

BONUS SCENE: *The Blooming Rite*

The moon rose blood-bright over Wyldgrove, staining the treetops in a fevered glow. The forest was too quiet—no wind, no insects, no rustling leaves. It *watched*. It *waited*. And deep in its sacred heart, **she bloomed**.

Wren gasped as her back arched against the moss-draped altarstone, a living slab of root and vine that had emerged from the earth at dusk—called forth by magic older than language. Her skin prickled. The petals braided into her hair unfurled on their own, as if responding to the air's thickening heat. A **pulse** beat beneath her spine—not her heart, but the forest's.

She wasn't alone.

Thorn stepped from the shadows like a god ripped from a fever dream. Bare-chested, crowned in antler and obsidian leaves, his eyes glowed like coals caught in wind. Vines coiled up his arms, pulsing in rhythm with the forest. His entire body **radiated power**, too immense, too ancient to belong to anything mortal.

And tonight, he looked at her like a **sacrifice** he was about to devour.

"You feel it," he rasped, voice husky with restrained hunger. "The Blooming Rite has begun."

She swallowed, her thighs clenching as the vines below her **shifted**, curling teasingly along her hips. "What does it want?" she whispered.

Thorn knelt beside her, his clawed hand tracing fire down her sternum. "It wants to *watch*. It wants to be fed. It wants to crown you in *heat*."

The altarstone rose slightly beneath her, angling her pelvis toward him. She gasped again as a slick vine slid beneath her thigh, not entering—**not yet**—but curling like a lover just waiting for a signal.

"I've claimed you," he said, lips brushing her navel. "But I've never taken you *like this*."

She trembled as another vine ghosted up between her breasts, the tip **blooming** into a purple-pink flower that opened with a breath—scented like sin and summer. Her body responded immediately—wet, pulsing, desperate. As if every inch of her flesh *knew* what was coming.

And the forest **purred**.

"Wren," Thorn growled, his voice guttural, reverent. "This isn't mating. This is *offering*. Tonight, I don't just claim you again."

He leaned down, fangs brushing her inner thigh, hot breath ghosting over soaked folds.

“I **crown** you.”

The vines shifted—preparing. Spreading. *Blooming*.

She cried out as her spine arched again, the magic swelling inside her like a flood. The forest shuddered in response. The trees leaned closer.

And Thorn, her savage god, **smiled**.

“Now scream for them, my queen. Let the forest know who you belong to.”

Wren’s breath hitched as the vines beneath her shifted—slowly, deliberately, like a living bed of serpents deciding how best to hold her. Thick tendrils coiled around her wrists, her ankles, lifting and spreading her open to the night. Not forceful—*exalting*. She was being **presented**.

Above her, the moon bathed her in its fevered light. Below her, the forest’s altarstone pulsed with life. And between her thighs, **everything burned**.

Thorn hovered just above her, a storm trapped in the body of a god. His claws scraped up the soft insides of her thighs, leaving trails of fire in their wake.

“You feel that?” he murmured, nostrils flaring as he breathed in her scent. “The vines drink it in. Your heat. Your need. *Your offering*.”

Wren tried to speak, but her voice fractured into a moan as the altar **responded**—a slick, ribbed tendril coiling under her hips to lift her higher, arching her toward his mouth like a divine fruit on the vine.

He didn’t rush.

Thorn pressed his face between her thighs and **worshipped**.

Not just licking—**tasting**, *marking*, devouring her as if she were ambrosia poured straight from the roots of the world. His tongue was impossibly long, textured, divine—raking through every fold, plunging into her with sinful rhythm, then retreating just to lap at her clit until her legs shook.

Wren bucked against him, her cries tearing through the trees, and the forest **answered**—glowing blossoms erupting in the branches above her, petals fluttering down like holy ash.

She screamed as another vine slithered beneath her breasts, coiling around each one, gently squeezing in rhythm with Thorn’s movements. Buds bloomed along the vine’s length and **burst open** with each of her gasps, painting her in dripping golden nectar that steamed against her flushed skin.

“I can’t—” she whimpered, but Thorn growled in response, his voice half-beast, half-god.

“You will. You must. The crown doesn’t take root without *ecstasy*.”

His hand pressed down on her belly, feeling the tremors building inside her like a quake. And then—

—he bit.

Right above her hip bone, fangs pierced her flesh—just enough to draw blood. The vines *howled*, the altar convulsed, and Wren came apart with a cry so sharp it fractured the night.

Above her, the moon blazed.

Beneath her, the forest pulsed.

And inside her, something ancient and unspeakably *holy* took root.

The vines didn’t just hold her now—**they offered her up.**

Wren hovered midair, suspended by pulsing, silken tendrils that kept her thighs **wide**, her spine arched, her breasts lifted and licked by curling, nectar-slick buds. She was a shrine. A sacred altar of heat and flesh. And Thorn... Thorn was no longer a man.

He was divine hunger in a god’s body.

Gone was the patience. Gone was the reverence.

His claws dug into her thighs as he rose, mouth and jaw wet with her. His pupils were slits of wildfire. His vines writhed around his arms and shoulders, alive with tension, and his cock—

Gods.

Thick. Veined. Dark with blooming ridges of bark and pulse. It glistened, impossibly hard, as though the forest itself had pumped its power into him. It wasn’t just big—it **throbbed with magic**, glowing faintly at the tip where forest sap met desire.

“You were made for this,” he snarled, voice nothing but gravel and lust. “Made to be filled. Rooted. *Broken open*.”

The altarstone **angled her down onto him**, and she sobbed as he pressed the swollen tip against her slick, trembling entrance. He didn’t slide in gently. He **split** her—slow but unstoppable, forcing inch after inch of that ridged, monstrous cock into her soaked heat.

Wren screamed.

The vines moaned.

The forest **bloomed**.

He didn't stop until he was buried **to the root**, the base of his cock pulsing where her body had *no business taking him*, and still he **thrust deeper**. With every brutal grind of his hips, vines surged around them—coiling her waist, stroking her nipples, even slipping teasingly against her clit with every drag.

It was obscene.

It was **glorious**.

Thorn gripped her throat—not to choke, but to anchor her, to feel her pulse thundering as he **pounded** her open. His cock pulsed, stretching her further with each thrust. Those glowing ridges **dragged** against every swollen, perfect place inside her, sending lightning through her nerves.

“Do you feel them?” he hissed, fucking her so hard the vines had to brace the altar. “The forest’s eyes on you? They want to see how you bloom. How you break. How you **take** your crown.”

Her orgasm hit like a scream through the soil.

The vines writhed around them, grabbing at her thighs to pull her deeper, milking every thrust as Thorn slammed into her harder, rougher, until her cries weren't words—just wrecked, soaked pleasure.

But he wasn't done.

One tendril—slick and glistening with golden nectar—slid down between her cheeks, teasing, testing. She gasped, but Thorn nodded, eyes blazing.

“Let it in, Wren. Let the forest bless every part of you.”

The vine slid inside—slick, warm, **stretching** her with gentle pressure while Thorn drove into her from the front, spearing her in a rhythm that **rattled the trees**. Her body convulsed, sandwiched between root and god, helpless against the forest's will and her own feral pleasure.

She came again, and again—tears streaming, throat raw—until she couldn't feel where she ended and the forest began.

And still, Thorn kept going.

“Take it,” he snarled. “Take it all. My seed. My crown. My *soul*.”

When he came, it was violent.

A burst of heat that flooded her so deep she swore it hit her spine. His cock pulsed inside her, vines clamped tight around her hips, and the forest *howled* as blossoms exploded in bloom from every branch around them.

The air reeked of sex and sap and holy things.

And Wren—wrecked, shaking, glazed in nectar and seed—**smiled**.

Silence fell over Wyldgrove—not empty, but *awestruck*.

The altarstone pulsed with faint golden light beneath her hips, still slick with his seed. Blossoms bloomed wild across her thighs, painting her skin with soft petals and golden sap. The vines loosened, retreating in slow satisfaction, their work complete. But Wren remained *held*—suspended midair in a throne of root and breath, her legs spread, her body dripping.

She didn't move.

She couldn't.

Her pulse echoed in the earth.

And Thorn knelt before her, head bowed, his antlers shadowed by the moonlight, his chest heaving from the force of his release. But he didn't touch her.

He **worshipped**.

His clawed hands slid reverently down her slick, trembling calves. His lips pressed soft, trembling kisses to her inner knees, her thighs, her womb. The same place he'd just **filled and ruined**, he now anointed with worship.

"You wear the crown well," he rasped, voice raw and thick with reverence. "The forest sees you now—not as mine. As *its*."

She let out a slow breath, her skin pulsing where the vines had gripped, her nerves still singing with remembered ecstasy. "Then what are you?" she whispered.

Thorn looked up, golden eyes glowing like wildfire. "I'm your *priest*, Wren. Your beast. Your blade."

He moved between her legs again—slow this time. Tender. His tongue lapped at the seed leaking from her, collecting what spilled, moaning softly at the taste. When she whimpered, overstimulated and raw, he only went gentler, licking her clean like a holy act.

And the vines curled around her arms like garlands. Not to bind. To **adorn**.

“I’ve buried my seed in your womb,” Thorn whispered against her skin, lips dragging over her hipbone. “The forest knows it. It’s *watching*. Every drop that stays inside you takes root. And when it blooms again—”

His hand splayed across her belly, protective, awed.

“—you’ll give it a godling.”

Wren blinked up at the canopy above. The trees swayed not with wind, but with reverence. Their leaves bowed. Their branches glittered with blooming flowers in crimson, violet, and gold. The forest had crowned her. Had **claimed her as queen**.

Thorn rose and kissed her mouth—slow, deep, tasting of sap and her own salt. And when he pulled away, a small root twined up from the altar and laid a glowing blossom in her palm.

The forest’s seal.

Its **mark**.

Its blessing.

She was no longer just Wren Calloway.

She was Wyldgrove’s chosen. The **crowned**, the **worshipped**, the **ruined**.

And when the next full moon came... she would be ready to bloom again.

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