

Rating: Explicit

Fandoms: Gods of the Gates – E. Wade, Gods of the Gates (TV)

Relationships: Cupid/Psyche

Additional Tags: Mermaid!Psyche, Tentacled!Cupid, Enthusiastic Consentacles, look you can't say I didn't warn you, this fic is pretty much what it appears to be, assuming it appears to be about mutually enjoyable tentacle sex

Stats: Words: 6793 Chapters: 2/2 Comments: 110 Kudos: 539 Bookmarks: 38

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## Love is for Suckers

### Consentacles4Cupid

#### Summary:

Everyone warned Psyche about the dangerous, tentacled creatures lurking in deep, dark waters. But they didn't tell her how good Cupid's suckers would feel all over her body—or how easy it would be to fall in love with the sexiest tentacle monster in the Atlantic.

#### Notes:

Look, you know why you're here. Enjoy your tentacle smut in good health, everyone.

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“I was sent to the Great Ocean Deep as a sacrifice, to protect my people from your grandfather's eight-armed wrath,” Psyche said. “But this doesn't feel like a sacrifice. This feels like...swimming among the coral. Sunlit and warm and joyful.”

Cupid had the muscular torso and flawless features of one of Atlantis's sunken statues. All human man, except for his limbs. His tentacles slowly swished through the water and wrapped around her waist, pressing her tightly against him.

Against her bare belly, the ridge of his cock was hot and insistent.

Cupid's suckers gently tugged at the scaled curve of her hip, and she quivered.

“It gets better,” he promised. “As a prince among my people, I have spent eternity learning how to pleasure a lover. I can touch you everywhere at once. Tease you. Fill you.”

She gasped in arousal, and his all-too-nimble tentacles slid over the peaks of her sensitive breasts, only to delve lower, and lower again.

Then they stopped.

Her body burned with unfulfilled longing, longing that could no longer be eased by a mere merman. No two arms could satisfy her now, not when she'd tasted the promise of eight.

“What’s wrong? Please touch me,” she begged. “Please fill me, as you promised.”

“I would,” he said slowly. “But...where?”

Together, they stared down at her iridescent tail, gently flapping in the current.

“Let us find the sea witch for further information,” she suggested. “I hear she has diagrams.”

“Yes,” he agreed with a sigh. “I think we’d better do that.”