



The Demon (Monsters and Beauties #4)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: I ran from one monster, only to stumble into the clutches of another.

Fleeing a brutal father and a forced marriage, I escaped deep into the forest, hoping to disappear.

Bleeding, exhausted, and desperate, I hid in a cave—but I quickly realized I wasn't alone.

Something watched me from the darkness.

He was massive, horned... a creature pulled from nightmares.

And the moment his glowing eyes locked onto me, I knew one thing without a doubt. I was his.

Now, I was trapped in his lair, claimed by a beast who refused to let me go.

I thought I was running toward freedom.

But I only ran straight into his arms.

And I was even more terrified, because... I didn't want to leave.

Total Pages (Source): 13

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PROLOGUE

Geraldine

I was soaked between my thighs, and I stood there and watched him masturbate. With the firelight casting a golden glow and dark shadows over his gigantic body, I started breathing harder as my desire rose.

Every time his palm moved up to the base of that top shaft, his claw-tipped fingers gripping tightly around just the one, I noticed these ridges becoming visible along the length.

“Your body is glorious. Soft and curvy and perfect in all ways.”

I licked my lips and continued to watch him, not responding.

“I’m going to worship every gorgeous, thick inch of your body with my hands and claws and lick all that creamy flesh with my tongue before I fuck you. You see my ridges?” He slid his hand up to the crown and let me get a good look at the perfectly spaced raised rings around his onyx-colored shaft. “These only become visible when I’m with my mate. These are for your pleasure.”

My throat was tight and my mouth dry. I knew I should stop watching the demon, but the sight was just too arousing. And the sounds he made—the grunts and groans coming from his broad chest—told me he was getting off on me watching him, from smelling my wet pussy.

White seed was thick and constant as it steadily dripped out the wide tips—both of them.

When he got off, did both cocks spew cum? God, why did that turn me on?

My body was primed, wanting something only the demon could give me.

“I’m a virgin,” I blurted, needing him to know, because where this was going told me I’d be on my back with my legs spread before the night was over with. “I can’t take... that.”

He chuckled and took a step closer, his seed dripping onto his thighs and the ground with every step he took.

“Little one, you can take it. You will take me.” He leaned back and gestured down to the shaft still in his palm. “You see all this seed?” He didn’t wait for me to respond. “My cum makes it easy—pleasurable—for my mate to take me deep into her small, human body.” His glowing gaze moved up and down, taking in my form. “Now, take off that shift and show your mate what he’ll be fucking.”

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CHAPTER ONE

Geraldine

The night air was thick with the scent of damp earth and pine, and the only sounds were my own ragged breaths and the distant shouts of my father's guards as I ran and they chased.

My gown was torn, the delicate silk snagging on branches and underbrush as I fled deeper into the forest.

Every step sent jolts of pain through my bare feet as I stumbled over the rough terrain, but I couldn't stop.

I wouldn't stop.

I glanced behind me and held in my cry as I saw the torchlight flickering between the trees. The orange glow made my enemies seem like monstrous shadows creeping closer to take me away and keep me as their prisoner.

They were close. Too close. If they caught me, there would be no escape, no mercy. My father had made that clear.

But I refused to be sold off like a pawn in my father's game of power. I refused to take a husband who was cruel and savage and would beat me daily.

I'd rather die.

I pushed forward, lungs burning, legs trembling with exhaustion. The world around me blurred, my vision darkening at the edges, as desperation took hold.

I couldn't outrun them. I had to hide. And then—I saw it.

A slight curve in the surrounding rock and earth. It was black and boundless, like the end of the world, and I was running right toward it.

I ran toward that cave, knowing the darkness and the way the ground and rock twisted and curved around it would make the hiding spot hard to see.

It was the only sanctuary I could find on this unforgiving night.

I didn't hesitate. I ran faster and then lunged forward, my body propelled by sheer instinct, and crossed the threshold. I was sweaty, dirty, my red dress was torn to shreds from running through the forest, and I couldn't control my panting as I moved farther into the tunnel.

The light and sound of the forest fell away the deeper I went, swallowed by the inky shadows that curled around me. I had my hands on either side of me, the walls rocky and craggy and abrasive against my sensitive flesh.

The cool, damp air wrapped around my fevered skin, and for the first time in what felt like hours, I allowed myself a single breath of relief. But I didn't want to even hope that I was free.

When I was so deep in the cave that I couldn't see my hand in front of my face, I paused and pressed my back to the jagged wall. My heart was slamming against my ribs as I struggled to regain control and catch my breath. I was so dizzy and thirsty, and now that I gave myself a moment to take inventory of my body... I hurt.

My hands trembled as I touched my arms, feeling the sting of countless scratches, the damp stickiness of what was undoubtedly blood.

I squeezed my eyes closed and shook my head. The pain and cuts didn't matter. Right now, for the time being, I was hidden. I was safe.

Or so I thought.

With each and every breath, I realized something else. Something wrong. But I wasn't going to leave. Not when I knew the guards were right outside, searching for me.

The air here was different. It was thick—almost charged. I held my breath and just listened, because I wasn't able to see a damn thing. My hands were back on the rocky walls, and a strange energy pulsed through the stone, a hum beneath my skin.

The air grew heavier the deeper I ventured. Each step forward felt like I was pushing through an invisible current. I couldn't see it, but God did I feel it.

The cave walls were slick with moisture, and a strange sensation skittered up my arms, like static before a storm.

It was a whisper in my bones.

I swallowed hard, looking left, then right. I wasn't about to leave the sanctuary of the cave. The darkness was absolute, submersing me like water. My instincts screamed for me to turn around and to run.

But there was no turning back.

I didn't know how long I walked, but not being able to see anything made it seem like I had been moving forward for hours.

And then I heard it. A sound that was not human.

It was low. Rumbling. God, I felt the unmistakable vibration of whatever lived here.

Was it a bear? A wolf?

The sound made it seem like it was enormous as it stirred in the inkiness.

And then I saw the flicker of light up ahead. But it was too late to retreat.

I wasn't alone.

CHAPTER TWO

Geraldine

The realization that I'd stumbled into the lair of an unknown creature sank into my bones, pressing against my ribs like an unspoken warning so I couldn't take a full breath in.

I was frozen in place, and I strained to listen beyond the rhythmic thudding of my heart pounding in my ears.

And there it was again.

A deep, guttural growl that vibrated through the cave and made my heart start to pound like it had while I was running for my life. But it wasn't just sound.

This creature was an apex predator.

I took a step back, my pulse hammering. The light ahead was minimal, still a bit of a distance away. And the darkness seemed endless, vast, an abyss that could swallow me whole. The longer I stood there panicking, the more I could feel it—something watching me.

The flight urge screamed inside me, but the knowledge that the guards were still lingering outside held me frozen in place.

I blinked, and there it was. A flicker of movement in the darkness. It was subtle, but

whatever this creature was, it was big, shifting the air so it stirred my hair.

Panic surged through me as my eyes further adjusted, picking up a shape far larger than anything human up ahead and focused right on me.

My breath hitched, an icy shiver racing down my spine, and finally, I took a step back, and then another one.

I swallowed against the dryness in my throat, forcing my feet to continue to move despite the weight of fear pressing down on me. Each step backward was slow, deliberate, my heartbeat a war drum in my ears. And here I was, keeping my focus on the shape in front of me.

I knew that facing the guards outside gave me a far better chance at survival than what lay ahead of me.

Shadows slithered and curled all around me. Somehow, there was just enough visibility that I could see my breath fogged in front of me, tendrils of white vapor dissipating into the void.

Another growl sounded, echoing off the walls. And then whatever it was that made that terrifying noise prowled forward, stalking me. But I was too terrified to move any faster. Instinct told me running would only intensify this creature's need to chase after me.

Another growl, this one a clear warning, had me freezing midstep. The sound wasn't just from something wild and massive—it was intelligent, deliberate, meant to caution me.

The cave seemed to tremble from the sound once again.

And still, the monster lurked closer. There was a new scent that invaded my senses. It was thick and musky. If I had to describe it, I could only say it was ancient and inhuman. Something from another world.

I wasn't supposed to be here, but something inside me screamed that I wasn't leaving this cave.

And when it moved, charging forward, my mouth hung open, my eyes widened, and I wanted to shriek, but nothing came out. A gust of cold air rushed over me, lifting my hair and sending pure, raw terror through my veins.

My skin prickled, and my survival instincts finally kicked in. I turned and ran, unable to see anything but knowing I had to escape.

Then, from the depths of the darkness behind me, I heard a voice. Low, rough, and laced with everything that was animalistic. I couldn't understand its language, and still, I ran.

But I didn't get far. A weight curled around my waist, lifted me off the ground, and dug claws into my side, yet it didn't break my skin. I was pressed to a hard, wide, and enormous chest, and just as I found my voice to scream, a hand that didn't feel human covered the bottom half of my face.

"Shhh," he hushed against my ear.

My eyes were so wide, tears sliding down my cheeks as I struggled. But it was useless, as I was tiny and weak compared to whatever this beast was.

"You should not be here, little one."

I cried harder as the words wrapped around me like evil itself, sinking into my body

“But now that you’re here,” he snarled, turned, and started moving back deeper into his lair, “you’re mine.”

I was no longer just an intruder.

I was his prey.

CHAPTER THREE

Geraldine

My body ached as I stirred awake, my limbs heavy and my mind sluggish. I had no idea what happened after the beast had taken me. Everything had gone hazy, and then a different kind of darkness slammed into me.

The surrounding air was thick with warmth, carrying a faint scent of fire and something darkly sweet. I heard the fire crackling nearby but still kept my eyes closed, not wanting to accept this reality.

I inhaled deeply, my fingers twitching against the softness that was beneath me and covered me. When I was brave enough to open my eyes, I realized my surroundings didn't look like the cold, damp earth of the cave.

Panic seized me, and I slowly rose, pulling the furs and blankets up to my chin. I wasn't in a home, not in the traditional sense, but there were no jagged rocks or sounds of dripping water like the cave I had been in.

There was a small mercy at the fact I still wore my tattered gown.

Where I was now had been made to appear almost comforting.

My breath hitched as I took in the walls that were smooth, shadowy, black, and polished like onyx. The fire illuminated the space enough that I could see every corner. But the flickering light cast long shadows over the strange symbols and

designs that were etched into the black surfaces.

A language from what had to be another world.

My fingers dug into the thick furs, deep and plush, and as lush as the royal material in the palace I'd grown up in.

The main fire burned in a carved depression in the rock itself, and I saw a primitively designed flute that whisked the smoke away. There was a small fire that burned low in an iron brazier in the center of the room.

It was after searching the large space that I saw him. It.

The creature stood at one edge of the room as he watched me.

A tremor worked its way through me when I took him in for the first time, the light illuminating every single part of this... monster. He looked like something out of the storybooks of children's tales told to keep them from disobeying, when their parents or nannies warned them not to run off.

Yet this wasn't a story or even a nightmare but something real . My reality.

Because I had done exactly what those tales had cautioned me not to do. I ran away, into the woods.

And here was this creature—a literal demon.

He was impossibly tall, his form powerful and thickly muscled, his blackened skin gleaming under the firelight. It was the same shade as the onyx walls surrounding us.

His enormous, clawed hands flexed at his sides, and his curling horns cast menacing

shadows up the walls. His face wasn't a face at all. It was a terrible skull-like visage, which should have filled me with horror. But my fear was tangled with something else. Something more dangerous.

Curiosity.

His glowing red eyes were eerie, horrifying, yet strangely... beautiful. I didn't know how tall he was, but the cavern ceiling had to be at least ten-feet high, and this beast was no less than seven feet in height, not including those vicious horns.

I breathed shallowly, forcing myself to take in the rest of him. God, he was big, muscular... and totally naked.

And this monster didn't have just one very male-shaped appendage. But two . And they were both thick and long. One dick was placed normally, as in where a human male's cock would be. And the second grew out from directly below the first, with a set of heavy twin weights hanging beneath, which swung slightly when he shifted those hooved feet.

Yes. Hooved feet.

And the demon's cocks were now getting hard.

He was aroused.

He growled, and I snapped my eyes up to hold his gaze. His molten eyes were locked on mine, unblinking.

"Where am I?" My voice cracked, and I was surprised I'd been able to form words at all in my current situation.

The demon—because I didn't know what else to call this creature—tilted his head, his expression unreadable. “In my lair.” His voice was distorted and deeper than any I’d ever heard before, a rolling thunder that settled deep in my bones. It shouldn’t have created a warmth in my belly, but it did, and I felt sickened and ashamed by the response.

I clenched my fingers into the furs and swallowed hard. “What do you want with me?”

He stepped forward, slowly and deliberately, his large, hooved feet hard and pounding on the smooth stone. My body tensed, my heartbeat raging against my ribs, as every part of me said to run.

But there was nowhere for me to go, not when the only exit I saw was a jagged opening on the other side of the cavern, and he blocked my escape.

The creature crouched before me, bringing himself closer, though he remained just out of reach. If I thought he was enormous before, having him this close made me realize I’d vastly underestimate his size.

“To keep you safe,” he finally answered me. His glowing eyes scanned my face.

It was surreal to see his skull-face this close, to know I’d never seen a beast like this before. I could never even imagine something like this in my darkest nightmares.

“You ran from something far worse,” he said straight-forwardly. “And you ran into my arms.”

I swallowed, my throat tight as I shook my head. “I—I didn’t run into your arms. You took me.”

He didn't have lips, but I knew he was grinning. "And yet, here you are. In my furs."

Something about the way he said it sent a shiver down my spine. I'd fled from one monster, only to stumble into the bed of another.

"You can't keep me here." I wanted to sound firm, strong, but my voice was just a whisper.

He reached forward, and I was too stunned to move as he used a claw to snag a lock of my hair before letting it fall back to my chest.

"Can't I?"

My body screamed at me to stay still, to be careful, but my mind was roaring to be defiant and reckless. "I need to go." Tears fell down my cheeks, and I shook my head.

He was on his haunches, his thick, tree-trunk-sized thighs covered in bulging muscles and sinew. His hand dropped to his knee, his clawed fingers flexing against his skin. His burning gaze held mine as he said, "You'll go nowhere. You're in my lair, little one, and I plan on keeping you here."

Little one.

The way he said it made something tighten low in my belly. I lifted my chin, my breath shaking.

"You ran from something you feared."

"You don't know that."

He made a sound that made me think he was amused—like he knew I was lying.

“Why else would you venture into my lair at night?”

I couldn't get over the sound of his voice and how otherworldly it was.

“There are monsters in every darkened corner of this world” was all I said.

The demon studied me for a long moment. Then, in a movement so swift I barely saw it, he lifted one of my wrists and eyed the bruising there from when my father tried to keep me in the palace.

“This will never happen again.”

I knew he meant the marks. The pain. I didn't know how I was so sure of that, but I felt it in my soul.

My pulse leapt as he turned my hand over, his claws barely skimming over my skin.

“And it will never happen again, because you are mine now.”

I jerked my arm back, and I knew it was only because he allowed me to pull away. My breath rushed out. “I belong to no one. What do you think I was running from?”

His chest rumbled, a sound that wasn't aggressive or dangerous but wholly predatory. He leaned in, closing the space between us, his massive body taking up my entire vision. I couldn't breathe.

“I've already said you're mine, little one. And I'll prove that in the only way a monster like me knows how.”

My heart was thundering, because I knew what he meant. God... I knew what he meant.

Death and violence were in the demon's eyes. He was going to make sure my pain and fear never happened again, and he'd show me how savage he truly was.

CHAPTER FOUR

Geraldine

When the demon moved back, I sucked in a ragged breath.

My pulse thundered in my ears as I forced myself to stand, my legs shaky but determined. “I need to leave. I want to,” I said, my voice sharp despite the dread coiling in my gut.

The demon didn’t move, but something in the room shifted, as if the very air tightened around me. His glowing, molten gaze was still locked on mine. Unreadable. Unwavering.

“No.”

My breath hitched at that singular word growled from his grotesque mouth. “W-What do you mean, no?”

He rose to his full, terrifying height, his clawed fingers flexing as if he were trying to rein in something dark and dangerous, his posture impossibly still. “I won’t let you go. You belong to me, little one.”

A chill spread through me, even as fire licked across my skin. My hands curled into fists, my nails pressing into my palms. I shook my head. “I don’t belong to anyone.”

I felt his amusement, as if my words were something to laugh at. A non-threat.

“You misunderstand,” he murmured, bending in a single, fluid motion to put his eyes directly in line with my own. It stilled the blood in my veins. “When I say you belong to me, I mean that—until I’m dead and rotting. My kind,” he snarled as he straightened, “we have mates. That one creature born to be ours and ours alone. And you are mine.”

His words sent a shock through me, but underneath that surprise was a thrill of confusion and... pleasure. Because the way he said those preposterous things—they were spoken with sure confidence, such certainty, that it was hard not to believe him.

“Mate? What does that even mean?” I knew, though, and understood what that one word meant.

His hulking frame loomed over me as he took a step closer. His presence was like a heavy weight settling over me. Not uncomfortable and almost soothing. Because as I stared at this creature—this monster conjured up from the very pits of hell—all I felt was his need to keep me close. To keep me safe.

“And now that you have come to me... now that I’ve found my mate,” he continued, his voice a dark and distorted caress all over my body that made chills race up my spine, “I won’t let you go, little female.”

I gasped and took a step back, my heart hammering, my pulse roaring in my ears. “Geraldine,” I whispered, my name spilling from my parted lips. “Stop calling me mate and female. My name is Geraldine.” I tipped my chin up, feeling defiance rise within me. “And you don’t get to just decide on what happens with my life.”

I turned so suddenly that my head swam. I had no idea where I was going, but I didn’t get far, because his hand shot out, claws grazing my wrist, firm but not painful. The heat from his touch sent a shockwave through me, and I looked over my shoulder to stare up into his skull-like face.

“I can. And I have, Geraldine.”

My breath stuttered at the way he said my name. It was almost sensual, possessive in tone.

I yanked my arm away, or tried to, but he spun me around, so we were face-to-face.

“You don’t own me,” I insisted.

He exhaled slowly, as if reining in his patience once more. “It doesn't matter. You are mine all the same.”

I shook my head, trying to ignore the pull and strange warmth that curled in my chest and speared down to settle right between my legs. This was crazy. I clenched my thighs together, because the longer I looked at him, the wetter I became.

A deep, rumbling sound left his chest, and he inhaled deeply. I bit the inside of my cheek, because I knew he could smell the effect he had on me.

“Soon enough, I’ll have all of you.” He stepped closer, forcing me to tilt my head up to hold his gaze, refusing to let my wrist go. I was pulled up tight against the beast’s towering body, so much bigger than me that my chest aligned with his two, gigantic cocks, which were now nestled between my breasts. I felt a slight dampness start to soak through my shift, but I didn’t dwell on that too long. I was too frightened and aware that this creature could break me in half with little effort.

“Where am I?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper. I knew, logically, that I was in a cave. I wanted to know where .

He didn’t have an expression or the ability to show emotion on his face, but for some strange reason, I felt like if he did, his gaze would have softened just slightly. But his

hold on me didn't waver. "Beneath the earth. Far away from the world you once knew."

With that, the world crashed down all around me.

"Please," I whispered, squeezing my eyes shut. "I was running from being a prisoner. I won't be another one. I'd rather die."

The feeling of his claw gently placed under my chin had me opening my eyes until I was looking into his glowing ones. "You aren't my prisoner. You're my mate. You're mine to protect, cherish, and pleasure."

My heart raced even faster, hearing that last part.

He watched me with something dark and possessive brewing behind those glowing orbs. "You belong to me, Geraldine. But I belong to you as well. My kind rarely find their mate. They are rare, but they are absolute when fate gives her to us. And now that you are here, I will never let you go. I can't, for that would be akin to ripping out my organs and feeding them to the next beast."

His words should have filled me with terror. Yet, beneath the fear, something else stirred. A dangerous, forbidden curiosity.

Because no matter how much I hated this, hated the permanence of the things he declared to me, being here with this demon also felt so... right.

Although my body and instincts screamed at me to fight this, deep in my soul, everything said to stay. This was where I belonged.

CHAPTER FIVE

Geraldine

I was still unsure, and the tight knot in my chest refused to loosen as the time passed, but as I sat in front of the main fire and watched the demon, I saw him differently.

He was a monster, yes. Towering, clawed, and powerful beyond comprehension. But he was not cruel. Not in the way I had come to understand cruelty. And I knew it well. Memories of the abuse my father dealt upon me throughout my life—not always physical but constantly debilitating—filled my head, almost consuming me.

But I refused to let it control me.

The demon hadn't hurt me. He hadn't threatened me or intentionally scared me. He'd been open and honest—even if I didn't like the answers—and I'd never truly had that in my life before.

The men of my past had been masters of manipulation and deception. Their kindness was always a stipulation of wanting something in return. But this monster was different. He didn't conceal any malice.

He was a predator, but he didn't pose a threat to me.

I wrapped a fur around my shoulders and leaned against the black, smooth wall. He glanced at me once more, and I should have been repulsed by the hunger I sensed in his gaze. The way his molten eyes followed me with every little shift of my body,

heat coiled in my stomach.

He moved with silent precision, his massive frame shifting as he crouched near the iron brazier, preparing food over the fire. I hadn't expected him to cook, least of all for me. I hadn't expected him to have this kind of patience. Or maybe not that at all. Maybe it was confidence, because he knew he could get whatever he wanted.

I sat silent as he skewered thick slabs of meat onto a spit, his black-clawed fingers turning the food with a kind of care that seemed at odds with his monstrous appearance. Not too much time passed before the scent of sizzling flesh filled the cave, rich and tantalizing, making my stomach twist with hunger. I couldn't remember the last time I'd eaten—or drank water, for that matter.

As if he read my thoughts, he stood, gathered a waterskin, and came over to hold it out to me. I didn't hesitate as I took it, murmured a thank-you, and drank my fill.

He'd already moved back to the brazier to finish cooking. I was transfixed by the way the fire highlighted the ridges and bulges of his onyx body. The way his muscles flexed and shifted beneath his dark skin did things to me... things that had me wet and wanting to be touched in ways and in places I'd never experienced before.

I knew about sex. I knew the basics and mechanics. I learned it all. But actually being touched? Penetrated? Those had been reserved for the man I would've been sold off to.

The demon was strange for sure, but beneath it all, he was built like a human male. A strong, powerful man.

He stood, gathering vegetables that I'd never seen before but had to be related to potatoes, given the way they were shaped. He stood as he used his claws like knives to slice the food into bite-sized pieces.

My gaze traveled lower, my breath hitching when I caught sight of the dual appendages between his legs, which looked thick and heavy. God, his cocks were massive, girthy and long. Curiosity had me wondering why he needed two dicks, but arousal had me wanting to know how he used them.

And the demon had been aroused the entire time I'd been in his presence. Both of his shafts looked harder than stone, the tips dripping with semen. God, that clear fluid dripped on his smooth, muscular thighs. But he didn't care, didn't wipe it away. He just kept letting his twin cocks drip pre-cum in front of me.

Heat rushed to my face, a wave of something deep and dark settling in my belly but most of all between my legs. I was also so aroused that my wetness coated my lower lips and made my thighs slick, just like him.

Something wild and untamed stirred inside me. My life had been filled with lies, each one a tether that tried to pull me deeper into madness. But I'd had enough. That's why I left. Why I ran.

But the demon... he hadn't deceived me. He told me exactly what he was and what he wanted. And I believed him.

His massive form shifted, the firelight dancing across the ridges of his muscles and over his dark horns, causing them to gleam. I clenched my inner muscles as wetness dripped down my inner thighs, my pussy tingling with want and my clit swollen and throbbing in time with my pulse.

My breath caught in my throat, and my heartbeat hammered. Hard, instant realization took root in me.

I wanted to deny what I felt. I wanted to scream that I was still afraid, that he disgusted me.

But overriding all of that, there was some deep, primal part inside me that knew what I wanted... and needed.

Silence stretched between us, thick with unspoken words close to my lips and threatening to come out with the weight of something I didn't dare name.

Something that teased me about not truly wanting to leave.

Unspoken words and feelings that screamed one thing.

I want this demon to claim me.

CHAPTER SIX

Geraldine

Reining my thoughts back in and focusing on my grumbling stomach, I took in the meal the demon placed in front of me. It was simple but smelled delicious. I ate every morsel. But when he handed me a horned cup filled with a sweet liquid, I hesitated before finally taking a sip. The warmth spread through me instantly, a slow, languid heat that made my limbs feel heavy and my mind a little hazy.

I'd never tasted anything quite like it, but it was definitely fermented. By the time I finished half of it, I felt looser, lighter, and my thoughts drifted toward things I had no business imagining.

Like doing things with him. And wondering how it would feel for him to touch me.

I looked at the demon and saw he already watched me.

His gaze was unwavering, his molten, glowing eyes tracking every little shift and movement I made. His unrelenting attention should have unnerved me, but instead, it sent a different kind of shiver down my spine.

I was aroused—still—and my need for something more from him overrode everything else that should have taken priority.

His power was coiled just beneath the surface. The demon was a predator at rest.

“What are you called?” I asked, wanting to know more about him.

“I have no name. I am just ‘Mate’ to you.”

My heart pounded as I continued to stare at him. He sat atop thick furs on the floor, his impossibly broad back against the lair’s wall. His legs were bent, and his powerful arms rested on his knees. I couldn’t help but notice his cocks bobbing, rubbing, massaging against each other, milking his seed with every movement. I couldn’t tear my eyes from the sight. I almost reached under my shift to play with my swollen, drenched pussy.

“My pretty little mate,” he murmured in that strange voice of his. He lifted a hand and curled a clawed finger, beckoning me forward. “Come to me.”

The words were low but absolute. He knew I wouldn’t deny him. My mind said no, but my body was the one in control. My limbs obeyed before I could stop myself or protest what in the hell I was doing, like I was drawn to him by an unseen force.

I was on my hands and knees and crawled toward him, feeling so small and fragile compared to how large this creature was. I didn’t know why I hadn’t stood and walked over to him and instead crawled to him like he was a puppeteer and I was on his strings.

A deep growl rumbled from him, and I swore his eyes glowed brighter. I lowered my gaze to his cocks, seeing the members throb and leak at the tips. I licked my lips, wanting—needing—a taste. He growled again, the sound vibrating through my bones.

He was primitive and possessive, and it had my pulse fluttering wildly.

I was only a foot from him when I stilled, my hands braced against the furs, my

fingers curling along the soft hides. Before I could even take another breath in, the demon's massive hands curled around my waist and hauled me onto his lap as if I weighed nothing.

A gasp left me, and I pressed my palms against the firm, warm expanse of his chest. He was hot and all muscle, and my pussy muscles clenched involuntarily.

"So tiny," he murmured, his voice thick with something I couldn't name. "So delicate."

I felt him slide those clawed fingers up my side, heard the way their sharpness sliced right through the material of my gown. I tensed when the demon curled one large hand around my throat. The air from the cave brushed along the exposed skin of my side, and I gasped slightly at the feel of his talons grazing the sensitive skin of my neck.

He pressed into the side of my throat, not enough to hurt but enough to remind me of the beast he was and that I was at his mercy. He could take whatever he wanted from me, and I couldn't stop him. But I knew I wouldn't even try.

The demon's breath was warm against my face, his wicked sharp teeth hovering just above the skin where my shoulder and neck met.

"I can smell your arousal, little one." His voice was a low rasp, rough with barely-there restraint. "I can smell how your tiny, human pussy is primed for me. You try to hide it, but your body betrays your need for me."

His words sent a rush of something dark and dangerous through me. I felt heat rise to my face, knew the blush stole over my cheeks and down my neck.

The demon moved suddenly and dragged his tongue over my cheek, slow and

deliberate, before moving his claws from my neck and trailing that wet muscle down my throat. I closed my eyes and shuddered as I curled my fingers against his pectoral muscles. His skin was hairless and felt like velvet over iron.

I just absorbed the sensations of him licking me as I smoothed my hands up and down his chest, feeling his heart beating the strangest rhythm beneath my fingers.

Tentatively, I moved my palms until I was brushing my fingers over the curve of one of his horns. He went rigid beneath me, his cocks jerking between my thighs, and I swore I felt him get even harder and bigger. The demon inhaled sharply, breaking the stillness. And then a guttural growl rumbled through him as his grip tightened on my waist.

“Careful,” he warned, his voice ragged. He shifted underneath me, which jostled me and had my hands tightening and sliding down his horn. He snarled again. “The horns of my kind are... sensitive.”

I was tempting the devil, or maybe playing with fire, because I ignored him and traced both his horns this time, fascinated by the way his massive body shook with a force that was startling. “How sensitive?” I asked breathlessly.

His growl deepened, sounding more dangerous this time. “Erogenous.”

That lone word sent a new kind of heat spiraling through me. I wanted the demon to touch me, lick me, and use both massive cocks inside my unused, virgin body. But that last thought terrified me.

My fingers curled tighter around the smooth, ridged surface of his horns, teasing. His hands were both on my waist now, his claws flexing against my soft skin. I knew his restraint was unraveling and would break quickly.

“You test me, little one.” His voice was thick with warning.

I leaned back slightly and looked between us, my eyes drawn by the heavy lengths between his legs. God, the undeniable proof of his arousal was so erotic I could barely think straight.

I wet my lips, barely comprehending my own actions, as the question spilled from me before I could stop it.

“Why do you have two?” I slowly lifted my gaze to look back up into his glowing eyes.

His grip on me tightened, his all-consuming stare burning into mine.

I imagined a slow, wicked curve of his mouth that was reminiscent of a smile, as he told me seductively, “I have two in order to pleasure my mate in ways no human male ever could.”

A moan spilled from my lips, a shiver rolling through me. His claws dragged over my hips, unhurried, reverent, as though he were already claiming what was his. Gradually sliding his hands around to my back and downward, he gripped my ass, my cheeks small in his monstrous hold, as he clenched and rolled my fleshy mounds in his palms.

“Show me,” I challenged.

I knew I just opened the door to something that could never be taken back.

And I welcomed what was to come.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Geraldine

I shouldn't have asked the question in the first place. I shouldn't have stared in anticipation after telling him to show me what his response to my question meant. But how the hell was I supposed to not do either?

The demon gently helped me up, and when we both stood only a foot from each other, he immediately reached down and grabbed his upper cock, the one beneath it hard and swinging slightly as he pleased himself.

I was soaked between my thighs, and I stood and watched him masturbate. With the firelight casting a golden glow and dark shadows over his gigantic body, I started panting as my desire rose. My nipples hardened to peaks, poking through the thin fabric of my shift and wanting to be pleased, wanting to be sucked and teased.

Every time his clawed palm moved to the base of that upper shaft, I noticed these ridges becoming visible along the length.

“Your body is glorious, soft and curvy and perfect in all ways.”

I licked my lips and continued to watch him, not responding.

“I'm going to worship every gorgeous, thick inch of your body with my hands and claws and lick all that creamy flesh with my tongue before I fuck you. You see my ridges?” He slid his hand up to the crown and let me get a good look at the perfectly

spaced raised rings around his onyx-colored shaft. “These only become visible when I’m with my mate. These are for your pleasure.”

My throat was tight, and my mouth was dry. I knew I should stop watching the demon, but the sight was just too arousing. And the sounds he made—the grunts and groans coming from his broad chest—told me he was getting off on me watching him, from smelling my wet pussy.

White seed was thick and constant as it steadily dripped out the wide tips—both of them.

When he got off, did both cocks spew cum? God, why did that turn me on?

My body was primed, wanting something only the demon could give me.

“I’m a virgin,” I blurted, needing him to know, because where this was going told me I’d be on my back with my legs spread before the night was over with. “I can’t take... that.”

He chuckled and took a step closer, his seed dripping onto his thighs and the floor with every step he took.

“Little one, you can take it. You will take me.” He leaned back and gestured down to his shaft still in his palm. “You see all this seed?” He didn’t wait for me to respond. “My cum makes it easy—pleasurable—for my mate to take me deep into her little human body.” His glowing gaze moved up and down, taking in my form. “Now, take off that shift and show your mate what he’ll be fucking.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Demon

I 'd never envisioned finding my mate. I'd never known one of my kind to have even found their female.

It was more a story told around fires to slake the insatiable hunger my kind inherently felt.

As an ancient species, I survived for the sole purpose of being strong, conquering and pillaging as needed, and hoping that one day in my millennia-long existence, I would find my mate.

And she all but ran right into my arms.

Now, she stood in front of me, watching as I pleased myself. My mating ridges had made themselves known for the first time, the nodules solely there to make my female feel the most intense, unimaginable pleasure.

“What does that mean?” she breathed out, and I knew she was asking about what I said about my semen.

I ran my palm over the crown, smearing the seed over my tip and down my length.

“Undress like I said, and I'll elaborate.”

A slight tremor moved through her body, but she obeyed, finally pushing the tattered shift down her hips. It fell the rest of the way to the ground and showed me what a real human woman looked like. She was thick in all the places that counted, curvy with supple flesh that I could grip onto while I mated and bred her. And her breasts... they were large and heavy with large, dark areolas and hard nipples.

She was so soft, and my claws twitched to grip her flesh and pull her toward me.

“Come to me.” I kept my voice low and stroked my upper cock harder, my lower cock bouncing with need and leaking a steady stream of seed.

She exhaled slowly and moved closer, now only a foot from me.

“Grab me. Touch me,” I ordered, trying to keep my tone gentle.

Her head was tilted back to look at my face, and when she licked her lips again, I didn’t stop myself from leaning in and dragging my own tongue over her perfectly pink mouth.

I let go of my top cock and gripped her wrist, bringing her fingers to my shaft and curling them around the now ribbed length. Her little human hand was too tiny to wrap fully around my dick, but I’d never felt anything better.

I kept my palm over hers and forced her to stroke my cock.

She was panting now, and the way her eyelids fluttered told me she was trying so hard to fight her natural responses. But she wouldn’t win. Her soaked pussy told me as much.

“Give me what I want, and I’ll tell you all the things about my seed, little one,” I hummed.

Geraldine kept her gaze locked on where I made her hold me. A soft sound finally left her, and I growled as I reached below and gripped my bottom cock. The second shaft was slightly thinner, not quite as long, and meant to be buried in her ass as I fucked her pussy at the same time.

“My seed will aid in softening your pussy, slightly numbing the nerve endings so there is minimal pain.” I leaned in and whispered against her ear, “And will heighten your ecstasy.” Her rapid breathing fueled my arousal.

We started working our hands over my stiff cock even faster, and I stared into her face the entire time, unable to look away as she watched both of us jerk me off.

My cocks were throbbing, the thick veins on the undersides pulsing, and the ribs circling my upper shaft swelling and becoming more pronounced.

“I can’t wait to push deep into both of your tight, perfect little holes.” I stroked us faster. “Just imagine one cock in your ass and the other stretching your virgin pussy,” I rumbled low, and she made a sound of need, a mewl of desire. I squeezed her hand tighter around my length, wanting that pain and pleasure to mix into one. When I was sure she’d keep up the rhythm on her own, I let go of her hand and took hold of my slightly smaller shaft.

For long moments filled with the greatest pleasure I’d ever felt in my long, lonely life, our grips worked in tandem, pumping my cocks with fervor.

I lost all control, and I released my lower cock, reached out, and curled my hand around her waist, jerking her up and forward so her chest pressed to mine.

“More,” she croaked out, and a snarl left me.

I cupped her breast, the mound fleshy and full, her skin so soft. I hefted the weight in

my large palm, her nipple tight and jutting from her arousal. I leaned in and inhaled at the base of her throat, taking in her scent. She was sweet-smelling, and my cocks throbbed.

My desire was so high I could have come without even penetrating her.

“Little one,” I growled and bared my sharp teeth, but I wasn’t sure what I was warning her about.

Geraldine exhaled and slowly tipped her head back so she could look into my face.

I squeezed her hand with mine again but kept it gentle as to not hurt her. I was too far gone in my primal need to have my mate, to make her see and feel and know she was mine.

“Demon,” she gasped out, but I just curled my fingers around hers once again. I couldn’t stop this, even if she told me no.

“You’re not going to stop until I spray my load all over you.”

Geraldine mewled like a sweet, little kitten, and it turned me on that she was so tiny, so vulnerable.

Her pupils were blown, her lips swollen and red because she kept biting them, and copious amounts of seed leaked from my cocks.

I slid my other hand up her nape to tangle my claws against the back of her head, gripping the strands and jerking her head back farther to bare her throat.

“Be your mate’s good girl and tell me you’re mine.”

My little one moaned again but didn't give me what I wanted. I let a low rumble leave my chest as the heavy weight of my balls tightened. I stroked our hands over my upper cock faster, squeezing harder, my other hand still in her hair and flexing in the strands. My orgasm rushed to the surface, and I exploded.

"Oh, God," she gasped as I sprayed my seed all over her belly, looking down and growling as I watched thick, white ropes shoot out of both cocks and covering her breasts before sliding all the way down to her thighs.

When I sprayed the last squirt of cum on her belly, I pulled her in closer and dragged my tongue along her mouth repeatedly. I then sank to my knees and cleaned my cum from her soft tits and belly, and her generous thighs, lapping up most of my seed before rubbing the rest into her skin, marking her so she smelled like me.

I rose, leading her to the pallet of furs, and said, "Lie down, little one. It's time for you to be fucked."

CHAPTER NINE

Geraldine

I 'd never known something could feel so good and wrong in the same breath.

The demon was still on his knees before me, still so tall and big, even though he was on the ground... licking at his cum as his cocks grew in pleasure once more.

“Show me your pussy. Let me feast on you.”

I closed my eyes and bit my lip, my pussy tingling in anticipation. An involuntary shiver moved through me, and I told myself not to mewl and beg for more... again.

“You feel so perfect.”

I was on my back on the pallet of furs, and then the demon got on his knees and gripped mine, pushing my legs open wider so my pussy lips parted.

“It'll feel so good—so complete and right—once I push one cock deep into your pussy and my second one into that tight, little asshole.” He leaned in, and I felt his warm breath along my pussy. He groaned and took one long, leisurely lick of me.

I instantly felt dizzy, euphoria and pleasure coursing through me.

“No other female will ever compare to you. You're mine in all ways.”

I let out a shuddering breath when he moved the tip of his tongue from my aching pussy and dragged it along my inner thigh, teasing me. I gripped his horns again, and his whole body quaked as he snarled in ecstasy. His tongue was just so big and foreign, like the rest of him, and he smelled so wild and potent.

I bit my lip, so much so that the flesh became tender, that pain adding to my growing desire. God... I wanted more.

“I’m going to devour you,” he said in a gruff voice.

The demon made me feel beautiful and small, tiny compared to how enormous he was. I wasn’t a little thing by society’s beauty standards, but I always felt desirable in my own skin.

And now I felt even more beautiful because of this demon.

He hungered for me, and it was a powerful feeling.

“Your body was created for me.”

He ran his palms over my belly, along my hips, and squeezed my flesh. The sensation of his sharp, black claws scraping my flesh, not breaking the skin but no doubt leaving faint marks, turned me on even more.

And when he gripped my body, the womanly rolls I loved about myself, my pussy became even wetter.

“So perfect.”

The demon growled words I couldn’t understand, a language that made no sense but was foreign and beautiful all in the same breath.

“Beg me to make you feel good. To lick this cunt until you come all over my face.”

I gasped and closed my eyes. The demon gripped my waist, slid his hands down my legs, curled his fingers under my thighs, and then pushed them back so my knees were pressed to my chest. My pussy and ass were now on display, and there was so much of my juices that I could feel it dripping down and coating both of my holes.

“Give me it all.” The words spilled out before I could censor them.

He leaned in and closed his eyes, inhaling deeply. “Your pussy is so wet for me. Primed.”

Before I could respond, he swiped his tongue along my slit, parting the folds with its pointed tip and dragging it up to my clit.

My back arched, and this sound I’d never heard come from me before tore from my throat.

The demon made these animalistic noises as he sucked on my clit, licked my pussy, and growled so the vibrations rippled through me. I still had a grip on his horns, but I was so lost in the pleasurable sensations that I couldn’t think straight and used him as an anchor.

I was close to falling over the edge, but in a flash of movement, I was hauled up, with the demon now on his back beneath me. He had a hold of my waist, positioning me so that I straddled his face, and then he twisted his head so one of his horns pressed right against my pussy.

“Rub your cunt on me. Use me to find your release.”

I didn’t hesitate as I rocked back and forth on him, his horn so smooth that after only

seconds I found my rhythm and knew I was going to get off.

And that's when it hit me fast and hard—my climax tore through me, ripping a scream from my throat and out my parted lips. I ground my clit against his horn, holding onto the curled, sharper point to steady myself. Cream spilled from me, dripping off his horn and onto his face.

The demon growled, and I forced myself to look down at him, seeing him lick at the pussy juices that I gave him.

“That's it,” he said in the most primal voice I'd ever heard. “That's my good girl.”

I sagged when my pleasure faded, but the demon was right there to hold me close and shift me so we were face-to-face on the furs.

He leaned in close and licked the side of my face. I closed my eyes and moaned. He lifted slightly, dragging his sharp teeth—his fangs—down my throat, moving lower so he could do the same to my breasts. When he was between my thighs, he spread me wider and settled his skull-like face right in front of my pussy.

I felt the sharp sting of pain when he bit my inner thigh, and I gasped.

“Watch me,” he demanded, and I opened my eyes, looking down at the demon. Twin beads of blood welled up on the soft skin where my thigh and pussy met.

The demon dragged his tongue across the blood, smearing it along my leg, licking it away until it was cleaned up, taking a part of me into himself.

My beautiful beast rose, grabbed his upper cock, and stroked it enough times cum spilled out of the tip and into his palm. He smeared that seed all over my pussy and asshole and curled his fingers inward so he could use his thick knuckle to push his

cum into my ass.

I gasped at the sensation and how his semen warmed me from the inside out, my sensitive muscles and nerve endings now tingling.

His words played in my head about how his seed would ease, heat, and slightly numb me, so I'd be able to take both of his cocks. He stroked himself a second time, gathering more cum, and repeating the process to my ass and pussy, pushing his seed inside of me.

When he was satisfied, he rose to his knees, stared down at me, and I swore his eyes flashed brightly.

“Now it's time to fuck my mate, and I hope she gets bred tonight.”

CHAPTER TEN

Demon

I told her I wanted to fuck her, but first, I needed her mouth on my upper cock.

I needed it.

My perfect mate blinked up at me with a dazed expression on her face and watched as I palmed my upper cock, stroking myself and pushing even more seed out of the tip.

The way Geraldine bit her bottom lip and then dragged her tongue over the plump flesh had me baring my fangs, had my eyes glowing brighter, and had saliva dripping out of my mouth.

I was hungry for her. Starved. Insatiable.

“Suck me, little one. Make my cocks wet so I can fuck you with them.”

Geraldine pushed herself up, then got into position on her knees as I rose to my full height.

“Open for me, sweet little thing.”

When she parted her lips, I didn’t hesitate to squat my much taller frame so that I was aligned with that tempting opening. I smoothed the crown of my upper cock along her lips, smearing pre-cum over the plump flesh. Seed dripped out of the slit of both

heads.

By balls were full of cum once again, ready to fill my beautiful mate and mark her from the inside as I had the outside.

Geraldine opened her mouth wider and slowly slipped her tongue out, licking at the cum that dribbled from my top cock.

I brought the underside of my cockhead down on her tongue, slapping it repeatedly, letting my semen cover the pink muscle until it turned a milky white.

She gasped, and I knew she felt the slight tingling and numbing effect my seed caused.

“Swallow,” I snarled. “Let it coat your throat so you can take me deep.” I watched as she gave my cockhead a lick before closing her mouth and doing as I said.

My cum was steadily leaking out of me, and I made her drink all of it. “More.”

I heard her swallow and groaned at how beautiful she was while servicing me.

And when she really took my upper cock in her mouth, I shoved my length all the way to the back of her throat.

Geraldine gagged, her eyes watering as she stared up at me, but she didn’t back away. She swallowed around the tip, more tears sliding down her cheeks. I started pulling out and pushing back in, making her take as much of my cock as she could.

Surprising me, my mate grabbed my second cock and started stroking it. Pleasure skirted down my spine while her dainty hand skimmed over my slippery crown and rhythmically milked me, threatening to make me cum both across her chest and into

her mouth.

Unable to completely hold back, my balls throbbed as I spurted pre-cum down her throat and into her belly. The threat of spewing my load into her mouth was far too great, so I pulled out before I came fully, my cock leaving the suction of her perfect pink lips with a pop .

My shafts were so fucking hard as I pushed her back onto the furs. I watched Geraldine spread her legs, ready for me to claim her as my mate. She was so small beneath me, all perfect, soft, peachy-colored human skin against my onyx, beastly flesh.

I gripped the base of my upper cock and notched the head at her pussy entrance, then did the same with my lower cock at her asshole. I wanted to just thrust inside of her, but I went slowly for this first time. I wanted each of us to savor the moment I took both of her virginities.

With a softness and gentleness that I'd ever shown in my existence, I pushed in, feeling her holes reluctantly open up, the resistance of her hymen and that tight ring of muscle of her ass, before they finally give way to me. I had never felt so good, so warm, or so horny in my life. The thought of physically mating a female of my own never dared cross my mind before. Even in my wildest dreams, I didn't believe it would happen. But now that I had Geraldine, all was about to change.

Starting with fucking my mate.

Seated fully in her cunt and asshole, I stilled, letting her get used to my sizes. Her inner muscles clenched around my throbbing shafts, and I exhaled through my nostrils, reining in my control.

"You're too big," she breathed out and placed her palms flat on my stomach, digging

her nails into my abdominal muscles, adding pressure as if to try to push me off. “It’s just too much, Demon.”

I snarled, curled my big body so that my head was right above hers, and spoke with confidence. “You can handle it. You will handle it.” I took her neck in a tight grip, but not so much that she couldn’t breathe or that I was hurting her. I slowly pulled out nearly all the way, both cocks sliding deliciously through her wet, fist-like orifices, so only the tips were lodged in her, before I pushed back in.

I did this repeatedly, letting her get used to the feeling of me stretching her, spurting extra pre-cum into her pussy and ass. The additional lubrication and my kind’s special seed helping her nerves and muscles finally relax, and she took me in more easily.

Only when she melted against the furs did I slide my hands down her generous hips, gripping her tightly there. I fucked her nice and slow, but with each passing moment, I pumped my cocks rougher, harder.

Soon, I fucked her like the savage I was.

I thrust back in, then pulled out, and the sound of our wet skin slapping together filled my lair— our lair. It was a turn on and caused more sprays of pre-cum to fill her holes.

But I didn’t stop. I kept fucking harder and faster, riveted to the sight of her big tits bouncing before I glanced farther down at how stretched and red her pussy was around my inhuman, onyx-colored upper dick.

“It feels so.... God, it feels incredible,” she whimpered.

I growled, and Geraldine moaned her need for me to give her everything I had.

“Take all of me,” the dark side of me snarled, more to myself than to her—motivation to give in to her desire and my instincts, instead of holding back this first mating. I leaned forward and dragged my tongue along the side of her face, tasting her, then shifted down to swirl my tongue around her nipple, sucking the tight bud between my teeth and taking a gentle bite. “Take all my inches until you feel like you’ll split into two, my little human mate.”

I had so desperately wanted to be sweet with my female, to show her I wasn’t this barbarian who covered my territory with body parts and blood to keep others away. But even for this first time, I just couldn’t. I was a primal beast and had to take her in the way my kind was meant to.

I swung my hips back and forth until the sloppy sounds of her pussy and asshole sucking at my cocks filled the cavern. My chest heaved, my balls swinging so heavily with cum that all I could think about was filling Geraldine up and breeding her.

Gripping her legs, I lifted them up, pressing her thighs and knees to her chest, spreading her open even more. I stared down at her cunt and ass as I fucked her, mesmerized by her stretched holes taking my cocks so obediently, just like they were made to. I was hypnotized by the way her pussy rippled from the rings beneath the surface of my top shaft each time I pistoned in and out of that obscenely strained opening. “So pink and wet. So perfectly wrecked.”

My beautiful Geraldine was so fragile, yet she was incredible. My mate took both of my cocks, because she was created just for me.

I stared at my massive upper cock, her virgin blood coating it and smeared across her inner thighs and pussy. It made my appetite insatiable. I curled my big body once again so I could lean close to her, latched my mouth on the side of her throat, and sank my longest fangs into her soft, pliant flesh, shuddering at her erotic moan. As I held her still with my bite, I pounded into her body harder and faster, the need to

come irresistible.

And when I felt her inner muscles tighten around both of my cocks, I shoved my hand between our bodies, used the pad of my thumb to rub her clit, and growled against her neck, telling her without words to get off for me.

I teased her clit, still having enough control to be careful not to hurt my mate's most delicate flesh with my claws, and felt her finally orgasm as her pussy clenched around me. Her asshole tightened as well, milking my lower cock so I could fill her ass too, marking it as mine from the inside out.

The ribs along my upper cock hardened and bulged even further. And as she came again, I let myself go. I exploded inside of her, unable to stay latched onto her neck as pleasure consumed me. Instinctively, I gripped her throat and squeezed, knowing I was cutting off her airway, as I tipped my head back and roared out my release. But she merely moaned as her pleasure skyrocketed.

I loosened my hold then, and Geraldine sucked in a breath. I grew dizzy from the ecstasy until the only thing I was mindful of was the thrusting of my hips back and forth as my balls were drained, pumping my load into her pussy and ass.

I leaned back to stare at where I was lodged inside of her, my seed and her pussy arousal seeping out from the sides of her holes and making a big mess beneath her on the furs.

With one last pulse of cum shooting out of me, my ridges swelled further—my kind's way of ensuring there'd be little loss of seed after mating—tearing a gruff sound from me at how amazing it felt.

When my orgasm finally faded, the rings deflating beneath my flesh, I stayed inside of her still, unwilling to unseat my cocks. I wanted to savor this moment just a little

while longer.

Reluctantly, I forced myself to pull out but kept her knees pressed to her chest. Even though it went against my instinct of breeding my tiny human, my desire to observe everything about her and this new experience took top priority, and I ordered her to push my semen out so I could commit the vision to memory. And when my little mate did what I wanted, I growled at how gorgeous it looked, seeing thick, white cum gush from her ass and pussy.

Unable to resist, I planted my face right between her thighs. Slowly and gently, I began to lick and soothe her, lapping up the blood from her broken maidenhead and the semen escaping from Geraldine's beautiful cunt. She sighed in relief as I eased the sting of her abused little hole, eating my own cum and only stopping to tease her clit with rapid but soft movements. I could live my entire life right here between these luscious thighs.

But I wasn't finished. Methodically, I moved my mouth down just a fraction and swirled my tongue around her asshole. A moan escaped from her throat, egging me on. Curling my tongue, I pressed it firmly into her ass and flicked, pushing my cum that was still inside farther into its depths.

Then I began to pump in and out, fucking her ass with my mouth, pulling more moans from my girl. But, I could sense her fatigue and reluctantly pulled my tongue out, soothing her tightest hole with a quick lick before finally retreating.

Lying down beside her, I curled around Geraldine protectively. I exhaled and felt real contentment for the first time in my long life.

My mate fell asleep right away, pressed against me and showing me she trusted me with her safety, like she knew I'd protect her. And all the while, my Geraldine held onto me.

Although I knew I'd never let my mate go, because she was mine, this feeling that grew in me was something different and nothing I'd ever experienced before.

It was an emotion that had my heart softening even more toward this little thing, and a small voice inside of me moved from total dominance, possessiveness, and protectiveness to... something deeper and more meaningful.

As I stared at my beautiful human female, I knew I would do whatever it took to keep her sheltered, safe, and in my arms.

And I'd start by slaughtering those who meant to harm her and sent her into my lair.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Demon

The next evening, my little mate had refused to stay in our lair while I patrolled and hunted the surrounding forest to ensure she was safe. But that was all right, because this sick and twisted part of me wanted her to be at my side so she could watch me kill the men who abused her relentlessly her entire life.

“Maybe it’s wrong of me to want you to hurt another person, but my father, his guards.... They’re the embodiment of the customs and culture that oppress women and make us nothing more than pawns in their intolerable world. It’s what made up my whole universe, my whole life, created by the evil that was men with wealth and power. So I ran.”

Knowing she was tired of it, that she was done being nothing but a piece for some human male to move around on a game-board, convinced me enough that she needed to see me end them.

The air outside the cave carried the scent of human sweat, steel, and fear. I heard the males long before they neared—footsteps crunching over fallen leaves and branches, armor shifting, and their whispered orders and updates to one another betraying their location.

The humans still searching for her knew my mate was in this area when she disappeared last night, but they’d soon learn the grave mistake their actions had caused.

They believed they could take her from me.

The thought was downright laughable.

We hid in the shadows of the cave's opening, with Geraldine behind me. Torchlights flickered beyond the entrance, moving closer, illuminating their forms against the night. They couldn't see me, but I could see them clearly.

My lips curled back in a silent snarl. I flexed my claws, rolling my shoulders, and felt the coiled power within me stir, that primal beast inside more terrifying than the monster I was on the outside.

And it was even more dangerous, now that I'd mated my little human, formed that unbreakable, life-altering, and coveted bond, and she was actively being threatened.

Geraldine stiffened behind me, her breathing uneven. Fear, sharp and bitter, tainted the air around us, and I hated that she felt it at all. I turned my head and glanced down at her. "Are you certain you want to see this?" I asked low and so only she could hear.

She nodded. "They won't stop," she whispered, her voice trembling. "My father—he won't stop."

I bared my fangs, my voice a guttural promise when I said, "And neither will I, little one. This ends here and now."

I faced forward again, seeing the males were closer now. A dark growl rumbled from my chest, deep and primal, echoing outward as a warning to all who heard it. I stepped forward and exited the cave. The air shifted with the raw aggression pouring off of me.

When the humans saw me, they hesitated. I could smell their unease. It was sour, putrid in my nose.

“As children, you were told stories of me by your parents before bed,” I reminded them, my voice dripping with savagery. “And yet, here you are.” I felt my little mate’s gaze on me like a physical touch, but she stayed hidden in the shadows. I wouldn’t let anyone close enough to even know she was here.

“The beast,” one of them whispered, his tone full of fear.

Another recoiled. “The nightmare they always whispered about... standing right before us.”

Their hushed prayers to a god who would ignore them fell from their lips.

But there was a third male... one who feigned strength and courage with his body language. He gritted his teeth, gripping his sword, but said in a voice that betrayed his fear, “The king commands his daughter be found.” He cleared his throat. “No matter what... obstacles we face.”

Heat curled in my gut at the thought of anyone taking her away from me. Their blood would paint the stones, trees, and all the flora in the forest.

The humans unease grew. The moments stretched, tension on the verge of snapping.

I bared my fangs, rolling my shoulders, and anticipated who would make the first move. This would be over far too quickly.

They would obey their king. They would try to take her. And it would be the last thing they ever did.

My claws curled and relaxed, sharp and ready. My voice was a dark, unshakable promise when I growled, “Who will be the first to die?”

I moved before they could decide to retreat, stepping from the shadows of the cave into the moonlight. Geraldine stayed, but her presence was a steady weight behind me. She did not flee despite knowing what was going to happen. Instead, she watched.

The first human barely had time to cry out before my claws tore through his throat. Blood splattered, hot and thick, painting the ground in deep crimson that looked black under the moonlight. The others stumbled back, their torches shaking.

Fools.

Their swords shook as their fear took root, but it wouldn't save them. They lunged, but I was faster. My claws shredded through armor as if it were tissue, ripping through flesh and severing limbs. Their screams filled the night and made me hungry for more. All I could think about was them wanting my mate.

I relished their terror, fed on it, and let it accelerate my fury. They had come to take what was mine. Now, they would die for it.

I tore through them without hesitation, several more coming out from hiding behind the trees. But I'd known they were there, their breathing loud and obnoxious and giving away where they cowered.

My fangs found throats, and my claws gutted them like animals. I bathed in their blood, tipping my head back and roaring out as pure primal pleasure claimed me.

The savage hunger for violence raged through me. This was who and what I was. A beast. A monster. I had never questioned it before, never sought to be anything else.

When the last man fell, I stood amidst the corpses, blood dripping from my claws, and my chest heaving. My breath came fast and heavy, the satisfaction of battle humming in my veins.

Geraldine stepped forward and I stared at my human mate. She scanned the carnage, and her wide eyes met mine, unreadable. The scent of fear clung to her—but something else did too. Something darker, something... accepting.

She stepped forward, close enough for me to feel the heat of her body. The warmth of her breath ghosted against my skin. My instincts screamed to claim her right here and now. But I controlled myself.

But she reached for me. Her small hand pressed against my blood-slick chest, fingers tracing the ridges of muscle, smearing the gore. She wasn't repulsed. Geraldine looked at me like I was hers.

Her touch burned ignited something dangerous in me.

A growl built in my throat, something deep and possessive. My claws curled at my sides as I fought the urge to lay her out on the ground and fuck her here and now. I needed to mark her with the same blood that covered me from horn to hoof.

As Geraldine gazed up at me, unafraid, something monumental shifted inside of me.

She had been a lost princess. Now, she was mine.

I lifted my hand, brushing a clawed finger along her jaw. "I don't terrify you?"

She exhaled slowly. "No," she whispered. "How can I be afraid of you when you did all of this?" she said as she looked around at the human body parts. "You did all of this for me?"

A deep, rumbling sound escaped me, something caught between satisfaction and warning. My instincts roared to take her. Instead, I leaned in, inhaling the scent of her, and letting it calm me in a way no other would be able to.

“You will never know fear again. No one will ever touch you,” I vowed. “Never.”

And as she pressed her forehead against my chest, I knew she believed my words.

And if not, I’d spend my life showing her truer words had never been spoken before.

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 8:05 am

EPILOGUE

Demon

I let my little human mate sleep as I prowled the edges of my domain, the dense fog curling around the ancient trees like spectral fingers.

The scent of flora, decay and earth saturated the air, along with my markings that I'd placed around my surroundings. It was a silent warning to any who dared trespass. This land had been mine for eons, and the creatures that wished to survive knew to keep their distance.

I'd kept to myself, hunting to survive and not to maim.

For I was a savage, a barbaric predator.

But Geraldine was fragile, a delicate thing of flesh and warmth, a tiny human that could break easily. And I would take any chances with her safety.

I had lined the perimeter of our cave entrance and surrounding areas with remnants of those who had wandered too close—bones gnawed clean, skulls cracked open, and dried bodily fluids smeared across the stones and trees.

Let all see, let them know. This was my home—our home. She was mine, and I would kill for her without hesitation or humanity.

I stalked the perimeter of the cave and, for good measure, dragged my claws against

the thick bark of a gnarled tree. I watched as deep gouges marred the surface, the scent of my essence seeping into the wood.

For a second, I stood there and tipped my head back, inhaling deeply before exhaling. Satisfaction curled in my chest. The night was still and quiet. It was time to return to her.

Stepping back into the cave, I descended lower, taking turns, twists, and paths that no one else could ever find. Finally, the warmth of our home greeted me. I stood by the entrance of the main part of our lair and just stared at Geraldine . The firelight loved her as it flickered over her body.

I did not need heat or light to survive, but I had it for her. She needed such things, as well as fresh air, direct sunlight. And I would always provide whatever she needed. The furs were piled thick on our pallet, and her slight form was cocooned in them, her scent filling the space.

She was safe, and that calmed me.

I approached her, setting a bladder of water beside her in case she woke with thirst. But I lingered, watching the steady rise and fall of her chest, her lips parted slightly in sleep. The pull toward her was inescapable. It was as if I couldn't breathe if she wasn't near.

I reached out, letting my claws trail over the soft fabric covering her before pushing it lower and revealing her bare shoulder. She was nude, soundly sleeping after I'd claimed her twice before leaving and make sure the perimeter was secure.

After cleaning off, I slid beneath the furs and pressed my body against Geraldine 's, wrapping her in my embrace. She stirred, a quiet murmur slipping from her lips as her hands instinctively sought me out. A low growl of satisfaction rumbled from me.

Even in sleep, my little human reached for me.

Inhaling her scent into my lungs deeply, she nuzzled against my chest. Her scent, her very presence—it calmed the brutality that consumed me. I had existed for centuries, a beast of darkness that had never known softness.

But I felt that with my sweet girl.

The longer I held her, the more my arousal grew. It was also undeniable, and my hardening cocks pressed against the plush curves of her body. I rolled my hips forward, the friction igniting a hunger that coiled deep inside me.

“you smell good. You feel better,” she murmured sleepily. “I can’t believe I need you all over again. Your cum hasn’t even dried between my legs yet.”

God, she was incredible.

She moaned softly, her body arching slightly.

I exhaled harshly, dragging my tongue along the column of her throat at the same time she reached up and curled her little fingers against my horns. I groaned and kept licking her, tasting myself on her skin.

My fingers curled around her hip, pulling her tighter against me, the firm swell of her breasts pressing against my chest. She ran her hand up and down on horn and my cocks throbbed in time with her stroking.

The need to claim her in every way surged within me.

My mating instinct to possess every single part of her was unbearable. My claws raked lightly down her side as I rocked against her again.

“Spread for me. I need to be buried in my mate’s tight cunt again. I’m dying with the need to fill you up, little one.”

A shiver rippled through her as she obeyed me.

I slipped my hand between her thighs, careful of my claws, feeling the heat and wetness of her coating the digits. I smelled my seed suturing her pussy and a guttural growl escaped me.

Geraldine was mine.

I let my fangs scrape against her delicate skin, pulling back so I saw the faintest of marks left on her body.

She rolled onto her back, offered herself to me. When I lined my upper cock tip with her pussy and notched the lower one with her tight little asshole, I stared into her face.

“I’d kill for you,” I vowed.

“You have,” she replied.

I growled and pushed not her, taking both holes at the same time, and not stopping until I filled her up and she became filled with my baby.

Geraldine

A Year Later

A year had passed since the night my world changed, since the night I had truly become the demon’s in all ways. And now, as I lay in our pallet of furs nestled deep within the mountain, I held in my arms the proof of our bond.

The living embodiment of our love and our fate intertwined.

Our son—was unlike any creature I'd ever seen. He was beautiful—terrifyingly so to anyone else. His skin was onyx like his father's, and his horns were small but growing, curling slightly from his tiny head.

But he had a thick head of dark hair. Just like mine.

And when he looked up at me and experienced emotion, his tiny eyes glowed the same molten red. And when he was clam, resting, they were the same dark shade of mine.

My little hybrid was intelligent beyond his young age.

I smiled at him when his little claws curled around my finger as he cooed, his sharp teeth barely visible as he yawned. He was a mix of both of us, something the world had never seen before.

I brushed my fingers along his cheek, marveling at the warmth of him, the solid weight of his tiny body against mine. He was his father's son in every way, and yet, there was something of me in him too.

I felt strong arms wrapping around me from behind, and I looked up to see my demon standing there, smiling down at our son. I leaned into his familiar warmth, exhaling softly as the demon nuzzled into my neck.

My mate. My demon.

He'd never been gentle with the world, but with me—with our child—he was softer than anything I'd ever known.

"He's perfect," I whispered, looking down at our son again.

My mate reached out, his massive clawed hand dwarfing our son's tiny form as he brushed a single talon softly over his brow. "He is. In all ways," he rumbled, the demon's voice thick with possessiveness and pride.

I smiled, leaning down to press my lips to our child's head. "I fear for him, though, and this world we live in. I'm afraid the world will try and hurt him."

My mate growled low in his throat, his arms tightening around me as he settled behind me to cradle my form against his massive body. "Let them try."

I shivered at the darkness in his voice, at the unyielding promise that no harm would ever come to me or our son. I believed him. I'd seen what he was capable of. I had no doubt he'd do the same for our child.

The world had tried to break me. My mate had wanted to go after my father, to take him out, too. But I didn't want any more carnage. I wanted to start my life with the monster I'd fallen in love with.

And if there came a time when my father needed to be dealt with, I knew my mate would handle it. I knew he'd keep us safe above all else.

I'd carved a place for myself in the arms of a monster, and in doing so, I'd found happiness for the first time in my life.

I knew one thing with absolute certainty. Our son would never be alone. He'd never know the cruelty of what I'd experienced.

This was the happily ever after everyone deserved.

The End.