

BONUS SCENE: *The Moonbound Offering*

The moon hung low and swollen above the obsidian spires of the Fae Lord's court, glowing red as blood. A hundred candles flickered in iron sconces. The walls of the throne room dripped with vines that pulsed like veins beneath translucent bark. And at the center of it all, **she knelt**—naked, trembling, adorned in nothing but chains of silver and blooming thorns.

The court had gathered for her. Not to judge. Not to punish.
To *witness*.

Tonight was the **Moonbound Offering**—an ancient rite, lost to mortals, remembered only by those who had lived a thousand years and still hungered for one thing: **to watch their king ruin his chosen mate**.

She wasn't afraid. Not anymore.

She'd been claimed already. Touched, taken, filled. But this... this was different.

This was **public worship. Unholy consummation**.
She would be bound to him in body, in power, in **seed**—in front of them all.

Her thighs pressed together as the silence thickened. Her nipples peaked in the cold air, every breath dragging her chain collar tighter against her throat. The floor beneath her pulsed, warm with magic. Her pussy throbbed in anticipation, already slick, already aching. She could feel him in the room.

He was near.

The Fae Lord didn't enter—he **arrived**.

The court parted like breath from lungs. Velvet cloaks dragged over stone. Wings folded. Horns gleamed. And then he was there, towering above her, radiant with power, his eyes glowing silver and mouth curled into something between possession and praise.

He wore no crown. He *didn't need one*.

He wore only his skin—moon-pale, tattooed with runes that shimmered as they crawled over his muscles, down his hips, wrapping around the base of his cock like enchanted vines. He was **already hard**, thick and curved, tip flushed violet and **dripping magic** like molten starlight.

"Look at them," he murmured, voice thick as velvet. "All of them here... just to see how a mortal whore becomes a queen."

She gasped—but she didn't look away.

He circled her once, slow and silent, letting the court see her. See her wetness glistening down her thighs. See the way her cunt clenched around nothing, desperate to be filled. See the trembling anticipation she couldn't hide.

"She kneels willingly," he said to the assembly, his voice echoing off ancient stone. "She offers herself freely. To be opened. Claimed. Bound. Before the eyes of those who will swear fealty... to *my mate*."

Her pulse roared in her ears as his fingers slid under her chin, tilting her face up to meet his gaze.

"You still wish to offer yourself, little one?"

She swallowed. "Yes, my lord."

He smiled—and it was **cruel**. Beautiful. Ravenous.

"Then tonight, you will come for me until the moon breaks. You will scream loud enough to make the stars tremble. And when I spill inside you before the court, they will know you belong to me."

He stepped back and turned to the crowd.

"Let it be known—none may touch her. None may speak. Only watch. Only *witness*."

And with that, he snapped his fingers.

The vines surged from the floor, slick and glowing, wrapping around her wrists, spreading her wide. Her knees lifted from the ground. Her back arched. She was lifted—**offered**—like a feast on a plate.

The room went still.

The court watched.

And the Fae Lord stepped between her legs.

Suspended midair by glowing vines, she hung like a painting of lust and devotion—arms outstretched, legs spread wide, chest rising with every desperate breath. Her slick heat dripped down her thighs, glistening in the firelight, the scent of her **driving the court mad** in their silence.

The Fae Lord stepped forward, his cock heavy and flushed, trailing faint sparks of starlight with every step. But he didn't enter her. **Not yet**.

He dropped to his knees.

The court exhaled as one.

He didn't touch her with hands first—he touched her with **breath**. A long, slow exhale across her folds, letting the heat of his mouth tease the slickness already shining there. She whimpered, back arching, muscles trembling.

“Beautiful,” he murmured, his voice just for her. “Willing. *Wet.*”

And then his tongue was on her.

Not gentle. Not delicate. **Feral.**

He *devoured* her, tongue plunging between her folds with growling hunger, licking her like he was starving. His lips sealed over her clit, sucking hard, flicking in brutal, rhythmic pulses that had her shaking within seconds.

She moaned. The vines held her tighter. The court remained silent—but their magic shifted, the very air around them vibrating with arousal.

Her head rolled back. Her thighs shook.

Then—**magic**.

His tongue **glowed**. Not visibly, not to the court—but inside her.

Every lick left a trail of warmth that *stayed*, pulsing against her nerves.

Every flick of his tongue layered on top of the last, until her body became an *echo chamber of pleasure*, every nerve lit, every twitch multiplied.

He pulled back just long enough to speak.

“I want them to see it all,” he rasped. “I want them to see your cunt bloom. Your body break. Your thighs tremble when I make you come undone for the first time.”

Then his fingers joined the feast.

Two, thick and soaked, plunged inside her in one smooth thrust. She cried out, muscles clenching as the slick squelch of her arousal echoed through the stone chamber. The vines responded—tightening, pulsing, **stroking her breasts** with featherlight touches while her nipples stiffened under their attention.

He twisted his fingers. Curled them. Found that perfect spot and pressed—hard.

“Come for me,” he growled, lips dragging over her swollen clit. “Come with the court watching. Let them see what it means to be mine.”

And she did.

Explosively.

Her scream cracked through the room like thunder, her body convulsing as her orgasm tore through her, soaking his mouth, his wrist, the vines. Her vision whited out. Her legs shook so hard the vines had to hold her steady.

The court watched, mesmerized.

And the Fae Lord?

He licked her clean. Slowly. Lazily. Like a man enjoying dessert.

But he wasn't finished.

The vines adjusted, spreading her wider. A slick, narrow tendril slithered up between her cheeks, teasing her second hole—gliding with practiced precision.

She gasped, overstimulated and panting. "Please—"

He stood, towering above her now, cock rigid and twitching.

"Not yet," he murmured. "They haven't seen you *break*."

He turned to the court. "The offering has been blessed. Her body is ready. The claiming begins."

She was dripping.

Mouth parted, eyes glassy, body stretched and trembling—**every inch of her was soaked** in anticipation, in his magic, in her own wreckage. The vines held her wide open, offered like prey to a god.

The Fae Lord stepped between her thighs, his cock now fully veined with glowing sigils, thick and pulsing, the blunt tip leaking liquid light that shimmered as it dripped.

The court held its collective breath.

He lined himself up—and pressed forward.

The **stretch** was obscene. She cried out, hips jerking, but the vines held her still. Every inch dragged fire through her soaked cunt. The head breached, then the first thick ridge, then more—**and more**, until she swore she was being split in two.

And still he kept going.

"Take it," he growled, voice sharp with dominance. "Take *all* of me. Let them see how well your body accepts its king."

Her walls spasmed around him, trying to adjust, but he was too big. Too thick. Too *much*. The pressure had her gasping, moaning, mind fraying at the edges. And when his hips finally met her thighs—when she'd taken the entire monstrous length—he **stilled**.

Letting her feel it.

All of it.

The fullness. The stretch. The surrender.

She was stuffed to the hilt, every pulse of his cock triggering another tremble in her legs. And then—he moved.

Not slow.

Not teasing.

Savage.

He **slammed** into her, hips snapping forward with feral rhythm, the slap of skin on skin echoing through the throne room like music. Her breasts bounced, her moans broke into whimpers, her clit throbbed with every brutal grind of his hips.

The audience didn't move.

They watched their king **destroy** his chosen mate.

Her second orgasm hit fast—violently—her inner walls clenching so hard around him she swore she could feel him swell deeper.

And that's when the vine slipped inside her other hole.

Slick. Pulsing. Coated in magical fluid that numbed and aroused at once. It didn't tease this time. It **entered**, slow but firm, stretching her until she was doubly full, gasping and gasping as she took it, as he fucked her harder to match it.

She screamed.

She sobbed.

She *came again*—harder, wetter, her juices gushing down her thighs, soaking his hips, the floor, the vines.

"Look at her," he growled, thrusting deep, his knot starting to swell at the base. "Dripping. Shaking. *Starving* for more."

He bent low, lips against her ear.

"You want the knot, little fae whore? Want to be locked to your king like a good little offering?"

"Yes," she gasped, barely coherent. "Please. Knot me. Knot me—**fuck me until I break—**"

He roared.

One final thrust—and the **knot caught**.

Thick. Swollen. Locked inside her with a savage snap, forcing her body to take **every drop** as his cock pulsed deep, **flooding her womb** with magical seed that glowed faintly beneath her skin.

Her stomach rose slightly, distending with the heat and fullness of it. Her body convulsed again—**coming as he came**, pleasure tangled with pain, with magic, with *submission*.

The court remained frozen.

Enchanted. Aroused. Awed.

And the Fae Lord stood still, locked inside her, panting hard, sweat gleaming on his chest, seed dripping from between her thighs where it couldn't all fit.

She hung limp in the vines.

Ruined.

Glowing.

His.

Silence fell like a velvet blade.

She hung limp in the vines, trembling, dripping, her body **glowing faintly from within**. Magic shimmered beneath her skin, pulsing with each sluggish beat of her overwhelmed heart. Her legs were still spread wide, cunt twitching around the Fae Lord's **locked, throbbing knot**, stretched open and filled to the edge of breaking.

His seed was leaking out around the base.

Running down her thighs.

Pooling on the stone floor below.

She didn't speak.

She couldn't.

She floated in the sacred haze between pleasure and destruction.

And then—he moved.

Not away. Not out. Just closer. His body pressed against hers, arms wrapping around her waist, claws trailing gently up her spine.

“My perfect offering,” he whispered into her sweat-damp hair. “My queen.”

The knot slowly, finally, began to recede, every inch retreating with a slick pop that made her moan—exhausted, overstimulated, *owned*. When he slipped from her body, more seed spilled down her legs, thick and shimmering, her holes still stretched wide, lips swollen and twitching from the brutal pace of his fucking.

The vines gently lowered her, laying her on a velvet-covered altar now soaked with fluids and magic.

Her eyes fluttered open.

And she saw them.

The **entire court**, still frozen in reverent silence, staring not at him—**but at her**.

At her wrecked, glowing body.

At the mortal girl who had been claimed by their king and survived it. *Transcended it*.

He turned to them, voice low, but resonant.

“Let it be known,” he said, chest rising with each breath. “She is no longer offering. No longer sacrifice.”

He stepped beside her, pulling her upright—still trembling, still leaking.

“She is **Moonbound**. My consort. My crown. My equal.”

He bent and kissed the inside of her thigh—just above where her pussy was still dripping, still gaping—and then lifted the glistening nectar to his lips with two fingers, licking them clean as the court **bowed as one**.

Not a single head remained upright.

Not a single breath was drawn until he spoke again.

“Let the moon witness her glory. Let the magic stay sealed within her. Let her *drip with proof* until dawn.”

And the vines responded—gently closing her thighs, sealing in the warmth, the seed, the sacred filth of her coronation.

He wrapped her in his cloak, lifted her into his arms, and turned his back on the court.

Because his prize had been claimed.

And everyone—**everyone**—knew now:

The Fae Lord had no queen but *her*.

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