

Word Count: 4,805

Dark Desires

By J.M. Rivers

© 2020 All rights reserved.

*“A few days ago, I was just living my best life, going to work, hating some days, being exhausted, collapsing into bed, and enjoying the simple joys of life. Now look at me, I’m sitting on the dusty, musty floor of a small, semi-dark room somewhere in the depths of Hell. How the mighty have fallen—literally.”*

A loud knock on the metal door scares me from my thoughts.

"Calm down, Laura! Get it together," I think to myself as a foreign feeling comes over me. Like a wave of energy moving under my skin, it moves from my head and toes and gathers in my chest, spiking my heart rate. It then ebbs away, leaving behind a sense of loss and need for its return. That only happens when he’s around.

*"He better not get in here. Don't you dare come in here!"*

My hands ball into fists and my body begins shaking with rage. Or is it need?

"It's anticipation," Arlen answers as he opens the door and shuts it swiftly behind him. His face is worn with frowns and battle scars, but his eyes draw me in. They’re sunken black depths that occasionally shine in the light and sometimes swirl around like pools in a deep, dark well. The room is tiny and his presence in it makes it even more claustrophobic. His body is huge and red with thin hairs all over his hands and legs. He wears human clothes, but they barely fit his muscular body. His long black hair falls on his shoulders.

"Stop reading my mind!" I shout.

Arlen scoffs before squatting to my level. I breathe in his scent and instantly regret it. He smells like nothing I’ve ever smelled before. It’s strong and dominant, yet not assaulting to my nose.

"You should stop shouting them at me, Laura," he says.

I hate it when he says my name, I hate how easily it rolls off those lips of his, and I hate how much I love it. Never has my name sounded so beautiful and sensual than on those lips, and the fucking bastard knows it. Somehow, looking into his eyes calms me and makes me feel safe and something else I'd never admit, not even in my own thoughts. He smiles that smile at me, a smile I've come to know is only for me.

"What do you want from me?" I asked.

"You know what. We've been at this for weeks. Neither of us has a choice—"

I scoff. "That's such bullshit! Everyone has a choice."

I expect him to take the bait. He doesn't. I watch his body language, trying to read him. His body language is always a dead giveaway. He can't control it with me. He doesn't want to. I respect him for that, and my heart swells a little at this knowledge. I want to touch him and reassure him, but I don't. I can't.

He sighs before looking right at me. "The time is fast approaching."

"Oh," I say, in slight shock. I let that realisation sink in. I lick my dry lips and watch as his eyes follow the movement before he looks back at me.

"I don't want to pressure you into anything you don't want to—"

"Yeah, but you'll try anyway."

Arlen sighs. "I'm against your brilliant idea of doing this to yourself. I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy."

"Not even Boe?" I ask. I watch him for any signs of deception.

"Not even Boe," he says as his large hand cups the side of my face. I feel his emotions.

"You almost died right before my eyes. It would be better to have you die than live eternity—"

"I'll think about it," I say in my bravest voice. "I know I've been saying that for the past few weeks, but this time you'll have my answer by morning. And no, I won't leave this cell. I need space away from you to think clearly."

"I understand," Arlen says before smiling that smile of his. He runs his thumb down my neck and up to cup my jaw and run it across my lips. The movement leaves a warm tingle on my skin and I close my eyes as his large thumb caresses my lips for a while. I lose myself in this tiny, intimate moment until he suddenly pulls away. I open my eyes and realise what he's done.

Before I can even react, Arlen disappears into a purple-grey mist. I want to be mad at him, but I respect his tactic of persuasion. He's a strong and able leader in his kingdom, and I just got a taste of that. I laugh a little as I realise that he has no intention of letting me have my way.

Since my coincidental meeting with Arlen, I've been thrust into a world unknown to me—an underworld, to be exact. My logical mind struggles to reconcile its existence, let alone the fact that I am mated to a being of said world. It doesn't help my case that he's like a king in this world. I've tried to turn myself into a worthy mate by learning a bit of their language and customs, but the time limit has proven to be too much for me. How can one possibly learn a millennia's worth of history in a month? Then there's the matter of physically mating with Arlen. He is huge. His physical body is otherworldly in proportions and there is always this heavy, electric energy around him that feels intense and overwhelming sometimes.

It also does not help that I've gone into heat and nearly raped the beast in my crazed state. I asked Arlen to give me room to think and time to accept this new fact, as well as get to know him and possibly form a bond with him. The physical attraction is there, however, I have some doubts—as any logical person would—and I cannot simply surrender to my emotions on

the matter. That probably explains my stalling these past two weeks. I've wasted a lot of time. I need more, but more *what?*

Arlen has been kind and respectful. He's let me do whatever I want and has been patient with acclimatising me to his world. I know in my heart that he's my soulmate. The mating bond is obvious. So, why do I hesitate? I know I should mate with him; the repercussions of not are not favourable to either party.

*"Great, I'm thinking about mating with him like it's a business contract."*

I make myself more comfortable on the floor. The only room I was allowed to be in was his room, and his scent was everywhere, naturally. Recently, my nose has become increasingly sensitive to it, making my emotions overwhelm me to the extent that I mindlessly straddled him in my sleep one night. He thought that, by giving me a lesser alternative, I would back down from refusing to sleep in his room. He was wrong. I've spent the day in this cell, and he made sure that I was not attended by anyone. Clearly, he underestimated my stubbornness.

I begin to regret my decision as the floor and wall get more uncomfortable. I try to relax my head against the stone wall. My mind races, but somehow, I float off to sleep.

I am awoken by the feeling of wetness on my skin. I groan and try to turn my stiff body from where I was leaning against the wall and a sharp, hot, searing pain shoots across my back and body. I jolt awake and let out a cry. The pain keeps spreading over my skin and body. I look down. My entire body is red and huge droplets of sweat bead my body. My skin burns and itches, making me feel like peeling it away. I try to calm myself, but the pain intensifies. Tears stream down my face. It feels like it's in every cell of my body. I yell in frustration, but it's only a temporary relief. The heat is intense, and my mind feels pushed to its limit.

*"I need him. I need to call his name. He's the only one who can stop the pain."*

A sharp pain on my spine causes me to lie on my back and arch it upwards in an inhumanly and impossible way. I scream as my throat burns. I need to call him in my thoughts.

*"Okay, concentrate, we can do this. Ugh. We can do this. Arlen. Love of my life, mate of my soul, I bid you come to me, Arlen. Please, Arlen. I need you. Help..."*

The pain causes my body to start convulsing. I lose track of time as I feel compelled to close my eyes. I fight the urge, but I know my body will do whatever it needs to survive. I faintly remember feeling his scent and his frantic arms shaking me awake before I pass out.

---

Arlen paces and rings his meaty, clawed hands. His advisor, Jax, watches him with the cool detachment of a hawk on its high perch.

"She'll be alright," Jax says.

Arlen stops pacing and takes a deep breath. He folds his arms. "I wasn't there," he says. "I almost didn't hear her cry."

"You're here, now."

"This isn't going to plan. She's been fighting me and the shift. This is the third time. It's worse than ever. Maybe I should just keep her in my room indefinitely. I could hide her until she comes into her own power. If I don't...if we don't..."

"Master, if I may?" Gigi, the nurse, interrupts. "You only have a short window of time. If she refuses you this time, there's no going back. You need to tell her the truth."

Arlen dismisses her and Jax looks at him pointedly. "I know, Jax. She's right. Go. Leave us. Take care of things while I'm away," Arlen says. "And don't burn anything down."

Jax smiles. "Hi Pot, I'm Kettle."

Arlen narrows his eyes in acknowledgement, then retreats to his chamber, hoping that he can convince Laura to live.

---

The burning is still there, like molten, viscous liquid flowing through my veins. My head throbs. It takes me a while to get my senses working again. They feel even more heightened, and I immediately know where I am—on his bed. His sheets are silky and they smell of him. I feel Gigi checking my vitals before leaving. Arlen's presence electrifies the air and I can feel that he's worried. He's always worried when it happens.

I muster up my strength and call him in my mind. "*Arlen, come closer.*"

I feel him hesitate before he joins me on the bed and holds me gently against him. His big, strong hands, that would easily crush an opponent, were securely wrapped around me with care and love. The pain eases and I open my eyes.

"Better?" He asks in a deep, caring voice.

I sigh and nod my head. He brings a cup of cold water to my mouth and I gulp it down. Three cups in, I finally feel rejuvenated enough to speak. I look at his blank expression as he lies casually on his side, next to me.

"It was worse this time," I say.

Arlen doesn't speak.

"Tell me what I need to do—"

"You don't need to do anything you don't want to," Arlen says.

"You're lying."

"No, I'm not," he answers a bit too quickly.

"Then look me in the eyes and say that to my face." I sit up and look at him.

He lies back on the bed and stares up at the ceiling, his huge, strong arms behind his head. Clearly, he has no intention of telling me. I straddle him and lean forward until our faces nearly touch. His face is blank before he smiles that smile, which quickly turns into a grin.

"Tell me the truth this time. Why is it worse?"

"Getting a little brave, are we, Laura?"

"You haven't answered my question."

He looks smugly up at me. I decide to get off him, but he grabs my waist.

"No. Who said you could get off?"

My mind immediately goes to the gutter and I let him see the mental image of me getting off by myself in my darkened room back home. His entire body stiffens. I take this opportunity to grind on his crotch ever so slowly. He is massive and oh-so-wide. I graze myself on his groin, causing friction over my clothes for my desperate nub. He doesn't stop me. I balance my hands on his chest as I let him see the memory of me fucking myself with a dildo and vibrator on my clit. I let him see me scream out in ecstasy, begging for release. Just as I'm about to cum in my mind and right there on him, he pins me to the wall opposite the bed. He succeeds in breaking my control on him and scrambles my thoughts with the sudden movement. He pants. I face the wall, his strong back against my own, and my hands brace against the wall. I feel naked before him. He growls loudly, seemingly in frustration, as he tries to catch his breath. I have no idea what came over me or why I did that, but it felt good, and I made a mental note to do it again.

"Don't even think about it. If you ever do that again, you better be planning to finish what you started or it will end very badly for you. Do you understand, Laura?"

The vibrations of his growl in my ear cause a tingle to run down my body, all the way to my already hardened and wet center.

I laugh. "Is that a threat, Arlen?"

He reacts to his name and uses his dominant hand to gently squeeze my throat. "That's a promise, my little girl."

"Oh, I'm your girl now? Is that it?" I ask. His proximity drives the beast inside me wild with need. I know I'm playing with fire by pushing him. Oh, how I want to get burned!

"Laura, you need to shut up right now and listen—"

"Or what?"

He turns me around and pins me to the wall while I straddle him. He looks wild and hot. His skin glows, something it does when he's really angry or really turned on. His muscles ripple and the hairs on his skin stand at attention. His eyes swirl like crazy and he puffs his chest. He radiates so much masculine energy that it nearly knocks the air from my lungs.

"Or I will stuff that pretty mouth of yours with my cock."

The thought alone is maddening and he can see what it does to me. My form shifts. My inhibitions leave me in a blink.

"Holy shit," I gasp. "You fucking bastard!"

I moan in pleasure. The bastard read my mind. His fingers stroke and shape my clit, two inside me and the other two on either side of my clit, squeezing or massaging my labia. I'd do anything for him if it meant that he wouldn't stop his expert probing of my cunt.

"Good. Now be a good girl and listen, Laura," Arlen purrs.

I nod, not breaking eye contact.

"If we don't mate, you will turn, but you will lose your consciousness and be an animal forever. Do you understand?" Arlen asks.

The realisation dawns on me, and my horny craze slowly fades. He seems defeated and starts to remove his fingers.

"Don't you dare!" I warn with a growl. I surprise myself with my own animalistic nature.

Arlen looks proud.

"So, obviously I don't want to be a mindless monster. Wait, if I turn into one, what happens to you?" I ask.

He looks at me and says, "I become bonded to what you become, a feral for all eternity."

I furrow my eyebrows. "What? That's insane. Surely the bond should break—"

"I wish it was that easy, Laura," he replies, reading my mind once again.

"I wouldn't wish that on anyone," I say, "to love someone and have them not be there but bound to this creature. No. Mate with me, Arlen."

"Are you sure? I happen to come with a lot of baggage and responsibilities."

I think about it for a second. It's all so crazy. I'm mated to a creature whose existence I can't even begin to reconcile. I do have feelings for him. He's shown no intentions of hurting me, but it's all so curious, and I would like to know more. Besides, I don't want to be a mindless monster hurting everything I touch. I learned how important a mate is during the few weeks I've been in Hell and it would be selfish of me to force him to give up his only chance at love.

"We'll figure it out!" I pant. "This is our destiny. One can't be without the other. Besides, your fingers are inside me. It's safe to say there's no going back from this." I smile at him.

He smiles back. "This might hurt. I doubt you've noticed, I'm not human."

I roll my eyes. "You're huge! How is any of that unnoticeable?"

I see him grin, then realize my choice of words. I'm about to tell him off when he suddenly begins his assault inside me and my mind goes blank for a second. I realise that him reading my mind is an advantage when it comes to communicating exactly what, where, and how I want it. He smirks as he reads me. He continues thrusting and twirling his fingers inside and on my clit. One hand steadies me against the wall and on his thick, veined thighs. My heat returns and I crave Arlen with a fiery desire that I've never felt before. He kisses me as I climb to my first wild orgasm, my nails digging and dragging across his skin. I gasp as he curls his finger on my G Spot, and his claw, smooth and sleek with my juices, grazes my sensitive fold over and over again until I squirt my orgasm all over his hairy hand. My body feels everything so intensely. I can barely breathe. I laugh and cry at the same time as I plant kisses all over his face.

"Don't thank me, yet. I still need you nice and wet for me."

*"Is this creature insane? I cum the hardest I ever have and gush like a fucking fountain, and he still needs me wet! What?"*

Before I could complain further, his claw is back on my G Spot as his finger manhandles my sensitive clit.

"No. I can't cum again, aaah aaah aaaaaaaaaah—"

I gush again, and my head rolls as I arch my back and grip his forearms like he's the only thing anchoring me to the ground. I feel like I'm weightless as I'm suspended by the orgasm flowing through my veins. Like an out of body experience, the pleasure radiates in ripples from my centre to every cell in my body. I've never felt so alive as in this moment. Everything feels still and frozen in time. It feels like an eternity before I'm back on the ground and back in Arlen's arms. I rip his shirt with renewed energy and need. I need more. I run my hands across his chest and feel how soft his hairs are. His long, wild mane of hair feels rough and strong as I

pull at it and kiss him properly on the mouth. His lips are firm and full, and I dare to slide my tongue into his warm, wet mouth. He lets me lead the kiss before taking over.

My heat hits me in a wave. I need to see how big he actually is. The feeling is primal and animalistic and it grows inside me as I feel a beast awakening and rising to the surface. I slowly slide to the ground and rip his pants. My mind goes still as I see a bulbous, pulsing, red cock erect and pointing at me. My human mind feels repulsed by this monstrous red, hairy cock, but the beast in me purrs.

I look up at Arlen. He breathes deeply, chest moving up and down. His body burns a bright orange, like fire, and a glow forms around him. I spit on his cock, then feel my mouth stretch as I take him only slightly into my mouth. His girth is too wide to fit all the way in. My eyes roll back, and I moan as I look up at him. He feels hot and hard. I close my eyes and run my hands all over my body, cupping my breasts and squeezing my hard nipples. I never knew how enjoyable it would feel to kneel before him and watch him find pleasure in my movements. My hand slides down to my clit. His moaning sounds too sexy, making me needy for another release.

"Get up," he says harshly.

I obey. He pins me to the wall, and I wrap my legs around his wide waist. He positions his head on my clit, teasing it and covering it in my wetness. It feels too good to even be true.

Arlen whispers in my ear. "Does it feel good? Yeah? I know it does. Do you want it faster?" He speeds up and I can barely form coherent answers. "Or do you want it slower?"

He moves torturously slow and I gasp when he flicks over my clit. I'm a mess of sexual arousal. Everything feels too intense. My body is hot to the point of feeling on fire. He knows it, too, and I think he planned it. My wetness mixes with my sweat and I feel it run down my thighs. He smiles, then kisses and nibbles my ear, neck, and collarbone.

"Holy fuck! I need you inside me. Put it in, please!"

I'm frustrated and not below begging for his cock. I feel him chuckle and pant.

"I love it when you beg, Laura."

He kisses my neck before whispering in my ear and letting out a low growl. His growl practically makes my knees buckle.

"Please, Arlen. I need your cock inside me," I whine desperately. I dig my nails into his back as I try to anchor myself to him. I feel drunk with desire. I decide to whisper in his ear.

"Arlen, bury your cock inside my needy, wet pussy. Please. I need it. I want it so bad—"

He slowly pushes inside me before I can finish and my greedy cunt takes as much of him as possible. At least half of his huge cock somehow penetrates me. I look down as he slowly thrusts into me, then look into his eyes as he builds up a pace and rhythm. We both want to take our time, but we know we're too aroused to hold off for long. He thrusts into me before letting me fuck him back, back and forth, then, with his hands on my ass, up and down. All the while, we look into each other's eyes.

I'm so close, but I want us to cum together so I project my feelings and thoughts to him, and, sure enough, his thumb finds my clit. I hold his neck and touch our foreheads together, maintaining eye contact. He speeds up his movements as we both pant in anticipation.

It hits us like a wave. For a moment, we're transported into another realm of bright colours and stillness. It fades as soon as it appears. My orgasm takes my breath away as Arlen shakes and stiffens. I feel his fire-hot seed shoot inside me. Exhaustion takes over and we collapse in a heap on the floor as we both quiver in the aftershocks of our lovemaking. I float off to sleep and vaguely remember feeling Arlen carry me to bed.

.....

---

I wake up to an empty bed and immediately feel different. I stretch and get up, heading to the bathroom, but stop instantly in front of a full-length mirror. I shifted at some point after mating with Arlen, apparently. I look like him, except smaller, and with slightly feminine features. My body is huge, red, and covered by short hairs. My eyes shine with the same colour. My hair is also the same, only a little longer and shinier. I can hear the tiniest sounds and see even the smallest particles. I marvel at my reflection until Arlen approaches behind me. I turn around. He eyes me up and down, and I realise that I can read his thoughts.

"Is that so? You plan on properly fucking me now that I can take it?" I ask as I walk towards him. I'm naked, but it only makes me proud. Arlen tries to act cool. I raise my eyebrow.

"You look amazing, Laura. Of course, I'd fuck you into oblivion," Arlen replies. He smiles that smile of his, and I smirk.

"Prove it."