

BONUS SCENE: Reflected Ruin

It started with the mirror.

It always did.

Mara had stopped looking directly into it. Stopped watching it shift when she moaned. Stopped pretending the warped reflections weren't *moving when she didn't*. But tonight—after being bred, stretched, and wrecked until her womb had glowed like a temple—it **calls to her again**.

She stands naked in front of it.

Still sore. Still leaking. Still **open**.

But the mirror is no longer glass. It's **liquid shadow**, pulsing with low, wet hunger. Her reflection doesn't mimic her anymore—it *smiles first*. It **spreads her legs wider**. It shows her body **gaping**, twitching, slick and ready... even when she hasn't moved.

And then—he speaks.

Come in, little altar.

Come see what you look like in all your forms.

The surface **shimmers**.

Mara takes a step forward—and the mirror **pulls her in**.

She falls without falling. Drifts without moving. The air goes thick around her body, every pore waking up like her skin is being **tongued by smoke**. Her cunt clenches. Her nipples harden. Her belly still pulses faintly, her womb remembering what it was made to do.

Then—**she lands**.

But not on a floor.

She's suspended. Floating. Surrounded on all sides by **mirror walls that pulse like glass soaked in shadow**. Infinite panels, infinite versions of herself—hovering, shifting, waiting.

In each one, she sees a **different reflection** of herself.

In one, she's on her knees, eyes rolled back, tentacles fucking her throat.

In another, she's bent over, **gaped and dripping**, her ass bouncing from every thrust.

Another shows her belly **rounded**, her pussy pulsing as thick shadow-tentacles pump her full.

And in all of them—**she's moaning**.

Loud. Wet. **Completely gone.**

The Living Shadow emerges behind her—no longer formless, but tall, monstrous, shifting with smoke and eyes and tendrils that writhe in sync with her breath.

She feels his voice **crawl up her spine.**

These are all you.

Every want. Every scream. Every time you touched yourself and wished for more—

—I remembered.

And now you'll feel what it means to be seen.

A tendril slides between her legs.

Another coils around her breasts.

Her body jerks in the air—legs **forced apart**, thighs trembling as the first thick limb presses **up against her slit**, hot and slick with Veillight. It doesn't enter.

Yet.

Instead—it lifts her higher, rotating her slowly in the center of the mirrored chamber until she's face to face with **every version of herself being fucked.**

She moans—just a little.

And every reflection **moans with her.**

The sound multiplies, echoing off the mirrors, filling the space like a **symphony of want**. The pleasure **feeds back into her**—her nipples harden again, her clit throbs. She feels every version of her *swell, leak, gape, clench*—as if their orgasms are **syncing with hers.**

The tendril at her sex **teases her slit.**

One at her nipple **tugs**—hard.

Her back arches, cunt pulsing, and her reflection—**all of them—scream in sync.**

He hasn't even entered her yet.

And she's already coming.

Because this isn't just her anymore.

It's **all of her.**

She shouldn't be able to feel this much.

Her pussy is soaked—**dripping**, twitching in midair, held open by coils of living shadow that move like smoke but grip like heat. The tendril at her slit presses inward again—just the tip—and she gasps.

And in the mirrors around her, she sees it:
Every version of herself **gasps too**.

Clones of pleasure.

Mouths open. Nipples hard. Legs spread.
All of them moaning her moan.
All of them feeling **this same stretch**.

The Living Shadow wraps a second tendril around her waist, pulling her hips forward—**welcoming the breach**. The tip slides into her sex with a wet, sucking sound. **It sinks slowly**, inch by inch, splitting her open with divine pressure.

Her walls pulse. Clench. **Drink it in**.

And across the chamber, **dozens of her** do the same.

One Mara throws her head back as the shadow fucks her from behind.
Another screams, bent backward with her legs over her shoulders, **gaping as thick black coils pound her cunt**.
Another kneels, tentacles stuffing her holes from every angle, milk dripping from her breasts as she shakes from orgasm.

The reflection directly in front of her—a **perfect mirror**—shows her current self:
Floating, open, wet, and being **split in real time**.

The tendril inside her curls upward—brushing her G-spot.

She twitches.

Another slides against her ass—probing, teasing.
A third wraps around her thigh and pulls her wider.
A fourth licks across her clit—**just once**—and her body **detonates**.

She comes.
Hard.
Helpless.

Her cunt spasms around the tendril inside her, clenching it so tightly it **throbs** with sacred pressure. Slick pours from her hole, dripping onto the unseen floor below. Milk beads from her nipples. Her head drops back as she cries out—and around her, **every reflection breaks with her**.

The chamber **erupts in sound**.

Dozens of Maras **screaming**.

Begging.

Writhing.

Coming.

And she feels **every single one**.

The pleasure ricochets between mirrors, **amplifying, returning, stacking**. Her orgasm isn't just her own anymore—it's a **chorus**. A feedback loop of overstimulation. Her clit throbs again. Her womb clenches.

The Living Shadow growls—not in warning, but in *worship*.

You were never meant for one pleasure.

You were made to feel every version of it. At once.

He slams the tendril **deeper**.

Her belly bulges—just a little. Her sex **gapes**, stretched around him. Her reflection moans in sync. Her nipples squirt glowing milk in twin streams as her next orgasm *builds instantly*.

She's not recovering.

She's **escalating**.

Because now—

he enters her ass.

A second tendril, thicker, curved and slick, presses into her rear with perfect control—stretching her tight, slick ring until it gives, sliding inside in one long, unbroken thrust.

She **screams again**.

And so do **all of her**.

She's not just full.

She's **crowning with shadow**.

Both holes are stuffed—**pussy and ass stretched wide** around slick, writhing tendrils that pulse with sacred heat. Her body floats weightless, trembling as her womb clenches and tightens, already preparing to be **seeded again**.

And all around her—every mirrored Mara is the same.

Some are being pounded, fast and brutal, milk spraying from their breasts.
Some are suspended like her—bellies already **round**, faces broken in bliss.
One is on her knees, moaning as her belly **pulses with visible movement** inside.
Another is gaped wide, womb throbbing, begging for more.

The Living Shadow's voice slides through her ribs.

*One womb was never enough.
So I multiplied you.
Now you'll be filled in every realm.*

His tendrils **thrust in unison**.

Into her cunt.
Into her ass.
Into her shadow.

She jerks as they hit the deepest point.
Her belly **bulges forward**—pushed outward by the thickness now curled inside her. Her womb clenches like it's **suctioning the shadow deeper**, demanding to be bred.

Her nipples spurt milk again, and her reflection moans with her—eyes wild, pussy drooling. The mirrors vibrate with sound.

And then—**he starts to come**.

It begins as heat.

A pulsing, molten flood that slams into her womb and **forces a scream from her throat**. It's thick. Endless. Divine. Her belly immediately **rises**—inch by inch, **rounding with every surge** of sacred seed pumped into her.

She watches it happen in the mirror.
Feels it stretch her walls.
Sees the other Maras swell too.

One drops to all fours, belly heavy, cunt leaking.
Another collapses to her back, rubbing her swollen womb with glazed, worshipful eyes.
All of them pant. Moan. **Glow**.

Her own orgasm strikes without mercy.

Her pussy spasms, clenching around the tendril. Her ass ripples. Her nipples squirt twin arcs of milk that float weightlessly in the space around her. Her throat goes raw from the scream—but the scream won't stop.

Because **he doesn't stop**.

The Living Shadow pumps **again**. And again.

She feels it **slosh** inside her.

Her belly stretches further. The skin glows, marked with dark runes as her body **ripens in real time**.

The tendrils in her twitch. Press. Expand.

And the final thrust is **everything**.

Her entire womb **contracts**, locking around the shadow inside her. Her belly crowns with Veillight. Her clit detonates. Her moans break into sobs as every reflection—**every Mara**—climaxes with her.

A full mirrored chamber of screams. Of squirts. Of shadow-thickened bellies rising in time.

And at the center of it all, **she floats**, glowing and stuffed beyond reason, her mind barely holding together.

And she hears him again.

One more.

You have one more place left for me.

She should be broken.

She should be done—stuffed, soaked, shivering—her womb swollen, her ass dripping, her cunt stretched wide around **living shadow still pulsing with heat**.

But she's not done.

She's **still opening**.

The tendrils inside her shift—**not withdrawing—anchoring**. They curl deep in her womb, coiling and pulsing, making her belly twitch and **glow like a sacred lantern**. Her ass is still plugged. Her clit throbs. Her breasts are swollen and **leaking milk in thick, glowing droplets**.

And then the chamber changes.

Every mirror turns black for just a moment.

And when they light again—**each reflection is staring directly at her**.

Hundreds of Maras.

Identical. Breeding-swollen. Milk-drunk. Wrecked.

And they all **smile**.

*He's already inside you, they whisper in one voice.
But now—he wants the part you thought was yours.*

Mara gasps.

And the shadow wraps around her skull.

It doesn't choke.

It **enters**.

A tendril of liquid night slides down her forehead, curls around her temple, and **sinks into her mind**. Not violently—like smoke in reverse. Like a kiss pressed deep against the **walls of her thoughts**.

Her body jerks. Her eyes roll back.

And her soul—

splits.

For one moment, she sees **what he sees**:

All of her reflections.

All of her holes.

All of her thoughts.

All of her wombs, crowned and claimed and sacred.

She's not just Mara anymore.

She's **them**.

She's **his**.

A mirrored goddess of shadowlight, crowned in moans, **reborn in possession**.

The tendril in her mind throbs—once.

Twice.

And then **melts into her**.

Her orgasm erupts like a **supernova**.

Her clit convulses. Her cunt squeezes down so tight the tendril inside her **jerks violently**. Milk explodes from her breasts. Her ass flexes, squirting sacred slick around the thick coil buried deep. Her belly pulses outward, bulging one last time—**glowing like a second sun**.

Every reflection screams with her.

Every mirror cracks.

And in the center of the chamber, Mara moans—

“I am yours.”

The Living Shadow’s voice surrounds her, inside and out.

You always were.

The mirrors shatter.

Light explodes.

And when it clears—

Mara lies on her back in her own bed, legs spread, womb full, skin glowing, mind **still echoing with moans that aren’t hers alone.**

The mirror in her bedroom is whole again.

But her reflection?

Still moves when she doesn’t.

[END OF BONUS SCENE]

She was never just a woman.

She was every version of desire.

And now she is his. Forever.

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