

BONUS SCENE: THE ALTAR ABOVE

An exclusive bonus scene from Claimed by the Kraken

The sea was calmer than it should've been.

Lira stood naked atop a jagged, moss-veined rock rising from the center of a forgotten reef. The moonlight bathed her glowing skin in silver, streaked with the remnants of his seed—still thick inside her, still dripping down her thighs in warm, slow rivulets. She trembled, not from cold, but from what she knew was coming.

Vaegor was near.

He hadn't spoken since dragging her to the surface—hadn't used his voice, his tentacles, or his cocks. Just his **presence**, coiling around her like a storm waiting to strike. He hadn't touched her once since rising from the deep.

And that was the problem.

She needed him to.

Her thighs clenched at the memory of what he'd done to her in the trench—how he'd filled her, stretched her, left her leaking and trembling for hours. And now he stood just below the waterline, massive and motionless, glowing eyes fixed on her with a gaze that saw **everything**.

The new altar wasn't like the first. It wasn't sacred.

It was punishment.

"You brought me up here," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "But you haven't touched me. Why?"

The water rippled. Not from the wind.

From him.

You forgot something, little mate, Vaegor said, his voice sliding through her mind like brine and thunder. You forgot who you belong to when you stared up at the stars like you missed the surface.

She stiffened.

"I didn't mean—"

Silence.

A tentacle surfaced beside the rock—slow, deliberate, massive. It coiled around the base of the stone without rising higher. Another joined it. Then a third. All thick, slick, pulsing faintly with the same glow now etched across her belly.

You gave yourself to the deep. You drank my seed. You begged to stay. And then you looked to the sky like you wanted to climb back into the air.

He paused.

Tell me, little mate...

Should I remind you why you'll never leave the sea again?

Her pulse skipped.

She didn't answer.

She didn't have to.

She spread her legs.

The tentacles moved instantly.

One wrapped her ankle. Another curled around her waist. A third snaked behind her neck, tilting her head up, forcing her to keep her eyes on the stars she had dared to long for.

She was pulled to the center of the rock altar—arms spread, legs parted, spine arched like a sacrificial offering to something darker than the gods above.

Vaegor rose.

Slow. Relentless.

The sea peeled back for him like it missed him already. His massive body emerged inch by inch—shoulders broad, arms slick and veined with stormlight, his twin cocks thick and hard and already leaking.

But he didn't touch her.

Not yet.

Instead, he circled the rock slowly, dragging one clawed hand across the stone's edge as if tasting her submission in the air.

You want the sky? he growled, circling closer. Then scream into it.

She trembled.

"Please..."

The tentacle at her ankle lifted, dragging her foot higher until she was spread wide, bare to the night, trembling with need. Her core throbbed. Her lips parted.

And then—

He struck.

A single tentacle curled around her breast, tugging her nipple with sharp, slick precision. Another slipped between her thighs—not into her—but across her slit in one smooth, maddening stroke.

She cried out.

He did it again.

Slower.

Harder.

Until she was gasping.

Dripping.

Begging.

Say it, he growled. Say you belong to the sea. Say you're mine.

"I'm yours," she gasped, arching as the tentacle flicked her clit. "I'm yours, I'm the sea's—please—"

He didn't make her beg again.

He rewarded her with two tentacles at once—one sliding into her pussy, slick and stretching, the other teasing her back entrance with a pulsing promise.

She sobbed with relief.

And from the water below, he smiled.

You want to worship the stars?

Then let them see what devotion really looks like.

He thrust both limbs at once—filling her, stretching her, forcing her body to remember what it was made for.

She screamed into the night sky.

And the sea answered.

The twin tentacles moved with cruel, perfect rhythm—one thrusting deep into her pussy, the other circling her back entrance with slow, deliberate pressure. Neither rushed. Neither relented.

Lira's legs shook in their grip, her thighs slick with brine and her own slick, stretched wide on the stone as if her body were nothing but a living altar now—open, glistening, trembling.

She moaned into the sky, the stars nothing but pale witnesses to the way she writhed beneath her god.

The tentacle in her cunt pulsed, expanding slightly as it pushed deeper, wringing a scream from her throat. The second one, the one behind her, was thicker now. She could feel it pressing gently at her ass, rubbing slow circles over her slickened rim like it was tasting her hesitation.

But there wasn't any.

Not anymore.

Not after the trench.

Not after what he'd done to her there.

She lifted her hips instead, offering herself fully.

"Take it," she gasped, voice hoarse. "Use me. Fill me again."

Vaegor groaned beneath the waves, and the second tentacle obliged—pressing past her entrance, opening her slowly, stretching her hole until she cried out again, the pain blooming into a rush of molten, unbearable pleasure.

Both limbs moved now.

In unison.

Thrusting. Twisting. Claiming.

Her cunt was flooded with heat—her walls pulsing around the thick, slick tentacle that owned her from within. Her ass was tighter, stretched to the edge of what her body could take, and then further. Every thrust forced another gasp from her lips, another helpless buck of her hips, another obscene sound echoing into the air above.

She didn't care who heard.

She hoped the whole world did.

She was being wrecked.

Opened.

Exalted.

The tentacles weren't just fucking her—they were holding her in place, *displaying* her. One coiled tight around her waist. Another looped under her knees, keeping her thighs spread wide. A fourth slithered up between her breasts, circling her throat like a collar and pulling her chin up so her moans would fly straight to the sky.

Her nipples were stiff, begging for attention.

And he gave it.

A fifth tentacle—thin, hot, twitching—brushed across her chest, teasing each nipple with maddening flicks before pinching one between its tip and the slick body of another. She gasped again, her back arching as her body fought to process the flood of sensations.

One thrust.

Two.

Three.

And suddenly she was clenching—tighter than before, slicker than ever—her cunt convulsing around the tentacle deep inside her, her ass spasming as the second one pushed further, filled her fuller, wrecked her completely.

She came without permission.

Hard.

The orgasm slammed into her like a tidal surge, her body seizing against the coils holding her open, her scream ripped raw from her throat as her pussy gushed around the thick tentacle. Her slick sprayed across the rock. Her ass clenched reflexively, but the tentacle inside her didn't stop—just slowed, coiling tighter, stretching her to keep the orgasm going longer, deeper, more devastating.

She was crying.

She didn't know when the tears had started—but they were real.

Tears of pleasure. Overstimulation. Total surrender.

She was **ruined**.

And Vaegor wasn't done.

Good, little mate, he growled in her mind. Come again. And again. Until your body forgets how to close.

The tentacle in her cunt pulled back.

Not all the way.

Just enough to feel empty.

Then it thrust in again—deeper than before.

And the one in her ass did the same.

She screamed again.

Her back arched violently. Her legs kicked against the tentacle wrapped around her ankle. Her hands clawed the stone altar—but there was no escape.

Not from this.

Not from him.

Another orgasm ripped through her.

She wasn't even ready.

Her body bucked, helpless and slick, glowing fluid spraying from her again as the tentacles used her like she was made for it. She was. Her pussy clenched. Her ass fluttered.

And still—

He didn't stop.

He's going to break me, she thought.

But her body didn't resist.

It begged.

Another tentacle slithered across her lips.

Not a command.

An offer.

Her mouth opened.

The tentacle slid in.

Thick. Salty. Pulsing with the taste of his sea-born magic.

She moaned around it, hollowing her cheeks, sucking eagerly as the tentacles below filled her again and again, the one in her pussy now twisting slightly with each thrust, milking more slick from her cunt than she thought possible.

She was drooling now—spit and sea-slick mixing as she moaned around the tentacle in her throat, her body arching against her restraints as she was taken in every hole.

Mouth.

Pussy.

Ass.

Owned.

Displayed.

Worshipped.

She couldn't stop shaking.

She didn't want to.

And still—

He wasn't done.

The tentacles moved with the precision of a god who knew her body better than she did—every ridge, every gasp, every trembling muscle, his to exploit. Lira's cunt was stretched wide around the thick limb pulsing inside her, its girth swelling with each thrust as if growing to meet the hunger of her need. Her ass was just as full, twitching around the second tentacle that had claimed her there, the stretch so relentless it bordered on divine agony.

And still she suckled the third.

It pulsed in her throat like it belonged there, leaking a sweet, salty brine across her tongue that tasted like power, like sex, like the sea's love for its queen. Her jaw ached. Her lips were swollen. Her spit mixed with slick, trailing in glowing threads down her chin and throat.

She couldn't see the stars anymore.

Her eyes rolled back as her third orgasm hit—violent, shattering, raw.

Her pussy spasmed.

Her ass clamped tight.

Her throat moaned around the tentacle choking off her air just enough to make her lightheaded, just enough to send a thrill spinning through her brain that bordered on blackout.

And still—

He kept her there.

Held her open.

Owned her.

Her belly was tight now—round and glowing from the inside, visibly bulging with the thickness of the tentacles buried in her. Her skin shimmered in the moonlight, veined with bioluminescent streaks that pulsed in time with the thrusts still wracking her body.

Lira whimpered.

She couldn't speak. Could barely think.

But she could feel.

Gods, she could *feel*.

Her sex was a blaze of overstimulation. Her clit throbbed with the brush of another tentacle—this one feather-soft, teasing with maddening gentleness while the others ravaged her. It circled her, flicked her, tapped against the swollen bud until she bucked again.

She tried to cry out.

The tentacle in her mouth pulsed once, then withdrew slowly—coated in spit and slick, dragging a moan from her throat that sounded like worship.

Her mouth fell open.

She gasped.

Then screamed—because the tentacle at her clit began stroking in earnest now, faster, firmer, sending shockwaves through her already shattered core. Her eyes flew open. Her back arched. Her fingers clawed the stone until her nails split.

Her fourth orgasm slammed into her like a tidal surge—**wet**, uncontrollable, devastating. Her cunt gushed around the tentacle inside her, her juices slicking the altar, her moan a wordless howl of surrender.

And still—he didn't stop.

She could hear his voice now, not just in her mind, but all around her—*inside* her, vibrating in her womb, in her throat, in the very air above.

Now they'll know, little queen.

Now the stars will remember what it means to serve the sea.

The tentacle in her pussy pulsed.

Grew.

And then—**flooded her**.

Thick, glowing seed spilled into her in hot, endless waves, splashing against her womb with enough force to make her jerk. Her belly swelled slightly, visibly, glowing from within as the god's cum pumped into her in impossible volume. Her legs trembled violently, locked in the grip of the tentacle coiled at her thigh.

Her ass clenched—and was filled next.

The second tentacle pulsed, throbbing hard before releasing its own torrent inside her. Hot. Endless. Overflowing. Her belly expanded with it. Her pussy *leaked*. Her ass *dripped*. The altar ran slick with glow and slick and brine.

And still—he didn't stop.

Another tentacle slid back into her mouth—slower this time.

Not fucking.

Feeding.

He pulsed across her tongue with deep, slow beats of flavor—salt and need and command. She swallowed instinctively. He groaned.

You were made for this.

You were made for *me*.

Let the stars watch you drown in your place.

Lira came again.

She didn't even know how.

Her body just spasmed—every muscle twitching as her holes clenched around his limbs, milking the last waves of his release. Her vision blacked out. Her heart pounded.

She collapsed.

Boneless.

Ruined.

Glowing.

The tentacles slowly withdrew—one by one—each sliding free of her with wet, audible sounds that made her thighs twitch. Her holes stayed *open*—gaping, leaking, pulsing with aftershocks.

The glow of his cum coated her inside and out.

Her mouth hung open, tongue still slick with the brine of his gift.

She tried to move.

Couldn't.

A single tentacle curled under her back, lifting her gently, reverently, like a relic being returned to its shrine. Another looped around her ankle, dragging her legs closed—slow, almost apologetic. He wasn't restraining her anymore.

He was **holding her together**.

The stars above had witnessed everything.

But Lira no longer looked to the sky.

Her gaze dropped to the sea—to the eyes glowing below.

To her god.

Her king.

Her mate.

Vaegor rose one last time—only to press his lips to her slicked, ruined thigh.

A kiss.

A seal.

A promise.

And his voice whispered through her bones:

Let the surface offer crowns.

You already wear mine—

Inside you.

And Lira smiled.

She never wanted to walk on land again.

Thank you for reading this exclusive bonus scene.

Welcome to the Monstrously Claimed Universe

Where monsters don't just take... they worship, ruin, and never let go.

Monstrously Claimed is a dark, addictive series of standalone monster smut romance novellas—each one a no-holds-barred descent into obsession, tentacles, heat, and primal, all-consuming devotion.

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If you're ready to be bred, bound, worshipped, and claimed by creatures who were never meant to love—

but do, violently—
then dive deeper.

The sea was just the beginning.

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