

*Author's Notes:*

*Each episode in the "An Inhuman Love" series will be a stand-alone novelette, meant to be read and enjoyed in a single sitting. Expect a monster/human pairing in each episode, with all the juicy details included.*

**WARNING:**

**This is a monster-on-girl reluctance/non-consent story, with some minor horror themes. Tread carefully.**

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Beth sighed, and leaned her weight toward the mirror, setting her hands against the tile wall around it. An old bathroom, but functional, and clean. And the mirror still worked, so she gazed at her reflection, and frowned at it.

She was an attractive woman, sure. Tall, pale skin, green eyes, black hair cut to the shoulder, and she was quite thin. Maybe too thin as of late; not eating enough will do that. People at work said she was starting to look like a regular Morticia Addams, minus the boobs. Assholes. But, she didn't have the time, or the energy, to fix herself proper food lately. That was a confounding problem, only getting worse as she refused to take care of herself, and she was sure she'd eventually get past it. For now though, she had work to do.

She walked up the stairs of the old home, and listened to its ancient creaks and how they summoned old memories, before she stepped into the kitchen. The glass door to the patio was modern, but everything else about the kitchen was antique. Green wallpaper with flowers. Good god. Countertops that looked like a child had chewed up stained glass art and vomited it back up. Satan, come rescue her from this ancient monstrosity. And the floor, it was white tile with more flowers, blue this time, in some sort of pattern she could only assume a blind pig had painted with its hooves.

It was horrible, but she couldn't stop herself from loving it.

"Gammy, the fuck am I supposed to do with this place?" She sat down at the kitchen table, a big wooden thing covered in a cloth of, naturally, painted flowers against the white base. Groaning, she

reached behind her for a cabinet in the corner, scooped up a picture, and put it on the table in front of her.

Her great grandmother. A beautiful woman, tall and thin like Beth, long black hair, pale skin, subtle curves and all legs. Gammy Bethany took good care of herself until the day she died, two months ago. The picture was of her thirty years ago, when she was almost seventy. Still an amazing looking woman, even that old, big into fitness and healthy eating.

She was also kind of crazy, said she was happy living alone, didn't need anyone to take care of her, and that someone else was handling it. People asked who, because as far as anyone knew, Beth's great grandmother lived alone, and all her friends were just as old as her. You couldn't trust a ninety-year-old to take care of a near one-hundred-year-old.

"Jen says you were taken care of, though. Happy as a clam." Sighing, Beth looked around the place from her seat, before looking back to the picture. Bethany was smiling big in the picture, radiant, joyful. "You moved in here after your husband died, long before I was around. Everyone who knew you said it helped pull you out of your depression, said something about the house made you happy. Well, it's mine, now. Wanna tell me the secret, Gammy?"

Gammy said nothing. Gammy was dead, and Beth was talking to a picture.

Beth sighed, and looked out the glass doors of the patio. Night time. This was going to be her first time sleeping alone in her new house, and she should have been unpacking. But she wasn't. Unpacking had a finality to it, sort of like writing in stone how the people who used to live there, no longer did. Painful.

She'd said her goodbyes, but saying goodbye to a body in a coffin, all dolled up in makeup, didn't have the weight Beth had expected it to.

"It's this house, isn't it?" she said. "I think of you, Gammy, and I think of this house. I think of the way it squeaks when you go up the stairs, and makes different squeaks when you go down. I think of the way it'd randomly boom with a loud thud, settling on the hill; still does." It was a decently sized house, built onto a mountain side with several other nearby houses; nearby being relative, since they were a ten-minute walk away. It'd have growing pains and settling noises until it eventually collapsed, centuries in the future hopefully. "And of course, the smell of liver and onions. You cooked that so much, it's a wonder you didn't overdose on it." Classic old person behavior.

Chuckling, Beth pulled the papers on the kitchen table to her, and glanced them up and down. The typical crap that came with owning a new house, bills, some papers to sign, shit like that. The house had

long been paid off, but that didn't mean the city was just going to let her move in for free. Nope, city had to get their fingers a bit wet, when property traded hands. Still, the house was paid off, and it was cheaper to live here, than her apartment.

“Cheaper, but good god. I don't think I can handle this... Great Depression decor.” She laughed again as she looked around at the horrible wallpaper and ridiculous tiling. “I—”

The lights flickered. She froze, and looked around the kitchen as it went dark, then lit up, then went back to darkness. The silence, combined with darkness, was overwhelming. Every noise the house normally made, was gone, fridge included. The hairs on her arms stood up, and the ones on the back of her neck soon followed.

“Damn it.” She blinked a few times, and tried to see in the darkness that buried her. Part of the problem in living in a house on a hillside, with only a few neighbors: not much city lighting nearby, especially with a driveway that was really a long path through woods. There was some light though, a nearby streetlight that lit the winding driveway. With time, her eyes adjusted to the darkness. The subtle light cut through her curtains, bounced off some walls, and provided her kitchen with enough light for her to see shapes.

If the street light was working, it probably meant her new home's power was dead, not the area's.

“Thought the realtor said this was fixed.” Something about power flickers caused by weather. Well, the weather was nice and quiet, not a cloud in the sky. No excuse for this bullshit. “Just flip the breakers, he said. Yeah, ok.” This was the twenty-first century, after all. She knew where the breaker box was, and she knew how to flip a circuit breaker. No handy man needed. Fuck Geoff.

First, flashlight. She got up, started feeling around the counters, and looked for the box that had her miscellaneous bathroom crap. That's where she'd normally put her flashlight, so it had be in the box. Finding the box was a problem though, considering she couldn't read anything in the darkness. And if memory served, she also had a bunch of random other crap in that box, razors and painkillers, shit like that. She'd have to go digging.

Dig she did, once she found the box. Razors, makeup kits, deodorant, tampons, painkillers, and a billion other things she was sure she didn't actually own, but someone had sneaked into the box while she'd been packing. Geoff had said she had a bunch of crap she didn't use in her cupboards. Maybe he was right? No, fuck Geoff. Geoff is never right.

Worse than digging through the box in the nigh complete darkness, was looking around at the darkness while digging. Much as she recognized this place from her childhood, that was a long time

ago, and it lacked the intimate familiarity she had with her apartment. Learning to walk around in your new home was something to be done in the light, and learning how to do it in darkness, fresh off the bench, was a mistake waiting to happen.

“Found ya!” She whipped out the flashlight from the box, spilling some of the box’s contents as she did, and she jumped as a plastic bottle bounced around on the floor. The only good thing about this situation was she couldn’t see the tiling or wallpaper. At least, until she turned on the flashlight, and immediately found herself frowning at the walls.

Better to focus on how much she hated Gammy’s sense of decor, over the cold chill running down her spine.

With a gulp, she started for the living room. Gammy’s place was big enough for a large family, a four-way split with three bedrooms on the top floor, kitchen and living room on the next, a guest room and family room on the third floor, and big basement. Two bathrooms. Too much for just her to own. Gammy lived here alone for around sixty years, though, and she said it never felt too big. Maybe Beth would grow into it.

Right now, growing could wait. She needed to get the lights working before any growing could happen. Sighing, she stopped for a moment as she shined her light around the living room. Two couches, facing each other, with a big window behind one of them. This was where Gammy would set up her Christmas tree and have people over, lots of relatives, most Beth didn’t know. People bred like rabbits back then, and Gammy’s long life meant she got to meet a lot of her relatives.

Beth, unlike Bethany, didn’t really like meeting a whole bunch of people that were essentially strangers to her. Her parents said it was good to meet family, because blood was thicker than water, but Beth disagreed. Except for her cousin Dorothy. Dorothy was awesome. One time, the little imp knocked over the Christmas tree, and tried to blame it on Johnny, but Marilyn would have none of it. A big fight started between Marilyn and Daniel, and...

Beth sighed, shining the light in the corner of the room, over the shaggy carpet, to where the Christmas tree had always been put. Memories rolled over her like an unexpected ocean wave, the sort that hit you in the legs and sent you toppling. A month ago, a trip down memory lane like this would have sent her straight to the bottom of a wine bottle, crying about her Gammy. In fact, it probably would, but only after she’d fixed the power.

She didn’t visit Gammy much in her adult years, but she still talked to her all time, usually by phone, but once they got Gammy updated on the wonders of internet and smartphones, they did video

calls. Gammy had been wonderful, a solid rock of stability for Beth to lean on, and an unending river of happiness for Beth to drink from. It hurt to not hear her voice anymore. It hurt like hell.

Down the stairs, the carpet was thinner, and led to the family room. The play room, really. While it only had a couple couches and a TV, it often had toys on the floor when family visited. Beth spent many youthful days with her doll house, setting up the perfect honeymoon for Barbie and Ken. Which of course, transferred over to The Sims when she hit puberty, where she made sure her avatar had the perfect man to romantic-but-kinky fuck every night. But, before then, play time with visiting relatives was here. The boys usually hooked up some sort of console to the TV, and she played those sometimes too. Movie time, too, with the family.

She drew on those memories as best she could, used the mental map, and turned left at the bottom of the stairs. Two doors, straight ahead to the bathroom she'd just been in minutes before, and another left turn to follow the stairway down again, to the basement. Sighing, she opened the door to the basement, and went down.

No carpet down here, and a dehumidifier ran, an old thing that didn't do a good job of keeping the basement from getting a bit damp. Which, to her horror as a kid, meant the occasional centipede scurried across her path. Not a threat to her, sleeping upstairs on the top floor, but right now, in her socks, she didn't much enjoy the thought of one crawling up her leg.

"Lot of boxes," she said, frowning as she walked around a metal support beam. The walls down here were concrete, and the ceiling showed the beams and floor boards of the kitchen and living room above. Gammy's stuff sat in boxes piled high, some reaching the ceiling, and they were filled with a million memories. A chest freezer was down here too, but the room was always known as the 'storage' room, and the ball room, when the kids wanted to kick around a rubber ball or something.

One of the boxes was open, and she shined a light down on it as she walked toward the breaker box. Rubber snakes, plastic crocodile on wheels, dinosaurs, cap guns, lot of silly boy toys. She had a boy phase, when she was maybe five or six, and enjoyed playing with her cousins. As she got older, she grew less interested in emulating violence with toys, and grew more interested in playing house, pretending to drink tea, dressing up like Mom, or more often, dressing up like Bethany, stuff like that. But memories were memories, and she smiled down at the toys as she past them.

By the chest freezer, a little space sat between it and a wall of wooden shelves, and upon the wall was the breaker box. She rolled her eyes as she smiled at the freezer, and memories sneaked their way out of the large, innocent white box. She developed an addiction to sweets because of this big, cold,

white box. And because of the shelf next to her! Boxes of crackers, cookies, pasta. A house of carbs, good god.

When she was older, she asked her Gammy how she stayed in such good shape and ate healthy, despite having a basement full of temptations; visitors ate most of it, not her. Gammy said she had a healthy sex life to distract her, and it counted as exercise, too. Her husband had long been dead by then, and no one knew of any other man in her life, so Beth, a teen at the time, naturally assumed her Gammy was quite the horny creature prowling for man meat, and kept her nightly hunts secret. It was also the first time someone had put the idea into her head that sex, frequent sex, burned calories and kept you fit and healthy. And that had been the first step toward an interesting sex life for Beth.

Beth froze, and goosebumps crawled up her spine, as she heard a quiet noise that sounded way too much like a growl. She spun around and shined her light around, up along the boxes, the walls, and to the small stairway that led back up to the family room. No movement.

“Rat? ... Coyote?” The region did have coyotes, but she couldn’t imagine one had managed to sneak into the house. It could have been a rat though, a very large, angry, bite-her-toes-off rat!

No screaming! No squealing! She was a grown woman, and she wasn’t afraid of a rat. Spiders, yes, but not rats. Spiders and their creepy crawly hairy legs would forever be her bane, while rats were vermin to be exterminated; by a professional, not her.

She reached for the breaker box, and a shuffling sound chilled her to her core. Her heart stopped, and she slowly moved the light around as she looked for the source. Had a box moved? Didn’t look like it. There were maybe twenty cardboard boxes around, and a few plastic tubs, decades of memories tucked away. She shined the light on the shelves, and looked for any signs of a rat, but there were none. If there was a rat or mouse, they would have taken a bite out of some of the boxes of crackers and whatnot lying around, but they were untouched.

The house was settling. That’s all it was, just the house settling on the hill.

Another slow, dragging, rustling sound. She flicked her light around faster, heart beating against her chest, eyes wide as she looked for the source. The sound sent more chills up through her socks and into her legs, and she licked her lips nervously as she looked around. Memories hit her, and this time, it was some bad ones. Her cousins were mean sometimes, kids being kids, and on one occasion they’d turned off the light and closed the basement door on her.

Being a little kid, in a basement, surrounded by boxes and stuff, where she knew the occasional centipede wandered, in pitch black? Yeah, she’d screamed and cried, and ever since then, darkness and

basements were very low on her list of things she wanted to be in. The little girl in her head, summoned from the past, started screaming at her. Get out, get out now.

She pulled open the breaker box, and flipped back the one circuit that was flipped in, hopefully, the off direction. Bam. Done. A gentle hum kicked in, of the freezer cooling, the dehumidifier turning on, and the fridge upstairs, too. Success.

She scampered over to the stairs and flicked on the light switch. Light, sweet, blessed light. And—

And it went off again. It, and all the power in the house.

“What the fuck.” She threw up her hands, flipped the useless light switch back down, and marched back down the stairs.

Movement in the corner of her eye made her jump, and she squealed as she stepped back up the few stairs out of the basement. Another low, quiet growl came from the darkness, and with the power off, the dead silence amplified it. She could hear the rumble in something’s throat, and she could hear the hunger in it, too. It was so quiet though, so damn quiet, that the growl was no louder than the minor tinnitus she could hear kick in, now that her new house had grown wholly silent without power again. It had to be her imagination playing tricks on her.

She half walked, half ran to the breaker box, and flipped the power back on again. “Stay on!” She raised her voice louder than she needed to. It was a good way to fight the darkness, or at least fight the growing fear she recognized filling her, the cold chill tingling along her skin until it almost stung like ice. Her heart beat so damn fast, it hurt, and every inch of her skin crawled, like bugs were on her.

No half walking this time, she ran to the stairs and got out of the basement. No massive, hairy hand with big claws grabbed her. No gigantic spiderweb ensnared her. Home free, in her new home.

She reached to turn on the family room light again, and didn’t. Maybe if she flipped the switch, the circuit would trip again, and she’d have to go through this shit again. What to do, what to do.

“Time to get old school.” And she knew just how to do it. She marched back up to the kitchen where the light was still on thanks to the power in the house being on again, though she kept her flashlight on her. It wouldn’t last forever, so she turned it off once the saving grace of her kitchen light enveloped her.

*Prepare yourself for me.*

She froze, staring at her hands where they'd been reaching for one of her cupboards, high up over the fridge. On her toes, she blinked several times, before slowly turning her head and looking around.

“Um...” Did someone say something? No, the only person in her house was her, and the doors were locked. She hadn't heard anything, but at the same time, she knew she'd heard someone. It wasn't the same as down in the basement, where her imagination had been playing tricks on her. She knew she heard something. Maybe someone outside driving by, with the radio set really loud?

Her damn heart wouldn't slow down! Every noise was making her scared, and that had to stop.

“Something's up with the power, and your mind's just taking advantage. It's an old house. Call an electrician tomorrow.” She nodded with the statement, solidifying it. Her fear was dumb! The power was being finicky, and that was all. And she had the perfect cure to deal with darkness, the ultimate tool any self respecting woman carried in ample supply.

Candles. Gammy's old candles.

She grabbed a few of the big, fat blue candles, and a pack of matches from a drawer. The candles were the kind stored inside glass jars, perfect for providing a long lasting, tiny light in the darkness. With them at her side, darkness held no power over her! Plus, they smelled nice.

She slid the flashlight into her pocket, lit one of the candles, and held it in front of her with her right hand while she scooped up two more with her left arm.

“Nothing to do now but sleep and wait for tomorrow. Call that electrician, and get this shit figured out. Kinda need to be able to turn lights on and off.” Sighing, she began the trek upstairs, and into the darkness awaiting her. Tempted, so very tempted to flip a light switch, but she wouldn't dare. If she accidentally tripped the breaker again, she was not going back down into that basement. For now, she'd leave the kitchen light on, but that was the only light she'd risk.

The upstairs hallway was hardwood flooring, and had four doors. On her left was a bathroom, and on the right was the first bedroom, the kids' bedroom; more like, guests' kids' bedroom. Past that were two more doors, again on her left and right. The one on the right was a guest bedroom, and the one on the left, was her bedroom. Gammy's bedroom.

She had a sudden desire to check the other bedrooms for intruders. And then she thought better of it. She didn't want to look into the rooms in the dark, with only a candle for light, creating crazy shadows. No, for now she'd—

*Prepare yourself for me.*



She'd take a shower. She hadn't showered yet today, so, she could go for one. Besides, it wasn't late enough to fall asleep.

She stepped into the bathroom, reached for the light, and stopped herself before she flipped it. Right right, leave it off. She'd brought candles for a reason. She set the three candles down on the long counter, and lit the remaining two. Three candles in the bathroom wasn't exactly powerful lighting, but it was enough for her to shower by.

She paused in front of the mirror, and smiled down at the horrible countertop. Ceramic stone, with the most gross blue and white patterns of flowers she'd ever seen. God Gammy, why? Laughing, her fear melting away as she replaced it with nostalgia, she grabbed her toothbrush. Electric, of course.

She closed the bathroom door, locked it — because fuck a dark hallway — put some toothpaste on her toothbrush, and turned it on. A vibrating motor inside the mouth meant she couldn't hear a thing, so she glanced to the locked bathroom door every so often, to make sure it remained locked. Brushing her teeth was a good time to re-familiarize with the bathroom though, and she looked around as she cleaned her teeth. The rack with towels, the tall cupboard filled with various over-the-counter drugs, band-aids, peroxide, facecloths and stuff, and a cabinet over the toilet. The hanging cabinet had no doors, so the cabinet's contents were on display: a bunch of baby angels, holding flowers.

Throw them in the trash? She was tempted, very tempted. And maybe some day she would. But for now, it didn't feel right, upsetting Gammy's house like that. Gammy liked those shitty old statues, and Beth laughed as she reached out and touched one. Dusty.

Rolling her eyes, she put the toothbrush away, and undressed, setting the flashlight on the counter. She grabbed a towel from the cupboard, set it on a nearby rack, and looked at herself in the mirror again.

Yeah, she was getting too skinny. She frowned at herself in the mirror, and looked down at her tall body, her pale skin, and her small breasts. She hadn't been doing a good job taking care of herself since Geoff dumped her, not eating well, or at all. Lot of girls turned to food when they were sad, but that wasn't her. She wasted away, instead.

She'd started eating more, and exercising again, as she'd slowly come to realize Geoff was an asshole and she was better off. Gammy had helped her a lot, back then. But then Gammy died, and again, she found herself not eating enough, or exercising enough. She still looked good! Damn it, she did, with pert breasts that stood with pointing, small nipples. She had curves too, the curves of a tall lady... who should probably have a bite to eat before bed.

Later, later.

Maybe she could grow her hair even longer? Then the boobless Morticia Addams comparisons her coworkers made would be comically accurate.

Rolling her eyes, she reached over the tub, pulled the curtain aside — more ugly flowers — and turned on the water, nice and hot. There was soap and shampoo, conditioner, different types of lotions and stuff, the bare necessities.

*Prepare yourself for me.*

She smiled as the water found that sweet spot between hot and too hot, and the steam flowed out of the shower, over her naked body. It felt good. It felt really good. She sighed dreamily as she pulled the valve, and hot water poured from the shower head. Gammy used one of those handheld shower heads on a hose, and Beth laughed as she looked up at it. There were other things besides cleaning she could do with that.

And, hey, maybe that was a good way to help her sleep tonight, an orgasm to take the edge off of... well, everything. Off getting scared by losing her power, off her depression, off the exhaustion of moving, off everything. Gammy was always a strangely, sexually upfront woman, and she would have adamantly agreed. Sex, frequent sex, was good for the soul, according to Gammy. And when you couldn't have sex, masturbate until you could.

Well, Beth was single now, and the only person sexing her up, was her. Chuckling again, she set a leg in the shower, and looked back at the candles. Mood lighting, perfect. A nice long shower, and a shower head for—

*Prepare yourself for me.*

No, don't do that. Prepare yourself for something better. This was her new home, and it was a great home. An amazing home. Old, and in need of renovations, but an amazing home. A fully paid for home! Gammy would have demanded she celebrate by inviting her boyfriend over, if she'd had one. Well, fuck Geoff. She didn't need Geoff. But, if Geoff were here, and they really were going to celebrate with a night of sex, she knew what he'd want. And, hell, what she'd want.

Rolling her eyes, she stood in the bathroom, and stared at the curtain in front of her as steam began to fill the air. Get them? Get them.

She grabbed the flashlight, unlocked the door, and went back down to the kitchen where she'd left the light on. Walking around the house naked was a thrill, and she shivered as the air on bare, dampened skin hardened her nipples. Or was it because of the fear her new house had decided to tease

her with? Or was it because of what she knew she was going to do? It'd been months since she'd done this, and it was always such a hassle, but damn, she did miss it.

In the kitchen, she found the box, a specific box of a specific shape. It was just an ordinary box, but she'd memorized it well, because the contents were private. Couldn't have any of her friends knowing what was inside, when she moved. She giggled as she picked it up, and took it back up with her, up the stairs to the bathroom.

She froze as movement caught her eye again. Something in the living room? No. The kitchen lights were still on, so she could see in the living room well enough. The curtains were closed, so no one was peeking on her. She was alone. It was just the flashlight making shadows move as she moved. Calm down.

Back in the bathroom, she popped open the box, and grinned down at her many goodies. Lubricant, dildos of various shapes, sizes, and features, and some other tools. Geoff had introduced her to the joys of double penetration during sex, and, well, she'd kinda been addicted. She hadn't used these things since Geoff left though, and that had to change. It'd be the first step in bringing some joy back to her life, rediscovering her sex drive. It used to be huge, and she'd indulged in all sorts of fun kinks all the time. Now was as good a time as any to reawaken it.

She grabbed the small plastic bulb, and stepped into the shower. She cleaned her body as per usual, her hair, her armpits and the rest of her, until she felt good and ready. And then she started to cleanse her ass with water, using the bulb. She remembered the first time she'd done this, and how weird and gross it felt. But even then, the payoff had been worth it. And—

*Prepare yourself for me. All of you. All of me.*

—if she was going to enjoy her toys tonight, she was going to enjoy them completely. Much as the thought of Geoff pissed her off, he did have a kinky side that synced with hers. Double penetration had been a frequent part of their love making, and she missed it.

It took a while, to get completely clean inside and out, but she knew it would be worth it. Tonight was special, and for the first time in a while, she could feel her sex drive kicking in. She wasn't about to let it get away either.

She didn't know why it was happening. Could have been the fear, the rush of adrenaline from running out of her scary basement. But something strong hit her, something that demanded she satisfy it. It'd been so long since she'd had a good orgasm or three, and suddenly, all she could think about now, was being... filled. She wanted to be filled.

She dried herself off, reached for her towel, and almost put it on. No, don't put it on, but you will need it. Nodding to herself, she made a few trips to her bedroom. First with one candle and the towel, candle for the nightstand, and towel in the middle of the bed. Next trip, another candle and her box of toys. Next trip, the flashlight and final candle.

As she set the last candles up along her drawers, she weighed her options for what she'd use as material for tonight. She could get her laptop, and watch something. Maybe she could get her e-book reader, and read something? She had lots of stories, of all kinds, some she hadn't even read. If she was going to enjoy herself and a bunch of her toys tonight, maybe a more naughty story? She had one about a woman being ravaged by a bunch of werewolves, like, the big kind of werewolves, super huge werewolves, super huge and muscular and tall and sexual, aggressive werewolves. Huge, in multiple ways.

She'd read the story before, several times, to the point she could visualize it, and she looked forward to reading it again. Grinning, she climbed onto the bed, sat her butt down on her towel, and looked around at the candles. Such delicious mood lighting! Complete out of place with the fantasy currently running through her head, but whatever, it was still pretty.

She reached into the box, found one of her kinder dildos, a tiny blue vibrator, and she settled down on her back and butt on the bed as she turned it on. The gentle hum ignited old memories, dozens of orgasms at this little thing's hand, and she sighed relief as warmth began to flood her body, a familiar warmth. That's right, all she needed was some time to get over the sad things in her life, and her sex drive was bound to come back. Maybe she could even look into dating again?

She closed her eyes, got comfy on her blankets, and set the toy against her sex. The vibration was at minimum for now, just enough to send little jolts of pleasure through her body without overstimulating yet. She still needed to warm up more. With her right hand down between her legs, her left found her small breasts, and she melted into her blankets as she teased her hardening nipples with her fingertips. And in her mind, she entertained images of a woman being held down and taken, forced, by enormous beasts of hunger and testosterone. The plan had been to go get the e-book reader and read the story, but maybe she didn't to.

And then the house decided it didn't like her anymore.

She sat up with a squeal as the house groaned. More than groaned. It rumbled, come to life, like a tiger someone decided to dangle fresh meat in front of.

"J... Just the house settling," she whispered. "Just—"

“Bethany,” the darkness said, a quiet, strange noise that trickled out of the shadows around her. “Bethany.” Louder this time, deeper, a voice that filled her bedroom, and shot up her spine like ice.

The darkness around her grew, and the candles flickered in an unnatural breeze; the windows were closed. Shadows expanded, shades of black against black that defied the little light she’d managed to create in her bedroom. She snapped her head left and right as she yanked her pillow up to her chest, and her jaw dropped as heavy waves of black fell from her ceiling. They didn’t fall fast, instead, slithering down, like snakes. More of the black snakes climbed up from around her bed, up and onto the dresser, the nightstand, and her blankets. Their tails were lost in the shadows beyond.

The curtains shuffled in the gentle breeze, and the hint of street and moonlight they’d let in before disappeared, lost under a thick, slow wave of darkness. The twisting veins of obsidian crept up her walls, and the candles showed smooth shapes, long, curling and bending, crawling closer to her across the tacky old wallpaper. From above, the tendrils seeped down over her, and she sucked in another breath when she saw things twisting under the blankets.

The candles went out.

“Bethany, come to me.”

She shrieked, and jumped from the bed. Enough horror movies had taught her the stupidity of holding still and screaming. So she jumped onto her feet, and ran into the hallway, screaming on the move.

The kitchen light was—off! Someone turned it off!

Her heels hit the floor hard, and she held out a hand to find the railing. Muscle memory swam up from the oceans of the past, and she found the railing in the dark without issue. Down, down, ten steps. What was the old game? One two three four five six seven eight nine ten, to the tune of Old MacDonald, except now the tune ran through her mind at some unreasonable speed. Go faster, get to the kitchen, get outside? Do something, anything!

She was naked. She didn’t care. Let the world know she’d planned to enjoy a night of serious quality masturbation. She didn’t care. Had to get out, get away.

She bolted into her kitchen, using nothing but her memory of the layout, and held out her hands in front of her as she ran for the side door. Impact. Hands in the dark crashed into the door, and she fumbled for the doorknob in the black. Find it, find it, find—

Something thick, hot, and strong wrapped around her ankle, and yanked.

“No!” she screamed, and closed her eyes as she expected her face to slam into the door. It didn’t. Another vine of darkness snapped out and caught her by the shoulders, both, circling around them above her bicep and once around her chest.

“Ah, this game tonight?” the darkness said, chuckling. “Then I look forward to eating you, my prey.” The voice was dark, deeper than she could have imagined, and she screamed louder as she looked behind her.

Red eyes, floating in the darkness, solid, without pupils. Two red eyes, slitted, like a demon wolf, staring at her in the black, hungering for her. She could see nothing else, only two red eyes that glowed ever so slightly, and flickers of shadow as its titanic limbs covered and coated the walls, floor, and ceiling of her kitchen.

“No, stop! Let go!” Somehow, she managed to get words out between her shrieks, but they were raspy gasps lost in the noise. She screamed, and screamed, but the windows were closed and the neighbors were too far away. No one could hear her.

In her twisting and turning, she managed to throw a swing, and hit one of the limbs. She fell to the floor on her back, but one of the vines still wrapped her chest, and another wrapped her ankle. She reached out for them, and squealed as a hulking mass pounced over her. It buried her, covered her without landing on her, and she stared up at the two red eyes as they looked down at her. Its flesh was completely black, blacker than black, but with how wide apart its sinister eyes were, she managed a guess at the size of its head.

This thing could literally eat her in two bites. She had no idea if that was better than one bite, or worse.

The beast, close now, pressed two enormous, flat, hard, fleshy surfaces down against her wrists, pinning her on her back. Gigantic hands, with huge palms. It growled, a rumbling sound that shook the floor and made her whole body vibrate. Its head lowered, and she felt its heavy breath on her; no odor, but the heat and moisture was unmistakable.

“I am going to eat you, Bethany,” the monster said, and it purred, another vibrating sound that flowed through her until she was sure an earthquake was devouring her home, and her head buzzed with it.

“Wait! Wait, don’t!” It was going to eat her. Oh god, it was going to eat her.

The monster didn’t listen. Shadows carried her back across the floor, as if she weighed nothing. Wrapping tendrils each took an ankle, and their hot, clenching strength left no room for struggle or

escape. Thick tendrils, each as thick as her wrist or more, wrapped around her ankles multiple times, soon wrapping around her shins and calves, as they secured her like a fly trapped in a spider web.

“It has been years since you have struggled so, my Bethany.” The deep, rolling voice of alien purrs and monstrous rumbles echoed through the kitchen, and into her body. “I did always delight in this game.”

It thought she was Bethany. Like, Gammy Bethany?

“Stop! Please! I’m not Bethany, I’m not—”

“A stranger? Bethany, these games you play, they fill me with hunger.” It laughed once again, deep, guttural, alien, and lifted her into the air. She dangled upside down, head twisting left and right, arms flailing, desperate to catch onto something. The archway between kitchen and living room provided her with a moment’s resistance, fingers clutching to the drywall, but she may as well have been trying to stop an elephant. It continued along, pulling her past without issue, into the living room, and then up the stairs.

She pulled at the walls, and managed to get her grip around the door frame of her bedroom, but it was no good. Her fingers slipped away, useless.

“I’m not Bethany! Please, you have to believe me! I’m her great granddaughter! You... You can’t do this! I—” She squeaked as the monster threw her onto the bed, literally. She bounced a couple times before she managed to get her bearings again, and she crawled toward the opposite side of mattress.

But she never left the bed, as a giant hand, the size of her torso, grabbed her mid crawl, and pushed her back down onto the soft blankets. With no light to see by, only the subtle glow of distant stars through her window, the beast’s body may as well have been obsidian against an endless, black void; invisible. The only times she could see it were when its silhouette crossed over parts of her bedroom that the star and moonlight managed to illuminate with the most faint hint of light.

It was impossible to tell what this thing looked like, but its large, red eyes did not emit light, despite their small glow. As if the glow was meant for her and her alone, the room ignored their fiery radiance, and she stared at them as the colossal hand rolled her over, pushed her down onto her back on the bed, and took one of her legs. Another massive hand, with claws upon its almost human shape, took her other leg, and she squealed as the monster forcibly spread her thighs.

The monster’s face came in closer. Did it have a mouth? Nose? All she could see was its burning eyes, and feel the heat of its breath upon her smooth skin. But, she recognized the sound of heavier breathing, and she felt it over her thighs, her stomach, her sex, as the creature’s eyes came closer.

It was opening its mouth.

She reached out and punched at its face. Might as well have been punching a tree. The texture was hard flesh, no fur, but skin, hot and firm, and as some of her punches hit its forehead and shoulders, she gained a small sense of its body, and size. It had to be the size of an elephant, if not bigger, somehow jamming itself into her bedroom, and it had to have muscles that put said elephant to shame. It couldn't exist. This thing in her dreams couldn't have been real.

“D... Don't... eat... me,” she said, tears in her eyes.

The monster chuckled, deep, warm voice rolling across her like heavy, gentle ocean waves. “But you did always enjoy this first.”

First? She stared down at the thing between her legs, and her blurry eyes widened more, as she saw its looming maw envelop her pelvis. She felt a lip, and massive teeth, slide along her ass, before she could tell her butt was inside its mouth. The other half of its mouth, the upper lip and upper set of sharp teeth, rested upon her lower pelvis, but soon reached higher, and higher, and she screamed as she felt half of her stomach disappear into the shadow creature.

It had devoured the entirety of her lower abdomen, ass, and lower thighs too. One bite, and she'd be in three pieces. She froze, petrified, trembling and sweating, eyes locked onto the subtle silhouette as it held her in its jaw. Its two hands no longer needed to keep her legs apart; the size of its head and mouth did for it. Instead, the two mammoth hands reached up, and took her hands, pinning them to the bed by her sides. It was unnecessary, she was trapped regardless, and unable to do anything, as this monster ate her.

But, it'd said first?

She trembled as she felt something hot, wet, and almost soft press against her smooth slit's folds. “W... What are... you doing?”

It chuckled again, maybe unable to speak with her lower body filling its mouth. So close, the deep chuckle was enough to have her whole body buzzing with the bassy waves, and she shivered — or maybe vibrated — as it flowed into her head and out into her toes. It went quiet again, and only the sound of its breathing, and her panting, were audible, as it again pressed the heavy, wet, long, malleable thing, against her sex.

She knew that texture. Long as it'd been for her since anyone had done this, and despite the differences in size, she knew the texture of a tongue. This thing's massive tongue, hidden inside the shadow, was touching her, licking her, probing at her clenching entrance even as its long, unwieldy



shape allowed it to rise up like a collapsing wave, and bury her clitoris in the almost boiling, wet massage.

Masturbating in her bed had left her sensitive. Fear and adrenaline only made things worse. She squirmed, twisted, fought to lift her hands now that she realized what the beast was going to do, but it was pointless. Even if she could get her hands out from underneath the monstrous pair pinning hers, she was already literally inside the thing's mouth. If it bit down, she'd be dead in seconds. All she could do was lie there, staring, and whimpering.

Whimpers turned into a shocked mewl, as the enormous tongue began to enter her.

"Please... you... you can't." Her voice caught in her throat, and another mewl escaped her, as she felt the thick tongue spread her open. Thick, way too thick. She groaned as the roaming, writhing thing forced its way into her trembling depths, slowly easing itself deeper into her. She couldn't see, but she could tell her sex was spread taut, struggling to fit the beast's appendage as it licked her, buried her slit in wet heat, and rolled over her swelling clitoris, while the tip sank deeper into her.

Deeper, and deeper, and thicker. Her muscles clenched down, a desperate attempt to force the invader out, but all it did was garner a deep growl from the beast, a hungry growl, and she shuddered as the vibration filled her along with its tongue. Soon every inch of her depths were filled, and she gasped, doing her best to fill her lungs as she felt the rolling muscle press upward against her g-spot, and the fat tip of the tongue press against her depths. So deep, it could have been painful, but the beast apparently knew where to press, where to push, where to penetrate her deep, and deeper, stretching her pussy inward and forcing a grunt and moan from her. She knew her insides were on fire, engorged, sensitive, and what could have been far too thick, far too deep, far too much, became an overwhelming sense of full.

The beast forced in more tongue, stretching her deeper again, and she couldn't take it anymore. Between her pants and groans, the building sparks of pleasure overrode her fear. The tongue, bathing her spread-taut lips and washing over her engorged clit with its rolling massage, as the appendage moved like a wave inside her, rubbing and pressing, was too much. She squealed, and soon was out of breath, as she came. Her muscles clenched down, tighter than before, and the beast's rolling tongue came to a standstill as she squeezed her muscles around it. The pleasure sparks worked outward from her pelvis, up into her core into hardened nipples, and down to her toes, forcing them to curl, as her body pushed her hips toward the beast of its own accord.

A little part of her recognized the sensation of her orgasm, and the unique wetness of her fluids overflowing the monster's tongue. A larger part of her stared in shock at the shadow monster between her thighs, and how after a few seconds, it began to fuck her with its tongue again.

“W-Wait! Please, I... I can't... you... you can't... Please, this isn't... I...” Trying to talk was a mistake. She ran out of breath again, and soon her whimpers became nothing more than weak pants as she tried to keep from passing out. It wasn't done with her.

The monster was at least kind enough to give her now hypersensitive clit a break, no longer burying it with massaging tongue, but it gave her insides no such quarter. It probed against her depths, harder now, content to push against her deepest places and stretch her inward, even as the tongue forced rolling motions up against her g-spot again, and again, and again.

The next orgasm didn't take nearly as long to build, and it hit her harder. For a brief second, she realized she was drenching the monster, clenching muscles forcing a splash of her juices over the beast's tongue. Then, her mind went blank, unable to focus as the waves of pleasure coursed through her, up and down, toes to head to toes, as the beast continued to fuck her with its tongue, this time not letting up as she squirmed. Couldn't breathe, couldn't make noise, couldn't do anything but writhe.

Thank god, the monster finally stopped. It opened its mouth wide, and pulled its head away, teeth sliding along her skin; not sharp enough to cut, but sharp enough she knew they'd pierce straight through her if it bit down. She managed some wavering whimpers, as the enormous tongue filling her slipped free, and she forced herself up onto her elbows, eyes locked onto her spread legs and soaked slit. The beast had nearly split her open, and... and she'd cum, twice, from it.

She gasped, half just trying to get oxygen into her shaking body, half in shock as the shadowy creature rose over her.

“P... Please d... don't...”

The creature chuckled again, that deep voice rolling over her, making her head swim in the bass-filled vibrations. It came closer, and further over her, burying her under its size for a second time, until she felt like was she lost under a black void. The heat of its body was there, though, and she could still see its glowing red eyes directly over her. And, she could feel a few drops of its saliva — or her cum — fall from its mouth onto her breasts.

She felt something long, thick, hot, and wet set onto her stomach. With a exhausted squeak, she reached out to touch it; if she'd had the energy, she would have thrown it off, but the best she could muster without falling onto her back completely, was to touch the heavy thing sitting on her stomach.

Whatever it was, the tip was a little harder than the monster's tongue, and the thing was thick as her wrist, thicker, and she could feel it had a malleable, fleshy texture.

If it'd been any harder, she'd have assumed it was some sort of absurdly large, aroused penis. Like this, it was more like a tentacle.

She squeaked when another of the massive tentacles fell onto her stomach. And then another. She stared up at the beast, at the shadowy waves, at the silhouette of tendrils and limbs above her, as the three heavy tentacles sat on her stomach, one of them nudging along her clitoris as it lay over her belly, and reached up to her sternum. They were thick, immense, and she could smell the sexual need coming from them. And as she collapsed onto her back, elbows giving out from around her, she could feel some dripping heat trickle from their tips down onto her skin.

"Wait. You... you can't... Please, you need to stop, and listen. I'm not—" Her voice cut short again as the titan's two hands took her legs, and lifted them. The beast spread her legs, and set them along the outside of its legs; if they were indeed legs, hard with muscle but also not shaped like legs. She may as well have been wrapping her legs around a rhinoceros.

And the rhinoceros thought she was her great grandmother Bethany. The monster was insane and overwhelmed with what Beth could only assume was unfathomable lust at this point, and it seemed more than versed in sex. Her body tingled all over, and the aftershocks of orgasm ripped away her strength and made her insides spasm with lingering pleasure waves, earning some quiet whimpers from her as she felt her thighs quiver.

This thing was a monster. A monster! It was going to eat her, kill her, and... and...

Something hard and firm pressed against her wet slit, and entered her. The beast didn't move, didn't thrust; whatever entered her did so on its own, writhing and twisting, squirming and pressing up against her insides at varying angles. Hard but not too hard, hot, and it fought against her clenching insides as it picked up to a fucking rhythm. It wasn't nearly as big as the three heavy things lying across her belly, but that didn't stop it from sending jolts of pleasure through her as it penetrated her. And moments later, had her whimpering as it did way too good a job of hitting her g-spot with every upward thrust.

She sucked in her breath hard as she felt one of the three heavy things slither off her stomach, and slide down against the inside of her thighs. It moved on its own like the other, bending its shape and moving under its own power too, to start nudging against her soaked buttocks. But, it was so, so much bigger than the one already penetrating her.

“N... No... don't...” She tried to remove her legs from around the enormous beast's waist, if it even was a waist her legs were being spread by, but the two colossal hands kept them there, snug to its body. Each hand was large enough to encase almost the whole length of her leg, from mid thigh to ankle; she had no chance of freeing them.

She gasped again, louder, when another set of hands reached out for her. A third and fourth hand took hers, raised them, and pressed them to the bed by her head, palm up. And then, the giant limbs pinned her arms, the size of its palms and fingers enough to cover her shoulder, elbows, wrists, and hands. She squirmed for a second, but there was no moving, not with every limb trapped in or under the beast's four hands.

The tentacle pressing against her ass began to push against the rose of her entrance, and she squeaked in dismay, clenching on the muscle hard. But the tentacle was wet, lubricated, hot, dripping, and it continued to press against her, massaging the sensitive skin as it spread its juices over her. She squeaked again as she felt the thick phallus begin to force her open, and she made one last attempt to lift her pelvis up and away from the monster. It accomplished nothing, except to make her already exhausted body even more tired. Panting to get breath, she stared up at the thing's grinning red eyes, as the small entrance of her ass began to open up.

“G... Gentle... please?” she whispered to the dark.

“Bethany, have I ever hurt you?” It chuckled again, warm, deep, content, and the silhouette of its enormous head lowered over her, as if detached from the colossal body between her legs. “Though, I must say, I am enjoying this game of yours. Your struggles are... maddening.” It purred, voice pouring over her and making her eyes roll upward as vibrations reached her insides. “I can barely contain myself.”

She almost managed to say something, but all she could summon was a mewl, as the beast's second, far far larger cock managed to open her enough to slip in the bulbous head. Heavy thickness filled her, and her mewl turned into a quiet, almost inaudible moan, as she felt her ass spread wide around the intruding shape. Her ring of muscle clenched tight around it for a moment, causing its firm texture to compress lightly, but temporarily. This thing was thick, and it wasn't getting any thinner, as it began to ease an inch of its wet girth into her body, and another inch, and another.

As the beast began to gently — thank god — sink itself into her ass, she lifted her head, and stared down at her body, as she felt more tentacles. While the first two huge tentacles continued to sit on her stomach, softly shifting and rubbing against her skin, more long appendages of wet heat began to lie upon her, thinner, lighter, and alive; tendrils like the one currently fucking her pussy and bringing her

closer and closer to orgasm. They were nothing but shadowy shapes in the black, and no matter how her eyes adjusted to the faint moonlight sneaking in through the windows, she couldn't see any color on the monster's body, only black shadow. And those tendrils of black shadow overflowed her pelvis and sneaked up her body, six more sliding up her smooth skin and flat stomach. They moved left and right between her thighs, their bodies overlapping each other, and constantly nudging against her aching folds and swollen clitoris, even as they grew longer, and longer.

Several of the new limbs reached up between her small breasts, and began to massage them, circle them, pressing their bulbous, dripping tips to her hard nipples, and eliciting a few whimpers from her as she felt sparks dance around her areola. Others were content to play with her mid rift, nudging along her navel and base of her ribs, while another sneaked its way higher, and higher, climbing its way along her sternum, her neck, before lifting up, and reaching down again to begin pressing at her mouth and lips.

As the giant phallus entering her ass eased in another inch, and another, and began pressing upward against her pussy and deep spot from her depths, squashing the cock already fucking her pussy with an increasingly fast rhythm, she moaned. That full sensation, being overwhelmed with depth and heat and girth, it ripped the thoughts from her, and she mewled as she felt the enormous cock begin to gently fuck her. Back and forth, the beast's tentacle eased in and out of her ass, keeping at least five inches within her, but she could feel it sink another three or more into her in a slow, delicate fucking rhythm, each penetrating wave aimed upward for her belly, each hitting those places that sent jolts of bliss through her insides. It fought for room against the smaller tentacle and its faster rhythm, and both refused to relent as they stretched her inward.

The tentacle teasing her lips took advantage of her moans, and slipped its way into her mouth. She froze for a second, afraid the beast would throat fuck her, but no, the shadow monster continued its gentle pace. While the tentacle inside her ass occasionally slipped in a little deeper, filling her to the point she thought she might burst, the tentacle upon her tongue came no further than a couple inches. It pressed along her tongue, nudged against her cheeks, and slid back and forth with need, its dripping heat oozing from its tip onto her tongue.

The beast tasted of sex. Not like a human man though, but something else, something alien and terrifying and wild.

She managed a peek down at her belly again, and she groaned as she noticed a distension in the dark, pressing up and outward from her navel between the many tentacles sitting on her body. It pushed up whenever the tentacle inside her ass slid deep, and vanished as the tentacle slid back out several

inches, all while the smaller tentacle fucked her dripping slit with increasing speed. And as she stared, the subtle bulge slipped past her navel, the tentacle stretching her insides deeper still.

The pressure of its girth and tip, hitting up against her pussy, squashing her g-spot, her deepspot, her everything, burying it in massaging girth and probing depth, was too much. She moaned around the cock rubbing against her tongue, and came. Clenching muscles did not stop the beast from fucking her, and she managed another peek down at her stomach, as the wave-like distension the tentacle caused continued, despite her trembling body. She clenched hard on the smaller tendril in her slit, and drenched the cock, and the giant one beneath it, in her juices. No matter how hard she tried to stop herself, her body refused to listen, and it happily clenched and leaked cum all over the intruders.

The small tentacle within her pussy slipped free. As her body trembled, rippling waves of tingling bliss coursing through her, one of the thick, giant cocks lying across her stomach slid down, and pressed against her slit. She reflexively squeezed, trying to stop the beast from the inevitable, but the monster only chuckled, and pressed its cock a little harder against her. The texture of the tentacle's tip, hot and soft, but firm and swollen, did not relent, wiggling a bit like a snake as it tried to force its way into her body. And she knew she couldn't stop it. Despite her clenching depths, the beast's member was determined, and it pressed harder, slowly opening her up wide, and wider, and wider, until she felt her slit grow taut. Its cocks were thicker than its tongue, and now two of them were inside her.

She looked down at herself, and stared, frozen, as the humongous girth forced its way into her. She half expected to scream in pain from a hard thrust, but the shadow creature was content to do things slowly. It left her with no choice but to watch, hypnotized by the sight of her labia spread to their limits around the girth stretching her apart. She'd thought she felt full before, but as the second giant cock began to fill her, she whimpered as she felt the girth push up against her belly, but also down against her back. There was no room left inside her, and every inch the beast managed to sink into her rubbed along her clenching, quivering insides.

Once the beast's cock reached her depths, she managed a mewling sound around the cock tenderly fucking her mouth, before her breath vanished again. She tried to lift her arms, but they were still pinned, and her legs were locked tight around something invisible and almost as wide as a car. The monster stayed deep inside her, refusing to let her relax, refusing to give her a single inch of room, as it pushed harder, pressing into her depths, and stretching her pussy inward with a slow, deep, almost loving rhythm. As much as the beast had filled her to the point she thought she'd explode, every thrust it made was gentle and tender; or she doubtless would have exploded.

As the monster pushed a little harder, and stretched her cunt deeper and deeper, massive cocks filling her and leaving her no room to breath, she let her head fall back onto the mattress. Her eyes half closed, and the muscles of her body unclenched from their earlier fear and panic. No point. She wasn't going anywhere.

Slowly, the beast eased most of its lengths out of her, but did not leave her, the bulbous heads of the members remaining inside her, keeping her holes spread taut. And then it pushed back in, both of them, together, inch after inch, after inch, after inch, until she felt the distension along her belly push past her navel.

One of the thinner tentacles, lost in the mayhem of alien limbs and shadow, began to massage her clitoris. The poor nub was so sensitive, aching and beyond swollen, and the heavy appendage pressed on it softly, burying it in gentle but consistent pressure. A soft, tender massage for her engorged clit and labia, as the beast pushed in deeper, and found the absolute limit of how much it could stretch her insides.

Turns out her insides could stretch a lot.

She struggled to keep her eyes open, desperate to watch the red eyes of the monster above her as it continued to fuck her, pushing her down into the bed, and making her sink down into an ocean of heat, sweat, juices, and pleasure. The building fire inside her ignited again, and she closed her eyes as she felt more waves of almost electric pleasure ripple outward from her depths. Her juices soaked onto the cock inside her pussy, and mixed into the mess of its alien juices, the cum she'd already soaked it with, and her beads of sweat.

And then it started to cum. First the cock in her mouth offered her a slow, thick, heavy wave of fluid, something strange, sweet, and overwhelming with the smell of sex and need. It overflowed her mouth with the second wave, before the tentacle slid out from between her lips, only to be replaced by another between her moans. Some of the lengths rubbing her skin on the outside began to leak waves of the heavy fluid as well, and she shivered as she felt her breasts soon disappear underneath layers of wet heat.

The beast's rumbles announced more, and she went limp as she felt the two cocks filling her body sink their deepest yet, the small edges of pain lost in the pulsing pleasure that worked through her. It must have been almost foot deep in her pussy, maybe more, and deeper in her ass, making each gush of hot cum it filled her with overwhelming. She could feel it flow out of her, her taut depths forcing it out with almost squirting force, and it soaked her thighs in the outward splashes of the monster's cum, as the beast pumped its seed into her.

The third thick tentacle, still lying across her belly, released its cum in the same volume, slow but massive in quantity, overflowing her distended stomach, her sternum, ribs, and soon up onto her breasts and down to her hips as it poured. Tingling hot on her skin, the thick cum had no color or shape, as far as Beth could see. What little the moonlight let her see showed that the flowing liquid was just as much an enigma as the rest of the monster, something shadowy, dark, almost invisible.

The beast came, and came, and rumbled like a giant purring cat as it did. All she could do was lie there, wait, and do her best to recover from both the orgasmic bliss rolling up and down her body, and the overwhelming sensation of fullness.

The thing in her mouth slid out of her, and she gasped for air. She'd stopped breathing at some point, both from being filled with its girths, but also because her lungs refused to work. Every breath was cut short as the thick things penetrating her pushed as deep as they could go, until she was sure she'd be pain. But what pain she felt was minor, a tiny buzzing thing that did nothing to detract from how full she felt, and how each time the two cocks filling her body stretched her insides as deep as they could possibly go, sparks of pleasure rippled outward.

Her gasps turned into a squeak, as the beast withdrew the huge things filling her, lifted its giant hands, and flipped her over.

“Wait! Wait, stop, please...” A couple seconds pause was enough for her to regain her thoughts again, and with it, panic. God, what was happening? Oh god it wasn't done. This monster thought she was Bethany, and it was fucking her, fucking her until she was going to pass out. She had to get away, get it to stop, get out and—

One of its giant hands pressed down on her back, squashing her pathetic attempt to get up and flee instantly. The same hand reached out for her left one, pinned it to the sheets far away from her, and did the same to her right hand. Both were completely lost underneath the titanic size of its palms. And as she squirmed and wriggled, panic surging through her again, she felt a third hand take her hips and force them to hold still.

Again, she felt those two immense cocks and their dripping heads press to her holes. Were they the same ones as before? She couldn't tell, couldn't see, she could only feel the heat of them, and that they were wet. As they pressed against her, she turned her head, looked up, and froze solid.

The beast was over her, and its head was over hers. Was that drool? It was all dark and black, all shadows and silhouettes, but the heat was real, and the two glowing red eyes of a huge head were real. They came closer, and closer, until she could feel its teeth grazing slightly against her hair, before



traveling further past her head, and further. Its eyes disappeared into the dark, and a moment later, she realized why.

It was lowering its body down onto her. The thing was so huge, she couldn't see its head anymore, as it covered her with its enormous frame. She disappeared beneath its body, and she whimpered as the hardness of its alien muscles pressed down on her shoulders. As its giant body descended onto her, the two fat girths pressing against her slit and ass sank into her; her body accepted them much more easily, now that she'd been so stretched. Soon, she could feel them pressing against her depths again, stretching her, pressing against her deepest places as they fought for room inside her, two cocks squashed together inside her with only a thin layer of flesh between them.

And deeper. She groaned, loudly, far louder than she thought she ever would in a situation like this, as the beast again stretched her even more than before. She was going to burst, and her legs kicked at the bed weakly as the beast pressed further and further into her. She was going to break apart. She was going to split open right down the middle. But, she didn't. She didn't know why, but as the two thick girths filled her, she rolled her eyes upward as the pleasure waves started to build again.

As if she wasn't already about to split apart, the beast eased in maybe another inch, before she felt the hardness of its pelvis — she had to assume it had one — press against her ass. Thank god, thank fucking god. She could feel the bulge along her once flat stomach reaching past her naval again, further this time, and pressing down into the blankets underneath her. The angle of the beast, pointing down toward the bed instead of directly toward her torso, was probably the reason it could go deeper, pushing her insides toward her abs and the bed, instead of into her torso.

She was so tiny compared to it, like a petite doll. With her head turned left, she watched as the shadow fell upon her, until she couldn't see anything anymore. But she could feel it. Its chest... or maybe even just its stomach, covered her entire torso and most of her arms; what little of them that weren't covered by its stomach, were covered by its hands. Her legs were spread, but she couldn't see what was happening there either, only feel how a dozen tentacles rubbed against her thighs, with one massaging her tender clitoris relentlessly where it met the blankets. And the weight of the beast was immutable. She pressed her hands against the bed and back against the monster, to try and get the beast off her, but it didn't budge, didn't react, didn't move a single inch. She'd have an easier time lifting a car.

And it stayed inside her, buried to the hilt, its pelvis covering her ass completely, squashing it. It didn't start thrusting, pounding, or hammering down on her. It only shifted its body back and forth an inch or two, just enough to create friction inside her, for her clenching muscles to feel hot, dripping wet

skin drag along her trembling flesh, and to ease up the pressure on her insides from about-to-be-split-in-two overwhelming, to just extremely overwhelming. Back and forth, a slow rhythm that demanded she feel the giant bulge it created along her abs, a shifting distension running from her mons to nearly her sternum. No, it couldn't have been that deep. That was insane. But, god, it felt like that, like it was nearly breaking her in half, nearly skewering her until it would have killed her.

But it didn't break her. The pain of having her insides stretched so deep, and having both holes spread taut by its girths, was again lost under the climax that ripped through her. As the beast's body pressed down on her head, her shoulders, her back, and her ass, gently pinning her to the blankets, she could only move her legs. Her feet kicked at the blankets, and thank fucking god, the tentacle rubbing her aching, sore clit stopped. But, as her muscles clenched, and her cum leaked out of her some more, the beast did not stop gently fucking her.

“Please... st... stop...”

It ignored her. Or maybe it couldn't hear her, with how she was buried beneath it. Either way, it was content to stay deep inside her, so deep its pelvis remained where it was, snug to her ass, and shifting back and forth in the most gentle fucking she'd ever had. Gentle, and so deep it was a wonder she didn't have a ruptured colon. She knew she didn't. All she felt from its insistent need to keep its fat girths buried inside her, was the good sort of bruise pain that came from good sex or a good workout, and rolling waves of tingling pleasure, erupting outward from where it squashed her deep spot and g-spot into the bed.

She stopped breathing as her toes curled. Nothing blocked her breathing, not the pressure of its enormous weight on her back, and nothing blocked her mouth. But breathing stopped regardless, as she kept cumming, and started to see stars. She kicked at the bed some more, not sure if she was kicking any of its tentacles, but definitely hitting the bottom of her bed with her feet, as her cunt clenched with random spasms. Everything between her legs was soaked, a mix of sweat and its cum, and plenty of her own; she recognized the sensation of her swollen insides leaking their arousal all over the penetrating monster.

It started to cum again, and began fucking her more earnestly. Not hard, not fast, but it did slowly ease out some of its long length, slow enough she felt it pump cum into her several times, before it began to push its way back into her awaiting body again. It went all the way, filling her cum-filled crevices until she felt the fluid gush out of her holes, forced out by the invading presence of its cocks, as it once again buried itself to the base, pelvis snug to her ass. And then, the monster did it again, a slow, insanely deep fucking rhythm that demanded she notice every inch of skin-on-wet-skin friction along

her insides, and every pulsing wave of cum filling her, before the beast caused its own cum to gush out of her and splash down her legs. The tingling waves of bliss, exploding outward from her core, down her thighs into her toes, into her chest, and up into her head, were blinding.

Perhaps finally done with its long orgasm, it sank down into her again, and stayed there, grinding its weight down onto her harder than before and staying buried to the hilt. Its colossal weight pushed her into her bed, sinking her into its softness deeper and deeper, as the creature flexed its cocks inside her. The bulbous, fat tips of each length rubbed and pressed unendingly against her insides, pressing them toward her belly and the blankets, as her trembling muscles milked the monster of its seed. No more fucking, it just stayed there, gently grinding its hips side to side, staying buried to the hilt and refusing to give her a moment's relief from the unending pressure of its cocks stretching her to near rupture.

She would have cum again, if she hadn't already been cumming the whole time. A part of her knew she hadn't taken a breath in a minute, a literal minute, and she saw more stars around the edges of her vision. The growing burning sensation in her lungs was a signal to her that she needed to breath, but try as she might, all she could do was wriggle, writhe, and cum, as the beast above her remained where it was. Her mouth was open, and she was vaguely aware her eyes were partially open too, and rolled up, unable to focus on anything at all. All she could do was hold on, and pray the beast was done as it finally grew still, and stopped moving all together.

It was. The signals to breath finally won over her pleasure, and she gasped, wiping away the stars in her vision as the almost painful waves of climax started to pass.

With a rumbling purr she could only guess was satisfaction, the beast withdrew from her insides, earning a few whimpers from her as her quivering muscles clenched on its cocks. Chuckling, the monster turned her over onto her back, placed its weight onto its many hands around the edges of the bed, and it looked down at her, her only clue that it was looking down at her being the shift of its red eyes against a black silhouette.

"Bethany, I've missed you. It's been months. Did something happen?" That voice, that deep voice, it rolled through her until she felt the buzz in her whole body. It felt good.

No, it didn't feel good! It felt terrifying. A monster was in her bed. A literal monster was in her bed, and it thought she was Bethany. The whispers in her mind, telling her to enjoy herself tonight, it'd been this thing. The power giving out, it'd been this thing. Oh god.

“I’m not Bethany,” she said, but her voice was almost inaudible, even to her. Her voice was wavering, reminding her that her whole body was still shaking. Everything was tingling. Everything was soaking wet, sweat and cum everywhere. How much of it was hers? Oh god.

The monster laughed. “Bethany, surely you—”

“I am not Bethany!” After a few gasps, a few seconds of not being fucked up to her lungs, she’d found her breath, and a little energy to go with it. She forced her weight onto her elbows, and started to inch herself toward the nightstand. Get the flashlight, get the flashlight, get the flashlight.

“I... don’t understand. Is something wrong? I—”

“I am not Bethany!” Once she was within arm’s reach of the flashlight, she grabbed it and pointed it up at the monster. Oh god, what would it look like? Slimy? Scaly? Furry?

She turned on the light, and petrified as it shrieked in what she could only assume was pain. Shrieked, and exploded? No, not exploded, but bits of black shot outward from where her light hit, and cut through the monster looming over her. She couldn’t see it, even as her light moved over it. The black silhouette of its body shattered where her light hit it, as if the thing itself were darkness.

“How... how could you!?” the shadow creature cried out. “Bethany. How could you? You know—”

“I am not Bethany! She was my great grandmother, and she’s dead! She died two months ago!” She regretted it the moment it came out of her mouth. This thing was obsessed with Bethany, and it was a monster. If it didn’t think she was Bethany, what was stopping it from killing her? Worse, if it didn’t know Bethany was dead, what would—

It screamed again, and the tearing sound ripped through the house. She felt it vibrate through the floor and into her bed, and stared at the shadows around her as they began to swirl around the bedroom.

It was moaning, like a ghost might moan, a deep, wailing sound that had multiple layers, some deep and booming, some high pitched and piercing. It was almost like the whole house was moaning, crying, and she froze until she thought her heart stopped. The flashlight flickered in her hand, and she prayed it’d stay on, as her room turned into Hell.

“She’s not dead!” the monster screamed. Oh god, the neighbors had to hear this, right? Someone had to hear this. Someone had to come and get her out of here before this thing killed her. She shouldn’t have said anything. Shouldn’t have said a damn thing.

She jumped from the bed. She heard the air part as a whip came out for her, and for a second, she thought the thing was attacking her with a genuine whip, ready to split her skin. It didn't, but it did grab her around the waist, and slammed her down onto her bed. The flashlight fell out of her hands, went clink clink along the floor, and died. The world spun, and she struggled to get her bearings as she bounced. It was going to kill her! Kill her, eat her, break her in half, something! Get away, get away!

The room was almost pitch black, no candles, no flashlight, and she could see the creature's red eyes in the swirling shadows, pointed directly at her. What to do, oh god. She was naked! She had nothing she could defend herself with.

Defend herself? The monster had nearly fucked her into a coma. She hadn't cum that hard, that many times, ever. That w—that was Gammy's secret! Oh god, she knew this thing! She knew it, and... and... had sex with it! Gammy loved to talk about sex, and how happy it made her. No one knew who she was dating, she kept it a secret, and Beth knew some of her relatives assumed Bethany was going insane. Not insane, no more than Beth was right now. This wasn't a dream. This monster existed, and it had an... appetite.

"She's... dead," she said again. Oh fuck oh god, why? Why say anything?

"She's not dead!"

"She's dead! I went to Gammy's funeral! I gave an eulogy!" Well, if she was going to die, she wasn't going to die over a misunderstanding.

"G... Gammy?" the darkness whispered.

"She was my great grandmother!" For all the fear and rage in her voice, her eyes blurred with tears. Gammy was gone, and saying it over and over raked at her insides.

The swirling shadows came to a stop. The invisible, untouchable wind ceased. The roaring and moaning went silent. The room grew still, more still than when Beth had first come in. And the red eyes disappeared, vanishing into the deadly obsidian that surrounded her.

"Great grandmother?" Again, more whispers, a quiet, deep, alien sound. If haunted walls could talk, they'd whisper like that. "Bethany was your great grandmother?"

"Yes!" God, finally, progress. "Great grandmother. She's dead, so please, stop... stop calling me Bethany." Stop fucking me, too, while you're at it.

The darkness went so quiet, Beth could hear her heart pulse in her ear. Ice trickled down her spine and into her toes, and she gulped down the rising panic as she stared into the shadows around her. Ok,

so, monsters existed. Sure, she could believe that, get on board with that, terrifying an idea as it was. A monster, a shadow thing, haunting an ancient house her Gammy used to live in, she could even believe that too.

That her Gammy apparently had a relationship with this monster, on the other hand, was proving hard to wrap her mind around. It made a lot of things make sense, a lot of times Bethany passed up on a trip to stay home, and a lot of times Bethany seemed to be unusually happy, like she'd just had a great session at the gym. How many times did Beth and her parents come visit, not knowing Bethany had been in some sort of relationship with a monster?

A monster that left everyone alone, when they stayed the night. A monster that never hurt anyone. A monster that lived with Bethany for years, maybe decades! And not once hurt a soul, or made its presence known to anyone but Bethany.

The silence carried on, but she knew it was still there. The darkness shifted and stirred, like the ripples on a lake, with a crocodile lurking beneath. No, not a crocodile. She had to reframe how she thought of this thing. Hard to do, when it had just... done things to her, without her permission. It wasn't a crocodile. It was a genuine monster, of literal darkness.

"I'm sorry," the darkness said at last. "I... I haven't seen Bethany in so long. That part of me took over." That part? "It... it saw you, in her. You look so similar."

"I, uh, I guess I'll take that as a compliment. Gammy was pretty amazing."

"She was amazing. Your... your name, Beth? You are... Jeremy's daughter."

"R-Right." More silence, but at least the cold dread smothering her was fading away. Instead of cold, now things were awkward. Scary as fuck, and awkward. "I... I uh... I don't know what to say," she said. "How did you meet Bethany?"

The darkness folded like a big blanket, moving over itself, layers bending and mixing around the edges of the bed and along the walls.

"She found me. I was alone, for many... many years. When this home was built, it unearthed me, and Bethany... cared for me."

How did someone care for a shadow monster? Details. She could ask about that later. And, thinking that there'd get to be a later managed to bring a smile to her lips. She wasn't going to die! Yay! Or, at least, probably wasn't. Every moment, she could feel the tension melt out of her, and her breathing and heart slowed to something at least near calm.

“You were just, in the ground?”

“Yes. Trapped within a wicker basket.”

“A basket trapped you? You... picked me up like I weighed nothing.”

“It was... not a normal basket.”

Either that was a very strange attempt at making a joke, or it meant a magical wicker basket. Either way, she did chuckle, despite herself.

No chuckling! You are currently naked, and a monster just had its way with you, very much without your permission. Ignore the tingles still making your legs shake. Just because it thought you were Bethany, and was super excited to see you, and wanted to make you cum your brains out, doesn't mean you should just forgive it. Right?

“You... you did something to me, to my mind. I... prepared myself for you.”

The darkness hissed, but the glowing red eyes looked away, disappearing again. “A part of me, a different part. It wanted you.”

“Part?”

“I am a creature of parts. I... I...” Sighing, the darkness flowed, sliding down the walls, and churned softly around the bed like a hot tub. “I can only apologize for that part.”

“Did... did that part do things like that to Bethany?”

“Yes, it did. But she never minded. When... when it was over, she said she found the experience... liberating.”

So her Gammy had a brainwashing kink. God damn, Gammy, kinky as fuck.

“And you... had sex with Gammy?”

“Thousands of times.”

“Thousands?”

“Thousands.”

“And you did... uh... everything you did to me tonight, to her?”

“Yes... thousands of times.”

Good god, Gammy!

“And she never said no?”

“Plenty, when we were playing, like... like I thought you and I were.”

“I mean, a real no.”

“There were times she said no, if she was too tired or not in the mood. Those were the nights we talked.”

Beth raised a brow. “You talked with her?”

“Yes. We talked about her life, her family, her children. She... she was very proud of you, all of you. And, she was especially proud of you, Beth.”

That was how it knew the name Jeremy. Damn it, Beth could feel her smile growing, no matter how hard she tried to keep it down. “I guess I had a need to make her proud, what with Dad naming me after her.”

“She was... she was happy that you were so full of life. She said you reminded her of her when she was younger.” The beast let out a quiet, painful moan. No mistaking that sound, it was the sound of sadness, of mourning, of pain and regret. “I have a favor to ask of you, Beth.”

“Favor?”

“Yes. I... will be back in moments.” The darkness flowed out of the bedroom, and down the hall. The kitchen light was off and the candles were out, so the only vision Beth had was what her eyes managed with the shreds of street and moonlight sneaking in. Borderline blind. But she could still see the black mass, a giant thing of flowing shadow. Its shape changed and altered, and she gave up trying to understand it as it moved out of the room through a doorway it shouldn't have been able to fit through.

Seconds later, it came back with a jar, a glass jar. One of Gammy's mason jars that she used to fill with jam, homemade, and filled with so much sugar, it was a wonder Beth wasn't extremely overweight. It gave it to her. Heavy.

Something black was inside it, something heavy, thick, and splashing softly. The jar was sealed tight, and as she turned the jar over and over, the liquid shifted like mercury.

“What's this?”

“That is me.”

“Um, what?”



“That is me. That is the... the part of me that was with Bethany. That is the part of me that loves Bethany, that cannot live without her.” The darkness settled around the bed’s edges, covering up the whole floor in its strange, liquid fog body, and it let out another slow groan. “Please, take it to Bethany, and pour me... it, onto her grave. It wants to join her, in death.”

“Are you serious?” Gulping, she turned the jar over again, and stared at its flopping contents. “I don’t understand. Is it alive?”

“Yes. It is me, the part of me that... It’s hard to explain, but yes, it is alive. And it will die with Bethany.” Another rumbling groan filled the room, the sort a giant beast would make if it found the corpse of its mate. “I will keep my memories of her, and the joy and sorrow. But, the part of me that insists Bethany is all there is to life, take it to her, and let it be with her.” More groans, and the entire house shook with the deep, bassy sound that had Beth literally vibrating in her bed. “Will you?”

“Yes, of course. I... I just can’t believe this is happening.”

“Thank you. Protect it from light, when you go.”

“I’ll do it! Definitely, I’ll do it. I can’t believe... can’t believe you... you’ve been with her this long?”

“I... cannot believe I did this to her great granddaughter.”

“You didn’t know.”

“A part of me did.”

She winced, and shook her head. “Just... don’t do it again, and... and it’ll be fine.” Wow, was she really saying that? After what this thing had just done to her? But, god damn, she was literally holding a piece of its life in a jar, and after everything that’d happened, she had a hard time believing it was lying to her.

“I will go,” it said.

“Where?”

“I... don’t know. I could rest beneath the house, but I cannot do that now, not after what I did.”

Sighing, she set the jar on the nightstand beside her. Alien monster demon soul fog monster creature thing in a jar, literally. Ha.

“Rest where you normally do. I... I trust you.” Because she was an idiot. She should have been panicking, screaming, running out into the streets, arms waving and yelling ‘monster’ as loud as her

lungs could manage. But, here she sat, still naked, and unable to ignore how utterly exhausted she now was, now that her adrenaline was fading. “I don’t know what to call you, though.”

“Your great grandmother called me Shadow.”

Beth laughed, shaking her head. Yeah, a simple name like that definitely sounded like something Gammy would give. Ain’t no time for complex, silly shit, she’d say.

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She managed to sleep, exhausted as she was. Hell, she basically passed out when the adrenaline wore off. When she woke up, there was no sign of Shadow, and the bed was a mess, but there wasn’t any monster cum splattered anywhere; probably dispersed with the sunlight, thank god. Still, she’d made her own mess on the sheets, and that was still there, towel lost in the chaos. Time to change the sheets.

Shadow didn’t show up at all throughout the day. She found herself thinking about it a lot, about what it’d said about Gammy, and she was very tempted to call her relatives to ask questions. She didn’t. It seemed wrong, for some reason she couldn’t put her finger on.

Waiting for nightfall was hell, but she had to. She had to do the task it gave her, for Gammy.

The next night, after the sun set, she drove out to the cemetery where Gammy had been buried. It hurt, seeing the grave and tombstone again. It hurt, standing over it, and remembering how happy Gammy always used to be. She’d been such a big part of Beth’s life, and then suddenly she was gone.

Gulping, Beth held the jar in front of her. Its insides slowly turned over and over, heavy, and sad. If it’d been raining, it would have been so painfully morose, Beth didn’t know what she’d do. But it wasn’t. It was a calm night, quiet, no one else in the big cemetery, as if Gammy knew she’d need it to settle.

She unscrewed the jar, and turned it over. She expected to hear a heavy splat or something as the mass hit the ground, but it landed with all the impact of mist.

“Thank you,” the blackness said, that same, heavy voice. “And... before I join Bethany in eternity, please think of Shadow.”

“Think of you?” she said, staring down at the mass of ink that sank into the dirt and grass.

“Not me. Shadow. He mourns Bethany, but that part of him is gone. I am gone. Shadow is alone now, and... and he should not be alone.” He? Well, the voice did sound masculine. And it, uh, had a masculine appendage. A lot of them.

“Shouldn’t be alone?” Anyone watching would think she was talking to her Gammy, hopefully.

“Shadow always has someone. He loves them, and brings them great joy for decades. When they die, he sacrifices the piece of himself that bonded with them, and then, he is alone again. It is not the way things are supposed to be, for Shadow. He is a blessing, meant to be passed down between distant generations, like your great grandmother to you. Before Bethany, he was lost and forgotten, and was alone for so long. He doesn’t deserve that. He is the kindest creature you’ll ever know. Wise, intelligent, caring, loving. Don’t let it happen again, please, Beth?”

For a moment, for just a fraction of a second, the voice didn’t sound like Shadow anymore. It sounded like Bethany, like Gammy.

“Passed down between distant generations? What... what does that mean?”

Silence. The black mist was gone.

Sniffing away some tears, she walked away from the cemetery, and drove home, the final words of the ‘piece’ of Shadow resonating in her head. A gift, passed down between distant generations, like great grandmother to great grand daughter?

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Coming back home didn’t feel the same, not anymore. The house was empty, but not actually empty. She turned on the kitchen light, but after a few moments, turned it off. She didn’t need it on to navigate the house. Other than in the basement, starlight, moonlight, and bits of streetlight sneaking in past the blinds were enough for her to see if she walked very slowly and gave her eyes time to adjust. And she wanted to have a conversation.

“Shadow,” she said to the darkness. “Shadow?”

“Beth,” the house whispered. “It is done. I can feel it.”

“Yeah, it’s done. I... have to ask.” Time for the painful part. “Did you really love Bethany?”

“I did,” the darkness whispered, deep voice sad and heavy.

“And... the women before her?”

“I did. Each time, we love each other, and... and when it ends, the part of me that grew with them, dies with them. I die with them, every time.”

“That’s... such a sad existence.”

“Yes... it is.” The shadows eased over the walls, smooth and slick, like a second skin. “I have lived with humans for a hundred millennia, or more. When someone is willing to join with me, there are years of joy. A piece of me grows with the person, and dies with the person.”

“That, is a long time to be doing this routine. Jesus.” She stepped over to the kitchen table, sat down, and stared at the walls. Well, at least she wasn’t terrified anymore. Still afraid, but apparently not so afraid she couldn’t come home to her haunted house. “... I have a haunted house.”

“I am not dead, or a ghost.”

“Then... then what are you?”

“I am me. I am... something that has shared lives with people when they are willing. It is who I am.”

“Ok.” Spirit, or monster, or both. Either way, she set her hands down on the table, and shook her head. “You’ve been... with humans, for so long, being romantic with them. And every time the person dies, a part of you that grew as part of the romance, dies.” If she was a scientist, she’d think it was some sort of symbiotic relationship that allowed a strange, almost mythical entity to survive for thousands of years. She was not a scientist. She was, in fact, an idiot, who found the whole story very captivating, and sad! Just thinking about the amount of lost loves this creature suffered through made her heart ache. “I... I’m glad you and Bethany made each other happy, then.”

“As am I. I will never forget her. The piece of me that died with her carried the greatest of my love for her, but I will never forget the joy she brought me.”

“That’s... wonderful...” Nodding, she smiled at the swirling shadows around her, and the occasional peek of a pair of red eyes.

Silence followed, and she looked down at the table, the shadows, the table, the shadows some more, and then sighed.

But before she could say anything, Shadow did first. “I will rest below, until I can find a new home.”

“Um, I... uh... ok.” She frowned at that, and started up the stairs to her bed. No idea why she was frowning, but she was.

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Time to sleep again. She'd managed to sleep pretty well last night, despite what'd happened. Shadow had basically fucked her into utter oblivion, total sex coma. She was, evidently, caught in the aftermath of some sort of fairy tale monster story. Not nearly as gentle as a magical fairy tale, considering how rough Shadow had been with her; not so much rough, as absurdly deep. Her insides still ached.

Then again, fairy tales didn't used to be gentle. Lots of legends about fairy creatures existed, about crazy things in the shadows, things like Shadow. The Brothers Grimm wrote some nasty tales, and there was a good chance a lot of that was based on reality, if things like Shadow were real. And he was real.

She could imagine it now, a deadly creature of black fog, teeth, and muscle, protecting his mate. What would that have been like, fifty thousand years ago? A woman, living a cave, hiding away from wolves, and maybe men. What would it have been like, to stumble into that cave with intent to devour her, or steal her away, only for a giant beast of darkness to envelop, and slaughter all invaders? That could have easily been the origin of many fairy tales, of witch women who slaughtered people or sacrificed them, or who just ate up trespassers.

It was strangely romantic, and terrifying.

She curled up with her pillow, wearing her pajamas. Her thoughts drifted, a lot more than she wanted them to. Falling asleep last night had been easier than it should have been. But tonight, all she could think about was the strange, oddly kind, and horrifyingly strong and deadly monster sleeping underneath her house. Literally. Sleeping. Underneath. The house. If that wasn't haunted, she didn't know what was.

She tossed and turned, mind drifting back to last night. It'd raped her. That was bad! But, it—he'd convinced himself that she was Bethany. That part of him was now dead, and according to Shadow, maybe in the afterlife with her Gammy. It was a pleasing thought, honestly.

Gammy. Her great grandmother had always been so happy, every day Beth knew her. Shadow did that? Some of that had to be sexual, based on what Shadow did to her last night. God, just thinking

about it, about how much he'd filled her up, stretched her apart and deep, until she'd thought she was going to burst, it was getting her heart beating again. Her insides were still tender. Getting penetrated deep like that could be damn painful, unless she was deliriously horny when it happened, and she knew she had been. And, just thinking about it was digging up that feeling again.

God fucking damn it.

She sat up, groaned, threw up her hands, and half tossed her sheets aside. "Shadow!" No response. "Shadow!"

"Beth?" the darkness whispered. Her eyes were well adjusted to the dark by now, and she saw the flowing lines of blurring onyx swim along the floor and walls as the monster seeped into her room.

"I..." Fuck, was she really going to do this? How dumb could she be? "The... part of you, that died with Bethany. It... he said... he said you shouldn't be alone."

Silence, but for a tiny, almost mournful groan.

"I cannot deny that," Shadow said, "that I... I suffer, when alone. But, are humans any different?"

"Ha!" She laughed and shrugged. "Humans kinda go back and forth on that. Sometimes we love being along, sometimes we can't stand it." She pulled her knees up to her legs, and smiled at the flowing darkness around her. "I... wanted to talk."

"Talk?"

"Yeah, talk." Was that what she wanted? "I... ugh, I don't know how to say this." She did her best to ignore the rising heat in her body, but it was futile. She could still remember the feel of Shadow's tongue, filling her until she could see her stomach bulge with its rolling motions. She could still remember the feel of his cocks — plural! — pressing her down into the mattress when she was on her stomach. She'd cum so much, she'd soaked the bed, and nearly got a foot cramp.

"Beth?"

Fuck, she hadn't said a word in a minute. Shit. Shit shit shit. Do it? Really? Really do it? Are you so horny that you can't think straight? Just gonna devolve into some kinda horny teen idiot?

Do it.

Sighing, she reached down, and pulled off her pajama top. Then, pajama bottom.

“No anal! I’m not cleaning myself up for that again. Such a pain the ass — ha — to do that.” She was laughing. Why was she laughing? She was about to give herself up to a shadow monster demon thing. Again!

“You... want this?” The two red eyes grew in size, and they floated over her bed. Now, the size of the beast was obvious, a colossal creature that could have swallowed her whole, like a two-bite brownie, if he’d wanted.

As the massive beast loomed over her, she felt her inhibitions melt away, like she’d just drank a bottle of wine. She lay back, set her head on her pillow, and spread her legs. Before she knew it, one of her hands stroked her aching clitoris, and the instant sparks of pleasure announced how sensitive she’d already become, along with a few drops of wetness leaking down from her folds. She always was a horny drunk. Apparently, alcohol not required.

“Gently this time, ok? I’m still sore. But... yeah. Come here.”

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God damn, she was going to be sore tomorrow. Sorer.

Whatever it was Shadow did to her, it was both euphoric, and exhausting. Finally done, he set her back down on the bed, and she lay there like a dead fish. Sure, some trembles worked through her legs, and occasionally made her shiver, but ultimately, all she could do was shiver and breathe. Shadow’s cum absolutely covered her by now, but it didn’t stink or stick, and it’d be gone the moment the sunlight broke in. And, she doubted she could drag herself to the shower, let alone walk.

Shadow was still in the room, swirling on the floor, and she turned her head to look for his red eyes. They were there, at the foot of the mattress.

“Where... where did you... usually sleep, when you were with Bethany?” So strange, so damn strange to think about how Shadow used to be Gammy’s lover. But this wasn’t that Shadow, sort of. Hard to understand, just roll with it.

“I do not truly sleep, but I do rest. I rested in Bethany’s room, on her bed until sunrise, but you’re not Bethany. I’ll—”

“Shadow, just... just come here, ok? Just... come here. Rest.” Rest, because despite herself, despite how stupid it was, despite how this was only the second night she’d even known about this creature, she wanted him to stick around.

Yeap, she was an idiot, regressed to an idiot teenager turned into goo by a lovey dovey sad romance story. Ah well, maybe that was a good thing. Gammy loved those sorts of stories. She pat the bed beside her.

“Ok... Ok Beth.”

The weight of the beast didn’t actually press down on the bed, but she could still feel him, his heat, his mass, the way he radiated power and... and... protection?

She smiled up at the ceiling, and closed her eyes. Yeap, she was sinking into a fairy tale, with a monster that was as old as the human race.

Bethany. Gammy had given her this house. Gammy knew this would happen. Gammy... wanted her to be Shadow’s new lover. She must have known about the strange life cycle Shadow lived, and how the monster was meant to have a lover when the previous one passed on. It was the only explanation for Gammy having put the house into her will, to be given to Beth.

Well Gammy, you slut, thank you.