

BONUS SCENE: The Mirror Breeding Ritual

The mirror isn't glass anymore.

It breathes.

It pulses.

It **moans**.

Eve stands naked before it—lips parted, thighs still slick from the last time he touched her without touching her. Her nipples are swollen. Her womb aches. And her reflection doesn't match her.

It's already **open**.

Legs spread.

Eyes rolled back.

Hands pressed to the glass as if begging to be filled again.

Then she hears it.

His voice.

Come in, little altar.

Let me show you what you look like when you bloom.

The surface of the mirror ripples.

And she steps through.

Instantly, the air changes.

She's weightless. Drifting. Suspended in a space of endless glass—**walls made of mirror**, each reflecting **dozens of versions of herself**. Some on their knees. Some bent over. Some already *moaning*, already *leaking*, already *fucking nothing but air*.

And in every one—

He's there.

The Hollow Beast.

All shadow and pressure. Tentacles like liquid night. Glowing eyes. Starfire veins. A mouth that doesn't open, but speaks directly into her pulse.

She can't move.
She doesn't need to.

He's already inside her.

A tendril slides up her thigh. Another coils around her breasts, lifting them, squeezing until a bead of milk drips from her nipple—**even though she's not supposed to be lactating.**

She gasps. Her pussy clenches.

And he's **there.**

Behind her. Around her. Through her.

*You came here to be taken.
Now you'll be taken by all of me.*

A thick tentacle pushes between her legs.

It doesn't tease.
It **enters.**

Slick. Hot. Deep.
Her body opens instantly—**welcoming him like it remembers him**, like her womb was shaped to hold him.

She screams.

And all the mirrors **scream with her.**

Dozens of Eves. All being filled. Fucked. Spread.

And each one's orgasm **feeds back into her.**

She's not just being fucked.
She's being **multiplied.**

And her womb?
It's **already swelling.**

The tentacle inside her is thick—**impossibly thick**—and still **growing.**

It curls upward with each thrust, stroking her G-spot from the inside while a second tendril slips between her ass cheeks and **presses at her rear**, slick and slow and patient.

Her body shakes.

But the mirrors around her?

They're already gone.

One version of her is on her knees—**choking on a tentacle**, tears running down her face as her belly swells outward.

Another is bent over, ass stretched wide, milk dripping from her breasts as a thick tendril pumps into her cunt.

A third is upside down, legs bound in vine-like shadow, her belly **glowing** with Voidlight.

And every time one of them comes—

Eve feels it.

Her clit **pulses**, untouched.

Her nipples **leak** in rhythm with moans that aren't hers.

She's being fucked from behind now—**one tentacle in her pussy, another pushing into her ass**, slow but unstoppable. Her body is lifted and spread in the air, arms weightless, head thrown back.

And then—

A third tendril slips up between her breasts, curling over her collarbone, **sliding into her mouth**.

She doesn't resist.

She opens.

And now she's filled in every hole.

Every thrust is mirrored.

Every version of her is moving in sync.

Every moan **layers on top of the last**.

And she breaks.

Her first orgasm hits like a crash through the glass.

Her pussy **tightens**, clenching down hard enough that the tentacle inside her **bulges**, throbbing as it begins to flood her.

Her ass pulses.

Her mouth gags.

Her nipples spray milk across her chest as her back arches and her belly starts to **rise**.

She's swelling.

Already.

Full.

Not just from him—

From **every** version of him.

From every mirrored Eve, **each of them coming at once**, each one being bred in perfect sync.

And the Hollow Beast?

He's moaning too.

But not aloud.

Through her.

Inside her skull. Inside her womb. Inside her reflection.

He whispers:

You are the gate.

You are the echo.

You are the mother of every moan.

And she screams again.

Because it's too much.

And it's not enough.

And she can't stop now.

She's past moaning now.

She's **singing**—

A shattered, trembling sound that echoes through the mirrored chamber like a sacred scream on loop.

Her body is fully claimed.

One tentacle in her cunt.

One in her ass.

One in her mouth.

And all of them are **moving**, deeper and faster, grinding against her insides like they're wringing her out from every angle. She can't close her legs. Can't look away. Can't think.

But she doesn't need to.

Because her reflections are coming **with her**.

One version is upside-down, legs shaking as thick shadow pours out of her ruined pussy.
Another clutches her own glowing belly, watching it **twitch and stretch** with divine pressure.
A third is screaming into the mirror—**mouth open, tongue out, eyes white**—her breasts squirting milk as she climaxes so hard she collapses.

They are all her.
And she is **all of them**.

And when they all **come together**—
She explodes.

Her pussy clenches down hard—**milking the tentacle inside her**, pulling it deeper, begging for more even as it throbs and begins to **flood her**.

Hot. Endless. Viscous.

The first surge hits her womb like a wave—
And then another.
And another.

Her belly **bulges** in real time, visibly rounding, **overfilling** with so much thick sacred flood she starts leaking before he's even finished.

Her ass clenches around the second tendril—**and it releases too**, coating her insides with more heat, more pressure, more *him*.

And her throat—
She swallows every drop.
Every pulse.
Every breathless, wordless, **whispered command**.

Her body is shaking.
Her breasts are spraying.
And her womb?

Glowing.

Marked.

Not with a symbol.

With **life**.

The Hollow Beast's voice pours into her skull, low and thunderous:

You weren't meant to survive me.
You were meant to contain me.
And now you do.

The mirrors ripple.

Her reflections begin to **blur**, their outlines bending, distorting.

And then—**collapsing**.

They fold into her.

One by one.
Each version of Eve.
Each moaning, milk-leaking, seed-swollen body—

Folding into her own.

She gasps as she takes them in.
Their pleasure.
Their climax.
Their fullness.

Her belly swells again—**beyond logic now**. Round, perfect, sacred. Her skin glows.

And she knows:

She isn't leaving the mirror.

Her body isn't hers anymore.

It's **his altar**.
His echo.
His **home**.

Eve floats, suspended in mirrorlight, her limbs limp and dripping. Her cunt twitches—**seed still leaking** in sacred pulses down her thighs. Her ass is wet and gaping. Her lips, parted in silence, still taste like shadow and heat.

And her womb...

Stretched. Glowing. Crowning with pressure.

The rune above her navel pulses with light—an endless, burning orbit that signals she's been **filled beyond reason, bred beyond breaking, transformed beyond human**.

She blinks.

There are no more reflections.
No more versions of her.
Just one.

And it's not human anymore.

Her skin shines like glass. Her veins run dark with starlight. Her eyes flicker with the Hollow. Her pulse? It doesn't beat.

It **echoes**.

I am yours, she whispers, even though her mouth never moves.
And you are mine.

The Hollow Beast surrounds her—no longer invading, no longer pressing—just **curled around her like worship**, like breath, like reverence.

He speaks again, but not aloud:

You let me out.
Now you will never leave.

A vine of shadow coils around her belly—gently.
Her clit pulses one last time.
Her breasts leak down her chest in glowing arcs.

And then the mirror begins to **seal**.

Not behind her.

Around her.

She gasps as the mirrored world hardens, pulling her inside. The light folds in. Her throne reforms beneath her—glass, shadow, womb-ridden and perfect.

She's not returning to the real world.

She is the mirror now.

Her reflection will be the next woman's warning.
Or invitation.
Or prophecy.

Because she doesn't scream anymore.

She **moans silently**, forever.

One hand on her belly.
One leg parted.
And her eyes—glowing and wet—fixed on whoever dares look too long.

Because she didn't just let the Hollow Beast out.

She let him **in**.

And now he lives inside her.

[END OF BONUS SCENE]

She's not trapped.

She's claimed.

And her moans still echo through the mirror—if you listen close enough.
