

A New Horizon

Des and Salazar don't even notice when Richard and I walk o to a quiet place.

"What is this about?" he asks, and I sco .

"Ever since we got back... I feel something changing," I admit, and Richard grows curious.

"How?"

"Nadira asked me on the plane how I am willing to be fucked by any monster that you send my way. And while I answered what I thought was true, it kind of put some doubt into my mind. What if...why do I not seem bothered, whatever monster comes along?" I ask with a low voice, although we're alone.

"I was wondering when you'd ask that." Richard smiles. "But this is nothing you need to worry about, Cat. It's all part of the process. If you remember, you had your restrictions at rst. Sylvan was embarrassing for you. You didn't want to give in to Mehdi so fast. The werewolf made you furious. Do you remember why?"

"Because it was dangerous, he could have hurt me."

"Exactly. But he didn't. The more monster seed you collect, the less limits and restrictions you have."

"Collect? That sounds weird."

"It might be to you. Each pump of seed you get into your body means that your shapeshifting is evolving. That's why you can't seem to stop. That's why your crotch is already starting to wet again as we speak, simply because of the thought of what you have done with those monsters," Richard explains calmly, and I must admit it's true, I can feel my thighs slip o each other.

"So...it will only be *more* sex, not less?" I ask quietly, and Richard nods.

"Why, does that bother you?"

"Only the part that might lead to me becoming a tool," I realize and drop my gaze. "I know Des loves me. But...won't he have enough eventually? He has to see me get fucked by all monsters and can't do anything about it."

"Cat, this is what he trained you for." Richard leans forward and cups my cheeks with his hands. "Stop thinking as a human. You must start thinking as a dragon. They are driven by mostly one emotion, the one that their name implies. And as Des is driven by desire, the more desire you feel, the happier he is. Can... I tell you a secret?"

"Of course," I whisper.

Richard looks over his shoulder, but there is nobody to be seen. "After the rst time you knew that Des was watching, you looked into the camera."

"I did."

"This was the moment that Des realized you were the right one. But he thought you'd hate him for not telling you the truth about him being a dragon."

"I had no idea he was this insecure."

"He isn't. It's not insecurity, it's...experience. Humans usually don't react well to knowing the truth about us."

"Us?" I ask curiously.

Richard chuckles. "Supernatural beings."

"Hmm, I thought I had you there." I laugh, and he smirks. "But...since when do you say Des?"

"Oh, that." Richard gestures to forget it. "Des realized that you preferred this name, so he asked me to call him that as well."

"I have to ask another thing..."

"You want to know what it is that keeps pleasuring you without showing itself," he says, and I nod.

"It's not like I have limitations, I know all beasts who came here."

"It only started after we came back?"

"Yes."

"So it's one of the new ones. Maybe...it was there all along and we didn't see it?" Richard suggests, and I guess that kind of makes sense.

"But why hide?"

"I don't have the answer to that. You could ask Des, he might have an idea."

"I guess I could," I sigh.

"You really seem changed." Richard tilts his head. "What is di erent?"

"I think it's the knowledge that all these monsters will only be able to live here. I mean...it looks real, it feels real, there's water, sun, all climate zones, but still. It's not the real thing."

"Their real environment stopped wanting to have them ages ago, Cat. They have been caged, tortured or used for decades, centuries. This is the best they can get," Richard explains, "as sad as that is. But I swear, each time they get to sleep with you, they know that not all humans are bad."

"Is that really all they want? Don't they want...their own? I brought Nadira here, now Mehdi's all about her."

"They were human once. But you will nd with most of the other monsters, they always love to have their way with you as well, even if we nd other of their species."

"But why?"

"Well"—Richard chuckles—"you're a shapeshifter. This means that your organs always shift to adapt to their speci c needs and desires. It just feels better with you. That's why they all want you."

"As sick as that sounds...this kind of gives me a purpose. And as long as Des is okay with it, I am as well."

"Speaking of..." Richard points behind me, and I turn around, where Des and Salazar are walking toward us.

"What have you two been up to?" Des asks with a warm smile, sitting down next to me.

"Richard explained some things to me," I answer, and he nods, before looking to Salazar.

"We have been discussing what our options are. And I think I know which one you'll favor."

"I'm all ears."

"For one, we could destroy the serum and allow nature her full bent," Des begins.

"Doesn't sound too thrilling," I admit, and he chuckles.

"That leads to number two. We can use the serum to produce new specimens of each species," Des says, and my eyes go big.

"They won't have to be alone! They can have babies!"

"No, it's not like that. We have to mix their DNA with the serum and then insert it into a breeding chamber and..." Des starts, but Richard interrupts him with a chuckle.

"Say it directly, Des, she'll want to know."

"Oh, right." Des shakes his head for a moment. "The new specimen would need a host to thrive in."

"Des..." Richard sighs. "You would have to carry them, Cat."

"What?!" I gasp, and they both look surprised.

"Do you have a problem with that? You bore Des's children," Richard reminds me.

"Yes, because they were his. I can't just... I'll not be able to walk for months..."

"Oh, I forgot to mention. You'll have to shapeshift into their species," Des adds, and I frown. "If you want to produce a new werewolf, you'll have to be one for the time being."

"But...then we can't talk," I say quietly, and Des smiles, cupping my cheek with his hand.

"Love, I create worlds. Do you really think one species will prevent me from conversing with you?" he says softly, and I smile.

"I have to think about this."

"Of course. There is absolutely no pressure. If you do not want to do it, it is ne. We can always nd a new subject or create an arti cial breeding chamber," Des says, and I slowly nod.

"Why not do it right away with that?"

"Because the DNA has to be mixed through the chamber. It will be only one hundred percent that species if you are that species when that serum is inserted. Otherwise...well, we'd have to try."

"And that would mean that they might die?" I ask, and Des nods. "Then that's not an option. I'll have to think about this for a while."

"Of course." Des looks at Salazar. "In the meantime, you can always create more serum if you both like to."

Well, I won't say no to that...

There was some incident with the dragons, they had a misunderstanding with a couple of new monsters, so Des had to clear that up, which caused me and Richard to be alone again. Salazar prefers solitude as soon as the sun goes down.

"Can you also create things?" I ask, and Richard laughs.

"You have no idea," he replies, and I raise my eyebrows.

"Prove it," I say.

He tilts his head in curiosity. "What do you want me to create?"

"If you're so good, shouldn't you know?" I tease, and he chuckles.

"Oh, I know, I just wanted to know if you would tell me." Richard stands up and closes his eyes, motions with his hand as if he wanted to pull something out of the ground. And not too far away from his ngertips, a wooden cross starts to appear out of thin air.

"You...really knew," I whisper.

He smiles. "You wanted to try that since I took that seed out of you. You felt the pain and pleasure together and now you want to know if it was a one-time thing or if you really like the combination." He holds his hand out to me and I accept, letting him pull me up. "Step in here."

I stand in front of the cross and the straps hold me tight, my legs wide spread and my breath already accelerating.

"If you open your mind, I will be able to read your wishes and act accordingly."

"Don't we need...a safe word or something?"

"No, Cat." Richard smiles, and a whip with leathery straps appears in his hand. "I'll know when you want to stop."

I just nod and wait patiently.

But instead of doing anything, Richard moves his nger and as he does, something wraps around my eyes, covering them.

When I can't see anymore, I can feel the leathery straps brush over my naked body. My arms, my belly, my legs, before suddenly, I feel a sharp pain on my thigh. I grunt, but as I lean into the pain, it feels... good.

Richard hits me again and while he does, I can feel his ngers on my pussy, caressing me, teasing me, letting my wetness bedew his ngers. I hear the sound of sucking on ngers, which sends shivers down my spine—the thought of Richard tasting my juices.

Just as I think that I could take on even more, the beating stops and I feel something being attached to my nipples. It's a constant tension, not really pain, but the pulling never really stops. And then, Richard inserts something into my pussy, by the feeling of it I'd say the handle of the whip, and while he does, I moan and arch my back. But at the exact same moment, I feel electroshocks ow through my body, originating from my nipples.

This feels fucking good and I open my mouth, just a second later, I can feel Richard's tongue on mine, licking over my mouth. I open wider and the sound of our saliva mixing makes me so fucking horny. I can't help but moan quietly. I don't know how he does that, but while he's still kissing me like crazy, he attaches another one of those devices between my legs— directly on my clitoris. I shriek and inch, but then I eagerly await what's to come.

But Richard steps back and I have to wait. I don't hear anything anymore, except for my own begging whines.