

BONUS SCENE: The Temple Breeding

Serah thought she'd already been claimed.

She thought the ritual on the altar—the split, the fill, the branding—was the end. The culmination. The moment the God of Wrath poured into her womb and made her his.

She was wrong.

That was **just the invitation**.

Now she lies deep beneath the earth, in the **hidden sanctum** of the ruined temple. A place no one has entered in a thousand years. The walls are carved with god-script—runes that pulse in time with her heartbeat. And beneath her, the altar is **alive**.

It breathes.

She's **impaled** on it.

Not by his cock—**not yet**—but by the altar itself: a thick, living column of divine stone that rose the moment she was lowered onto it, parting her slick folds with impossible heat and **sliding up into her** inch by inch. It doesn't thrust.

It **holds** her.

Wide. Full. Ready.

Her legs are splayed open, knees raised, thighs trembling. Her arms are stretched above her, bound in golden root-vines that drip molten sap across her breasts. Her nipples are **already leaking**—thick, sweet, tinged with fire.

And still, she moans.

Because the altar inside her doesn't just fill—it **shifts**. Pulses. Sings.

It's preparing her.

He is coming.

The shadows ripple. The temple groans. Her breath catches.

And then—he appears.

The God of Wrath.

Towering. Glowing. Horned. Naked.

His cock is already **thick and flexing**, dripping with divine heat, dark veins glowing like magma beneath stone. His eyes burn straight into her womb.

He doesn't speak.

He steps forward—and **kneels between her legs**.

She gasps. "I—I can't—"

He places one hand on her belly.

And **presses**.

The altar inside her shifts higher. Her back arches. Her breasts squirt a stream of glowing milk that splashes across her belly and chest. Her cunt **clenches around the stone**, a wet, divine pulse that makes the runes in the walls flicker.

He leans in.

His mouth doesn't touch her lips.
It touches her **womb**.

And when he speaks—**he speaks into it**.

You are not mine yet.

Not truly.

You must take me and the altar together.

You must be crowned from both sides.

Serah sobs, already trembling, already opening further.

Then—**he mounts her**.

One thrust.

That's all it takes.

His cock slams into her **on top of the altar shaft**, stretching her *around both*. Her scream echoes off the walls, shatters old stone, makes vines unfurl from the ceiling.

She is **split**.

Stuffed.

Hollowed and filled again.

And she can feel **her womb stretching**. Ready.

She wasn't just brought here to be filled.

She was brought to **crown**.

Serah is **not just full**.

She's impaled—from **below by the altar**, and now from above by a god.

And somehow, her body still wants more.

The altar doesn't just sit inside her—it **moves**. Slowly. Reverently. Like it's alive and praying. Its stone shaft pulses with low, glowing warmth, and every time the God of Wrath thrusts into her, the altar **responds**, curling upward inside her womb as if to **meet him**.

They're fucking her in tandem.

One from above.

One from below.

And both trying to reach her soul.

She screams—but it's not fear. It's worship. Her cunt is **overstretched**, twitching in sacred resistance. Her belly bulges with every deep thrust, her womb clenching like it's trying to wrap itself around both intruders at once.

And her milk?

It sprays.

The vines across her chest tighten and squeeze, pressing her heavy breasts together until they **overflow**, milk arcing in glowing streams that splash across her belly and thighs, some landing in her own open mouth.

She's not a girl anymore.

She's a **vessel**.

And the God knows it.

He leans over her, mouth at her throat, voice vibrating through her ribs:

You think this is just for me?

This is your coronation.

You will bloom beneath me.

The altar **shifts** again—this time curling deeper, forcing a moan from her that sounds like a *prayer screamed through fire*.

And then—something **changes**.

The vines at her ankles begin to bloom.
Glowing flowers open across her calves, thighs, hips.

One at her navel.

Another above her womb.

The temple pulses in rhythm.
The runes on the walls glow **brighter**.

And inside her?
The altar shaft begins to **split**.

Not apart—but **into petals**.

Her cunt stretches wider, impossibly, as the smooth stone inside her **unfurls**, blooming open like a flower **inside her womb**, pressing against every inch of her from the inside.

She gasps—eyes wide, chest heaving—**and comes**.

Her entire body convulses.

Her clit **explodes with sensation**.

Milk **jets**.

Her womb **contracts**, sucking both the altar and the god **deeper**.

The glow spreads down her legs. Her toes curl. Her vision whites out.

And the God of Wrath does not stop.

He grabs her hips.

And begins to thrust in earnest.

Hard. Deep. Relentless.

The altar **blooming inside her**, pulsing with every stroke.

Her womb is being **crowned**.

And her screams are turning into **song**.

Because this isn't a punishment.

It's an **ascension**.

And Serah is **ready to burst**.

Serah is **no longer moaning—she's vibrating**.

Her cunt is stretched **wider than should be possible**, pulsing and overflowing as she's split between the **living altar blooming inside her** and the **God of Wrath pounding her from above**, both now **locked in sacred rhythm**.

Her womb can't tell where one ends and the other begins.

Every thrust drives the altar deeper—its petaled root now **cupped fully around her cervix**, blooming with light. The god's cock pushes it harder, deeper, as if he's trying to **force the bloom to open even more**.

Her belly tightens again.

Then again.

She's swelling. **Visibly**.

She can't even speak now—just scream.

Her voice echoes off the chamber walls, triggering runes to **burn brighter**, vines to **twist and moan**, and stone to **crack beneath the throne**.

She's **milking herself**.

Her nipples gush milk in desperate arcs, splashing down her stomach, soaking the vines beneath her. The altar hungrily absorbs every drop like it's part of the ritual.

And then the god grabs her throat.

Not hard. Not cruel.

Just to hold her **still** as he speaks directly into her pulse.

You are not the sacrifice.

You are the crown.

And now you'll wear me inside you forever.

He **slams forward**—

And at the same moment, the altar pulses upward.

Hard. Deep. Final.

Her eyes fly wide.

Her body locks.

And her **womb erupts**.

Not in pain.

In **divine detonation**.

She comes like a temple collapsing—
One pulse.

Then a second.

Then an endless **series of aftershocks** that tear the breath from her lungs and force her body to **milk both intruders at once**.

The altar floods her from below.
The god floods her from above.

Her belly expands, round and sacred, glowing as her womb becomes a **sacred bowl of seed and light**.

She's leaking from every hole.

Her ass clenches and releases in waves.
Her cunt grips and won't let go.
Her nipples **spray**, soaking her chest and thighs.
Her thighs twitch. Her back arches. Her toes curl.

And through it all—

She smiles.

Tears stream down her face.
She can feel the **crown forming inside her**.
A sacred ring of power. Of devotion. Of unbearable pleasure.

And her voice—hoarse, raw, sacred—finally returns.

"Yes," she sobs. "*Breed me into a goddess.*"

The altar trembles.

The god growls.

And the temple prepares to **collapse into glory**.

Serah doesn't breathe anymore.

She pulses.

Every part of her body is **alive with godfire**—skin flushed and glowing, milk dripping, womb round and twitching with divine weight. Her belly rises like the crest of a wave, too full, too sacred, **too claimed**.

The altar inside her has gone still—**bloom fully unfurled** within her womb, like a root system wrapping her from the inside. She can feel the petals caressing her cervix, curled around the **heat the God of Wrath poured into her**, keeping it **locked** inside.

And the god?

He's not thrusting anymore.

He's *kneeling*.

His head bowed between her legs. His hands cradling her thighs.

Worshiping the destruction he caused.

The queen he made.

Above them, the temple ceiling begins to **crack**—a slow spiral fracture as the chamber itself responds to her transformation. The runes on the walls burn white-hot, then vanish.

The altar is no longer her bed.
It is her **throne**.

She can feel the roots inside her begin to **stitch into her womb**, gently anchoring themselves—**permanent. Pulsing. Alive**. Her belly pulses again, not with pain, but with presence. Her body is no longer separate from the temple.

She *is* the temple.

She moans—low, primal, drenched in bliss—and the vines across her breasts pulse in sync, squeezing and **milking her** in slow, tender waves.

"I feel it," she whispers. "I feel... *everything*."

The god lifts his head.

His face is softened now. Still monstrous. Still burning. But his eyes are fixed on her belly with something near awe.

You are not mortal anymore.

She nods.

She **knows**.

Her spine rises from the stone, but the altar moves with her—lifting her upright, tilting her hips so that the fullness of her pregnant, worshiped womb is on display. The golden root-vines at her ankles **bloom fully**, twisting into a living lattice of throne and altar, curling upward along her thighs, wrapping across her back.

She is **enthroned in herself**.

Milk trickles from her nipples. Her cunt still drips with blended seed and sap. Her throat hums with unspent moans.

And beneath her skin—
Something stirs.

She gasps.

Hands curl around her belly. Her own, shaking, reverent.

Because something inside her womb has begun to move.

Not violently.
Not painfully.
But **with intent**.

With **life**.

The god rises to his feet, massive and glowing. He places his palm over her navel and leans in.

“You’re not just my queen now,” he whispers.
“You’re my beginning.”

Serah smiles through tears.

And just as the last vines curl around her waist, sealing her to the throne, her body—**and the temple**—begin to glow as one.

Crowned in ruin.
Filled with god.
And already pregnant with the next world.

[END OF BONUS SCENE]

She wasn’t sacrificed.

She was reborn.

And now, she rules from a throne carved inside her womb.

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