



Terrible Desires (Loving Monsters #8)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: It's All Hallows' Eve and Brianna Rookwood has had enough of the typical and obnoxious commercial festivities of the season. She yearns for peace and some quality alone time to simply enjoy a good novel! Treating herself, she books a cabin in the Red Pine Forest.

But Brianna's night-in doesn't go quite as planned. Wandering from Cabin 13 to explore the great outdoors, she becomes lost in a nightmare, losing time, and her way. Something truly terrible dwells in the forest, and it's been waiting centuries for its mate...

#MF

#LovingMonsters

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This Halloween is going to be different, I decide. No trick-or-treating, or screaming children high on sugar, no yards littered with tacky store-bought decorations, or teenagers in slutty costumes walking the streets with their parents' stolen liquor. This All Hallows' Eve is going to be just me, myself, and a cute chalet with river views. I'm going to have peace and quiet.

Don't get me wrong ... I love the seasonal celebrations—but not the commercial, cookie-cutter holiday they've become. Fall is genuinely my favorite time of year ... the cool, crisp weather, the changing colors, falling leaves, the rain, and then the resulting petrichor! This season is in my blood, and I truly appreciate what Halloween traditionally represents—a time of change, closure, of embracing the darkness that's to come, and a chance to say a final farewell to our loved ones who've had to cross over.

With my mind made up, I book in my stay, pay online, and pack an overnight bag. Anchorage is a beautiful city, but I'm a solitary soul and like to keep to myself. I love nothing more than an opportunity to snuggle up with a good book or chill out with snacks and a horror movie. I'm basically the furthest thing from a social creature one could be. And college life has drained my social meter into the red. I need to recharge, indulge, and just enjoy the fresh air and nature. That'll do it.

Boarding the coach the following morning with a pumpkin spice latte, dressed in my favorite jeans, a black sweater, and a bright, rust-colored scarf, I pull on my matching beanie over my long, red hair and rest my bag on my lap. The journey is scenic and peaceful and takes just under three hours. I spend most of the time staring at the window, daydreaming, with my earbuds in, listening to heartachingly beautiful piano covers of Slipknot songs.

When we finally reach our destination, a bed-and-breakfast situated on the pristine Kasilof River, I grab my bag and step out into the cool mountain air, sucking in a deep lungful. It's invigorating and pure, and I feel immediately at ease. There's not a single screaming child or vagrant teen in sight. With a little skip in my step, I note I'm the only one who gets off the coach at this stop and wave politely to the driver, before heading to Reception. The doorbell rings as I step into the cozy lodge and an elderly female clerk smiles brightly at me.

"Hello, do you have a reservation?" she asks as she opens the day's bookings on her computer.

Lumping my bag over my shoulder, I smile in return. "Hi, yeah. It's under Brianna Rookwood. I booked online—Cabin Thirteen I think it was."

The receptionist looks up at me, her expression fleetingly troubled. "I see your reservation," she confirms. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to choose one of the cabins closer to the main lodge? I can move you, no charge."

I grin and shake my head. "I know some people can be superstitious this time of year, but thirteen is a lucky number for me, so I'm happy to keep the cabin I booked, thank you."

"It's not so much superstition, dear, as it is a matter of safety. Cabin Thirteen is our most remote cabin. It's not up here on the ridge, overlooking the river, it's quite a way down the ridge, just up from the shore. As a young woman on her own, I just have your best interests at heart. I'd hate for anything to happen to you."

Offering the elderly receptionist a smile, I lean on the high counter. "This place has fantastic reviews, so I'm not too worried. Besides, I chose that cabin for that very reason. I'm a bit of hermit—I like my solitude. I'm really excited about the alone time, actually."

The receptionist's lips purse momentarily, her eyes darting back and forth with indecision as she taps her mouse repeatedly. "Are you sure I can't convince you? I'll throw in a buffet breakfast and a half-price discount on your next stay."

A frown mars my brow. I find myself feeling a little put out that the receptionist seems so keen to stop me from staying in the cabin I paid for. "Is there something you're not telling me?" I ask. "Is the cabin out of order?"

"Oh, no, dear," she says quickly. "All our cabins are operational and maintained to the highest standard. We pride ourselves on our service and our visitors' enjoyment, here at Red Pine Ridge Bed and Breakfast."

"Then as much as I appreciate the generous offer and the extra bonuses, I'd really just like the keys to Cabin Thirteen so I can get settled in, please. The sooner, the better."

The receptionist bites her lower lip and leans closer, her pale blue eyes searching. "There have been reports, albeit infrequent, of something that calls that part of the forest home, dear. Some say it's a wildcat, others say a giant, territorial moose, and others have just heard strange sounds or seen hulking shadows..."

I reach down over the counter and snatch the keys from her trembling hand, before giving her a wide grin. "That's the beauty of this sort of place," I say. "It has its own little spooky stories and local legends. It's just perfect this time of year. Thank you for having me. I'll see you when I check out," I assure her as I move to head back out the door when she calls out to me again.

"Brianna, dear, if you need anything at all, just call. The line to reception is on the back of the key tag. I'm available at any time, no matter the hour."

Puzzled by the old woman's behavior regarding my booking, I just nod and take my leave with a forced smile. That is one crazy boomer... or maybe she's just easily

spooked? I wonder. Either way, no threat of Big Foot, the Mothman, or backwater cryptid tales are going to prevent me from enjoying this getaway! I've looked forward to it for months. "Thank you. I appreciate that," I say as I exit.

Stepping back out into the crisp air, I sigh. It's an absolutely beautiful, overcast day, and according to my weather app, it's supposed to rain later. I couldn't ask for more pleasant circumstances. There's nothing like snuggling up alone with a fire, cup of hot chocolate in hand, reading as it rains softly outside.

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With my key in hand, I make my way through the recreational areas of the bed-and-breakfast, past a simple but colorful children's playground, a crystal-clear pool, a well-maintained green for lawn bowls, and an area reserved for caravans and tents. On my way I pass the first twelve log cabins. Each one is picturesque and spaced nicely, as to offer peace and privacy to its tenants. But before long, I run out of ridge, and I'm trekking my way down a rather steep but verdant embankment that leads to the river.

"Oh, my God," I say under my breath as I readjust my bag and allow myself to drink in the scenery. The river is just beautiful. Its fast-flowing waters are lined on either side by lush green banks, and rocky shores that spread back into the Red Pine Ridge Forest. The forest is positively ancient, and the further I walk, the more I realize just how untouched some areas of nature still are. Aside from the rough trail upon which I walk, you'd never guess people had set foot on this land.

I walk for a solid half hour, following the winding trail by the river, until Cabin Thirteen comes into view. It's every bit as lovely as the others, only much, much more secluded. From my vantage point as I approach, I spy a bridge a little ways down the shore that spans the river, allowing visitors to trek into the pristine wilderness beyond. I'm definitely going to have to check that out once I'm settled in!

Slipping my key into the lock, I swing open the red wooden door and inhale deeply. The cabin smells of aged pine and roasted coffee. Closing the door behind me, I carry my bag in and explore my home for the night. It's quaint, cozy, comfortable, and clearly designed with a couple in mind, rather than a whole family. It's small, but open plan, and a fireplace features predominantly against one wall, while a small kitchenette and bathroom feature to the rear of the space.

“Perfect.” I grin to myself and put my bag down on the bed. It occupies the central space below one of the large windows that overlook the river. The views are breathtaking, and I can’t help the feeling of excitement welling within me. I throw myself back onto the mattress and rest my hands under my head. This is exactly what I needed . I can scarcely contain myself and begin unpacking immediately.

By the time I’ve popped my toiletries in the bathroom, stashed my snacks in the kitchenette, and popped my book on the nightstand, I’m edgy with cabin fever. The great outdoors beyond the pine log walls of my home-away-from-home call to me. The afternoon is gray but begs me to go and explore—and so I do. Abandoning the cabin, I leave everything behind but my phone and venture outside, the river pebbles crunching satisfyingly underfoot.

The scent of the forest is invigorating, and I readjust my scarf as I cross the bridge, stopping in the middle to take photos directly up and down river. “Beautiful.” There’s just something deeply primal and cathartic about being so close to a body of water. It’s grounding and soothing, and I have no doubt I’ll sleep like a baby tonight ... lulled by the river as she runs by my cabin when I’m full of hot chocolate and drunk on words.

With a bounce in my step, I reach the other side and take a moment to just gaze into the depths of the forest. Everything is so lush and verdant, from the moss covering the stones, to tips of the tallest pine trees. Ferns and lilies grow in abundance, and every possible bark or stone-laden surface is covered in lichen.

Within the tree line I notice a distinct absence of light. A plethora of shadows stretch over the undergrowth as the sun tries in vain to piece the thick canopy on an already overcast autumn afternoon. But there’s still more than enough ambient light by which to see, plus, I have my phone with me if I catch myself out after dark. The flashlight on my cell never ceases to come in handy, whether I’m looking for my keys or stumbling to the bathroom in the middle of the night, it’s a lifesaver.

With the light slowly fading and my spirits high, I start down an earthen trail that leads into the forest. This is the Halloween I'm talking about! Peace, nature, fresh air, and a warm bed to return home to. Snapping photos as I go, I admire the play of light on the foliage, the adorable and unique fungi, and how the whole forest seems like a world of its own. It's a green kingdom sheltered from the modern world—from humanity's filth and pollution.

The landscape seems so virginal and untouched. Here, beneath the ancient pines, the ferns become trees, soon towering above me as I follow the trail. Lost in the enchanting beauty of the forest, I come to realize I'm no longer on the well-trodden path. My brows furrow and I spin in a hesitant circle, turning on the light on my cell, holding it before me to cast its luminescence ahead. The forest seems strangely silent and menacingly dark. I take a deep, steadying breath as I close my eyes and listen. My heart skips with uncertainty as fear permeates my consciousness, infiltrating my mind like a worm burrowing into a rotted apple.

I can't hear the river at all. How far could I have walked? Chewing on my lower lip, I check the time and my stomach lurches and I almost stumble over my own feet. "How is that possible?" It's after midnight. How did I lose eight hours? It's only then that I notice the blood on my hands, the scratches... Allowing my gaze to drop further, I swallow hard as I take in the sight of my shredded jeans. My mind reels and I don't understand. What I'm seeing doesn't make any sense. My heart fills with dread and starts to race as ice slithers up my spine.

What the fuck!

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“Why am I wet?” I shine the light down on my feet, only to discover my shoes missing and my socks are hanging on by threads. What remains of my jeans are sodden up to my knees, and they’re covered unmistakably in mud stains. Continuing to take stock of my physical condition, I realize I’m also missing my beanie and scarf. How could I have lost them? How could any of this have happened without my noticing? I feel like I’m losing my mind.

“I don’t understand,” I mutter to myself. Turning in slow circles, I try my best not to hyperventilate, but it’s an exercise in futility. This is too weird. It’s almost like I’ve been running from something. I’m scratched up, wet, covered in dirt, and missing clothes, not to mention I’ve lost time. Literal hours’ worth! I desperately want to put it down to my phone glitching out on me, but one look at the impermeable darkness tells me many hours have indeed passed, and I’ve simply somehow failed to notice.

Wracking my mind, I wander a few steps toward a dead log and sink to my ass, utterly perplexed and increasingly frightened. Is this how Alice felt when she fell down the rabbit hole? A sudden, intrusive thought twinging in the back of my mind has me hesitantly reaching up to brush at my mouth. When I pull my fingers away there are illuminated crumbs there, or fragments of something I don’t recognize. But how is that possible? I didn’t bring any food with me. I certainly don’t remember eating anything at all. My eyes prick with hot tears of frustration.

Then as I play with the strange, soft crumbs, rolling and squashing them between my fingers, I realize it’s not the light from my phone that’s making them glow ... they’re actually glowing on their own! They’re freaking bioluminescent! I didn’t ... no, I couldn’t have. Horror overwhelms me and my stomach lurches for the second time in as many minutes. Fuck. I’ve eaten some kind of poisoned mushroom...

Something catches my eye in the distant shadows, and I squint, turning off my flashlight to focus better in the darkness. There, not several feet away from me is a toadstool—a green, glowing mushroom. I’ve never seen anything like it. It’s bioluminescence is eerily beautiful and strangely alluring. Tilting my head like an inquisitive cat, I rise to my poor, bare feet, and approach the odd specimen. Squatting down, I pluck it from the loamy earth and bring it closer to my face. It smells like a strange and impossible mixture of damp moss and ... my nose scrunches up and my lips turn down. Cum?

I shake my head at the absurdity of it. What an insane notion! Of all things. How can my mind be in the gutter at a time like this? Tossing away the toadstool, I wipe my mouth again and force myself to be sick, sticking my fingers down my throat in the hope of getting some of the bizarre fungus out of my system. As I purge my stomach and litter the ground with glowing bile and grotesque chunks, I recognize my mistake. Another surge of nausea slams into me, dumping me like a wave during a storm.

Wiping my hands on what’s left of my clothes, I stagger backward and reach out for the nearest tree, breathing hard against its cold bark as I wait for the terrible feeling to pass. It’s like a bad trip, I tell myself. I just have to ride it out, stay safe, find the path, and get back to the cabin. It sounds easier than it is. The heady, drugged-out sensation in my mind remains, lingering in force—haunting me like a ghost—long after the worst of it has subsided.

My logic floats around in my consciousness like an intangible anchor, something to grasp onto, but frustratingly just out of reach. I slap myself in the face in a desperate attempt to sober myself up. “Come on, Bri! Snap the fuck out of it. There’s like five hours until the sun rises. You’re going to be okay.” With an unsteady but determined resolve, an idea occurs to me. Perhaps I can follow the mushrooms? If, by some chance, I followed them deep into the forest, then it’s likely I can follow the trail back to where I first saw them, presumably somewhere just off the well-beaten trail.

“Yep. That’s what we’re doing,” I say aloud. “We’re finding the trail.” Just put one foot in front of the other. And so that’s what I do. Scanning the darkness with my eyes, I look for the glowing green pinpoints of light in the undergrowth, and slowly I make my way from one to another, following the horrid little bastards in the hope they’ll lead me back.

I follow the ethereal fungi dotted through the forest until there’s a break in the ancient pines and I find myself walking out onto the shore of a lake. With a clear canopy above, the moon shines down, reflecting on the dark water and illuminating the area. I blink twice and then again, staring across at the island at its center. On it is nothing but a lonely weeping willow, completely out of place in a pine forest, and beneath its swaying fronds...

My hand clutches at my heart, and I take a terrified step back. “No fucking way,” I breathe, my mind screeches like the test pattern of an old-fashioned TV set.

Sitting on the island, its feet in the water, is an immense troll. With long, dark hair, green flesh, glowing yellow eyes, and teeth-like tusks protruding from near its lower lip—it’s literally the shit of fantasy. I can’t believe what I’m seeing. Am I still drugged out on ‘shrooms?

The troll looks up and I’ll be fucked if it doesn’t smile at me. Rising to its full height, the monster stands about ten feet tall, practically double my fucking size.

My wide eyes drink in the beast before me as I remain rooted to the spot, my gaze sickeningly lingering over his ripped chest, huge, muscular arms, and his... Holy fucking shit. His cock is as big as my arm! My insides cringe and quiver and despite the fear that holds me captive, I can’t tear my eyes from it. It twitches under my scrutiny, thickening and growing, until its fully erect and hard—as mortally terrifying

as any sword.

The troll's smile broadens, and he begins to approach, taking great, powerful strides through the obviously relatively shallow lake. It only comes up to his waist at its deepest point.

I want to run, to scream, to do anything , but my body flat-out refuses. Another violent wave of nausea smashes over me as he draws nearer, and I feel myself swoon on my feet ... then everything goes dark.

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I'm jostled from the dark bliss of oblivion by steady, rhythmic movement. I try to open my eyes, but my lids feel heavy. Instinctively, I drag my tongue over my lips to wet them, to try and ease the dryness in my throat, but the taste of mossy cum settles across my taste buds and I blanch internally with cold, hard realization. There's only one way any of my present predicament makes sense. He's fed me his cum! The fucking troll has drugged me out with his glowing green spaff! He created a trail of glowing cum-shrooms and I followed it like the damned yellow brick road!

Despite my lethargic, dazed state, by sheer force of will I focus on what I'm feeling as I desperately force my eyelids to flutter open just a little. The vision that welcomes me, coupled with the sensations assaulting my body, throws my mind into absolute chaos. Through my slitted lids I see the troll's massive hand moving between my legs, in and out, repeatedly. He's finger-fucking me. Fucking Christ!

I try to will movement to my limbs, but whatever the hell is in this monster's cum is more potent than any drug I've ever experimented with. It's like fucking Rohypnol! I'm physically paralyzed, but I can still feel and am strangely, distantly aware of everything that's happening to me. Mentally, it feels almost as though I'm in a dream or a nightmare. I have no control.

"Welcome back, little one," says the troll, his deep, rumbling voice filling my ears. "You have been such a good girl. After that delicious chase, I thought you deserving of a reward."

With every ounce of willpower, I force my eyes upward. Despite my fear, I must look this monstrous cryptid in the eyes. His face eventually swims into view and my heart almost stops in my chest. Up close, he is disturbingly grotesque and yet appealing in

a way I lack the words to adequately describe. He reminds me of the fantastical orcs from modern movies and video games.

“How does that feel?” he asks, curling his massive fingers inside me and triggering my G-spot.

A moan of undeniable pleasure slips past my lips, and I squeeze my eyes shut tight, as if by blocking out the world around me I can pretend I’m somewhere else—with someone else. But as the troll maneuvers me, I realize I’m lying across his immense lap. Then, with infinite and sudden terror, I take note of a hardness pressing firmly against my lower back. Oh, my God! That’s his cock!

“Yes, it is,” he says, remorselessly pumping his fingers into me all the while.

Fuck me. I can’t believe it. Any of it. Now, he can hear my thoughts? I wonder in vague astonishment as my cunt shamelessly clenches around the troll’s fingers. My stomach tightens and my pussy pulses and I know without a shadow of a doubt that this green monster of legend is about to make me come.

“I’ve always been able to hear you, Brianna. I’ve been waiting for you,” he rumbles. Then, without warning, he lowers his head to my groin, tears what’s left of my pants off, and begins tonguing my clit as he continues to finger-fuck me.

“Always?” My mind swoons at the impossibility as bolts of lightning fizzle through me, radiating from my clit to surge all the way to my toes. His tongue is warm, rough, and surprisingly nimble. Lapping and flicking, he teases me to within an inch of my life. The buildup has me trembling over his lap and is unlike anything I’ve ever felt in my life. It’s like being at his mercy, unable to do anything but feel, has heightened my pleasure tenfold.

I want to be angry, to rebel, to demand this bastard get the fuck off me, but I can’t.

Literally and ... well, as wickedly terrible as it is, I can't deny what he's doing to my body is incredible—terrible but incredible. Even if I could fight him or resist him, would I? The sensation of being a limp little girl in his powerful grasp as he has his way with me thrills me in the most forbidden and unimaginable ways possible.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” I cry out in my mind, a strangled, guttural noise scraping past my lips. It's so wrong, but so right. His fingers are so thick, and he pummels my G-spot like a demon on crack, his tongue lavishing my swollen and oversensitive clit until I feel actual hot tears leak unbidden from the corners of my eyes. “I can't take it. It's too much!” I've never felt so much. I feel like I'm going to die! My terrible desires are going to be the death of me.

The troll growls in his deep baritone. “Come for me.” He nips my clit with his teeth, and I lose my shit.

My body spasms and jerks on his lap like I've been electrocuted as heat surges through me, burning along every nerve like wildfire. My pussy convulses like a little whore, clinging to his cock-sized fingers with shameful need and desperation as the blazing ecstasy within explodes out of me. I've never come like this before. I mean, there's coming and then there's whatever the hell this is!

The troll continues to lick and slurp, his rough tongue cleaning the puffy folds of my pussy, all the way down my thighs, before languidly dragging over my asshole. “Mm,” he rumbles, raising his head to look down on me. “That was beautiful, little one. It has been an age since the last time I enjoyed a woman squirting. You taste heavenly for such a slut.”

Heat rises to my cheeks and even though I'm generally a sex-positive and liberal-minded individual, I can't help but feel awash with hot shame. “I've never done that before,” I tell him with my mind, still unable to speak. “I didn't even know I could.”

The troll licks his fingers clean in an obscenely decadent show of dominance before brushing my cheek with the backs of them. “Do not be ashamed. I have waited a lifetime for you, Brianna. And now I’ve got you, I’m never letting you go. You are mine.”

“I am no slut, and I am no man’s!” I fire back. Just because I begrudgingly enjoyed the disgusting and filthy pleasures he wrought upon my body doesn’t mean I am just automatically his.

The troll chuckles and toys with my exposed breasts, tweaking my hard nipples between his fingers like they were tiny seasonal berries in his giant fingers. “You are my mate, little one. Once you have taken my cock and I’ve filled you with my seed, you’ll never want for anything or anyone but me.”

I hang limp over his lap, my breathing heavy in the wake of my earth-shattering, squirtastic orgasm . “You’ll never fit!” I gasp back directly to his mind, not bothering to question how it is that we’re able to communicate using telepathy—something I’d always thought to be mere occult nonsense. “Your fingers are the size of a man’s cock as it is! That thing between your legs will split me in half!”

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“Oh, little one,” the troll chastises, the timbre of his voice sending a shiver right through to my bones. “We were made for each other. Your body was built to house and accommodate the passage of a child. Believe me when I say, you can accommodate me.”

I watch with wide eyes as he rises to his feet, carrying me with him like a child’s toy. “Made for each other? You’re a fucking troll—or something—and I don’t even know your damn name!”

The troll chuckles, his laughter echoing through the pine glade. “My name is Sodor,” he says, “and your name is Brianna. There, now we are acquainted. Happy, little one?”

I stare accusingly at him as he holds me around the waist with one hand, the other stroking his heinously enormous green cock.

“Happy? Are you insane? I got lost in the forest, apparently ate glowing, cum-drenched mushrooms, was then on a chase for my life that I can’t even remember... and now you’ve just finger-fucked me. Happy is not the word that comes to mind!”

Sodor smirks, his warm breath washing over me. “You may not feel happy, but not once have you asked me to stop. Not once have you begged to be freed or returned to your cabin. Why would that be, little one? Is it because deep down you like the way I make you feel? Does the danger of fucking a monster thrill you? I think it does. You’re all smoke and no fire. You want this, whether you have the courage to admit it or not.”

My glare falters and my pussy twinges between my slick thighs. He's not entirely wrong. I haven't done any of those things. Maybe I really am a fucking whore? I wonder to myself—but Sodor hears of course.

“You are not a whore, pretty, curvy girl. You are my mate, and you are exactly as you should be.” He meets my gaze and his lips quirk in a way that makes my insides ache. “Now, would you like to be cured?”

My eyes widen and my breathing quickens. “How?”

“You may well not like the idea, little one, but my blood is the cure. If you allow me to feed you my blood, control of your own body will return to you.”

I feel my nose scrunch, but the chance at freedom is a tempting one. “Why would you do that? Aren't you afraid I will run and report you to the authorities?”

Sodor's booming laugh sends birds flying from the ancient, tall pines. “Oh, little one. I live between worlds. Most of the year I reside in the Shadow Lands of Faery. Your little boom-stick men couldn't find me, let alone hurt me. The Veil opens only on All Hallows' Eve. By the time you got back and made the call I would be long gone. But is that what you really want?” he counters. “Do you want to leave and see me hunted? Would you give up what could be your greatest chance at love and happiness?”

I purse my lips and sigh. I've never encountered the folk of Faery before, and certainly never been drug-fucked by one of its denizens ... but like any soul who appreciates life, and treasures the diversity of the world, I would sooner die than see him captured, probed, or studied. The very thought sends icy chills down my spine. I despise when any creature, great or small, is treated cruelly. It boils my fucking blood. “I don't wish you harm,” I tell him. “Free me.”

Sodor grins. “You will not run, little one. I know your heart. Even now your mind is

racing with thoughts of Faery. Of what you have always thought to be nothing more than wonderous tales of children's fancy."

My heart thunders in my chest. He truly does know my heart. The second he mentioned the Shadow Lands of Faery my entire universe tipped off its axis and went into freefall. If he's real and here, then Faery must be real. The chance to leave this mundane world and enter the realms of the impossible is so tantalizing it hurts.

The great green troll with long dark hair and piercing golden eyes pricks his index finger on one of his large tusk-like-fangs and presses it to my lips, forcing it into my mouth. "There, your strength and control will return to you soon, my Brianna. Swallow, that's it. You're such a good girl."

Sodor's blood is thick and warm and trickles down my throat, but instead of smelling or tasting metallic like human blood, it carries the scent of petrichor—of freshly fallen rain on the earth. With what strength I have, encouraged by his heady words of praise, I engage my lips and suck as best as I can on his cock-sized finger, helping as much of his blood get into my system to undo the strange, cum-fueled paralysis that afflicts me.

The troll sighs. "That is a beautiful sight, little one." He gently pulls his finger from my mouth, our gaze unbroken as he licks the puncture wound, sealing it with his magical saliva. "I had fun pleasuring you," he admits. "But if I'm to bury my cock in your hot mortal pussy, I want you to beg for it. I want you to want me." He gently lays me down upon the soft, grassy moss of his island, beneath the swaying fronds of the ancient and gnarled weeping willow.

Through its branches I see the stars and slowly but surely, I feel my bodily autonomy returning to me. It starts with just being able to flex my fingers and wiggle my toes. Then, carefully, as my strength grows, I try to sit up, covered in just the shredded scraps of the outfit I started the day in. Scooching backward on my ass, the dewy

moss cold beneath my pussy, I inch back until I'm propped up against the tree.

All the while Sodor watches me, hunkered down on his haunches like a great predatory cat.

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Inhaling deeply through my nose, I stare back, my gaze roving over his immense, muscular form and my cunt clenches inside me. Sodor is beautiful. Terrifying, but beautiful. He's like a giant inhuman gladiator—all bulk and strength. I have no doubt he could tear the head off a lion without so much as breaking a sweat. His golden eyes are like gleaming pools of molten honey and his thick lips rest alluringly around his large teeth.

Inspecting him more closely, I notice wooden beads threaded into his hair, some of which is braided. He wears black warpaint beneath his eyes, like thick, smudgy, kohl eyeliner, and he sports an array of trinkets and macabre trophies around his neck. “What are you?” I ask, finally gaining my voice back. “Who are you, really ?”

Sodor smirks. “I am a warrior where I come from,” he answers. “A great chieftain of a clan a legion strong. My loyalty is sworn to the monarchs of the Shadow Court.”

“Our fairy tales have always implied trolls are solitary folk,” I venture. “Is that not the case?”

The great chieftain laughs. “Trolls live in clans, little one. The only trolls that live alone are outcasts, those who have been exiled and dishonored themselves in the eyes of their kin.”

Licking my lips, I flex my legs, finally able to draw my knees up to my chest. “And are there any mortals in Faery?” I press.

Sodor prowls forward, coming to a stop directly in front of me. “More than you might imagine. The folk are drawn to your kind, for you still carry God's grace. We are

drawn to it like moths to the flame. In the beginning, the Fallen were cast to Hell and those who refused to choose a side became the fae. We were called the Exiled and cast to Earth—but hidden from humans by the Veil—destined to live side-by-side with His chosen children, but forever apart in exile.”

My brow furrows. “And what becomes of the mortals in Faery?”

“It depends on who gets a hold of them. Some are kept like pets for entertainment and treated with novelty and affection. Others are tortured and hunted by those of us who are still bitter and filled with rage, while some are held as sacred as treasure and taken for wives and partners. Either way, those that live become like us eventually. They have no say in the matter. If a mortal partakes of our food and drink, they become fae, slowly losing their mortality in the process.”

Pushing aside all thoughts of torture, I forbid myself to be distracted from what I desperately yearn to know. “And then these mortals who change ... they live forever with the fae?”

“They do. Would you like to come with me before the Veil closes tonight?” he asks with a smile, as if knowing where the conversation was leading all along.

I swallow hard, my guts churning like they’re writhing with live eels. “To be your mate?”

“Indeed, little one. I would love nothing more than to claim you and take you home. But I must make you aware, there is no returning. Ever. If you choose to come with me, you are giving up your life here, among your own kind.”

Wrapping my arms around my knees, I purse my lips. It’s hard to imagine a life other than this. A life without cell phones, Internet, Starbucks, and the nine-to-five daily grind. But a world of magic and wonder awaits beyond the Veil. A realm full of the

fae, creatures the likes of which I've only ever dreamed. "If I do choose to come with you," I say slowly, "will I still be me?"

Sodor extends his arm and offers me his hand. "You will physically remain very similar, though certain, unmistakable changes will occur. The fare of Faery enhances natural beauty, so you will become even more beautiful than you already are. And the more we fuck, the more of my seed you accept, the greener your skin shall be. You will look like a curvy, dainty, little troll wench. But not only that, you will be blessed with greater resilience, strength, and speed. Your eyesight and other senses will improve, heightening to give you an edge in the dangerous realms of Faery."

Fucking hell. That sounds incredible! But despite my love of all things fantasy, I must keep a level head, no matter how hard it might be. "And would I be safe in Faery? Even just going on the fairy tales of humanity, some of the folk are truly monstrous. There are flesh-eating beasts and cannibalistic creatures, not to mention blood drinkers." I fight to keep my breathing even and calm. Faery, though it is no doubt a place of surreal and ethereal beauty, is likely also home to horrors beyond my wildest imaginings. I would be na?ve to think otherwise.

"I will protect you, Brianna," Sodor says, taking my hand from my knees and pulling me to my feet as easily as if I weighed nothing at all, despite my being a plus-sized woman. "You will be the chieftain's mate—mine—and the clan is sworn to protect what is mine."

Wobbling slightly as he steadies me, I lick my lips and look up into his eyes, for better or worse, my mind made up. So much for not being his ... but it's not every day you get a chance to venture to Faery . "What must I do?"

Sodor brushes a curling lock of wild red hair from my face with a surprisingly gentle touch. "To ensure your safety, we must mate, little one. My claim must be staked, or we risk the challenge."

“The challenge?”

“It is where one warrior fights another to the death for their property, which includes their station, mate, offspring, riches, or whatever else they may possess. In this case, I’d be entering Faery with a beautiful, unsoiled mortal on my arm. There are many trolls in the clan, and countless other denizens of Faery, who would greatly desire to make you their own, Brianna...”

“Me?” I say, the question slipping from my lips before I can think better of it.

“I have seen into your mind, little one. I know how you struggle. You doubt your worth and compare yourself to others. But you are beautiful in your own right and anyone with half a brain can see that. I’d kill without remorse for you. You need only say the word.”

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My heart races at Sodor's words. No man has ever said something so beautiful and pure to me in all my life. His declaration goes straight to my head, and I feel my courage bolster within me. No one has ever even treated me as worthwhile, let alone sexy! And to think this great, hulkingly handsome troll chieftain finds me so utterly desirable he wishes to spirit me away to another realm to be his mate...

I glance down at his still erect cock. Its length and girth are intimidating to say the least. It seems impossible to take such a beast, but he's right. Women were designed to birth children, and if I can potentially push a child out into the world, I can surely take his cock. I guess we'll just take it slow. Licking my lips, an anxious tell of mine, I step toward him, closing the space between us, until I'm able to take his strange, green cock in both my hands. I slide them up and down his shaft, familiarizing myself with its bumpy, textured surface.

Sodor moans, the rumble reverberating through his great barrel chest and up his throat. "God, Brianna. Your little hands work the Devil's magic."

I can't help but smile, my cheeks flaring with heat. "I've never been accused of that before," I say, my smile spreading into a full-fledged grin. "You're so different," I muse after a time. His cock in my grasp is akin to holding the body of a wine bottle. My mind drifts to some clips I've seen online in the past, and I nod imperceptibly to myself. Yep, definitely seen that done! Ironically, that bodes well for me, given the circumstances.

"How would you like to have me?" I ask, looking up through my lashes at him.

"I would take you in the traditional way of my kind, from behind, as the beasts in the

field do. It will allow my seed the most direct route to your womb.”

I swallow hard. “Is it even possible for me to bear you children? I mean, with our size difference and all.”

“I know it to be a tragedy of human history, little one, but no one dies in childbirth in Faery. You will be far stronger than you ever imagined, not only that but the Shadow Court has some of the best healers in the realm. If it appears you need assistance, I will summon it. I hold a lot of sway at court with the Shadow King and Queen and am owed a favor or two if my memory serves. So, I promise you, mate, there is nothing to stop us from building a life together—if you want it.”

“I do want it,” I breathe, surprising myself with my honesty as I absently stroke his cock and drink in his words. “A powerful troll chieftain with sway in the Shadow Court ... it seems too good to be true. It’s like my very own dark fairy tale.”

“ You are what is too good to be true, little one. Now,” he says, his voice rumbling. “Get on your knees, pretty girl. My cock aches to be choked by that sweet pussy of yours.”

Without hesitation, I obey. Down on my knees on the cold moss, grateful to have all my faculties and autonomy back, I bow my back and present myself for the troll who will be my mate. Visions of what I imagine Faery to be like overwhelm my mind and my thoughts run away with me. Fae with wings, unicorns, magic, majestic landscapes, warring tribes, beautiful and lustful courts, and danger at every turn. I’ve never been more ready to take a deep fucking. “Please,” I beg, “don’t make me wait. Take me. Make me yours. I want you, Sodor. I want to meet your clan. I want adventure, excitement, and danger! I want more than this.”

“Good girl,” Sodor growls, getting down behind me and pressing the oozing head of his green cock to my cunt. He drags the bulbous head up and down my slick, puffy

lips, slowly coating me with his glowing pre-cum. “I do love how your pussy looks glowing like that. Your lovely flesh marked with my juices...” He begins to gently press the head of his cock into my heat.

I shiver as I feel myself stretching to accommodate his giant proportions. The burning smarts and causes me to meter my breathing, but it’s nothing I can’t handle. Not if I set my mind to it. Closing my eyes, I focus on inhaling the cool night air through my nose and exhaling out my mouth. I begin to push back ever so slightly, rocking softly to take him a little more at a time, allowing my body time to adjust to the immense invasion.

“Good girl,” says Sodor, but his voice sounds distant to my ears. “We’re in no rush, tonight, beautiful. But before the Veil closes you will have taken all of me, survived a troll-fucking, and if God has not forsaken us entirely, you’ll be carrying my child.”

Losing myself to the darkness within, I descend into what some might call subspace—the abyss of the Self. I allow my mind to be free, to wander, and focus on nothing but how I feel. The dew-damp moss beneath me, the brisk fall breeze whispering over my hard nipples, grounding me in my own skin. And despite my spiral into internal oblivion, I’m acutely aware of the huge monster behind me, rocking his hips, and burying his enormous cock inside me, one exquisitely agonizing inch at a time.

“Yes,” I whisper in the depths of myself. “I want to give you an heir, a son for the clan!”

Sodor’s purr of arousal fills the night and before I realize it, not knowing how much time has passed, he takes my hips in his hands, bottoming out inside me to the hilt.

I gasp as if drawing breath for the first time as I rise from the abyss to the present moment. My cunt feels so incredibly full. I can’t even think of the words to

adequately describe it. I mean, there's twelve inches of thick, green monster cock up me ... it's not something I ever imagined would be featuring on my bingo card this lifetime or the next!

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“You fit me like a glove, Brianna,” says Sodor, his voice thick with desire. He growls and spansks my ass with his huge hand, causing my ample flesh to jiggle and ripple with the impact.

I suck in air between my teeth at the mind-melting sting. “I’m not fae, yet...” I warn under my breath. “Don’t break me.”

Sodor wraps his hand back around my hips, his grasp so immense that his fingers reach all the way around my curves to meet once more in the middle.

Even though I’m by no means a slender woman—I have curves for days—he makes me feel small. His enormous proportions are just perfect for me.

“Where’s the fun in that, little one?” he retorts, before slowly withdrawing an inch at a time. Then, without warning, he slams himself back in, burying his cock inside of me and driving the fucking air from my lungs in one fell swoop.

A strangled cry escapes me with the brutality of the impact and the now-familiar burn in the wake of his cock as it stretches me. “Oh, my God!” I can’t hold myself up under his force. So, I do the only thing I can do. I bow my back even more deeply, lowering myself from my hands to my forearms on the mossy earth.

“Oh, mate,” Sodor drawls, trailing a finger down my spine. “You are a feast for the eyes. You look so beautiful with your ass in the air, all vulnerable and prone. I will be committing this to memory, little one.” And then for a time, all conversation ceases and nothing but deep, animalistic groans and growls fill the air as the troll fucks me like the monster he was born to be.

With each powerful thrust he drives the breath from me and my cunt burns with the heinous stretch. I dance upon the fine line of pleasure and pain, my mind a melting pot of anguish and wild rapture. I am puppet of the flesh, a human sheath for a warrior from Faery—a human cock-sleeve for a mighty troll chieftain.

As he continues to rail me, chasing his own pleasure, desperate to sink a hybrid baby in me, I notice the fucking becomes easier. My insides hurt less and less, until I no longer recognize the stretch or burn. There's just unadulterated, exquisite ecstasy. "How?" I call to his mind, my fingers splayed and clawing at the ground beneath me for purchase. "The pain...?"

"The nodules that give my cock its unique texture secrete pain relief," he tells me aloud in-between grunts. "God knows we trolls are a lot to take!"

Thankful for small mercies, I lose myself to pleasure. In the absence of such all-encompassing pain, I can feel much more acutely. The bumps on his cock seem to not only offer relief, but their strange formations enhance my pleasure. The soft, natural ribbing of my cunt grips them, undulating around them as they pound in and out me at unholy speed. "Oh, my God. Fuck, yes!" I gasp out, my voice breaking on a strangled cry. Sodor's cock is life. His vicious and unrelentless assault is everything. I've never felt so wanted, so desperately needed, ever .

I feel like a goddess of old, a voluptuous, unapologetic, and fertile beacon of femininity and womanhood to be worshipped and adored. "Yes, Sodor!" I beg like a mewling bitch on heat. "God! Fuck me harder, please! I'm so close!"

The war chieftain reaches forward and grabs my long hair, sweeping it up in a single deft movement into a ponytail that he grips hard like the reins of a horse. He pulls, forcing me back up onto my hands and deepening my posture.

I hiss at the sting as it dances across my scalp but moan a second later at the delicious

and different angle of penetration.

Sodor thunders into me, but he doesn't stop there. He pulls me by my hair again, until I'm standing upright on my knees before him. Abandoning my locks, his enormous hands roam my practically naked body. He gropes my breasts and tweaks my nipples, causing me to arch my back against him and whimper as I bear down upon him in an attempt to escape his cruel affections.

Glancing down, I can see the outline of the troll's monstrous cock inside me as he fucks me. It's as terrifying and obscene as it is absolutely gush-inducing. "Oh, my God!" I cry out, my release crashing over me like a tidal wave. It drags me under, and I lose myself in the moment. My cunt contracts and I spasm like a cut snake against him, writhing and shivering in his strong grasp.

The troll growls as my pussy quakes all around him, and I squirt again, unable to prevent it even if I tried. "Fucking hell," Sodor snarls. "You have no idea how good you feel. I need more!"

"More?" I gasp, my head fallen back against his rock-hard, green abs. What does he mean, more? My mind reels, tumbling through the chaos of my ecstasy, his voice echoing in my ears like a broken record. More. More. More ... I can't take any more!

But no fucks are given by my giant green lover. He wraps his hand around my throat, squeezing before his cock-sized fingers find my clit. He tortures me, teasing and rubbing, until I'm a shuddering mess.

I moan and gasp, wanton, and lost to our forest enshrouded, lakeside passion as darkness dims my vision. A second orgasm builds within me, and I buck and whimper as it comes down upon me with the speed and ferocity of a bullet train. "Fuck!" I scream, my throat straining against his grasp, my voice swallowed by the night, as my stomach tightens. My cunt explodes with a second wave of pleasure that

steals the very legs from under me. I spasm uncontrollably—almost as if I were having a seizure—flopping about in his arms like a fish on dry land. Then my eyes roll back in my head, and I hang limp and exhausted in his arms, unable to do anything but go with the current and allow it to carry me away.

Sodor releases my throat, his mighty roar filling the clearing as he comes, the sound like thunder, deafening me and scaring all manner of nocturnal life from the trees around us. The disgruntled hoots of owls, the startled shrieks of bats, and the squawking of frightened birds join him, adding to the chaotic cacophony of our unholy and monstrous post-orgasmic music we've created together beneath the All Hallows' Eve moon.

His glowing green seed pulses within me and my body milks him for every last earthy drop. He quakes and heaves, his fingers tightening painfully on my pale skin as he rides the convulsions of his release like a bucking bronco.

I'll probably be covered in bruises by the morning , I muse to myself. But I understand and I scarcely mind. If his orgasm felt anything like the two I just experienced, it's amazing that he's managing to remain upright, because I sure as hell have nothing left!

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Sodor carries me through the forest, cradling my spent, buxom form to his chest, and shielding me from the damp and cold.

“Where are we going?” I ask, eyes closed as I nuzzle into his heat. I can’t believe how safe I feel with my troll chieftain, but I do unequivocally. Why did I ever think to resist this?

“It is the early hours before the dawn, mate, and soon the sun will rise. We must be through the Veil and in Faery before it does, or I will turn to stone and you will be trapped here among the humans, possibly pregnant with a monstrous child. I do not wish that fate on either of us.”

“Our child will be monstrously beautiful,” I say with a smile and a sigh. “I can only hope his being part mortal is not a disadvantage to him as he grows.”

“You may be mortal at this moment, little one, but during your pregnancy you will be in Faery and nourishing your body and our baby with its fruits. Our child will inherit only your strengths and mine. The troll race is one of dominant genes. A sickly or weak troll is almost unheard of—even amongst half-breeds”

My heart flutters at his words. “If we’re running out of darkness, why are we leaving the forest?” I press once more. “Shouldn’t we be going straight to Faery? Why are we taking such a risk?”

“We will make it, mate, I promise. I’m taking you back to your cabin so you can fetch your belongings. There may be some things you desire to take, because once we pass through the Veil they will be lost to you.”

I lick my lips and reach up a hand to stroke tenderly along his strong jawline as he continues to lumber along at pace. “You are far sweeter than I imagined you could be,” I admit. “This is very thoughtful of you. Thank you.”

The troll rumbles in his chest. “It is nothing,” he says. “It’s the least I can do. It will take time for you to adjust to your new life, and it will be an easier transition if you have some small, familiar items of comfort to cleave to.”

Sooner than I expected, we’re crossing the stone bridge and Sodor carries me up to the red-painted door of Cabin Thirteen. “Can you stand, mate?” he asks, lowering me carefully.

I purse my lips and nod. “I think so.” Once I’m on my own two feet, I feel a hot rush of thick fluid spilling from between my legs. With horror I look down to find my inner thighs coated in a bright, glowing green slick. “Oh, no!” I panic.

“Be at peace, little one,” Sodor soothes, resting an enormous hand on my small shoulder. “We trolls come in copious amounts. I’m sure my most prized seed has found its mark by now. Fear not. The rest is excess. Do what you must.”

I take a deep breath and push open the cabin door. There’s no way Sodor is getting inside. “I’m sorry—” I begin to say.

“Fetch your things, little one. I will wait here.”

With a final glance at the sky, I rush into the cabin and start repacking my things, shoving all the little luxuries I possess and what clothes I brought with me back into my overnight duffle bag. In under five minutes I’ve packed everything. With a desperate look backward at the bathroom, I make a last-minute decision.

Running into the shower, I tear off the last vestiges of my previous outfit and turn on the hot water full blast. Using my hands roughly to slough away all the dirt and cum

that covers my skin, I don't allow myself more than a minute. There's no time to luxuriate! Scrubbing my body roughly dry with a complimentary towel, I throw on my boots, a knitted dress that hugs my curves, and snatch my coat from by the door when a final thought occurs to me.

Ripping a page from my notebook, I scrawl a letter to my family, telling them I'm okay, that I love them, and that I'll see them again someday, and leave it on the bed. We've never been too close, but a final goodbye seems the least I can do. It also means there won't be the fear or uncertainty of foul play at my disappearance. Certain I have my affairs in order, I step outside with my bag. I leave the keys by the door and smile at my mate. My mate. I can hardly believe it.

Sodor smiles, his jaw slack with a hint of desire. "You look delicious, Brianna," he says. He takes my bag from me and slings it over his shoulder, before scooping me up into his arms once more. "We must go, now."

I nod against his chest. "Run like the wind, Sodor!" I say, unable to hide the excitement bubbling within me. I'm still exhausted, but the thought of Faery, coupled with the quick shower has given me a second wind. "Let's go home."

"You have no idea how many centuries I have waited to hear those words, little one." Lumbering into action, he surges forward, taking giant strides. He plunges us back into the shadows of the forest, leaving the worn trail to take great leaps through the lush and uneven terrain. "We are not far," he promises. "We're going to make it, fear not."

My heart races in my chest and my mind chases after it. It seems impossible that this is really happening. I'm being cradled to the chest of a massive green troll as he sprints through the Red Pine Forest toward a tear in the Veil to Faery. I'm leaving behind everything I've ever known—my family, friends, my studies, the simple everyday things you take for granted in a modern, civilized world. And I'm taking my chances in another realm, a realm of magic, fae, monsters, as well as dangers and

wonders unknown!

This might be the best or worst decision of my life. Only time will tell.

“Hold tight, little one. We’re going through.”

The air shimmers for a scant breath before we’re no longer in the forest, at least not the same one. The forest Sodor steps out into is truly humbling. The trees are big as American Redwoods, thick and tall, with dark foliage, but horrifically gnarled and twisted. Their beauty is haunting.

“Wow,” I gasp, trying to drink in the world around me.

“Welcome home, mate. Welcome to Faery. We are in the Lands of Shadow, the region of our world presided over by the Shadow Court. My clan’s base camp is not far from here. It would be my privilege to host a grand celebration in your honor. The clan will be dying to meet you, I have no doubt. It’s not every All Hallows’ Eve the clan finally attains Great Wife.”

“Great Wife?” I query, dragging my teeth over my lower lip in curiosity.

“It is your title,” explains Sodor. “It is how the clan will address you.”

My head swims and I feel giddy. “I’m scared, Sodor. I’m afraid I’ll let you down. What if they don’t like me? What if I’m not brave enough to be the Great Wife?”

Sodor chuckles. “You took a War Chieftain, little one, while entirely mortal. You are more than brave and strong enough. You needn’t fear. The clan will respect and protect you—always—just as I will. Even until my last breath.”

“Don’t say that,” I rebuke. “Aren’t you immortal?”

“Not immortal, sweet girl, just very long-lived. I can be killed, but I haven’t lost a battle yet and I don’t intend to start anytime soon.”

Nodding my head, I banish any trace of darkness from my mind. Now is not the time for sadness or for thinking of what may or may not come to pass. Tonight is the start of my new life, and I will embrace it with all my heart.

“Come, Brianna. It’s time to meet the clan.” Sodor carries me through the dark forest until we come to a large encampment full of blazing campfires. Around them trolls of all shapes and sizes drink, eat, and dance beneath the star-spangled sky of Faery.

My mouth falls open in wonder and my soul fills with unbridled glee. I can’t believe it. This is real. I’m in fucking Faery!

Sodor roars as he enters the camp, shifting me to sit on one of his broad shoulders, his arms protectively secured over my lap as he pumps his free fist into the air. “I bring the clan a Great Wife!” he bellows at the top of his lungs, his voice silencing the sprawling camp. “Brothers, Sisters, let us feast in honor of my mate, Brianna!”

The night is completely silent, save for the pop and crackle of the numerous campfires, before an ungodly roar, like that of a mountain collapsing upon itself, raises the night sky. The clan cheers—males, females, and children alike surging to their feet in celebration of their good fortune.

“Long live the War Chief!” they chant as one. “Long live the Great Wife!” And just like that the night fills with music and good cheer.

“Enjoy this, mate,” warns Sodor with a smirk and a gleam in his eyes that makes my pussy ache. “Because when the night is done, I’m going to throw you over my shoulder, take you back to our tent, and fuck you until you’re swimming in a sea of my cum. I’ll fulfill your most terrible desires, mark my words, little one.”

Laughter bursts from my lips. “I can’t wait,” I answer with a smile, leaning down to speak into his ear, before someone grabs me from his arms. A heartbeat later and I’m lifted high above the clan, transported over a sea of enormous green hands—swept away like a reveler at a concert—as my new family welcomes me with open arms.

The End