

A MONSTER EROTICA  
SHORT STORY

# BEAST



K L A R A R A Š K A J

# Beast

Klara Raškaj

*A Monster Erotica Short Story*

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# Chapter One

## *Be Our Guest*

The rain poured over the thick blanket of leaves and branches in the treetops. There was not a single star in the sky. Nothing but heaven's tears and darkness straight from the depths of the ocean.

Odette's golden locks and crimson hood were completely soaked. Her entire body shivered as she trod the muddy path in her black boots and short red dress. Her creamy porcelain skin crawled as if she'd been bitten by the frost.

She should have arrived by then. It was supposed to be a shortcut. She glanced down at her basket to check whether the flowers and herbs she'd picked were still somewhat dry. As long as they weren't ruined by the rain, she was glad. Thinking about the herbs helped her forget how afraid she was, walking all alone in the forest at night. She prayed that home was just up ahead. But one look at the dark made her heart beat faster and her mind imagine terrifying faces in the blackness before her. She took another peek at the basket, sorting through the greens with her hand as she quickened her step, too afraid to look in front of her. The water was slowly sapping the heat from her body. Her lips began to shudder. Why did she have to look for a shortcut? Why didn't she turn back when she had the chance?

The bushes rustled. Her body shook with terror as she gasped. She walked faster, and faster—anything short of running. What awaited her at the end of the path was like nothing she'd ever seen before. A towering manor whose walls were covered in long and thick vines.

Was she dreaming? What was a house as large as that doing in the middle of the forest?

Light peered through the windows.

There must have been people inside. Perhaps they could help her. Though it seemed awfully eerie, it was better than catching her death out there in the clutches of the rainy night.

She rushed over to the door, knocking on it relentlessly. "Hello?" she called out.

Nobody answered.

She knocked several more times, shouting even louder. "H-hello? Is anyone home?"

But the only thing that responded was the pattering of the rain's downpour.

She reached for the doorknob, but bit her lip and clutched her fist before she could touch it. No. She couldn't. Her predicament was none of their concern. She had no right to come into their home uninvited. At the very least she was near other people. She sat down by the door and leaned against it. She would wait out the night there. She would be safer by the mansion. As long as she could feel a little safer, it didn't matter how much it rained. If the rain was her biggest problem, then she was thankful.

She curled up and tried to hide her face with her hood as much as possible. What she couldn't see couldn't hurt her... What she couldn't see...couldn't hurt her...

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The plopping of feet against the wet ground woke her up. She looked up with a terrified gaze as she lay her eyes on a pair of two black eyes with glowing yellow irises. Her heart was beating so fast it hurt. She jumped to her feet and scurried further away until she finally saw the creature's entire figure.

The light from the torch it carried in its hands illuminated its upright body that stood on two legs. A creature that was half human and half wolf, wearing a black suit sewn for a nobleman. Its brown fur shimmered almost as brightly as did its eyes that stared right at her as it approached.

"What are you doing here?" it asked in a deep, raspy male voice.

“I—” said Odette while continuing to back away. “I—I’m sorry! I got lost and...I just wanted to stay here by the door for shelter. I was going to leave by morning, I swear!”

“You mean to say...you hadn’t tried going inside?”

“N-no!” she assured him, shaking her head. “I’m so sorry for intruding! I’ll leave right away!”

He came closer, looming over her. “You’re shivering,” he said.

Two rows of sharp fangs peered through his canine maw as he spoke.

Her legs were paralyzed. She tilted her head down and averted her gaze, unable to look at him out of fear of provoking him. Her chest heaved beyond control as she struggled to breathe.

The door creaked, and a warm, fur-covered arm enveloped her.

“Come inside,” he told her. “Should be quite warm by now.”

She continued staring at the ground and reluctantly stepped closer to the open door. “T-thank you...” she said. Not even upon entering did she look up. However, the warmth provided such immense and immediate relief, she could have shed a tear for how grateful she was.

Water from her body dripped onto a large rug that covered the parquet by the entrance.

“Wait here,” he told her and walked away.

Once she no longer felt his presence, she finally allowed herself to look up.

There was a large fireplace by the wall, surrounded by several large sofas that looked as though one could be swallowed by them if they attempted to take a seat. A coffee table lay in the middle over another rug, and on the table was a ceramic cup and teapot that looked as though it’d been broken and glued back together with liquid gold. The light provided by the candles was dim, but she could almost make out some of the paintings on the walls. Every single one in the room featured bundles of colorful wildflowers.

Though curious to take a closer look, Odette stood her ground. She had no intention of doing anything to upset the host after he’d shown her such kindness.

Soon enough, he returned wearing a new and dry suit and carrying a large empty basket and a blanket.

Odette looked down at the floor once more as he approached her.

“We need to get you out of those clothes,” he said.

Her heart pounded against her ribcage as the heat built up in her chest.

He placed his hand on her back and took her to the living room near the fireplace. He placed the blanket and basket on the coffee table beside him, then reached out to her with his clawed hand. “May I?”

Was he...asking her for permission to undress her? She had no idea what to say and had even less courage to look him in the eyes when he spoke to her. She placed her little carrying basket down by the sofa and nodded reluctantly out of fear of seeming ungrateful. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

He undid the lace tying her hood around her neck and slipped it off her. He then proceeded to slowly slide her dress off her shoulders.

Much to her own surprise, she welcomed the warm touch of his large hands as they glided down her arms. It was such a simple gesture, but his touch was oddly comforting. By the time the fabric of her dress brushed over her erect nipples as he slid it off her, she didn't even think about how he could see her bare chest. But when his fingers touched her hips, her entire body shuddered.

He pulled back. “I'm sorry,” he said. “Did I hurt you?”

“N-no,” she replied as her lips curled up into a light smile. “It was just...unexpected,” she said, gently opening her eyes. “M-may I sit down?” she asked.

“Of course,” he told her.

She sat on the sofa near the fireplace, still refusing to look his way.

His hands reached out to her thighs once more. Then, he hooked the sides of her lace underwear with his thumbs, lifting her legs as he slid them off her.

She turned her head to the side. The air was so heavy, she could hardly breathe. She was so warm and comfortable, and completely exposed to him. Why was she feeling this way? Her outer lips ached like nothing she'd ever felt before. Whatever he was doing to her, she didn't want it to stop.

Slowly, gently, he took off her boots and fishnet pantyhose.

A strange flame she hadn't known existed lit up between her thighs, and the only thoughts filling her mind were those of how much she

wanted to be touched. She was ashamed for thinking such things, but she couldn't deny how much she wanted this stranger to do her one more kindness and relieve her of her suffering.

But as he was finished putting her clothes into the large basket, he placed the blanket over her and left.

She couldn't even bring herself to turn her head. The heat and excitement were exhausting. She closed her eyes and took deep, rapid breaths. She must have caught some kind of fever. There was no other explanation for it.

Before long, he returned with a silver cup in his hand. He poured the tea from the coffee table into it and handed it to her.

Odette returned to reality with a shake of her head and sat up. Her lithe fingers gently grasped the cup while holding up the blanket around her chest with the undersides of her arms. "U-um...thank you," she said, keeping her eyes on the cup.

He reached for the cup on the table that already had tea in it and sat down on the other end of the sofa.

Finally, she gazed up at him while still keeping her head down.

He took a sip of his tea and smiled at her. "Now that the crisis has been evaded, I suppose I should start by introducing myself," he told her. "Arséne."

"Odette," she said glancing down and then back up at him. "Thank you...again..." She returned the smile.

"Odette," he added, "what is a young woman such as yourself doing in the middle of this God-forsaken place, if I may ask?"

"I—I took what I thought was a shortcut and I guess I must have gotten lost," she explained. "Before I knew it, it was night and the rain had started. Then, I found your house."

"Why didn't you go inside?" Arséne continued. "Were you really intending to lay by the door until sunrise?"

"Yes," she replied, lifting her head up slightly the longer she spoke with him. "I have no right to barge into people's homes because of my own mistakes. Besides, it was just a little rain. I was just thankful to have found a house to ward off the beasts while I rested."

His smirk widened. "Well, I can tell you that you've found the absolute worst place to be if you were looking for shelter. There is but

one beast in these woods that embodies fear itself, and he is looking right at you.”

Odette smirked and took another sip of her tea. If someone as kind as him was the only creature she needed to fear, then she was truly lucky.

“Last time a traveler got lost in these woods during bad weather, they simply waltzed into my home and helped themselves to my dinner,” Arséne explained and let out a sigh. He shook his head as he smiled at her. “But you...you poor, sweet thing... You’d rather have stayed out there in the freezing rain than inconvenience someone.”

She merely smiled back at him without having anything to say.

“I’m glad to see you are more relaxed around me now,” he told her. “Though, I am curious as to why your opinion of me has changed so quickly.”

“You’ve been so kind to me,” she said. “I don’t want to upset someone who’s doing so much for me.”

He chuckled. “A wise choice, indeed. Sadly, you seem to be one of the rarer ones who feel that way.”

“Do you get *many* visitors here?” asked Odette.

He raised an eyebrow as he looked away, his smile relaxing into a slight frown. “Only those who wish to gain something from me.”

Odette looked at him with a sorrowful gaze. “I’m...sorry that I had to be another one.”

A smirk returned to his face as he turned back to her. “No. Don’t be,” he said. “I take, as do we all, and I’m not above giving. But I only wish people would be more grateful and respectful of the things they are given. You have...*far* exceeded my expectations in that matter.”

“Thank you,” she said.

He finished drinking his tea and stood up, extending his hand to her while he picked up her carrying basket with the other. “Come. I’ll show you to your room. I’m sure you’re eager to get some rest.” Once she took his hand, he pulled her up and placed her arm under his.

At a leisurely pace, they strolled up the staircase and through a tight hallway with more paintings of colorful flora on the walls.

“If I may,” she said, “why do you only have paintings of wildflowers? Do you have something against roses?”

“A bouquet of only one kind of flower might appeal to people’s desire to see patterns and symmetry in things,” Arséne explained, “but I find it all too dull and uninteresting. Differences, flaws, imperfections...these are the virtues that define rarity and uniqueness.”

“So, can I assume you’ve painted them yourself?” she asked.

“Your assumption is correct.” He chuckled. “I have a rather...peculiar condition that I try to remedy with things that keep me relaxed. Tea, painting, strolls through the woods...these sort of things.”

“Oh—I’m sorry,” she told him with a saddened gaze.

“It’s all right,” he said. “I’ve actually been meaning to warn you about it before we parted for the night.”

She cocked her head back. “Warn me?”

He sighed as they approached one of the guest room doors and turned her by her shoulders to face him. “Odette...” he said with a sorrowful frown on his face. “You have been the most well-mannered guest I’ve received in a long time, which is why the last thing I wish for you is to come to harm by my hand like the others.”

“Harm?” she asked. “What do you mean?”

He turned around and distanced himself from her a few steps. “There are times when I simply lose myself to my most primal urges. Many nights, I...wake in a pool of blood and torn flesh.”

Odette’s eyebrows tilted further upward as she continued to gaze at him with worry.

He turned his head back to look at her. “No matter how much I try to keep myself restrained, there are times when I just...lose my mind completely.” He approached her and took out a key from one of his pockets. He handed it to her, holding her hands in his as he gazed into her eyes. “I wasn’t lying when I told you that *I* am the fear that plagues the hearts of men. You would be safer in the dark and among God’s creatures. I cannot guarantee your safety if you choose to stay...but, I can tell you this: You will be the first to sleep behind locked doors. I pray it will be enough to keep you out of harm’s way.”

She gulped and glanced down at the key as he let go of her hands. She then looked back up at him with a light smile. “T-thank you.”

He smiled back at her and slowly bent over to kiss her hand. And with that, he left with a swift step.

Odette entered the dark bedroom with a large bed on which lay a pair of thick pillows and covers, still staring out into the hallway until she closed the door completely. With her hand lightly trembling, she inserted the key into the lock and turned it.

Click.

## Chapter Two

### *Little Girl, Little Girl, Let Me In*

Odette hadn't closed her eyes since she laid down on the bed and crawled under the covers. Who knew how much time had passed? She just kept glancing at the door and listening to even the faintest of sounds, wondering whether this were going to be her last moments alive. Maybe she should have made a run for it. She'd have run for the rest of the night if she had to. But then again, Arséne had taken away her clothes and boots, and he was likely much faster than her. Should she have stayed or ran? No. He seemed so nice. He wouldn't have hurt her. Besides, she'd locked the door. Hadn't she?

She quickly got out of bed and rushed to make sure of it. Slowly, quietly, she tried opening the door, but couldn't, thankfully. She then ran back to bed and hid under the covers. Her heart was pounding in her chest. If only she could have forced herself to fall asleep. If only she could have closed her eyes and opened them back again with the rays of the morning sun hitting her face. If only...there was something she could have done to distract herself from the relentless fear coursing through her veins.

She closed her eyes and reminisced that strange sensation she felt when Arséne undressed her down in the living room. The memory of his hot touch against her skin brought a light smile to her face. She remembered him raising her feet to take off her boots and fishnet pantyhose, spreading her legs and caressing her oh so gently. It sent shivers through her body that accumulated into dull aches between her things.

She slid her hand down to her outer lips and massaged them roughly in order to relieve herself of the pain. She moved the covers off herself,

no longer able to bear the heat. Lying on her back, she spread her legs as she brushed her finger over the small pearl peering from underneath the hood of her wet skin. Her back arched and she bit her lip as she allowed pure pleasure to wash over her, clearing her mind completely.

Suddenly, a thump sounded from the other side of the wall.

With a gasp, Odette curled up and backed away, her heart racing and her breaths growing quicker and shallower by the second. She gazed at the wall in sheer terror.

Maybe something fell over, or maybe she just imagined it. It could have been anything.

But then, her entire body froze.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Her heart could have imploded in on itself at that very moment. There was nothing else in the world that could have or would have made that tapping sound against the wall. She was completely paralyzed. Her chest heaved as she tried to keep her breaths as quiet as possible. The longer she sat there, the harder adrenaline and fear hit her. Tears formed in her eyes.

"Oh, Odette..." Arséne whispered from behind the wall. "Never in my life have I come across a flower that smelled so sweet."

Her wide-open eyes followed the direction of his voice as it moved from one end of the wall to another.

"I've never felt this way before," he confessed. "I can sense your body...calling for me. I yearn to heed its call."

"Arséne," she whimpered through her trembling lips. "You're scaring me."

"No!" he shouted with a worried tone as the sound of claws dragging against wood rushed through her ears. "No, no, no, no. Don't be scared, my angel. I wouldn't *dream* of letting you come to harm."

"Y-you hurt people before," she added. "You said so."

"I would sooner die than harm a hair on your head," he argued. "I know you're suffering. Please...let me help you. I can't stand it...the screaming... I can't rest when I feel your suffering."

"I—I never screamed—not once," she said. "Why do you want to help me? H-how can you help?"

The doorknob turned.

“Please, open the door,” he whimpered.

She backed away, holding the covers close. “What are you going to do?”

“If I had known things would be different, I never would have given you that key.”

“What are you going to do to me?” she repeated.

“Odette...let me in.”

“What are you going to do?”

He banged his fists against the door. “Open this door!” he roared.

She flinched and buried her face in the covers. “Stop!” she cried.

“Odette!” he shouted as he continued banging on it. “Open the door!”

It was no use. He was going to break it down at one point. She cried through her rapid breaths. If she did as he asked, maybe she would have a chance to plead for mercy. It was her only hope. With a slow, reluctant step, she approached the door. “A-all right,” she told him. “I—I’ll open it.”

The banging immediately stopped.

She took the key from the dresser and inserted it into the keyhole with trembling hands. She opened it ever so slightly, and backed away, grabbing hold of the covers and holding them against her body as she stared at the door. She couldn’t speak. She could barely breathe. She just waited for what would happen next, praying he would find it in his heart to spare her.

With a long creak, the door opened.

Arséne stood there, his chest heaving as he stared straight into her eyes. He entered and closed the door behind him. Then, he approached her, maintaining eye contact the entire time.

“P-please,” she whimpered.

He extended his hand and stroked her cheek wet from tears with the back of his hand.

She shuddered and closed her eyes shut.

Two strong, fur-covered arms enveloped her body. His long claws brushed through her hair as they pressed her head against his chest.

“Shh...” he whispered. He sat down onto the bed and placed her onto his lap as he continued to stroke the back of her head.

But she continued to cry, sobbing loudly as fear consumed her completely.

He held her tighter. "It's all right. Let it all out."

For a while, she cried into his chest. All of the fear and pain she'd accumulated was leaving her body. Over time, slowly but surely, her sobs turned into sniffles, and her muscles relaxed in the warmth of his embrace.

He tilted her chin up and brushed away her tears with his other hand. "Would you like me to bring you something?" he asked her with a smile.

Like a child, she merely nodded, unable to look him in the eye as she was still trying to pull herself together.

He moved her onto the bed and gently pulled the covers over her before leaving the room. Some time had passed, but upon his return, he brought with him a silver tray with freshly made tea and biscuits. He placed it on the nightstand before her and sat next to her, handing her a cup.

She closed her eyes as she sipped it, taking deep breaths through her nose as the warmth filled her body.

Arséne proceeded to stroke the back of her hair once more. "Feeling better?" he asked, smiling as he continued to stare at her with an amorous gaze.

She glanced at him with a slight smirk and nodded.

"I'm glad," he told her. "I was so worried for you—you can't even imagine." He sighed and turned his head away. "I should never have told you about the incidents. If only I could have known I would feel this way..."

"What way?" she asked.

He turned back around, smiling at her and stroking her head. "It doesn't matter," he said and placed one of the biscuits onto her lips.

She took it into her mouth in its entirety while gazing up at him.

"You know—I've always wondered what compelled mankind to domesticate animals and take them in as pets. They serve no purpose but provide affection any man or woman could immediately outdo, and yet, we waste our resources on them." Once Odette finished chewing on the biscuit, he fed her another one. "There is just something so soothing and beautiful about caring for another." He sighed, gripping her hair

tight as he stared at her with a drunken gaze. "I was going to break down that door and fuck you senseless," he growled, then took a deep breath. "But I never truly knew how little control I had over my own will. I thought I was a slave to my desires, but...I see now that I am a really a slave to yours."

His deep, whispering voice melted her skin and flesh while his words reignited a spark in her heart and loins. She didn't want to show it, but she couldn't keep herself restrained anymore. She took one more sip from her cup and placed it on the platter on the nightstand.

Arséne only lifted another biscuit from the tray and she slowly leaned forward with her mouth wide open and her tongue lightly sticking out as she followed it with a drowsy gaze. As he placed it into her mouth, she leaned forward further, enveloping his claws with her lips, gently suckling as she was pulling back. His breath quickened as she chewed and swallowed, but she didn't wish to look at him. She allowed only her body's will to guide her behavior.

If he truly intended to hurt her, he would have done it a long time ago. His presence made her feel strangely warm and safe. He was so kind and sweet, yet there was some kind of a beast clawing inside of him that only wanted to fulfill its primal desires.

Clear liquid built up inside her pussy and oozed down her inner thighs.

As Arséne reached for another biscuit from the platter, Odette came closer on her hands and knees, took his hand, and sucked on his fingers one by one with her eyes closed.

He let out a long, deep purr.

She continued to caress his fingers with her lips and tongue, moaning with every other breath she took. She had no idea what came over her to want to do such a thing, but she didn't want to stop. Her mind was brimming with thoughts of pleasing Arséne's every desire and satisfying his every craving. He was so good to her, she wanted nothing more than to repay him for his kindness.

Arséne entwined his fingers in her golden locks and pulled her head back as he retracted his hand. "And to think I believed you were such a sweet girl," he said, urging her to straighten her back as he glided his

hand down her stomach and over her swollen pussy lips. "I thought you would have needed a *bit* more convincing than this."

She looked down at his hand as he kept pinching and pressing her lips, panting and wriggling her hips with each spark that flew through her body. Though her hands were completely free, the last thing on her mind was to try and stop him. "I'm sorry... I—I'm not usually like this..."

He chuckled and roughly pulled her against him with her back facing him. He held her by her neck with one hand while he continued massaging her outer lips with the other, occasionally dipping the tips of his claws inside of her to spread her wetness all over. "Neither am I," he told her and passed the length of her neck with his long tongue.

Her whole body shuddered with pleasure as she let out a long, soft moan, leaning her head back. "You're going to lose your honor because of me," she added. "I shouldn't have led you on. I'm so sorry..."

"If helping an innocent is dishonorable, then I'm afraid I've already sullied my family name the moment I saw you," he explained, breathing out hot breaths onto her neck as he spoke, squeezing it harder. "And if I'm already a fiend in the eyes of God, then I feel no remorse for this." He pushed three of his fingers inside of her with a swift, hard thrust.

Odette gasped out a loud moan as she clutched his arm that was enveloping her neck. She shut her eyes as hard as she could from the painful sting in her lower abdomen. When the discomfort passed, she gently opened her eyes as she looked up at him, her chest heaving.

Slowly, Arsène pulled out and licked his bloodied fingers as he gazed down at her with a smirk. "I will wrong you in every way imaginable," he said.

Her inner walls convulsed when he spoke those words. She couldn't hold herself together anymore if she even *had* been doing it up until that point. But her guilt kept gnawing at her from the inside nevertheless. "No woman will have you after this," she told him.

"I don't want another woman," he added and pushed her onto the bed while holding her head down with one hand.

She grunted through a moan, arching her back and eagerly spreading her legs as she left her backside raised up high for him. She couldn't believe it was happening. Though thoughts and fears of the future

wanted to push their way into her head, all she could think about was how much she wanted him inside of her.

Arséne took off his clothes and proceeded to caress her skin, gently pushing her cheeks apart with both hands. “Besides...I’m used to solitude,” he said. “But what about you? Do you truly wish to give up your future for this one night of pleasure?”

“I don’t want another either,” she said. “I... I don’t want this to last just one night...”

Gently, he pushed his thick cock between her pussy lips and spread her thin as he entered her.

She let out a long, loud moan as pleasure hit her like a rushing wave.

“Then pray we still have a chance to make this union righteous in the sight of God,” said Arséne, slowly thrusting inside of her as he took deep breaths. “As he is our witness, do you accept me onto you this night, and every other, till death do us part?”

“I do,” she moaned.

He pushed deeper, gripping her thighs with his claws as his breaths grew quicker and shallower. “Do you, Odette, wish to swear yourself to me?”

He was so strong...so big... Her heart was beating so fast she thought it would burst. She never knew there existed pleasure so strong that it hurt. She wanted him—all of him. She wanted him to fuck her until the break of dawn. She wanted him to spill his seed inside her and make her his. When she tried to envision her wedding before, she hadn’t thought much of it. A day where she would wear a white gown and say a few words to her beloved. Not even in her wildest fantasies could she have imagined it this way—that she would literally be showing him what she truly felt for him. The sheer realization of the fact that she was being wed to a man she desired so much while being fucked by him at the same time made her body shudder and her pussy constrict his dick as he continued thrusting into her. “I do,” she moaned. “I swear.”

“Then I, Arséne, take you, Odette, here, in the sight of God,” he continued. “As life is too short to waste on years of suffering and longing, let us give in to his will and come together as one. May he bless our union each night we lay together—this and all others to come.”

She spread her legs as wide as she could to take him in deeper, moaning and panting. "Yes... Harder..."

"Let—" He paused to take a deep breath. "Let every night bring you closer to me, and let my love bear you gifts every nine months that pass, now and forever."

"Arséne," she moaned.

He leaned closer and held her tight with one hand while he put the other on her mouth as he thrust harder. "I almost came too early because of you," he growled.

She let out a muffled moan, shutting her eyes tight. Her limbs were starting to go numb as waves of electricity passed through her. It hurt... but it hurt so good.

"Where do you want me?" he asked her through his short, rapid breaths after taking his hand off her mouth.

"I—I need you," she confessed. "Please..."

He gripped her hair and thigh, pushing himself into her as deep as he could with powerful thrusts.

A strong onset of pleasure built up inside of her more and more until she couldn't take it anymore. She gripped the sheets, screaming, "*Arséne!*"

He dug his fingers into her flesh and grunted. Her convulsing inner walls squeezed his cock until he could no longer take it. They continued to milk him as he shot hot cum inside of her. After a few more thrusts, he pulled out, spilling all of their combined liquids onto the sheets beneath.

Panting, Odette collapsed onto the bed completely.

After taking a moment to calm his breathing, Arséne lay down beside her, pulled her over onto his chest, stroking her head and hair. "Now, please, tell me honestly," he said, "do you truly feel that what you've done was right?"

She coiled her arms around his torso and smiled. "I do."

## Chapter Three

### *The Wolf Shall Dwell with the Lamb*

Morning sunlight and the twittering of birds entered the kitchen through the window with the morning breeze. Odette was already up, preparing tea from the herbs she'd picked after having searched for and found her dry clothes from the night before.

"*Odette!*" Arséne shouted from the upper floor. With a hurried step, he ran downstairs, searching the living room and then rushing into the kitchen. "Ode—" Once they'd locked eyes, he stopped and took short, rapid breaths.

"Is everything all right?" she asked, approaching him with a worried expression.

He pulled her close and held her in a tight embrace. "Oh, thank God," he said with a deep sigh. "I—I saw blood, and you were gone, and I—"

She stroked his head and leaned back to look at him as she smiled. "I'm fine," she assured him. She then tilted her head to the side and gazed at him with a puzzled look in her eyes. "But...don't you remember what happened last night?"

"No, I—I do," he laughed lightly, shaking his head. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking at the moment. I just assumed the worst."

She kissed him and went back to preparing the tea. "I'm sorry I'm so slow. I don't know where anything is yet."

Arséne sat down at the table and chuckled. "It's all right. Take all the time you need."

"I hope you have some quills and parchments," she said while carefully pouring the tea into two cups. "I'd like to write to my family so they don't worry about me."

“Of course,” he added with a nod. “I’m not a monster and you’re not my prisoner. This is as much your home now as it is mine. Besides...you will probably want to invite them over at one point as well. Especially if —” He paused and glanced at the other way. “Well...if last night’s endeavors turn out to have been fruitful.”

She carried the cups over to the table and placed one in front of Arséne as she sat down beside him, smiling at him and averting her bashful gaze. “It’s so hard to even imagine it,” she confessed. “I’ve never even thought of what it would be like to have children. I just hope Mother and Father don’t object. I did have a few suitors interested in me back home, but I suppose my family won’t mind too much as long as you let them know your intentions. Besides, Mother has been very eager to have grandchildren ever since I turned eighteen.”

“I hope my appearance won’t put them off too much,” said Arséne as he took a sip of his tea. “My family did move me here by myself for a reason.”

Odette looked at him with concern in her eyes. “They disowned you because of your appearance?”

“No, they didn’t disown me.” He chuckled. “And my appearance was the least of our problems. As I’ve said, I—” He sighed and looked away with a slight frown on his face. “I couldn’t seem to keep myself from harming people that had wronged me. They only isolated me until we could figure out what to do about it all.” He then looked at Odette from the corner of his eye and smiled. “But I don’t believe it will be a problem anymore.” He took her hand in his. “I’d like you to meet them someday soon. I think my mother and sisters would adore you.”

She smirked and moved a lock of her hair behind her ear. “It’s so strange...” she said. “We’re married and talking about children, yet I don’t even know your full name.”

“Desjardins,” he answered and leaned back into his chair with his cup of tea in hand. “Prince Arséne Desjardins.”

# About the Author

**Klara Raškaj** is a steamy fantasy romance author who occasionally indulges in writing pure, undiluted monster erotica. Though she often pushes the boundaries of genre conventions, she never fails to deliver on a unique story with a magical creature romance and some horror elements sprinkled in. In her spare time, she engages in heated fighting game matches against her husband or watches anime with him.

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