



# Bend for Balor (Holiday Horrors #5)

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**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** Balor wants more than vengeance... He wants me—bent, broken, or burning.

After my grandparents' mysterious and tragic murder, I move back to Ireland to continue their legacy and run the family antique business. But there's more than dusty collectibles and bittersweet memories waiting for me.

The evil eye is there, watching, the way it has since my childhood.

Legend has it that my family is descended from monster hunters. They protected Ireland from Balor, the terrifying king of the giants, with an eye that could deliver death with a single glare. The eye was supposed to be our good luck charm.

So why does everyone I love keep dying?

Turns out, there's an ancient monster lurking within the ancient gemstone, plotting to punish me for what my family did to him centuries ago...

When Balor's vengeance turns to heated obsession, I must bend to his will. Or break.

**Total Pages (Source):** 20

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

## Chapter One

Maeve

I once read somewhere that grief is like a seed, planted deep in your chest. Water it with enough tears and eventually something beautiful will bloom from your loss.

What a load of fucking crap.

Grief is an infection you can't cut out. It festers and builds, growing heavier, weighing on you until you can't breathe. It's a gaping wound in your heart that will never heal right, and somehow you're expected to continue life like nothing's wrong. Like you're not rotting from the inside out.

When my grandparents were murdered during a robbery, my entire world flipped upside down. My only family, gone. Just like that. No goodbyes, no closure.

Simple tasks, like getting out of bed, felt like scaling Mt. Everest, and I couldn't summon the energy most days. Inevitably, I lost my job at the CPA firm I'd worked at since graduating Uni.

The crushing grief wasn't new to me. This wasn't my first run-in with tragedy.

When I was fifteen, my parents died in a car crash. After that, I moved to Ireland to live with my only remaining relatives—my grandparents—where they raised me until I moved back to the states for college.

I never should have left Ireland. What had I gotten out of it?

A college degree for something I didn't give two shits about anymore.

Why hadn't I just moved back to Cork after I graduated?

I'd asked myself that question so many goddamn times.

My therapist told me if I had, the robber would only have shot me too.

I told her he might as well have, with this gaping hole in my heart.

When I found out my grandparents had left me their antique shop, I was torn.

On one hand, McCrum's Curios was home. It had been in operation for almost as long as the old stone building had existed, handed down through generations of my family.

My parents had taken me there for Christmases when I was little, and as a kid living in a new construction duplex in the heart of Boston, it had felt like magic.

After the car crash, it went from this fairytale place I visited during the holidays to my year-round home.

McCrum's Curios had been a salve to my soul. Now, after all these years, I was going back. But it wouldn't be like before. There'd be no warmth or laughter. No family waiting for me with open arms.

It was empty now. Wounded. Missing a piece of its soul. Just like me.

The old antique shop was the last bit of family I had to hold onto, even if it wasn't a

living, breathing thing. It didn't matter. It felt alive, like it was waiting for me to come home.

Oliver Plunkett Street in Cork never seemed to change, no matter how much time passed. Most of the same antique and curio shops neighbored McCrum's. Same shop signs, same dusty antiques that never seemed to move from their display windows. Same nosey neighbors.

Mrs. O'Neill, owner of O'Neill's Vintage , still sat in her creaky rocking chair, just like she had when I was a kid. Cup of tea in hand, chatting the ear off a customer with gossip they couldn't care less about.

The old Irish woman glanced up and waved when she saw me coming up the sidewalk with my bags in tow.

I might have waved back if it wasn't for her too-loud whisper to the customer—probably a complete stranger.

“See that girl there? That's Maeve McCrum, granddaughter of that couple murdered next door a couple months ago.

Nose always in a book, or doodling away with her colored pencils, always hidin' from the world. ”

The elderly woman gave a woeful shake of her head before taking a drink from her cup. “Misfortune follows her everywhere, poor cailín .”

I ignored her and turned my attention to the sign affixed to the fence bordering the McCrum property. It read “ McCrum's Curios and Antiques .”

Knocking some of the dirt crusting the letters loose with my sleeve, I shot Mrs.

O'Neill a dirty look.

“Well, not so much as a hello or nothin’,” the old woman huffed. “That big fancy college in America not teach these young folk manners?”

Snorting, I jammed the antique skeleton key into the front door's brass hardware, and when the hinges groaned open, I stepped inside.

I would have slammed the door behind me as a message to gossipy Mrs. O'Neill, if it wasn't for the old stained-glass window embedded in the antique wood, depicting a clover with an eyeball in its center.

My fingers stroked the colored glass panels before gently closing the door and turning to take in the store with my belly in knots.

Being back summoned complicated feelings.

It smelled just like I remembered. Like aged leather and wood, weathered books and something else I couldn't ever put my finger on, a deep and spicy aroma. It probably smelled like any other antique shop to everyone else, but to me it was heaven.

A scratchy meow at my feet had me looking down to see a tubby calico cat brushing against my leg.

For the first time in what felt like forever, joy filled my chest, and tears of happiness trickled down my cheeks. “Gilly!”

My luggage thunked to the floor, and I dropped to my knees, sweeping my grandparents' cat into my arms.

The police had said there was no sign of Gilly when they'd been here, and I figured

the robbers had let her out in their hurry to flee the crime scene.

The cat mushed her face into my tear-soaked cheek, purring and chirping happily. She must have survived on the shop mice all this time. “I’m so happy you’re here, Gilly. I thought I was all alone.”

The calico cat licked my nose, as if to affirm that we were in this together, then hopped out of my arms and retreated to an overstuffed armchair for a nap.

I’d been home for all of five seconds and, just like that, it was like I’d never left at all.

Even the store and some of the stock looked just how I’d last seen it. Stacks of furniture with all sorts of jewelry, vintage clothing and old curios filled every nook and cranny.

The rows of stuff were piled so high you couldn’t see over them, the pathways between so confusing that signs with arrows pointing toward the exit and the register hung from the exposed ceiling beams.

Despite it being in the middle of the day, it was dark.

Tapestries and other hangings for sale covered much of the windows.

A plethora of lamps were plugged in with extension cords that threaded through the piles of inventory to the nearest wall socket.

It was a miracle McCrum’s hadn’t burned down yet; everything about it was a fire hazard.

As I wandered deeper into the shop, signs of the tragedy that had taken place here became evident. Books scattered the floor, pages knocked from their bindings. A lot

of the shop's stock had been taken as evidence, but none of it had helped.

They still hadn't found the bastards who murdered my grandparents.

I stepped over a toppled chair to reach the shop counter. Tears were flowing again, but now they were anything but happy.

There, staining the dark wood of the counter, was my grandpa's blood.

The counter was beautifully carved and too big for the space it occupied.

It had once been the bar in an old pub my great-great-grandparents had courted in.

They'd bought the bar when the pub itself went out of business and used it for their store's register counter.

Now the beautiful antique was stained with their grandson's blood.

The entire store was filled with old family legends, but the most interesting wasn't the bar. It was what was mounted on the wall behind it.

Walking around the register, I grabbed a chair and stood on it to reach an unassuming oil painting—since I was five feet tall and couldn't reach dick on my own—hanging on the wall.

It was ugly, depicting a clumsily painted pile of kittens.

It was also worthless, so no one ever asked about it, which was exactly what my grandparents intended.

The painting hid a secret.

I lifted the canvas off its hook to reveal a bronze shield etched with a celtic knot. At its center was a giant golden-yellow topaz fused into the metal.

Grandpa used to tell me stories about how our ancestors were once powerful monster hunters, who helped protect Ireland from dangerous creatures.

Supposedly, our ancestors were at the Battle of Mag Tuired, a devastating fight between giants and man.

Our side won, and the giant king's eye—said to contain ancient power—was pried from his skull and given to our family as a trophy.

It was supposed to bring us luck. Ha.

The amber gemstone was beautifully eerie. When I was a kid, I'd climbed up on a chair just like this with a stick or broom to sneak a peek beneath the painting, and imagined the king of the giants staring back at me from his evil eye.

A shift in the gem's reflection had a shiver skipping down my spine. I hadn't moved a muscle, yet there it was again, moving shadows and glittering light on the stone's surface.

I replaced the painting, hiding the stone from view.

It wasn't like I bought into the legend about the king of the giants and his eye of destruction. But I did know one thing:

It sure as fuck wasn't lucky.



## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Two

#### Balor

I knew who she was the moment the shop bell rang and she stepped inside. Maeve McCrum, the last surviving descendant of the monster hunters who cursed me.

She should have stayed in America. Because someday, somehow, I'd find a way to break my curse, and when I did, I'd kill her.

I wasn't sure how long I'd been trapped in this blasted form.

After the first few centuries, the years melded together.

But I heard everything. Each tick of the grandfather clock in the corner, taunting me with the passing seconds.

The hum of the human machines on the road outside.

The skitter of the mice inside the walls. Every jingle of the shop bell.

That fucking bell. It's ring wormed into my thoughts, my nightmares. It wasn't just the bell. This place, this curse, it was more than a prison. It was ball blistering torture .

I'd end the bloodline that did this to me.

Poor little Maeve McCrum. She was the last of her kind, meaning she was the only one left to be punished.

I almost pitied the mortal female. Unlike the rest of her kin, she had no knowledge of what her family had done to me. She wasn't privy to the dark secret her precious home held.

Maeve's ancestors had stolen everything from me. They knew the truth of what I was, the curse that bled me of my magic. None of them tried to set me free. Why would they? I was the battery that fueled their livelihoods, and kept them warm through the centuries, fed through the famines.

Deloras and Liam McCrum were lucky that it was Otherworld cultists that broke in and killed them. They'd died at gunpoint, quick and clean.

I wouldn't have been so merciful.

It wasn't the first time cultists had broken into the store in search of my eye, though it had been decades. They'd be back. They always came back.

Chances were good they'd kill the girl this time, too. The thought filled me with fire. Her life was mine to snuff.

Fantasies of her death danced in my mind. I'd take my time stripping her flesh from her bones, working to the music of her screams. Then I'd set the mess I made of her aflame and inhale the smoke like fine tobacco or Blackweed.

My dark thoughts melted into the black of my brain when the painting lifted off my eye.

The last time I'd seen Deloras and Liam's granddaughter, she was barely more than a

girl. Now, she had to be in her late twenties.

Fire and fury. She was beautiful, with hair as pale as wheat and eyes as blue as sapphires.

And she was so fucking wee . In my true size, she'd fit in my palm.

Just a twitch of my fingers and her bones would break like dry twigs.

She had a round face, with full-pouty lips that begged to be kissed.

I imagined them red and blistered from the heat of my own skin.

I loathed humans. There was something about them that turned my insides molten. Maeve was no exception, but there was something different about the fire she stirred inside me. The urge to play with her before ending her life spread through me like wildfire.

The girl was so short she had to grab a chair to lift up the painting hiding my eye. Just like when she was younger, and would sneak peeks at the stone when she thought no one was looking.

Back then, Maeve had taken in the topaz with wonder. Now she eyed it with weary suspicion. Even if her human rationale told her not to believe in the legend of Balor, there was no denying the malevolent energy pouring off my gem in powerful waves.

When she placed the canvas back over my eye, I tried to shout at her.

Not that damn painting. If it weren't for the curse draining every last drop of my magic, I could ignite it in a blink.

Without my magic, I was blinded. I could still hear her though, tromping up the stairs to the apartment above to unpack her luggage.

In the past, the noises in the shop and upstairs didn't intrigue me. I'd sink into the back of my mind, think about the old days. My home in Tír na nÓg, the uprising. How I'd nearly won, and taken Ireland for the Fomorians.

So it was strange that I found Maeve's sounds interesting enough to keep my ears perked. Even just her unpacking, and her mutterings. Ordering food to the door. Her footsteps. Her sniffles—she'd been crying again.

Some hours later, she'd finished her food and, by the creak of springs, went to bed. But she didn't go to sleep.

There was the sound of rustling fabric, followed by faint and breathy huffs.

"Fuck," she moaned as she touched herself. She didn't bother being quiet; she didn't think anyone but Gilly could hear her.

For years, I'd tuned out the McCrums—their fights, their boring small talk with customers, their rutting. I didn't listen to any of it. I didn't care about their lives. Only their deaths interested me.

Maeve, at least this older more damaged version of her, was different.

I strained the only sense they hadn't taken from me, eating up the filthy noises bleeding through the floorboards.

Her heated moans, the obscene little squelches as her fingers slipped inside her dripping mound, the rustle of fabric as her toes curled into the sheets.

A dangerous cocktail of hunger and frustration burned through me as I listened to Maeve pleasure herself. By her quiet sobs, she wasn't having any fun. She was probably rubbing one out in hopes it would help her sleep.

Ages had passed since I'd buried myself between the thighs of a woman. Even if by some dark miracle the curse broke, I could never bed another woman again. Monsters and fairies and other magical beings were long extinct. What was left? Human women? Too small. Too flammable.

I couldn't touch humans without killing them.

My size alone would be too much.

Maeve would never survive me.

But that didn't stop my imagination from going wild.

If these were the old days, I'd transform into my true shape—the building would be destroyed and perhaps I'd pluck Maeve's lifeless body from the wreckage and wave her around for all of Ireland to see while I smashed my way across the country, crushing and burning everything in my wake.

These days I'd have more finesse.

I'd shift to the smallest form I could manage, about eight feet, walk upstairs as quietly as I could manage. I'd wait until she was asleep. I imagined finding her naked, pale flesh wrapped in my firelight as I approached.

I'd climb into her bed. Roll her onto her back. Mount her. I'd lick her lips and watch the moisture sizzle away from my heat on the next beat. Then I'd push myself inside to wake her up.

Would she scream at the intrusion? Would she fight back? Or would she be soft and pliable, my little misfortune, accepting of her ill luck?

In reality, she'd do nothing but burn. To mortals, my touch meant death. Still, it was a nice little fantasy, imagining how much of my cock she could take before she broke...

The filthy thought had me growling and the entire building groaned. Maeve's moan turned to a gasp as I jerked her from her bliss.

"Old creepy house," the girl grumbled after a moment. "Always fucking groaning like it's alive."

If it wasn't for this spell keeping me to this goblinshite of a form, I'd be grinning like a devil. If only you knew just how alive your precious shop is, wee one .

Days passed and my interest in Maeve McCrum began to gnaw at my gut, as if I'd swallowed a rabid pixie. Her sapphire eyes were permanently burned into my mind, and I caught myself hoping she'd peek beneath my painting again, just so I could have another look at her.

As the days passed, my curiosity for the little lass with golden curls turned feral.

I hung onto her every breath, every inconsequential noise. Her phone calls with the utility companies and movers, her takeout orders. Something called kung pow pork was her favorite and, for some stupid fecking reason, I found that compelling.

Even the ridiculous baby talk she used on Gilly drew me in.

Then she started talking to me . "Bye, Gilly-Billy!" she cooed to the chubby calico perched on an old hope chest pushed beneath a window. "Bye, Balor!"

If I had a heart, it might have skipped a beat. Did this human call me by name? Did she... No. She knew the legend, but she didn't know the dark secret of her precious store. Most of the McCrum's hadn't, at least not the full extent of it. That had been lost generations ago.

How long had it been since someone had spoken to me? Hundreds of years. I knew mortals were precious about their possessions and named them, sentient or not.

As the days passed, and her loneliness seemed to deepen, our one-way conversations became more complex. She'd muse about old memories, and ask me questions about the shop books as she went through old records.

She'd tell me goodbye whenever she stepped out to pick up her takeout or groceries. When she came back, the bell jingled with her return, and I caught myself hating that bell a little less.

And just like that, my curiosity for Maeve McCrum morphed into a ravenous obsession that was spreading as quickly as a medieval disease.

"Gilly, which sweater should I wear for tonight?" Maeve's soft footsteps padded down the stairs. The cat meowed from where she sat on the shop counter and Maeve heaved a sigh. "You're no help."

After a beat of silence came the sound of scraping wood as Maeve slid a chair across the floor.

The painting lifted, and there she was.

With where she was standing, a beam of light cutting between the window tapestries lit up her pale curls like a crown on her head. Her deep blue eyes sparkled and something nearing a smile lurked at the corner of her pert lips.

“Let’s pretend you’re in there for a second, Balor. Help a girl out. Which one should I wear? This one is more green, but this is one of the new merch sweaters I ordered for the shop.”

She had a sweater clutched in each hand, one was green and the other purple, with the shop’s shamrock logo at its center.

My attention was immediately ripped from the sweaters when I realized that Maeve was completely topless. No trousers on, either. The only garment covering her was a pair of cotton panties with fabric so thin I could make out the well-groomed strip of blonde hair thatching her mound.

Her milk pale skin practically glowed in the sunlight. How could a mortal female be so fucking beautiful? If I didn’t know for a fact that the magic in her bloodline had died centuries ago, I would have thought she was using it to entrance me.

If it wasn’t for the curse, I wouldn’t be able to stop myself from reaching for her.

I imagined her subtle curves covered in huge handprints, her flesh angry and blistered from my heat.

Her nipples were a rosy pink, and it must have been chilly in the shop with the way they hardened.

I didn’t have a body yet, somehow, I felt my cock thickening. I ached to bury myself inside her, regardless of how much it hurt her.

Surely her screams would be just as delicious as the rest of her.

Maeve pretended to have a conversation with me that I hardly paid attention to. Until “Saint Patrick’s Day” dropped from her perfect lips.



Feck. Was it Saint Patrick's Day already?

The holiday put a rancid taste in my mouth, always had.

It celebrated Saint Patrick, the patron saint who brought Christianity to Ireland, driving out those who worshipped the old gods.

And how did the humans observe the death of paganism in Ireland?

With parades and shamrocks and wearing green.

The beer was the only tolerable part about the whole thing.

And why fecking leprechauns? Not as though the cunning wee bastards ever did humanity a single good turn.

Maeve replaced the painting back over my eye before padding upstairs to finish dressing. "Going to the pub for a drink. Don't wait up," she said several minutes later, coming back down the stairs. "Bye Gilly! Bye Balor!"

The front door closed, the chime of the bell announcing her exit, and I was left with my thoughts.

What were the odds of me ever being free again?

What would I even do? Destroy everything the McCrum's had held dear—except for Gilly.

The cat had kept me company in my loneliest hours.

But what next? My kind were gone. I was the last of the fomorians.

I was prepared to die there on that bloody moor alongside my warriors, as any king worthy of his crown would.

Instead, I was taken prisoner. Reduced to this.

Pining for a girl that I vowed to kill. And a fecking mortal at that. Humans used to be nothing but worms to squash beneath my feet. I used to be a titan of a male, whose mere footsteps would make all of Ireland quake. Now I didn't even have bullocks to scratch.

The sun set and the hours wore on. When the bell sounded, I thought Maeve had come home.

But no. Something was wrong.

The door had been forced in and heavy footsteps, belonging to men and not a five-foot-tall woman, clambered into my shop.

Gilly hissed at the intruders and bolted into hiding. Good. Being imprisoned in this shameful form was bad enough, but if those bastards hurt my cat—

“Tear the place apart. This time we're not leaving without the evil eye.”

Rage had me tensing, and the entire building quaked.

“Wha—Earthquake?”

“No. It's the fomorian king's wrath. He doesn't want us finding the eye. Hurry.”

These weren't mere robbers, but cultists looking for my eye. With it, they'd have the power to travel to Tír na nóg—The Otherworld.

These were the same people who'd broken in and killed Maeve's grandparents when they'd refused to give up the stone's location.

They'd robbed me of their deaths. There was nothing I could do to stop them then, and if Maeve came home before they found what they were after, I'd be powerless to stop them from hurting her too.

As much as I wanted her dead, a possessive fire flared through me.

Maeve McCrum belonged to me.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Three

Maeve

Irish pubs were in a whole different league than the bars I'd been to in America. They were warm and intimate, almost always with live music and intermingling between patrons.

Tonight, the pub down the block from McCrum's Curios, was especially lively.

As an introvert, I wouldn't normally be so keen to talk to strangers. But these were locals, people who would hopefully turn into customers once I opened the shop. If I could even bring myself to open the shop.

I'd been back in Ireland almost two weeks now, and I couldn't seem to make myself officially open McCrum's again.

Something felt off.

I had a feeling the store wasn't ready to open yet and, for whatever reason, I decided to honor that. Plus, that allowed me more time to read and draw and heal.

With the extra time, I'd also re-familiarized myself with the shop and the building. I'd even taken to calling it Balor. I didn't believe that the topaz hidden beneath the kitten painting was actually Balor's evil eye, but it felt nice giving the store a name.

It was like the shop was a friend and family member. I needed that now more than

ever.

Plus, giving the store a name and talking to it helped me feel more at ease. Because there was a vague ominous feeling I got from being in the shop alone...

I'd done a general inventory—or tried to—of the stock, and I'd taken so much of it to the charity shops.

When I'd come back, it was like I hadn't made a dent at all.

I couldn't find any records of my grandparents ever buying any new stock.

And now that I was thinking about it, when I lived here during my teen years I couldn't remember a single time that I'd seen them buying anything, from anyone.

It just magically appeared.

Talking to the store, asking for its opinion and advice. Magical regenerating antiques. Maybe in the wake of all the tragedy I'd suffered, I was losing all my marbles.

Fuck me. I really needed a drink. No, what I really needed was to get laid.

I couldn't remember the last time I'd gotten any cock. My romance novels—even the smutty monster ones—and dildo weren't cutting it anymore. I was feral, to the point where I was going out on one of the busiest drinking nights in Cork. All for the chance at finally getting some.

“What's yer name?”

The voice, with its traces of northern origin, had me glancing up from my ale to find a ginger-haired man with a lopsided smile looming over my table, a glass of beer in

his hand. Oof, a red-head. There was something about that coppery hue on men that twisted up my insides.

I swallowed, my cheeks heating. “Oh, uh. Maeve.”

His bushy brows shot up at my answer. “Ah, the accent. Yer American?”

With my nod, he sat himself at the other end of my table, placing his drink in front of him. “Here for an authentic St. Patrick’s Day? Well, if yer looking for corned beef and green beer, ya won’t find any of that here.”

I took a drink of my beer and shot the man a patronizing look. “I’m aware that the holiday traditions are a bit different here than in the States. I’m Irish-American. Moved back here a couple of weeks ago.”

“Moved back? Fer what?”

“I inherited my grandparents’ antique shop.”

I wasn’t sure if it was all the body heat, or the attention from this cute guy making me warm. Whatever it was, the warmth had me tugging off my coat.

The man’s eyes rounded when his attention dropped to the logo on my sweater.

In preparation for the grand-reopening of the store, I’d gotten McCrum’s Curios branded shirts and sweaters.

I’d drawn the logo myself, modeling the shamrock with the eyeball after the stained glass on the store’s front door.

“Wait. McCrum’s Curios?”

“You’ve heard of it?”

The man nearly choked on his beer. “Heard of it? Are ya coddin’ me?”

“Uh—”

“Wait. Grandparents, ya said? Is yer name Maeve McCrum?”

I blinked. “You know me?”

He lit up, like I’d just told him I personally knew the pope and could put in a good word for him. “Well, ain’t that grand? I know of ye. Everyone does. McCrum’s Curios is a bit of a local legend. Especially after what happened.”

My smile melted when I realized what he meant.

“Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean—”

“It’s okay,” I mumbled into my glass and took another drink.

“My condolences,” he said after a minute or two of silence, his tone more dower than before.

“Thanks.” I forced a smile and took another drink.

“My name’s Conor. Please, let me get ya another ale.”

I accepted. The more I drank, the easier it was to forget about the fact that this man knew me from the murder investigation surrounding my family and my shop. And for whatever reason, that seemed to excite him. Maybe he was one of those true crime junkies.

By the time I downed my third ale, I didn't give a fuck how he knew me. He was cute, and with how long it had been since getting laid, that was enough for me.

“So, what did ya do today to celebrate St. Paddy's Day then, Maeve McCrum? See the Cork St. Parade? Kiss the Blarney stone?”

I wrinkled my nose. “The Blarney stone? Hell no, locals pee all over that thing.”

Conor laughed, and the sound echoed off the pub's old stone walls, like it was a part of the music from the live band in the corner. “That's what makes it lucky.”

“Yeah, well, this is enough celebration for me.” I gestured to my beer. “It was between this and staying back at my shop, talking to the store like some kind of crazy person.”

“Ya... talk to yer store? What, like it's a person?”

I shrugged. “Might as well be with how old it is. It has secrets and scars just like any human. And it's the closest thing I have to family, now that my grandparents are gone.”

My candidness was usually a turn off for American men, but Conor nodded in sympathy and bought me another beer. “Ye know, the whole city mourned your grandparents after what happened. It was all over the news. Terrible tragedy.”

By some miracle, probably with help from the alcohol, I managed a smile. It was nice that I'd run into someone who took interest in the shop. He seemed like a genuine fan. The only part that struck me as odd was that he'd never been inside the store.

“I'd love to see it!” he gushed, when I'd mentioned I'd just moved in. He shot up from his chair, practically buzzing with excitement and held out a hand for me to



take. “C’mon. Give me a tour, what do ya say?”

“The McCrum clover!” Conor gaped at the stained glass window as I unlocked the door.

“Uh, yep. Family legend, I guess. The store’s supposed to be lucky.

” As soon as the notion to tell Conor about the king of the giants and his evil eye popped into my head, I dismissed it.

The guy would never stop gushing if I did.

He was nice enough, but he hadn’t stopped talking about all the rumors surrounding my store the entire walk here.

This type of guy was someone I’d never go for if I was looking for anything long term. But all I wanted was a meaningless hookup. I needed the distraction, and someone to talk to that wasn’t Gilly or the shop.

What I probably needed was a new therapist, but for now, as drunk as I was, fucking this random guy would have to do.

Once we were inside, Conor’s jaw dropped.

“You’re acting like you’ve never seen an antique store before,” I said, slinging my purse on the arm of a random chair.

“G’way outta that!” He dismissed me with a hand wave. “This place is grand!”

Admittedly, my date’s enthusiasm was infectious. I loved my home, but my feelings were complicated. These walls had seen too much blood and pain.

It was refreshing, seeing it through the eyes of someone else. It reminded me of the first time when I visited with my parents for Christmas when I was six. Coming from our duplex in Boston, stepping into McCrum's was like falling into a fairytale.

I smiled. "It is nice, isn't it? Messy as fuck, but it's been like that my whole life."

"Can ya show me the back of the store?"

"Oh, um. How about I give you the tour upstairs? I can show you my room. It hasn't changed much since I was a teenager, so you'll have to ignore the One Direction posters—" Before I could finish my sentence, Conor gripped my arms and pushed me against the wall.

Hot lips crashed down on mine in a frantic, sloppy kiss that had my head spinning. His pelvis pressed against me, and the hardness in his pants jabbed me in just the right place, pushing a breathy moan from my lips.

Fuck. I needed it bad.

Conor ripped away from me with a gasp as the store shook and groaned. "What is that? An earthquake or something?"

"It's just the building. It's old. It does that sometimes," I panted, tugging at his shirt and pressing on my tiptoes to reach his lips.

"R-right." He bent back down, kissing me again with that same urgency as before.

Taking me by the waist, he guided me backward, making me think he was guiding me toward one of the many sofas scattered around. Instead, my butt hit hard wood and I broke our kiss to take in my surroundings.

Conor had pushed me against the register counter. Anger shot through me, realizing that he'd distracted me to indulge his request to see the sales counter.

The anger fizzled out as soon as he lifted me up on the counter and pushed his tongue into my mouth.

Okay, so this guy was kind of pushy. But I needed to get laid.

I'd use him tonight, get myself off and never see him again.

He'd told me he was a regular at the pub down the street.

Good thing there were plenty of other pubs in this neighborhood.

This kiss was deep and passionate. At first. Something seemed to be dragging Conor's focus away from me. I opened my eyes to see him stroking his fingers over the bloodstains on the counter.

"Is this where yer grandfather died?"

I froze. Something in my body language probably confirmed it, because he continued "It happened right here! So cool."

I jerked my head back, disgust twisting my face. "What do you mean, cool? "

Conor wasn't paying attention to me. I realized it hadn't been me he was interested in this whole night.

He bit his lip, practically fondling the bloodstain. "There's rumors ya know. That it wasn't robbers who broke in, but cultists. Pagans who worship the old gods, looking to open the portal into the Otherworld and start life over, away from modern Ireland."

“Why would cultists break into an old antique shop and murder my grandparents?”

“Rumor has it that they’re guarding an old artifact, something with magical power that could help gain access to the Otherworld.”

“Where did you hear about that?” I snapped, the urge to punch him in the throat building with every second.

“It’s everywhere. Irish folk love their stories. I can only imagine what everyone back at the pub will say when they hear I rode the last McCrum on the very counter her grandfather bled out. That’ll be a tale to get me a few free rounds for sure.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Four

Maeve

I was so shocked by the words spilling from Conor's mouth that I couldn't make myself move. Not only did this whole thing about cultists make a scary amount of sense, but cold horror washed over me as I realized this man wasn't interested in me.

He was only interested in my connection to the McCrum legend.

"G—get out," I finally managed when he dipped down for another kiss.

I tried to push him away but he gripped my wrists, painfully tight. "Come on. Ya invited me here fer a tour and I intend to get one. Now be a good host and open yer legs."

He gripped my knees and pried my thighs apart, ignoring my attempts to shove him away.

He wedged himself between my legs as he held them open by force. He was still as hard as a rock. His cock seemed to grow the harder I fought.

"Y—you sick fuck!"

"Call me whatever ya want. Ya don't fool me. Ya said so yerself. Yer lonely, and need someone to talk to. No need to talk to the shop, ya got me."

This creep wasn't going to let up. I stopped struggling and he laughed. "That's a good girl. Now, how do you want it?"

A sudden calmness swept over me as an idea bloomed in the forefront of my mind. "Can you go down on me?"

I half expected Conor to say no. Obviously, he was a selfish lover, considering he wasn't familiar with the word "no."

So a heady combination of shock, disgust and relief washed through me as he got on his knees and lifted my tartan skirt. He was too busy pulling my panties down my legs to notice me lean back on the counter and reach for the old revolver my grandfather kept stashed beneath the register.

It didn't work. Maybe if it had he would still be alive.

But Conor wouldn't know that it was broken, or that it wasn't even loaded. I took aim at his head and made a show of cocking the hammer. At the lock click of metal, Conor glanced up from my thighs.

If this wasn't such a scary situation, I would have laughed at the sheer terror on his face. Good. I never wanted him to forget the terror he felt in this moment, staring down the barrel of my gun.

"What the feck is that for?"

"Oh, so you're not only a disgusting twit, but you're stupid too? Haven't you heard? I'm descended from a long and distinguished line of people who've made their living killing monsters. In today's world, that means you."

The man slowly raised his hands in the air and got up from the floor. "I'll just go

then. I didn't mean anything by it. I was just—just faffin' around.”

“Well faff somewhere else, you bastard.”

Muffled voices from upstairs had me freezing in place.

Someone's inside the building!

A second voice joined the first, and from the sound of footsteps of creaky wood, they were coming down the stairs.

Deciding these strangers were probably a bigger threat than Conor, I aimed my gun at the stairs.

My heart stopped in my chest when they appeared. Tall, covered head to toe in black, with masks covering their features. They were both armed and had their guns trained on me and Conor.

They weren't at all put off by the revolver in my hand.

“Well if it isn't the little granddaughter. You've grown,” one of the men cackled.

“I don't know who you are or what you want...” I couldn't stop my hands from shaking, but I managed to keep my voice steady. “But if you don't leave right now, I'll shoot.”

“I don't think you will, girl. Not unless your grandpa got that gun fixed since the last time we were here. And considering the state we left him in, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that he hasn't had a chance yet.”

They were here before? My heart sank from my chest and dropped straight to the

floor.

These were the men who killed my grandparents.

“Where’s the evil eye?” the taller of the two men demanded.

They knew about the topaz. They didn’t look like cultists, but they definitely weren’t the average burglar either.

“First one to tell us gets to live.”

Conor flinched as if he’d been physically struck, while I didn’t so much as bat an eyelash.

Threatening me with death when I’d already seen so much of it—and in my darker moments, yearned for it —did nothing to pull a reaction from me.

“Have fun tearing this whole place apart. You’ll be looking for weeks,” I snarled.

“We can make her talk,” one of them hissed beneath his breath to his companion. His whisper was purposefully loud, probably hoping to scare me into submission.

The second gunman eyed me, probably seeing something in my face that gave way to the fact that I wouldn’t crack. He turned his attention to Conor. “What about you? Where is the evil eye?”

“I’ve never been here before. She’s the McCrum, not me.” The red-headed creep shot me an accusatory glare, as if this was all my fault. As if I’d lured him here. “I have nothing to do with any of this!”

Conor flung himself into the labyrinth of antiques, gunning for the exit. One of the



cultists ran after him.

Using the distraction, I hurled my grandpa's broken revolver at the second gunman. He swung around, eyes widening as the gun hurtled toward his head. He shot at me, but in the chaos, he missed. The bullet ricocheted off the wall over my head.

I don't know what compelled me to look away from the armed man. Whatever the reason, my head whipped around to see the bullet had gone through the kitten painting. The hole in the canvas glowed ominously, like the topaz beneath had been blown open and whatever inside was burning up.

There was no time to investigate.

When the gunman crumpled to the ground, blood spilling onto the floor from his fresh head wound where my revolver made contact, I grabbed his gun and shot into the maze of furniture.

With a gun in one hand, I used my other to grab my phone out of the back pocket of my jeans. With shaky fingers, I punched 999 into the dial pad.

Before I could hit send, the building jerked violently, and I dropped to the ground. My phone and the gun slid out of reach under a cluster of junk. Disoriented, I jumped to my feet, looking around wildly.

The entire building was quaking so hard, the floorboards shook and the nails holding them down rattled loose, while shelves overflowing with figurines and other antiques toppled over in an explosion of glass and porcelain.

A vicious shiver skipped up my back. This was no earthquake. A foreboding sensation, deep under my skin, told me it was something far more dangerous.

An unholy scream ripped my attention away from that voice in the back of my head telling me things that made no logical sense.

Thanks to the piles of junk, I couldn't see the source of the scream.

Was it Conor? Was it the gunman? Whoever it was, he was running with an urgency that told me someone— something —was chasing him.

My heart pounded in rhythm with the frantic beat his feet made against the old floorboards. Then, he must have tripped. There was a curse, followed by the clatter of something heavy and fragile.

His string of curses was interrupted by another scream. The sound sent a chill straight to my marrow. Then, a pinched yelp and the crunch of bone as a torrent of blood and bits of flesh exploded onto the ceiling.

My hand slapped over my mouth to stifle a scream of my own.

A bullet wasn't responsible for that kind of carnage.

I knew the labyrinth of antiques like the back of my hand, and could navigate the aisles with my eyes closed. But the mysterious quake had shifted everything, throwing off my sense of direction. I had to look up and use the signs pointing toward the exit.

The arrow dangling over my head, now covered in specks of blood and brain matter, pointed me to the front door.

I stepped over broken pieces of furniture and traversed piles of toppled bookcases, hope lifting my chest when the front door came into view. It came crashing down to the pit of my gut when the second gunman—the one I'd knocked out—rounded the

corner, blocking my path to the door.

“There you are, bitch! Give us the topaz!”

Taking a step back, my head swung around in search of a weapon. There was nothing but smashed china and antique tchotchkes. Shit luck. But, what else was new?

The intruder was wearing a half mask, but his evil grin shone bright in his eyes.

“The McCrum’s magic really has run dry through the generations, hasn’t it? Your family used to be powerful monster hunters. Now look at you. Cornered like a helpless animal.”

He took another step toward me, close enough now that I could smell the blood dripping down his temple. He reached for me, and I raised my hands to defend myself. He wouldn’t be the first creep I’d had to fend off tonight.

The blow never landed.

A porcelain doll flew at him, like someone had flung it. At first I thought it might have been Conor, growing some balls to help me out. But then a collector’s plate on the wall was ripped from its display hook and smashed into the man’s head. Then a lamp and a dozen more objects followed.

No one was throwing them. The antiques were moving on their own!

The man covered his head with his arms and stumbled for the door.

He reached for the knob, but his fingers never made contact.

A floorboard ripped up from its nails and smashed through his chest. Blood splattered

the stained glass clover on the door, the eye nestled in the center of the leaves looking at the man with blank indifference.

He crumpled to the floor, lifeless.

The beat of my heart turned into a brain-obliteration roar in my ears.

It was the building. The building attacked the cultist.

Before I could do anything else, there was a sound of cracking glass again. On the next frantic beat of my heart, a flash of amber light illuminated the wreckage, and the building shook again.

The antiques, the furniture, the wall hangings—everything—began to vanish into thin air. The floorboards and the nails holding them down disappeared next. Then the roof and walls.

One moment, I was standing in my antique shop and the next, I was outside. Like the building had never been there to begin with.

The corpses of the two cultists flopped to the Earth, and as my apartment upstairs disappeared, my clothes, my drawing pencils, and other various possessions rained from the sky.

Gilly landed on her feet and zipped off into the alley behind Mrs. O'Neill's store.

The desk Conor had been cowering beneath was gone in a blink. The red-head looked around the street, wide-eyed and half out of his mind. We made eye contact for a second before he shot off into the night.

As the final traces of McCrum's Curios and Antiques vanished right before my eyes,

the topaz remained in the air. As if it had been the thing holding up the shop rather than the other way around.

It was cracked, with the bullet still embedded in the stone.

The silhouette of a ridiculously large man began to shimmer around the topaz, slowly taking shape. He had flaming locks of copper hair, with smoldering tips that crackled and smoked. The glow of his hair chased away the murk of night.

He was insanely tall, with a muscular frame donned in a duster jacket that fell to the tops of his heavy leather boots.

The jacket was made of a hodgepodge of materials, with leather and floral patterns I'd seen before.

A moment later, it hit me. His jacket was made from the upholstery of various pieces around the shop.

The man was standing with his back to me but even from this vantage I could see the gold and jewels draping his brawny frame.

Everything in McCrum's had disappeared, and in its place stood this stranger who'd appeared from the topaz.

My precious antique shop, my only home, had turned into a giant monstrous man.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Five

#### Balor

After eight miserable centuries, I was free. Free of this curse that had forced me into that wretched building.

I was finally. Fecking. Free.

The McCrums had used my eye and the magic within as a battery. Me. The king of giants, milked for every drop of magic I was worth. Then they had the audacity to call my eye lucky.

For the first time in centuries, I finally felt like luck was on my side.

The cultist's bullet had narrowly missed Maeve, and instead shot through the painting concealing my eye, burrowing straight into the stone.

Freeing me from my prison.

“Fire and fury, does that feel good,” I groaned as I stretched my arms and flexed my fingers for the first time in an age.

I had a body again. Muscles to flex. A cock to stroke.

Fire filled my lungs, my veins. The cool night air licked at my flames, and I turned my head up and laughed at the sky.

Movement dragged my attention back to the Earth, cutting my celebration short.

The pathetic male who Maeve had brought home from the pub scrambled into the dark like a cockroach rid of its rock.

A slow, manic smile stretched my mouth. That old urge to crush and kill burned under my skin, and as luck would have it, I'd already found a victim.

There were a million ways I could do it. I could shift, and crush him beneath my feet. Unoriginal, but it was a classic for a reason. I could shoot fire from my eye. I could stay in my smaller form—a mere eight feet tall—and gut him with my bare hands.

A feminine voice cut through my dark thoughts. "Put it back."

I turned. There, with a gun clutched in her small hands, was Maeve McCrum. She'd summoned the nerve to pick up one of the cultist's abandoned guns and had the barrel pointed right at my gemstone eye.

The confusion and anger on her face had my cock thickening. "Yer a bold thing fer bein' so wee, I'll give ya that." My voice was raspier than I remembered it, like it had gotten thick from centuries of dust.

"I said, put it back!" the small human demanded, louder this time.

I grinned, feeling the flames of my beard licking my cheeks with the motion. "Put what back, wee one?"

There was a ferocity in the way she looked at me. By her racing heart, she was terrified. But Maeve McCrum met me glare for glare. "The store. The building. My fucking apartment."

She held that weapon like she was a natural killer. Maybe there was more of that natural monster hunter left in her blood than I'd expected.

"Look at ya. Threatening a god without so much as a twitch. Ya truly are all grown up."

"You're no god." She swallowed. "You're a monster."

I plucked the bullet still lodged in my evil eye and it dropped to the ground with a clink. "Most gods are monsters, girl."

I didn't bother telling her that the bullet would do nothing to me, not unless she was a good enough shot to hit my eye where the first bullet had, and shatter the entire thing.

She knew she was powerless against me.

Every cell in my body was vibrating with freshly unleashed magic.

I flexed my fingers, laughing at the sensation, power rolling off each digit in potent waves.

After hundreds of years trapped as an antique shop, returning to my old form was the most pleasurable high I'd experienced. It was fucking exhilarating.

I wanted to eat and drink and shag myself silly. Just standing on my own two legs was damn near a religious experience. And the scents... Hers was the first to hit me.

Maeve smelled of sugar and lavender soap and fresh air. I couldn't gulp down enough of her aroma. It filled my lungs and, suddenly, I burned with the need to touch her.

My hunger for her was an ache in my brain, my bones, my balls—an itch in my



blood, instant and ferocious.

It was an urge I couldn't act on. Not yet.

As soon as I touched her, she'd die.

Ignoring the pit in my gut, I took a step toward her, then another. She flinched when I kicked one of the bodies of the cultist's from my path, but she didn't run. Too bad, I was hoping for a chase.

"Do you know who I am, wee one?"

I had a feeling she knew exactly what I was. She knew the legend. She'd even jokingly called me by name.

Now I loomed over her, proof that the story she'd grown up hearing was more than a fairytale. Balor of the Evil Eye wasn't some fairytale villain. I was violence and vengeance in corporeal form.

With every step I took toward her she scooted back, until we were in the alley and out of sight from the road. Good. This was a quiet neighborhood this time of night. No one had seen what happened.

No one was coming to help her.

When her back hit the trash can of the next shop over, she stared up at me, the blue pools of her eyes swimming with loathing. "I know what you are."

"Say it girl. Say my name."

"B-Balor. You're Balor of the Evil Eye. Now tell me where my fucking store is."

That look on her face. It did twisted things to me.

It was agony not touching her. She was so damn beautiful. With one brush of my bare flesh against her, she'd be set ablaze.

I wasn't ready for her to die yet. Not when tormenting her was the most fun I'd had in eight centuries.

"Your store?" My grin stretched wide, and I could make out the glowing embers of my beard in the reflection of her eyes. "Oh, sweet little misfortune. You're looking right at it."

I tugged the lapel of my jacket, made from the mismatched furniture patterns that had collected dust in the store for years, and waved my fingers, flashing the gems and gold that had been on display on the shop's register counter.

"McCrum's was only an illusion, created with the magic your family stole from me."

"My family didn't steal shite from you!"

I opened my mouth to unleash the truth, when the cowardly male darted from his hiding place beside the trash bins at the end of the alley.

"Where do ya think yer going, ya wee gobshite?" A blast of fire shot from my eye, igniting at the mouth of the alley, cutting off his exit. It spread, forcing him back toward where I stood. A sobbing pathetic mess.

I stooped down, grabbing him by the front of his jacket and hoisting him in the air above my head. "What kind of milk dribblin' feck-smear uses a woman as a shield?"

He choked and wept, and by the dark spot in his trousers, wet himself.

Fire licked up my arm, consuming the boy in moments.

I breathed in the fumes and released a satisfied sigh. I discarded the boy's corpse to the floor, crouched to pry the skull loose from the charred heap, and turned to face a horrified Maeve.

"Whether you like it or not, I am McCrum's, girl." I stretched my arm out to her, offering her the skull with a dark smile bending my lips. "Welcome home."

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Six

Maeve

The story was true.

The topaz that had been in my family for generations was the evil eye of Balor, king of the giants. My house had turned into the literal embodiment of death... a very beefy, very hot death.

What the legend had failed to mention was that it wasn't just the eye my family possessed. It was his entire freaking body.

I'd lived inside this monster.

I'd moved from America for McCrum's Curios. All my most precious memories were tied up in that building. My livelihood, my home. The only things I had left in this shit world, gone.

But the most fucked up part? It wasn't really gone, because it had never really been there in the first place.

My brain was barely comprehending everything that had happened. First, I'd been assaulted by Conor. Then, the cultists had broken in. Their bullet, which had been meant for me, had broken Balor's curse.

Now, the few possessions I had were lying out on the wet street. Gilly was missing.

And the monster responsible for it all loomed over me, holding out Conor's scorched skull like some kind twisted glimpse into my future.

"Y—You murdered him," I said stupidly. I didn't know what else to say.

I kept hoping this was all some dream. Maybe my drink had been spiked at the pub and I was tripping. Maybe I would wake up in my warm bed to find Gilly snuggled next to me.

Balor scoffed. "I've murdered countless humans, what's one more? Aw, don't give me that pathetic wee pout. This pox of a male used ya to get his bollocks off on the bloody shmear of yer grandfather staining the counter."

His accent was thick and strange, only vaguely possessing licks of the modern Irish cadence I recognized.

Balor's greenish, sausage-like fingers closed around Conor's skull, crushing it to pieces, and he flung the bone shards against the alley wall with a growl.

It was true that Conor was a creep. Did he deserve to die? Maybe. But it wasn't this monster's decision to make.

My attention slipped from the monstrous man to the butchered corpses of the cultists laying out in the open beyond the mouth of the alley.

It was getting late, and the foot traffic from the pubs had died off. Morning would come soon and someone would find them.

I had no idea what this monster had in store for me, but I knew from the murderous glint in his eye that he had no intention of giving my store back. Even if he did, how would I explain the bodies? What if there were more cultists?

And Gilly was gone.

Of all my problems, this beast of a man towering over me, his intentions etched clear as day on his face, was the worst of them.

He was going to kill me. Maybe worse.

I waited for fear to set in, but it never did. Instead, nothing but cold indifference turned the blood in my veins to ice.

I glared up at Balor, his flaming hair casting his features in flickering shadows. Beneath the scars, heavy slabs of muscle and swirling smoke, he was handsome. In an unsettling sort of way.

Jesus. Why, oh why, did I have to be attracted to the monster about to kill me? I could blame it on those eyes. Beautiful, bi-colored and mean. One with a glaring green iris, the other with a flipped up eyepatch revealing the cracked topaz set in his left eye socket.

If I was being honest with myself, it was probably all those monster romance books that were to blame for my attraction to him.

I liked monsters—at least in books.

Fuck me. Why does he have to be a red-head? If Conor was any indication, red-headed men were a weakness of mine.

Though, to call Balor a red-head wasn't exactly right. His hair was literally smoldering. Each strand was black at the roots and bright flames blazed at the ends.

He was so hot. In every sense.

My unwilling attraction just had me hating him more. This monster took the one thing from me that I had left.

I couldn't stop churning his words over in my head. Like it or not, I am McCrum's, girl.

I hadn't inherited an antique shop from my grandparents. I'd inherited a monster. While he radiated smoke and violence, he still smelled like McCrum's. Like dust and leather and home.

For a giant monster with grayish green skin and flaming hair, he even looked like McCrum's.

With colorful scraps of fabric from pieces of furniture and tapestries making up his clothes, and gold and jewels that had sat in the store's display for years, decorating his ears, wrists, throat and fingers.

Everything about him was a mockery of what I'd held dear. That store, the building, the apartment, all of it. It had been the only thing keeping me alive.

My precious home had transformed into something unrecognizable, something that wanted to hurt me.

Angry tears burned my eyes. "Are you going to kill me? If you are, can you get it fucking over with?"

"Oh, I'm going to kill you alright, Baeg Trua ."

Baeg Trua? I knew enough Irish to know what that meant. "Little Misfortune?"

Balor nodded, a cruel grin twisting his mouth. "Or, if ya get down to the scrap of it,

little pity. Fittin', no?"

He crouched to my eye level, the joints in his knees cracking from the shifting brunt of his muscular form. "Yer so small and pitiful. I could crush yer bones by breathing on ye too hard."

The rage boiling beneath my skin had me lifting my chin. "That's rich. What are you, eight feet tops? Aren't you supposed to be king of the giants or some shit?"

"Yer looking at my weakest form." There was an electric hatred in his bi-colored glare that ignited my veins. "Look me in my evil eye, wee one."

I don't know what compelled me to do what he said, but I did. There had always been something hypnotic about that topaz. With its cracked surface, it leaked glittering magical energy that whirled around him like glowing ash.

"I am going to kill ya. It's nothin' personal. But yer family held me prisoner for centuries. Using the giant king's magic for something as lowly as that damn shop. I vowed a long time ago that I'd end yer bloodline as revenge."

"So get it fucking over with then," I hissed.

The giant's green eye narrowed into a smoldering slit. "Oh, no, wee one. I'm going to savor this. But, I will give ya this... I'll let ya pick how I do it."

"Pick, why?"

"You kept me company in those final days of my curse, and you took care of Gilly."

Gilly? Why would an evil monster like him care about an old shop cat?



“And you gave me the first look I’ve had at a woman in ages...”

I blinked. What was he talking about?

Oh fuck.

I’d been half out of my mind with grief, talking to the topaz and pretending he was a real person. I’d jokingly asked it for fashion advice, pretending Balor really was looking back at me. Only it wasn’t a joke. I had stood up on that chair in nothing but thin cotton panties.

“So, my beautiful wee Maeve gets to pick how she dies. Option one...” He held up a thick finger. “I kill you with a single look, like I did to this one.”

He nudged a fragment of Conor’s skull with the toe of his boot. “A single touch will do it too. I can’t touch humans without burnin’ them.”

“B–burn?” I swallowed.

“Oh, Aye. It will hurt like the Hells.” Balor’s grin stretched to his gold-cuffed ears.

“The most pain you can imagine, all yer nerves screamin’ at once.

Your eyes will melt in yer head, yer skin will blister and every beat that wee heart makes will be more excruciatin’ until the last. It won’t take long, but it will feel like an eternity. ”

All the oxygen in my lungs vanished. “What’s option two?”

“I could grow into my true form. So tall I’d tower over this entire city.”

“So what? You’ll grind up my bones into jam or whatever giants get off on?”

The giant’s lips thinned, unamused. “Yer Maeve McCrum. Last of the bloodline who destroyed my life. Ya need a more original death than that. Do ya have any idea how big I can get?”

Balor leaned toward me, and the warmth of his fire had me shrinking against the blessedly cool alley wall. “My cock alone could crush you, that’s how big I can get. I’ll place you in a big tub, so I can hold ya in my hand. Then I’ll pleasure myself until yer swimmin’ in me.”

All I could do was gape at the monster in horror. I could barely believe my ears.

“It’s been so long since I’ve got off, ye see. I’ll fill the tub fast. You’ll drown, but it will be less painful than burnin’ ya alive. And far more entertainin’ fer me.”

My thoughts stalled out as I made the mistake of imagining it.

This monster was set on killing me. My options? Being burned alive, or him shifting into his giant form and drowning me in cum. I had to give him creative points for that last one.

“So.” He cracked his knuckles. “What will it be?”

There’d been dark parts of my life where I’d thought about dying. Giving in. But something had snapped inside me. I wasn’t going to surrender to this beast, and I wouldn’t go down without a fight, especially if those were the only two options he was giving me.

Knowing it was probably about as useful as my grandfather’s revolver, I lifted the cultist’s gun anyway and fired at the monster. The bullet didn’t even pierce his chest;

instead it clattered to the ground.

He snarled, slapping the weapon from my hand. It skated out of sight beneath one of Mrs. O'Neill's trash cans down the alley.

I spat in his non-magical eye. He seemed more surprised by the load of saliva in his eye than the bullet bouncing against his chest.

A gut-grating growl slithered from his clenched teeth. "You're going to regret that, girl."

Before I could fully process what was happening, I was already on my feet, bolting down the alley as fast as my little legs would carry me.

A roar split the night.

I couldn't let him catch me... Even though there was a small, totally fucked part of me I couldn't explain, that hoped he would.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Seven

#### Balor

Dark glee wound through me as I watched my mortal scurry off into the night.

Good. I was hoping she'd make a break for it.

Eating prey after a good hunt was more fun.

Taking my time, I stretched to my feet. My grin melted from my features as soon as she was out of sight. Something unexpected had me balking.

It was a damn pity she'd be dead soon.

I'd waited eight hundred years for just a few minutes of sweet revenge. Tamping down the complex knot of emotions in my chest, I drew on the magical power in my eye and waited for the energy to seep into my body.

I held my hands out, waiting for them to grow.

The shift never came.

Confusion turned to molten anger as my fingers shot to feel the crack in my eye. Magical, glittering energy coiled around my fingers and evaporated into the night.

"Mallacht mo chait ort!" I cursed at the heavens, to no god in particular.

The cultist's bullet hadn't just shattered my curse. It had broken the seal keeping my magic bound. With the crack, my magical power was leaking out faster than I could produce it. I tried to shift again, concentrating harder on the spell than I'd ever needed to before.

My body began to swell, muscles and bones growing as they absorbed my magic. I was tall enough now that I could see over the rooftops, and beyond that, Maeve's blonde mop of curls bouncing around her shoulders as she bolted down the street.

I smiled smugly to myself, knowing I'd have Maeve screaming in the palm of my hand in mere seconds.

The grin on my face vanished as the sound of splitting stone rattled my ear. I shrunk back down to my mere eight feet and traced the crack, finding it bigger than before.

FECK.

I couldn't shift, not with my eye so damaged.

A roar of anguish rattled from my gut, and I launched into a full sprint after Maeve.

So much for my thought-out plan to drown her in giant's cum.

I'd have to kill my beautiful human the boring way... by touching her.

My mind went wild. How would I touch her? Maybe with a kiss? It wasn't how I thought I'd end the bloodline that helped destroy my life and my people.

But I'd softened to the wee girl, and I couldn't explain why.

I was the king of the giants. Balor of the evil eye. Fiery death incarnate. Yet,

something burrowed deep beneath my ribs, aching with a tenderness for Maeve I'd never felt for any mortal.

I still had to punish the girl. But I couldn't stop thinking about her lips, red and blistered beneath mine.

The thoughts pushed me to move faster, barrelling out of the alley and into the street.

I flipped my eyepatch down to lock some of the magic in.

It still leaked beneath the leather scrap, but kept enough power in to cast a spell that would make me invisible to any passersby.

Not that there were any this time of night. The streets were dead.

"Please, someone, help!" Maeve sobbed, her voice cracked and paper thin from fear and exhaustion.

My long legs caught up with her tiny ones in moments.

She didn't see me coming, but she heard the thunder of my big boots smacking the road and my barrelling breaths, growing louder as I closed in on my target.

"Leave me alone!" she screeched at me over her shoulder. " Please! "

Maeve knew that at any moment I'd reach out and snatch her into death's embrace.

I let her keep running for several seconds more, even though I was close enough to grab her. Everything about her was exhilarating. The rabid beat of her heart, her short and panicked breaths.

It would all be over.

Before I could change my mind, I stretched my arms out and banded them around her waist. A yelp of surprise and terror clawed up her throat, and I brought us both crashing to the ground.

I rolled her over so she was beneath me, laying on her back with my massive frame caging her against the cold ground.

Her mouth opened on a scream, but before sound could escape, I brought my lips down on hers in a brutal kiss.

She was so damn small. I could crush her skull if I wasn't careful, not that it mattered. In seconds she'd be consumed in my flames. All because I couldn't resist the temptation of her bare skin against mine.

It was the first time I'd touched a woman in ages. The simple kiss was almost enough to make my balls burst right there.

I drew back, expecting to see her blistered skin. Red and raw and burning.

Her chest heaved as she caught her breath. Her hair was a tangled halo around her head and shoulders.

And she was unscathed. Flustered, terrified out of her mind, and very much alive.

How could that be? I could control my fire with monsters, animals and inanimate objects, but humans had always burned at a fire giant's touch.

"Yer immune to my flames."

I could barely believe the words coming from my mouth.

She should be dead, nothing but a burnt husk. How was she alive? How was it that the only trace of flame on her was behind her eyes?

“I–Immune?” Her voice came out small, rife with relief and rage and something else I couldn’t put my thumb on. “Why?”

I bared my teeth, a snarl slipping out. Why? I didn’t fucking know why. This never happened before, not with a human. Giants could burn the shite out of one another, but it was said that when one came along with an immunity to the flames that it was the will of the gods that they should never part.

A fated pair.

I’d never heard of a giant and a human being fated. It was supposed to be physically impossible. The gods were arseholes, though. Binding me to the last surviving McCrum would be exactly the sort of thing they’d cook up as punishment for my defeat at the battle of Mag Tuired.

A low growl built in the back of my throat as my attention slipped down her body, admiring the way her tiny frame looked trapped beneath me.

I lifted a hand from the pavement, fingers brushing over her lips where I’d kissed her. My breath caught in my lungs as I waited to see if that first touch had been a fluke. The girl’s breath halted beneath my fingertips as she held hers too.

“Impossible...” I muttered as the back of my knuckles trailed down the smooth column of her neck.

My fingers cupped the base of her throat, and my cock twitched at the way her pulse



fluttered against my palm. My hand wandered lower, skimming between her breasts over the shamrock logo on her sweater.

“No human has ever withstood my touch before. It’s been so long...” A delicious gasp tripped from her lips when my hand cupped her breast over her sweater. “Since I’ve touched a woman.”

My hand continued its journey down her body, feeling her curves, marveling how damn wee she was. My hand nearly swallowed her entire side as I gave her waist a squeeze.

“S—sto...p,” she huffed, the word not at all convincing while she was moaning and squirming beneath me. Even if it were, I couldn’t stop. Giants weren’t known for their restraint. Especially not when I’d gone eight blasted centuries without pleasure.

My fingers slipped beneath her sweater, skimming the soft flesh of her navel.

Her pulse lurched into overdrive. But she didn’t fight me. Because she knew there was no hope of fighting me off, or because she too felt the strange magnetic force drawing us together. It didn’t matter. I didn’t care.

My brain was in a roar.

Rut her.

Fuck her.

Claim her.

I palmed her bare breast, marveling again at the sheer size difference. Maybe I couldn’t burn her, but surely she’d still break if I indulged that dark little voice in the

back of my brain telling me to fuck her right here in the street.

I gave her nipple a pinch, testing just how delicate she was.

She squirmed beneath me, face contorting with pain.

But I didn't miss the way her entire body heated beneath me, or the feminine scent leaking from between her thighs.

It might have been ages since I'd been with a woman, but the aroma of an aroused female was unforgettable.

"You're quite the little curio yourself, wee one," I hummed, my attention slipping back to her sweater reading McCrum's *Curios and Antiques*, enjoying the way her nipples peaked against the fabric.

Before the cultist's bullet had broken my curse, I'd been drawn to Maeve. I'd written it off as an obsession, for ending her bloodline. For getting the peace I thought her death would bring.

Now that I had my body back, feeling her perfect skin against my own, I knew it was more than that.

It was more than the allure of touching another person after so many years of being trapped.

Especially when humans had meant nothing to me before.

Back in my old life, they'd been nothing but annoying little creatures whose bones I'd have to pick out of my toes like splinters when they'd gotten underfoot.

This was the work of the gods and their twisted sense of justice.

Maybe I couldn't end the McCrum bloodline. But at least now, I could draw out Maeve's punishment. Punishing her by making her little mortal pussy break around my cock would be far more entertaining.

"If you're going to kill me, just get it over with you bastard," she snapped in a moment of courage.

"Change of plans, wee one." I flashed her a dark grin as I pushed her skirt up over her waist to expose the little cotton panties covering her center. I could still scent that pathetic male on her. Soon enough she'd smell like me. "It seems the gods have something else in store for us."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Eight

Maeve

Pinned against the ground, I felt reduced to prey.

This man, if he could even be called that, was going to hurt me. I wasn't all that scared at first, back when he'd made me believe it was going to be quick. Painful, sure. But over in a matter of seconds, minutes at most.

All hope of a quick death went down the drain the moment he kissed me.

There was sinister magic in that kiss.

The goosebumps from his touch were still stiff on my skin. His fingers were rough and his groping hands firm, but they lacked the meanness in his expression.

There was a curiosity to his probing touch. Not only had he not been with a woman in centuries, but if it was true that he couldn't control his fire with humans, I was the first human he'd ever kissed.

By the look in his eye, he wasn't about to stop there.

Panic set in when he lifted my skirt.

He had every intention of fucking me right here in the street.

“No! What if someone sees?” I tried to push my skirt back down, but he swatted my hands away with an annoyed growl.

“Let them see. You’re a beautiful woman, the first to mate with the king of the giants. You’ll wear me with pride.”

He slipped a thick finger under the thin strip of fabric covering my pussy and ripped it like tissue paper. My entire body burned as a maelstrom of emotions whirled in my gut.

This is actually happening.

Part of me wanted to surrender to him, which made no damn sense. This was a monster who’d gone down in mythology for being one of the most evil, destructive forces known to man.

There was a reason my ancestors had trapped him with the curse.

So why was my body so responsive to him?

Was he placing some kind of spell on me with the magic leaking out from his eyepatch? And what did the gods have anything to do with this?

I’d always been of the mind that god, or any higher power, didn’t exist. If they did, how could they let my parents and grandparents die? How could they leave me with nothing?

Maybe the gods did exist, and they just got off on torturing me.

“No...” My small hands pushed against his massive chest.

Balor hunched down between my legs and laughed, his hot breath sweeping over my exposed center. “Like it or not, the gods have promised you to me, Maeve McCrum. They’ve taken yer punishment for what yer family did to me and all of Ireland into their hands. There’ll be no fightin’ it.”

Was I weak for feeling myself succumb to the spell, or whatever in the magical fuckery was making me arch into his touch? Or was I just so jaded that I’d gone numb to all the misfortune crashing down on my chest in violent waves?

His breath on my skin was pleasantly warm. His touch promised both pleasure and pain. He smelled woefully familiar. Like home. Even though I wasn’t sure what home was anymore.

I was just teetering on the edge of “fuck it.”

As if he could sense the war going down between my body and my mind, Balor rubbed his thumb against my thigh in slow, smoothing circles. “Open your legs, Maeve.”

Maybe it was my name in his mouth, wrapped in his husky voice, with its strange and ancient accent that had me burning up in a full-bodied blush. Or just the fact that this monster was about to eat me out in the open.

I’d read books like this. I’d touched myself to scenes just like this one.

“Let your king taste you.”

My pussy clenched at his request. “You’re not my king...”

My protests were getting weaker and as he gripped my legs in both hands—his massive digits easily wrapping all the way around. I didn’t resist as he guided them

open.

“Be gentle?”

Balor had thrown me off with his brief moment of gentleness. Probably just a part of his new plan to torture me. I knew I’d made a mistake in letting my guard down the instant his mouth contorted into an evil smirk.

“No,” he rumbled.

The giant slipped his hand under my ass, managing to squeeze both cheeks with one hand while lifting my bottom half off the ground.

His free hand wrapped around my thigh, keeping me pried open for his invasive gaze. I was grateful that he had his eye patch covering his evil eye. I felt exposed enough.

The giant dove down, tongue flicking out to paint a lick from my folds to my anus. I jerked in his grip with a gasp and was met with an evil grin, close enough that I could feel it curl against my flesh.

Molten bliss zapped up my spine. In a matter of seconds, I was reduced to a quivering mess of moans and pants and pathetic pleas that fell on merciless ears.

Balor ate me out with all the zeal of a rabid animal. He groaned against my swollen clit like it was the best thing he’d ever tasted.

My nerves exploded with pleasure so intense, it temporarily drowned out the voice in my head screaming at me to get away from this monster the first chance I got.

“Fuck...” I wanted to close my eyes but I forced them open, keeping them peeled for any cars coming up the street.

So far, there was no sign of life. Part of me was glad.

Forget the fact that I was exposed, my back flat on the cold pavement.

If someone came along, how was I supposed to explain the mythological creature between my legs?

Or the two dead bodies laying in the empty lot where my store should have been?

The other part of me—the one getting quieter by the second—hoped someone would come along to rescue me. It was just my luck, or lack thereof, that the street was empty.

There was so much strength packed behind the giant's tongue. He set a ferocious rhythm against my skin, with the plump appendage swirling over every inch of my labia, slathering a lick over my clit before plunging into my pussy and repeating the sequence.

His pace picked up. Deeper and deeper his tongue dove.

I thrashed against his hold and his grip turned bruising.

His tongue wriggled inside me, the tip teasing my G-spot and his rumbling laugh sunk straight to my core, turning my nerves to goo.

Balor mumbled something in Irish, a broken curse. I ripped my attention from the street, daring to peek at the beast devouring me whole. At this rate, he'd eat me until there was nothing left.

Fat beads of saliva oozed down my thighs and soaked into my skirt. His obscene slurping noises made my blush burn hot.



I tried to bite back the embarrassing sounds crawling up my throat. They slipped out, strangled and swollen.

The giant pulled his tongue from me with a wet plop and pinned me down with a diabolic grin, his nostrils flaring.

“Ya fecking like that more than ya thought, don’t ya, wee one?” His voice was dark and full of grit. “Now come for me.”

“T–then, you’ll let me go?”

Another guttural laugh had my inner walls fluttering. “Don’t be a fool. I’ve waited ages for this. Yer family took everything from me, forced me to serve them for centuries. Now, the last of their blood serves me .”

### Chapter Nine

Maeve

I wanted to spit in his eye again, but he was back inside me, pumping his tongue into me at a pace that had tears spilling down my face. I wanted to fight the orgasm out of defiance.

There was no fighting it off.

The orgasms slammed into me with a devastating force, my muscles spasming and my pussy clamping down on his tongue.

It wasn't until I came back down from the forced euphoria that Balor withdrew from me. He set me on the ground and I melted onto the cool pavement.

I made the mistake of thinking it was over.

The rustling of fabric had me lifting my head to see Balor unbuckling the strap of leather holding up his patchwork trousers.

My eyes widened as I watched. "What are you doing with that?"

"Leashin' you so you don't skitter off." He looped the makeshift collar around my neck and gave it a testing tug. "Should have done the same to my other pet."

I blinked. "Your other pet?"

“Gilly, the shop cat.”

“Gilly is my cat!” It was a silly thing to argue given the circumstances. My house, which was in all reality some kind of Irish death god, had forced me to orgasm in the street, and was now putting me on a leash like I was some kind of fucking animal.

He’d taken everything from me in a single night, and now he was laying claim to the last thing on earth that was mine, even though I had no idea where she was or if I’d ever see her again.

“Gilly is mine,” he corrected. His fiery brows gnashed together, sending embers dancing in the twirl of smoke radiating from his brawny shoulders. “When a cat lives inside you for years, it becomes yours.”

“Creepy logic.”

His grin turned mean, and his fingers clenched tight around my leash, making the leather groan. “That means you’re mine too.”

With a jerk on the leather strap, he pulled my lips to his in a searing kiss. I bit his lip hard enough to draw blood. He tasted dark and sweet. Like rum and poison and ancient magic, laced together with smoke and lust.

I hated how his flavor had me leaning into him, suckling on his lip for more delicious beads of his blood.

Why’s it so damn good?

This monster’s blood was like a drug, heady and addictive. It shot straight to my head, and I moaned as another drop dissolved onto my taste buds.

Balor broke the kiss to pull himself out of his pants.

I found myself staring at the girthiest, veiniest cock I'd ever seen.

Instantly, I sobered from whatever magic-induced spell I'd been under, and panic set in.

I might as well have been staring down the barrel of a shotgun for how much danger I realized I was in.

This bastard was huge. It didn't matter if his flaming aura couldn't hurt me. His giant cock sure as shit could.

The appendage was the same grayish green hue as the rest of his skin, except for his mushroom head, which was a soft pink. The network of veins wrapping his lengthy shaft was so complex, my brain stalled out imagining what the texture would feel like.

As if all that wasn't enough to process, Balor wore a golden cuff at his base which gleamed in the street lamp's halo of light.

I didn't know where he thought he was sticking that, but it wasn't going to be inside me.

"I don't want you! I don't want this." I snarled, trying to kick him away.

His grip on my leg turned punishing, and he jerked on the belt around my throat like I was a bad dog. "Ya have no choice in this, little misfortune. I am owed my vengeance, and the gods have given ya to me as payment."

A frustrated tear leaked from my eye and he reached for me, catching it on his finger.

It sizzled away as soon as it hit his flesh.

“We are fated. I can feel it, drawing me close to ya, even though I wanted nothing more than to crush yer bones to dust. Even when ya were a wee child. There’s no fightin’ it.

Though I’ll enjoy watchin’ ya try. You have a fire in ye that makes me hard as stone. Makes me feel like a man again.”

My attention dropped back to his bare cock. A vein running along the length of his shaft throbbed, and a fat drop of pre-cum oozed from his tip, the pearlescent rope gleaming before snapping and soaking into his pants.

“You are pleased.”

I nearly choked on my own saliva. Did I hear him wrong? Pleased?

He fisted his cock; it was giant even by comparison in his massive hand. Somehow, the golden cuff at its base made it look all the more formidable.

Finding myself trapped in a staring contest with the beastly member, I snapped my eyes up to find Balor grinning proudly. “When you look at it, a delicious scent leaks from your cunt. Your body is begging for me to seal our bond.”

I wasn’t sure what bond he was talking about, but I got the gist of what he was saying.

My attention slid back to his aggressive erection, draped in cum and gold.

I swallowed hard.

Balor of the evil eye was going to fuck me. Then I'd be his forever. That was, if I could survive him and his insanely large cock.

He would stretch me to my limit, and beyond.

Before, he'd said he had the power to grow larger. I wasn't sure why he hadn't yet. Cold dread stabbed at me as I considered that maybe he hadn't yet, only because he was waiting until he was inside me.

It would be a cruel and horrible way to kill me. That was probably his plan.

As much as I hated him, as much as I knew on a logical level that I had to find a way to get away from him before he could seal our bond, my body wanted him.

My pussy throbbed and fluttered, desperate for more.

My skin was tingling with pleasure from where he gripped me with a hunger that would leave bruises in the morning.

I'd never admit it to him. I could barely admit it to myself, but my body wanted him. He was the enemy, and now, so was my own body.

"You evil fucking monster—" My outburst was cut off with a pinch to my labia. It didn't feel sexual. It was demeaning, like he was flicking a bad cat on the nose. The jerk he gave to the makeshift leash did nothing to make me feel like less of a naughty animal.

"Keep it up and I'll show ya—make ya feel every feckin' inch of just how monstrous I am."

Headlights in the distance had me gasping. It was like a bucket of icy cold water had

been dumped on my head, tearing me from whatever spell held me in his trance.

“Help!” I screamed, waving my arms. “Somebody help me!”

We were on an old commercial street, and the sleepy end of it at that. Everyone had gone home, and not even late night St. Paddy’s drinkers were within ear shot. But the car in the distance filled me with a surge of hope.

“HELP—”

Balor plucked me off the ground, grumbling in guttural Irish. Tucking my thrashing body beneath his arm, he walked a few steps until we were tucked out of view from the street.

That in itself would have been enough to dash my hopes of rescue... Until a magical doorway appeared in between the alley trash bins in a swirl of flame and cinder.

On the other side of the doorway, it was green and lush. Absolutely beautiful.

And every little cell in my body was abuzz with ancient instincts, telling me this place wasn’t for humans, and if I went in there, I wouldn’t be coming back.

I screamed and begged and kicked at Balor. None of it worked.

He only swatted my butt, scolding me for being noisy, and stepped forward into the Otherworld.

The path back to my world, and all hope of ever going back, vanished in a blink.

### Chapter Ten

#### Balor

I 'd been so close to fucking her right there in the street.

I had her there, exposed to me, pink and panting with her cunt soaking wet and walls fluttering in anticipation. Practically begging for me to take her. And her scent, fire and fury , she smelled like she'd been forged just for me.

In the old days, I wouldn't have been able to stop myself. Control had never been my strong suit. What did I care if the humans saw me? I couldn't shift into my true size and crush them beneath my feet, but I could burn them to a crisp before they got within a hundred feet of us.

Maybe it was some deep part of me that was slowly shaking awake. The king within, or whatever remained of him, knew his mate deserved to be bonded somewhere comfortable and safe. Not on the side of the filthy road.

She might have been a mortal—and a fecking McCrum at that—but regardless of the fact that she was my sworn enemy, I could touch her.

That condemned her to a fate worse than death.

Maeve would be my wee queen of the giants.

Not that there was anything for her to rule over, only bones and faded memories.



I half-expected the portal spell not to work.

Those cultists, descendants of the Tuatha Dé Danan, were after my eye for its ability to open a pathway to the magic realm of their ancestors.

What if their stray bullet had destroyed all hope of me performing that spell too? The irony was fucking demonic.

Unholy relief rippled through me when the portal opened in a burst of writhing flames. Lush foliage rustled in the breeze, and a potent wave of energy swept through the portal, licking against my skin like fire.

Stepping through the portal to Tír na nÓg was a rush.

The magic here leaked from the trees, seeping into the soil and bleeding into the air. It was old and potent and even Maeve must have sensed it by the way she went still in my hold.

My castle walls had crumbled and the forest had long since taken over. But the gardens were the same. Faded memories of smoking a blackweed pipe here, high as a fucking fairie, pushed to the front of my mind.

Being free of my curse was a similar rush. My head, my whole body, whirled with dick tingling ecstasy.

I was home again. Even though home was nothing but rotted castle walls and the dusty bones of the female giants who'd died out when the males never returned from the battle of Mag Tuired.

“What are those?”

My attention dropped to Maeve tucked beneath my arm, who was craning her head to eye the rib bones which created arches over my gardens. “Giant bones, what else?”

Her face drained her color. “You can get that big?”

“Bigger. These are the bones of a female, a rather small one at that.”

I could feel her heart lurch, thrumming against her chest like it was trying to burst free. An infernal grin curled my lips.

She was no doubt imagining just how big parts of me could get.

Maeve didn’t know my power was leaking from my eye, and that I’d lost my ability to shift. Was she afraid I’d shift while I was inside her?

It was almost like Maeve could sense the dark path where my thoughts had wandered, because her efforts to free herself from my hold renewed. I dropped her to the lush forest floor, and she scrambled to her hands and knees.

She looked hellishly delicious in that position, and my cock stiffened as I imagined dropping to my knees, ripping that skirt off her and taking her from behind.

“Where are we?” She gingerly plucked a gold coin from the grass. Treasure littered the grounds among the roots and the grass and crumbling ruins.

“Tír na nóg. Commonly known as the Otherworld,” I said with a growl, my attention clamped to her backside. “These are my old palace grounds.”

“Looks more like a graveyard.”

“It is,” I responded with a sneer, hunger making me take a predatory step toward her.

She shot to her feet, skirt whirling around her curvy hips as she whipped around to face me, and stumbled back when she realized how close we were. As she fumbled backward, she tripped on a root protruding from the ground and fell onto her arse.

“W-why did you bring me here? To bury me?”

“I have no intention of killing ya, girl.” I paused, rubbing my flaming beard in thought. “Not anymore.”

“But you’re going to fuck me, right?” Her tone turned sharp, coming out as an accusation rather than a question. “You’ll kill me. You’re going to shift while you’re inside me. I—I just know it.”

Both my brows arched, and I crouched down with my hands gripping my knees so we were at eye level. Pathetic wee thing was terrified and outraged and confused by the desire she felt for me in equal portions. “Do ya now? See the future, do ye?”

“If you’re going to rape me, get it over with.”

“Rape?” I frowned. “No, Maeve. Make no mistake, we won’t be leavin’ this place until we’ve sealed our bond. But I won’t be forcin’ myself on ya.”

“Then you’ll die waiting, because I’m not fucking you.”

I smirked. “Really? Well, shame. I thought ya liked red-heads. Otherwise, why bring back that male from the pub?”

Maeve’s nostrils flared at the mention of the man from earlier. “I’m not going to fuck you because of your hair color. I’m not fucking you because you took everything from me. Not to mention, I’m way too small for you.” She pointed to my groin. “I’ll die if I try to ride that thing.”

I canted my head at her, grinning like a devil. “I think ye’ll enjoy it more than ya think.”

When she shook her head with a frantic motion, I sighed. “Yer a stubborn girl. How about this? See this bed of shamrocks?”

I gestured to the large patch of grass she sat in, which was covered in clovers. “Find me a four-leaf clover. Do that, and I’ll take it as a sign from the gods that we weren’t meant to mate.”

“How long do I have?” Her eyes narrowed, her voice laced with suspicion. I didn’t blame her for thinking this was just a way of torturing her. In a way, it was. Though, in a small part, it was a gesture so she’d think she had at least a shred of autonomy in this.

Even though she didn’t.

“You have as long as ya need. Search forever for all I care.”

“What if I get hungry?”

I took several steps toward a dilapidated building and sat on a portion of an old pillar, which made for a convenient stool, with the column lying in pieces several feet away. “Then find something to eat. This is the Otherworld. Magic makes the soil rich with nutrients; food grows everywhere.”

“But if I eat the food, won’t I be trapped here?”

I smiled to myself. She was already trapped. “Someone’s been readin’ too many fairy tales.”

I plucked a juicy berry from a nearby bush to demonstrate.

It was a plump berry that I couldn't recall the name of, but it was almost as large as my head.

I plucked one of the round orbs of flesh clinging to its core and sank my teeth in, juice soaking into my pants and making my erection more noticeable than before.

Maeve's eyelashes fluttered as she took in the way juice soaked my lips and gushed down my chin. No doubt she was thinking of how I'd feasted on her soaking cunt just minutes ago.

When I ran my tongue over my lips, groaning softly at the sweet nectar hitting my taste buds, she quickly averted her attention to her search among the clovers. "I'll find a four-leaf clover, and when I do you'll take me back to Ireland."

That wasn't the deal. I told her if she found a four-leaf clover, I wouldn't be making her my mate after all. I didn't bother correcting her. She could search until her eyeballs wore out. She wouldn't be finding one.

I grinned smugly to myself and kicked my legs up on the broken pillar, making myself comfortable. "Whatever, ya little misfortune. Whatever ya say."

# Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

## Chapter Eleven

Maeve

My search bled into the next day and continued well into mid-afternoon. I was cold and tired. My fingers had gone numb from sorting through the dewy-grass, and my sore muscles begged for rest.

I wasn't sure when I'd nodded off. I bolted up from where I'd curled up in the soft bed of clovers, disoriented, panic immediately setting in. Had I broken some unspoken rule of our arrangement by falling asleep?

Relief lifted my chest when I found Balor fast asleep on the other side of the ruins, lounging against the broken pillar. A strange fusion of disgust and arousal came over me when I noticed his pants were shoved down his hips with his cock in his hand.

Sometime in the night, he'd jerked off—the evidence still trickled down the length of his shaft, the giant wet spot on his pants giving way to the fact that there had been a lot of cum.

This sick bastard had touched himself while I slept. An unwelcome warmth curled between my thighs.

“Stupid vagina,” I scolded myself beneath my breath. “This isn't one of your smutty monster books.”

Balor was clear across the other side of the ruins, and I'd spoken in a paper thin

whisper, yet my words jerked him from his sleep.

Our eyes locked.

His cock twitched under my attention and he licked his lips, that wicked tongue sliding suggestively over his green hued flesh.

That tongue. The things it did to me last night...

“Sleep well, wee one?”

I shot him an angry glare and turned my attention back to my task of sorting through the clovers, trying to pretend he wasn't there and failing miserably.

What did he care if I got any rest? What kind of mind games was he trying to play? Did I trust him enough to fall asleep again? Hell no. But what choice would I have if I didn't find a four-leaf clover soon?

I'd slept for at least a handful of hours.

At least I had more energy to extend my search.

There'd be no stopping until I found that four-leaf clover.

If I didn't, I'd die trying. How fitting that I was already in a graveyard?

Of all the bones scattered among the ruins, I was positive I'd be the only human here.

Better to die of exposure than by busting open around this monster's offensively large dick.

Though, exposure to what, I wasn't sure.

The weather here was perfect, as was the temperature. Warm, almost tropic in the way the sun and breeze brushed my skin in equal proportions. There was plenty of shade when I felt like I'd had too much direct sunlight, and Balor was right—there was food everywhere.

Letting myself starve sounded like a painful death, and knowing Balor he'd probably force feed me when it came down to it. So I plucked myself a peculiar but tasty looking giant berry and took my fill before continuing my search.

Night descended. After countless hours of fruitless searching, I curled up in the plush bed of clovers for a break. Only a break, I'll just close my eyes for a few minutes...

Is what I told myself.

Sleep eventually pulled me under, and too tired to fight any longer, I surrendered to it.

My dreams were heated and terrifying.

Balor's engorged cock, obscene with its oozing slit and twitching veins, loomed over me. Its shadow swallowed me whole.

Gigantic green fingers wrapped around the shaft, stroking it until cum gushed from its tip like a geyser, molten and steaming.

It was raining monster jizz. Drops the size of my head poured down, viscous and aggressively fragrant.

Balor, king of the giants, was doing exactly as he threatened back in the streets of



Cork. Drowning me in his cum. The liquid rose until it was throat level. I tilted my head back and tried to swim to stay afloat, but the liquid was too thick. Like trying to swim in glue.

It was disturbing. The most fucked up part was how there was a part of my brain that was perfectly happy to drown in the hot, soothing nightmare. Happy to suffocate here if it meant never waking up to face the real Balor.

The cum spilled into my mouth, my nostrils. I couldn't breathe. Choking, I woke up on a gasp, covered in sweat. Balor loomed over me, his evil eye stark against the shadows masking his features.

"Get away from me!" I ripped up a handful of clovers and flung them at him.

He chuckled at my sad attempt at self defense. "Socair tú féin," he said, his Irish words an attempt to soothe me, wrapped in that dark and dangerous baritone. "Ya were cryin' in yer sleep."

"So what?" I snapped, teeth bared. "Did you come over here to get a better view while you jerk off? Do the tears make for a better show?"

"I came over here to make sure ye were safe. Most of the creatures that once called the Otherworld home are extinct, but there are still plenty o' creepy crawlies about that would love to munch on yer sweet bones."

I blinked. What was with this guy? One minute he was playing the evil giant, thirsty for revenge, and the next he acted like he had a heart buried under all that fire and muscle.

"You want to keep me safe? Take me home."

His expression hardened and his fiery beard danced in a flurry of sparks under his sigh. “I already told you. You are home.”

I held back a wave of tears, knowing that Balor wasn’t talking about the magical ruins of his castle. He was referring to himself. Technically, he was right. He was home. If only he’d transform back and I could put my whole heart and soul into pretending this nightmare never happened.

My eyes dropped to the patch of clovers around me, a sickening thought settling over me. “There isn’t a four-leaf clover in here, is there? You’re just fucking with me.”

Balor folded his brawny arms over his chest, amusement gleaming behind his normal eye. “Do you think I can control the Earth, little misfortune?”

“I don’t fucking know. You can shift to the size of a house. You can be a house. How should I know where your magic stops?”

“You findin’ that clover lies between you and the gods.”

Fucking great. So I was wasting my time, because when had the gods ever been on my side? In fact, I was almost certain the gods, or whatever higher power, hated me.

Even so, I had to keep trying. “I’m going to keep looking.”

“And if ya never find yer clover? Will you give yerself to me?” His face was still masked in shadows, but I could hear the smirk in his voice.

I didn’t say anything in response. My answer was for me to turn my back on him and keep sifting through the bed of shamrocks, which stretched through the entire ruins. Clovers covered every inch of ground. I could be searching forever.

“You’re a stubborn and violent thing when ya mean to be,” Balor muttered. “But suit yourself. I’m content to watch you bend over for me in that scrap of fabric barely covering yer wee cunt.”

I flung a hateful glare over my shoulder to see him retreating to his seat on the broken pillar. “I’ll just be over here, thinkin’ about the sweet cream of your faighin soakin’ my tongue.”

“Keep dreaming. I’d sooner die than let you touch me again.”

He answered with a growling laugh, the guttural sound making my insides twist and my core heat.

I’m going to wait this bastard out even if it kills me.

The days passed, blurring into one another.

My sleep cycle was shot to hell. I napped randomly but only when my body reached its limit.

Eventually, the naps and the food only did so much to rejuvenate me.

My mind was starting to slip. The dreams only got worse, more sexual and dark in nature.

And always without fail, they starred him .

I’d wake up in a sweaty daze and there he’d be, staring at me with that hungry look on his face, leering at me from his corner. Like a predator waiting for the opportune moment to pounce on their prey.

I needed to get out of here.

I needed a real bed.

I needed human food. If I had to eat so much as another berry, I'd scream.

And this growing part of me—one that grew stronger by the day no matter how much I fought it—needed him.

That strange magnetism hellbent on drawing us together was growing stronger by the day.

The fucking bastard. I was going mad and he was over there, sitting on his seat, looking exactly as he had when we first got here.

Even if I wanted to keep searching, my body was set against me. My pussy was constantly wet and achy, and it only got worse when I felt his eyes hot on my back. Just waiting for me to cave.

My eyes were so tired, clover leaves blended together. So many times I swore I found my four-leaf clover, only to pluck it and find it with three leaves.

I needed more sleep. Maybe this time, the rest would help.

I curled up beneath a thicket of foliage, giving me a shred of privacy even though I could see his lower half peeking out from the leaves. Then I turned my back on him, closed my eyes, and allowed sleep to take me.

Another sex dream.

Balor, king of the giants, was as big as a skyscraper. I was naked and splayed out in

the palm of his hand. My legs were spread and his tongue was on me. The monstrous appendage was so large that when he licked me it covered my entire body.

I could feel every taste bud, rough on my bare skin, scraping my nipples and wriggling at the junction of my legs. He left no inch of me untouched, leaving my skin wet and sticky.

This wasn't my first dream I'd had of him, but this one was different from the others. This heat, his scent, his tongue... It felt so real, I wasn't sure what was a dream and what wasn't anymore.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Twelve

#### Balor

I had to hand it to the human, when she set her mind to something, there was no changing it.

I'd meant what I told her about being content to watch her on her hands and knees, searching for her four-leafed clover for all eternity if that's how long it took.

At least, for this eternity, I'd get to watch her. Especially with her in that scrap of a skirt, no panties. Bent over and weeping for me, from one end or another.

Knowing that she was mine, and that our bond was just within reach...

All I had to do was get up and take her.

Every fiber of my being burned for her. Our unsealed bond was like an open wound, festering and rotting the longer we left it untouched.

But a deal was a deal, and I was a monster of my word.

As the days passed, I found myself growing soft to her, at least where my cock wasn't concerned. I thought I'd known her before. It turned out, you could only know someone so much when stuck behind a painting.

I'd created a different version of Maeve McCrum in my mind. The perfect victim.

That wasn't the real her. This version of her was tender and sweet beneath the hard exterior she wore around me. I wanted nothing more to break her open and enjoy all her softness.

Maybe I would have killed her no matter what, regardless of the kind of person she was, and that the only thing that had saved her was the simple fact that I could touch her. The more time I spent with her, the more I doubted it. I liked her. Plain and fecking simple.

As my appreciation for my wee mortal's personality grew, so did my lust. Day by day, my control was waning. No matter how much Otherworld fruit I ate, I couldn't drown the taste of her cunt in my mouth.

My mouth watered, thinking about how thick and sweet her cream had been. I could be locked up for another eternity if it meant tasting her one more time...

I closed my eyes, trying to think of anything but her. Then she started to moan in her sleep again.

"Balor, please..." She tossed and turned under the curtain of leaves she slept beneath, her soft whimpers stirring my cock.

Dark, devious thoughts danced in my mind, knowing she was dreaming of me.

I'd guessed—hoped, even—that it was me plaguing the nightmares I knew she had most nights. On one evening, her hand had even crept between her thighs and she'd lazily stroked herself while she writhed in her sleep.

This was the first night she'd said my name.

My name in her mouth was like that of a prayer on the lips of a damned priest.

Powerful and desperate.

Fire and fecking fury.

My need for her was tearing me apart from the inside out. I needed her like the breath in my lungs and the fire in my heart.

We'd struck a deal. I wouldn't claim her until she gave up her search for the four-leaf clover.

But I never said I wouldn't touch her. Monster of my word that I was, I was still a fae creature, after all. It was in my blood to find loopholes in the deals I struck with mortals.

I stood up, shrugging my duster jacket off, and left it on the pillar along with my eye patch. The magic leaking from the crack in my gem lit up the night, casting everything in a warm amber glow.

I strode across the bed of clovers, knelt beside Maeve and swept the leaves out of the way.

She was a vision, wrapped in the blaze of my flame light.

She still wore the purple sweater with the logo of the antique shop on her breast, the clover with the eye in its center.

Maeve loved the sweater. Over the last handful of days, she'd taken care to keep it clean.

She'd drawn the clover herself, she'd told me when she ordered them to carry in the shop.



Back when she thought I was nothing more than a legend.

She'd been so excited.

Guilt stabbed at me.

“Balor... Please .”

I bit back a groan as her pathetic little mewl slipped from her lips. Just like that, the urge to kiss her was greater than my guilt. Bowing my spine, I gently—more gently than I thought myself capable—brushed my mouth to hers.

At the contact, I was treated with a moan that started in her throat and ended in mine.

“I’m here, wee one. Tell me what ya need,” I whispered against her mouth.

“I need... I need...” Her whispered words were rife with need and frustration.

I positioned myself so that I was kneeling over her and cupped her calf, slowly gliding my fingers up the back of her leg. Her flesh began to heat, and a fever-red blush spread across her body. I wasn’t the only one fighting the magnetism of our bond.

“Yes. Use your words. Tell me what ya need.” I found it easier to be softer with her when she wasn’t awake. When she was awake, she was a torrent of fire. Defiant and full of hate.

When she was like this, she was a little doll beneath me. So pliant and easy to break. It wasn’t in my nature, but I had to be gentle. If I broke her, what else would there be for me?

This wee woman was my only reason left for living.

“I—It hurts...” she mumbled, her face contorting with anguish. “Please.”

She wanted me to make her pain go away. Who was I to deny my mate?

While I couldn’t burn her skin because of our bond, I could burn her clothes.

I pulled her sweater off first, careful not to singe it—knowing how much she loved it—and placed it under her head like a pillow. I burned the rest. Her skirt fizzled away in a puff of ash and cinder, followed by her bra.

When I’d finished burning off her clothes, she was left in nothing but socks embroidered with shamrocks. I couldn’t help but smile at the irony. Poor girl. Though, she did look cute, laying there naked in nothing but her holiday socks.

For several minutes I sat there, simply admiring her.

Everything about Maeve McCrum mesmerized me.

My curse had been broken, only for the gods to chain me with another, cursed to mate what was supposed to be prey.

In my old life, I would have been disgraced for such a match.

My people would have seen it less odd to be mated to a leprechaun or a pig.

Socially unacceptable and logistically impossible.

But my people were extinct, and I’d been living as a house for the last eight centuries. So there was no room for shame. Only curiosity for this tiny mortal.

It wasn't cold out, but the gentle breeze had her nipples pebbling and blushing a mouth-watering pink. I arched down and sucked on one of the swollen nubs until she whimpered.

Feck me . She made a throaty, animalistic noise when I took her into my mouth. The filthy little sounds she made for me. Her puckered skin flushed and raised with goose flesh. Arousal leaked from her core, covering her plush and milky thighs.

Her parted lips on either end of her, begging to be filled.

Before the battle, before my defeat and the curse that robbed me of my life, I'd been mated before. We hadn't been fated. Our flames had burned hot during our mating, and it nearly burned half the Otherworld down.

It was giant tradition to fight before each mating, a battle for supremacy. If the male won, he'd stick his cock into his mate's mouth and make them suckle, like a gold-draped pacifier. It would calm them and their mate's seed would soothe their flames.

Maeve wasn't a giant and hadn't allowed her mind to accept me yet. And as a human of this modern age, she'd see this old mating ritual as rape. But she already saw me as a sexual barbarian.

If I fucked her mouth in her sleep, I could ease the ache of our unsealed bond, gnawing at her core.

I undid my belt, thinking how pretty it looked around her throat back in Cork, before letting it fall to the grass.

My length sprung out, ravenous and leaking. I crawled over her, and positioned myself so my knees were on either side of her head.

I barely breathed, so as not to rouse her and gently nudged my tip against her lips.

When her lips parted of their own volition, taking me into her mouth, it took every fiber of my will to keep myself from busting all over her face.

My hand cupped the back of her head, allowing a couple more inches to slip in. I didn't dare go any further for fear I'd choke her and she'd stir to consciousness.

It was too soon for her to wake up. She needed the seed of her mate and king to calm her. "That's it, my wee Maeve. Take your mate into your mouth," I cooed in as soft a voice I could manage with my gravelly timbre.

Another whimper. Her eyebrows scrunched together and, for a second, I thought she might turn her head in rejection. But her lips closed around my girth and she suckled me, tongue hungrily lapping up my pre-cum.

"That's my good little human." I smirked, my free hand tucking a rogue lock of her wavy blonde hair behind her ear. "If only yer monster hunter ancestors could see ya now."

I thought it might be frustrating having her mouth on me, knowing she could only fit the tip and nothing more unless I shoved myself down her throat. But the satisfaction of it—even just her milking the head of my cock—ripped through me like a lightning strike.

"T—That's it... Almost—ugh."

My balls drew up and my cock pulsed. Hot torrents of milky fluid filled her mouth. There was so much of it, it leaked past the seal of her lips, over her chin, her cheeks and down her throat—as I hoped it would—by the way she coughed and sputtered.

Then, my wee human, covered in my cum and looking like a beautiful mess, opened her eyes.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Thirteen

Maeve

I woke up with the king of the giants' hand wrapped around my throat like a noose...  
Panic surged through me as a flood of hot liquid filled my mouth.

Oh.

My.

God.

Balor had been jacking off into my mouth while I was sleeping.

Cum pumped into me, covering my lips and streaking down my cheeks. And I was very naked. This magical fucker had managed to take my clothes off without waking me up.

The humiliation. The violation.

“Relax and swallow,” he instructed me in a deep voice that had my stomach rolling and my thighs clenching. His grip was loose enough to allow me to swallow but hard enough to warn me should I disobey. “I want you to drink every drop.”

My vision swam as hot tears rolled down my cheeks, mixing with the cum gushing past the seal of my lips around his girth. Why was he doing this? I wanted to ask him,

but with my mouth full it was all I could do not to choke to death on the giant monster dick invading my throat.

“It will comfort you,” he said, as if he could see the question burning in my eyes.

My pulse rammed into my ears like a jackhammer. Comfort me ? What kind of mindfuck game was he playing at?

With a grunt, he pulled his cock from my mouth, drawing a thick string of cum with it until it snapped and coated my breasts.

“I–It’s cum, not warm milk y–you fucking pervert,” I managed to choke out.

His mouth bent with a dark grin, one that didn’t deny the accusation. “Giant seed has more uses than a human’s. Anyway, you were begging me to soothe the ache between your legs. Other than fucking your cunt, there’s no other way to ease the pain of an unsealed bond.”

“We had a deal!” I tried to sit up but Balor kept me pinned down, hand firmly wrapped around my throat. “You said I had until I found a clover...”

“Our deal is the only fecking reason I’m not bullocks deep in your mound right now, girl.”

“But—”

His hand lifted from my throat to clamp over my mouth and he leaned down until the tips of our noses were practically touching. His hot breath feathered my cum-stained lips. “You waste anymore of my seed by runnin’ yer mouth and there will be hell to pay.”

I tamped down the urge to be defiant, knowing it wasn't in my best interest if I wanted to make it back to Ireland alive.

So I swallowed down what was left of the giant's cum.

It was thick and oozed down my esophagus.

I expected to gag, but I was caught off guard by how much I didn't hate the sensation.

In an instant, I felt warm and fluttering, like it was some kind of party drug leaching into my system instead of monster jizz. "What's happening to me?"

"I told you, giant's cum has its uses. Should take the edge off."

"Edge off what? You kidnapping me? No, I don't think you jacking off into my fucking mouth and forcing me to swallow your cum will take the edge off that."

Even as I spoke, as much as I wanted to fight back, my body felt like it was turning to goo and my mind started to spin like a kaleidoscope.

"What are you runnin' yer mouth about?" He scoffed, finally releasing me from his hold to push to his feet. "Ya've have nothing to complain about. Ya could be dead right now, would be dead, if the gods hadn't cursed me to be yer mate."

I hated how much my insides fluttered when he loomed over me like that with his smoldering hair crackling and his gold jewelry swaying in the gentle breeze.

This is what I got for reading all those monster romance novels: an attraction to what was—when you got down to the brass tacks of it—my house and business.

"I wish you would have killed me..." I sniffed, hot tears rolling down my cheek.



“Careful what ya wish fer in the Otherworld, girl. It might come true.”

“Fuck you.” My voice was so weak now, my words were hardly more than a sleepy whisper. The cum was taking hold of me, making my body heavy and my mind light.

Balor chuckled. “Ya will soon if ye don’t find me that four leaf clover.”

Since I’d arrived in the Otherworld, my dreams had been sexual and erratic. Balor’s cum had somehow poured fuel on the fire. My half-crazed mind invented its own monster porno, starring me and my captor.

Our limbs were a confusing tangle, smoldering copper hair wrapping my naked body in fire, making the beads of sweat on my skin glisten.

Then the dream would change, and I was back in the antique shop, sitting on the counter naked with my legs spread.

Facing the evil eye mounted on the bronze shield with the kitten painting propped against the wall beneath it.

The building groaning as I furiously fucked myself with my fingers.

“What do you think of this, Balor?” I asked, the same line I’d used before when modeling my outfit to what I thought was nothing but a family heirloom.

I woke up to find my fingers on my clit.

Fuck. I’d been touching myself in my sleep.

Masculine grunting had my attention veering to the corner of the ruins to find Balor lounged on the toppled pillar, his back resting against one of his collapsed castle

walls with his dick in his hand.

I sat up, pulling my sweater—the only piece of clothing he’d left me—over my hips. “Stop doing that,” I snarled.

His lips curled with an evil grin as our eyes locked. “Then stop moaning and touchin’ yerself, wee one. I only have so much goddamn self control.”

My cheeks burned with a blush.

The king of the giants laughed, seeing the effect he had on me. He knew just how sexually frustrated I was. We both were. So I was surprised when he did as I asked and released his hold on his cock, stopping mid wank.

There was an awkward beat of silence. His smile stretched wider. “Ready to give yerself to me, Maeve?”

My name in his mouth, all wrapped up in that guttural baritone, sent a shiver skipping down my spine.

I flipped him off with both hands. My poor nails, caked with days worth of sifting through the clovers. Or, was it weeks worth? Time moved oddly here, faster and somehow slower than back home. It’s like the Otherworld moved at its own pace and decided what it felt like doing every morning.

It definitely wasn’t moving in my favor. It felt like I’d been here a whole lifetime.

I sifted through the clovers until my knees were raw and achy, until my fingertips were numb and my eyes felt like they’d short circuit at any moment.

Even when I looked away from the ground to give my poor eyes a break, I saw

clovers. Clovers and green cock and that evil eye. In my dreams. My nightmares. When I blinked.

“Give into me, Maeve,” Balor’s voice called one day from where he sat on the pillar. “Let this be over with.”

Satisfaction wound through me at the mere whiff of frustration in the giant’s voice. It pushed me to keep looking. When I got up from my break under a berry bush and returned to sifting through the bed of clovers, he heaved a sigh. “Yer a stubborn wee thing.”

“Yeah, well your ‘little misfortune’ is used to making her own luck. I’ll die looking if I have to.”

“Only ya don’t have to. Ye can choose to give in at any time.”

I scoffed to myself. What kind of choice was that?

When I said nothing, the giant snorted with discontentment. “Suits me fine, girl. Search here for the rest of yer days, for all I care. I’ll watch you slowly rot away...” He gestured to one of the massive rib bones arching over the bed of clovers. “With the rest of those important to me.”

His words had me pausing. My heart skipped a beat and I angrily shook my head, returning to my task.

Don’t be silly. He doesn’t care about me. He cares about punishing me for what my family did to him.

“If you’d just kill me, we could both be done with this shit. I can finally rest in fucking peace, and you can get on with swinging your giant dong all over Ireland.

Making jam out of bones. Tearing down beanstalks. Rise up and crown yourself as king again. Whatever gets you off.”

Balor chuckled. “I won’t be takin’ over anythin’. Those days are behind me. You are my life now, Maeve.”

There he went again. Why was he making it sound like he actually gave a fuck about me?

I looked up from the endless sea of shamrocks to slap him with a glare. “You mean torturing me is your life now.”

He shrugged a meaty shoulder in my periphery. “The way I see it, yer the one torturin’ yerself now. Like I said, ya have a choice, wee McCrum.”

“Oh yeah, because dying from trying to ride the world’s largest dick is way better than this.” I gripped a handful of clovers and tore them out with a huff.

“Who said anythin’ ‘bout you dyin’?”

My shoulders sagged. I was so damn tired. The weeks being trapped here, the endless searching for that lucky four-leaf clover that I was almost certain wasn’t even here. Tired of fighting my captor and that invisible force pulling us together.

It’s not like I was scared of dying. What frightened me was just how much I wanted to give in to him. Because I knew, I just knew that he was banking on me softening to him.

My attraction for red-heads and monsters, paired with that magnetic phenomenon pulling us together, and a dash of good ole’ stockholm syndrome was taking its toll on my resolve.

That had to be his game. He was waiting for me to finally give in and when I did, he'd hurt me when I was most vulnerable.

“You think I’m going to shift while I’m inside you.” It wasn’t a question. He knew where my mind had wandered.

I searched his face for any trace of the cruelty I was sure I’d find there.

But he wasn’t smiling. Nothing but pain and frustration etched his handsome, otherworldly features.

He hopped down from the wall and strode over to where I knelt in the grass. His cock was still out, unabashedly standing at its full length. He crouched in front of me, his bare member inches from me.

I hated how badly I wanted to reach out and touch it.

He flipped his eye patch up, revealing the damaged topaz embedded in his eye socket. Sparkling energy trickled from the crack and whirled around me, like it was trying to pull me in.

“I can’t shift, even if I wanted to. My magic is leaking at a rate faster than I can produce. Bigger spells are beyond me. I barely managed to open the portal here. Beyond that, I’m powerless.”

I blinked rapidly, trying to make sense of what he was telling me. He can’t shift. Was this just another game? Or was he telling me the truth?

“How can I trust you...?”

“Like it or not, the gods have deemed us to be fated.”

“I don’t even know what that means.”

It couldn’t be like how it was in my werewolf romance novels. Something told me there would be no biting mark or knots or anything that came along with the paranormal romance novel territory.

“It’s a dark and ancient ritual, forged in flesh and fire.”

“Is that supposed to convince me?”

There was that grin again. Smug and bathed in the glow of his flames. “I think it appeals to ya more than yer lettin’ on. Make no mistake, there will be some discomfort. Yer too small for it not to hurt, even when I’m at my weakest. But there will be pleasure in the pain. I can promise ya that.”

Pleasure in the pain.

“You know I’m never going to find a four-leaf clover, don’t you?”

He didn’t answer, but he didn’t have to. The truth was written all over his face. I was never going to find that clover.

This whole deal was just so I’d come to terms with it myself.

A single tear slipped from my eye and rolled down my cheek. “How long will you sit here waiting for me?”

“I’ve already waited an eternity for ya, Maeve McCrum. What’s a little while longer?”

Why did he have to go saying shit like that? It was like he was something straight out

of my monster romance novels.

If I was going to be stuck with him forever no matter what I did... why not go out with a bang?

I believed Balor when he said he couldn't shift. That explained why he hadn't yet. The big question that still hung in the air was what would come next, once we sealed our bond?

For the life of me, I couldn't bring myself to care. I was drunk on magic berry juice and giant's cum, with a sprinkle of sleep deprivation for flavor.

"Okay," I finally conceded, worn down after weeks of hopeless searching.

I waited for Balor to pounce but he held his ground. "Okay, what? "

"Okay, you can have me. Seal our bond or whatever. I don't care anymore."

To my shock, Balor shook his head in denial. "I don't think so, wee one."

I blinked one, two, three times. " Now you don't want to? What kind of will-you, won't-you fuckery are you pulling on me?"

"Oh, I want to. I want ya so bad I stare at ya every damn night, memorizin' yer curves, the way yer eyelashes flutter when ya dream, the sweet sounds ya make when yer body yearns. But I won't be havin' ya like this. Like yer thrown' me a bone."

He leaned against the bone arch that he'd previously pointed out as once belonging to his ex-mate's rib cage.

I hated him. I hated that smug look on his face, framed in gold and cinders. I hated

how cocky he was. Most of all, I hated how much he turned me on.

“What do you want me to do?”

I didn't miss the excited gleam behind his normal eye. He rubbed his beard in mock thought. “Let's see... How should one proposition a king? I think gettin' on yer knees is a good start.”



## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Fourteen

Maeve

The request came out like an order—that gruff tone, the same one I imagined he once used to command men on the battlefield.

And fuck me, it had me soaking wet. With no panties to catch the tears of arousal leaking from my pussy, they streaked down my thighs and soaked into the tops of my St. Patrick’s Day socks.

My body flushed, volcanic hot as I slowly knelt in the bed of clovers.

I’d lost our deal and now here I was, giving myself to the monster. I expected him to gloat, but he didn’t. He positioned himself so he was standing in front of me, looking down at me with a pleased smile, excitement and hunger banked in his normal eye.

“That’s my good cailín ,” he purred, his gravelly baritone a palpable caress. “But I think we need to make some adjustments if you’re going to properly worship your king.”

I didn’t have to ask him to clarify what he meant. There was a clear height difference. With Balor’s towering stature, his cock was well above mouth level.

The magic in his evil eye glimmered and the ground quaked. I swallowed down a squeal when roots burst from the soil, wrapping around my legs and knees, pushing me up into the air, high enough to bring me level with Balor’s cock.

He told me in the beginning that he couldn't control the Earth... "You liar. You said you couldn't control the soil. You did tamper with the clovers!"

"What I said was that I couldn't control the Earth. This is the Otherworld. Remember, yer new mate is a fae creature."

I was mad, but I was well past giving a fuck anymore. I shook my head, fury and lust making me turn my head at the veiny member before me. "Whatever. It doesn't matter because I can't fit that fucking thing inside me anyway."

"Can't fit it?"

"It's too big. Too..."

"Look me in the eye, Maeve." Balor's words, which were surprisingly tender, had my eyes dragging to meet his. "It will fit just fine. This is the will o' the gods."

I chewed my lower lip. "The gods are arseholes."

The giant chuckled, and I couldn't help but notice how damn attractive he was when he was amused. "On that we can agree. Where we don't see eye to eye is how much yer body can handle. I've seen it. That toy ye use. Saw it fall from yer night stand when my curse broke. The green girthy lookin' one."

My body burned hotter than the fires of hell when it dawned on me what he was talking about. My orc dildo.

"So I know it's not the color or the girth puttin' ya off. And those books ya read when ya think no one is lookin'..."

Oh god, he knew about those too.

“You’ve done an admirable job pretendin’ that you’re disgusted by my cock, but I know the truth.”

He spit into his palm and gripped his girth, saliva oozing between his large fingers, and smoothed his hand down his shaft with a languide stroke. “I know how much monster cock turns ye on, ya filthy wee human.”

His hand squeezed the tip of his head, forcing out a thin rope of pre-cum.

My mouth watered, and I licked my lips. I didn’t mean to, I didn’t realize I was even doing it until I saw his grin turn smug, like I just proved his point.

“Every time I’ve caught ye sneakin’ peeks at me, yer pussy heats and leaks arousal so strong I can fecking taste it in the air. Especially now that ya had a taste of my seed...”

The tip of Balor’s finger swirled around the slit of his mushroom head, gathering a pearl of the thick liquid. I didn’t flinch. I couldn’t even if I wanted to. The tree roots not only held me up, but they kept me anchored in place.

His finger traced my mouth, applying the cum to my lips as if his finger was a tube of lipstick. A heady mix of pleasure and embarrassment swirled inside me as I battled the urge to lick my lips again.

“Why fight it? There’s no need to hide yer desires from me. Ya don’t need to hide anything from me. Ever.”

I wanted to believe him. Maybe a small portion of me did.

The more time I spent with Balor, the less this was feeling like torture.

This... unsealed bond between us that he kept blaming the gods for was torture.

But he seemed to be doing everything he could to make me comfortable.

As comfortable as a monster like him was capable of, anyhow.

After all, he brought me to his home. Sure, it was strange and scary to me, but to him it was safe and far away from those cultists.

Instead of sealing our bond as soon as we were here, he'd made a deal that basically put the pace of when we'd do it into my hands.

He'd been gentler with me, at least as gentle as an ancient evil monster could manage.

And while he burned off most of my clothes, at least he'd kept the merch sweater I'd made for the shop.

I'd drawn the logo myself and everything.

When I had placed the order online, I'd removed the kitten painting and proudly showed the topaz on the wall.

Then I'd modeled it for him when they arrived.

He knew I loved it, and he could have burned that too to hurt me. But he didn't.

Maybe Stockholm syndrome was going both ways. Or maybe there was more to this bond we were about to make than I'd originally given credit.

How incredible would it be for this whole fated mate thing to work like it did in my

romance novels?

It was probably stupid to think this could be anything more than an elaborate trick to break my heart and my body too.

And fuck me, if that was his plan, it was working.

Still, I hoped. I hoped, I prayed and I opened my mouth and licked my lips in silent invitation.

His rough purr of approval sank straight to my pussy, and the warmth morphed into an inferno when he pushed the tip of his cock past the seal of my lips.

It barely fit. My jaw ached as it was forced apart by the fat cock sliding over my tongue. I braced myself for him to work all of it in, but he pulled out a bit and then shoved back in.

Balor's tip shoved inside me, barely kissing the back of my throat. Just enough to trigger my gag reflex, which had more saliva pooling in my mouth for better lubrication.

His thrusts started off slow and measured. Then, he picked up a more frantic rhythm.

I didn't expect to enjoy this. Especially being forced into place by the roots. But there was something about his masculine grunts of pleasure, his fingers twisting possessively in my hair, and that supernatural pre-cum dribbling down my throat that had me shaking with lust.

Balor's head fell back and he growled at the heavens, his hips pistoning faster, fucking my face, zero fucks given to how little of himself fit inside me.

My teeth scraped the veins wrapping his shaft, and the gold bangle snug around his base gleamed, filling my vision every time he shoved himself inside.

I'd never gotten pleasure from sucking a guy off before, but Balor must have had a magic cock, literally. The deeper he drove himself down my throat, the wetter I got. I was dripping from both ends. It didn't matter that I couldn't move or breathe. In a way, it pushed my pleasure higher.

"I'm going to come." Sweat slipped down Balor's brow. With my head trapped in place, I couldn't see, but I felt the salty tears dripping onto my face and sliding into my mouth. Salty and rich with a unique flavor. He was fucking delicious, every drop of him.

"I—want—ya—to swallow—every last—fecking drop of me." Every few words were punctuated with a thrust of his hips.

A few more pumps and he was coming with a vicious growl that had me trembling in both fear and pleasure.

Ropes of cum shot into my mouth, and I swallowed it down without him having to tell me twice.

"Look at ya, such a good girl fer me. So eager to please yer king."

His praise—it did something to change my brain chemistry. It was just as addicting as his magic dick. I could guzzle his cocaine-like cum and listen to him call me a good girl all damn day long.

The giant took a step back to admire me. I had to look like a mess. I hadn't bathed in forever, my hair was wild to say the least. My face was covered in cum.

“Let’s get ya out o’ that sweater.”

I expected him to pull it off himself, but a surprised “Oh!” dropped from my lips when a tree root slipped under my top and pulled it over my head, leaving me in only my socks.

“That’s better,” he grinned, wolfish hunger etching his features as he watched a tendril of cum ooze from my chin to my breast. “Much better. Feck me. Ya look good enough to eat. Wouldn’t be the first McCrum I’ve eaten.”

“Och, calm yerself girl,” he tutted, seeing my face contort with horror. “It was centuries ago. Wee bastard deserved it too. Liked to kill female merrows for fun. One of those types that thought females were evil, especially the beautiful and magical variety.”

The roots released me and I fell to the ground, the soft bed of clovers breaking my fall. I got to my feet, eager to pursue the subject, despite the fact that I was still horny and naked. “You see my ancestors as the evil ones.”

“Of course,” Balor grumbled. “They called themselves monster hunters but they were the feckin’ monsters.

Back then, it was easy to enter the Otherworld.

Portals everywhere. They came to our home and slaughtered us in droves.

They wanted our fertile lands and they wanted us gone.

So we waged war. We would have won too, if the Tuatha Dé Danann hadn’t turned on us. They betrayed their own people.”

Suddenly, Balor seemed so tired. It was the first time I'd seen him show any signs of exhaustion since we left Ireland.

With a sigh, he retreated back to the corner of the ruins, seating himself in the grass with his back to the broken pillar.

“And then they punished me for the failure to protect my people, even though they stacked the odds against me... But when their followers, those cultists, shot at ya, and their bullet broke my curse, I thought maybe they'd finally tired o' punishing me.”

“Then they punished you again by making us fated mates.”

“I thought so, at first.” Balor's expression hardened, and he gestured for me to approach with a curl of a green finger.

I did as he asked, stopping just short of him. Even with him sitting in the grass, we were still almost eye level.

“Get in my lap, Maeve.”

Swallowing thickly, I obeyed again by straddling his hips.

I stifled a moan when his still-erect cock came to rest against my spread center.

The gold cuff was warm against my skin, and I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like inside me.

If it was even physically possible to get it inside me.

I wasn't sure what to do with my hands, so I rested them on his chest. The thick blanket of smoldering red hairs were pleasantly warm beneath my fingers. He



hummed at the contact.

“So, what you’re saying is, you don’t think us being bonded or whatever is a punishment anymore?”

He shook his head and paused, seeming to choose his words carefully. “No. I think, if anythin’, this is the gods trying to make up fer what they did to me.”

I gaped at him, too stunned to respond. I waited for him to flash me that grin, the mean one I’d seen glimpses of, or any other sign on his face telling me he was joking. Instead, he looked deadly serious.

“I grew up hearing stories about how the gods were on our side...” When I was little, I’d always thought that meant we were the good guys. As it turned out, the gods could be just as petty and cruel as humans.

“Mmm, we’re all monsters in one way or another.”

“What my family did to you...” I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. “Knowing what I do now, I guess I don’t blame you for wanting to take your revenge out on me.”

Balor shook his head again. “There won’t be any punishment. Not for what yer family did, anyhow.”

I blinked. “But your revenge.”

He fiddled with a lock of my curly hair, coiling it around his finger, a half-cocked grin lifting the corner of his mouth. “I’ve found something better.”

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Fifteen

#### Balor

I hadn't given this human my branding mark yet, and I'd already decided waiting an eternity for her was worth it. I could have waited twice as long as I had for her and still, it would have been worth it.

The fucked part was, I'd do anything to make her mine. Anything.

I'd keep her trapped among the bones of my ancestors for the rest of time if that's what it took to make her soften to me.

She was clay in my hands. So easily molded into my perfect little toy. A toy I'd have to be more careful with than anything else in my long, godsforsaken life.

I'd still make her scream, but her cries would be of pleasure. I'd still make her hate me... hate me for not taking everything away from her sooner.

Maeve McCrum would be my wee queen of the giants. I'd make her mine on the bones of the giantess who'd once begged me for a crown she'd gone to her grave yearning.

I plucked her off my lap and carried her over to the rib bone that arched over my desecrated gardens.

As twisted as it was, there was something poetic about taking a new queen for myself

on the bones of my old mate. Especially a McCrum: The very people who put her in the ground.

Maeve stiffened when she saw where I was taking her. “Wait. No! Not there! Take me in the clovers. Or make a bed out of your magic!”

“Giants don’t make love on beds, and queens aren’t crowned in the dirt,” I mused.

“You’re totally fucked in the head!” she snapped at me, her thrashing adorably futile.

I couldn’t argue with her there. But I wouldn’t take her on my ex-mate’s bones if I didn’t know for a fact that there was a part of Maeve that would thoroughly enjoy it.

She liked the dark and the monstrous. Too bad her prudish human sensibilities prevented her from reveling in such things.

One of the many reasons I loathed humans.

They craved pleasure and condemned it all in the same breath.

No matter. I’d lure out the darkness in Maeve, or I’d peel back her layers and pry it out if I had too. Either way, I’d make her enjoy every depraved second of it. My dick was painfully hard just thinking about it.

I placed her on the end of a rib that was only just protruding from the ground. With how it was angled, it made for a perfect makeshift bed. The slight bend in the bone had her body arching with it ever so slightly.

“You said this was your mate?”

I nodded, and suddenly there was the scent of female arousal thick in the air.

Fire and fury , I loved that she had a little wicked streak.

“You’re a monster, Balor. This is seriously fucked up.”

“Yet yer cunt is as wet as ever.” I gripped her knees, spread her thighs and swept a finger through her folds.

I chuckled at her yelp of surprise and sucked her juices from the tip of my finger.

“So let’s cut the shite, hmm? Yer just as depraved as I am.

Ya crave darkness, because it’s all you’ve known fer years. ”

Maybe I hadn’t lost my parents like her. But I did know what it was like to have your family ripped away. And I knew all too well what it was like to dwell in darkness, and find comfort in it.

Hot tears slipped down my human’s cheeks. Something I’d said struck a chord.

I arched over her, my boots still planted firmly on the ground, and kissed her mouth. One eyelid and then the other and her cheeks last. I wish I’d known sooner how sweet her tears were.

“I still hate you...” She sniffed.

I leveled her with a smile. “Hate me all ya want. I’m still gonna make ya cum all over my fat, green cock. Now, spread yer legs over either side of the rib and keep them there.”

Her lower lip quivered and she sucked in a breath. “Are you going to fuck me now?”

“Soon enough, I will. First, we have to train you to take my cock.”

### Chapter Sixteen

Maeve

When Balor pushed the first finger inside me, I knew I was in for trouble.

The single digit was about the girth of the few human men I'd been with.

I had that orc dildo back home—which was probably still lying on the street somewhere.

While it was thick, the silicone toy had nowhere near the same girth as the giant king.

And even the toy didn't seem to fill me up like Balor's pointer finger.

He pushed it in, testing the friction. I was soaking wet, but he still spat onto my clit, laughing when I gasped, and pushed the saliva into my hole by sinking a second finger into me.

Fuck. It hurt but there was a pleasant edge to it that had me moaning.

"Feel good?" There was a bridled snicker in his question. He knew exactly how damn good it felt. I was a writhing, simpering pervert, and it felt so fucking good I didn't care. Still, I nodded.

Balor's finger curved inside me to hit a place that had my eyes rolling into the back of my head. "Use yer words, girl."

“Yes! It—It feels.... It feels good .”

He pumped into me, the concoction of his saliva and my arousal making him slide in and out of me with ease.

“You’re so fucking wet. What a pathetic little human slut, so pent up and desperate for monster cock.”

I focused on his face, expecting to find something condescending there. Only lust and admiration stared back at me. And as he worked a third finger into me, something akin to pride lifted his mouth. “What a good feckin’ girl, already takin’ so much of yer mate.”

I braced for the sting but it never came. My walls stretched to fit all three of the giant king’s fingers.

“Ah, look at ya. Such a hungry wee cunt ya have. We’re gonna have so much fun .”

While Balor pumped three whole fingers inside me—I still couldn’t believe it—his other hand worked my clit in firm circles, my insides fluttering at the extra dimension of pleasure.

His smoldering hair had burst into full flames, making his sweat and gold jewelry glitter in the light. There was something truly dangerous about the ancient giant king’s stature that had my insides in knots.

Gods. I was so turned on. Desperate, filthy and full. I was so close to coming, and Balor knew it too. I was practically vibrating, and my pussy clamped onto his fingers, feral for more.

“Be my good human slut and come fer me,” he growled, his voice husky and

wrapped in silk.

Electricity danced through my bloodstream, and my head whirled as his fingers pushed me closer to the edge.

I came with a scream.

“Oh my God... oh my god.” I waited for him to slow down, to pull his fingers out so I could catch my breath. He did neither of those things. His fingers kept pumping into me, overloading me with pleasure and pain and everything in between.

“No more—” I tried to squirm away but roots exploded from the ground and coiled around my wrists and ankles. He didn’t let up. He bent down, sucking my clit into his wicked mouth.

The suction, the thrusting of his fingers, the relentless sensation, it was enough to obliterate all my nerves.

“No more?” His pitiless cackle made my pussy flutter around his fingers. “Tell me to stop and I’ll consider it.”

He forced me through another orgasm, this one so intense all I could do was twitch and scream some more.

“Ya sound like a wee beastie with yer wild sounds. Tasty, but they aren’t exactly encouragin’ me to stop, are they?”

The fucking bastard. He knew full well that I didn’t want to stop. It was too much and somehow not enough at the same time. This beast of a man was pushing me past my limits and creating new ones all on the same heated breath.



It wasn't until he made me come a third time that he finally let up. He pulled his fingers from my pussy with a sound that might have been embarrassing if I wasn't so busy trying to scoop my remaining brain cells together.

He held up his fingers, strings of my cum stretching as he parted the digits. "Fire and fury. That was beautiful, trua beag. "

He slipped into Irish, muttering to himself beneath his breath as he took me in.

I looked up at him, trying to catch my breath. "You—b—bastard."

Balor grinned in response and leaned down to kiss me. I didn't think he was capable of the tender way he pressed his lips to mine. It caught me off guard. He pulled back and I gave him a smile. His eyes dropped to my mouth, and that sweet look in his eye was gone in an instant.

There was no time to collect myself, no time to catch my breath. The roots released me and he spun me around, positioning me so his mouth was level with my pussy and I was eye-level with his raging hard-on.

"Open wide," he rumbled.

The giant king didn't give me a chance to obey. The moment the words left his mouth, he rammed his cock into my mouth, grunting as my teeth scraped his shaft. This time he wasn't as gentle.

His cock hit the back of my throat and I gagged, which turned into a strangled moan when I felt his mouth on my center, tongue hungrily lapping at my swollen clit.

Instead of using the roots to pin me down this time, he captured my ankles in his huge hands and held them against the rib bone to keep me still.

Not that I had the energy for so much as a wiggle.

I surrendered to him, allowing him to fuck my face hard and fast while his tongue slithered inside me.

“Good girl,” Balor groaned into my pussy as I worked my tongue along his shaft as best I could. “You’re taking me so well.”

The deep and guttural pleasure in his voice paired with his tongue swirling around my inner walls had me coming in seconds. My muffled scream around his cock had him throbbing against my tongue, spurting his release deep into the back of my throat.

Even after he came, he held me there, keeping me penetrated on him—both ends filled and dripping.

A strange calm fell over me as my limbs went limp, allowing the moment to wash over me as my heart rate fell back to normal.

When he pulled out of me, he turned me around so I was right side up again. He kissed me, his tongue licking my lips, and he hummed when the taste of both of us hit his taste buds. “Ready to take all of me now, wee one?”

I wasn’t sure I would ever be ready. Physically it seemed impossible. Maybe it was my monster fucker sensibilities, the urge to finally seal our bond, or the fact that I was cum-drunk and eager for more. Whatever it was, it had me nodding my head.

“Use yer words, girl. Let me know how eager ya are to have me inside ya.”

“Fuck me, please. I... I need you inside me.”

He shook his head, chuckling. “You can do better than that.”

I swallowed hard, steeling my nerves. “Bend me over. Fuck my cunt. Please —”

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Seventeen

Maeve

B alor gripped me by the waist, squeezing a gasp from me, and plucked me off the rib bone.

He repositioned me so my feet were planted on the ground—or at least on a bunch of roots that emerged from the soil to give me a good foothold—and my tummy flat against the giant rib bone. Bent over with my backside exposed.

“Too bad giants and humans can’t reproduce. Ya look so fecking breedable, bent over fer me like that,” he growled, the wolfish hunger in his voice making my pussy drip.

He dragged his claw-like nails up the back of my thighs and over the swell of my ass, hard enough to leave marks. It was a sweet sting, the kind that had me moaning in pleasure.

There was a rustle, and on the next beat, a sizzle and a plume of smoke wrapped around me. “Here, take a puff of this before we start.”

I twisted my head to see him handing me a pipe that looked like it was made of magic, judging by its translucent glow. “What is it?”

“Blackweed. Grows wild here. I believe ya have a plant similar in yer world.”

Curiosity had me grabbing the pipe and taking a hit. “Oooh, weed!” I exclaimed with

delight at the familiar aroma, my butt giving a happy wiggle. I loved that in this fantasy realm with magical portals and monster fuckery, there was still pot.

The plant had a sour tang to it, but it was pretty much the same flavor as weed.

“Glad yer pleased,” Balor rumbled behind me. He set the pipe on the flat plane of bone beside me. “I’ll keep yer hands free so ya can take another drag, fer the pain.”

His fingers twisted into the hair at my nape and he pulled me back, forcing my spine to arch and lifting my torso from the rib bone. “But not too much, girl. I won’t have you numbin’ yerself to the point where you can’t feel me. Understand?”

I doubted there was enough marijuana in this world or the next for that, but I nodded. “I understand.”

“Good.” He released his hold on my hair and dropped his mouth to the patch of skin between my shoulder blades. He licked at my skin and released an evil laugh that slithered up my spine and around my throat. “I love it when ya shiver and shake for me.”

The roots beneath my feet wrapped around my ankles and slowly guided my legs apart so that I was spread for him. He rubbed two thick fingers over my labia, back and forth until I was trembling with anticipation.

I pushed against his fingers, desperate for more friction.

“So adorable.” He gripped the back of my head and guided it down so my cheek was flush with the rib bone. “So eager for yer mate’s cock, aren’t ya?”

I tried to nod as best I could. He was so huge, his palm swallowed my head, fingers covering my face. With a twitch he could crush my skull, just like he had with

Conor's.

The thought had me raising my hips, lifting my ass up in offering.

Fuck. Balor was right. I did crave the dark and demented. It felt good to admit that, even just to myself. I knew he wasn't going to hurt me, and if he did, I didn't care. That's how fucking good it felt.

He arched over me, draping me in shadows that his flames cast on my body, making the visage of our tangled bodies flicker on the giant rib bone. "Are you ready for me to wreck yer wee cunt, Maeve McCrum?"

His voice was guttural, full of fire and violence.

"Yes. Please —"

His fingers left my center, only to be replaced by the head of his dick. It nudged against my center, slowly pressing forward. Parting my folds, and sinking inside at an agonizing pace.

His hands slapped over the rib on either side of my head, claws gouging deep marks into the bone, and he hissed between clenched teeth. "Slowly..."

He was speaking to himself, not me. Control wasn't in his nature, he'd said so before.

Yet here he was, exerting every fiber of his will to ease himself inside with care.

Even with his gentle pace, and his efforts to prepare my body to accept him, it was a lot.

The ache as he slowly fucked into me had my nerves splitting, my blood stinging and

my head whirling.

“Almost there, Maeve.” He muttered something, a curse maybe, in ancient tongue that only had hints of the Irish language I vaguely knew. “I think you’re going to take all of me.”

All of him? No, that was impossible. But then again, it felt fuller than I ever had before. Like I was about to rip at the seams.

I whimpered with every inch he fed into me. Gods, I sounded like some kind of dying animal. But the pathetic sounds only seemed to encourage him.

“Feck me, it’s been so long... I’ve waited an eternity for you, Maeve.”

All ability to articulate was gone. All I could do was nod and moan as he fed the last of his monstrous girth inside me. A strangled gasp crawled up my throat when something warm and smooth locked into place. “Wha—? What was that?”

“That was my cuff,” Balor rumbled, his voice full of grit. “Ya did it. Ya took all of me. Such a good human. Taking all of yer mate’s cock.”

I was so full, so stretched to capacity that my next moan turned to a sob. He twitched inside me, his growl melting into a purr. “What comes next is going to hurt even more, girl. But the pain will be quick.”

“T—then what?”

“Then ye’ll be mine ferever.”

His forever. Funny. That didn’t sound like such a bad fate anymore.

Balor drove into me with steady strokes, shallow at first, giving my body a chance to adjust. Then his thrusts became harder, deeper. He was long and thick, and I swore I could practically feel him in my throat, that heady flavor of his rich on my tongue.

I fumbled for the pipe, struggling to hold it and take a hit while he fucked me. The effects of the Blackweed had my head whirling and my muscles relaxing, driving me to new heights of pleasure.

“Tell me what you want,” he huffed, his barreling breaths punctuated with a growl on every jab of his hips.

“I want... I want... Your cum...”

“Say it again. Louder. I want the ghosts of all my kin to hear what a pathetic little whore you are. I want them to know that the last McCrum is no longer a monster hunter. Only a monster fucker.”

The pleasure, the pain, the praise and the degradation was the perfect concoction to send me hurtling over the edge. I babbled for his cum, begging and pleading, not caring how pathetic I sounded. At that moment, I felt like an animal. “Please. Please. Please, Balor.”

The more I begged, the harder he fucked me. I sobbed from the force of my orgasm, shell-shocked by his unrelenting force. As I rode the final ebbs of it, he bit down on my shoulder.

Unholy fuck. It was a mating bite, but it wasn't like anything my books had ever described. Excruciating pain tore through my system and for a moment, I felt like he'd set me on fire. It was as if my immunity to his flames was gone the moment he'd bitten me.



It was more than a bite. He'd branded me.

The wound sizzled, his fangs burning my flesh with a white hot pain that had my brain shorting out. When I screamed, he came, and the torrent of cum filling me quickly washed the inferno away like a salve.

He came until he was dripping down my thighs. For several moments he didn't pull out. He just held me there against the rib bone, showering the new brand on my shoulder with delicate and reverent kisses.

"That's my girl. Ya did so good fer me," he praised, his tone choked with emotion. "My human. My mate. My queen."

### Chapter Eighteen

#### Balor

I did it. I made Maeve McCrum, the last surviving member of the line that had torn my family and my world apart, my bonded mate.

For years, I'd daydreamed about slaughtering her.

Instead, I'd given her the most valuable thing I had to give.

My fealty, my love, my obsession. Yet, I felt vindicated. I finally felt at peace.

I gathered my new mate in my arms and carried her over to the corner of the ruins where the foliage was lushest, and sat us down in the grass with her curled up in my lap.

She looked smaller and more delicate than ever.

I traced the fresh brand on her shoulder, marking her as mine.

Using some magic, I healed the raw and angry wound.

When the shimmering amber light dancing across her skin faded, the teeth marks were nothing more than faint silvery lines on her skin. "There, all better."

Maeve mumbled her thanks and buried her head into my chest. It wasn't until her

shoulders started to quiver that I realized she was weeping.

“Why are ya crying? Was it too much for ya?”

She lifted her head from my chest, her cheeks puffy and stained with tears. I imagined her pussy was in a similar state. “Too much and somehow not enough...”

“That’s normal.” I cupped her head and stroked the apple of her cheek with my thumb. “Don’t worry yer wee head. We’ll have all of eternity to keep doing that. Again and again.”

“Eternity?” She gaped at me like I had a pixie crawlin’ out of my nose. “I’m human.”

I snorted. “Haven’t fergotten.”

“We don’t live very long. I’m twenty-nine years old. I’ll be lucky if I have another six decades in me. You’ve probably had naps longer than that.”

I smiled and wiped her tears with the back of my knuckle. “That last part may be true. But ya’ve eaten the food here. There’s a reason Tír na nóg translates to Land of the Young. A meal here once in a spell will keep ya alive as long as me.”

Her eyes widened to the size of boulders as the truth set in. “That had to be the reason why my people tried to take over your lands.”

“One of the many reasons,” I confirmed with a sigh.

“I’m not sure I feel worthy of such a thing... Or that I want to live forever. I’m just a human with a bachelor’s in finance. Why should I get to live forever?”

“Now that ya have my mark, yer not exactly a normal human. Yer queen of the

giants.”

“Queen.” She said it like it was a joke. “The five foot queen of the giants?”

“Since all my kin are dust,” I gestured to the bones strewn about my castle ruins, “yer not gonna have much complaint about yer size.”

“Even still, I don’t know if I feel like much of a queen.

” Maeve looked down at her naked form. She was covered in marks that would be bruises by morning, and she was sweaty and crusted in cum.

She also hadn’t bathed in longer than what she was accustomed to, but for me it only heightened her natural scent, making my mouth water.

My dick was hard again, just drinking her all in. I could rut her for days on end. “Maybe you don’t feel like a queen yet cause’ you need a crown,” I told her with a wolfish grin. “Or in the least, more gold.”

“I doubt any crown you have lying around here will fit me.”

I leaned back against a piece of rubble and tucked her against my chest as I lost myself to my thoughts. I had plenty of jewelry I could smelt down and make a crown for her. Or, use a bit of my magic to create an illusion. Though, she deserved something more momentous than that.

Then it occurred to me. I reached beneath her and slid the gold cuff off my cock, polished it clean with some spit and the sleeve of my duster and placed it on her head.

It was small for a crown, but perfect for the five foot queen of the giants. “There. Fit for a wee queen.”

Her fingertips brushed the jewelry on her head and she smiled, but there was a sadness behind it that had my heart twisting in knots. “What’s wrong? Do ya not like it?”

“No... It’s great. Who doesn’t want a cock ring for a crown?” she joked through the tears.

“Did I hurt ya? I can use my magic to—”

“No, it’s not that,” she sniffed. “I just...”

“You can tell me,” I urged her with as gentle a tone as I could manage. With her, I was finding a tenderness within me that I hadn’t possessed before my curse.

“I just... I miss my home, is all,” she finally pushed out.

My mouth flattened with a frown. “I’m right here.”

She looked like she wanted to say something else but decided against it. Instead, she leaned her head against my chest, eyes half-lidded as the day began to take its toll.

I understood what she meant when she said she missed home.

The curse her ancestors had cast had turned me into their home, their shop, their livelihoods. But it wasn’t me she missed.

She missed her bed.

She missed Gilly.

She missed her books and her drawing pencils.

I waited until she was fast asleep, and then I carefully set her down in the clovers with her sweatshirt folded beneath her like a pillow. Shrugging my duster jacket off, I laid it down on her to stave off the chill of the night.

I opened up a portal back to Cork and cast a lingering look back at my sleeping mate. Maeve McCrum, last of the monster hunters and queen of the last surviving giant.

Guilt stabbed at my ribs as I watched her sleep.

Could I give her a good life here? The land was fertile, rich with food.

I could keep her well fed, well fucked, well cared for.

I could use my magic to create a shelter for her.

Not a fancy one, not with the way I was hemorrhaging magic energy through my damaged eye.

Still, it would be a roof over her head.

There were no humans here. Nothing familiar to her.

But here, she was safe. Far away from the cult after my evil eye.

If it wasn't damaged, I'd have the ability to always protect her.

Too bad the crack made the magic I could pack behind a spell uncertain.

I stepped through the portal, knowing what I had to do.

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:12 pm*

### Chapter Nineteen

Maeve

I woke up, flat on my back, wrapped in the scent of home. The aroma of dust and wood wafted from Balor's jacket, which he'd tucked around me sometime in the night. There was a weight on my chest.

Something was curled up on my chest, and it was purring.

Gilly!

The poor cat was almost sent flying as I shot into a sitting position.

"Oh my god, Gilly!" I scooped up the chubby calico, fat tears of joy rolling down my cheeks as I smooshed my face into her dappled fur.

"Figured you ought to have yer cat with ya."

I looked toward the voice to see Balor in his usual spot on the broken pillar, his blackweed pipe in hand and tendrils of smoke swirling around his head like a crown.

The last time we spoke of Gilly, Balor had called her his cat. But this time, he called her mine. Keeping Gilly secure against my chest, I leaped up and ran over to Balor. He was in a sitting position, his mouth in perfect kissing range.

I brought my lips to his in a lingering kiss. "Thank you."

He seemed stunned at first, then that grin I was learning to love crept across his face. “No need to thank me. It was my fault she was lost in the first place. Found her nestled behind the dumpsters where the shop used to be. Gathered some other things fer ya too while I was there.”

The giant gestured to one of my suit cases I’d brought back with me from Boston.

I crouched, setting Gilly in the grass and opened the case.

Inside were some of my monster books, rain damaged but mostly intact.

Balor had also gathered most of my colored pencil collection, a sketchbook, some pieces of clothing, and my monster toy.

I blushed, thinking how long that had to be lying out in the street.

“It’s weird no one picked these things up.”

“I used some of my magic to create an illusion on the plot where McCrum’s Curios had sat, before we stepped through the Portal. To human eyes, it looks like the buildin’ is still there. It was already closed months beforehand. I’m sure no one has batted an eye at it still bein’ closed.”

“What about Conor? He disappeared, and I was the last one seen with him. There were tons of people at the Pub on St. Patrick’s Day night who saw me leave with him.”

“They think the cultists killed him.”

It all sounded too good to be true. I’d wanted to go home, but this was the first time I considered that maybe I couldn’t. Not if I was the number one suspect in a murder



case. “Did they find their bodies?”

Balor took a hit on the pipe, leaving me in suspense for a beat before releasing his breath in a plume of smoke. “Yes, but no one has tied their deaths to the shop.”

Relief lifted my chest and I released the breath I’d been holding. “So we can go back!”

The giant’s good eye narrowed, and he took one last puff on his pipe before it disappeared in a shimmer of magic. “I didn’t say that. We can’t go back, Maeve.”

My heart fell into the pit of my stomach. Just like that, all my hopes of returning home, were dashed in a moment. “You don’t have enough magic to cast another portal spell?”

“I didn’t say that either.”

“Then fucking tell me why I can’t go home.”

Balor’s gaze hardened. “I have enough magic to take ya back. But with the crack in my eye, my spells are... unpredictable . There’s no telling if I’ll be able to protect you if the cultists come back.

And mark me, Maeve McCrum. Don’t make the same mistake yer grandparents made, thinkin’ they won’t come back.

No matter how many decades may pass, they always come back. ”

“You saw how I handled myself on St. Patrick’s Day. I can protect myself.”

“Ya were lucky.”

“I’m never lucky,” I muttered.

“Even if they don’t come back, that won’t fix the problem with my eye and my magical reserves.

If I use magic faster than I can make it, all the spells I’ve cast before might shatter.

All the antiques that have come from the shop, gone in a blink.

And if we go back, I’ll have to keep myself hidden constantly.

What if I can’t keep up the illusion? One moment I’m invisible, the next, there’s a green giant with flamin’ hair standin’ in front of yer customers. ”

I opened my mouth to argue but he continued before I could interject.

“I’ve managed to keep the illusion spell up on the buildin’ but fer how much longer...

” He tapped his damaged evil eye. “While hemorrhaging like a battlefield wound? What will ye do when, in broad daylight, the antiques and the walls and everythin’ else vanishes while customers are shoppin’? ”

“We can figure it out. Please, Balor. You can’t keep me here. I’ll go crazy.”

Balor didn’t falter at my pleas. I knew now that he had a soft spot for me, but there was no exploiting that. I had to reason with him...

What I had to do was make a deal. Fae creatures love the fuck out of that shit, and with what I was cooking up, there’d be no turning me down.

I chewed my lip, thinking carefully as Gilly rubbed against my leg, happy as can be that we were back together. “What if I told you I might be able to fix your eye?”

“I’d tell ya that I think yer lyin’,” he said, nostrils flexing with his snort.

“Pretend for a second that you believe me. Are you confident you can keep the shop and the building going?”

Balor laughed, the sound guttural and booming, sending a few birds in a nearby tree flying. “Girl, if my eye was fixed I could do just about anythin’. But ya can’t, not without magic of yer own. Magic weaned its way out of yer bloodline generations ago.”

Balor was right, in part. I didn’t have my own magic powers, but who needed those in the modern world?

I tugged on my McCrum’s sweatshirt and some shorts he’d brought back for me. They weren’t exactly clean, but they would do for now. “Okay, let’s also pretend for a second that you believe I can fix your eye without magic. If I do fix it, I have some conditions.”

The giant’s smoldering copper brows hiked toward his hairline. “Which are?”

“You can’t use your magic to grow big, at least not in Ireland. If you want to run around in your true size, you have to come here to do it. No crushing people, or making Ireland pay for driving magical beings to extinction or whatever.”

He rubbed his beard in mock thought. “Well now that ya mention it...”

“Balor. You have to give me your word or no deal.”

“Fine.” He huffed. “Ye have my word. What else?”

“No killing humans, except cultists. But you have to do it discreetly.”

His smile widened. “Now that I can agree to. What else does my queen command?”

“You don’t have to be the shop anymore, but you have to use your magic to keep McCrum’s going. And you have to help me run the shop. No touching the customers though. I don’t need anyone mysteriously combusting. That would be bad for business.”

My chest tightened as I waited for his response. I prepared myself for him to turn me down. Why in the world would a magical being like him want to hang around a dusty antique shop that used to be his literal prison?

So my heart skipped a beat when he nodded in agreement. “Is that all?”

Was that all? It felt like I was asking the world of him. I shook my head, sucking my lower lip between my teeth. “There’s one last thing... once your eye is fixed, will you take me back here and...”

I trailed off. It was too embarrassing of a request.

“We’ve been over this. Ya can tell me anythin’ wee one. Tell me what devious thoughts are bloomin’ in that wicked head of yers.”

“When you have all your powers back, will you take me back here and do what you threatened to do when we first met?”

Balor blinked. Shock looked so out of place on his face. “You mean... You want me to take you in my hand and...”

“Drown me in your cum. Yes.” My entire body flushed with a blush. “Minus the actual drowning part.”

A slow, diabolical smirk stretched Balor’s mouth. “Ya’ve got yerself a deal, human.”

### Chapter Twenty

#### Maeve - Three Weeks Later

“ W hen you said you were gonna fix my eye, this wasn’ what I thought ya had in mind.” Balor was examining his reflection in an antique vanity mirror on the shop’s checkout counter for what had to be the dozenth time today.

He tapped his eye, growling when his nail didn’t clink against the stone.

I’d placed a large piece of duct tape over the crack in his topaz. While it wasn’t exactly pretty, it got the job done. It was the brand they advertised on TV by slapping a large piece onto a broken pipe. Perfect for gushing pipes and magical gemstones.

“Never promised how I would fix it.” I flashed him a grin as I finished balancing the register for the day.

“Yer the giant queen fer one week and yer already makin’ deals like a fae,” he said with a snort, a smile tucked at the corner of his mouth.

“I learned from the best.” I giggled and placed a kiss on his warm cheek. Sparks danced at the contact.

My line of sight slid to the wall behind the register where my “crown” was displayed on the bronze shield that the evil eye had once been affixed to.

Balor had put an illusion spell on it to look like the topaz, so if the cultists ever broke

in while we weren't home, they'd be making off with a cock ring and not his precious eye.

We were closing up shop for the day. Sales were slow, most people who came in were looky-loos.

They wanted to see the place attached to my grandparents' murder, as well as the recent disappearances.

Without any proof, we didn't have to worry about any official investigations.

Just the occasional paranormal investigator looking to film content for their channel or tourists looking to buy my McCrum's merch.

It was weird seeing people walk around in the sweater I'd lived in for two weeks in the Otherworld wilderness.

The shop would be closed tomorrow. Tonight was our first official date night out since coming back to the human world.

It was nice, opening the shop and finding a "new" normal with Balor. But knowing we were going back to the Otherworld tonight, away from work and our normalish lives to indulge in a night of magical monster fuckery, had me vibrating with excitement.

Balor was excited too. He was happy helping around the shop, dusting and organizing and asking me all sorts of questions about the modern world. He took pleasure in making new items and oddities to sell. But I knew he was looking forward to our return to the Otherworld, probably our first of many.

When the last customer of the day left, the shop bell jingled. Balor no longer flinched every time it rang.

I practically skipped to the front door, locked the deadbolt, and made sure to put enough kibble in Gilly's bowl to tide her over for the night.

I flew upstairs to primp for our night out. When I came back down a few minutes later, Balor's gaze filled with lust and fire. "I see yer wearin' my favorite outfit."

His favorite outfit was in fact, nothing. I was in the nude, wearing only—brand new—St. Patrick's Day socks.

With a giggle, I spun around to show off my outfit, or lack thereof.

"Fecking beautiful, wee one," my mate praised, unable to take his eyes off me as he summoned the portal in a swirl of flame and sparks.

A shiver of excitement and apprehension danced up my spine when we stepped through to the other side. Was I really about to go through with this? Fuck yes. I was living out my monster fucker fantasies, and I wasn't going to let a little bit of nerves get in my way.

Balor's castle ruins were always hauntingly beautiful, with the fantastical foliage growing thick around the crumbling walls and giant bones. It was especially beautiful tonight, bathed in moonlight.

The giant king picked me up beneath my arms and set me down on the broken pillar where he'd fallen in love with me those handful of weeks. I sat cross-legged, buzzing with nerves. "What now?"

It was a silly question. Now was the part where he'd get all big and do unspeakable things to me, things I'd only read in monster romance books.

He grinned, taking several steps back to give himself space to shift. "Ya know what comes next well enough, little human. Though, I still don't think ye realize just how



big I can get. Much too big fer a wee thing like yerself.”

Butterflies whirled in my belly. I’d heard that one before. “Yada yada, ‘you’ll make it fit’ yada yada. Or something along those lines. You’ll be careful with me. All that crap you said before about not being a gentle giant was just a bunch of goblinshite.”

The giant king’s laugh had his flames leaping high into the night. The bright light fell over his face, illuminating the love and adoration carving his face. “Such a bratty, defiant wee thing ya are, Maeve McCrum.”

It was funny to think that, just a handful of weeks ago, I didn’t think he was capable of love. Especially love for me. But everyday he proved to me that he really had let go of the revenge he’d spent centuries plotting. Because he’d found something better.

Balor’s visage swelled, pulsating and thrumming with red hot magic. His entire physique grew right before my eyes, expanding until he was taller than the trees.

I knew he’d be tall, but fuck me. There’d been zero exaggeration about his size and just how “wee” I was compared to his true form.

My mind ran wild as I pried my attention from the bulge tenting the front of his trousers and craned my head to gawk at the visage of fiery death looming over me.

Balor of the Evil Eye was terrifyingly handsome, looking every bit the giant king he’d once been with the moon positioned behind his head like a halo, and his hair lighting up the night.

He took a step closer and my legs went weak as the earth quaked.

I knew there was nothing to be afraid of. Balor would keep me safe, but that animal part of my brain had fear shooting through my system. My heart thundered, my mating mark burned white-hot and my pussy pulsed, juices trickling down my bare

legs.

In all honesty, I was a little scared. And I was so turned on.

Balor's nostrils flexed as he inhaled the night air, and the bulge in his pants grew larger as my scent filtered into his lungs. "I smell the cunt of an Irish woman."

Despite the gravity of the situation, I cracked a smile. We'd been reading fairytales before bed, catching him up on all the stories his reign of terror had inspired. Knowing what a hopeless monster fudger I was, he incorporated some lines here and there during playtime.

Sometimes I couldn't help laughing at him, but it never failed to work me up.

We'd talked about this moment countless times. I wasn't supposed to run. Or put up a fight. But the combination of archaic survival instincts telling me to flee and the urge to make our fucked-up game a little more twisted had me turning tail and running.

I didn't get far.

"Where do ya think yer going?" He growled, reaching for me. I couldn't outrun him, even if I wanted to.

Huge fingers closed around me, and I watched the ground below shrink away.

My eyes lifted to meet the giant's hungry gaze. "You aren't going to eat me, are you?"

His booming laughter had the wildlife bolting from the flora. "Aw, sweet little human. That's exactly what I'm gonna do. But first I think I'd like to play with my food a bit."

I scratched and bit at his finger. My acting chops weren't the best, but they didn't need to be with how scared I was, being up this high at the complete mercy of this monster.

“Look at ya, my perfect wee toy. So full of fire, yet still so breakable. I promise I won't play with ya too hard.”

With those words, I was a puddle in his palm.

He rubbed his thumb over my tits, his digit so large I could feel the tracks of his thumbprint scraping my nipples.

His other hand dropped out of sight, and I knew he was working to free himself from his pants.

I braved a peek through his fingers to see his veiny cock, steel hard and already oozing pre-cum.

Balor lowered the hand he had me nestled in, until I was positioned below his erection.

I had tracked down a couple of monster romance books with extreme size differences to prepare for tonight. While they had definitely riled me up, they hadn't exactly prepared me.

No amount of reading could have prepared me for this.

It was surreal, staring up at my mate's enormous green cock. It was so large it blocked out the moon, much of the sky and swallowed me in its shadow.

The giant king's free hand fisted the base of the mighty appendage, and he started to pleasure himself. He began with slow and steady strokes. The entire time he kept his

gaze clamped on me, one eye hungry and the other glimmering around the large strip of tape.

The fact that this was so absurd only heightened my excitement.

Balor stroked himself with one hand while his thumb rubbed up and down my torso, his fingertip flicking my breasts and wedging between my legs to rub my center.

A gasp latched in my throat when his pinky pinned my ankles, anchoring me down.

Fuck. He knew how much I loved it when he held me down.

“Such a pretty doll,” he grunted, mouth twisted into a lustful grin.

His thumb moved back up the length of my body, skimming back over my boobs and this time, pausing to pinch my throat. He applied just enough pressure to make my head light and my pussy wet with pleasure.

My moan came out garbled, which had his fist ramming his cock harder, chasing his release with reckless abandon.

I knew it was coming. I’d had dreams of this, fantasized about it. Still, I wasn’t prepared for the sheer amount of cum that rained down.

The thick giant’s seed came out in an explosion, milky ropes painting every inch of me. It was sticky, viscous and disgustingly erotic. Something about bathing in my mate’s cum—with the way it leaked into my mouth and pussy, coating every inch of me—made me feral.

It filled up his palm, covering my entire body and leaving only my head exposed. He left me there for several moments before lifting me out of this palm and holding me in front of his face.

Cum poured off my body in rivulets, and the rest he licked off. The giant left no part of me untouched with his thick, sinuous tongue.

When he lapped up the last drop of his seed, I expected that we were done. Then he stuck my whole body in his mouth.

Weeks ago, this would have been my biggest nightmare. Surely, this was how I'd die. Now, there was zero fear as he fit me in his mouth, his lips closing around my throat in the weirdest necklace known to man.

It took everything in me not to pass out from the pleasure. The suction was bliss. His tongue wiggled between my legs, and the tip pushed inside me.

I came within seconds, and my scream could probably be heard from every corner of the Otherworld.

"F—fire and fury," I cried his favorite curse, the overstimulation of heaven and hell on my overloaded nerves.

When he finally pulled me from his mouth and set me back down on the ground, he shifted to his smaller form.

I slumped in the patch of clovers, chest heaving as I tried to catch my breath with my nerves, my muscles and my brain in a puddle.

"How are ya feeling, wee one?" he said, curling up beside me in the clovers and handing me his blackweed pipe.

"Feeling fucking obliterated," I mumbled, gladly puffing on the plant, fragrant smoke twinging around us.

We stayed like that for an hour or two, maybe longer; it was hard to tell in this place.

Naked and spent, we cuddled among the clovers for most of the night. It wasn't until the sun started to come up that he opened the portal that took us back to McCrum's Curios.

Balor carried me upstairs to the bathroom, set me in the shower and turned the faucet on. I was too weak to stand, so he got in with me and bathed me, scrubbing me clean until my skin was pink and stinging.

By the time he dried me, dressed me in my pajamas and carried me to bed, I was already half asleep.

Gilly was already in bed when Balor laid me down on the mattress. It was brand new, a California king—the only size that fit me, my giant mate and our cat.

The chubby calico made an excited chirp, getting up only to curl up into a ball at my hip.

"I love you, Maeve McCrum," he whispered in my ear, probably thinking I was asleep. He chased his sweet words with a kiss and some sweet nothings in a blend of Irish and ancient giant's tongue.

Balor didn't call me his little misfortune anymore. I never did find the four leaf clover. It didn't matter though, because I felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

I fell asleep, happy as could be for what felt like the first time in an eternity.

The building, the shop—it didn't matter that it wasn't the same one I'd grown up in. I was with Balor, and so long as I was with him, I'd always be home.

The End.