



Blackmailed By the Incubus

Author: *Airicka Phoenix*

Category: Romance, New Adult, Paranormal

Description: The Twisted Carnival, a sanctuary for the strange, the wicked, and the damned. A world where darkness isn't just part of the show — it's survival.

For me and my brother Aidan, it's the only home we've ever known. The only place he's safe from humans who would tear him apart if they knew that when night falls, the demon inside Aidan steps into his skin. That he's possessed by a creature of sin and shadow, an incubus driven by hunger.

Every night, he corners me with that wicked smile and those burning eyes and reminds me that I'm his. His to touch, his to ruin, his to protect. He threatens to hurt Aidan if I refuse to submit. I should hate him, fight him, run. But I can't. Because when he's near me, he's all I crave. His touch ignites something primal and desperate, something I've buried for so long.

But Warrick's obsession is more than mere desire. He tells me I'm his mate. The one thing tying him to this world. The reason he exists at all. I don't want to believe him, but the way he watches me, the way he burns for me, terrifies and thrills me all at once.

When Aidan and I uncover the truth about the carnival, about Warrick, and about Mama's twisted betrayal, the fragile world we've clung to collapses. Everything we've ever known is a lie. And the truth? It just might tear us apart.

Total Pages (Source): 35

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:24 am

CHAPTER ONE SERAPHINE

THE DEVIL HOLDS MYsoul.

I boxed it up with satin ribbons and handed it to him on my sixteenth birthday over a wilted cupcake. It had seemed so noble, a gesture of selfless love to protect the man I love with my whole heart.

Nine years later, the decision remains a necessary one, but the rules of my role evolve a little more each night. His demands ... his hunger has become insatiable and it's stirring things in me I can't ignore.

“Did you hear me?”

I blink my attention away from the filthy framed painting of a field of sunflowers to settle on the gaunt figure glowering up at me with watery, blood shot eyes. Irritation floats in the gray pools, reflecting the restless rapping of chipped nails on scuffed plastic coating the table.

“Yes, Mama,” I assure her, although I hadn't.

I can't focus on anything, except the drop of every second I'm standing in the heavy smog of sandalwood and heroin and not already on my way to fulfill my obligations to a demon.

Mama Bloom huffs the dry snort of a coke addict and carves her jagged nails into the track marks dotting her inner elbow.

She hadn't always been this way. There was once a time she appeared unfathomable. A force of rage. Every year, like my demon, her appetite for sustenance has deformed into self-destruction.

"I put you in charge of the booth because I've been too busy, but you're running it into the ground. What am I supposed to do with this?"

The cling and clatter of loose coins striking the cluttered table amplify in the cramped space of the cabin, deafening as they spin and roll.

It's not all the pay for the night. I learned years ago not to trust Mama with everything and expect her to be a responsible adult. Her addiction will always win, and we will always lose. If Aiden and I are to eat for the week, to have enough money saved for our own trailer, to pay our fees, I need to be smart. I need to skim just enough each night to handle all the important things while not arousing suspicion from the husk of a woman sitting before me, wasting precious time.

"It's been slow," I lie.

Mama scoffs and rocks her bony backside into the worn leather of the bench that pulls out into my bed. Ashes dust my comforter and there's a new singe mark in the threadbare fabric. I try not to show my irritation. Or glance at the clock over the small mountain of dishes in the sink.

"You're a filthy liar. You ungrateful bitch." Tarnished chunks of sapphires, rubies, and emeralds glint in the feeble light as the skeletal hand sweeps under a sharp nose. "I never should have kept you or that useless brother of yours. You both just want to see me suffer after everything I've done for you."

Mentions of Aiden have my feet shifting against the sticky linoleum. My gaze inadvertently darts to the clock.

“Am I keeping you? Do you ... do you have something better to do?” Dishes rattle under the fierce slam of Mama’s fistdown on the table. “Have I become an inconvenience to you, Seraphine?”

I’m not quick enough to dodge the mug hurled at my head. It falls short and clips my right shoulder. The pain is overshadowed by surprise as cold tea explodes down my arm, soaking my sleeve. The ceramic shatters into a million pieces across the trailer floor and I know I’m about to break my promise to a demon.

“After everything ... I took you when no one else wanted you. I ... I let you stay...” She makes as though she’s about to slide out of the booth but can’t. Instead, she grabs her lighter and blackened spoon. “Get out, you bitch. You stupid...”

I leave the mess and the woman flicking the lighter with shaky fingers and hurry out into the sweet, clean scent of pine and freedom.

The night hums with the residual laughter of things that aren’t there. Their haunting giggles terrified me as a child. They would send me scurrying under the blankets and it was only Aiden’s gentle coaxing that would lure me out. Then Warrick slinked into our lives and took away the boy who would keep me safe from the world and left me alone in the dark.

I turn my attention to the carnival lights flickering like dying stars against the heavy black sky. Canopies of red and white rustle in the dusk, the sails on an ever-drifting ship.

I suppose that’s the best way to understand the carnival. It arrives with the wind and leaves just as silently. There are never any flyers, no warning. We don’t ask for permission from the locals and are gone before anyone can even think to complain. We give them a glimpse of the impossible before vanishing forever, becoming nothing more than a faint memory.

Even now with the last of the humans gone and tucked away in their homes, I stand surrounded by the shimmering façade. The scent of sugar and something darker clings to the air, heavy with the scent of fear and forgotten promises.

But it's my home. The only sanctuary I've ever known. The only place Aiden could exist safely. Because of him the carnival calls to me. It pulls me in.

I teeter on the edges of it all, my fingers fisted at my sides as if it could shield me from what's lurking in the shadows, waiting for me to stumble into its clutches. Even now, the weight of his existence pulls the air from my lungs. It beckons me to him. To his hunger.

In the distance, the Ferris wheel spins, its rusted skeleton creaking with every dip and rise. The empty seats swing. Its lights spill across the big top looming at the heart of everything and the ticket booth nestled near its feet.

The carnival never sleeps. Even absent of guests, even with the entire crew tucked away in their beds, the rides continue to run. Bags of warm, buttery popcorn sit on the shelf. The music is endless through the night. It's a place that welcomes the odd and reckless.

The dangerous.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Man and beast.

It opens its gates to things no mere mortal would ever witness otherwise.

But the process of my home is the least of my concerns as I break into a run in the direction of the Ferris wheel. The cool breeze brushes my cheeks, pulling dark tendrils free of the plait swinging across my back and dragging them across my eyes. They're brushed back with little thought; my mind is too cluttered with dread to care about a little unruly hair.

I'm late. I should have been at the storage twenty minutes ago. It's the first time, but I've been warned of the consequences if I disobey the rules, and I can't risk it.

There aren't many places to meet a demon in private. Mama would never allow me to fulfill my end of the arrangement with her in the trailer. There are too many eyes and ears to go anywhere else. The tent tucked just out of the way, partially hidden by the bigger attractions, is the best we can do for what needs to be done.

I can feel him like a shadow creeping under my skin. Crawling through my veins.

Warrick.

I hate him as violently as I crave him.

My chest tightens as I reach the heart of the carnival. But the closer I get, the more his presence presses down on me like a weight on my chest. He's here. I can feel it in the air, in the crackling static that surrounds me.

And then I see him.

Not Aiden. Not my brother. But Warrick — the demon that lives inside him. The creature that breaks free with the setting of the sun. He takes over, and I'm left with nothing but the wreckage of a bond that I can't escape. His eyes blaze with a feverish hue of crimson. Pits of hell and equally as cruel as he takes me in from head to toe. Like an angry pendulum, his tail snaps behind him. A dark blur of his frustrations.

I stop with ten feet between us, insufficient distance, but my heart is already a frantic canary desperate for escape.

"I'm sorry," I breathe, struggling with every erratic pump of my lungs. "Mama needed me."

He makes the first move, devouring the space between us until his enormous silhouette is a dark form looming over me. Eyes, the twin embers of a fire, bear down on me from a face carved from shadows. But I don't have to see the sharp angles of his features, the high cheekbones, deep brows, firm lips. Everything about him is tattooed into my memory with vivid accuracy.

Warrick is beautiful and terrifying. He's muscle and strength with a face cut from my dirtiest dreams. In a different life, where he isn't a monster who relishes in torturing my brother every night, I could see myself falling for him.

"I need you," he states with a hunger so raw it makes my skin tingle.

My heart pounds in my chest, but it's not fear that rises within me. It's something else, something worse.

Need.

Deep, uncontrollable need that weakens my limbs and drenches my thoughts in a heavy fog.

Dark features shimmer into view with his single stride forward. Residual light from the Ferris wheel glints over the broad expanse of ebony flesh and catches in the soft, silver strands tumbling over those unfathomable eyes and the jagged fangs extending from ear to ear where the skin of his cheeks are torn on both sides.

Naked shoulders flex with the folding of his long, toned arms across his impressive chest. Throughout the years, I have seen thousands of men from every corner of the world and every walk of life and not one has ever matched the haunting beauty of the creature standing over me. None have captivated and enthralled me the way he can with just his mere existence. I could be across the grounds and still feel the moment he materializes into his form.

He and Aiden have the same height and build. But where Aiden is tall with thick, dark hair, warm golden eyes, and a soft, olive complexion, Warrick is tall with hair the white of a snow rabbit's and skin as dark as the shadows he comes from. So alike and yet worlds apart.

“Why do I feel your pain?”

His voice is silk and sin, winding through the air and wrapping around my throat. He steps forward, his movements smooth, effortless. Controlled with power.

I blink at the question. “What?”

His eyes darken into twin flames of fury. “Who hurt you?”

I try to swallow, but my throat constricts around dry walls. “No one,” I say in a voice caught on a tremor; I want to pull away. I want to run, but my body betrays me. It

always does when he's around.

He steps even closer, snatching what little was left of my oxygen. The temperature of his body is dark. Oddly cold. Like stepping into a patch of shade during a heatwave, but I am trapped in the pools of fire blazing down on me.

“You can't lie to me, Seraphine. I can feel it.”

As if touched by the possessive growl in his voice, the spot nicked by Mama's mug pings under my damp sleeve. My hand darts up to touch the bruise without thinking and I know immediately that I've made a mistake when Warrick's eyes flash.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“It’s nothing,” I rasp, heart thumping in my throat. “I hit—”

The sharp snap of his tail slashes through the air and coils around my middle. The raised ridges dig into the soft flesh of my belly. The sting is fleeting when I’m jerked straight into his chest, into the waiting claw he closes into my jaw. His extended talons graze my cheek but he’s so careful not to hurt me.

“Don’t,” he warns low in his throat, low near my face. So close the heat of his breath burns my parted lips. “You will not protect them from me. They forfeited their life the moment they touched you.”

The hand I had braced against the steady wall of his chest flies up to grip his wrist. Not to push him away. Not to detach myself from his hold. But to somehow stop him from killing Mama.

“Warrick...”

The cavity of his chest rumbles with the growl clawing up his throat. The razor-sharp points of his fangs flash in the shifting light all the way to his molars. It’s easy to imagine them stained red with blood.

Mama’s. I should be upset by the idea, but my thoughts have already drifted to the feel of those teeth on my skin. On my neck as he splays his long fingers across my skin, curves them around my waist. Digs his claws into my warm flesh. I’m lost in the feel of his breath ghosting my lips but never touching. His tongue teasing the hollow of my throat. Sometimes, his tongue separates down the center and my brain gets messy with thoughts of him doing that to other parts of my body.

I shiver unconsciously and feel his hold tighten.

“My sweet, little human.” His thumb skims my cheek. “You fight me like you don’t already belong to me. Like I wouldn’t tear through Heaven and Hell to keep you. You resist me because you know how I would ruin you and how much you’d love it.”

A shower of tingles explodes down my spine and collects between my thighs with a delicious pulse that has me fighting not to shift. Still a shaky exhale escapes me, and I’m rewarded by the dip of his head. By the nudge of his nose to mine. The gesture upends a basket of butterflies in my belly.

I know it’s wrong. I know I shouldn’t be so hopelessly gone over a monster who has threatened to consume my brother into nonexistence if I don’t feed him every night. He’s never given me any other choice but to submit and bend to his demands.

My body for my brother. It’s a good choice. I would make it again without hesitation. Aiden means everything to me. He’s my world. Despite the four years between us, he’s always been my light. My protector. I could never have survived Mama without him. Giving myself to Warrick is a small price to pay, even if Warrick is possessing my brother’s body.

When the sun rises, Warrick will be gone, and Aiden will return. He’ll wake up in my bed, curled around me, even though Mama has threatened to kick him out of the trailer if he doesn’t stop.

We can’t tell her it’s Warrick’s arms I fall asleep in and it’s Aiden who I wake up to. She would want to know why. She would ask questions, and I can’t tell her Warrick will hurt Aiden if I don’t. I can’t explain what it felt like watching Aiden scream as his body was torn apart and reformed into Warrick’s. She has never seen him fall to his knees, blood running from his eyes, nose, and ears. She hasn’t seen him in so much pain he throws up. Watching the person you love get gutted right in front of

you is enough to promise anything to save them.

Warrick knows that.

He knows I would give my life for Aiden.

Warrick is a beautiful nightmare that I can't wake from. The ocean I'm already drowning in, and Warrick ... Warrick is the one holding me under.

"I don't want this," I whisper, though I don't know if I'm telling him or myself.

Maybe part of me thinks if I say it, it'll feel less like a betrayal when I submit under his touch.

His chuckle is harsh, his breath warm against my ear as he leans in, his lips brushing against the sensitive skin of my neck.

"You think you have a choice, my little human? You are already mine. Everything else is just formality." His voice is low and full of savage promise. "You have always belonged to me. From the very moment you were brought into this world, I felt you. I felt you take your first breath. Felt every heartbeat after. You belonged to me before your parents even met. You think I'm a monster now? Wait until you see what I'll do to anyone who tries to take you from me. You will never escape me."

The words hit like a physical blow, the weight of them pressing down on me. My heart skips a beat — I tell myself it's panic and hatred — and I shove him. I try. I plant my hand against his chest and push with all my strength, but he doesn't budge.

"No," I force out, shaking my head, but the fire in his eyes only intensifies. "I won't. You can't keep me forever."

“Not forever. Longer,” he growls, the words thick with something dangerous and primal. “When the sun sets, I will take what is mine, Seraphine. I will have you. I will claim and ruin you in ways you will beg me to do again. I will burn this carnival to the ground if it means keeping you.” The hard weight of his body settles over my softness. His tail tightens until it’s cutting into my waist and my traitorous body trembles at the thought of it wrapping like that around my throat while he bends me over ... I shake the thought away, but he’s smirking like he knows exactly what he’s doing to me. “You can cry and beg, but I will never let you go. Not because I enjoy your suffering, but because I know you don’t want me to.”

His words ensnare me, tightening until I can’t breathe. He’s right, of course. I don’t want him to let me go. I can’t imagine a world where he’s not part of it with me, but I know I should push him away, to scream, to fight, to demand that he let me go. But instead, I find myself unwilling to leave his hold when standing in his arms feels like the first time I’ve taken a breath all day.

But reality doesn’t change just because I want it to. I swallow hard, forcing the words through uncertainty and doubt.

“You know this is wrong. Aiden is my brother and you’re wearing his body.”

His face moves closer, his breath warm against my skin as he drags his nose along my cheek. His fingers slip from my jaw to the back of my neck, holding me there gently, but unyielding.

“Then stop trembling for me. Stop your pussy from getting wet for me. I don’t care about right or wrong. I only care that you’re mine.”

CHAPTER TWO SERAPHINE

I IGNORE MY OWN INNERvoice when Warrick scoops me up into his arms and carries me the remaining twenty feet to the storage tent.

The heat of his body soaks through the thin material of my oversized cardigan and long skirt. It prickles my skin, making me too aware of every inch of him touching me. Of his scent.

God, he smells so good. Like night flowers, campfire, and warm skin. Everything masculine and dark. I am powerless to resist. Even with my mind screaming to be stronger, everything else melts into his hold. My only attempt at defiance is not burying my face into his neck and nuzzling in.

The tent stinks. It's a hot box of mold, dust, and sweat. Crates of props and furniture for the shows are stuffed along the walls with the bigger, more used items scattered around the center.

I don't have an act. I run Bloom's Apothecary with Mama — mainly alone now — but Warrick and Aiden's mirror is tucked to one side. An upright oval piece of glass framed in a soft, brown oak. There is nothing remarkable about it, except its purpose.

Warrick takes me to it and the rickety chair placed in front of it. It's the same routine. The same layout no matter which city or country we're in. The mirror. The chair. The creature setting me down on my feet.

His tail loops around his leg and brushes my skirt. I ignore it as I reach for the hem of

my cardigan and drag it up over my head rather than undo the tiny pearl buttons.

Warrick never looks away. I am the center of his entire world. The reason for his every breath. He follows my every motion like my movement holds the secrets to the universe. The absolute focus used to be unnerving. It made my cheeks hot with embarrassment. But as I grow older, I like it. I like knowing I hold some power over him for a change. I like that I am the only woman he has ever looked at with such insatiable hunger. Stupid, I know. I'm supposed to deter his attention, not crave it.

Yet, I prolong every second until the air is thick with the musk of his barely contained desire.

The sweater hits the floor at our feet and I lift my gaze to his face, but his unblinking stare devours my breasts through the thin fabric of my tank top. His tongue flicks out between his teeth, I'm guessing to wet lips he doesn't have, but I'm more fascinated by the way the long, pink appendage divides down the center and runs over the top and bottom set of fangs simultaneously.

His free arm snakes around my center and I'm pulled against him. "I can smell the heat between your sweet thighs, my little human. Can you feel how badly your body wants my knot?"

He's told me what a knot is. He's whispered it in my ear while feeding, describing the way he would stretch me around his cock and fill me up with his cum. He'd knot to keep his seed inside to breed me.

And I have never wanted anything more in my life. The filthy image of him pumping me so full he has to contain it with his cock has my panties soaked. My core throbs with a sweet need only he can satisfy.

But he's in Aiden's body. He's wearing a body I shouldn't even be touching, never

mind imagining fucking me until I give him a baby.

“That’s not the deal,” I pant uselessly because I know if he ripped my panties off and pulled me down on his dick, I wouldn’t struggle. I would take every inch and beg him to breed me. But I have to try.

Warrick snickers but doesn’t call me on my bullshit as he turns to the chair.

“Come. I’ve been starving for you all night.”

My cheeks warm at his husky confession. My stomach flips. I do my best to stay focused — neutral and unyielding — but I can’t lie that this is something I too look forward to.

Instead, I move to stand between the wide V of his knees and wait to get pulled into his lap.

But he keeps me there with his hands resting on my waist.

“You were late tonight,” he tells me quietly. “You know the penalty.”

The haze of lust dissipates as his words register.

“Mama—”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

His tail snaps up and smacks my backside. Hard. Once. The attack burns a raw rope across both cheeks, prickling the skin and tearing a yelp from me and sending me forward into his chest. My hands catch on his broad shoulders.

“No excuses. You promised to take care of me and in return, I won’t consume your brother, did you forget?”

Resisting the urge to rub my injuries, I stare hard into his beautiful features with hot tears choking my words.

“No,” I bite out through my teeth.

“Do you want me to add pain to his transformation for every minute you kept me waiting?”

Venomous hatred burns my throat. “No.”

Despite my brewing fury, I don’t stop the twist of his fingers in my top straps. I don’t say a word when they are dragged down my arms. I’m perfectly still as he bares my breasts for the first time.

Both mounds spill out into the night chill. Tips puckered knots, eye level to him. To his fangs that he dips forward as if to taste.

“Warrick,” I gasp without thinking.

My brain can only process how sweet the pain of his teeth sinking into each nipple

and tugging would be. I can only hold my breath and pray to feel his hands cradling and squeezing, and dragging his talons over my flesh.

Marking me.

Claiming me as his.

He grants part of my wish and cups my breasts in his warm palms, testing the weight. Rolling the nipples beneath his thumbs. Pinching them. Tugging.

My knees almost buckle under the heavy rush of arousal. My stomach seizes and I'm sinking my nails into his flesh, warning him not to stop.

Heavy lids lift, and I'm pinned with the full assault of his eyes watching my every reaction. My every attempt to keep from making a sound even when he leans back in and flicks the right one with the tip of his tongue.

I have never been a strong person, but I never realized just how weak I actually am until this very moment because that simple gesture has my walls collapsing. My foundation rocking.

“Warrick...” The whimpering plea is unmistakable, as is the bow in my back, driving my breasts closer for more.

My demon tilts up one corner of his mouth in the only show of triumph before sneaking his tongue for another taste.

My hands are in his hair, guiding him. Keeping him in place. I'm so lost in the sight of him raking his teeth over the peak, nipping that I jump when his tail slides under my skirt, grazing my skin with the barbed knots.

It slithers up my leg. Tightens around my thigh. The tip — shaped like the smooth, flat head of a snake — nudges the crotch of my panties. Presses against my center. Rubs up the mound to press into my clit, dragging the knots up my soaked core.

My eyes bulge even as my body is already driving down, meeting the pressure.

“Warrick ... wait...”

“Shh,” he soothes, lifting one hand off my breast to finish dragging the rest of my top down and over my hands. “You will never understand the pain I suffer when you’re away from me. I crave you with a mindless hunger that nothing else will ever satiate. You are all that keeps me alive.”

His words whisper like silk across the flesh he’s bared. Each one burns where he’s nuzzling my neck — feeding. Inhaling my heat, my arousal through the palms of his hands kneading my breasts, rolling my nipples.

In the nine years I’ve been feeding him, it’s never been like this. Each time before, he only ever needed a small sliver of flesh and my arousal to be satisfied. That bit of skin increased the older we got. He needed more of me exposed. More of me to touch and lick.

But never like this. He’s never stripped me. Never had his tail rubbing my core. Getting me so close.

“Sit,” he commands into my ear.

I start to perch on his lap as I have in the past, but he has other ideas when I’m turned away from him. I’m made to face the mirror and my flushed reflection. The woman on the other side stares back with darkened eyes banded in a ring of soft green. She takes in my exposed breasts, the bunched tank wrinkled around my waist and stops at

the tail shifting between my thighs. The hands that slip around from behind to take my waist and pull me back.

“Lift your skirt, Seraphine,” he says.

I know I should say no. This isn't part of the deal we made all those years ago. But the woman in the mirror has her hands twisted in the soft material and she's dragging the hem up her calves. Over her knees. She's not stopping until I have a clear view of her panties — simple, white cotton.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

From between her lips perfectly outlined through the fabric, his tail rubs in slow strokes. I'm transfixed.

Warrick tugs me down. My back is nestled against his chest. My knees are pulled over both of his and spread wide. Spread so there is no missing the dark, wet patch in between.

"What ... what are you doing?" I breathe, finally finding my voice.

"This is your penance," he whispers into the dark strands falling over my ear. "For starving me of you for even a minute."

I don't know what I'm supposed to say when his palms are back at my breasts. When they're squeezing and lifting them. The contact alone has my entire body bowing reflexively into the caress. The motion grinds my ass into his erection and his groan sings through me with the potency of warm liquor. From between his long, pale fingers, my nipples are a vivid pink. The sensitive peaks are pinched and tugged, sending my head back against his shoulder with a low groan. My eyelids sweep closed.

"Don't look away," he urges. "I want you to watch your body feed me. I want you to watch me take what's mine."

I will my eyes open in time to watch the head of his tail disappear beneath the elastic of my panties.

"Wait," I choke out.

But the smooth, flared head has already breached me. It pushes past my entrance with zero resistance. My body welcomes it in. I take every textured knot deep into my untouched channel, coating it with arousal while its owner palms my breasts and stares into my eyes through the mirror.

I expected pain and discomfort, but all I feel is each knot pressing into an unfamiliar place that has me seeing stars. Has me gripping the armrests while my hips thrash to meet every thrust.

“There’s a good girl,” he drawls into my ear. He pinches and rolls my nipples hard enough to tear a cry of pain from me. “Take what’s yours.”

I hear the words as if from a great distance through a heavy fog. They flow under the loud clang of bells resounding between my ears as he sends one hand down my shuddering belly to join his tail beneath my bunched skirt.

In the mirror, I watch him disappear to the wrist. See the outline of his knuckles rise beneath the cotton. Then he’s at my mound, fingers parting my lips to rub my clit.

“Warrick!” I sob.

“Yes,” he groans into the side of my neck. “Feed me. Give me everything.”

I would have given him my soul in that moment as the world goes fuzzy around the edges and tips me sideways into a high, shrilling wail. My body convulses as it releases. As it cums on his tail with such intensity I might have blacked out.

CHAPTER THREE AIDEN

“YOU’RE A FUCKING PRICK,” I tell the creature setting my Sera down on her makeshift bed.

I think he's going to ignore me. The bastard does that whenever I get angry. He shuts me out until I calm down. That isn't going to happen this time because this time, he's gone too far.

"She wanted it," he tells me quietly.

"No, she didn't."

I refuse to believe that. I refuse to believe my Sera would want this asshole to touch her like that. To be inside her — with his fucking tail.

"Did you miss how hard she came?" A long, jointed finger sweeps a dark coil of hair off her temple. "I wasn't even the one fucking her. She was doing all the work on her own."

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

I will never get the image of my Sera riding this bastard's tail out of my head. Even while I loathed everything he was doing to her, making her do, watching the wet patch in her panties darken with every invasion of his tail had my molars creaking — if I had molars in this form. But it was when the tail slid free and I could see just how deep it had been solely based on the white cream coating the black scales that I felt a surge of pride.

She'd taken so much for a virgin. Not exactly half, but close. And with the bumps that lined both sides, too. Fuck, she's such a good girl.

Still. That's not the point.

“You're a monster who forces her to do things she's too innocent to understand.”

He straightens in the confines of the cramped trailer. The heavy stench of burnt sugar lingers in the air, an indication that Bloom has injected her week's pay into her veins. The wooden slats dividing the spacious master bedroom from the rest of the trailer are shut firmly, but I can hear the subtle whistle of her breathing disturbing the air.

“You could stop me. You've had years to tell her not to take my offer.” He lifts crimson eyes to the mirror fixed to the yellowed plaster, and I can feel him judging me. “I know it's not because you fear the pain or getting consumed. You enjoy everything I do to her. You like watching me do all the things you won't do.”

He's wrong.

I'm not some sicko who wants his own ... that isn't it. I love Seraphine. She's my

whole world. I don't want anyone to touch her.

"You know she won't listen to me even if I tried," I rationalize.

Warrick says nothing, but his gaze lowers to Sera's sleeping silhouette.

I watch helplessly as he reaches down and starts undoing the buttons on her cardigan, taking his time unveiling the tank underneath. The wool is pulled free of her body and tossed to the foot of the bed. He starts on her slippers next, peeling each one off with a gentleness I've only ever seen him use with her. Patience and single-minded focus. They're set under the bed.

When he reaches for her skirt, my metaphorical heart jumps in my chest. In this state, where I'm no more than a wisp of a shadow inside a body that is and isn't mine, I'm powerless to do anything but watch as she's freed from the fabric. As he pulls it down her long, smooth legs. As she's left with a tiny square of white fabric molded almost too perfectly over her lips.

Clad in her tank and panties, Warrick forces me to take her in. Makes me follow the smooth stretch of skin from her throat to her chest, to high, firm breasts that fit too perfectly in the creature's massive hands, their rosy tips peeking out from between long fingers. They had been so sensitive. Every brush had her writhing in his lap. She'd been so beautiful. So responsive. Her weak little noises had nearly sent me over the edge. And when she came ... body bowed, head thrown back, teeth caught in her bottom lip ... I would have given anything to taste it.

"Aren't you curious why I let you watch?" the monster taunts. "Why you're still here?"

It had occurred to me when the metaphorical door barricading me every other night stayed open. I assumed he'd forgotten. I should have known there was an alternative

motive.

“Because you like torturing us?”

He scoffs. But rather than answer, he leans down and brushes his thumb over the hard point poking up from beneath the cotton. Sera shifts but stays lost in her slumber.

“Stop it,” I hiss.

If I had teeth, or a jaw, they would have been grinding and clenched tight.

The creature snickers, hooking his fingers into the straps looped over her shoulders, dragging them down her arms.

Her perfect tits practically glow in the semi darkness. The sensitive peaks pucker with the disturbance. Tiny goosebumps scatter across her skin.

“I let you watch because I’m tired of your holier than thou bullshit. I’m tired of you pretending you’re better than me when I know every filthy dream you’ve had about her. When I’ve felt how hard your cock gets when she smiles at you. Let’s not forget all the times you’ve watched her playing with her pussy and jerked off.”

The heat I feel is rage, I tell myself. It’s outrage for the absolute lies he’s spewing. “That isn’t—”

“Tell me you don’t want to touch her.”

If I could, I would have glared at him. “Of course I fucking don’t! She’s my sister.”

I can feel the fucker roll his eyes. “Says who? Bloom? This is why human and incubi bonds don’t work. This is why the demon half always consumes the human and lives

happily ever after. I let you live because Seraphine begged me. She is the only reason you exist to annoy me. But it's been long enough, and I need my mate. So, you will submit, or I will destroy you and beg for her forgiveness after the fact, but you will still be gone."

"Submit to what? You fucking my sister while I watch?"

He rubs a claw over his face in agitation. "You don't have to watch." Gingerly, he lowers himself on the edge of the pull out next to Seraphine's hip. "I can let you enjoy her, too. Let you feel everything I feel. You won't have to live in the dark at night anymore. I can give you freedom and the woman we both want."

"I don't want..."

The soft, plump texture of Seraphine's right breast cradles in my palm. It's Warrick's large, clawed hand, but I feel it. Her. I feel her satin smooth flesh as if I'm the one touching her. Brushing my thumb over the pink tip and making Sera gasp.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“We don’t have to divide our days and nights. We can coexist with her,” he says while running my knuckle over the peak. Pinching it between two fingers and tugging.

Seraphine shifts on the cushions. Her hips wiggle, searching for someone to ease the pressure he’s building between her thighs.

“That ... that isn’t what I want. It’s not...”

The same hand drifts down the smooth contours of her belly to the thin, white fabric covering her pussy.

“Do you want me to stop here then?”

One talon hooks into the top and lifts the elastic. I get a peek of soft, downy curls, but it’s the sweet, musky scent of her arousal that kicks me in the gut. It’s how pure and needy I know her little hole is.

But of course I want him to stop. She’s sleeping. Touching her like this is wrong...

His fingertips vanish beneath the elastic.

“Wait,” I try feebly.

“She’s so tight,” the creature purrs in my head. “So wet. We can stretch her, fill her with every inch of our cocks. We can take turns breeding her cunt until it’s dripping out of her for days.”

Sera's cunt, stretched and leaking, fills the very cavity of my soul. It takes prime seat at the forefront of my mind until it's all I can see. All I can focus on ... until his fingers part her slippery lips and send me down a spiral of chaos.

I have never touched her, but it's exactly how I imagined her little nub would feel — small, slick and sensitive. A tiny bump hugged by soft lips that descend into a creamy pool of arousal. But I stay at her clit. I rub a single finger in slow rocks between her folds and watch her spread for me. Watch her pull her thighs wide in invitation to take. To invade her where no one has ever touched her before — Warrick doesn't count.

Sera moans deep in her throat. Her lips part and her head falls back as I get her close. I flick faster, rewarded with a deep groan and a roll of her hips, pressing her harder against my hand. Her back arches, thrusting her delicious tits higher in offering.

“Make her cum.”

Warrick's command breaks my bubble and I try to yank my hand ... his hand away. I tell myself I hadn't meant to do that. I got carried away. It's his fault. He got into my head.

“Too late, big brother,” he mocks, mimicking big brother like a slur. “You can't leave my mate hungry and wet.”

I'm given no chance to ask what the hell he means when he heaves his massive body onto the bed between her sprawled thighs.

“What are you doing?”

A clawed finger hooks into the crotch of her panties and jerks the fabric to one side, and I am given my first clear view of Sera's little pussy.

It's perfect. I knew it would be, but seeing its pink center shiny with need and swollen has my brain forgetting everything, except how fucking tightly she'd squeeze around my cock. Her tiny hole is soaked, dripping down the crack of her ass.

"You need to stop," I breathe to someone. Maybe myself. Maybe the monster unfurling his reptilian tongue and sweeping it up her center.

The delicious taste of her explodes across my tongue. It fills my throat. Fills my cock. His cock? I don't fucking know, except I need him to do it again. I need him to clean every drop of her cream until she cums and gives me more of it.

The bastard doesn't hesitate circling her clit before sliding the whole five inches of his tongue inside her.

Sera sobs in her sleep. Her cry is a symphony of panicked desperation. The mewling whine of a woman getting fucked by a demon tongue. It's the most beautiful sound I've ever heard. The decadent aroma of her arousal overrides Bloom's stench. It plumes into the air as delicious as the slick folds Warrick greedily laps like he might die if he stops.

Sera writhes and bucks. She impales herself on every inch he feeds her, and her walls clasp the slippery appendage. Dragging it in deeper as the peak hits her.

"Oh God," she whines through clenched teeth, head back, eyes squeezed shut tight as a look of absolute anguish twists her features. "Don't stop. I'm cumming."

I can't take my eyes off her. Even when she gives a shredded wail and cums on my face.

On Warrick's face.

The creature groans, a deep primal growl of possessive satisfaction. He doesn't remove his tongue until the last shudder has left her and she's still once more. He withdraws slowly and runs it through her folds, cleaning her.

I was so enraptured by Sara, I hadn't noticed his free hand tucked under his belly until he climbs over top of her, jerking his engorged cock.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Like his tail, the tip has a snake head shape with barbs along the top of the shaft and two rows of notches along the underside that release pheromones during intercourse. The tiny holes spray up inside the other person, creating an almost euphoric sensation. A delicious rush of arousal that gets them to loosen enough to get knotted. It's the same shit he exudes with his touch when he runs his paws all over Sera to get her to relax.

Though, I do wonder if it also knocks people out. Heavy sleeper or not, Sera should have woken up during at least half of what just happened.

But that's a thought for later; Warrick kneels over Sera's sprawled thighs, meaty fist pumping his cock.

"What are you doing?" I demand.

He ignores me as he pushes her panties aside with one hand and pumps thick, white cum all across her lips with the other. It soaks her dark curls and dribbles down to her pulsing opening where the asshole immediately pushes it in with a bent knuckle.

My damn knuckles because I can feel the slick walls of her cunt practically sucking them in and shuddering with every pump.

"Stop that!" I snap, hating the tremor weakening my words. "You're going to get her pregnant."

The piece of shit chuckles. "That's the point."

Fury lashes through me at the thought of Sera finding out she's having this monster's offspring. How scared she'd be.

"Get away from her," I threaten, knowing full well there is nothing I can do to stop him. "I won't let her have your spawn."

"Let?" His cackle is cold and evil. "You can't stop me."

As if to prove my weakness, he bends and places the spear-shaped head of his cock against Sera's opening and nudges in. Not all the way, but far enough that I know he's cumming inside her. Inside my Sera. Breeding her.

"I'm going to kill you," I vow, though I know it's an empty lie.

Warrick pulls out and a thin dribble of jizz trickles free of Sera's opening. The sight tightens something inside me. Something hot and feral. Something that borders on unhinged.

"It's our nature," Warrick murmurs. "What you're feeling. Claiming and breeding our mate. You want her because you know she's supposed to be yours."

"She doesn't know what you're doing to her," I attempt.

"I think she will when she wakes up in the morning, dripping cum. She might think it's just her own arousal, but a part of her knows."

"You've done this before?"

I think of all the times he's unceremoniously shoved me into that dark crevice after putting Sera to bed. Years of it. I always assumed he'd simply gone to bed. I had no idea he was molesting her in her sleep.

“Every night. It won’t get her pregnant. Not like this. We have to knot inside her, but I enjoy seeing it coming out of her.”

I do, too. A part of me wants to see a heavier quantity spilling out, but I would never tell him that.

CHAPTER FOUR AIDEN

I SMELL HER BEFORE I even open my eyes. A calming scent of jasmine and warm skin ... and cum. The latter has my eyes opening to the riot of curls tickling my chin.

Sera.

MySera. I don't care what Warrick says. She's mine.

Gingerly, I sweep a lock of inky silk off her temple. My little obsession nuzzles her face deeper against my chest. Her body presses tighter to mine in the morning chill and I drag her closer still.

My everything.

It should concern me that there is literally nothing I wouldn't do for this pint-sized woman with her moss green eyes and crooked smile. She's been the center of my world our entire lives. My constant. The only person who never left my side.

When Warrick first pushed for dominance, the assault nearly killed me. It was supposed to. The human host is supposed to die and the incubus takes their place at the start of puberty. But the whole time I lay in bed, fighting for my life, Sera stayed with me. Stayed curled against my side. Every time I opened my eyes, her face was the first thing I saw, wet with tears, begging Warrick not to take me. It made me realize just how deep my love for her actually was, how unwavering. It surpassed every known humanemotion to something rooted so deep in my soul I would die without it.

Without her.

My fingers ghost the slender column of her neck. I trace the delicate line of her jaw. It must have tickled because dusky lashes flutter and lift. Soft, green pools lift to my

face. Her lips pull into a smile that cuts into my chest.

“Hey.”

“Hi,” I murmur.

She stretches and her naked legs brush mine. I watch her face for any sign of discomfort, an inkling that she’d been tongue fucked by a monster. But she sighs and smiles up at me like there isn’t cum crusting her pubic hair.

“Are you helping with the—?”

“I want you to stop feeding him,” I blurt, interrupting her.

There. I said it. Fuck you, Warrick.

The bastard in question is still and silent in my head. My guess is he’s still sleeping or being a weirdo and lurking in the dark somewhere. He’ll slink out when he’s ready to be annoying.

Sera jerks her head back, brows creased. “What? Why would—?”

I push up onto my elbow and peer down into her face. This close, I can count the freckles on her nose. I can walk the rolling hills in her green eyes. I’m so close, I could bend my head and...

“Because I said so. I don’t want you near him anymore.”

Sera watches me with confusion, but there’s a stubborn defiance in the steady scrutiny that makes it painfully clear that I’m not winning this argument.

“I won’t do that.” Her small hand cups over my mouth when I start to speak. “I’m okay. I know what I’m doing.”

She has no idea what she’s doing. She doesn’t know Warrick the way I do. She’s fighting a monster with no morals orempathy. A bastard who only cares about himself and his next meal.

“He took advantage of you last night,” I tell her, wrapping my fingers around the delicate bones of her wrist and dragging her hand down.

“I let him,” she corrects.

I shake my head. “I mean after he fucked you with his tail. When he brought you to bed.”

A wave of crimson floods her cheeks. “You saw that?”

Caught in her eyes, I can only nod.

“He let you watch? How much?”

She’s missing the point.

“That doesn’t matter. I don’t want you near him anymore. Tell him to fuck off.”

“No.”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

I grit my jaw. “Sera...”

Her chin tilts in defiance. “I said no.”

Without waiting, she shoves off the covers. The crisp, morning chill distracts me and I’m not quick enough when she throws a leg across my stomach and tries to slide over me. My hands reflexively catch her hips to steady her. Hers come down on my chest to brace.

But rather than slide the rest of the way off the pullout, she stops, pussy perched on my erection. Both of us covered by scraps of fabric.

“Sera.” Even to my own ears, her name is a plea. I just don’t know for what.

“I can’t lose you,” she whispers. “He’s not hurting me.”

But he’s touching you, I want to snap at her. He’s taking advantage of you while you sleep.

“He touched you last night,” I blurt. “He ate your pussy before cumming inside you.”

I think I’ve gone too far when her eyes widen. Her head snaps down to where she’s straddling my cock.

“He fucked me?” Her face jerks up to mine. “You watched?”

My brain takes that moment to flash me images of her tight hole stretching to take his

head and dribble his cum. But I can't tell her that. What kind of protector am I that I allowed that to happen to her?

"I tried to stop him," I try to explain, disgusted with myself for the lie.

Sera's nails bite into my skin. Her thighs tremble against my ribs and I can feel the hot rush of heat soak through her panties to dampen my crotch.

"How long did you watch?" Her words are jagged, breathy.

I wonder if she can feel the erratic thundering of my heart under her palms as I whisper, "All of it."

Her lashes lift and I'm captured in the smoldering heat of her arousal. "Did you—?"

Whatever she's about to say is swallowed by the resounding bang of something hitting the side of the trailer. Sera scrambles off me. She rushes to grab her skirt and sweater from the foot of the bed just as Bloom throws open the plaited doors and hobbles out with a cloud of smoke.

There is nothing motherly or warm where Bloom is concerned. The woman is a walking plague with the emotional range of a teaspoon, but Sera won't leave her, and I won't leave Sera.

Bloom pivots narrowed eyes from me still on the bed to Sera struggling to pull her cardigan over her shoulders.

"It's not what it looks like—" Sera whispers.

The hand not wielding a cigarette closes around the wooden handle of a spatula resting in the drying rack. She starts forward like she's ready to swat Sera.

I'm between them before Bloom can finish her first step.

"Don't you fucking dare," I warn.

"Kill her!" Warrick's roar vibrates through my skull.

Sera's small fingers close into mine. "Aiden, don't."

Bloom barely comes to my chest, but she glowers up at me through bloodshot eyes and a cloud of tobacco. "You think you scare me?"

Sera tugs on my arm, begging me silently to stand down, but enough is enough. "You think I'd ever let you touch her?"

Thin lips curl back over teeth black with rot. She throws up her hands, sending ashes flying. "Go ahead. Fuck her. I'll make money off your freakish bastards. I'll put them in the show—"

"You will never touch them." It comes from my throat, but I know it's not me. "I will disembowel you before you come anywhere near my mate or my children."

Bloom barks a laugh. "I own you. Both of you. Anything that comes out of her cunt is mine. I can put it in a sack and drown it like a dog—"

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Warrick lunges before I can stop him. Hands that are mine but wield his strength close in Bloom's filthy robes.

"Aiden!" Sera grabs my arm and tries to haul me back. When that doesn't work, she squeezes around me and puts herself between me and the woman struggling to detangle herself from the monster's grip. "Stop. Please."

The tears in her eyes kick me in the gut, but Warrick gives no shit. He's only seeing red as he shoves our mother back and fists his hands in Sera's hair. She's dragged into the curve of my body and imprisoned as his mouth — my mouth — slams down over hers.

It's an assault of tongue and teeth that elicits a whimper from her. It's hungry and violent, and it doesn't elude me that I'm still me and he's just wearing me like a suit. That it's my tongue in Sera's mouth. My hands cupping her naked ass and hoisting her up. I tell myself he's too strong to fight, but when her legs lock around my hips, I'm not sure who's doing what. Only that she tastes like everything I imagined.

She's panting and flushed when he finally frees her. Her swollen lips glisten, sweet and parted, and begging for more. But her eyes are dark and ravenous as they search mine.

"Aiden," she whispers with a mixture of confusion and surprise.

But it's Warrick who answers her through me.

"You are my queen," he growls. "The mother of my children. I will tear her throat

open with my fangs and let her bleed out at your feet. I will gift you her corpse.”

Behind her, Bloom makes a choking sound, but Warrick has eyes only for Sera.

“No, please,” she begs, as I already knew she would.

Bloom is her mother. The woman who raised her, and that seems to mean something to her. To me, Bloom is a waste of natural resources. She’s a stain that needs to be wiped clean.

Warrick agrees.

“If she touches you again, if she threatens our children, I will gut her and make you a crown with her bones.”

CHAPTER FIVE SERAPHINE

THE SCENT OF LAVENDER and crushed rosemary plumes through the air with every twist of my wrist. I’m trying to keep busy crushing roots and filling jars, but my lips won’t stop tingling. I still feel the heat and pressure of Aiden’s mouth on mine, his hands in my hair, his toned frame between my thighs.

Aiden kissed me.

The dried roots are forgotten in the mortar as my fingers drift over my bottom lip.

My head swims deliciously, sending the butterflies in my belly wild with an excitement I know I shouldn’t feel, but...

Aiden kissed me.

And I kissed him back.

The aching muscle in my chest collides against my ribs, a giddy dance that is both thrilling and frantic with panic.

I shouldn't have let it happen. Obviously. I know it was wrong. There was a lot happening between waking up to the feel of him flush against me and Mama catching us. I'm not stupid enough not to understand why I shouldn't be in bed with Aiden. That morning, straddling him in nothing but my panties was inappropriate. Feeling the hot, thick length of him pulsing along my center was definitely wrong.

But his eyes have a way of making me forget. The way they watch me with such ... everything, like I am solely responsible for his every breath.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

I'd be lying if I said I didn't like it, or the things Warrick did to me with his tail.

It seems strangely hilarious because they are the same body with two souls and it shouldn't be this hard, but Aiden and Warrick loathe each other. Neither want me with the other and it's all so confusing. The line isn't even blurred anymore. I can't find it. I'm sure there should be one when it comes to getting kissed by my brother in front of our mother, or allowing Warrick to take me in my sleep, but I'm fine with both.

Honestly, I always suspected that Warrick wasn't getting enough. Before last night in the storage tent, our time was always short. He'd hold me and graze his hands along my back. He'd get me aroused but nothing would ever come of it. He'd carry me to bed, and I'd wake up with Aiden.

But the dreams ... the vivid details of getting owned and claimed would chase me into dawn with a sweet ache between my thighs. I always assumed it was from going to bed horny. I never thought he was finishing the job.

It did make me wonder why. Why not just take everything when he had me in his arms? Why wait? I've read about incubi. I know they usually feed on sleeping humans so maybe that's how it's supposed to be done.

I make a mental note to ask tonight. It's such a tiny thing in the grand scheme of things, like the fact that he let Aiden watch last night. Let him watch me get filled by Warrick's tail and cum. He saw me naked, saw my pussy open and...

I jump when the curtains snap open and the object of my torment strides in. He stands

just inside the doorway, tall and impossibly handsome in the sinking afternoon light. His dark eyes bore into me with a need that mirrors mine.

My heart squeezes in my chest with a longing so deep, it echoes through me.

“Hey.” His voice is a low rasp, and I feel it vibrate through me, a tremor that makes everything in me tighten.

He steps closer, his footsteps slow, deliberate, as if he’s approaching a wounded rabbit. The air between us is thick with unspoken words and every second hits like a whip.

As a man, Aiden is a looming force of strength and silent warning. He’s a wall of toned muscles, long legs, narrow hips, and a chest made for a woman’s head. With his warm, brown eyes and choppy, dark strands, he could have anyone, but I want him to only want me.

“Hey,” I whisper.

His long fingers bump mine as we both reach for the empty vial next to the mortar. Mine glide over his. His warmth soaks into my skin. Up my arm. Pools in my chest. Neither of us let go.

His eyes never leave my face. They trace and roam like he’s filing every inch to memory.

“You’ve been avoiding me.”

Guilt sends my gaze to the table between us. “I’m sorry.”

But I have been. After that wild display, I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know what

to say. I could only grab my things and hurry from the trailer with Mama's incoherent shriek pounding between my ears. The apothecary was the only place I could think to hide. Not a great place, but the task of crushing herbs and brewing elixirs has always provided a sense of calm, and calm was what I needed.

"Why are you sorry?"

"For everything?" I finally manage, my voice quieter than I intended. My heart pounds, but I force myself to look at him.

Aiden's gaze is sharp and hot with something I've never seen before. The air between us shifts and I feel the weight settle on my chest. The unbearable tension. Like we're standing on the edge of a cliff, and one wrong move could send us plummeting.

"What if I don't want you to be sorry?" His voice is barely a whisper, but it cuts through me.

My breath catches as his words hang in the air like a challenge.

"I have to be," I whisper, but even I don't believe it.

"Have you eaten?"

I shake my head. "I'm not hungry."

I know he doesn't believe me, and he shouldn't. I'm starving. I haven't eaten all day, but the thought of running into him kept me locked up in my little shop.

"Come on."

I blink at the large, scarred palm extended to me. My hesitation is brief, but I take it

like I have my entire life. I lock up the shop and let him guide me out into the bustle of the midday crowd.

The late afternoon chill has me scuttling closer into Aiden's side. Unlike me — who wears a jacket in the middle of July — Aiden always runs hot. His body temperature is perfect in the winter when Mama refuses to turn the heat on because — like Aiden — she also runs hot. Burrowing into him is like getting enveloped by an open flame.

Wordlessly, he shrugs out of his black flannel and drags it around my shoulders. The residual heat from his body clings to the threads, and I greedily snatch it closer.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“Thank you,” I murmur.

Aiden’s response is the light kiss he presses into the side of my head.

We arrive at the big, yellow tent with the blue water barrels outside the flaps. The chatter immediately dies as all heads pivot in our direction with varying degrees of surprise.

“Hey there you two. Didn’t see you at lunch,” Eugene — Cook — calls out.
“Hungry?”

For a man twice the size of any other, and twice as strong, I’m always startled by his grace as he pushes out of his seat and hurries to the fryer.

“Come sit!” Nakusha waves her long slender arm over her head. The tiny, razor blades sewn into her velvet cuffs glint with every motion.

Aiden propels me forward and only stops when we reach the single, empty seat across from the beautiful knife thrower.

Mags — our resident doctor — sits on Nakusha’s other side, her face a road map of age and kindness as she peers across the table at me with eyes the murky gray of dish water.

“I was wondering if you would be joining us tonight.” Her voice is the gravelly rasp of sandpaper over granite, yet oddly soothing.

Aiden nudges me into the vacant seat and takes his familiar place at my back. It's a habit he's had since we were children and a group of townie kids dumped their sticky drink over my head in a dare. Aiden punched the kid in the mouth, busting his lip and sending him wailing to his mother. Since then, he always puts himself at my back. I should tell him he doesn't need to anymore, but I like it.

"We were just talking about the townies," Nakusha says, flipping a butter knife over the backs of her slender knuckles. "They sure are a loud bunch."

A lot of the attendees the last two days of opening have been teenagers with high opinions and a hatred for everything. They have been flooding the apothecary, buying out all the love potions and beauty elixirs.

"I'm going to stab the next one who shoves their phone in my face," Nakusha mutters, driving her point home by burying her knife into the table. "It's so rude."

Mags sets a withered hand on the younger girl's arm. "They're young. Let them enjoy their time."

Nakusha yanks the blade free, leaving a new notch in the wood to match all the other scuffs and scratches. "Only two more days and we can leave this shit hole for a new shit hole."

"It's not so bad here," Landon speaks up from my right. "The girls are certainly friendly."

Nakusha grunts in disgust but her response fades with the first brush of Aiden's fingers across the back of my neck. The heat of his caress sends ripples of warmth showering down my spine, tightening my nipples. It pools in my belly. I'm acutely aware of the rough skin of his fingertips scratching my pulse as they drift across my jugular to cup the underside of my chin and force my head back.

My breath catches as Aiden's face dips over mine. Upside down so his lips are all I can see.

"All of it," he threatens with his words. With the subtle tightening of his fingers. With the way his darkened gaze lifts to my parted lips in warning, or maybe he, too, is remembering our kiss.

My body tries to swallow. I know he feels the rapid flex under his palm when his hold tightens and I moan without thinking.

My eyes widen as currents of heat snap through me to ignite the place between my legs with a familiar ache.

Aiden smirks in a way he never has before, a quirk of his lips that is more Warrick than Aiden, and I would have done anything he asks.

"Nod," he commands, and I nod obediently.

With clear reluctance, Aiden unfurls his long fingers and frees me to lower my gaze to the table, to the fresh plate of burger and fries, and the eight sets of eyes staring at my hot complexion. But no one comments as I take a fry and bring it to my lips with shaky fingers.

I squeeze my thighs together and shift to ease the pressure. The hand that had closed around my throat rests on my shoulder, digs into my skin when my seat creaks. They force me to be still, which is torture in itself.

Between the lingering phantom sensation of his fingers cutting my air and the pulse between my thighs I'm so close to the edge, I don't taste anything on my plate. I barely realize it's empty until Aiden is taking my dishes to the makeshift washing station. He washes and dries them and sets them away. I stand to meet him when he

returns and let him take my hand.

“No more skipping meals,” he says as we leave the kitchen.

“I wasn’t trying to. It just got away from me.”

He pauses to face me. His features are bathed in the soft blue of settling dusk, but I can feel him studying me. I can feel Warrick. It’s close enough to nightfall that he should be getting ready for his act soon.

“Don’t do it again.” The fingers on his free hand brush a lock of dark hair off my cheek. “I’ll be very upset if you do. Promise me.”

Page 15

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Heart thumping wildly in my chest, I nod. “I promise.”

The touch drifts down to capture my chin. To tip it back like he had earlier and I can no longer catch my breath.

“I love you.”

I shiver at the gentle sincerity. “I love you, too.”

The hand breaks away to slide behind my head, to tuck beneath my hair and cradle my skull. His breath caresses my cheeks, warms my offered lips. He’s so close the sliver of air between us flutters.

“You mean everything to me. I don’t want to live without you.”

I tremble at his guttural vow. At the pressure of his fingers fisting in my hair. I’m shaking when I have to swallow and lick my lips to speak.

“You’re my everything.”

I’m dragged tighter into him. My front aligns with his. My arms find their own way around his neck and I lift myself up onto my toes to close the distance between us.

“I need to get ready,” he says with his lips against the corner of mine, so close we’re practically kissing. “But I’ll see you in the morning.”

In the morning, when I wake to him curled possessively around me.

“I miss you,” I tell him.

His kiss travels to my chin. I plant one on his nose.

“If it were up to me, I would never leave your side.”

My arms tighten around him. His nose bumps mine. That’s all the time we have before he has to break away.

But rather than part ways and return to the shop, I take his fingers when he starts to leave.

“Can I come with you?”

His answer is to drag my hand to his lips before tugging me along.

It’s chaos in the Big Top, a whirlwind of activity as performers rush around grabbing their props, stretching for their acts and zipping on and off the stage.

Selene — the fire-eater — storms past yelling about her sticks and if anyone has seen them. From the other side of the space, someone yells back a response, but Aiden turns me to face him and I miss it.

“Find a spot in the audience. It’s too crowded back here. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

I touch his chest lightly. Not too long. A graze of my fingertips as I peer up into his warm gaze. Already the brown has a hint of red in them and his lips are a little too wide at the corners. Like this, the two are as close to being one without full transformation.

“Good luck.”

A coil of hair is caught off my shoulder and wound around his finger. He gives a gentle tug.

“Love you.”

I smile. “Love you.”

With a final tug, he releases my hair, and I step away. I hurry out through the side entrance and loop around to where the last of the crowd floods in.

I make eye contact with Nakusha taking people’s tickets and she waves me through.

The corner I pick is at the bottom bench, straight in front of center stage. All the overhead lights are off, but there is faint movement in the shadows as Warrick’s mirror is wheeled out and put into place.

I’ve watched Aiden’s act a million times. Ever since he and Warrick could shift, I’ve held front row attendance most nights. It never fails to amaze me how beautiful they are. How feral and dangerous. Watching them turns me on in a way that only makes my time with Warrick all the harder because I have wanted him to take advantage of me for years. If I had known all it would take was being late, I would have done so ages ago. Granted, I was worried he would hurt Aiden as punishment, not finally give me what I wanted.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

The crowd falls silent and all attention pivots to the familiar silhouette moving with slow, measured strides to stand before us. His jeans and T-shirt have been replaced by a pair of loose, satin trousers that hang low on his hips. Low enough that the V is deep and every square is chiseled to perfection across his toned stomach.

The stage lights kiss his olive skin to a warm gold and tease the highlights in his black hair to an almost metallic blue.

He looks so calm. So controlled and human.

He exhales, slow and steady, and closes his eyes.

The surge of power that floods the arena is something, apparently, only I can feel. None of the other performers or audience have ever mentioned it, but it scatters across my skin and tingles at my fingertips. The hum fills my ears with the low ping of a metal fork.

I could be anywhere in the world and I would know the moment Warrick stepped into Aiden's skin or vice versa. I am so intertwined with both of them it's hard to determine where they start and I end.

In the arena, Aiden sucks in a breath, expanding the broad width of his chest. The muscles of his shoulders flex and roll. His neck follows the motion. The crowd may not notice it, but the tips of his hair have a light trimming of frost. His skin is darker. They only notice when his eyes open and crimson orbs glare back.

Their collective gasps usually amuse me, but I'm captured in the fiery infernos. They

pin me to my seat, hot with hunger. It's like getting cornered by a starving wolf. A predator shedding all his humanity.

His skin ripples as his frame stretches. Bones shift beneath the surface. White hair spills over his forehead, cascading in stark contrast to the abyss of his skin. His hands flex, fingers lengthening, black talons curving from the tips.

And then his mouth.

The skin pulls, reshaping, parting at the corners until there is nothing left but rows of gleaming fangs in a jagged line to his ears. His tongue flicks out, already split at the center before fusing together and slipping back into his maw.

Around me, the room holds its breath. The silence is so expansive, the only sound is Warrick's low grumbling and my heart thundering in my chest.

His tail snaps behind him, barbed coil unfurling. Reminding me that I came all over it last night.

The place it invaded thrums. It pangs with a longing to feel it again. To be in Warrick's arms again.

The creature in question hasn't taken his eyes off me. Even as he stands fully formed, he's not doing his act. Instead, he's stalking across the arena. Long legs taking wide strides straight in my direction.

It should be terrifying, but I have to stop myself from lifting my arms like a child and letting him scoop me up.

I don't have to. His tail lashes out and twists around my throat. I'm dragged out of my seat straight into his hold, into his chest, and locked in place by his claws around

my waist.

“Warrick.”

My whimper is ignored as he buries his face into my neck and inhales deep. My hands slide up his neck into the downy strands of hair at the back of his head, holding him in place against me.

“Your little pussy is so wet. So ready. You’re making my cock ache. I want to claim you right here in front of all these people and let them watch me breed your greedy hole. But your cunt is for my eyes only. The thought of anyone else seeing you like that makes me want to gouge out their eyes and make them eat it.”

I don’t think I’m supposed to giggle, but he smirks down at me when I do.

“You’re supposed to be doing your act.”

His tongue snakes out and flicks over my lips. “I’d rather be doing you.”

I snort and give him a gentle nudge. Yet, I’m disappointed when his tail unravels and he takes a step back, but not before brushing my cheek with a knuckle.

“Don’t be late tonight, little human. Your pussy will be severely punished.”

My pussy does not take the threat for what it is. It soaks my panties with anticipation.

Warrick must have sensed it because his smirk is triumphant as he pivots on his heels and makes his way back to the arena.

“My goodness,” the woman on the bench next to me gasps. “If that’s part of the act, me next.”

The brunette next to her nods, cheeks pink as she watches Warrick's muscular back flex under the harsh lights.

“He can do anything he wants to me,” she breathes, hands flat to her chest like she's having heart palpitations.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

I refrain from telling them he's mine. Despite the prickling rise of possessive jealousy, I have no reason to stake my claim; they will never have him. In a few hours, as they drive back to their lives, he'll be here with me. In my arms.

I just have to make sure I'm not late.

CHAPTER SIX SERAPHINE

"IF I PUT THIS IN HER drink, it'll make her drip?" The idiot in the backwards baseball cap holds up a love potion and sends his buddy a smirk that has my molars grinding.

His friend, an equally ridiculous man-child with zero common sense waves a bottle of aphrodisiac. "This shit doesn't actually work, does it?"

It could. We never stay in one place long enough to get proper feedback, but each one is from Mama's personal herbal book, and she's been brewing potions since before Aiden or I were born.

"Hell no." Cap man snickers. "It's all a scam."

The two laugh and drop their items onto the shelves with enough force that I'm surprised they don't shatter. That only pisses me off more.

"That's not what you want anyway," I say, keeping my voice soft and sultry. "Why would you settle for only one girl when you could get dozens?"

As it does every time, that gets their immediate attention. I reach under the counter and gingerly withdraw the small, metal case with the lock. The two scoot closer as I flip the latch open. The rusted metal gives a weak squeak, adding to the illusion.

“You can’t tell anyone I gave this to you. It’s a family secret. I’m not even supposed to...” I bite my lip and feign discomfort, like I’m regretting mentioning anything. I even tighten my hold and start dragging it back.

“No, seriously, we won’t tell anyone,” the shaggy blond swears, shouldering his friend over to get closer.

I peek innocently between the pair. “See, I only have one, and there’s only enough for one person.”

“What does it even do?” cap man mutters, apparently smarter than his friend.

I glance behind them at the empty doorway. “Have you heard of pheromones?” At their nods, I continue, “This enhances your natural musk. It’ll make you irresistible to women. You’ll have to use it carefully. You shouldn’t drink too much or...”

“Or what?” blonde presses.

I look into his green eyes. “Too much attention isn’t always a good thing either.”

His face breaks into a wide grin. “No shit! Are you saying this stuff will have bitches beating down my door?”

I struggle to keep my face soft and just a little hesitant. “You have to use it wisely.”

“Fuck that shit. She’s lying. Probably trying to sell you some sugar water or something.”

It's not sugar water, but I shrug and start pulling the tin back towards me. "Your friend's right. I shouldn't have even said anything."

"Wait. Hold on. You're not fucking with me, are you?"

I absolutely am, but I sigh and look down at the rusted bit of metal. "There's only one way to find out."

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“You’re a fucking idiot,” cap man mutters five minutes later as he follows his buddy out of the tent.

“Yeah, we’ll see about that this weekend when we hit the club, and I get all the pussy.”

The only thing he’s getting is a long, brutal night of violent diarrhea. Still, I count the hefty wad of cash, replace a fresh bottle of instant shit into the tin and lock it up for the next asshole.

I don’t offer the laxative to just anyone. They have to hit a certain level of foul to warrant the punishment.

Mama gave me the idea years ago when a couple of townies got too rowdy and broke a bunch of stuff. They were kicked out by Cook but Mama mentioned wishing them horrible diarrhea and I thought, why not? It’s easy enough to make. Then it’s all about selling it to the right people.

The rest of the evening goes by smoother. Most of my customers only stagger in after the bigger shows end and the last call gets announced. The last three are a group of women in their mid-sixties who wander the sliver of space, pick up every jar, tube, and canister, ask a million questions, but buy nothing before finally leaving.

I try not to feel irritable as I pack up the displays and stow the jars into their proper places for the night. In case Mama decides to check in the shop, I lock the crates and do a quick tidy.

I haven't seen her since this morning. Truthfully, I avoid her most days, but she occasionally wanders her way to the apothecary tent just to find things to yell at me about.

The carnival is fully closed by the time I hurriedly snap the lock on the last container. The music is still a grating tinkle in the background. Most of the performers are already in their trailers or closing up their stands. The trio of townies have kept me almost twenty minutes longer than usual. I don't even have to step out into the still night to know I'm late. Again.

Nerves and panic have my hands trembling as I fumble dragging the bolt into place. The air is charged with apprehension. I can almost feel Warrick's impatience.

The flowing layers of skirts tangle around my ankles as I sprint to where I know Warrick is waiting for me.

He's not.

I barely round the Big Top and there he is. A large, sinister figure standing directly in my path with his glowing red eyes blazing in the darkness. I skitter to a halt, heart thumping wildly. My stomach erupts with a cyclone of sensations I can't decipher when all my senses are tangled in him.

He's furious. His impatience is a wave of heat rolling off him and filling the entire clearing around us.

"I warned you," he growls.

Bells explode in a torrent of chaos between my ears as panic scuttles up my spine. Clammy nerves turn my fingers and toes numb.

“I’m sorry. I had customers,” I try to explain around the jagged pants of air leaving my lungs.

Even from the twenty feet between us, even in the shadows, I can almost see the flare of his nostrils. The narrowing of his eyes. I know my excuses mean nothing to him. His hunger to have me is all that matters. And I have already broken the rules twice in two nights.

My core pangs with an odd surge of excitement at the prospect of another punishment like the night before. Even past the cloud of fear blinding me, I have to wonder if he would use his tail again. It felt so good, so different. A twisted part of me wondered just how deep he could go if he tried, or if he could fold it.

I shake the thought promptly away. This was not the time. He already cautioned me on what would happen if I was late again. He’s not going to be gentle or kind.

I have no choice.

“Don’t.”

But his warning means nothing to the frantic creature desperate not to get eaten by the predator. It’s not taking any chances when taking over my limbs and bolting headlong towards the forest.

I don’t check to see if he’s behind me. I don’t slow. I sprint into the night. The dark. I let the dirt pound beneath my feet the further I go from the carnival. From safety and light.

The moon dogs my steps, filtering a thin veil of illumination. Enough to save me from a broken nose. But not enough to save me from the twin figures that step directly into my path.

My scream is unintentional. I'd been so caught up in not getting captured by Warrick, I hadn't been expecting to run into anyone else.

The two idiots from earlier stand before me, appearing as startled as I am, but they catch themselves faster.

"Hey, it's you," the blond one crows excitedly. "We were just coming to ask you a question."

I stare at their shadowed features, baffled by their sheer stupidity. "What?"

The two exchange glances that prickle my apprehension.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“We were just thinking you’d like to come to a party with us. We can try out your potion and have a little fun. Or we can go over to your trailer or wherever you sleep and talk.” Cap man takes a step closer, the sound of crunching leaves and snapping twigs infinitely too loud. “You didn’t even tell us your name.”

I’m not playing this game. They have no idea the shit show they’ve gotten themselves into and I’m not going to tell them.

“You both have made a huge mistake coming back here. Leave. Now.”

The two snort and cackle like I’m hilarious but that’s all the warning they’re getting because I know I’m not alone, and my demon is bigger than both of them.

“Why are you being such a bitch?” the blond one huffs. “We came all the way to see you and you’re being rude. You could at least thank us for even thinking of you.”

“That was your mistake. I already belong to someone, and he doesn’t like anyone else touching me.”

They howl and, for the first time, I can smell the alcohol on their breaths. Not that it matters. I already know they’re not leaving these woods alive.

I’m proven correct when a scaly tail slides around my waist and drags me back into a solid wall of heat. A deep, rumbling voice sounds from over my head

“I don’t.”

All hilarity dies as the two spin to face Warrick's piercing red eyes. Their faces morph into masks of horror.

I think I understand that fear. Warrick is a demon. How many humans can say they've actually confronted a real one?

"You should have taken her advice. You should have left. I wouldn't have let you leave, not after hearing your reasons for being here, thinking you could take what's mine, but I would have given you a head start. Now, I'm just going to kill you." He nuzzles the side of my head. "Cover your ears, Seraphine."

I do, obediently, muffling the world. I don't see him move, but the punch of air as he dives for the pair sends me forward by two steps. My hair blows into my face, blinding me to the scene of the men screaming and running.

We've had townies slip into the carnival in the past thinking they could catch usfreaksunaware. It never ends well for them. Thefreaksdon't like outsiders trespassing through our home uninvited.

But this is different. They came to attack me. They thought I was weak and unprotected. Just how many other women had they visited and gotten away with it?

Still, I try not to listen as their howls crescendo in the night. As they become blood curdling and masked beneath the crunch and snap of bones.

I keep my ears covered even after silence resumes and Warrick's magnificent silhouette shifts out of the shadows, crimson eyes blazing. Even in the dark, the stain running down his chin and across his chest is unmistakable, as is the shredded top he's using to clean himself off. I'm sure that belonged to cap man.

I lower my hands and watch his fluid approach. All animal and power. His strength

winds around me like a protective blanket, securing me.

He's before me with no more than a stir of air. His massive form towers over me, a shadowy outline with glowing eyes and flashing fangs. My heart barely has a chance to skip a full beat when his tail snaps around my middle and yanks me into his waiting claws.

"Where were we?"

I lean into him. "My punishment."

He hums softly into the side of my face. "I warned you I would not go easy on you. You made it worse by running. Did you think you could escape me?"

I can't catch my breath. Every cell in my body is aware of him in a way that has my nerves on edge. My blood roars hot through my veins and pounds viciously between my ears. I'm trembling and it's not out of fear.

"I knew you would catch me."

His head dips. His teeth nip my bottom lip hard enough to draw blood and a cry from me.

"Did you also know you doubled your punishment?"

I go up on my toes and wind my arms around his neck.

"I'll do whatever you want," I breathe unevenly.

Warrick unfurls his tongue from between his fangs, a long, pink strip that flicks across my bottom lip with the tapered point. My mouth automatically opens,

extending an invitation for invasion that he doesn't hesitate in accepting. Across my tongue, I feel his peel apart and separate into two prongs that twine around mine and stroke.

Aiden took my first kiss this morning, and it had been rough and angry. Warrick's split tongue gliding over mine, squeezing and massaging is the polar opposite. It's almost sweet and gentle, but I can feel the currants of his irritation humming through the palms of his hands drifting down the exposed skin my top doesn't cover. I can feel his restraint in the subtle anchoring of his claws into my sides.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

I moan without thinking when my pussy pangs viciously and a hot surge of heat floods my panties. My stomach muscles tighten to match the hard points of my nipples despite the mild warmth in the air.

“Tell me what you’re thinking,” he growls against my mouth. He detaches his swirling tongue from mine to roll down the column of my throat. “What has your pussy pulsing?”

He laps at the top of my right breast and the traitorous mound pushes itself higher for more, offers itself to the tongue he slips under the cup to flick my nipple.

“Warrick...”

My fingers catch in his hair. I tell myself it’s to stop him, but I’m only holding him in place as he hooks a finger into the flimsy fabric covering me and drags it down, baring the pink nub.

I watch helplessly as he traces the peak. As he flicks it. As he sinks his teeth and bites.

I cry out but still don’t pull away as he soothes the pain with a sweep of his tongue. I don’t stop him as he drags the other cup down and takes his time with the other nipple.

“You’re going to take my cock tonight,” he tells me simply. “I’m going to knot inside you and fill you with my seed.”

“No...” I try, I really try to sound convincing, but the image of his cum filling me has my knees weak, and I’m having a hard time thinking past it.

“You want it,” he says with every drop of confidence. “You want me to breed you, pump your little pussy so full you give me a baby.”

My knees buckle and his arms are the only things holding me up. The pussy in question throbs with unimaginable agony at the mere idea. It’s practically on the verge of climax and he hasn’t even touched me.

“Can’t.” I try one more time, one more desperate attempt for sanity when my body is ready to climb him myself and get the job done.

“You were created for me. Your body was made to take me. To pleasure me. To take my knot and give me babies, just as I was put here to love, protect, and worship you. You are my reason for living, little human.” His head lifts and I swear his eyes blaze even brighter as he peers down into my upturned face. “I have waited a long time to finally claim what is mine. Tonight, I will have you.”

I don’t think there is anything in the world I want more, but through the heady fog of desire, I remember Aiden, and all the reasons this would be so wrong.

“We can’t.” I somehow manage to break out of his hold and stand on my own feet. I stare up into his beautiful face with my heart in tatters. “I can’t feed you that way.”

I expect argument, or even for him to ask why, but the next second, his considerable height shrinks, and the world flips out from under me. The hard width of his shoulder slams into my stomach as all my hair flies over my face.

“Warrick!”

My cry of shock and outrage is ignored as he starts in some direction I can't see from my upside-down position.

"Quiet," he murmurs when I try to struggle. "No one is going to stop me from having you, and I won't stop even if they tried."

The audacity of those words has me kicking harder. I pound his back with my fists. I claw the hard tendons with my nails. I know it hurts him when he hisses, but he doesn't stop me.

"Do you think a few scratches are going to make a difference? I expect you to tear my back open by the end of the night as you beg me not to stop."

Blood already pools in my head, but it blazes hot at the implication.

"You'll take me even if I'm not willing?" I counter.

"Never," he says without hesitation. "But you're not unwilling. Your panties are soaked. Your pussy is tender and wet. Your body is very willing, little mate."

I hate that he's not wrong. I've never been so ready for anything, but that doesn't mean it's right. He knows why we can't. He knows everything about all of this is wrong.

He's wearing my brother's body. Aiden is still in there somewhere. In the morning, he will know what I did. And none of us know enough about this situation to know just how much of Aiden is still part of Warrick. Who's to say it won't be Aiden's DNA creating those babies. I may not be the smartest person in the world, but I know that would be a horrible mistake. The fact that Warrick seems unaffected by the possibility only makes me all the more certain that I can't allow this.

“Put me down, Warrick,” I snap.

To my surprise, he does. The world swings and I’m back on solid ground with him towering over me in absolute darkness. I think for a second I need to let my eyes adjust, but no amount of blinking brings anything but Warrick’s gleaming eyes into focus.

We’re too far in the woods. I don’t know how far in, but there isn’t a stitch of light anywhere.

“Where are we?”

Page 21

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“I don’t want anyone to hear you cum, but me,” he states evenly, like it’s the most rational response on the planet.

“You made me cum yesterday,” I remind him.

“Not like this. I’m going to make you scream, and that is only for me.”

The sweet thrum of arousal has my belly tingling. I hate that I want that.

“No,” I tell us both firmly. “This isn’t right.”

“Is your body telling you that or your head?”

I scowl at the ridiculous statement. “That doesn’t matter. You’re in my brother’s body—”

“This is my body. He only feels and sees what I allow him to. In this form, I am only me.” His hand captures my chin with frightening accuracy considering I can’t see an inch in front of my face. “No more arguing. I will lock him out if that will put your mind at ease.”

It does and doesn’t. Of course, I don’t want Aiden to be present, but the thought of him being present also...

I have no time to process any of this when he’s hooked a talon into the elastic of my skirt and cut through it like a knife through thread. The yards of fabric slide off my body and pool at my feet, baring me to the night. To his eyes.

“Warrick...”

My bra goes next, cut at the inch of fabric between the cups. They fall apart, spilling my breasts into his waiting palms. His teasing thumbs sweeps over the peaks, igniting the heat in my core.

“Tell me what you were thinking earlier,” he prompts softly.

His mouth replaces his left hand and my mind fogs over as the cool air and his tongue sets my skin on fire.

“Earlier?” I mutter, trying to think past the feel of his fingers twisting in the only scrap of fabric keeping me covered and snapping them off. The sting left behind clears my head enough to remember. “Your tongue.”

I’m being propelled backwards, stopped only by the rough bark of a tree coming up against my naked spine.

“What about it?”

There seems to be a bend in the trunk that offers me support when he presses me back into the curve.

“Aiden said you did things to me last night after I was in bed.” My fingers thread through his hair, cradling him to my chest as he teases my right nipple with his fangs.

“Every night,” he corrects, breaking away from my breast to leave a damp trail down my belly. “Last night is the only time I let him watch.”

I gasp. “What do you do to me?”

He's kneeling at my feet. His warm breath fans my wet lips. I'm barely breathing. I wish I could see him, but part of me is comforted by the obscurity.

"This."

All other thoughts vanish the moment his full tongue lashes up my center. The tip circles my opening and dives in so deep, so fully my head slams back against the trunk. Stars explode across the backs of my closed eyelids. As a single piece, his tongue thickens the deeper he penetrates until I'm sobbing and bucking under the pressure. He's so far up inside me, writhing and flicking along my walls. Occasionally, I feel him splitting and stretching me, and I'm flailing, cutting my back against the bark as I drive my hips harder on his face, grinding my clit against his teeth. My fingers are steel clamps gripping his hair, refusing to give him space as he invades my body.

He groans the most beautiful sound and clamps his hands under my thighs. With the ease of someone lifting a bag of feathers, he spreads me open, using the tree as leverage to get even deeper.

"Don't stop," I whimper.

My reward is the division of his tongue. One half slips out to roll over my clit while the other stays inside me. His talons dig into my thighs, drawing blood and leaving scars, but I don't care as both halves of his tongue work in tandem pitching me off the cliff.

I cum with a cry of his name.

He's still between my legs, licking and cleaning when I float down. He grazes my tender clit with his teeth once before pushing to his feet and standing before me with my knees still hooked over his arms.

“Every night,” he says with a husky drawl that sends a shiver through me.

Page 22

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“To feed?” I pant, unable to catch my breath.

“To stretch you. To get you ready to take my cock without pain. Your little hole is so small.”

I don’t know whether I’m supposed to be grateful or afraid; just how big is he that I needed that much preparation?

“Is it going to hurt?” I ask.

There’s a second of hesitation followed by a gentle, “Yes, but I’ll be gentle.”

With my body cooling and apprehension taking root, I know I don’t have much time before I get fully inside my own head and overthink it.

“Do it quick,” I tell him, slipping my arms around his shoulders.

I feel his hold tighten on me.

“I could hurt—”

I shake my head. “Please. Just ... do it.”

I think for a moment he’s going to refuse, maybe even pull away, but his head falls forward and his tongue nudges my lips. I open willingly and let him twine his tongue around mine. I let him fill my senses. I let his heat envelop me. His scent. The weight of his body pressing me into the tree.

“You are mine,” he murmurs softly against my swollen lips. “My little human.” He nips on my bottom lip just hard enough to get a whimper from me. “My mate. I would burn the world to ashes for you.”

I open my mouth to respond when he surges forward.

The pain is a sharp, spearing stab that snatches the air from my lungs. His tongue twists around mine, capturing my cry. He gives me no room to adjust or move, pinning me fully in his hold as he drives himself deeper. And deeper. Every rigid length of him demanding space in my tight channel until I’m sure no more can fit, and still he’s urging for more.

“Too much,” I try around the hold he has on my tongue.

“No,” is all he growls as he starts thrusting, driving his hips and rubbing the whole length against my walls.

The oddity of the sensation fades quickly when I feel him pulsing like a heartbeat, a heart that emanates warmth, little bursts of heat that send electric currents through my body.

“Warrick?” I pant, clutching him tighter as my body loosens on its own, slickens with a fresh arousal.

“Like that?” he taunts into the side of my neck.

My head bobs as a fresh sense of release washes over me. “Yes ... God, what is that? What are you doing? It feels so good.”

He drives faster. Harder. And I welcome it as the flutters intensify and release the sweetest warmth to fill me. To soak into my body and...

“I think I’m cumming again. Don’t stop. Please.”

“Tell me to breed your little cunt. Tell me to put my baby in you.”

My body seizes. Between whatever he’s releasing inside me and that command, I spiral into the softest cloud of bliss.

“Breed me,” I choke out. “Please, Warrick, please. I want your baby. Don’t stop. Cum in me.”

With a snarl that sends me over, Warrick slams inside me with such violence I’m sure I’ll be bruised and sore in the morning, but I don’t care. I’m falling and he pumps thick, hot ropes of cum deep into my welcoming body. At some point, mid thrust, something catches between us. A knot locking him in place, trapping his seed from spilling free.

“Take it,” he growls into my ear. “Every drop.”

I wiggle my hips down, pulling him in deeper. I’m rewarded with a growl and the sharp spear of pain where his fangs puncture the curve of my shoulder.

I cry out, but his hold only tightens.

“Mine,” he breathes into the pulse at my throat. “You’re fucking mine.”

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

CHAPTER SEVEN WARRICK

HER QUIET BREATHS WARM my collarbone. The downy curls at the top of her head tickle the underside of my chin. The sweet scent of her release coats my skin and fills my senses.

My mate.

After years of waiting and longing for her, she is finally in my arms. Finally, fully mine in every way possible.

I brush the mark on her skin. My mark.

She sleeps with such calm, such trust, against my chest. Granted, she's always been there. From the first moment we struck our bargain, and I fed off her, I have shared her bed, because she is mine to protect.

My gaze travels along the soft length of her curled against me, bundled in my arms and blankets. Her dark mane spills across her pillow and my chest, and I marvel at my good fortune.

“What did you mean yesterday about sharing her?”

I bury my grin into the riot of curls tucked beneath my chin. “Interested?”

“Don't be a prick.”

I sweep my thumb over the arch of her cheekbone. Run it across her lips. “No more one or the other. Day or night, she gets both of us at the same time.”

There’s a lengthy pause that I fill by running my fingers gently through her curls, careful not to scratch her with my claws. Seraphine sighs and nuzzles closer. Her arm snakes across my ribs and heart.

“She’s my sister.”

This again.

“We are not human. Bloom is not human. but Seraphine is. How do you suppose that’s possible?”

Aiden is silent, but I can feel him thinking, putting the puzzle pieces together. He’s close. The spark is there, but he’s resistant to the truth.

“That doesn’t make sense.”

“It doesn’t,” I agree, running my tongue over the raw and tender marks on Seraphine’s soft flesh.

“How is that possible?”

I shrug. “That’s a question for Bloom.”

“What if you’re wrong?”

Careful not to wake Seraphine, I lower my face to the tender curve of her neck and inhale deep. I let the sweet scent of her skin fill my senses. I separate it from the salty scent of my cum and the faint hint of soap I used to wash her before putting her to

bed, to locate the final two threads.

One is Seraphine. Her blood. The essence that created her. Every creature on earth has its own, and it always matches with their family.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“Does that smell like Bloom or us?”

“A little. I smell us in her.”

“Ignore that. The other half.”

Aiden takes a moment to scrutinize the scent before answering, “No.”

“Exactly. She has nothing of you or me in her, or Bloom.”

He’s quiet a long moment before asking, “What’s the other scent?”

The corner of my mouth tilts up. “The life she’s creating.”

Aiden’s alarm and excitement scatter through me in a shower of tingles. “Wait. Already?”

“No, it’s nothing right now, but it has found its home in her and will start to grow.”

“She’s pregnant?”

I open my mouth to respond, but the figure in my arm shifts. A shiver passes through her that has me dragging the threadbare blankets closer around her. The night is no longer mild but holds the chill of dwindling winter. It seeps through the thin walls and collects in the cramped spaces. It has very little effect on me, but Seraphine is human. Her fragile body can’t withstand such temperatures, and the cold isn’t good for the baby.

In the morning, we will discuss a better living arrangement with our human. For now, I swaddle her up in my heat and let her rest. Come sunrise, I have much bigger plans for her and Aiden.

I wake to a tangle of dark curls in my face and a soft body molded along Aiden's harder one. It aligns with every delicious curve right down to the plump globe of her ass nestled into the throbbing erection wedged into the crack.

Both are naked. An intentional state I made sure of before I let him regain his form. Seraphine's attire from the previous night still lies somewhere in a torn puddle in the woods, and I hadn't bothered retrieving the ridiculous trousers Aiden makes us wear for the show. I carried my mate back with only my scent covering her.

I sit still in the shadows of Aiden's thoughts as he comes into consciousness. I never know which version of him I'll have to deal with, especially after last night, so I wait.

He sighs quietly with a contentment I understand when it's followed with a kiss to the back of Seraphine's head. His human hand follows the smooth line of her bent arm curled gently on the pillow next to her face.

I envy his humanness. I envy his ability to touch and kiss her without fear of cutting her. I can never put my claws inside her. He can do all these things with her, and he's wasted years of our lives falling to basic human behavior. I'm embarrassed for both of us.

Still, I stay in my corner and watch him brush the smooth stretch of skin and drift over her waist to her belly. His lips find the curve of her neck where it meets her shoulder, and he breathes her in.

I know what he's searching for, and I draw in that faint wisp as he does — our baby. Still as small and growing as a few hours ago, but there, tucked warm and safe deep

in her body.

His thumb brushes her navel. His palm glides over the still smooth plain of her stomach.

“Are you there?” he murmurs quietly.

“Yes.”

He doesn't respond right away. “I want her,” I would have rolled my eyes at the idiot declaration, but he continues, “I want this baby. I'm tired of having her in my arms and fighting not to kiss her. I don't give a shit what anyone thinks about it. We'll leave the carnival if we have to. This place means nothing to me without her. Tell me what to do.”

I wait for the surge of arrogant self-satisfaction at knowing I was right, but I seem to have grown as a demon and the feeling never comes. Instead, I take a deep breath and step into place.

“Trust me,” I tell him as I move to thread myself through him.

It's the equivalent of pulling on a one-piece parka. I align my limbs through his and settle my weight and frame into place. The sensation is odd and slightly uncomfortable, but he doesn't fight me.

Gingerly, I lift the hand on Seraphine's belly and set it on her curved thigh.

“So, you're basically possessing me?” he mutters.

I do roll my eyes this time. “I'm making us one, idiot. My body or yours, we both have control.”

Testing the notion, he moves the same hand inward across her supple thigh. I do one better and curl up to cup her sex.

Page 25

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“Shit,” Aiden breathes, and I realize he’s never touched her like this, on his own without me forcing him.

“From now on, when she fucks me, she’ll be fucking you, too. When I lick her pussy, you’ll be licking her pussy.”

I spread Seraphine’s lips and slide his fingers through her folds. The slick sensation nearly has my own eyes closing as I savor the feel of her with a normal touch. Instead, I focus on her little switch. I even run the tip of one finger up and over the bump lightly. Tiny strokes that have Seraphine twitching in response.

“Fuck...”

I respond by circling her clit. Teasing the little bundle until my mate’s making little mewling noises and grinding her ass into our cock.

“She’s so responsive,” Aiden breathes, eyes fixed on our hand, on the way Seraphine pulls her legs open for us to go deeper.

I don’t disappoint my human. I drag our hand lower and circle her opening soaked with the puddle I left behind. My cum that has put a life in her womb.

“She is ours,” I tell him. “Her body is ours. Her holes are ours.”

Aiden pushes in. He pumps his finger deeper. Faster. Faster still when she whines.

“God, she’s so wet. So tight. I’ve dreamed of touching her like this.” He rubs her

from hole to clit, smearing her cream. “Every morning when I wake up with her in my arms, I want to push her panties aside and eat her sweet pussy until she cums on my tongue.”

“Then do it. Put her legs over your shoulders and eat.”

He groans deep in his throat and pumps a little harder. He rubs her clit a little faster. This helpless little muscle begging to get sucked.

“Fuck, look at it.” He strokes it. “How is it so perfect?”

“Because she was created for us.”

I pull his hand away and use our shiny finger to circle her nipple. To coat the tip with my cum. He cups her breast and takes the nipple into our mouth, licking and sucking my cum off her skin. When it’s gone, he dips his fingers in her pussy for more and smears it over her tits, teasing her nipples before cleaning her off.

I savor the taste of her on his tongue. As he’s sucking on her breasts, I take over our free hand and pull it to her mound once more.

“I remember the first time I saw her naked.” He pauses to nibble on the tender nipple under his torture. “She’d just come out of the shower and thought she was alone. I was in the bunk and watched as she took off the towel, got on her bed and touched herself. I watched her finger her hole and moan my name. Then yours.”

We thrusts two fingers into her cunt roughly. Seraphine cries out, but he’s too lost in the memory of that afternoon to notice.

Of course I remember it. He jerked his cock watching her. His eyes fixed on her hand the entire time. He came all over his abdomen when she whimpered his name.

“She’s been always wet for you,” I tell him. “I know you can smell her.”

“She’s ... was my baby sister. I’m not supposed to...”

“Baby sisters don’t masturbate to thoughts of her big brother’s cock. And big brothers don’t finger their little sister’s cunt while she sleeps.”

I ease the thrusts of our fingers to prove a point.

Seraphine whines and arches her back, missing Aiden’s muffled growl against her shoulder.

“What’s wrong with me?”

But he pumps inside her. He curves his fingers against her upper wall, massaging.

“She is not your sister.”

He’s not listening. He’s found the switch that has Seraphine gasping and thrashing under his hand. So, I leave it. I let him play with our mate’s pussy. I watch him pump faster, finding a rhythm that jerks Seraphine out of her sleep with a frantic cry.

“Aiden?” Seraphine’s groggy murmur breaks the soaked squishing sound of her pussy getting fingered. It’s followed by her long moan and the sob of his name a second time when he doesn’t stop.

Her head falls back, and his free hand is at her exposed throat. A firm band cutting her air.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“Spread your legs, Sera,” he growls into her ear. “Open wide for me.”

Our good girl does as she’s told. She anchors one leg over his hip and arches her back, meeting every downward thrust.

“Aiden ... Aiden, please.”

“What?” he hisses, tightening his grip on her throat just enough to make her gasp and buck. “Tell me what you want.”

Seraphine is panting and nearly incoherent when she manages in jagged moans, “Don’t stop. Don’t ... oh God! Don’t stop!”

Aiden groans, the sound deep and sadistic. “Don’t stop what? Fingering your wet, little pussy? Did you like waking up with my fingers in your greedy cunt?”

“Yes ... yes! God, please. Please, Aiden. Finger my pussy.”

Even I groan at her desperate plea. The cock she’s grinding restlessly against throbs.

“Shut your mouth.” The hand at her throat slaps over her mouth. “Do you want our mother to come out and find you like this with your legs open wide, begging your brother to pound your slippery hole? Do you want her to watch you squirt all over yourself, Seraphine?”

If I wasn’t wrapped up in the view of our mate bucking wildly for release, I would have been impressed by his filthy talk. I make a mental note to commend him for it

later. Right now, I need to watch my human cum. I need to feel her come apart and soak everything in her juices.

But not like this.

“Hey!”

Ignoring Aiden’s snarl, I yank his hand out of Seraphine’s seizing vagina. Her weak little whimpers of protest turn into a scream when I align our cock with her tight opening and slam up with his hips.

“Fuck!” Aiden barely has the chance to muffle his anguished roar in Seraphine’s neck. “You fucking bastard.”

I don’t give a fuck. He can yell at me later.

“Fuck her!” I snarl, driving our hips, forcing the motions until he’s joining me. “I need to feel her cum on our cock.”

He grabs her and flips her onto her belly with us over her back. His right hand never slips off her mouth as he slams into her again and again, muffling her wails. His left hand cups her pussy and grinds her clit as Seraphine bows her back and meets every violent thrust with her own.

“Take it,” he growls into her ear as he pistons deeper and she screams into his hand. “You’re dripping, Seraphine. Does getting mounted by me get you this fucking wet?”

Our human nods, widening her legs. Her toes struggle to find anchor in the mattress, but she lifts her hips for more.

“I’m going to cum in you,” he hisses low in her ear. “Let’s see if we can’t get you

knocked up with twins.”

Seraphine cums with a guttural wail. Her entire body heaves and shudders. She claws at the headboard as the pressure takes her.

Aiden keeps rubbing her clit and pounding her pussy. He’s giving her no inch as he forces her to cum again.

“Milk me,” he taunts her. “You want my seed? Work for it. Use your cunt. I won’t stop until you squeeze me dry.”

She’s on her third climax and sobbing into her pillow. Her body is a thrashing mess of limbs as she cums again. And again.

It’s on the sixth orgasm that he finally slams down hard and drowns her cunt with his cum.

They’re both wheezing and gasping for air. Seraphine makes little whining noises that remind me of a baby kitten. Her body won’t stop shuddering long after Aiden pulls free of her.

“Sera?” All signs of the guy taunting her to milk him disappears as he scoops her up into his arms and turns her over. “Did I hurt you?”

Tears streak her cheeks. Red lines cross her face from his fingers, and a cut slices her bottom lip from her own teeth. Her hair is plastered to her brow. She’s the very definition of well fucked, but her eyes are closed and she’s silent. For a moment, even I begin to panic.

Had we gone too far? Had we hurt her?

I'm ready to tell Aiden to check on her when she gives a shaky sob and opens her eyes.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“Hey, talk to me.” Aiden sweeps back the bits of hair clinging to her damp cheeks.

She shakes her head. “Not until I can feel my toes again.”

Me or Aiden expel a breath.

“Did we hurt you?” he asks again.

But rather than answer the obviously important question, Seraphine peers up at him. Searches his eyes.

“You came in me.”

Aiden blinks. His gaze drops to the messy state of her pussy, the puddle of cum under her ass. It’s beautiful and perfect. It’s how her cunt should always look — used and leaking.

He seems to agree when he gives a groan and hooks a hand under the knee closest to him, lifting it to her chest so we can have a better view of her shiny, swollen sex.

“Fuck, Sera. Fuck, baby.” Cock still dripping and shiny with their joined release swells and he palms it. He squeezes our dick while staring at our mate’s hole. “Look at you. You’re such a filthy fucking mess. My jizz is pouring out of your little cunt. God, I fucking put that in you, and you fucking let me. You let me breed your pussy.”

“Aiden.”

He's not listening to her shaky whisper of his name. He's on his knees. His hands are flat on the underside of her thighs, forcing them apart.

"I have to clean you. I have to fix what you let me do to you."

He gives her no option when he dives face first between her thighs. His tongue slices to the center of her body from hole to clit in a fluid sweep.

"Aiden!" Her sweet gasp is met with the thrust of his tongue impaling her. Cleaning her. Scooping his cum from inside her.

It swirls and dips. He traces a pattern in a steady rhythm that has Seraphine shuddering and cupping the back of his head. Fisting his hair. Holding him in place. Her hips writhe against the cushions, rubbing her mound harder into the lips he suctions to her switch.

She's beautiful with her knees pulled wide in invitation and her back arched. I know she's sore and tender, but the hold she has on Aiden's hair promises a slow death if he stops.

"Our perfect little mate," I growl around the plump nub between Aiden's lips.

Seraphine eyelids snap open, and her gaze drops down to where we're both watching her from between her soft thighs.

"Warrick?"

My response is two fingers pushing past her tight ring.

The pressure sends her head back. She catches her cry between her teeth.

“He’s been here the whole time,” Aiden tells her in between flicks of his tongue. “He watched me defile his little human and heard you begging me to fill your cunt with even more cum because his is still coming out of you, isn’t it, Seraphine? He unloaded a lot when he took your cherry last night. Now, you’re spreading your legs for me.” He lifts his head and fixes her with a sadistic smirk. “I guess this makes you our little cum dump.”

Seraphine’s cheeks flush crimson, but she doesn’t break eye contact when she gives a shy, “Am I?”

Aiden pushes onto his knees, dislodging me from Seraphine’s pussy. He closes the hand around the thick cock bobbing at his mid-section. He jerks the unimpressive meat that has no texture of pheromone notches. There are veins, I suppose and the mushroom cap seems thick enough, but mine is definitely better.

Still, Seraphine watches him with greedy hunger.

“Do you want more?” he taunts.

My perfect little human hooks her hands under her knees and holds herself open for us. “Yes, please.”

“Even mine, Sera? Do you want my cum leaking out of your pussy all day? Out of your ass? On your tongue?”

“Yes,” she breathes without pause.

Still pumping his cock, Aiden bends at the waist and takes a nipple between his teeth. I take the other and roll it under my thumb.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

“You will never be safe from my cock. Your body owes me years of use, and I’m going to use you, and defile you and ruin your virgin little cunt. Close your eyes.”

She does without question and Aiden jerks his cum all over her face, all across her breasts. Her throat. Seraphine gasps as the hot, white ropes hit her skin.

“Perfect.” Aiden snickers cruelly. “I bet you always thought Warrick was the monster.” He lowers his head and starts licking his cum off her cheeks, her eyelids, her brow and chin. But leaves the glob on her lips. “Open your mouth.”

She does and he spits everything he cleaned down her throat.

“Swallow it.”

Her throat muscles flex. Her eyes open. and she peers up at him with such love and trust.

“You’re such a good girl.” He dips his finger into the cum on her tits and smears it on her lips. “Get dressed. No panties. I’m going to use you all day and I want it running down your legs until Warrick takes over and has his turn with you while I watch.”

“Shower—?”

His hand closes over her throat just firm enough to silence her. “Just like this, all day. You’re our cum whore, remember? You wear, drip, and breed our seed.”

“Aiden...”

But he pulls back onto his knees between her spread thighs and stares down at her with pride.

“We’re getting our own trailer, Sera. I’m not playing this game of quiet when I want the whole carnival to hear you scream for my cock.”

“But people will know...”

“I don’t care. I want everyone to know you’re mine.”

CHAPTER EIGHT WARRICK

I MAY HAVE CREATED a monster.

Or maybe the monster has always been there behind that wall of self-righteous indignation, because the hesitant Aiden, bottling up his emotions, wants and desires, has vanished. In its place is a feral beast set on making up for lost time.

Destroying the door keeping the real Aiden chained up unleashed something even I marvel at. Behind the tender man who would bring Seraphine meals is the same man who makes her sit on his cock while eating. He’s the man who will make her sit in his lap during meals with the entire crew present while he fingers her pussy under the table.

I’ve never been so proud. I always knew he had filthy thoughts where Seraphine was concerned, but this is something else.

“You took the night off?”

Seraphine peers down the length of her sweat coated body to where Aiden runs the flat of his tongue up her pussy in long, slow drags.

“I want to try something.”

Thesomethinghas even me excited. I thought he was crazy when he first brought it up, but the more I think about it, the more I need to try it.

Page 29

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Already the air is thick with ozone, a heavy pressure that rises under my skin. The weight of approaching night pounds at my temples.

The process is uncomfortable, but only painful for Aiden if I let it. As the foreign entity in my body, my body still tries to kill him. I have to shield him when night falls. This idea of his has me questioning if I can.

“God, no matter how many times I lick your pussy, I can’t get enough. Hold your lips open, Sera.”

She does eagerly, pulling them apart and baring her center to him.

“Look at her, Warrick. So pink and wet.”

He’s not wrong. We’ve been taking turns for forty-eight hours, using her little cunt, filling it, and it still isn’t enough and she’s as insatiable as we are.

Aiden straightens. He aligns our cock with her opening and pushes in. All three of us groan as her body stretches and welcomes us.

It’s the day before we have to pack up the camp and head out. All hands are supposed to be on deck dismantling everything that isn’t needed for the night. Instead, Aiden has us in the trailer with Seraphine’s pussy wrapped around his cock.

But not for long. He only has a few minutes before I take over. Before my cock replaces his.

“You feel so good,” Seraphine groans.

Aiden snickers. With a twist, he pulls her over him, setting her on top.

“It’s about to get a whole lot better, sweetheart.”

All three of us know the second the sun dips behind the horizon and I claim my place. The humming pulse of shifting strength ripples through me, pushing harder when detecting Aiden. The balancing act has me pulling him deeper into me while concentrating on the delicate figure perched on me.

“Aiden, wait...” she whimpers as his body morphs and flexes into mine. As his fingers extend into claws and his cock swells. Lengthens.

Seraphine’s moans turn into wails as I expand inside her. As my cock inflates and texturizes. Her body fights to accommodate while simultaneously fighting to push me free, but that’s not happening.

I slam up into her, forcing her to take every inch as my cock reflexively sprays my pheromones into her walls. Her incoherent sobs sing through me as I fuck my human. As her nails claw my chest and her body bows over mine.

Aiden takes control of my tail and whips her ass. The sting rips a cry of pain from her.

“Faster,” Aiden growls. “Ride his cock.”

“It’s so big,” she pants, glowering down at us from a face flushed and sweaty with arousal. “I’m trying.”

He smacks her again until she rises and falls over us in a clumsy gallop. But I capture

her hips and roll them instead. That seems to work better as she picks up the pace.

“Open,” Aiden commands, bringing the tip of my tail to her lips.

I watch, mesmerized, as the flared head slips between her teeth and she sucks. She wraps her fingers around the rigid length and draws it deeper down her throat. Her tongue twists around the head like velvet and she pulls on it. The sensation is faint, but it still makes a fresh spray of pheromones squirt inside her that has her groaning and bucking faster.

Aiden made her do this to his cock this morning. He put her on her knees and forced his dick down her throat while fisting her beautiful hair. Seraphine moaned and accepted every thrust of his hips. Her cheeks hollowed as they are now, and he'd groaned.

These are things I'm not sure I can do; my cock won't fit in her mouth. Still, watching her do the same to my tail is enough.

She's so lost in the rhythm, she blinks in confusion when Aiden pulls free. Already knowing what he's about to do, I take her shoulder and pull her forward.

“Aiden!” Her panicked cry trails off into a weak sob when he nudges her back entrance.

She's not protesting, but has gone still, waiting for him. I think some of that need is the pheromones making her want all of it, or maybe she has always wanted both holes filled simultaneously. But once he's breached her and she takes every knot, she's a shuddering mess of desire.

“Fuck me,” she begs into my throat. “Fuck me, Warrick. Hard.”

I do.

I flip us over and claim her with a savage force that rocks the trailer. Loose items spill from the cabinets and dishes shatter across the floor, but I take what's mine until she's wailing my name and cutting rivers of blood down my back. Aiden fucks her tight ass with my tail, and I feel the ridges through the thin membrane separating us.

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Those walls tighten with her crashing climax. Neither of us can move as her body grips us in the midst of her breathtaking unraveling. The sight of her bowed in half, throat exposed has my own need to release peaking, but I hold it down as I give her everything she needs until her limbs shake and she's gasping wildly for air.

My relief feels endless. An endless assault of cum that my body reflexively locks up inside her. It's so much, I'm surprised it's not oozing from around the knot.

Exhausted, I slump down into her arms and bury my face into her throat. I listen to her heartbeat beneath my ear and close my eyes.

"I love you," she breathes into my ear. "Both of you." Her small fingers thread through my hair as she holds my face into the curve of her neck. "More than anything."

It takes effort, but I force my head up to peer down into her beautiful face glowing with release and shining with love. "We love you, too, little human."

Tiny fingertips lift and brush my jaw. "I don't think I like that name anymore."

Careful not to crush her, I rise up with my forearm on the pillow next to her head. "Why not?"

Heavy lashes lower and only lift back up to my face when I capture her chin with my free hand.

"Because I am human. I always will be. You're not. I will eventually die—"

With her chin still resting on my fingers, I plant my thumb into her lips. Silencing her. “You won’t die. You’re my mate. My entire existence depends on yours. Once a mate is found, my immortality extends to you because I cannot be immortal without you.”

There are tears in her eyes that I dislike, but they don’t seem to be sad ones. “So, I don’t have to make you swear never to find another woman?”

Both Aiden and I snort.

“There will never be another woman, sweetheart,” Aiden whispers. “You’re our everything.”

She gives a weak chuckle. “Well, that’s a relief. It saves me from poisoning you both to come with me.”

“You wouldn’t need poison,” I tell her softly.

Her features soften. Her arms find their way around my neck and I’m pulled back down to her. My face finds its home in the side of her neck while my knot stays secure within her warm heat.

CHAPTER NINE SERAPHINE

NO ONE’S ALLOWED TO sleep in on moving day. Even with a lot of the games and concessions packed up the night before, it takes most of the crew to dismantle the rides and stands. Not to mention rearranging the trailers.

My job is taking the apothecary down, counting and packing the inventory, and finding Mama.

I haven't seen her since the other morning when Warrick threatened to make a crown of her bones. The trailer still holds the stench of her addiction, but it's been less, like she hasn't been there in a few days.

Not uncommon. If she has the money, she'll set off into whichever town we're in and pass out wherever she ends up. Yet, she always seems to know exactly when we're about to set off and finds her way back. I stopped worrying years ago, but it's different this time.

I don't want her to come back.

It's awful. But it's been so peaceful without her. The shop cash tin is full. The air still stinks, but I could leave the windows open and clean it out until we can get our own trailer. Something just for us.

Page 31

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

My stomach flutters at the thought and I pause in my dish washing to glance at the place we called home our entire lives. It's never been much, but I keep it clean.

Still, there is too much darkness here. Nights of Mama screaming and babbling incoherently. Nights spent watching Warrick and Aiden fight for dominance where I nearly lost Aiden. Days of Mama's berating and belittling my every worth.

A human is worthless in a carnival of monsters. My lack of talent made me a liability, a useless cost Mama has to foot. At least Aiden draws a crowd. The most I've been able to contribute is running the shop.

"Sera?"

The trailer door swings open, and Aiden sprints up the steps to stand before me. His dark hair is disheveled and damp with sweat. Beads of it dot the hard muscles of his chest. Whatever he'd been helping with had him removing his top so he's only in his jeans and all that delicious skin.

We fucked twice before he left this morning and still, just seeing him has my pussy aching. I'm beginning to think I have a sex addiction, but only with this man.

"Hey." I reach for the dish towel and dry my fingers. "Everything okay?"

His dark gaze drifts over me. "Yeah, was helping take Megan's tank apart for the move. We felt you get sad."

I blink. "I wasn't..." I remember thinking of Mama and the overwhelming sadness of

being a hindrance. “It’s nothing. Stupid, actually.”

His hands close around my middle and I’m drawn into him. “What’s wrong?”

I start to shake my head. “Really, it’s nothing. I was thinking...” My gaze lowers to the center of his chest. “I hope Mama doesn’t come back.” I dare a peek up at him, expecting to see outrage, but he watches me silently. Waiting. “It’s always so nice when she’s gone. I feel a little like I can breathe and I’m not walking on eggshells.”

“We’ll get our own trailer tomorrow,” he says without missing a beat. “As soon as we stop, you can pick it out. It’ll be ours.”

As if his words have the power to lift the burden off my shoulders, my chest expands. The dread I’d been carting around shifts, and I can think properly.

“I would like that, but I haven’t saved up enough. Between our fees, materials for the shop and Mama, it just hasn’t—”

“We have enough.” He sweeps a lock of hair back behind my ear. “I’ve been putting money aside for us. We have enough for a trailer or if you want to get a house somewhere and raise our family. Whatever you want.”

Unimaginable excitement flares through me as I search his eyes. “Leave the carnival?”

“If you want. We can find something in the mountains, away from people. Just us and our babies.”

Babies. A home that isn’t constantly moving. Peace to build a life.

But away from all the people we’ve grown to love. Our weird little family.

“You don’t have to answer right now. We don’t even have to do it right away. Maybe in the future. We don’t care where we are as long as we have you.”

“A new trailer with heat would be nice,” I say with a little grin.

Aiden returns it with a kiss. “Done.” He kisses me again. Deeper. Longer. “Anything else?”

I loop my arms around his neck and return the peck of his lips. “Just one.”

He groans and lifts me up. I lock my legs around his hips and let him march us to the table. My hands reach for his jean snaps when he sets me down. His drag my top up over my head, baring my breast.

“I had an idea earlier while taking the Funhouse down,” he says while licking a path down my belly.

“Yeah?”

His fingers tug on the snaps on my shorts. “Warrick and I are going to—”

The plan is interrupted by the latch wiggling under fumbling fingers. Aiden has just enough time to step in front of me when the door flies open and Mama staggers up the steps. Her unsteady feet catch the hem of her flowing skirt, and she collapses halfway up. The clatter of plastic beads and wooden bangles fill the silence as she tries to untangle herself and climb the last step.

The overpowering stench of bourbon unfolds into the cramped space, intermingling with the sour odor of sweat and burnt sugar. My stomach writhes beneath the wafting assault, and it’s only the fear of retaliation that keeps me from gagging.

“Where’s supper?” she slurs. “Why is this place a mess?” She tips into the sink and sends the bowl I’d been rinsing off the counter to shatter across the floor. “Stupid girl!” she shrieks, stumbling back from the jagged shards. “Good for nothing. Can’t do anything but open her legs—”

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Aiden takes a step forward. “Watch it.”

Mama squints watery eyes up at him. “You’re still here? Don’t ... don’t you have ... where’s my purse?” She locates the green tote hanging off the crook of her elbow and digs out the silver case holding her cigarettes. “Girl, where’s my lighter?”

I start to slide off the table. Aiden sets a hand on my leg.

“Find your own lighter. Sera’s coming with me.” Without taking his eyes off Mama, he scoops my discarded top off the floor and presses it into my hands. “The carnival is leaving soon. You might want to tie this place down.”

My jaw drops the same time as Mama’s, only, despite her alcoholic haze, she snaps out of her shock faster than I can.

“She’s not going anywhere. She’s going to keep her ass in the trailer and get ready. That girl does nothing around here.” With a huff, she stumbles to the drawers under the sink. She yanks open the top one and rifles through the cutlery. “Why do I even keep her? She’s not good for anything.”

I try not to feel the stab of hurt. It’s not the worst thing she’s ever said to me, still, it cuts deep as I drag my shirt down over my head.

“This is the last time you will ever speak to her. She is never coming back. You will stay away from her.” Aiden glances over his shoulder at me. “Get your things, sweetheart. I’m not letting you stay here.”

“You can’t take her! She swore her life to me. So did you.” She locates an old lighter and straightens with it clutched in her gnarled hands. “Because of you, she’s been a stone around my neck. A worthless maw I’ve had to feed and care for, for the last twenty-four years. You should be worshiping the ground I walk on, boy.”

Aiden ignores her and faces me. “You can leave everything and we’ll get you new things.”

“I’m telling you she’s not going anywhere.” Mama lights a cigarette and blows a plume of gray smoke into the trailer. “Without a trailer to anchor her, she’ll be stuck here in whatever shit hole town we’re in. You both will be. You know the rules of the carnival.”

I peer up into Aiden’s face, uncertainty a claw scooping out my insides. “Aiden?”

The warmth of his fingers brush my cheek. “It’s okay. Trust me. Get your things.”

I don’t have much. The handful of clothes I own, a few books, my secret tin of cash I’d been hiding in a box of sanitary napkins. Everything gets stuffed into a duffel that Aiden takes from me once I finish zipping up.

“Ungrateful whore,” Mama mutters around the cigarette perched on her bottom lip. “After everything I’ve done for you. Go. Just remember that the apothecary is mine. You’ll have to sell that cunt of yours. That’s the only thing you’re good for now.”

I feel his rage before he even turns his head to me. It coils off him in tendrils of heat that unspools through the trailer, choking the air and sucking every drop of light.

“Find Mags,” he tells me with an eerie calm that sends chills down my spine. “I’ll be right behind you.”

I want to beg him to come with me. To let it go. But there is no reasoning with Warrick. He's in control now. The red swirling across Aiden's irises, the boiling hatred so thick it could be carved with a knife. There is no appeasing him now that he wants blood.

Mama may be drunk, but I know she can sense she's gone too far. There is fear in the pallor of her complexion. Her murky gaze is fixed on the man planted firmly between us with the trepidation of a prisoner facing the gallows. I think for a second I might feel something, but I strangle it before it can take root.

Aiden presses a kiss into the side of my head before letting me descend the steps to the door. I don't look back as I let myself out into the sweet warmth of a beautiful afternoon. I draw in a breath laced with pine and the cool whisper of freedom. My gaze drifts to the skeletal remains of my home, the bustle of crew members moving through the chaos, dismantling the park. It's a beautiful and comforting kind of madness as I move in the direction of the ticket booth.

Halvard glances up from the screw he's twisting out of the narrow box. His large hands pause in their task, and he hastily nudges the dark glasses on his face higher to shield his eyes.

Given the day I'm shaping to have, I'm grateful; I really don't want to get turned to stone.

"Hey, Halvard, have you seen Mags?"

The gargoyle lifts his head and glances around us like he might spot Mags hiding somewhere behind a storage bin.

"Kitchen?" he guesses.

I thank him and make my way to the yellow tent. The kitchen is usually the last to get dismantled, but Cook has the chairs collapsed and most of the food packed up when I slip inside.

“Hey Seraphine.” Cook smiles at me from over the grill he’s scraping clean with a metal scraper. “Aiden isn’t here.”

I start to shake my head when Mags hobbles in behind me with an armload of dishes.

“Found these, Cookie,” she sing-songs.

Cook beams, sets aside his scraper and hurries to take them from her. “You’re an angel. Thank you.”

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Mags spots me and her withered face breaks into a kind smile. “Hello, sweetheart. Are you looking for Aiden?”

I try to bite my grin back. “He actually sent me to see you.”

Her watery eyes blink as she tries to process why. “Did you need something?”

I have no idea what I’m supposed to say to her. I’m not even sure why Aiden sent me to find her.

“I’m not sure,” I tell her honestly.

“Well, let’s sit for a bit while you think about it.” She moves past me to claim one of the two remaining chairs at the table. “I don’t want you wandering around right now. Some of the townie folk were by earlier this morning asking questions about two bodies they found torn to pieces in the woods.” She drops into the chair with a deep grunt. “The world is just not safe anymore.”

I try not to let it show on my face as I move to join her in the opposite seat.

“They were pretty close to the carnival,” Cook muses. “Probably on their way here to start trouble and some wild animal got them first.” He clicks his tongue. “Not saying they deserved it, but they probably deserved it.”

Mag shrugs a thin shoulder and fixes her gaze on me. “I saw your Mama make her way back. Did she make it to the trailer okay?”

I draw in a breath and give a small nod.

“You know, your mama and I go back a long ways. Long before Aiden came to join us. She was young herself when she—”

“Came to join you?” I interrupt without thinking, and wince. “I’m sorry. Did you say he came to join you?”

Mags hesitates but bobs her head down once. “That’s right. He was ... what? Three?” She darts a glance at Cook who shrugs and nods vaguely. “About three, I’d say. I thought you knew.”

How could I? Mama always made it sound like Aiden was her son. Birthed from her. Like I was.

“So, Aiden isn’t hers?” I press, ignoring the rising heartbeat between my ears.

The uncertainty is unmistakable as Mags exchanges glances with Cook before answering me, “I mean, not by blood.”

“Where did he come from?”

Mags shrugs. “Couldn’t say. It’s been so long. Twenty ... what? Six years? She just returned from town with this little boy. I think she said he was some family member’s kid, and she was tasked with watching over him.”

I’m trying my best not to leap out of my seat and run to find Aiden. I still have so many questions and more rolling in with every second that I’m worried I’ll forget them.

“No one questioned her bringing some random kid to the carnival?”

“Well, of course we questioned,” Mags huffs. “You and Aiden are the only children we’ve ever had here. But it’s not like we ever had a reason not to believe her.”

I have to remind myself that it’s not Mags’s fault. It’s not anyone’s fault, except Mama’s. I don’t know where she brought Aiden from, but I doubt he came from some long, lost family. It wouldn’t be possible. The carnival never makes repeat visits to the same towns. The likelihood of Mama finding a town with family is astronomical.

But the real question is, how am I supposed to tell him?

“Is everything all right?” Mags reaches across the table to set her small hand over mine. “Do you want some tea?”

Cook is already reaching for the kettle, and I don’t stop him.

“I’m sorry. I’m just...” I trail off, at a loss for words.

“We honestly thought you knew,” Mags stresses. “Given how ... close you and Aiden have always been, we thought you knew you weren’t actually related.” She lets the implication hang and my cheeks burn at the meaning behind the raised eyebrow she sends me.

“From the beginning,” Cook insists, saving me from having to answer the unspoken question in Mags’s prodding stare. “He wouldn’t let you out of his sights from the moment you were found.”

I jerk. It’s hard enough that I dislodge Mags’s hold on me as my entire body pivots to face the mountain of a man pulling two mugs from a nearby crate.

“Found?”

Page 34

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Cook stops. His gaze shifts from me to Mags then back with apprehension.

“Sweetie, just how much do you know?” Mags presses gently.

I don’t know. I feel like I don’t know anything as I stare at the pair. The ground I’d walked in on seems to have shifted and I can’t find my footing.

“Sera.” Aiden stands in the tent doorway, still topless and beautiful, but painted in strokes of concern as he takes me in.

“Aiden.” I’m out of my seat and hurrying to him.

His arms are already open before I reach him, and all I have to do is step straight into his chest.

“What’s wrong?” he murmurs into the side of my head.

I should want to ask where Mama is. I should have some curiosity, but it’s the smallest pebble in an ocean of revelations that seem inconsequential.

“You have to hear this,” I tell him, pulling back to peer up into his face.

He says nothing as I take his hand and tug him back to the table and the pair watching us like we’re the ones who don’t make sense, but Mags repeats everything she told me, plus a little extra she hadn’t. The look on Aiden’s face when she mentions him being brought in at the age of three eases some of the turmoil in my gut that I’m not the only one floored by this news.

“Where did I come from?”

Mags shrugs. “I don’t know, sweetheart. I’m sorry. It was too long ago and there’s been too many new locations since.”

Aiden takes in a deep breath like he’s trying to maintain his composure. “And Sera was found?”

Cook grimaces. “It was bad timing, I think. Someone found you on one of the rides, fast asleep. We think your parents might have forgotten...” He trails off and hurries to get the kettle when it whistles.

“They forgot me?” I murmur softly. “I’m not a wallet. I would think you’d know if you don’t have your baby.”

“I’m sure they didn’t leave you on purpose,” Mags assures me softly. “There are so many variables. I think there’s a good chance they came back to get you, and we were gone.”

But they still forgot me.

“How old was I?”

In the process of dropping teabags into the mugs, Cook pauses to scratch the back of his thick neck. “A year? Maybe less? You were tiny, wrapped tight in a pink blanket.”

“And no one thought to take me to a police station?”

“We found you during moving day. You know we can’t leave the park, and we couldn’t leave you behind. Besides, even if we wanted to give you to the proper

authorities, Aiden wouldn't let us."

"He put up such a fuss." Cook chuckles. "He had a firm grip on your car seat and wouldn't stop screaming until Mama Bloom agreed to take you."

Behind me, Aiden runs his long fingers through my hair. His thumb brushes my cheek when I tilt my head back to peer up into his face.

"Do you remember? Or Warrick?"

He shakes his head. "He doesn't. I guess we were all too young."

"Why are we talking about this?" Mags cuts in. "What is the use of drudging up the past? You're both healthy and you're with the people who love you most in the world. Plus, Flora took good care of you, didn't she?"

At the mention of Mama, I look up to Aiden once more.

"We've decided to get our own trailer at the next stop," he declares firmly.

Mags blinks. "Oh! I mean..." She exchanges glances with Cook. "It makes sense. You're both young and need your own space, and Flora needs hers."

"Can we stay with you in your trailer during the move?" Aiden presses, eyes on Mags, and I realize why he sent me to find her. "It would be greatly appreciated."

Source Creation Date: July 11, 2025, 2:25 am

Mags's mouth opens and closes, and I think she's about to say no, but she splays her hands and offers another bump of her shoulders. "Of course, but what does—?"

Aiden cuts her off. "Thank you. If you need help dismantling anything, I'm happy to help." Gently, he takes my hand and tugs me out of my seat. "We have a few things to prepare, but we'll meet you at your trailer before the move."

He doesn't give them a chance to respond when he leads me out of the tent.

"Aiden, what—?"

He turns and pulls me into his arms. His mouth finds mine right there out in the open where everyone can see. I'm lightheaded when he finally pulls back.

"Bloom won't be joining the carnival during the move," he tells me quietly. "She will never come near you again."

My heart claps in my chest at the implication of his words. "Is she—?"

He brushes his thumb over my lips. "What she is or isn't doesn't matter anymore. Stay away from the trailer."

My breath hitches in my chest. "Aiden..."

His fingers catch my chin and tilts my face to his. "She was warned, little human. We will not allow anyone to disrespect you."

I touch the hand on my face. Press the palm against my cheek. “I think part of me understands why she hated me so much. She hadn’t wanted me. She took me because you wanted me.”

“Always,” he murmurs with a skim of his lips over mine. “We will always want you, Sera.”

I suck in a breath and peer up into his beautiful eyes. “We have family out there somewhere who are probably looking for us.”

Aiden considers this a moment, or he’s talking to Warrick before he says, “Do you want to find them?”

I don’t know what I want. The last few days have been a whirlwind with everything happening so fast. I haven’t had a chance to adjust to anything. Now this? Do I want to find the people careless enough to forget their baby in a carnival? Would they even care? At the end of the day, I have Aiden and Warrick, and our little carnival family. The people who actually took care of me, who raised me.

“I don’t know,” I tell him honestly. “Would it make a difference?”

Aiden kisses my brow. “You can always change your mind whenever you want.”

“Do you?” I ask him. “Do you want to find your family? Others like you?”

“Maybe,” he says without even considering it. “It would be interesting. But I don’t really need anyone else in my life. I have you and Warrick, and some day, our kids. I’m content.”

I meet his lips when he bows his head for another kiss. It’s longer and filled with so many promises for the future it takes my breath away.

We may change our minds and find these elusive people from our past, but he's right, we have each other. Nothing will ever beat that.

THE END