more than confident in my ability to blow a mean dick. A half-human-like monster’s cock couldn’t be that different, right? A man’s a fucking man!

“And if I win?” he presses.

“State your terms, Master,” I counter, feeling smug.

With his eerie glowing eyes focused on my face, he rubs his chin like an authentic villain deep in thought. “You are strong and brave, Bethany Summers. And I have no desire to end your life. But if you fail to make me come with that divine, pouty little mouth of yours, then you will remain here with me. You will be my mate, and together we will bring little tentacled devils into this world.”

I hear his words as clearly as a clarion bell through the rapture assaulting my body. *Mother of monsters?* I want to respond, to fight, to do something! But in the next instant the monster descends upon me, tentacles still fucking and teasing my flesh in a cacophony of traumatic bliss that has me bucking and thrashing like a worm on a hook. A keening wail tries in vain to slip from my lips but is caught and silenced as he wraps me up in his arms and kisses me, his lips capturing mine with such feverish hunger and passion that it’s the final straw.

Tears stream down my cheeks as I experience my second earth-shattering orgasm. It feels like my soul is being physically ripped from my goddamn body. I can feel everything and nothing all at once. My cunt spasms and contracts as wave after crippling tidal wave surges through me with tyrannical brutality, setting every single nerve ablaze, immolating me from within. The monster is inside me, on me, and all around me. His breath is mine, and mine is his.

To my deep shame I thrust against his hard form and vicious tentacles, desperate to eke out every ounce of ecstasy. It’s like my body is my own worst enemy as it melts into the

monster, allowing him access to the deepest, most sacred and virginal parts of me that exist—parts of me that will never be the same again.

And in the back of my mind, as I ride the breaking wave of paradoxical pleasure like a frenzied valkyrie, a dark thought emerges. *What if he's ruined me for all men? Even if I survive this, what if no man can hold a candle to the raging inferno of dark, tentacled devilry that is my monstrous master?* The very idea is deeply and disturbingly sobering.

Chapter Five

“When you’re ready,” says the monster, observing the mess of humanity that was once me lying in a languid pile, the waters of Lake Superior sloshing at the edges of my perch.

“I need a breather,” I gasp. Despite the icy water, the whistling wind, and the cloying feel of my clothes against my damp skin, I’m no longer cold. Every inch of me thrums, alive and warm—but I’m so very tired. Tired doesn’t even touch it. Not really. I feel like a wrung-out cloth, crumpled, used, wet, and in desperate need of at least a few hours in the sun.

“Do you wish to concede, Bethany?”

“And be your fucking monstrous baby mama?” I answer.

“Forgetting something?”

“Fuck you,” I spit with a surprising amount of venom in response. I know exactly what he wants to hear. “You can stick your *Master* up where the sun don’t shine!”

A dangerous gleam flashes in his eyes at my remark, and I brace myself for what’s to come. A slap? A spanking? A brutal onslaught of nipple tweaks? Whatever the punishment, I can handle it. I must. I’m going to win this thing. I’m going to outplay the Devil of Lake Superior and start over. Fuck my useless friends, fuck the guys who treated me like a piece of meat ... fuck them all. Including this cunt!

But the monster only smiles this time, and somehow, it’s even more intimidating than punishment. It’s a clear warning and a dark promise. “A fire has sparked within you, I see,” he observes. “You know, you might just enjoy your time with me, Beth,” he drawls. His long black hair spirals lank and wet over his strong shoulders, drawing my attention unwillingly to his rippling, muscular chest.

“I doubt it,” I answer, infusing my words with all the snark I can muster.

“You have so far,” he says leering, before a few of the monster’s tentacles resurface, a bleached white skull in each of their curled grips.

My heart almost stills in my chest, and I forget how to breathe. The fire in me sputters, choking on its own smoke. There’s no mistaking just what kind of skulls those are. They’re human. Fuck me!

“Do you wish to join them, then? They chose not to enjoy my company,” he remarks too casually, inspecting the remains with a cruel and bored curiosity. “This was Becca,” he says, gesturing to one. “And that was Charlotte. And those two over there were men, I think. I want to say Luke and Martin?” He waves flippantly with sinister delight, clearly reveling in my unmasked horror.

“How did they die?” I whisper, my voice trembling with a newfound appreciation of the devil I’m dancing with. *Shit. Shit. Shit.*

The monster taps his chin with a single long orange finger, his eyes narrowing as if in thought. “Hm,” he says. “I know I drowned at least one of them. She wouldn’t stop screaming. It grew tiresome, so I just fucked her before she went cold. The other? I ate her. Her heart stopped beating at the mere sight of me, and I was hungry, so...” he trails off before continuing. “And the men? Well, one begged me to fuck him to death—that was delightfully messy—and the other went out swinging. But it makes little difference as to their fates. I always take what I want.”

“You ate someone...” Every muscle in my body locks up, the warmth of my relentless orgasm long since gone. I feel as cold as a corpse in the grave. I don’t know what the fuck I was thinking. It would have been better to drown than end up here in the caves, playing at deals with such an unholy creature.

“I have,” he answers. “Several someones over the course of my very long life, in fact.”

“How old are you, exactly?” I ask. I wrap my arms around myself, my back to the stone as far as I can possibly

go.

“It’s hard to say, pretty. Several hundred of your years at least that I recall. I feasted upon darker-skinned humans—the natives of this land—long before your shade of white arrived upon its shores. And before that, islanders, when I still lived out at sea.”

My mind is reduced to static, and I tangibly feel the blood draining from my face. “Is this wager a lie?” I grimace as my voice borders on plaintive. “Are you going to kill me no matter what I do?”

The monster frowns, folding his muscular arms across his chest. “No. I might be a monster, sweet thing, but you have my word. I have no desire to end your life. Too long have I been alone, and the one offspring I managed to sire has since traveled far from here. I desire new life, Bethany Summers. If you lose, your reward will be my heart, and an eternity by my side, here in the lake. Together we will spawn a family, and you’ll have children to call your own. You will be a mother, and you’ll never have to face losing them, for they will outlive both of us.”

My teeth chatter as the reality of my predicament sinks in. “What do you mean?” I ask, eyes wide. “I’m going to change? Become like you?” The thought churns my stomach, and I hug myself protectively. *Tentacles? Me? No, thanks!* “You should have left me to drown in my kayak,” I utter under my breath. “There is no hope for me, is there?”

“There is always hope, dear girl. I have waited centuries for a female strong enough, bold enough, and smart enough to carry my legacy into the future. Birthing a baby of my species is a trial in and of itself, you see. Only the strongest survive. And I know you will, Bethany. After centuries alone—after almost giving up on ever finding my match—destiny has delivered you to me. We are Fated Mates. You mightn’t see it now, but you will feel it in your very bones soon enough, and then, you will never want to leave me, I promise you this. But I will keep my word, and I wish you luck in your impossible task.”

Swallowing the dry lump in my throat with substantial effort, I purse my lips before asking my final question. “And how many women have you actually made pregnant if you’ve had just the one surviving child?” Awaiting his answer with bated breath, a tangible knot of fear and anxiety twists inside of me like tangled seaweed caught in a violent current.

“Don’t be afraid, my pretty,” he responds.

His words fall on deaf ears as the world fades around me and my focus narrows. “How many?” I press.

“Too many to recall.”

Well, that’s fucking fantastic, I reel. The odds are clearly not in my fucking favor. Even if I don’t die today, the chances are the bloody monster that grows in my womb will kill me later.

“Will you concede, and join me, Bethany? Or must we continue with this charade and wager for your freedom?”

Flicking my wet hair over my shoulders with solemn determination, I meet the monster’s yellow gaze. “I think I’ll fight for my freedom, thanks,” I answer as evenly as I’m able, though my very soul shakes with mounting dread. “I owe it to myself to try.”

The Devil of Lake Superior inclines his head, eyes flashing in the filtered moonlight. “I can respect that,” he says with surprising sincerity. Rising higher from the water on his many tentacles, he reaches down before me, parting an almost invisible seam in his mottled orange flesh with his fingers, just above where his writhing appendages begin.

A horrified gasp escapes me as he eases out the biggest, strangest cock I’ve ever seen from within. It stands to attention, gleaming in the starlight. Strange, thick purple veins throb around its length in an alienesque spiral formation—just inches from my face. “Dear God,” I breathe.

Chapter Six

“Something the matter, pet?”

I blink at the monstrous dick that twitches before me. Its smooth head has a soft rosy blush which stands out against the brighter orange shade of his flesh, and the deep, dark purple of the glossy, pulsing veins that spiral around it like choking vines. This vile beast is so fucking long and thick that I have no idea how it could possibly fit inside my cunt, let alone my mouth! *Jesus Christ*. As the cold vise-grip of reality tightens its cruel fingers around my throat, I realize I’ve just fucked myself over, big time.

Suppressing a sigh, I lick my lips and kiss my freedom goodbye. There’s literally no way I’m capable of taking enough of that in to do anything for it. Quite frankly, it’s petrifying. It’s a beast of its own fucking merit. Maybe if I had no damn teeth, I’d have a better chance of shoving at least some of it to the back of my throat. But I know straight up, just by looking at it, that that bitch of a cock is too much for me. Too much for any human gob. *Fuck*.

“Hm?” the monster prompts, raising an eyebrow in an all-too-knowing query.

“Just kill me,” I say, cringing at the sickening defeat in my own voice.

“I will do no such thing. You are my prize.”

“You knew,” I say, my lower lip wobbling as I fight back tears. “You lied to me. You said there was hope, but there isn’t any! Just look at that bloody thing.”

The monster bristles, perturbed by my brash accusation. “The hope was never for your freedom, Bethany. The hope was mine—for me—that you would become my mate.”

“Fuck this!” I rise to my feet on the wet rocky ledge and dive, leaping out as far as I can beyond the reach of his tentacles. For several breathless moments I’m free. I break the

surface again, gasping down a lungful of cool air as I begin to power through the dark water with whatever strength I have left. An insane, futile glimmer of hope springs up, buoyed by my unhindered escape. Is he letting me go? Maybe he doesn't want a mate that doesn't want him in return. I mean, he could have stopped me if he wanted to.

The choppy waters of Lake Superior toss me about like a rag doll, and I must fight not to be pulled under into the swirling depths coursing through the subterranean cave system. Running on pure adrenaline, I soon find my reserves failing me. Fear isn't enough, and I'm reminded again that I'm an unfit buxom bitch. I'm no reed that can be carried safely away on the tide ... I've got tits the size of watermelons, an ass that has its own postcode, and thick thighs for days. The fuckers might look bouncy and generous in spandex, but now they're just dragging me down and tiring me out. And I don't have enough energy to combat the wrath of the lake during a Halloween storm, and deal with a fucking monster.

Maybe if I wasn't still hungover, half-frozen, and jelly-legged from multiple orgasms, I'd stand a better chance. But I guess I'll never know, because in the next instant I feel the unmistakable grip of a tentacle ensnaring my ankle. I scream into the night in frustration. He's not giving up on me. He's never going to let me go! I can't even bloody drown myself because he'll save me, not because he's a great guy, but because he needs a nice chunky breeder to bring his little devils into the world. *Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!*

Another tentacle seizes me around the waist, and I'm drawn backward through the rough water, thrashing like a worm on a hook, until I'm face-to-face with the Devil of the Lake once more. I cough up the water I've managed to breathe in, and glare at him through the darkness. "I fucking hate you," I spit. Drawing my arm back to slap his stupidly beautiful face, he catches my wrist with ease, as if he saw what I had planned a mile away. I flail in rage and frustration. "None of this is fair!" I scream.

The monster watches me as he holds me at waist height in the water, a look of amusement quirking his lips. "Life was

never meant to be fair,” he says. “And you did not hate me a short while ago, Bethany. In fact, I think I gave you more pleasure than you’ve ever known.”

I fold my arms and look away, brooding as I’m held at arm’s length like some kind of frenzied kitten that might hiss and scratch if he lets me get too close. The worst part is that he’s not wrong. This tentacled, orange octopus bastard is a magician in the bedroom ... or should I say sea-cave? He expertly extracted more ecstasy from me than I ever dreamed possible. And one thing is for sure and fucking certain: he *has* ruined me for all men. How can I go back to ham-fisted fumbling, and two-minute quickies—where I get zero satisfaction—after this? It’d be like tasting ambrosia, then being forced to eat dirt for the rest of my life.

As my rage simmers down, I find myself wondering and questioning my own resolutions. Why am I so angry? Why do I want to escape so damn much? What do I have to go back to, anyway? Debt for a college diploma that I don’t even enjoy? Friends who had no qualms throwing me away at the first given opportunity? Parents that I never see because they’re workaholics? And I fucking know they’re secretly ashamed of me. They are both slender and driven, whereas I’m an overemotional lost soul who eats her goddamned feelings.

They likely couldn’t even care less if I just vanished. It’d probably be a relief for them. It’s not like they’d even have to mourn. They’d still have my little sister, Suzy, after all. The bubbly, blonde, energetic, and skinny preteen cheer queen. What am I but their overweight mistake? I’m unwanted by my family, friends, and almost every man I’ve ever met. It’s like I’m the butt of some cruel cosmic joke.

On the rare occasion some half-drunk sod hooks up with my needy, low self-esteem ass, their mates laugh and make barking noises at us—as if I were nothing but a four-legged fat bitch, literally—and mockingly call their buddy a chubby-chaser.

Yet, my brain slams on the breaks so hard I get mental whiplash, and my mindset does a fucking radical roundhouse Chuck Norris style. Yet, this admittedly gorgeous lake monster

literally desires me above all else. He wants me to bear his children. He wants to spend all the long years of his monstrous life span with me. And he wants to pleasure me and fuck me until I'm a blithering subhuman mess of woman...

Not to mention he did save me. I'm not his second choice, or only choice. He has the luxury of time. He could tear my fucking head off and skull-fuck me and not think twice about it. But instead, he says Fate has delivered me to him. He. Desires. Me. And ... sweet fucking hell! I think some twisted, dark, and unapologetically adventurous part of me desires him too. Maybe, just maybe, we are Fated.

"Fuck me," I breathe as my gaze snaps up to meet his. Sudden clarity washes over me like the butt-fucking cold waves of Lake Superior.

"Is that an option, pet?"

Chapter Seven

This man—this male—this monster is my chance to start over and have a new life. Together, we can build our own family, just like he said — one that would last almost forever. We'd have each other, always. Until the end. And no one would ever shun me or hurt me again. "Yes," I say suddenly, surprising even myself as a small smile plays upon my lips.

"Truly, little wench?" he asks, clearly suspecting a ploy or trick.

I don't blame him, I think to myself. I did just have an epic meltdown and tried to escape.

"Yes," I repeat. "But there are conditions."

The lake monster quirks his brows and a deviant grin splits his face. "Name them," he says, his gaze hungry.

"There are three," I warn. "First, I want to know your name, because I'm sure as hell not calling you Master all the time. It should be saved for sexy times," I reason.

A growl escapes the monster's throat, and the tentacle around my waist tightens ever so slightly. "A name is a sacred thing. I haven't shared mine with anyone but my son, not even the other women," he answers. "To know a monster's name gives you power over them—the ability to summon them and control them."

I purse my lips. That checks out. Even in mythology and traditional lore, I know it to be true. The fae never share their full names for similar reasons, and when it comes to summoning monsters? Well, I think bloody mirrors, repeated names, dripping hooks, and fucking bees. I suppress a shudder. "If I'm to be your Fated Mate, shouldn't I know it?"

"My—" he cuts himself off, his gaze glittering with an inner fire beneath the cold moonlight. "Don't play with me, pretty. What are you saying?" He draws me nearer, wrapping my thighs in another tentacle so that my weight is distributed more evenly, and I'm instantly more comfortable.

“I’ve spent my whole life for as long as I can remember hating myself. I’ve always been the curvy girl that gets too much attention—and not the good type. I’ve been the butt of jokes, I’ve been taunted, ignored, and made to feel worthless and ugly. And I’ve wanted to kill myself more times than I can count because of it.” I pause, biting my lower lip for a moment before continuing. “But you think I’m worthwhile. You actually want me *as I am*. And I’ve never been wanted by anyone ever, not really.” I lick my lips, shivering in cool night air. “And I want to be wanted.”

The monster smiles, tilting his head as if in contemplation before answering. “My name is Kanaloa,” he says. “And I am one of the kraken—half-man and half-octopus. Though your kind have called us gods of water and sea in centuries past. We have existed in these parts, around this land you call America, for time beyond memory.”

“Kanaloa,” I repeat. “It’s beautiful.”

“And your second condition, pet?” he asks.

“I want to know what will happen to me when I bear your child,” I say.

“Once your body accepts my venom, you will change.”

I scrunch my nose at the thought of being bitten. “I’ll become one you? A kraken? Half-woman, half-octopus?”

Kanaloa laughs at my reaction. “You will, yes.”

“Will it hurt?”

My would-be mate bites his lip and nods. “The power in my blood is an ancient one, Bethany. I have heard talk of your popular witches and wizards, and the magic they command. This is not like that. Blood magic is pain. Your limbs will break and split, the bones in your legs will shatter and be no more. And as your body remolds into its new form there will be an agony unlike any you have ever known. My first mate screamed until not even the magic in my blood could heal the damage done. She was mute from then on, until the day she died, which wasn’t long after,” he adds.

I tangibly feel the color drain from my face. “But If I survive the change, I’ll be able to breathe underwater and swim wherever I want?”

“Your lungs will adapt, though you would not know it to look at you. You’ll be able to breathe air and water, as I do. Even salt water, when we venture out into the great seas once more—where my great kind originated.”

“And my third condition ... I need your promise, your oath. I want you to swear that you will never leave me. If I do this, if I throw myself in the deep end like this, I want to know that I’ll never be alone again. And no other women!” I add as a jealous afterthought. “If I’m yours, you are mine—completely.”

Kanaloa draws me near, until my soft, shivering body is pressed to his muscular orange form. “You have my heart’s promise and my solemn oath that I will be with you always. I will never forsake you, and I will never be with another.”

I search his eyes and I see no lies hidden there, only a starving and honest truth. His words move me, and a perfectly macabre serenity envelops me like the blanket of a starry night. And for the first time in as long as I can remember, I feel at peace. It’s a strange and foreign sensation. The cold suddenly feels less intense, and my heart calms, ceasing its frantic thundering for a more even gallop.

Taking a deep breath, I reach out and touch his face as lightning cracks through the sky above. “Then what I’m saying is, I want to be with you, Kana,” I say, my lips brushing his. “I accept Fate’s call. I will be your mate.”

My kraken mate wraps me in his tentacles, shielding my body from the storm with his own, then his mouth opens to me, and we share the most intense and passion-defining kiss of my life. The wind howls, kicking up the lake around us, and the clouds rumble as flashes of white-hot light streaks through the glittering heavens.

It’s a picture-perfect moment, and one I doubt I’ll ever forget. In the deep, treacherous waters of Lake Superior, there’s just me and my monster. My Kanaloa. And nothing has

ever felt more right, or wrong—and honestly, I'm down for both, because at this point ... fuck it! Right?

Chapter Eight

Kana powers through the lake as I cling to his back for dear life, arms wrapped around his neck and legs about his waist. I shriek with excitement—the way you do on amusement park rides—just for the sheer thrill of it, but my voice is drowned out by the back-to-back claps of thunder. I've never felt more alive! My fear has evaporated like dew with morning's first light, and all that remains in its place is an unbridled and wild sense of freedom.

Before long, we find ourselves in a secluded nook of the lake, a little pocket bay shadowed from all sides by sheer rock faces. The water sloshes upon a small beach that leads up into the lush forest.

When I'm sure I can stand, I slide from Kana's back. It's surprisingly comforting to feel the sand between my toes once more. I smile as he reaches for my face.

"You will not have your legs much longer, mate," he says almost apologetically. "I thought you might like to stretch them and feel the earth beneath your feet one last time before your change."

I'm genuinely touched by his sincerity and thoughtfulness as I lean into his hand. Withdrawing, I trudge through the shallow water and onto the beach. The sand is cool and gritty, and I'm suddenly very, very aware of my weight. I glance down at my curvaceous form and grimace. Though I didn't notice at the time, the water offered me buoyancy. On land again, my voluptuous form feels strange to me—like I'm wearing extra layers that don't belong. It doesn't feel right. *I don't like it.*

"What bothers you, mate?" calls Kana, his many tentacles moving him further up the sand toward me.

"It's just gravity." I sigh. "I'm not a fan, I've decided. I've honestly never spent so long in the water before tonight, and now ... it feels uncomfortable to be without it. I appreciate

the thought, but I don't think I'll miss solid ground as much as you might imagine."

Kana extends his arm, offering his hand to me with a smile that says more than words ever could. "Come back to me, then, my beautiful Bethany. Let us consummate our union here in the shallows where the water is kind."

How could I have ever been afraid of this monster? I wonder. Everything about the kraken calls to me. There is nothing but lust and warmth emanating from him—no threat, but the promise of carnal intimacy and an eternity of deep, twisted pleasure.

I wade out to him, and he turns me around to face the forest.

"On your knees, Mate," he coaxes, his breath hot against my ear. "I want to see this big, white ass as I fuck you and claim you."

A shiver of excitement ripples through me. Wriggling out of my soaked skirt and t-shirt, I toss them onto the sand, bare as the day I was born beneath the brilliant All Hallows' Eve moon. Then without a word, I obey, dropping to my knees in the lapping surf. The water cradles my body as just my shoulders and the globes of my ass breach its surface.

"Beautiful," Kana whispers in his knee-weakening gravel. "I think I'm going to have to fuck it, too, once I'm done burying my seed deep inside your fertile cunt."

I whimper at the thought. *That huge thing up my bunghole? Jesus fucking Christ!*

"Good girl," Kana soothes, massaging his hands over my thick cheeks before giving one of them a sharp smack. "Come now. Spread your legs just a little wider. That's it."

In the next instant he's sliding the rosy head of his monstrous cock up and down my bare pussy lips, smearing his slick pre-cum with long, languid strokes, teasing me.

"Master," I plead, glancing back over my shoulder, overwhelmed by my need to be filled with him. "I want you."

“It’s been a long night,” he agrees, dipping his enormous cockhead just inside of me.

I push back instinctively, desperate, wanting to bury that terrifying beast of a cock to the hilt, but his hand rests firmly on my lower spine, holding me in place.

“No, no, my pet,” he says, clucking his tongue. “I will claim you when I’m ready, and not a moment before.”

I bite my lower lip in frustration, and moan as a tentacle snakes around my thigh and between my legs to play with my throbbing clit. Two more tentacles caress my breasts and toy with my hard, oversensitive nipples. The pleasure is an exquisite agony, the warmth of my desire warring with the cold of the lake. But if I’m shivering, I don’t notice. There’s just my monster, me, and my fingers and toes digging into the silty sand.

It feels primal and wild to be on my knees like a bitch in heat, but it’s not far from the truth. Kanaloa will be my master, my lover, my mate, and the father of my children ... and I’ll be his pet, his queen, his mate, and the mother of his children in return. Our union is one of lust and mutual benefit. We are two souls who have been alone all our lives, lost in a world that has no room for outcasts and rejects like us. Yet here we are, entangled and twisted, brought together by Fate itself. And in this beautiful, monstrous, and pivotal moment I want this kraken inside me more than I need air.

“Are you ready to be broken, Bethany?” asks Kanaloa, interrupting my heated reverie.

A hiss of desire whispers past my teeth. “Yes. *Please!*” I beg. I’ve never been more ready. A second later and a sucker captures my clit, pulsating with a vengeance. My legs shake, my heart races, and I grasp desperately at fistfuls of silt as my kraken plunges his huge, rippled cock into my wet and shuddering pussy.

A cry rips from my throat, echoing into the night, and my entire world narrows down to my poor, flaming cunt. The burning stretch as my body valiantly tries to accommodate his

otherworldly dick consumes me, and then a tentacle wraps
itself around my throat...

Chapter Nine

God, yes! The tentacle tightens its grip just enough to have me rasping for breath, but not choking. It's so fucking hot. My life is literally in my monster's hands, and it's erotic beyond measure. I push back, rocking my hips as Kana thrusts with long deep strokes. The ribbing of his spiraling purple veins heightens my ecstasy, and it's not long before I can scarcely hold myself up. Thankfully my kraken has got me. His pleasure-seeking tentacles work their wicked ways while ensuring my face stays above water.

Kana pounds me for all I'm worth, burying himself up to his hefty orange sac again and again, until I'm a blithering, gasping, moaning mess. His tentacles deftly bring me to climax—twice—before we come together. He unleashes his load, filling me like a baker piping a donut full of fresh cream.

I shudder in the wake of my brutal orgasms, shaken to my very core. If I have arms or legs, I can't feel them. Not anymore. I might as well be a bloody jellyfish. Every single inch of me is loose, relaxed, and like putty in Kanaloa's hands. Just when I think the violent fucking is over with, he withdraws and presses his cock to my asshole.

"Kana!" I squeak. Instinctively, my body tries to tense up, but it's like his seed has relaxed me somehow.

"Hush, pet," says my mate. "You are mine now. But before you become like me, I need to plunder this gorgeous ass."

My mind races, even though my body feels as dozy and blissed out as a kitten with a belly full of warm milk. Cunts are made for cocks ... but asses? I cringe internally. *And he's so big!*

Kana smacks each globe of my ample ass, sending shock waves through me.

"I might die," I moan.

“You might wish for death, my beauty, but this will not kill you. Though you might never have known it, you were made for me. You need me the way I need you—completely.”

Then my master sinks his ridged cock slowly inside of me. My ass caves for him, offering little resistance, allowing him deeper and deeper access, until I feel his firm body and smooth sac flush against me. It doesn't hurt anymore, shockingly. None of it does. Whatever magic Kana's cum has in it, it's reduced me to a paralytic fuck sock. And boy, does he take advantage of the opportunity! He reams me out, fucking me like a true monster. As if I were his supernatural equal and not just a small, curvy human woman.

Closing my eyes, I just feel. It's all I can do. The delicious assault goes on, his tentacles effortlessly finding my clit again. Between the great beast in my ass, and the sucker between my legs, the spankings are more than I can bear. As his hands paddle my ample cheeks, the sting reverberates through me. I can't even imagine how it must look — my butt must be as bright red as a beetroot beneath the moonlight as it's punished repeatedly for the sin of being too damn voluptuous.

In the blink of an eye, I'm lifted from the water and spun around to face him. He wraps his arms around me, holding me tight, his face buried against my neck as he reaches his release. Like a puppet in his embrace, I can only rest against him as he shudders and bucks, emptying his cum inside me. *We're done*, I think to myself with a small sigh of relief. I'm fucking exhausted! I need sleep. I need rest. But I'm wrong. This is only the beginning.

I gasp as Kanaloa's fangs pierce my neck, sinking into my throat without remorse. He holds me in a viselike grip, and there's no escape. *This is it*. He's turning me—injecting me with his kraken venom. I might have liked some warning, but then, maybe this is for the best. And what does it matter? My mind is made up. I'm filled with his cum, and I'm going to birth his offspring. Pretense seems redundant at this point. There's just one last step to take on this wild journey, and he's

thrown me in the deep end. I might as well learn to swim with the big fish.

His venom sears through my veins, burning like liquid wildfire. I want to scream, to writhe, and cry, but I can't. I'm paralyzed and my agony is mine to bear witness to alone. Like a rag doll I hang limp in his grasp, motionless, but inside I feel everything. I can feel the change taking hold, molding me into something new and monstrous. I hear the resounding snap of my legs breaking before I feel it. *Fucking Christ!* And from then on there is no coherent thought. There is just agony upon agony, laced with anguish, pain, and an uncanny, fathomless terror.

It goes on forever. Or at least it seems to. How much time truly passes, I don't know. But at some point, lucidity returns, slowly at first, like a flower shyly unfurling its petals to the dawn. Then the yawning maw of the void peels away, and I'm awake and finally aware.

The stars twinkle above like diamonds in the soft velvet twilight before sunrise, and I take my first breath as a kraken. I bristle, feeling sand beneath me. The beautiful orange-hued face of my mate comes into sharp focus, and I sigh.

"All is well, Bethany, my love," he croons, bringing his lips to mine in an intimate kiss.

When he withdraws, I raise myself up and glance down. I have eight fucking damn tentacles. "It's really me," I whisper. Reaching my hand out to explore my unique form, one of my tentacles curls up out of the water in answer to my will. "I don't understand," I say, my brows creasing. "You said that one of your other women screamed herself mute, but I couldn't scream even if I wanted to. I was trapped inside myself—paralyzed. I couldn't move an inch. It was..." I pause as flashes of my transformation play back in my mind, "a nightmare."

"Forgive me, pet. I learned after the first few hundred failures that changing my potential mates first was a gruesome mistake. The transformation is far too brutal to be endured by

a human while conscious and physically aware. When I discovered that my cum has a numbing, sedative effect on women—no doubt nature’s way of ensuring successful mating—I took advantage of the knowledge. I filled you with as much of my seed as I could before giving you my venom. I had hoped to spare you as much pain as possible.”

Licking my lips, I offer my mate a sheepish smile. “Thank you. I don’t think becoming a monster is an easy thing no matter how it’s done,” I say. “But if you prevented me from hurting myself, count me grateful. I’m just glad it’s over.”

“Your transformation may be, pet, but our adventure together has just begun. You are a newborn, and there is much to learn. You must learn to hunt and memorize the lay of the lake. I will teach you how to avoid being seen, and how to defend yourself if you ever encounter hostility.”

“And how to fuck like a kraken, right?” I ask cheekily, running my hands over my full, naked breasts, and soft orange belly.

“That too,” says Kana with a devilish grin, trailing his fingers over a sensitive spot a few inches below my navel. I shiver at his touch, gasping as his mouth catches mine. He slips two fingers into my hidden slit, revealing the location of my cunt on my newly changed body.

Without further prompting I kiss him back, hungry for more. Wrapping him up in my arms and tentacles, I allow myself to give in to my carnal needs. Then, together in the shimmering waters of Lake Superior, by the dying moonlight of All Hallows’ Eve, we explore our most depraved and twisted desires.

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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