



Catching His Eye

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Category: Romance, Paranormal

Description: Ren, the nerdy cyclops, desperately wants a partner, but has been unlucky in love both on monster and human dating apps. He thinks he's too much for anyone to want.

But when this shy sweetheart accidentally starts a private with his gorgeous human camgirl obsession, he might just find the one who can fit him into their heart—and elsewhere!

Catching His Eye is a fast burn, spicy monster romance novella featuring a shy cyclops MMC, a plus size human FMC who doesn't know monsters are real, and a mischievous cat who accidentally plays matchmaker.

This novella is set in the Monsters of Moonvale universe, but is a standalone story.

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CHAPTER 1

REN

Ugh, why am I even bothering?

I open up the Bewitch'd app on my phone with a sigh, checking to see if there are any new matches. It's an exercise in futility. There's never anything there to find.

No messages.

No matches.

No hope of finding a date.

I scrunch my eye shut, rubbing at my temple as I close the app. Just because there's never anything there doesn't make it hurt any less.

Listen, I'm not stupid. Sometimes my friends act like I am because I'm not always the best at reading social cues and I've spent most of my life pretty sheltered. But I understand the realities of my situation. I know the chances of finding a mate are slim to none.

After all, I'm not exactly a catch.

I'm a monster. A cyclops, to be precise, so not even one of the hot kinds. Nope, I've got one big, dopey eye that makes me look somehow terrifying and naïve at the same

time. At least my eyelashes are nice. Someone generous would say I've got the whole big and strong thing going for me, but for most, my size is a deal breaker. Even the most adventurous monsters would balk at trying to take on my giant ass.

Can't say I blame them. No one wants to worry about getting crushed while they're trying to make out or get off.

To say monster dating hasn't panned out would be underselling how bad it's been. I went on exactly one disastrous date with a gargoyle who only asked me out because he wanted to ask if he could take a video of me sitting on a cake. Still not quite sure what that was about. While I may be hard up for companionship, I declined. Why would you sit on a perfectly good cake when you could eat it?

There's a bit more time left to kill before the stream starts, so I open up the MeetCupid app next. I installed it a few months back when it became abundantly clear my monster dating prospects were non-existent.

Too bad I've fared even worse on human dating apps.

There's a handful of new matches today, which should excite me. The problem is that every time I get to the point where it's time to arrange a date with a human, I panic. If I go out with them in my human glamor, that's a form of catfishing, right? Yes, I could look like a human all the time if I had to, but after a while it feels uncomfortable—like too tight underwear smashing your junk.

With humans, there's even less of a chance they'd be interested if they saw me without my glamor. It goes far beyond the fact that most humans don't even know monsters exist. I've seen how tiny my monster friends' human mates are and there's just no way it could work. Wesley's a minotaur and he has to use magic so he wouldn't hurt his partner when he tried to...fit.

A human would run screaming if I showed them my true form, and all the considerable size that comes with it.

That doesn't keep me from having perverted fantasies about finding one that would let me try it out. A human that would beg me to stretch them open, then scream out in ecstasy as I filled them past the limits their much smaller, delicate bodies could handle.

Shit, I'm getting hard thinking about it.

I close the app without checking the new matches and groan.

I'm a deviant. My family would be ashamed of my unnatural desires. They already think I'm tarnishing the clan name by spending so much time outside of giant society. For choosing a job that has me spending most of my time in front of a computer screen instead of performing manual labor.

Last time I begrudgingly called my parents, Dad spent the entire time going on about how it was time to think about an arranged marriage. Time to stop messing around with my "silly hobbies" and carry on the family legacy by mating and breeding with a giantess.

And they wonder why I left home in the first place.

I have nothing against my fellow giants. Hell, I still have the Giant Gazongas porno magazine I stole from my brother that got me through the horniest years of my puberty. But giant kin don't like me. Especially not other cyclopes. I'm too shy and weird. I'd rather paint my miniatures than go for a hike. I like cuddles much more than wrestling for dominance. I'm soft. Weak. Maybe not physically, because I'm still a giant, but inside I'm a marshmallow.

The good thing is, I like the way I am, softness and all. I'm just being realistic when I rule out most giants as a dating possibilities. So I'm left trying to either convince the monsters that live in the Moonvale area that I'm not an aggressive meathead like the majority of my brethren, or testing my luck on human dating apps.

Neither of which are working.

I wish my friends' human mates could introduce me to an eligible human who they could ease into the concept of monsters being real. But whenever I've tried to bring it up during our monster support group meetings, Susan immediately says I'm being "cringe" and shuts me down.

Pardon me for not wanting to be alone. Sure, I have Mango, my precious orange cat with zero brain cells who is the snuggliest girl ever, but she's not exactly a replacement for a partner. I want romance and passion. I want love.

I sigh at the thought, the fluttery feeling I get whenever I think about a mate out there somewhere waiting for me to find them, swelling inside me.

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Great, now I've got a hard on and I'm pining for someone who probably doesn't even exist.

An alarm goes off on my phone, and I startle from my reverie. Two minutes until TiffanyAngel starts her stream.

The arousal and butterflies intensify.

Okay, maybe I was lying when I said that I was imagining a nebulous someone. Maybe I was thinking about the gorgeous, captivating human I've become obsessed with.

Shit, I am stupid. I'm pining for the most unattainable woman possible. But I can't squash the bubbles of excitement or the way my cock leaks pre-cum as I sign in to my SpiceCam account and wait for her stream to go live.

When the notification pops at exactly 9pm—Tiffany is punctual like that, another reason why I like her so much—I force myself to wait two whole minutes before I join. Don't want to seem too eager.

The window expands, and my breath catches when I see her. Tiffany sits on the edge of her bed, legs swinging playfully as she greets people as they join the stream. Her dark brown curls fall in perfect, delicate ringlets that brush against her shoulders, and her lips are a bright cherry red that looks stunning against her light brown skin. She's wearing a fluffy white sweater over a tight baby blue dress that matches the color of her eyes and hugs her ample soft curves in a way that makes my mouth water.

Gods, how does she get more beautiful every time I see her?

“Oh! Welcome back, GentleGiant. I’m so happy you’re here with me tonight,” she says, beaming as she sees my username in the log of people watching.

My heart almost stops at how genuine her words sound. I’m not surprised she remembers me—I’ve joined every show she’s done since I stumbled across her profile a handful of months ago on a night I was feeling particularly lonely. But the brightness in her voice, and the hint of pleasure at seeing my name, feels so real.

I know it’s all an act. She’s just so damn good at it. My mind is playing tricks on me by imagining that her greetings for others as they join aren’t quite as enthusiastic. I’m sure I mean nothing to her beyond a means of making money.

Which is fine! This is her job and I’m happily enjoying her services. It’s ridiculous for me to hope for something beyond that, but it doesn’t hurt anything to let myself get caught up in the fantasy that this adorable human is performing for me. Other than my pride, which is already non-existent.

Despite my self-delusions, I’m careful not to be a creep. I’m polite when I use the chat function, never pushing her for anything, even as others demand she show them her tits or spread her legs and fuck herself with one of her many toys. Even if I would love to see how much she could stretch herself.

I type a message out in the chat, ignoring the way my cock strains against my pants. If I wanted to have a quick jerk off session, I’d watch porn. I like watching Tiffany because she’s funny and friendly, and it makes me feel like I’m not so alone, even though I’m sitting on the other side of a computer screen.

GentleGiant: Hope you’re having a good night. That dress looks beautiful on you.

“Aww, thank you!” she says, smiling at the camera in a way that feels like she’s looking me directly in the eye, and smoothing her hands down the skirt. “I got it when I was visiting some friends and every time I wear it, it makes me feel so pretty. It’s wonderful to know you like it.”

I go to type out a reply and grimace at the messages I see appear before I can finish it.

FapMaster69: Who gives a shit about the dress? Show us your pussy.

User2846329: She’s kinda hot, but talks too much.

DaemonSinner: My cock choking her would shut her up.

My jaw flexes as I fight not to grind my teeth together. Gods, people are awful tonight.

Tiffany doesn’t so much as blink as she reads the messages. In fact, her mouth twists into a wry smile. “Aww, that’s cute that you think you’re big enough that you’d choke me.”

A laugh bursts from me, and the chat fills with messages appreciating her burn. Tiffany always knows how to deal with assholes. Another reason I’m half in love with her.

DaemonSinner: Fucking ugly fat whore, no one wants you anyway.

I ball my hands into fists as my instinct to defend Tiffany flare up. I keep them away from the keyboard and take a deep breath, resisting the urge to send a thinly veiled threat or jump to her defense, because I know from previous streams she can handle it on her own.

Sure enough, Tiffany casually leans forward to do something off camera and a moment later, the message vanishes from the chat. She must've banned him.

"Wow, someone was overcompensating," she says with a soft laugh. She sits back and crosses her legs, flashing the tops of her thick thighs and a hint of her panties.

She starts to chat with us, asking people how their days are going, and answering questions about what she got up to. It's so hard to tell if any of her answers are real or not, but when she falls into a giggle fit telling a story of how her brother got locked out of his house buck naked by the woman he's dating, it doesn't seem fake at all.

Mango leaps up onto my lap and butts her head against my hand, oblivious to my besotted pining for the woman on my computer screen. I scoop her up so she's not resting her surprisingly heavy paws on my balls, and give her a kiss.

"I know, I know. You're my sweet pretty angel," I coo to her, stroking her head as she lets out a little meow of agreement. Her tail swats against the screen and she headbutts my hand, begging for more pets. "You'll always be my baby, but daddy needs some other kinds of affection too," I sigh, looking back at Tiffany.

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Mango meows louder this time. That's her hungry meow. I shake my head at her. "No, angel. I gave you food a little while ago, and the vet said I need to cut down on extra treats."

She blinks at me blankly and meows again.

"Sweetheart, I'm busy," I grumble, attempting to look back at the screen despite her demands. I've missed Tiffany removing her sweater, and she's laughing at a joke someone made in the chat.

Dammit.

I attempt to lift the orange furball off my lap, and she wriggles wildly in protest, knocking into my mouse and keyboard, then leaping down to the floor with a bewildered, hurt expression.

"I love you, but you're so weird!" I shake my head at her antics, and when she leaves my bedroom with a loud yowl, I shut the door behind me.

Settling back down at my desk, I sigh and begin straightening out the things Mango knocked over.

"This is an unexpected surprise," I hear Tiffany say, and I look up to see what's going on in the stream. The chat box is empty, and she's looking at the camera expectantly.

It takes me a second to process that she's talking to me. My heart leaps up into my throat and I frantically scroll up. In her fit of cat weirdness, Mango must've hit the

button to send tokens to request a private session.

Fuck. What do I do? Oh gods. Oh gods.

A sweet smile spreads across Tiffany's perfect, plush lips. "A really good surprise, in case that wasn't clear."

I'm dead. Mango knocked over my glass of water and somehow I got fried from the liquid touching the electrical equipment. There's no way I'm in a private with the camgirl I'm obsessed with and she's telling me she's happy about our alone time.

CHAPTER 2

EMMA

It's been a long day.

A morning filled with chores I've been putting off, followed by an afternoon taking my dad to the doctor for his remission checkup. He understandably gets stressed going on his own after everything he's been through, and I don't mind going with him, because I'm just thankful that he's still here to spend time together with at all. Plus, going with him lets me put to use some of the knowledge I gained from my nursing degree.

A degree I'm not even using.

A familiar pang of guilt forms in my stomach at the thought. My brother worked his ass off to make sure I wouldn't have to drop out of school and hasn't said a word about the fact that I'm not working as a nurse. As grumpy as Noah is, he's the kindest, most supportive brother a girl could ever ask for. Which only makes things worse, because his kindness makes me feel like a monster for taking advantage of his

support.

Ugh, now really isn't the time to be worrying about my guilty conscience, but it's hard to ignore on days when I'm already stressed.

It's not like I knew I wanted to do something else when I was in nursing school. You'd have to be crazy to subject yourself to all the stress and rigorous coursework required to become an RN just for the hell of it. No, I really thought I wanted to be a nurse. I wanted to help people after seeing how important and valuable a good nurse was both with Mom before she passed, and with Dad during his fight with cancer.

I'd like to think I'm still helping people, only with fewer needles and more dirty talk.

I push my worries away and look into the webcam, trying to send as much comfort and ease as I can to the man watching me. I'm dying to know what prompted GentleGiant to request a private so abruptly, but I don't want to scare him off. He's by far the sweetest viewer I've had in my lives in ages, always asking how my day's been, giving sincere compliments, and never pushing my boundaries. Honestly, I wouldn't mind if he asked me for more, so I'm glad he took the plunge on getting some one on one time.

Tonight's stream started off a little rocky, but knowing he was there helped me stay focused on what I enjoy about camming—showing off my body and chatting with appreciative viewers.

I tried out camming on a whim as a way to make some cash on the side, and in the process, stumbled upon something I enjoy that pays a hell of a lot more than being a nurse. Maybe it's shortsighted to focus on my camgirl work over utilizing my nursing degree, but if the past few years have taught me anything, it's that I should do what I love now because you never know how much time you have on this earth.

And I love being a camgirl, as strange as that may seem to some. It combines all of my best assets: my confidence in my body and sexuality, my ability to make people feel comfortable talking to me, and my no-nonsense attitude. I love my body more than ever, even with the occasional fat shaming and rude comments from viewers. I enjoy talking to strangers and connecting with them. Just because it's centered on sex and desire doesn't make the service I offer shameful or wrong.

A myriad of questions flit through my mind as I wait for a reply from GentleGiant, and I fiddle with the strap of my dress that he complimented. I know I shouldn't care about a viewer's opinion on it beyond getting them to stick around to watch me, but when I picked it out, I may have had him in mind. He always loves when I wear something extra soft and feminine.

As the seconds tick by with no response, I get a little concerned. Is he shy? Is he having a hard time talking because he wants me to do something really freaky? Maybe both? Is he the kind of guy that will want to spend our time venting about all his troubles, or will he want me to put on a filthy show?

GentleGiant paid me triple the number of tokens I usually ask for to do a private session, so he clearly wants something from me.

When the silence stretches out for a few beats longer, I prompt him again. "I know it can feel different when it's just the two of us. Harder to say what you want when it's so direct. But I'm here and I'm happy to give you what you need." I smile reassuringly at the camera, playing with the ends of my hair. "It's okay if you're too shy to turn on your camera or mic. You can use the chat if that's easier. I want us to have a good time together, in whatever way works best for you."

It may sound like a bunch of bullshit, but my words are sincere. I'm a sexual person and I enjoy seeing what other people are into and helping them explore their desires in a way that's pretty safe for everyone involved. Yeah, some people are complete

assholes and it doesn't feel great to be called a fat whore, but I know my worth. I'm hot, I'm kind, and I'm damn good at this work.

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Though that last point feels less certain when GentleGiant still doesn't respond.

"You liked my dress, right?" I prompt, tracing the neckline with a finger to skim across the swell of my breasts. "I think you might love what I have on underneath it even more. Do you want to see?" I push one strap off my shoulder, looking up through my lashes at the camera.

"You don't have to do that." His deep, gravelly voice startles me.

Well, hello there. A tingle of excitement washes over me.

Damn, that was not at all what I was expecting after months of talking to him via the chat. He sounds sexy.

I widen my smile, pleased I finally got a reaction and intrigued about why he wouldn't want me to take off my clothes. "Ah, so he speaks! It's a pleasure to finally hear your voice, Giant. Do want me to call you that, or is there another name you'd prefer?"

"Oh, um, I... You can call me Ren. If you'd like. Giant is also fine."

There's a pleased flutter inside me at how nervous he sounds, despite how rumbling his voice is. The combination is incredibly intriguing.

I wonder if Ren is his real name. I wonder what he looks like to have a voice like that. I assume he's a big guy if he uses the name GentleGiant, and that makes me wish he'd turn on his camera. Big and sweet is exactly my type.

Not that I'm looking. I've given up on finding someone for the time being because when people find out what I do for a living, they suddenly become very interested in fucking me but allergic to anything serious.

"So what inspired you to have this private with me, Ren?" I ask gently. "If not the desire to find out what's under my pretty dress." I bite my lower lip, turning up my own playful, somewhat shy vibes to see if that will draw him out more. "I know I don't have to take it off, but I'd like to show you."

"Oh! Well, uh, if you want to, I'd, um, I'd really like to see. I just didn't want you to get cold."

That pulls a laugh out of me. "You're too sweet, Ren. I really appreciate you worrying about me, but it's nice and toasty in here. Besides, talking to you, and thinking about showing you more, is making me hot."

"You're just saying that, right?" he asks, confusion clear in his tone.

My smile flickers. Crap, is he one of those guys? The ones that seem polite but then end up berating you because you're "fake" or a liar, even though we both fucking know how that's the reality of how camming works.

"What do you mean?" I ask, attempting to keep my tone even.

"Shit, I'm not trying to be an asshole or anything!" Ren's voice pitches a little higher as he explains. "It's just that my friends say I can be kinda clueless and take things too literally sometimes... and you're so pretty and kind so it's very easy for my brain to convince me that you're actually turned on from talking to me, when I know logically it's an act. I like that you're so good at pretending! Gods, I don't even know what I'm saying. I should go. Leave you alone."

“Whoa, whoa!” I shake my head, shocked by how much came pouring out of the previously quiet guy on the other side of the screen. “Don’t go! You’re totally fine, Ren. It’s normal to feel that way. I promise it doesn’t bother me at all and I’m still happy to have you here with me. I mean that as me, not my persona, Tiffany.”

I know I shouldn’t actively break the illusion of my Tiffany character, but I don’t want him to run away because this is the most interesting private I’ve had in ages, and he asked for clarity.

“Are you sure? I’m really fucking this up,” he says, sounding self-chastising and defeated.

It makes me surprisingly sad. I shouldn’t give a shit about this random dude on the internet, but I have such a soft spot for men who share their vulnerabilities instead of trying to seem tough. And after months of interacting with Ren, I’ve developed a bit of a crush, despite my best efforts to keep a professional distance. He’s just so nice to talk to, like a breath of fresh air any time he shows up in my chat.

“Absolutely. We’re only human, and that means trying to get by in a world that can be really lonely and tough. Why don’t we both be honest with each other going forward? I’ll only tell you what I’m truly feeling and you don’t hide what you want from this.”

“Y-yeah. Only human.” There’s a heavy exhale from his end. “Okay. If you’re comfortable with that, I’d really appreciate it. I’m also fine if you want to take my tokens and end the private,” he adds with a weak chuckle.

“Do you want to leave?” I ask, brow furrowing. I’ve never had a dude so eager to stop a private and he spent almost \$300 on this, but maybe I’m reading things wrong.

“No! It’s just, I’m, uh, well, the thing is... I wasn’t expecting to do this. It was an

accident. My cat was being a total weirdo and messed with my keyboard, and she must've hit the private request."

I try my best to hide my skeptical reaction, but end up laughing. "That's the first time I've heard that one."

"It's true! I'm not saying this because I want my tokens back or anything, because even this brief time talking to you is totally worth it. But I wasn't ready. That's why I'm acting so weird. Or at least, one reason why. Can't really blame my entire personality on that." He chuckles nervously again and the rumbling sound makes heat spark in my core.

"You have a really sexy laugh," I admit. We agreed to honesty and I want to hear more of it.

I'm rewarded by another, even more sonorous laugh. "I thought you said you'd only tell me the truth about how you're feeling."

"I did," I say with a grin.

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“Oh.” Ren pauses, obviously flustered. “Wow. Thank you. Your laugh always makes me smile. It’s why I’ve become such a, uh, devoted follower.”

Damn, that’s gotta be the sweetest thing anyone on here has ever said to me. “Is that the only reason you watch all my streams, Ren?” I tease.

I imagine a burly man on the other side of the screen blushing, and it makes more arousal spread through me. I shift on the bed to let my skirt hike up enough to show the tops of my thigh highs and garter belt.

“No... I like seeing you, too.” His voice is hesitant, but there’s a decidedly heated tinge to it.

“Good. I like when you watch. Knowing you’re seeing everything I’m doing, knowing you want me... that turns me on. Does it make you hard, Ren?” I ask, desire clear in my voice.

He curses softly. “Y-yeah. Really hard.”

“Mmm, I wish I could see,” I murmur, spreading my legs wider to flash him my white lace panties. Hopefully, he’ll be able to tell that they’re damp.

“You do?” He sounds like he’s having a hard time breathing. Shit, I don’t want to give this cutie a heart attack, but I’m really getting into things.

“Yes.” I slip my hand between my legs and tease my clit through the thin fabric. “I bet you’re huge. Your username is Giant, after all. I bet it would takeworktoget your

thick cock inside me. But you'd be patient, wouldn't you? You'd make it so good for me."

"Oh gods," he groans. "I... I don't know if you'd be able to take me."

That makes me giggle. I didn't take Ren to be the type of guy who'd exaggerate his dick size, but I'll humor him because it's kinda cute. "You'd be surprised what I can fit. Want me to show you?"

There's a long pause, and I wonder if maybe I really did kill him.

"Ren?"

"I..." he trails off, sounding dazed.

"You promised to tell me what you want," I say, continuing to tease myself over my panties.

"I don't want you to do something you're not into," he murmurs.

"You're not. I want to show you. I want to come on a thick toy while I imagine it's you stretching me open." I hook my fingers under the fabric and pull my panties to the side to show him my glistening pussy. "Can't you see how much I need it?"

"Fuck." The needy rasp of his curse makes my pussy clench.

"Yes or no, baby," I prompt. Absently, I realize I probably shouldn't be using pet names with him, but I'm too immersed in the exhibitionist thrill to care.

"Yes," he breathes. "I want to see you stretched around a cock. Use the thickest one you have."

The surprising command in his tone makes me shiver, and I lick my lips. Not so shy after all.

I get up from the bed and go over to where I have all of my toys lined up. I don't get a ton of requests for stretching, but I keep some bigger ones on hand. They see a lot more use when I'm off camera than on, because it's one of my personal kinks.

Yeah, I'm a monsterfucker. I'm not embarrassed to admit that nothing gets me off faster than imagining some enormous creature using my body, making me take their too-large cock because they're driven wild by the need to breed my human pussy. I've always had an overactive imagination and a pull toward the paranormal. That, combined with my ridiculous sex drive and a lack of partners, means I've collected more than my fair share of monster dildos.

I grab the minotaur one that's almost the size of my forearm, pulse spiking as I remember the last time I tried using it. For days afterwards, I felt the delicious ache of how it pushed me to my limits. Even thinking about it makes my pussy clench.

"This is the biggest one I have," I say as I return to the bed, holding it up in front of the camera.

"That's good enough," Ren says thickly.

My brows raise in surprise. "Good enough? Listen, I'm sure you're big, but this is impossibly large for a human, so you can tone down the dick bravado a bit."

"Sorry, I didn't mean... It's not a complaint!" he replies hurriedly, then clears his throat. "It's perfect. Whatever you want to do is perfect."

"That's better," I tease, setting the toy down so I can strip off my dress.

I hear Ren's breath hitch as I reveal the soft, lacy white bra and panty set with a matching garter belt and stockings. I knew he'd like it. It's soft and sweet, while also being sexy as hell.

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“Gods, you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” he murmurs.

The awe and sincerity in his voice has butterflies exploding inside me. When was the last time anyone spoke to me like that? The genuine appreciation is intoxicating, but dangerous. If I’m not careful, my crush is going to get a whole lot worse by the end of this private.

CHAPTER 3

REN

I have to keep reminding myself to breathe so I don’t pass out. All my body can seem to do is gape at the sight of Tiffany removing her dress while a large silicone minotaur cock lies on the bed behind her.

Why have I never done this before? Being able to actually speak with Tiffany, getting to hear what she promises is genuine excitement in her voice as we talk, is addictive. I’m still not entirely convinced that it isn’t part of her camgirl act, but I’m too turned on and infatuated with her to worry about that.

“You’re getting extra treats, Mango,” I murmur to myself, and Tiffany looks up at the camera, pausing right after hooking her fingers through the waistband of her panties.

“What’s that?” She arches a dark brow.

Crap, I guess my laptop mic picks up a lot more than I thought.

“Sorry,” I laugh sheepishly, glad that the camera isn’t on, not only because my glamor is down but because I know I’ve turned bright red. “I was, uh, thanking Mango. My cat. For accidentally requesting this private.”

She smiles softly, like she still doesn’t believe that Mango’s havoc isn’t an excuse.

“I would never have been brave enough to do this,” I continue. “I didn’t think I’d...”

Tiffany’s brow pinches slightly. “You’d what, big guy? You didn’t think you’d enjoy it?”

A disbelieving chuckle falls from my lips, pitched lower than usual because of how fucking turned on I am. “No, I knew I’d enjoy it. If I knew how much, I would’ve needed to find a second job by now to pay for how often I’d want to do this. Maybe sell a kidney.”

Shit. Maybe no treats for Mango. It’s her fault we’re going to be poor now.

She shakes her head and giggles, her dark curls bouncing with the movement. I get momentarily caught on the curve of her full lips and the sparkle of amusement in her eyes as she brushes her hair off her face.

Fuck, how is she so pretty? I wonder what it’d be like to kiss her. Her lips are wide and large for a human, but my mouth when I’m out of my glamor is huge. I’d have to be gentle. Let her take the lead instead of jamming my tongue into her mouth and accidentally suffocating her. I’d wait for her to press her tongue against the seam of my lips, begging me for entry, and only when she was panting with need against my mouth would I slide my tongue against hers, dipping into her mouth with careful control.

My cock jerks in my sweatpants at the thought, smearing pre-cum along the inside of

my boxer briefs.

“Don’t sell your organs, Ren,” she says in mock chastisement.

My name falling from her lips in that slightly commanding tone is almost enough to make me spill in my pants.

“No?” I croak, squeezing my cock over my pants. I can’t take it out yet. I’ll come if I do.

Tiffany laughs again, leveling her gaze at the camera like she’s staring right into my eye. “No! Next time just don’t give me triple the tokens needed to have a private.”

“You’re worth it,” I reply immediately, cringing at how besotted I sound.

Her lashes flutter as a smile spreads across her features and maybe it’s the lighting, but I swear her cheeks have burnished. “Thank you, Ren. That’s incredibly kind of you to say. You’re always so sweet to me. If you’re not careful, I’m going to get just as addicted to you.”

Now I know she’s acting. No one gets addicted to my goofy, clueless ass. “I thought you said you’d tell me the truth,” I say, keeping my tone teasing, so she doesn’t think I’m upset. The last thing I want is for Tiffany to think I’m angry at her for doing her job.

“I am!” she protests.

“Sure, and I’m not a big oaf who doesn’t deserve your time, even if I’m paying out the nose for the privilege.” I say it as a joke, but it must fall flat because Tiffany’s expression sobers.

“Don’t talk about yourself like that. I don’t allow that kind of rudeness in my privates, whether it’s about me or about yourself. So unless you’re into degradation, cut it out. Are you?”

It takes me a second to realize she’s asked me a question because I’m so taken aback by her adamance. “Uh, no. I’m not.”

“Okay.” She nods, taking a moment to consider her words before speaking again. “Neither of us here is more deserving. I’m providing a service and you’re using said service. And even if there was some standard for being worthy of talking to me, you honestly think you’d fall short? Because Ren, you’ve been a consummate gentleman from the moment you first joined one of my lives.”

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“R-right. Okay.”

“Good boy.” She practically purrs the words, stoking my arousal back to life after it’d flickered from worry that I’d upset her.

I groan softly, and she grins. “You like it when I call you that?”

“Yeah,” I croak.

Tiffany’s tongue darts out to wet her lips, and she toys with the waistband of her panties again. “You’ve been so sweet and considerate, Ren. Always so kind in my streams, making sure I feel appreciated. Listening when I ask you to do something. Good boys deserve a reward, don’t you think?”

“I...” There’s not enough blood left in my brain to formulate a reply.

“Mmm, I think so,” she murmurs, sliding the panties down her thick thighs, bending over to tug them the rest of the way off before sitting back up and spreading her legs so I can see her glistening cunt.

“Fuck,” I grunt, taking in the sight of her gorgeous pussy. I’ve seen it before, but it’s different now, knowing she’s showing it off just for me. Knowing she’s going to stretch herself open and show me how much she can take.

“Do you see how wet I am?” Tiffany dips her fingers between her spread thighs, and they come away coated in her arousal, which she shows to the camera.

“I want to taste you,” I groan, rubbing my cock over my pants. I’m so close already.

Fuck it.

I wriggle my pants and underwear down over my hips to free my dick, and it slaps against my stomach, leaving a smear of pre-cum across my shirt. I’m going to come with a measly couple of pumps of my fist, but I don’t want to spend my whole time with Tiffany fighting against the need to come.

I want to savor every moment. Drink in every inch of her exquisite form, as it’s revealed to me. Hear every soft sigh and gasp of pleasure when she touches herself. And I can’t exactly do that if I’m about to nut.

“Oh yeah? Want me to tell you what I taste like?” Tiffany asks, her voice huskier now.

“Gods, please. Taste it,” I groan, wrapping my palm around my cock and squeezing.

She brings her fingers to her lips and smears some of her wetness across them, smudging her perfectly painted red lips, then darts her tongue out to lick it off. Her eyelashes flutter like the taste is incredible, which, of course it is. I’d happily slake my thirst at the divine well of her cunt.

“Tastes good,” she murmurs, giving me a dirty smile. “Tangy and slightly sweet.”

One pump of my fist up and down my length and my balls draw up. Words stream from my mouth, unbidden. “I’d get addicted to the taste of you. Lick your sweet pussy any time you wanted.”

“Anytime I wanted?” Her eyes flare with interest. “I’m a very needy girl, Ren. I don’t know if you could handle how much I’d want your mouth on me.”

Fuck. I give my cock another stroke and pleasure tingles at the base of my spine. “I could handle it. Beg you to let me.”

“You’re such a good boy. I bet you’d make me come over and over,” Tiffany purrs, her skin growing more flushed. She slips her fingers inside her mouth and sucks, drawing them out slowly and circling her tongue around the tips.

I come like a geyser, clapping my free hand over my mouth just in time to muffle my cry of pleasure. Cum splatters across my stomach, soaking into my shirt, and a few drops hit my chin and spray out onto my desk and keyboard.

Ugh, gross. I should’ve used something to catch it, but I was too far gone to think straight. My eyes dart around to look for something nearby to clean things up with, but my box of tissues is over on the other side of the room, and for once, I remembered to bring my towel back to the bathroom instead of leaving it on the hook on the back of my bedroom door.

It’ll have to be a problem for future me, because Tiffany is sliding her hand down to circle her slick fingers around her nipple, tracing it over the semi-transparent lace of her bra. It stiffens at her touch and she bites her lower lip as she moves over to her other nipple.

“Will you...” I trail off, feeling shy even though I literally came seconds ago.

“Will I what, baby?” Tiffany asks, continuing to tease her nipples.

I don’t know if she’s realized it, but that’s the second time she’s called me baby. I’ve never heard her use that kind of endearment during her streams, so maybe it’s reserved for privates. It calls to the needy, lonely part of me that craves that kind of affection, especially now that I’ve sated some of the lust that had taken over my thoughts.

This is dangerous. I already had a crush on Tiffany, and now my heart can't tell the difference between reality and playacting, no matter how much I try to be logical. I should end the session. Thank her for her time and tell her I have to go. Then block the SpiceCam site on my browser so I won't immediately come back and beg her for more.

My stomach clenches unpleasantly at the prospect. I don't want to let myself fall for a woman I know nothing about and who will never want to be with me, but the alternative, the thought of never seeing her again and ghosting her streams without any explanation makes me sick.

What if I'm wrong? What if she's enjoying herself and is genuine about enjoying having me around? It would be such a dick move to leave now. Especially since I came. It'd be like I got what I wanted, so I wasn't interested in her anymore. That I only valued her for how she makes my dick hard.

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No. I have to stay. At least until she comes. That's the polite thing to do.

I swallow hard, resolving to let myself be in the moment and enjoy this. I'll deal with the emotional consequences later. "Will you take off your bra?"

Tiffany smiles, her eyes downcast in a way that makes it think she's doing it reflexively in response to my request rather than as a way to entice me. And gods, that tiny flicker of herself amid the performance takes my breath away.

"Mmm, you want to see my tits?" she asks, palming her breasts and squeezing them together before letting them drop back down. The way they jiggle makes my spent cock twitch with interest. It won't be long before it's swelling again, thanks to my enhanced constitution as a giant.

"Yeah," I murmur, then add "please" quickly after.

"So polite. Such a good boy." She reaches behind her to undo the clasp of her bra, then shrugs the straps off of her shoulders. Tiffany teases me for a moment, building anticipation as she pulls the strap off one arm while keeping her other arm banded across her breasts to hold the lacy fabric in place. Her eyes flick back up to the camera. "Do you like to beg for things, Ren? Or do you like when someone else does the begging?"

"Both," I breathe, eyes laser focused on where she's hiding herself from view. "I like both. Whatever you prefer, I'll do that." I took a kink quiz once when I was bored, and came back solidly as a "switch" but even if I wasn't, I'd probably do anything Tiffany asked me to. I'd definitely sit on a cake for her.

Tiffany hums in thought, her free hand idly stroking the swell of her breasts. “I like both, too. I love how you ask for permission. It’s so sexy.”

My heart flutters as she smiles at me. She thinks what I’ve been doing is sexy?

“But I think I want you to boss me around when I’m trying to take that toy inside me,” she continues, pausing for a moment as her eyes flick down, then look back up at the camera through her lashes. “After all, I might need you to push me. Make me take it even when I think I can’t.”

I grunt at the speed at which my dick stiffens, and curse under my breath at the image she’s painting. Gods, it’s my filthiest fantasy. Or at least as close as I can get to it, since there’s no way I’ll ever see her in person and get to see her stretched around my cock.

“Move your arm away. Let me see you,” I say in a somewhat halting command, pushing through my need to be polite to let my rarely used dominant side peek through.

I’m rewarded for my bravery when Tiffany’s eyes gleam with arousal as she slowly lets her arm drop and shrugs her bra off, baring her tits.

Gods, she’s got the best tits. They rival some of the giantesses in those dirty magazines I hoarded as a kid. Ripe and heavy, with pretty brown nipples that are the perfect size for me to tease with my tongue. Big enough that if she pressed them together, there might be enough to wrap around my cock. The head would reach her mouth if we were positioned right. I could fuck her tits as swirled her cute little human tongue around the tip. She could suck me into the hot well of her mouth as I shot my load.

Fuck. If I’m not careful, I’m going to come again. I need to focus on getting her to

come first. I may not be there in person, but I'm still going to do my damndest to make this even a fraction as pleasurable for Tiffany as it is for me.

CHAPTER 4

EMMA

This is the hottest private I've ever done, and I've done some really fun ones. There's something about the rumble of Ren's voice that goes straight to my clit. I bet he could make me come just from moaning against my pussy. He sounds like he'd be really good at eating me out, too.

Damn, maybe it's been too long since I've had any action that wasn't a toy or my hand, because the thought of this stranger licking my pussy has me aching for it. And when he orders me to show him my tits, I can feel my arousal dripping down my thighs.

"You're so beautiful," the man on the other side of the screen rasps. He sounds worshipful, and fuck if I don't wish he were here to pay tribute to me with his mouth on my body.

I've been turned on before while camming. Hell, most of the time I'm enjoying myself. But I've never had my pussy clenching desperately with the need to be filled up by the guy watching me, not just the general want for something inside me.

I bet he'd feel incredible. Ren said his dick was huge, and the more I talk to him, the more I realize he's far too eager and genuine to brag about his dick size.

Unless it's all an act.

I hate that the thought pops up, but it's an important reminder. I'm letting myself get

swept away in the fantasy of some big-dicked, burly sweetheart, when it could all be as fake as my camgirl persona. Which, dammit, I should really put back into place. I told Ren I'd be honest with him, but that's having the strange side-effect of making this seem far too real.

Then again, where's the harm in that? I'm single. I'm a little lonely, if I'm being completely honest with myself. Would it really be so bad to indulge in the delusion that Ren isn't a stranger I'll never meet who is paying me to get off, but someone who actually wants me? Who wants therealme.

"Thank you," I murmur, goosebumps scattering across my skin as I conjure a mental image of him watching me. "What should I do now?" I lean back against the pillows I have propped against the headboard and spread my thighs wider.

"Fuck, you're soaked," he rasps. "Is that really for me?" His question is incredulous, but carries a hint of hopefulness that makes my chest squeeze.

"Yes, baby." I bring a hand between my thighs and press two fingers to my entrance to wet them, then glide them up and around my clit. Sparks of pleasure sizzle through me, and I let out a gasp.

"Gods, I can't..." Ren groans, sounding almost tortured. "You're close already, aren't you? Do you need my cock?"

The bold way he asks, the way he calls the dildo his cock, makes me nod eagerly. "Yes. Please. I need you inside me." I give my clit a few more circles, but I'm already so turned on that I have to stop before I make myself come.

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“Start with your fingers. Three of them. Make room in that tight little pussy for me.” His order is more confident this time, and I fucking love it.

I obey, immediately pressing my fingers inside me. I’ve practiced and trained with toys frequently enough that it’s not too much of a stretch. In fact, now that I know Ren wants to see how much I can take, I’m already eager for that dull burn of taking more. I fuck myself with my fingers, letting out shuddering sighs as I spread them inside me as best I can when they get as deep as I can reach. My nipples and clit beg for attention, but I focus on doing what Ren asked.

“Shit, you take your fingers so well,” Ren curses, and I can hear the faint noise of skin on skin from his audio over the wet sounds my pussy is making.

My pleasure amplifies knowing that he’s touching himself in tandem with my fingers working inside me. I hope he’ll fuck his fist at the same pace that I’ll fuck myself with the toy. Then I can imagine he’s here with me. That he’s the one making me shatter around his massive cock. Pinning me down, making me take it, growling with that raspy deep voice in my ear...

“God, I’m going to come,” I gasp, only a second before it happens. It strikes me like lightning on a sunny day—shocking and unexpected, since I don’t usually come from penetration alone. My eyes squeeze shut and my head falls back as my pussy spasms around my fingers, and I ride out the pleasure with panting breaths.

“Holy shit, did you...?”

Ren’s question pierces through the fog of my orgasm and I quickly look back up at

the camera, cheeks heating. I wasn't paying any attention to how I looked. Normally I like to stare into the camera and make a big show of my orgasm.

I let out a weak giggle. "Yeah."

"Fuck, that's the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life," Ren rasps, sounding almost as dazed as I feel in the aftermath of coming.

I give the camera a dirty grin, grabbing the giant dildo beside me on the bed and pumping a generous amount of lube into my palm from the bottle on the nightstand. "It won't be for long," I say, working the lube over the toy to coat the whole girthy thing, stroking it like I would if it were his cock.

My pussy clenches in an aftershock of pleasure, already ready for more. "I need you," I say, not even needing to pretend to add a little whine to my voice. It comes out sounding desperate naturally.

Ren lets out a breathy chuckle that makes my clit throb. I imagine him fisting his dick with slow, lazy strokes as he watches me play with the toy. "Lie back again. Spread your legs for me and tease yourself with just the tip."

"Yes," I breathe, eagerly getting into position and bringing the dildo between my legs. As the head prods against my entrance, my breath hitches. God, I forgot how massive this thing is. I will myself to relax, trailing the head of the toy up and down my labia to tease my clit, then pressing against my entrance to test it, then back up to my clit. Again and again, until I'm on edge, eager to feel it inside me.

"Put the head inside you." Ren's gravelly command is a blessed relief after all the teasing.

"Okay," I gasp, centering the head of the dildo and pressing it inside me slowly but

insistently. The stretch is immediate, even with the slightly tapered shape, but I don't let it stop me. I love the mix of pleasure and pain. I want to feel so full that I might burst. So full that I'll feel hollow for days after.

When I've finally gotten the tip inside me, I sigh, pulsing it in small motions to try to keep working myself open.

"You're doing so well," Ren says, his voice a balm to my overheated senses. "Can you... can you take more for me?" His hesitant question mixed with the hoarse roughness of his need threaded into his tone is sexy and sweet.

Shit, I have a crush on him. I mean, I already did, but now it's solidified. I'm ridiculously into this considerate guy who wants me stretched on a monster cock.

Playing with my clit to help balance my pleasure with the slight burn of the stretch, I open myself with the dildo. It's hard not to close my eyes so I can forget that it's me here alone, fucking myself with a toy, and not Ren tunneling himself inside me.

"You're so big," I moan, feeling another orgasm building as I pump the cock inside me. "I don't know if I can take it."

"You can," Ren growls, the sound of him fisting his cock getting louder. "You can take more. Stretch that needy cunt open for my cock. Take me as deep as I'll go."

His command makes me shiver, as my pleasure begins to spike. Sweat beads on my brow as I push the dildo in until it bottoms out inside me. "F-fuck. You're inside me," I whimper, rubbing my clit in frantic circles.

"Gods, you're perfect. Look at you. Fuck, I'm going to come."

"Do it, baby. Come deep inside me. Give it to me," I pant, feeling my own release

approaching rapidly.

Ren's groan as he comes is so loud it sounds almost thunderous. It tips me over the edge and stars burst being my eyes as I come, the sensation of the cock filling me making it so intense it's almost painful.

There's a sound of something being knocked over, followed by a loud curse. "Are you okay?" I ask, pushing myself up to frown at the camera.

"Shit, sorry! I knocked over my water while I was trying to get my shirt off to catch my—uh, before I came," Ren says sheepishly. "Are you still there?"

"I'm here," I say, smiling at the reminder of the goofy man on the other end of the video. "Though, I just came so hard I think I may have momentarily seen god."

There's no response. "Ren?"

"Hello? Can you hear me?"

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“I can now. Can you hear me?” I ask, easing the toy out of my pussy with a slight wince, since it feels decidedly less hot to have inside me while doing technical troubleshooting.

“Yes. Damn, way for me to ruin the moment,” he says with a husky chuckle.

“It’s totally fine, it—” Movement on my laptop screen draws my focus. I glance over at it, and immediately do a double-take.

There’s a one-eyed monster in the video feed next to mine in the SpiceCam window. And no, that’s not a euphemism for a big dick. A literal giant of a man with a single eye, wiping off the most obscenely enormous cock I’ve ever seen with a t-shirt big enough to be a blanket. I blink, trying to clear my vision. But when I open my eyes, he’s still there.

“Everything okay?” Ren’s voice comes out as the creature on the video speaks, his forehead scrunching in concern over his eye. His singular eye.

Am I experiencing some kind of post-orgasm hallucination?

“W-what are you?” I ask, moving closer to the laptop in order to get a better look.

“Huh?” Ren cocks his head, and then his eye goes wide. “Fuck!” He scrambles and a moment later the private ends, leaving me staring at the “chat has ended” notification in stunned disbelief.

Did I... Did I just see an actual monster?

Holy shit, monsters are real!

Oh my god. Oh my god. I knew it! Noah is always acting like my interest in magic and paranormal things is ridiculous, but now who's the ridiculous one? I was right and now I have proof!

Well, not really, since SpiceCam doesn't let me record the streams. But I know what I saw. I know what happened.

I got off harder than I ever have and it was with an enormous, monster-dicked cyclops.

This is the most amazing night of my life.

Shit, I need to talk to him. I have so many questions!

I hurry to click on his username and bring up his profile to send him a message, but it's already grayed out.

Fuck. I'm probably never going to see him again. He was already nervous and now that he exposed what he is to me, there's no way he'll come back.

Sadness and disappointment far more potent than my shock and excitement take over. I had my shot to connect with someone straight out of my fantasies, and he's gone.

I was wrong. This is the worst night of my life.

CHAPTER 5

REN

She saw me. I came so hard I almost blacked out watching the woman of my dreams stuffing herself with an enormous cock, and then she saw me. I literally got caught with my pants down, but my dick being out wasn't the issue. A human saw my real form.

I can't even blame Mango for it this time. It was all me. How the hell did I even switch the webcam on? Why don't I keep that thing covered up? Can't people turn it on remotely and spy on you? I think I remember Susan mentioning that at one of our monster group meetings, but she loves to fuck with me, so I ignored her.

Dammit, the one time I wasn't gullible was the thing I should've listened to! What do I do now? I've never had my glamor down around a human who didn't know monsters exist. Is there some kind of protocol?

What if Tiffany tells someone? What if she got a screenshot, and she shares it on the dark web and monster hunters use it to track me down? I've got a bunch of nerdy shit around my room, and—I look around to see what would've been on screen behind me—fuck, my diploma with my whole damn name is on it.

Shit, I'm spiraling. I need to calm down and think.

I shut my eye and try to slow my breathing, but all I can see is the image of Tiffany's gorgeous, curvy body struggling to take the giant dildo. All I can hear is her gasp as she came.

I can't believe I was given a chance to witness the most amazing thing on earth, and fucked it up by being clumsy and careless.

I don't sleep at all that night. I try, but as I lie in bed, my mind tortures me with a mixture of all the different scenarios that might happen now that Tiffany saw what I am, and Mango's usual gentle warmth feels like a furnace. I'm sweat-soaked and

even more on edge by the time I decide to give up and get ready for work.

Showering and eating does little to help, especially when I accidentally pour orange juice instead of creamer into my coffee. My frayed nerves plus sleep deprivation make work torturous. My eye can barely focus on the lines of code as I spend hours trying to find a bug in the program I'm working on. A task that should've taken me fifteen minutes max to figure out.

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The one thing that gets me through the day without completely breaking down is that tonight is a monster support group meeting. I get together once a week with some other monsters in town to hang out and discuss various issues we're encountering. They'll know what to do.

But when I show up at the house of our part-succubus host for the evening, no one else's cars are in the driveway. I make it up onto Max's porch before I realize why.

Dammit, I forgot! We're skipping this week because half of the group is out of town. I groan and palm my face, fighting back tears of defeat and exhaustion. I sink down to sit on the steps, my body suddenly too heavy with the weight of my worries to move.

I'll get up in a minute. I just need to have a cry and then compose myself. I blink and liquid spills down my cheeks, the sensation of crying in my glamor always surreal since I'm used to my tears sliding down the bridge of my nose.

After a minute, I'm no closer to finding the strength to get up. I silently leak tears that I can't figure out how to stop until I hear the door creak open behind me.

"Ren?"

Max's smooth, gentle voice calling my name has me startle and hurriedly wiping away my tears. "M-max! Sorry, I was just uh..."

How do I explain that I was having a mental breakdown on his porch without making myself even lamer in this cool succubus' eyes? Everyone in the group already thinks

I'm clueless. They don't say it, but I can tell. Shit, if Max tells Susan I was crying on his porch like a total weirdo, I'll never live it down. I'll have to move, and I don't know of any other monster-friendly communities like Moonvale, so I'd have to always be in my glamor. Or worse, I'd have to move back home with my family.

Shit, don't cry again!

"Please don't tell Susan," I croak, sniffing and swiping at the fresh tears welling in my eyes. I can't even look at him as I say it because I'm too embarrassed. Max and I haven't spent much time interacting because he's pretty quiet at our meetings, but I can tell how much cooler than me he is. He's so handsome, he works as a badass private investigator, and to top it off, he's a damn succubus and a witch. Of course he's cooler than me!

Max approaches and slides in to sit next to me, reaching up to place a hand on my shoulder because even with my glamor, I'm still a very tall guy. "Hey, Ren, it's okay. Whatever is going on, I won't tell Susan. You don't have to worry about that."

"Thanks," I say with a sniff, his touch a surprising balm to my nerves. No one touches me beyond an occasional accidental brush or a handshake. It's sad how much my body soaks up this small contact. Would it be weird to ask him for a hug? Or is that too pathetic?

"Do you, uh, do you want to talk about it?" Max asks hesitantly, his brow furrowing in concern.

"That's okay, I..." I want to be cool and brush off the weirdness of me being here crying outside his house. Act tough and be a paragon of stoic strength, like a giant should be. Instead, I wipe at my nose and turn to look at Max pleadingly. "I fucked up."

Max squeezes my shoulder, the furrow on his brow deepening. “What happened?”

How do I explain? I’m a loser that can’t get a partner and paid a woman to pretend to be interested in me. He’s a literal sex demon! Giving details would be way too embarrassing. I’ll just tell him that a human saw me. Keep it simple.

But wait, he’s worked with the paranormal council in the area. What if he tells them and I get spirited away to some kind of irresponsible monster prison?

“I can’t go to jail!” I blurt.

Max pulls his hand back in shock at my outburst, his brows shooting up in alarm. “Whoa, what? Why would you go to jail?”

“I don’t know!” I groan, placing my face in my hands.

“Ren, you’re making me really nervous. The emotions I’m getting off of you right now are all over the place. Please tell me what happened. I can’t help you if I don’t understand what’s going on.”

I sigh and look up at the handsome redhead through watery eyes. “A human saw me. With my glamor down. And my dick out, but I don’t think that part matters as much because she saw me and now I’m going to have to go on the run so the paranormal council won’t punish me. But I’m finally happy here, and I don’t want to go. Sure, I’m lonely and I’d really love to find my mate like you, Tomas and Wesley did, but I’m still happy. Please don’t turn me in and make me go to monster jail!”

Max blinks at me. “Uh... wow.”

“It’s bad, isn’t it?” I ask, my hands starting to shake from the fear coursing through my body.

“No!” Max shakes his head adamantly. “No, man, you’re not in trouble and there’s no monster jail.”

“Are you sure?”

He nods, a lock of his messy red hair falling into his eyes. “I mean, it’s possible there is a monster jail, but if they locked up every paranormal who accidentally revealed themselves to a human, all of us would be there. I’m honestly impressed that it’s never happened to you before.”

Max smiles, the expression warm and comforting. It’s a little surprising how sweet he’s being to me, considering how quiet and sometimes sullen he is at meetings. Maybe we’re not so different, both of us dealing with the incorrect assumptions of our peers because of what we’re “supposed” to be.

“That makes sense. Sorry for being ridiculous. I don’t spend much time with humans,” I say with a wistful sigh. “They... they wouldn’t like me if they knew what I am.”

He cocks a brow. “Why would you think that?”

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“I’m not one of the attractive monsters,” I sigh, waving a hand at him. “I’m not sexy or cool. I’m weird-looking and way too big.”

I expect a sympathetic nod, but Max shakes his head and laughs. “You’d be surprised what humans are into. Being big and weird isn’t always a bad thing. Besides, you’re being really hard on yourself. Looks aren’t everything. You have so much to offer to a partner of any kind. We keep trying to tell you that in group meetings, but it doesn’t seem to get through your thick giant skull.”

His slight jab at me catches me off guard, and I snort despite my morose thoughts. “It is pretty thick. Has to be to have survived all the sparring and bullying growing up.”

Max gives me a considering look. “Well, if you let one thing through, I hope it’s what I’m going to say now. You’re enough. You can spend a lifetime trying to hide or fight who and what you are, but the people who you want in your life are the ones who will love you because of who you are, not in spite of it.” He lets out a wry chuckle. “Trust me, I know from experience.”

Right. He’s mentioned that in our meetings before. He almost lost his mate because he wasn’t honest about his nature. And here I am, blubbering because some woman I’ll never meet saw my cyclops form and didn’t even say anything beyond being surprised.

I didn’t give her a chance.

Dammit. I assumed she’d hate me, like I always do when I’m interested in someone.

I've had nice conversations with plenty of humans on dating apps, and they weren't the ones who stopped messaging. It was me. I get scared, and I cut things off before they have a chance to reject me.

What if I hadn't run away? What if she'd had a moment to get past the shock, take in the sight of my big, dopey eye and gargantuan dick, and actually liked me?

"Well...shit," I mumble, a surge of frustration with myself flooding my mind. "You think someone would like me? Susan's always saying?—"

"Susan's an asshole," Max says dismissively. "I know I'm not supposed to say things like that about a fellow group member, but she is. She'd be the first person to admit it. She fucks with you the most because you don't fight back."

"Story of my life," I grumble. "I don't like to fight. I don't want to be hurtful to the people that are supposed to be my friends."

Max smiles. "And that's one of the reasons why you'll find someone. You're the most generous, gentle person I've ever met. You go out of your way to help people without asking for anything in return. Like when Nic had surgery, and you brought him food and kept him company for weeks. Or when Susan's car broke down in the middle of the night and you hauled it all the way to a mechanic with your bare hands. You're a great guy. Anyone would be lucky to have you as a partner."

I'm tearing up yet again. "Thanks, Max. I hope you're right."

"I have to admit, I'm a little confused. If you don't go out with humans, how did one end up seeing your true form and your..." His eyes dart down to my crotch and his cheeks flush slightly.

"Oh. That. I, uh... the thing is, I get lonely and, um, there's this girl I watch... and

she was showing things to me and I accidentally turned on my webcam.” I feel my face burn, no doubt turning as red as Max’s hair.

“Right. Well...” I can tell he’s struggling to come up with something reassuring to say, but I’m too embarrassed to help contribute to making the conversation less awkward. Max clears his throat. “Wanna go get a beer? Mona is hanging out with friends tonight, so I was going to go run some errands, but they can wait.”

I can count the number of times I’ve had a beer in my life on one hand since I’m not a fan of the way alcohol makes me feel, but I immediately nod. I’m not giving up the chance to become better friends with this cool as hell demon witch. “Yeah. Sounds good.”

I’m still mortified and slightly heartbroken about what happened with Tiffany, but at least the fiasco has shown me that maybe I’m not as alone as I thought.

CHAPTER 6

EMMA

“CanI get a virgin mojito and a glass of water?”

“Sure thing.” The pretty, petite bartender with sharp, almost elfin features gives me a bright smile and heads off to mix my drink. A man down the bar from me with a sharp jaw and oddly prominent sideburns tries to catch my eye, but I quickly pull out my phone and pretend to look busy and check my messages.

Dammit, Noah.

I drove all the way out to Moonvale after a restless night, hoping to talk to my brother about what I saw last night. If I’d tried texting him about it, he’d assume I was joking,

and I needed him to see the sincere shock and awe I'm experiencing at the revelation that monsters are real.

Of course the one time I decide to be impulsive and visit him without confirmation that he's available, he isn't home. He's always home! I don't know where the hell he is, and I don't want to go back to the city and stew in my agitated thoughts, so I'm sitting here at Moonvale's only bar, waiting for my damn brother to text me back.

At least it's a nice place. I came to Nightlight the last time I visited, and under other circumstances, I might enjoy the cozy, welcoming atmosphere.

I check my phone again. Nothing.

"Here you go, sweetie. Water and a virgin mojito." I pay the bill and tip the bartender, not bothering to open a tab, since I hope to god I won't be here longer than it takes me to nurse my drinks.

I grab both glasses and turn away from the bar, scanning the space to figure out where I want to sit. It's fairly crowded for a Thursday night, with only seats at the bar or a small booth available. If I stay at the bar, muttonchop man will take that as a sign I want to chat, so I make a beeline for the booth before someone else snags it. If I'm going to be stuck waiting for Noah, I'd rather do it in relative peace.

Twenty minutes go by. Then twenty more. At the hour mark, I send another frustrated text to my brother, grumbling down at my phone. The longer I wait, the more worried I get that something is wrong. Did the mysterious woman he's seeing lock him out of his house again? Is she secretly a murderer and has him tied up in her basement somewhere and this whole time I've been pissy because I wanted to tell him about my monster encounter?

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I sip my watery mocktail absently, the drink far too sweet without the burn of the liquor to be enjoyable. But I didn't want to worry about impairing my senses when I'll hopefully be driving soon. I only got it so it wouldn't be weird for me to be sitting in a bar for an hour.

An interminable fifteen minutes later, I finally hear back from Noah. He's not dead or ensnared by a murderer. He's at home and he's sorry he missed my texts, but has company tonight, so I can't come over. When my relief that he's alright wears off, disappointment follows quickly on its heels.

Guess I came all the way out here for nothing. Ugh.

I finish my water, then head to the bathroom before I hit the road for the long drive home. As I head back out into the main room of the bar, I freeze when I hear a deep, rumbling voice cut through the din.

It can't be.

I stay still and wait, scanning the room as if I'll see a giant with one eye casually sitting in the bar. Shit, maybe I am losing my mind.

I hear it again. Coming from the booth I recently vacated. Moving closer, I try not to draw attention to myself as I listen in. There's a pair of men sitting there, a handsome pale redhead and a guy I can't see much of because he's turned away.

"So I had to run out into the hallway and try to explain, but she passed out." The redhead laughs sheepishly.

“She saw you with your naked doppelganger?”

That’s the voice. It’s coming from him!

Something snaps in my brain, and I stride over to the booth.

The redhead raises a brow at the speed of my approach, but plasters on a polite smile a moment later. “Oh, sorry, did we take your booth? We can?—”

A choked sound from his companion cuts him off and I look over at the man across from him. He’s a big guy, broad with thick muscles and very tall, even sitting down. A lock of sandy brown with hangs in his face, obscuring one of his eyes, which are blown wide with shock.

Shock and recognition. “H-how did you find me?” he gasps. This man isn’t the monster I saw last night, but his flabbergasted reaction indicates it’s still him.

“Ren?”

His stricken look confirms I’m right. “Tiffany…How?”

Holy shit. Out of all the places in the country, no, the world, that he could be, he’s here in this small bar in Moonvale. That’s not how the whole camming thing is supposed to work! Part of the appeal is that the odds of meeting someone in real life are slim to none. Yet, the sweet, shy guy who I’m crushing on is here, looking terrified of what I might do next.

In a flash, I step outside myself for a moment and see things from Ren’s perspective. The woman who saw whatever he is has shown up at a bar the following night to accost him.

“I didn’t know you’d be here!” I say defensively. “How could I possibly know that?”

“Whoa, is this the woman who you...?” I’d almost forgotten about the man sitting across from Ren.

“Y-yeah. Tiffany, I’m so sorry!”

“Emma,” I correct.

His brow furrows. “Huh?”

“My name is Emma, not Tiffany.” Shit, I don’t know why I’m telling him this, other than that my brain is short circuiting at this sudden turn of events.

“Oh!” Ren’s eyes go wide. “That’s a lovely name. Not that I didn’t like Tiffany! But it, uh, it suits you.” The enormous man’s cheeks flush as he speaks, and a swarm of butterflies takes flight inside me.

Fuck, he’s even cuter in person. Except why does he look human?

“You... you look different in person,” I say, not sure that it’s a good idea to accuse him of being a monster in front of his friend. I’ll look insane if I hallucinated what I saw last night, and even if he is a monster, the man with him might not know.

“I... uh, I...” Ren casts a pleading look for help over to his friend.

“Tell her if you want to. I promise you won’t get in trouble,” his friend says with a reassuring smile.

“So it was real,” I murmur, taking his words as all the confirmation I need.

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“Y-yeah,” Ren croaks, his eyes unable to meet mine. “I’m sorry I scared you.”

“Show me,” I say, ignoring his apology.

“What?” He looks back up at me in confusion.

“You didn’t scare me. Well, I mean for a second you did. But I need to see you again.”

He blinks at me, uncomprehending. “Why... why would you want that?”

“Maybe because I don’t like feeling crazy!” I snap. “I need to know that I didn’t hallucinate last night.” That and I’m really into the idea that monsters are real, and I met one that could be the total package and he lives within driving distance.

“You should show her,” the redhead says, backing me up with a strained expression on his face that looks like he’s trying to keep himself from smiling. Like he knows how I’m getting oddly turned on at the thought of seeing Ren’s enormous body and single eye again.

“Here?” Ren asks in alarm, eyes darting around the bar.

“The bathroom,” I say, gesturing for him to get up and follow me. When he obeys, sliding out of the booth to stand beside me, my stomach does a dramatic swoop at his proximity. He’s already big like this. Will he even fit in the bathroom with me when he shows me his true self?

I make a beeline for the restroom, holding the door open for him to go inside, before following behind and locking the door behind us. For a second, my nerves spike. I'm being crazy. I've locked myself in a room with a monster I know nothing about. But Ren gives me a slightly terrified smile, rubbing the back of his neck, and I relax.

The strange connection and ease I felt through our private last night tugs at my chest, reassuring me. As preposterous as it sounds, I somehow know that he's safe.

My heart hammers in my chest in excitement and anticipation, not fear.

"Please don't be scared," Ren says. "I know I'm a monster, but I would never do anything to harm you."

"I know." I say, giving him a smile.

"Oh. Okay. Uh, well, here's me..." Ren mutters something under his breath and runs his finger across a small tattoo on his forearm, and a moment later, his form expands. Body lengthening and growing even wider, until his head is almost brushing the ceiling of this suddenly cramped room. Face morphing into the one I saw last night—a single, large hazel eye with impossibly long lashes replacing his pair of human eyes.

It's beyond weird, but it's fucking magical. "Wow," I whisper, tilting my head back to look him in his eye. I take a step forward, mesmerized by the incredible, impossible sight of this monster here with me in a bar bathroom. "Can you?—"

"I'll go back. Give me a moment," Ren interrupts, flinching at my approach.

I hold my hands up and shake my head adamantly. "No!"

"No?" His single eyebrow scrunches down, making me giggle at how oddly adorable

this gargantuan man is.

“No.” I smile up at him. “I was going to ask if you’d bend down for a moment so I can get a closer look at you.”

He blinks, eyelashes fluttering in a surprisingly delicate way for a monster. “Why? Why would you want that?”

“Because I’ve never seen a monster before.” I wince. “Sorry, I hope that isn’t offensive! I don’t mean it in a bad way. I, uh, I like monsters. Or at least the concept of them. I’ve never met one before.” I laugh at my confession. Hopefully, he doesn’t think I’m a pervert who has a monster kink. Even though I absolutely do.

Ren hesitates, and I step closer. His breath hitches, the sound echoing against the walls of this small room. “You like monsters?”

“Yeah. I also like you, Ren.” I reach out and touch his forearm, trailing my fingertips across his warm skin. “Do you like me?”

“Of course I like you, Emma.” He doesn’t even stumble over calling me my real name, like he instantly committed it to memory. “You’re wonderful.”

“Then bend down so I can get a better look at you,” I murmur.

He obeys and drops to a knee so I can look him in the face without craning my neck. “Hey,” I say softly, now that we’re eye to eye.

Ren flushes. “I can’t believe you’re here. I’m not dreaming, am I?”

“Nope. I’m here.” It sure as hell feels like a dream to me, too. I’m floating from the exhilarating confirmation that monsters are real and my proximity to the one inches

away from my face. “What should we do now?” I ask, wetting my lips as my eyes drop to his mouth. His mouth that’s got to be twice the size of mine, with surprisingly pillowy lips.

“I don’t think you’d be interested in what I want to suggest,” Ren groans, some of the roughness from last night bleeding into his tone.

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“Try me,” I say, biting my lower lip.

“We’ve only just met in person. I’m a monster. I... I know that all those things you said weren’t real. I know that my attraction to you was entirely one-sided. But Gods, Emma, seeing you here, you’re so beautiful it hurts. Makes me want something I know I can’t have.”

“Who says you can’t have it?” I reach up to place my hand on his cheek and watch his pupil expand at my touch. Heat simmers inside me as I make contact. God, I want him so badly. “I wasn’t lying last night. I felt it too.”

Fuck, it’s been so long and he’s so big and kind and sexy. I’m being beyond reckless, but I only have one life to live. I’ll regret not doing this for the rest of my life if I don’t go for it.

I lean in and brush my lips against his, savoring the small gasp it elicits. “Can we go somewhere private?”

CHAPTER 7

REN

Mango yowls in dismay as I stumble and knock a picture frame off the wall, but Emma’s lips sucking on my throat are far too much of a distraction for me to care. I tighten my grip on her plush hips as I carry her to my bedroom and the heat of her cunt presses against my stomach with her legs wrapped around me.

She followed me back to my house from Nightlight, and the whole time I kept checking my rearview mirror to see if she'd finally come to her senses and fled, but she didn't. The second we got inside and I let my glamor down, she was on me, leaping up into my arms and pressing hot kisses against every inch of my bare skin she could find.

I'm drunk and I didn't even touch my beer. Head fuzzy with disbelief and lust, I do my best to set her down on my bed gently and not tumble over on top of her. My bed is specially made for my size, and seeing Emma plopped in the middle of it, surrounded by an ocean of mattress, emphasizes how different we are.

Stepping back, I scrub my hand over my face and try to sober myself. We need to slow down. For all I know, Emma is in shock and once that wears off, she'll be horrified. Or she's drunk. She was at Nightlight. Fuck, I let her drive here.

She gives me a concerned head tilt, her hands pausing where they've started to hike her sweater up over her head. "What's wrong?"

"You're drunk," I sigh, feeling every bit the monster I am. I didn't smell alcohol on her breath, but maybe she used a mint or something.

Emma's brow pinches together. "Uh, no, I'm not."

"But you were at the bar."

"I didn't have any alcohol." She gives me a soft smile, moving up onto her knees and reaching out to take my hand in hers. The feeling of her voluntarily holding my hand makes flutters of excitement and longing burst to life in my stomach. "I'm really into you, Ren. I've had a lot of bad, scary shit happen in my life and that taught me that when I want something, I need to go for it right away."

I want to ask her about the bad things, to know her pain so I can find a way to soothe it, but even I'm not dumb enough to focus on that rather than the gorgeous woman on her knees before me.

"You want me?" I ask, my voice so rough it sounds like I've been gargling with rocks.

"Yeah. So I'm going to seize the opportunity with both hands. Which I'll probably need for you, big guy," she says with a wink, her eyes dropping to the obscene bar of my erection, as long as her forearm and definitely thicker.

"I won't fit," I croak in dismay. "Not unless... fuck, I'll be right back!" I grab her hand connected to mine and press a hurried kiss to it.

Emma's eyes blow wide. "What? Where are you going? If I've made you uncomfortable, I'll leave. If we're moving too fast, we can slow?—"

"N-no! Not too fast." Fuck, I wish I were already making her come on my tongue, but if she wants more than my tongue and my fingers, if she wants my dick anywhere near her sweet pussy, I have to get something to help make it remotely possible. "I need to go pick something up so we can..."

"Oh! I have a condom in my purse..." Emma's eyes drift down to my cock again and she giggles. "Nevermind, I don't think it'll fit. I've got an IUD, so no need to worry about babies."

I almost choke at the thought of her plush body growing even riper with my child. Humans and giants can't procreate without a lot of help from magic, but my leaking cock doesn't care.

"And I was tested after my last partner," Emma continues, unaware of how I'm stuck

on the thought of breeding her. “That was about a year ago, but I can probably dig up the email...”

“I trust you,” I say immediately, chest swelling with warmth that she’s taking our safety seriously. “Also, I’m a giant with a really powerful constitution, so I can’t get any STIs ...Wait, a year?” I want to smack myself for asking such a rude question. Like I have any room to judge. I haven’t had sex since I moved to Moonvale eight years ago.

Emma laughs again. “Yep. I’ve been so busy with camming and helping my dad and brother with various things that I didn’t have it in me to worry about dating.”

So she’s single. I mean, I’d assumed she was because she’s in my bedroom ready to have sex with me, but it’s nice to have confirmation. Not that it means anything. Sex doesn’t mean she wants to be my girlfriend.

Shit. I want more with Emma, or at least a shot at more. She’s so charming, and even more enchanting in person, that it’d destroy me if I got the chance to be intimate with her and then never saw her again.

I’m not a one-night stand kind of guy. I want romance. I want a connection. And I feel the tentative thread of that kind of connection with Emma because of the time we’ve spent interacting through her streams, but doubt she does. She probably just wants the novelty of the giant cock.

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“Will you go on a date with me?” I blurt.

Emma’s lovely dark brows pinch together. “Like right now? It’s a little late. I guess we could go back to the bar if you want...”

I shake my head. “Not right now. In the future. Whenever you’re free. I just... I want to know more about you. I really like you and I know it’s silly to want more when you’re here on my bed looking like that, but I have to at least ask. Seize the opportunity, like you said.”

A warm smile spreads across Emma’s lips. “You really are the sweetest. Yeah, Ren. I’ll go on a date with you. I want to know more about you, too.”

My heart threatens to burst out of my chest as every cell in my body sings with joy at her words, but I keep my reaction contained to an elated grin and a nod. “Okay. Amazing. Perfect. I’ll be right back.”

“Ren, why are you leaving? We don’t need protection. Please stay. I’m aching for you, baby.”

Fuck me. I groan. “It won’t work unless I go get, uh, something to help make this...” I wave between our bodies, then gesture to my crotch where my erection tents my pants. “To make this work. I really want to have sex. Like you have no idea how much I want to. But it won’t fit without some special lube. Magic lube.”

Emma’s eyes widen at the casual mention of magic, but I press on. “It’ll only take me fifteen minutes.” I do the mental calculations for how long it will take to drive to my

minotaur friend Wesley's house, beg him for some magic lube that I should've thought to get on my own but didn't because it seemed silly to buy something I'd never use, and drive back home. "Twenty minutes, max."

"Okay," Emma says with a perplexed smile.

"Okay?" I expected her to call everything off. Why would this stunning woman be willing to hang out alone in my house while she waited for me to come back and fuck her? Maybe she's going to rob me.

Eh, it's worth the risk.

"Yeah. As long as you don't mind me snooping a bit. What better way to get to know you than digging around and finding your secrets?" Emma wiggles her eyebrows at me.

I snort. "Sure. Though it's not a secret that I'm a massive dork."

Emma laughs. "True, I noticed the mini painting area over there in the corner. Do you have those magnifying glasses that help you see the details?"

I'm not sure if I should admit the depth of my commitment to the hobby, but I don't want to lie. "I do."

Her eyes light up and she bursts out laughing. "Is it a monocle? Oh my god, that's hilarious."

I can't tell if she's laughing at me, but given my track record with people making fun of my interests, it's likely. My pride stings.

She must see my reaction. "Oh, in a good way! That's so fucking cute, Ren. You'll

have to show me sometime.”

My face flames, but secret pleasure at her words coils in my chest. She thinks one of the dorkiest things about me is cute. “O-okay. Sure. I’ll be right back!” I lean down and kiss her on the cheek, then scramble away before I do something stupid like show her the magnifying monocle and kill all of her desire to have sex with me.

It doesn’t take fifteen minutes. Or twenty. It takes a fucking hour to find some magic lube.

Gods, I’m an idiot. Wesley wasn’t home. I knew that he was out of town, but in my lust-addled state, I forgot. So I had to drive from his place over to see if my mothman friend, Tomas, was home. He was, but happened to be in the midst of his own fun with his human mate. Fun that I rudely interrupted by pounding on his door. By the time Tomas made himself decent and found an unopened jar of the special magic lube, I was mortified and defeated.

The whole drive home, I chastise myself. There’s no way Emma stuck around for an hour. Maybe if I’d gotten her number like any reasonable person would’ve, I could have texted her to let her know about the delay. But no. I had my chance, and I blew it. I’ll never see her again.

Those thoughts vanish when I get home, and her car is still parked in front of my house.

She stayed.

I rush inside.

“I’m so sorry, I’m so so sorry, I?—”

When I get to the bedroom, I freeze. Emma's still here, and she's asleep in my bed, Mango curled up on top of the blanket beside her. I glance around and see her sweater and jeans draped over my desk chair, which means she's mostly naked and in my bed.

I simultaneously want to crow with delight that she felt safe enough to fall asleep here, and scream in frustration that I took so fucking long to come back that she had time to fall asleep.

She looks like a fairytale princess with her raven locks fanned across a pillow, her plush lips slightly parted and her cheeks tinged with a light flush. My chest squeezes painfully. The woman I'm infatuated with is in my bed. She's here, and she wants me, and she said she'd go on a date.

Mango lets out a disgruntled sound as I lift her off the bed and set her out in the hall with a kiss on the head. I love my precious baby, but I don't want her to disturb Emma's rest by climbing all over her in the middle of the night when she decides she's sick of being in the bedroom like she does to me most nights.

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Emma doesn't stir as I move to lie on the bed beside her, and when I stroke her arm tentatively, she turns onto her side to curl against my chest, letting out a contented, sleepy sigh.

Gods. I was excited about the prospect of sex, but this? Having Emma nestled against me, being able to wrap my arms around her and breathe in her scent as she rests in my embrace? This here is bliss.

CHAPTER 8

EMMA

I wakeup after an amazing night's sleep surrounded by warmth, the intoxicating scent of something spicy and slightly musky, and an enormous, rock hard dick pressed against my back. It takes me a moment to remember where I am and who that cock belongs to.

Ren.Shit, I fell asleep!

I sit up, or at least attempt to, but the arm banded around my waist keeps me pressed against the sleeping giant curled beside me. He lets out a low groan that sends a spike of arousal through me, reminding me of why I'm here in the first place.

Despite his unrelenting hold, I'm able to roll over to face him, or rather face into Ren's massive chest, and tentatively reach between our bodies to palm his rigid cock through his underwear.

Ren grunts, his hips canting into my touch, and I suck in a breath as my body ignites at the thought of what it would be like to feel that beast of a cock rutting inside me. It'd hurt at first—there's no way it wouldn't—but god, I want it. The thought of the rough stretch melting into a blissful fullness beyond anything ever dreamed of makes me feverish with need.

“Ren. Wake up, baby,” I say softly, reluctantly pulling my hand away. He's hard, but we didn't talk about doing anything like this, and I don't want to mistake his arousal for willingness to get a sleeping handjob.

“Mmm, what?” His sleep-soaked voice is sinfully rough, making me shiver.

“I'm sorry I fell asleep,” I murmur, able to pull back far enough to look him in the eye now that he's released me from his dreaming hold.

He blinks down at me in a momentary stupor, like he can't believe what he's seeing. “You're still here. I'm the one who should be sorry. It took forever.” He groans and closes his eye with a grimace.

“It's okay, you can make it up to me.” I slide up on the bed so we're face to face, and press a kiss to the side of his mouth, worried about my morning breath.

“I'd do anything for you,” he says reverently, his giant hands coming up to cradle my hips.

“Did you get what you needed?” I ask, breath speeding up as his fingers knead into my flesh in response to my question.

“Yeah,” he rasps, his cock twitching against my leg.

I bring my lips to his ear, nipping at his earlobe. “Then what are you waiting for, big

guy? Fuck me.”

Ren moves surprisingly fast for a man as massive as he is, rolling me onto my back and tearing down the covers as he slides down the bed and tugs my thighs apart. He doesn't bother taking my panties off, just tugs them to the side and buries his face against my pussy with a deep, almost tortured moan as he gets his first taste.

“Oh! Fuck, okay!” I gasp as Ren's huge tongue laps at me, and he groans, the vibration against my clit making my hips buck up against the intense sensation.

He looks up from between my thighs, his large single eye widening in alarm. The sight is so strange, but endearing because it's Ren. Big, sweet, goofy Ren who apparently eats pussy like he's starving. “Sorry! Is this alright?” He licks his lips and lets out a soft hum of pleasure. “You taste so good. Please tell me it's alright.”

I thread my hand through his hair and gently push his mouth back down where I need it. “It's more than alright. Keep going.”

Given the green light, Ren goes wild on me. It's a singular, incredibly hot experience having a man with a tongue twice the size of yours groaning with abandon into your pussy while he licks and sucks every inch of your pussy. I could get addicted to the feel of Ren's mouth on me. Hell, I think I already am.

“You're gonna make me come,” I gasp, my fingerstightening in his hair. I'm so close to falling over the edge, but instead of persisting, he pulls back, going to teasing flicks and strokes of his tongue. “No!” I cry out in frustration.

Ren looks up at me, mischief gleaming in his eye. “Sorry, I wasn't done yet.”

“You weren't done?” I ask, practically panting with the need to come.

“Yeah. If you came, I’d have to stop,” he says, sounding just as on edge.

This man. No, monster. He’s a little different than I expected. Less hesitant. And fuck if it isn’t sexy. “Make me come. I promise you can keep eating me out after.” I almost tell him he can stay down there as long as he wants, but I’m getting the impression that he’d never stop, and I want him inside me.

“Promise?” he asks, like I’m doing him a favor.

“Yeah, baby. Please, I need it.”

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Ren dives back in and it doesn't take long before I'm coming against his overwhelming tongue. He backs off and works me to another with surprising skill, dipping his tongue inside me and fucking me with it as his nose grinds against my clit.

"Alright. Enough," I gasp, after my third time coming from his mouth.

"Just a little longer?" Ren murmurs, sounding drunk from my pussy.

"I need your cock," I protest, trying to squirm away as he kisses my inner thigh.

"Fuck. Okay. Let me get the lube." Ren finally removes his face from between my legs, face soaked with my wetness.

Ren grabs a small jar from the top of the nightstand and uncaps it.

"So what exactly makes this lube magic?" I ask, eyeing the container.

"I'm not a witch so I don't know what the specific enchantment is, but from what my friends have told me, it makes it so things that shouldn't fit, uh, can." He looks down at the massive erection tenting his sleep shorts, a huge wet spot already soaking through the fabric from where he's leaked pre-cum, and gives me a slight grimace. "I'm not entirely convinced it's going to work. You're so small and I'm..."

"Enormous," I say, the word coming out breathy as I stare at the outline of his dick threatening to poke a hole in his shorts.

Ren rubs the back of his neck, his cheeks burnishing. “Y-yeah. Sorry.”

My mouth goes dry at the prospect, while my pussy floods in anticipation. “It’ll work. Give me that,” I say, holding my hand out for the lube.

He passes it over and I take a generous amount on two fingers and press them between my thighs, working them in my pussy to make myself as slick as possible. I half expect some kind of magic tingle or odd sensation, but it doesn’t immediately feel any different from regular lube.

Ren watches my movements, enraptured. After a few seconds, his daze breaks and he quickly tugs off his shorts, freeing the most obscenely large dick I’ve ever seen. The head is ruddy and slick with pre-cum, the veined shaft slightly curved in a way that will feel truly magical if I can manage to get him inside me.

“If” being the keyword. I might be delusional in thinking he’ll even be able to get the tip in. Physically, there’s no possible way he’ll be able to get more than a third of the length inside, but that’s not what I’m worried about. It’s how thick he is. There’s a flicker of doubt, despite my earlier confidence, but I’ll be damned if I’m not going to try.

CHAPTER 9

REN

If I’m not careful, I’m going to bust all over Emma’s face, untouched, from how she’s gaping at the sight of my cock. “It’s too big. Forget it,” I groan.

Emma shakes off her dick dazed expression and frowns at me. “No. Please, I want to at least try.”

“I’ll hurt you.” The filthy, perverted part of my brain has always liked the fantasy of it taking work to get my dick inside a human, but that never factored in the realities of how it would feel for my partner. Hurting someone is abhorrent to me.

“You won’t.” A dirty smile forms on her lips. “At least, not in a way I won’t enjoy.” Emma says, scooping up more of the lube that I hope to the gods is as good as Tomas and Caleb say it is, and rubbing it between her palms. “I promise I’ll tell you to stop if it’s the bad kind of discomfort, okay?”

What am I supposed to say? “No, I don’t want you to try to get my cock inside you even though that’s been the thought that I’ve stroked my dick to countless times?” No. Even I’m not that selfless. She wants me to try? Then I’ll fucking try.

Lube slick hands wrap around my cock, making me gasp. “Gotta get you nice and slick for me,” Emma murmurs. We both watch her hands glide up and down my shaft, and when I manage to pull my gaze away from the erotic sight, I see that she’s as mesmerized as I am.

“You like how big I am.” I don’t mean to say the thought aloud, and feel silly for stating the obvious. It just never occurred to me that my massive dick would be seen as anything other than frightening.

“Mmm, I do,” Emma purrs, teasing the head of my cock and making it buck in her grasp. “Your cock is a work of art, baby.” Her eyes pull up from watching her ministrations to meet my eyes. “All of you, is. I can’t wait to feel you inside me. Feel your big, powerful body pounding me into the bed.”

She releases my cock and moves back on the bed a bit, arranging pillows to prop her hips up, then lays back and spreads her legs. The sight of her glistening cunt, ready and waiting, has me needing to take a moment to compose myself.

Emma plays with her clit, her fingers dancing across it in a clear invitation. Her pupils blow wide as she watches me approach. However, when I get closer, it quickly becomes clear that it won't work in this position unless I want to be in a full squat the whole time I'm trying to ease inside her.

I try to contain my disappointment, but Emma giggles and shakes her head. "Sorry, didn't think that through." She flips over onto her hands and knees, then presses her hips up, presenting herself to me like I'm a beast that's going to rut her. "How about this?" she asks, smiling at me over her shoulder. I approach again, but it's still not going to line up.

"I need a taller bed," I mumble, starting to get embarrassed because it's obvious now that I've never fucked a human before.

Emma sits up and looks around the room, her eyes lighting up as she looks at my desk. "That's an adjustable desk, right? It might hold my weight, though I don't know if you want to risk breaking?—"

"I'll risk it." I blurt, already moving over to clear off the keyboard and monitors.

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She giggles and gets up from the bed, then gingerly sits on the edge of the desk, waiting for a moment to see if it seems stable, then nods. “Go for it.”

I press the button to raise the desk until her pussy is at the same height as my jutting cock. “You’re brilliant,” I say, grinning at Emma.

She gives me a pleased smile. “More like highly motivated. Next time, we’ll be more prepared.” Emma winks, and my heart stops.

Next time. She’s already so certain. “Y-yeah.”

With shaky hands, I line the tip of my lube-slicked cock with Emma’s entrance. There’s no way. It’s not going to fit. It’s not?—

I go to pull back, but Emma shakes her head at me. “Don’t you dare. Put it inside me.”

I grunt as I push my hips forward. I flush as I slip away from her entrance instead of sinking inside at all. “Shit, sorry.”

She smiles and reaches down to grasp my cock and guide it back to her entrance, holding it in place. “Relax, baby. Try again.”

I should be the one soothing her. I’m not the one about to get a gargantuan dick crammed inside me. Yet, I go molten at her encouragement. She wants this and fuck, I want to give it to her.

I let out a deep exhale, say a prayer to the gods, and press my hips forward again, with more force this time.

It takes four attempts before the head slowly sinks inside her.

My gaze immediately flicks up to Emma's face, and I find her watching my cock breaching her with wide, awestruck eyes.

"You fit," she gasps. "It's so much. Too much, butfuck, I want more."

She wraps her legs around my hips as best she can, and presses her heels into me, urging me to sink indeeper. We both suck in sharp breaths as another inch stretches her open.

Fuck, I'm already sweating. Her cunt is choking my cock so hard it's almost unbearable, but her face shows no sign of distress as I begin to pulse my hips in shallow thrusts, working myself inside her. Tunneling my cock into her heavenly, grasping heat while we both pant at the sensation.

"You o-okay?" I ask, forcing myself to freeze when she keens, but Emma nods her head insistently.

"My g-spot. You're curved... don't stop," she gasps, mouth falling open as she looks up into my eye.

Emma moans as I thrust again, slighting more insistently, the head of my cock striking the same spot as before.

Pleasure and pride surge inside me. I'm making her feel good. Gods, she's going to come around me. I can already feel her channel fluttering as I work inside her.

"You're going to come on my monster cock, aren't you?" I rasp, reaching up to palm

her breasts with one hand while the other falls between her spread thighs to thumb her clit.

She nods, eyes molten with desire. “Yes, yes, oh god, Ren, I’m gonna come. Fuck me as deep as you can. Make me come.”

I pound into her with abandon, confident now in the magic of the lube to keep me from damaging her. I watch where we’re joined, groaning at the obscene sight of my cock splitting her open. I thrust as deep as I can, angling my hips to catch the spot inside her that makes her cry out, until her cunt’s vise-like grip squeezes down on me even harder as she comes undone.

It’s too much. I follow her, bellowing out my pleasure as my cock floods her. I think I see the face of the Gods as Emma’s legs keep me trapped deep inside her as I release. I come so hard and she’s already so full of me that my cum overflows and drips down her thighs and out onto the desk.

We both hang there in silence as we come down from our orgasms. I’d be utterly unmoored in the aftermath of experiencing such life-altering pleasure, but Emma’s sweet smile keeps me anchored.

She shakes her head with a weak chuckle. “Goddamn, Ren. You’ve ruined me.”

My brow shoots up in alarm. “Oh god, I hurt you? I’m so?—”

She shakes her head, laughing harder. “No, silly. I meant you’ve ruined me for all other men. I hate to break it to you, but you’re stuck with me now.”

“I am?” I blink back at her surprising declaration.

“Yep.” She reaches up and tugs at my shoulder, and I stoop down so she can kiss me. It’s awkward and a little uncomfortable at this angle, but absolutely worth it. “You’re

kinda the man of my dreams,” she says softly.

“You’re joking,” I say, narrowing my eye at her, trying to figure out why she’s saying that. She doesn’t have to sweet talk me to get me to fuck her again.

“No, I’m really not. I’ve always had a thing for monsters. A fantasy, or at least I thought so.” She gives me a sheepish smile. “But it’s not that. I mean, that’s pretty fucking great, but I’m talking about you. You’re the total package, Ren. Kind, funny, considerate, the sweetest man I’ve ever met, and yeah, you’ve got a massive monster dick.”

The urge to cry swells within me at the sincerity in her voice. She likes me. Not in spite of my gentleness and monstrous features. It seems impossible to be true, yet here she is, beaming up at me. “Emma, you’re the dream.” I protest. “I’ve been waiting my whole life to find you.” I clear my throat. “Someone like you,” I correct, not wanting to sound crazy for telling her I think she’s my mate.

Emma’s smile grows even brighter. “Well, that’s good. Because I was absolutely waiting for you.”