

Dimensional Descent

Science Fiction Erotica

Jezebel Rose



NOTE TO READERS

This is a new erotic story with explicit themes involving paranormal sex.

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Dimensional Descent

An ambitious physicist opens a wormhole to a parallel universe, hoping to access advanced knowledge. Instead, a malevolent entity from the alternate reality crosses over and breeds Dr. Elizabeth Turner before manipulating the team members into doing even more horrendous things...

What should I expect from this story?

In "Dimensional Descent," thematic elements intertwine to create a harrowing, erotic narrative.

Ambition clashes with morality as Dr. Elizabeth Turner's relentless pursuit of knowledge leads her and her team to disregard ethical boundaries. She delves into the manipulative power of external forces, exemplified by a malevolent entity's ability to twist the team members' minds and actions.

Fear of the unknown emerges as the experiment unravels, revealing the unintended consequences of meddling with parallel dimensions. This psychological horror intensifies as the characters' sanity deteriorates, blurring the lines between reality and nightmare. Additionally, a disturbing and mysterious breeding process with a creature linked to Dr. Turner further emphasizes the unsettling themes that permeate this erotic sci-fi story...

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Dimensional Descent

Dr. Elizabeth Turner stood at the helm of scientific discovery, her brilliant mind consumed by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Her reputation as a pioneer in the field of quantum physics had earned her respect, yet she craved more. More than the accolades, more than the recognition—she yearned for a revelation that would reshape the world.

In the depths of a state-of-the-art research facility, hidden away from the world's prying eyes, Dr. Turner and her dedicated team toiled ceaselessly. The laboratory hummed with the energy of their collective ambition, a place where theories collided with technology in a daring dance to pierce the veil of reality itself. Banks of computers blinked with intricate codes, electromagnetic coils spun their mystic patterns, and a massive apparatus dominated the center of the room—a device designed to bend the fabric of space and time.

Amid the controlled chaos, Dr. Turner's eyes gleamed with an intense determination. She was a woman possessed, driven by an insatiable curiosity that even her most trusted colleagues struggled to comprehend. To them, the pursuit was admirable, but the risk was immense. The idea of accessing a parallel universe through a wormhole was uncharted territory. As whispers of the endeavor spread through the research community, a mix of awe and trepidation trailed in their wake.

But Dr. Turner was undeterred. The unyielding fire within her belly burned brighter as the day of the experiment drew near. She felt the weight of

history on her shoulders, a pressure to transcend the boundaries of human understanding. It was not merely a matter of proving theories—it was about transcending them, about breaching the boundaries between worlds to lay claim to a truth that had eluded mankind for eons.

In her quiet moments, as she reviewed the calculations and schematics, Dr. Turner could feel a strange electricity in the air, a premonition of something momentous. She was on the precipice of a revelation, an unveiling that could secure her legacy as one of the greatest minds in history. And as the world outside remained oblivious to the fevered efforts within the laboratory, she stood ready to breach the walls that separated her reality from the unknown.

In this sanctuary of innovation and obsession, ambition and recklessness intertwined like the strands of a web, weaving a tapestry that promised both glory and peril. Dr. Elizabeth Turner and her team were on the brink of opening a portal to another universe, not fully comprehending the Pandora's box they were about to unleash upon themselves and the world beyond.

In the days leading up to the pivotal experiment, the research facility buzzed with a potent blend of excitement and unease. Dr. Turner's team comprised some of the finest minds in quantum physics, each member driven by their own desire for discovery. Their faces reflected a mix of trepidation and exhilaration as they worked tirelessly to ensure every variable was under control.

Dr. Turner, her face set in a mask of unwavering determination, guided her team through the final preparations. She meticulously reviewed equations

and fine-tuned the equipment, her words a calm reassurance amidst the tension that hung in the air like a thick fog. In the shadow of the colossal apparatus, the scientists made their final adjustments, their gloved hands dancing over keyboards and switches.

The appointed moment arrived, the countdown echoing like a metronome in the hushed chamber. As the final seconds ticked away, the team exchanged glances that were a blend of eagerness and apprehension. Dr. Turner's heart raced in time with the numbers on the screen, anticipation building to a crescendo.

"Initiating the experiment," Dr. Turner declared, her voice steady and commanding.

A surge of power coursed through the machinery, enveloping the room in a bluish glow. The massive device emitted a low, resonant hum, vibrations rippling through the air like an ethereal symphony. The walls seemed to vibrate in harmony with the energy being unleashed.

Then, it happened.

The very fabric of space and time seemed to bend and warp before their eyes, forming a shimmering tear in the air—a tear that led to another realm, a parallel universe previously beyond humanity's reach. The room was ablaze with an otherworldly light for a heartbeat, and a gust of wind swept through the chamber as if from another dimension.

As the wormhole stabilized, the team shared a collective gasp of awe and disbelief. Dr. Turner's eyes glittered with a mixture of triumph and wonder.

They had succeeded—their experiment had torn open the veil that separated their reality from the great unknown.

But even as their elation washed over them, a nagging feeling began to settle in the pit of their stomachs. It was as if the universe itself was holding its breath, a hesitant pause before the storm.

The wormhole pulsed with an eerie energy, casting strange shadows that danced along the walls. The air grew heavy with a sense of anticipation, and subtle vibrations trembled through the floor beneath their feet. The team exchanged glances, the excitement in their eyes now tinged with something else—an uncertainty that hadn't been present before.

As the minutes ticked by, the anomalies began to escalate. The lights overhead flickered, casting erratic shadows that seemed to dance to a rhythm of their own. The air grew frigid, and a sense of foreboding settled upon the room like a shroud. Whispers, faint and indistinct, seemed to float on the edges of their hearing, like secrets carried on the wind.

Dr. Turner's brow furrowed as she watched her colleagues exchange worried glances. Something was amiss, a dissonance that cut through their earlier triumph. The wormhole, once a gateway to the cosmos, now seemed like a conduit for something far more sinister.

Despite their initial excitement, a sense of unease crept into their hearts, a realization that they were now navigating uncharted waters, where the laws of reality were bending and distorting in ways they couldn't comprehend. And as

the experiment's consequences began to unfold, the true horror of their ambitious pursuit would become all too clear.

As the days passed, the sense of unease within the research facility grew palpable, like an insidious undercurrent tugging at their sanity. Flickering lights cast erratic shadows that seemed to dance with an eerie life of their own. Chilling drafts swept through the corridors, carrying a whisper of cold that touched the very marrow of their bones.

Dr. Turner couldn't shake the feeling that something had crossed over from the other side of the wormhole—a malevolent presence that lingered just beyond their perception. She saw it in the way her team members' eyes darted nervously, in the way their voices trembled ever so slightly when they spoke.

One morning, when Dr. Turner arrived at the lab, her heart skipped a beat. The walls were adorned with strange markings, etched in patterns that seemed almost organic in nature. They twisted and turned, forming a language that was alien to Earth—a script of madness that seemed to defy logic and reason.

She called her team together, and they stood before the enigmatic symbols, a mixture of awe and fear reflected in their eyes. It was as if the very essence of the parallel universe had imprinted itself upon their reality, leaving behind a message that was both incomprehensible and chilling.

As the days wore on, the disturbances escalated. Whispers echoed through the corridors, soft and indistinct at first, but growing more insistent as time passed. They spoke of things beyond human understanding, of ancient

horrors and forbidden knowledge that wormed its way into the corners of their minds.

Then, the erratic behavior began.

Tom, one of the most brilliant minds on the team, was the first to show signs of the malevolent entity's influence. He became withdrawn, his eyes haunted by shadows that no one else could see. He would spend hours staring into the depths of the wormhole, his lips moving in silent conversation with something that existed on the other side.

Soon, his behavior took a darker turn. He would lash out at his colleagues with irrational anger, his words laced with venomous accusations. In the dead of night, the whispers that only he could hear grew louder, urging him to commit unspeakable acts.

Dr. Turner watched in horror as the team slowly unraveled before her eyes. Once close-knit colleagues grew distant, paranoia gnawing at the edges of their relationships. The sense of camaraderie that had fueled their pursuit of knowledge was replaced by a tense unease that poisoned the air.

Dr. Turner herself was not immune. She found herself drawn to the wormhole with an intensity that frightened her. Its pulsating energy seemed to call to her, promising answers to questions she had never even formulated. It was a siren's song that whispered promises of power and understanding, and she felt herself teetering on the edge of obsession.

As the malevolent entity's influence tightened its grip, the research facility transformed from a haven of discovery into a crucible of horror. The

boundaries between their world and the parallel universe began to blur, and the line that separated ambition from madness grew fainter with each passing day.

Tom's descent into madness was swift and terrifying. His once bright eyes grew hollow and haunted, and he would often be found muttering to himself in hushed tones. The whispers that only he could hear had become a constant presence, a symphony of malevolent secrets that clawed at his mind.

Late one night, the facility was plunged into chaos when Tom's anguished cries echoed through the halls. The team rushed to his aid, only to find him thrashing on the floor, eyes wide with terror. In a voice that was not entirely his own, he uttered words that sent a shiver down their spines—words that spoke of ancient gods and the hunger they harbored for mortal souls.

Before anyone could react, Tom's behavior escalated to violence. He lunged at a fellow team member with a frenzied rage that defied explanation. The struggle was brutal, and the room became a battlefield of terror as Tom's strength seemed to defy his physical form.

The gruesome incident left the surviving team members in shock. They huddled together, their faces pale and sweat-soaked, trying to process the horror they had just witnessed. It was a chilling reminder that whatever had crossed over from the other side of the wormhole was not benign—it was a malevolent force that reveled in chaos and darkness.

Desperate to rationalize Tom's behavior, they attributed it to the stress and sleep deprivation that had plagued them all. But deep down, they knew that something far more sinister was at play.

Dr. Turner couldn't ignore the mounting evidence any longer. She couldn't ignore the way her colleagues' eyes gleamed with a manic intensity, their minds seemingly under the influence of an external force. The whispers that had once haunted only Tom were beginning to seep into their thoughts as well, like a poison that spread through their consciousness.

Driven by a need to understand, Dr. Turner delved into the facility's archives. Among the dusty tomes and forgotten research, she stumbled upon an old journal—an artifact from a physicist who had attempted a similar experiment centuries ago. The pages were filled with frantic scribbles, a testament to a mind driven to the brink of insanity.

As she read through the journal's cryptic entries, a chill settled over her. The physicist had warned of a malevolent entity that had crossed over from the other side, a being that hungered for human souls and reveled in the torment it could inflict. The entity had whispered promises of power and forbidden knowledge, twisting the physicist's desires until he had become a puppet in its hands.

Dr. Turner's heart raced as the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. The malevolent entity wasn't a random occurrence—it was a predator that had lurked on the edges of reality for centuries, waiting for a breach to exploit. The journal's warnings were a dire prophecy that had come true, and the realization struck her like a physical blow.

The lines between ambition and madness, between curiosity and obsession, had become irreversibly blurred. Dr. Turner was determined to

confront the malevolent force that had ensnared her colleagues, to find a way to banish it back to the other side of the wormhole. But as she delved deeper into the ancient knowledge, she couldn't shake the feeling that her own desires were becoming entangled with the whispers that echoed in the shadows.

Taking form, the malevolent entity stared down at Dr. Turner from the shadows, its eyes burning with a hideous hunger. It had been waiting for this moment for centuries, and reveled in the fear that electrified the woman's soul.

It slithered forward, savoring every moment of the woman's terror. She had been drawn to the wormhole like so many others, driven by a thirst for knowledge that was now sated with the thirst for power.

Dr. Turner cowered before the entity's ghoulish form, a mixture of fear and fascination reflected in her eyes. As the entity loomed over her, it felt a flicker of regret—a grim reminder that what had once been a noble pursuit had now descended into the depths of madness.

But such thoughts were fleeting, and they were quickly replaced by the anticipation of what was to come.

The entity focused its twisted desires upon Dr. Turner's mind, implanting a need to please it. Within moments, the woman's eyes took on a vacant expression, and she lowered her head as she awaited the entity's orders.

"I want to please you," whispered Dr. Turner, her voice coated with an ancient power that was beyond the comprehension of mortal minds.

The entity hissed through its gnarled teeth, savoring the woman's obedience. It would not act hastily, it would feed on Dr. Turner's mind until it

was ready to consume her soul—a soul that would be slowly siphoned into the entity's alien body.

Greedy, ambition and wonder were a tantalizing feast for the entity, but its greatest delight was breeding – an act it had not done in thousands of years. "Spread your legs. Let me see your cunt."

Dr. Turner quickly drew her panties to her feet and her lab coat to the floor. She undressed, removing her black-laced bra and leggings. After glancing around, she took to a nearby table. She sat on the workspace and spread her legs, giving the thing a full view of her wet pussy.

The thing instantly teleported to Dr. Turner and took a more solidified form. It sprouted multiple hands from the midsections. Long arms and disfigured legs burst from the thing's center. As it grew closer, a thick cock emerged from the center, bursting forth with incredible speed.

"Oh, goodness! Fuck!" Dr. Turner squealed as the creature mounted her against the desk. She felt the thing pushing his cock further inside her body, and she didn't hesitate to enjoy the satisfaction of pleasure between her legs. Reaching behind, she grabbed hold of the thing and attempted to pull it closer, however, her hands slipped through the creature's body. Looking down, she watched as his dark brown cock twisted inside her vagina. She could see it disappearing, inch by inch, then expanding to the size of her fist.

The creature reached for her head, feeling the need to have her face just inches from his. She looked up at the entity, her eyes hazed with lust and a

wanton expression. The entity had to have her. It had to have her body. It couldn't just fuck it; it had to own it.

"Fuck me!" She moaned. "Fuck me!"

The creature's cock seemed like it was tearing her apart. Her tight pussy gripped his girth so tightly that it felt like it was about to explode. She could feel an orgasm building inside her, one that was more pleasurable than the one she'd experienced the first time. She couldn't believe that she could actually enjoy taking a monster's cock so deeply inside her.

Dr. Turner's face was covered with streams of sweat as she looked into the dark, empty voids that were the creature's eyes. She thought of what a creature like this must be, with no face so to speak. She wondered what the creature would think of her now, bent over and trying to pull his cock deeper inside her. Dr. Turner could feel his thoughts in her mind. The creature told her that he needed her body, that he needed to fuck again. It told her that she was the only one that could bring about a new age for humanity.

"Fuck me!" she repeated. "Fuck me!"

The creature reached beneath her and pulled her body toward him, thrusting his bulbous dick into her body. Dr. Turner could see the thickness penetrating her body and retreating, then fucking her again. Her creamy fluids coated the thing's cock, making for smooth penetration. "Mmm," she moaned under her breath as the creature's fucks threw her forward over the desk even further. "Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm cumming!" She screamed as her body jerked involuntarily. Squirt sprayed from between her legs and she climaxed harder

than she ever had before. "Don't stop! Fuuuuck!!!" Begging the thing, wanting his cock more than anything, she couldn't stop grinding her cunt against the creature, milking him into giving her an impregnating creampie. Being only twenty-one and very fertile, Dr. Turner wondered if she could become pregnant from this creature's semen. The thought was fleeting and gone before she realized it.

The creature's cock expanded inside her cunt, filling it with an incredible amount of semen. The first load burst into her womb. "Oh, fuck," she panted. "So much cum!" She felt the creature's cock pumping more and more semen into her. "So much cum!" Repeatedly, Dr. Turner felt the fluid rushing from the tip of the creature's cock into her cunt. She could feel it filling her up, and she was filled with ecstasy as it did. "So much cum!"

As the creature shrank back to its previous form, it pulled its cock from Dr. Turner's vagina. The woman sat on the table and watched as the monster's cum began to leak between her legs. "That was incredible," she said.

The creature slithered over to Dr. Turner and coiled around her body. It spoke to her like a lover would. "I am pleased that you finally understand how I feel about humans." Dr. Turner smiled. Her brain was overflowing with the entity's thoughts and feelings. She couldn't tell the difference between her own and the creatures' ideas and emotions.

As the days stretched into a nightmarish continuum, the malevolent entity's grip on the research facility tightened further. One by one, team members fell victim to its insidious influence, their minds becoming

playgrounds for its perverse desires. Paranoia and isolation replaced camaraderie, and the once-cohesive team shattered into fragments of fear.

The facility itself seemed to have become a sentient entity, a canvas upon which the malevolent force painted its twisted desires. Shadows began to move independently, casting fleeting shapes that danced along the walls, sometimes taking on forms that defied the laws of nature. Unsettling whispers hung in the air like a suffocating fog, murmuring secrets that only the afflicted could hear. Objects shifted and rearranged themselves, creating an atmosphere of perpetual disarray and discord.

Dr. Turner watched helplessly as her colleagues succumbed one by one. Their eyes held a vacant stare, and their laughter had turned into nervous titters. The once-promising minds had become fractured, mere vessels for the malevolent entity's chaotic urges.

Amid the chaos, Dr. Turner found herself drawn deeper into the abyss. The entity's distorted voices began to invade her thoughts, promising her knowledge beyond her wildest dreams. The allure of such understanding was intoxicating, a siren's call that threatened to drown out the screams of reason.

The entity's words were honeyed poison, promising Dr. Turner the answers she had always sought—the universe's secrets laid bare before her. In exchange, it demanded her loyalty, her commitment to its dark purpose. It whispered of power and ascension, of the ability to reshape reality itself.

Dr. Turner's inner conflict raged like a storm. She wrestled with her ambition, her insatiable hunger for knowledge, and the haunting awareness

that her colleagues' lives were at stake. The wormhole that had once been a gateway to discovery had transformed into a portal to a realm of unending terror, and she stood at the precipice of a choice that could tip the balance between salvation and damnation.

But as she gazed into the depths of the wormhole, the whispers grew more insistent, their promises more tempting. The lines between right and wrong blurred, and she teetered on the edge of a precipice that threatened to swallow her whole.

As strange phenomena continued, Dr. Turner's internal struggle mirrored the chaos gripping the research facility. The malevolent entity's grip tightened, and the boundary between reality and nightmare grew increasingly thin. And amid it all, a battle for Dr. Turner's soul raged on as she was torn between pursuing her ambition and the desperate need to rescue her team from the malevolent abyss that threatened to consume them all.

The research facility had become a nightmare realm, a twisted reflection of its former self. Dr. Turner stood at the precipice of despair, her once-brilliant mind clouded by the malevolent entity's whispers. The team was now a fractured collection of tormented souls, their sanity hanging by a thread. But even in the midst of the chaos, a glimmer of determination burned within Dr. Turner.

With trembling hands and a heart heavy with dread, she began to formulate a desperate plan—a plan to close the wormhole that had become a

gateway to their torment. It was a gamble, a high-stakes effort to sever the link between their reality and the malevolent entity's domain.

Gathering the remaining team members, Dr. Turner disclosed the nature of their predicament—their experiment had unleashed an entity of unimaginable darkness. This force reveled in their suffering and fed on their thoughts. It was a revelation met with a mixture of terror and reluctant acceptance.

Dr. Turner laid out her plan in the dimly lit lab, surrounded by the eerie glow of the wormhole. They would confront the entity directly, facing the darkness ensnared them. It was a perilous proposition, but the alternative was to let the malevolent force continue manipulating and destroying them.

The team members exchanged apprehensive glances, their faces etched with desperation. The whispers of the entity had grown more insistent, a chorus of promises and threats that echoed in their minds. With grim resolve, they acknowledged the gravity of their situation and the dire need to banish the malevolent entity back to its own dimension.

And so, the stage was set for a showdown that would determine their fates. The lab became a battleground of fear and hope, a place where the boundaries between reality and nightmare were fragile at best. As they stood before the wormhole, its pulsating energy seemed to mock their defiance.

With trembling steps, Dr. Turner and her team approached the rift. The malevolent entity's influence hung in the air like a suffocating miasma, and its

whispers had grown louder, a cacophony of malevolence that threatened to drown out their thoughts.

As they chanted incantations from ancient texts, a tension enveloped the lab like a tightening noose. Shadows danced along the walls, and the very air crackled with palpable energy. Their voices joined together in a chorus of desperation, an attempt to drown out the malevolent entity's influence with their own collective will.

But the entity would not go quietly. It fought back with a ferocity that matched their determination, its power lashing out in waves of malevolence. Shadows twisted and writhed, and the lab's walls seemed to pulse with a sickening rhythm. Objects levitated and shattered, and the team members were forced to confront their darkest fears.

Dr. Turner's resolve wavered as the entity's promises intertwined with her deepest desires. The allure of knowledge and power tugged at her like invisible chains, threatening to ensnare her in its grip. But in the faces of her remaining colleagues, she saw the flicker of determination—the will to reclaim their lives and escape the nightmare they had unwittingly unleashed.

With a surge of courage, Dr. Turner unleashed a final incantation, a plea to banish the malevolent entity from their reality. The lab trembled, and the wormhole's energy surged with a blinding intensity. For a heart-stopping moment, the world seemed to hold its breath, and then...

The malevolent force howled in defeat, its presence wrenched away from their minds. The lab returned to an eerie stillness, the air heavy with the

aftermath of the battle. Dr. Turner and her team stood amidst the wreckage, shaken but alive, their ordeal finally at an end.

As the wormhole collapsed in on itself, the entity's influence dissipated like smoke in the wind. Once a crucible of horror, the research facility was left in silence. As they surveyed the remnants of their ambition and the darkness they had confronted, they realized that the line between scientific discovery and the abyss had been crossed—and the consequences would forever haunt their memories.

The final incantation echoed through the air, and for a fleeting moment, the research facility was awash in a blinding light—a testament to the raw power that had been harnessed in their desperate bid for salvation. Dr. Turner and her remaining team members stood united, the echoes of their voices a shield against the malevolent entity's wrath.

In a final, desperate struggle, the team managed to overpower the entity temporarily, using the knowledge gleaned from the ancient journal. Its grip on their minds weakened, and the whispers that had tormented them grew fainter, like distant echoes fading into the night.

With a deafening roar, the wormhole collapsed in on itself, the bluish glow swallowed by darkness. The walls of reality sealed shut, cutting off the malevolent entity's access to their world. Silence settled over the facility, broken only by the labored breaths of the survivors.

But the victory came at a heavy cost. The surviving team members were left traumatized and scarred, their minds forever haunted by the horrors they

had endured. The once-bright minds that had been drawn together by a shared dream were now fractured and distant, forever changed by the malevolent force that had crossed their path.

In the aftermath, Dr. Turner stared at the ruins of her ambition. Once a haven of discovery, the lab had become a graveyard of broken dreams. She reflected on the price of her ambition, the blind pursuit of knowledge that had led them to the precipice of madness. She had crossed boundaries that should have remained untouched, and the darkness that had emerged was a reminder that some truths were meant to remain hidden.

As the survivors emerged from the ordeal, scarred and changed, Dr. Turner found herself grappling with the weight of her choices. The malevolent entity's whispers still lingered in the corners of her mind, a chilling reminder of the darkness that could emerge when one dared to tread into the unknown.

The story ended on an eerie note, with a lingering uncertainty that the malevolent entity may not have been fully vanquished. The boundaries between worlds were fragile, and as Dr. Turner looked out into the night, she couldn't shake the feeling that the shadows held secrets that would forever elude human understanding.

And so, the tale of their dimensional descent would live on as a cautionary tale, a chilling reminder that the pursuit of knowledge could lead to horrors beyond imagination. The malevolent entity had been banished, but its presence would forever linger in the minds of those who had dared to cross the line between reality and nightmare.

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