



# Devious Nightmare (Once Upon a Nightmare #1)

**Author:** *MJ Bradsher*

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** Once upon a time, there was a man.

With a soul full of rage, and a flair for the dramatics, he tormented the small town of Wraith Valley mercilessly. A true nightmare, sent by the devil himself. When his reign of terror was brought to an untimely end, he vowed that one day hed return. Hed come back to finish what he started.

And he kept that promise

**Total Pages (Source):** 6

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 11:24 am*

Blaze

I love being on my motorcycle. Flying down quiet, deserted roads in the middle of the night brings me so much peace — peace that I don't get from anything else in my life. It makes me feel alive. It makes me feel like I'm free.

But it also reminds me how fleeting life can be.

All it would take is one wrong turn, and I'd be all blood and brain matter splattered across the road. I'd ruin an otherwise peaceful night for all the officers on duty. People would have to stare at my insides on their commute to work in the morning, starting off their day on a bad note.

The sadistic side of me would love to be able to float above the scene, take in their horrified and disgusted faces, listen to their conversations as they complained about how inconvenient my death was to the start of their day.

I'm sure all they would do is complain about how I ruined their otherwise boring day.

Not a single one of them would be concerned about the lost life.

People are honestly the worst.

I used to find peace in everything that I did. When I joined the band, singing on stage was the most euphoric release of my life. Better than sex or getting high drugs could provide.

But there is a downside to every extreme. Everything that I was feeling would fade away when I wasn't in front of a crowd.

Like the way addicts build up a tolerance to the drugs they're using, I needed more to feel the same high that I first did in front of a cheering crowd. The same was no longer enough to feed that deep-rooted desire.

I needed more of everything. More noise. More fans. More fame. So, I did the unthinkable.

I literally made a deal with the devil, and I've been dealing with the consequences of that decision ever since. It's incredibly cliché, but it is what it is.

I sold my soul to the devil alongside all of my bandmates, and in return we were given fame and fortune.

It was simultaneously the best decision and worst mistake of my life. The celebrity status we received almost immediately was exactly what we wanted, but the cost of that gift was higher than we were told in the beginning.

This is why you hire lawyers to read the fine print before signing a contract. Too bad there aren't lawyers who specialize in demon law.

The bodies piled up so quickly, and we were given strict instructions on how they were to be left after we killed them. They looked like some fucking morbid, pop-up art piece.

In the beginning it was difficult to kill the people he wanted the most. But as fucked up as it may be, it got easier over time. I've learned quickly how to pick my targets.

All women, per my instructions. Being a musician made it easy. We had groupies

begging for a chance to spend five minutes with us. Little did they know, their five minutes with a rock star would lead to them being my latest sacrifice.

Sirens interrupt my thought process and I no longer know what I was just thinking about. The constant blaring of the sirens during this ride are just another thing interrupting my peace, and it's beginning to give me a headache.

I get it.

You're coming after me. But, is it necessary to have the entire Sheriff's department after me, or for the sirens to be so damn loud? The police should look into more neighborhood friendly sirens. Ones that don't wake the entire town when you're trying to catch a bad guy.

The nosey fucking people in Wraith Valley come running the second they hear a cruiser flying down the street. The flashing blue lights and the people in this town is the equivalent of a moth to a flame. So predictable and pathetic.

"Pull the motorcycle over, Mr. Dubois," one of the officers says through the loudspeaker in their car. I'm not sure which one of the pigs said that, but he's hilarious if he thinks that's all it's going to take for me to turn myself in.

I've come too far to give up now. If Donovan wants this to end, he's going to have to kill me in front of all his men. I want them to at least get a glimpse of the monster he is.

I'm not better than him. Actually, I'm probably worse than him at this point.

I know where I'm going when this life ends.

It's about time he realizes he's never going to meet the big man upstairs.

His fate was sealed a long time ago, and once the reaper comes to take him, he has a first class ticket to the pits of hell.

I'll be there waiting for him. Fists ready to beat in his ugly face. I know I won't kill him — obviously he'll already be dead — but maybe the devil will let me keep pummeling him for killing one of his most loyal servants.

I turn onto Old Wolf Street and hope that I can lose them when we get to the bridge.

There's no way they will be able to drive their cars over it to follow me.

The bridge has been closed for years due to its inability to hold the weight of a vehicle, and the town is too set in their ways to update it.

Though, my bike should be able to fly across the bridge without the whole thing caving in and sending me down into the depths below.

The rickety old structure comes into view. I'm so close. I know I can get there and away from them if I just push a little faster. Then I'm on my way out of town, and I'll stay out of dodge for a while until I figure out my next move.

This is the end of my career, and I know it. There's no way for me to continue recording and performing now that they know what I've done.

I have no way of knowing exactly how many of my crimes they can prove, and I'm certainly not going to ask and start confessing, but I know that they wouldn't be following me right now with an entire brigade of officers if they didn't have enough to put me away for a long time.

Up ahead, the bridge comes into view, though it takes a moment for my eyes to pick up the shape of the familiar structure through the ridiculous amount of fog rolling

around the deserted outskirts of town.

I'm so close to finally losing the parade of patrol cars behind me when I notice flashes of blue lights on the other side of the bridge.

At first, I think they are reflections from the lights behind me, bouncing off the fog in the air, but as my motorcycle starts across the creaky wooden planks, I see the clear silhouette of a man and the cars attached to the blue lights across the way.

I'm trapped. I have nowhere to go. Unfortunately, this bridge is not over water. If it was, I'd just jump in, no matter how deep or chaotic the current below may be. I wouldn't even question it.

Of course, I'm not that lucky. As I slow my bike to a stop, I lean toward the broken and rotting wall of the bridge, staring down at the deep, rocky ravine below.

Jumping isn't an option. I will not jump to my death. If Donovan wants me dead, he will have to do it himself. I'm no fucking coward. I will not bow to this fucking pig.

The shadowy figure at the far end of the makeshift wooden road takes slow, sure steps as they move closer to me.

Without seeing his smug face, I know the identity of the man approaching me.

He's the same man that has been so hellbent to see me removed from my place in the limelight since the moment we discovered we have something in common.

The second in command for the sheriff of this lovely town has some skeletons in his closet that he'd do anything to keep from becoming public knowledge. And by anything, I mean that he'd willingly put a bullet between my eyes and send me to the creature who has my soul.

As the sound of footsteps grow closer and the chattering from voices in the distance is carried in my direction by the wind, I drop my head back and look up at the dark, cloudy sky. This is where it all ends. There's no fucking way I'm making it off this bridge alive.

I can feel it. Like I can feel that my life is about to end, and whatever is left in place of my soul is already being pulled down toward the bottom of the ravine below.

A voice clears only feet away from me, and I roll my head to the side and meet the dark, hollow eyes of Dustin Donovan. He does some weird tip of his hat in my direction. "Good evening, Blaze."

"Is it, Donovan?" I pull the cigarette and match from beneath the edge of my hat. Donovan watches on as I light the match against the bridge and bring the flame to the end of the cancer stick, clearly on high alert by the way his hand hovers over his gun until I toss the match into the ravine.

He opens his mouth to speak, but I hold my hand up, stopping him before he utters a single word. Keeping my hand in the air, I take a long drag into my lungs and hold it. My lungs burn, not from the smoke but the length of time I'm holding the smoke in them.

Finally, I release the breath into Donovan's face. "Is it a good night? Seems to be a subpar night for me, if I'm being honest."

"Sorry you feel that way, Blaze," he says, trying to sound genuinely apologetic, but I hear the disdain when he says my name. He hates me.

"Are you?" I tilt my head to the side, and with the blood painting my hands and face with crimson, I am positive that I must look like a psychopath right now. My teeth clamp down on my bottom lip as I smile at the officer. "I'm not sure I believe that."

Donavan clears his throat, clearly uncomfortable with the way I'm questioning him. "Mr. Dubois, I really think-"

I step closer to him. "So now I'm Mr. Dubois?" Donovan takes an unsteady step away from me, but he quickly stands tall once again and crosses his arms over his chest. I have to bite back the bark of laughter that threatens to erupt from me at his failed attempt at intimidation.

"Mr. Dubois, what would you like me to call you?"

"Oh, so are we pretending we don't know each other?" I drag my tongue over my bottom lip, licking at the metallic, crimson liquid drying there. "Are we going to pretend that this blood isn't as much your fault as it is mine?"

Donavan reaches for the walkie clipped to the front of his shirt. He presses the button, and the tiny device pings before he says, "Adding a fifty-one fifty to the responding call. Notify Wraith Valley General and let them know we will have a transfer on route momentarily."

My laugh is low and humorless as he finally releases the button from the radio. "We both know that was a lie, but you told it so well, Dusty. I'm almost proud of you, baby."

"Don't fucking call me that." It's the first time I've heard or seen him look even the slightest bit intimidating. Who knew that all it would take is calling him baby. Too bad I don't have more time to test the theory and make sure I'm correct.

During our back and forth, my cigarette went out. Without thinking, I reach for my zippo in my pocket, but I never feel the familiar cool metal against my hand. Instead, all I feel is the searing pain as bullet after bullet is pumped into my chest from the barrel of Donovan's gun.



“Slimy fucker,” I wheeze as I stumble back toward the edge of the bridge.

When I cough, I spray a smattering of rivulets of blood across his face and uniform.

If nothing else, at least he’ll have to remember fucking me over later tonight when he gets cleaned up. “Don’t get comfortable. I’ll be back.”

With those last words, I take the last step off the side of the bridge through the empty space in the broken wall. Closing my eyes, I revel in the feel of the wind surrounding me as I plummet into the ravine.

It’s the most free I’ve ever felt. More freeing than being on my bike. It’s such a shame I’ll only get to experience it once before the end.

I’m sure he’s smiling up there, thinking he’s won. Little does he know, I expected this day to come, and I took the necessary precautions to ensure my return. All I need is for some pathetic, love-sick fan to find it and—

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 11:24 am*

Ripley

Present Day

As the sun sets over the far off trees, I duck into the shadows of a storefront entrance as I watch her. This is crazy. I feel like some kind of secret spy, except less cool and ill prepared.

Samantha is walking around downtown Wraith Valley like she owns the place right now. I fucking hate it. I hate her. I hate that she's like this. It's part of the reason she is the perfect person for what I need.

As she stops to talk to Brad, the coffee shop owner, I rummage through the pouch secured around my thigh under my sheer dress, looking for the paper I found at the abandoned hunting cabin in the woods.

I don't often hang around in the woods at the same location where satanic rituals were performed, but I am a huge fan of Blaze and His Demons, a popular rock band from my teenage years. When the band broke up after the police killed the lead singer, I became a little obsessed with the story behind the rockstar turned serial killer.

Blaze DuBois was twenty-seven years old when the Senior Deputy of the Wraith Valley Sheriff's office killed him on Old Wolf Bridge.

To this day, no one knows what happened on that bridge between Blaze and Donavan, but Blaze never walked away from that interaction. The story that the local

paper ran about the death of the rock legend didn't include a reason as to why the deputy pulled his gun on the assumed unarmed singer.

Yes, Blaze had been accused of murdering upwards of twenty-four women across the country, but that doesn't give Donovan the right to play judge, jury, and executioner. That's not how the judicial system works. I should know. I was going to law school before I decided I'd rather get another degree in theology and folklore, so I could study demonology.

What kind of job can you get when your expertise is in demons? You can do research for a local folklore podcast. That's how I found all the information I know about Blaze and his alleged crimes.

No one cares what you are researching when you ask to look through the library's archives for folklore in a town like Wraith Valley. When you tell a staff member that you are researching myths about the town, they likely think you are an insane person.

That's how I found the paper in my hand. I learned that Blaze supposedly used a cabin in the woods for ritual sacrifices. Police were never able to locate the exact cabin. There are a lot of cabins — both abandoned and still in use — scattered throughout the woods surrounding the town.

Honestly, I think they did find the right cabin, but they didn't know what they were looking for. Or, they couldn't find anything in all of the hidden compartments I found around the tiny hunting shack.

During our few encounters, Blaze never came off as careless. He always seemed calculated and very self aware. There's no reason for me to believe that he would have been anything less than incredibly thought driven with hiding something as important as what's written on the item I'm holding.

It's a way to bring him back.

It took weeks to collect everything I needed for tonight. The only thing left is the blood from a feminine connection to the spirit. Considering Samantha couldn't get off of Blaze's dick long enough to take a breath, she's the perfect choice for my remaining ingredient.

The sun dips lower, painting parts of the town in a golden glow. The other areas are drenched in darkness and shadows. Perfect coverage.

I wait for Samantha to stop puffing out her tits to Brad. When she finally does, she heads in this direction, just as I knew she would. This is it. This is my only chance.

With my back pressed to the brick wall behind me, I hide in the shadows until she's about to pass me. That's when I grab her. hand over her mouth, the other in her product filled hair as I drag her into the darkness with me.

Samantha thrashes against me, desperate to break free from my hold, but I won't let her. Instead, I remove my hair from her hair, taking hold of the blade secured to my inner thigh. She gasps as she sees the glint of my knife.

Before she can make another sound, I drag my favorite weapon across her neck, and we are both bathed in the blood of this sacrifice.

For the fifth time, I check the instructions laid out for me on the paper in my hand. I've added all the herbs indicated on the list and mixed them in with Samantha's fresh blood. My candles are lit and spread out correctly. The skull of the deer is at the center of my makeshift altar.

Everything is ready. I am ready.

Reaching out, I dip my hand into the iron goblet holding the blood and herb concoction. I don't waste a single drop of the main ingredient in my ritual.

Using the crimson liquid, I draw a star on my head, neck, and over my heart. I repeat the motion again and again until only a small amount of the blood in the cup remains.

I pause and stare at the objects in front of me. The question of whether or not I should be doing this blares in my mind. I've never worked with magic as dark and dangerous as resurrection. I'm a green witch. My magic is in my plants and remedies, not bringing back a ghost from a decade ago.

I should stop. I should rethink this, but I don't.

It's now or never. With shaky hands, I lift the worn piece of paper and recite the words needed to bring him back.

a dark heart

and a wicked soul

of blood and bone

a sacrifice

an offer of life

surrounded by darkness

i call to him

I wait for something — anything — to happen. The wind rushes through the trees,

and the sound of the rustling leaves grows so loud that it's nearly deafening.

But almost as soon as it began, it ends, leaving the cemetery in an eerie silence. There isn't a single sound in the vast expanse of the cemetery.

Not a cricket.

Not a rustling.

There is nothing.

The cemetery around me is shrouded in absolute silence. I can't remember if there was a complete lack of sound before I read the incantation or if this is the sign I was looking for.

Suddenly, the clear, star-filled sky is clouded over with unnatural swirling clouds of smoke. Is this a tornado? Wraith Valley hasn't experienced a tornado in decades; since before I was born.

Searching for answers as my long dark hair whips around my face, I eye my surroundings, but the rest of the cemetery is still and unmoving. This is my sign. I did it.

Holy crap! I did it!

Almost instantly, the fear and dread set in. The swirling vortex of smoke grows darker, an inky shade of black, as it descends toward the ground on feet away from me.

I should run. I should gather my things and get out of here as quickly as my legs will allow. But, I can't. My body won't move. I'm stuck, frozen in place, as I watch the

dark storm in front of me begin to slow.

Before I can calm my racing heart, a figure forms at the eye of the storm. Not quite a man. It appears... skeletal. Dirty off-white bones move with ease, only covered by a bloody white shirt, leather jacket, jeans, and boots.

This can't be real.

As the figure approaches, stepping out of the spinning clouds of darkness, muscle and flesh sliver over the bones. The way they wind around the battered bone, like snakes around a new victim makes me sick to my stomach.

I can't look away.

A loud gasp rips from me as the face of the creature finally appears and familiar dark eyes look back at me. It's not possible that it worked. The only logical explanation is that I am hallucinating. I inhaled too many fumes from everything I burned, and now, I'm passed out in the cemetery.

My racing heart calms momentarily, clearly believing the lies I'm telling myself. However, the sight before me is hard to discredit.

Blaze Dubois stands before me, still just as damn attractive as he did ten years ago... when he died. He takes intentional steps toward me, not at all confused by what's happening, not like me.

I wait for him to stop when he's a good distance away, but he doesn't. Blaze keeps approaching me, and I panic. Before I can calculate my next move, I'm on my feet and fleeing the scene of my ritual.

"What do you want?"

I call out, not bothering to look behind me as I run. I will not become a movie cliché. I won't.

He doesn't respond to my question. The deranged murderer actually doesn't say anything. His loud foot falls behind me letting me know that he's still there, and he's now chasing after me.

Fuck. Damn. Shit.

What did I get myself into?

I see the entrance of the cemetery up ahead. I'm so close now. If I can get out of here, I can make a mad dash back to the house and forget this ever happened.

Relief sets in too soon. A moment later, pain sears my scalp as his hand tangles in my hair, and he yanks me bad to him by my delicate strands. When the forceful tug throws off my balance, he shoves me to the muddy cemetery floor and glares now at me.

I look up at his paint covered face. It's almost hilarious that the pain portrays him as a skeleton. Just moments ago, he actually was one.

The paint used to be worn by all the members of the band when they performed. Blaze was the only one who chose to adopt their onstage practice in his day to day life. No one ever knew why, but I think it has something to do with the women he killed.

“What's your name, Little Sire?”

I flinch at his question, and I feel the spark of defiance coursing through my veins. He can't chase me through the fucking cemetery, and then try to demand information



from me. Especially when he ignored all the questions I've asked him.

I don't freaking think so buddy.

"Do not call me that,"

I huff, crossing my arms in front of my chest in a failed attempt to shield myself from him. All I actually end up doing is pushing up my tits in the most ridiculous way.

I watch as his hand trails the length of the stained, white t-shirt he's wearing until he reaches the front of his dark jeans. There's a clear outline of his dick through the material.

For some reason, I can't tear my eyes away as he takes hold of his erection and squeezes it. An involuntary gasp escapes me, and I'm so mad at myself.

I'm no virgin and he isn't even naked. Why am I acting like that is the most crude thing I've ever seen.

When I'm finally able to look away from his adjustment or suggestive gesture, I see the faintest hint of a smile on his full lips. He's enjoying the effect he has on me. This ghost... thing is amused that apparently I'm as horny as a fifteen year old boy about to see his first rack.

His smile grows, and it only increases my ever growing frustration with this entire situation. Yes, I'm aware that I am the one who brought him back, but the plan just seemed so much better in theory.

"What do you want?"

There isn't as much bite behind my words as expected.

“Your name.”

Blaze shrugs, as though I’m the one being unreasonable.

“Ripley,”

I spit out.

“Are you happy now?”

Blaze eyes me but doesn’t reply. He rolls his tongue around in his mouth, and I’m completely transfixed by the movement. “Not yet,”

he smiles.

“What more would you want?”

The second the question has left my mouth, I regret speaking it out loud. His gaze trails my body, lingering on my breasts and the high slits in the skirt of my dress.

Instead of answering the question, Blaze takes a step toward me. I counter his move with a step away from him. The move causes a spark of excitement in his eyes.

He takes another step forward as he muses,

“There are so many things I want from you right now.”

“Oh?”

He laughs, and it’s the most sinister sound I’ve ever heard.

“Ask me what they are?”

I shake my head, but that doesn't stop him. He lunges forward, taking hold of me with his gigantic hand wrapped tightly around my throat.

“I said, ask me what they are.”

The pressure around my throat makes it hard to swallow as I contemplate his request. While I'd like to keep up the charade of being tough, I'm pretty sure that he won't let me go until I answer.

I try to clear my throat before asking,

“What are they?”

My eyes scan the flaking paint at the corners of his mouth as his smile broadens. His other hand comes to the side of my breast, trailing gentle fingers down my side until he lands at my thigh.

Blaze's eyes meet mine again.

“I want to take this hot, little body for a ride. Hear you scream my name a few dozen times. Feel you cunt try to strangle my cock. That sounds pretty fucking fantastic to me.”

“What else?”

“What do you mean...”

He trails off as his attention returns to the bare skin of my thigh.

“You told me to ask what they are,”

I bite out.

“That means that there must be more than one.

“Smart girl.”

He presses soft, teasing kisses from my temple, all the way to the shell of my ear.

“I need you to help me find the man who can help me stay.”

“Someone can help you stay?”

“Yes.”

“How?”

Blaze pulls his face away from my ear. so he can look at me again.

“I need help with a murder.”

His focus shifts to the goblet filled with blood on the blanket with all my other ritual materials.

“And it’s clear you know your way around something like that.”

I watch as his eyes land on the chalice still filled with the blood from his old fuck buddy. He has a point, but that doesn’t mean I have to help him. At least, not until I know more about his place.

“What do you need me for? Can’t you carry out this plan on your own?”

The words have less fight behind them that I thought they would. It’s probably because my lungs burn from the lack of oxygen they are getting.

“Oh, sweet, Little Sire,”

Blaze coos in the most condescending tone I’ve ever heard. The sinister smile that forms on his lips cracks the white and black paint around his mouth. I’ve never seen children’s face paint look so menacing before, and a full body chill of fear has all the hair on my body standing on end.

What have I done? I asked for the man, but I brought back a monster. He’s going to do something terrible, and it will be all my fault.

Think, Ripley!

Think!

Quickly, I dig into his side with my nails, breaking one in the process. I’m not sure how this whole ghost thing works, and I’m not sure this will even hurt him until he howls out a cry of pain.

When he releases his grip around my throat to reach for his side, I take off running again. This time, I won’t let him catch me.

I will make it out of this cemetery.

I will get away from him.

I will send him back.

I will fix this.

I swear.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 11:24 am*

Blaze

Why the fuck is she running again?

We've already played this game and it's really starting to piss me off. I caught her the first time she ran. We both know I'll catch her again. I wish she'd just stop for a damn minute and think this through.

She's the one who brought me back. She asked for this, and now she's going to fucking run from me?

I don't think so.

It's not like I'm asking for her help to kill a good person. Donovan is a prick. He also has a ton of skeletons in his closet. Me being one of them.

It's time for the world to be rid of him, and Ripley is just the person to help me with that. I have it all planned out. I've had plenty of time to plot my revenge during my time in solitude. But none of this works if I can't get this stunning creature on board.

Maybe I can dick-notize her. That's a thing, right? I'll kill two birds with one stone. I get to fuck someone for the first time in a decade, and she'll be so love drunk off my cock that she'll agree to whatever I say.

Seems pretty fool-proof to me.

I take off after her, darting through the cemetery as I try not to lose track of her. It's

really fucking annoying that I'm technically a ghost, but I can't just teleport to her or some shit like that. What's the point of being brought back from the dead if I don't have any cool magical powers?

Ripley darts to the left and I know she's trying to leave the graveyard. We aren't at that part of the game yet, so I can't let that happen.

"Ripley,"

I call out to her, and I see the falter in her steps. She's so affected by me and my voice. It does things to me that I can't explain.

I've had crowds of thousands of fans cheering for me or professing their love for me, but all this tiny little goth temptress has to do is bat her lashes when I speak, and I'm ready to fucking devour her. Throw her to the ground and find out how she tastes. See how much of my cock she can take between those pretty painted lips. Watch her cunt stretch around my thick cock.

And....I'm fucking hard.

At least I know my dick still works. That would be a damn tragedy if I came back from the afterlife and couldn't fuck this chick who went through all of the trouble to get me here.

From the moment the fog cleared and she came into view, I was hooked. Intrigued by her black painted lips and the way her sapphire eyes pop underneath her dark eye makeup. The deep plunge of her neckline exposing the trail of porcelain skin between her breasts stained with the crimson liquid from her sacrifice. The thigh high slits in her dress, showing off her shapely legs with every step she takes.

She's a dark angel. A fucking gothic goddess. I need to tear the sheer black fabric



from her body and reveal every curve and valley.

Time works differently in the afterlife, but I've been deprived of a hot, tight cunt for far too long. I'm going to fucking ruin her, and I'll enjoy every second of it. I hope she screams when I fill her for the first time.

The thought of feeling her tighten around my length, and the cries of passion and pain that she'll scream out into the night, has my heart racing as I pick up my pace, quickly catching up to her. I don't try to remain quiet as I get closer. I want her to hear me coming. Know that I'm about to catch her.

I want her to be afraid of me. I've always been a sick fuck. The media gave explicit details of how the bodies were discovered by police before they found me and killed me. She knows what I'm capable of.

I wonder if she's afraid she'll end up like all those other women. Left in a field, bare and lifeless in the middle of an altar of bones and blood.

Honestly, the thought of killing her hasn't crossed my mind. I'm grateful she brought me back. And I'm fucking ecstatic that she's also sexy as sin.

I'm mere feet from her. All I need to do is push a little harder, then I'll be able to grip onto those long black strands and yank her back to me.

"Ripley,"

I taunt her, and she falters again, slowing down exactly as I expected her to. My hand wraps around her dark locks, and she screams in pain as I pull her back to me. She stumbles, losing her balance, and we both fall to the ground. She's on top of me, her back to my front.

Ripley attempts to scramble away from me, but she's not fast enough. Gripping the back of her throat, I hold her in place as I roll us, firmly pressing her cheek into the mud once I'm straddling her ass. She struggles against my hold but just barely. It's as though she doesn't really want to be free of me.

"Oh, Ripley,"

I hum, leaning down to whisper the words against her ear.

"Do you like when I chase you, my Little Sire? Did that make you wet for me? Shall I check?"

She's shaking her head, but the filthy whimper that passes her lips when I rock my erection between her ass cheeks says otherwise. Ripley is a dirty girl. She's getting turned on by a known serial killer, who also happens to be dead. She might be just as sick and twisted as I am.

With one hand still forcing her head down, I reach behind me and bunch the gauzy fabric to reveal her gorgeous round ass. She's completely bare beneath her dress, and I groan.

"Fuck,"

I whisper as I caress the soft skin, desperate to mark it. Needing to see it turn a beautiful shade of red when I bring my hand down on it in a harsh slap, I do just that, and she moans when my palm connects with her ass.

"If you weren't wet before, I know you are now."

I trail my hand over the clear handprint and laugh when she jumps at the contact. On instinct, her legs spread for me as I dip between them, but not before I feel her slick

arousal on her inner thighs. She's making a fucking mess.

"See...I knew I'd find you soaked for me, my dirty little slut,"

I bite out the words as I thrust two thick fingers into her pussy. Ripley tries to buck against the invasion, but I'm still straddling her. She has nowhere to go. She's completely at my mercy, and it's making me wild.

"This cunt is so tight. I'm going to tear you apart when I fuck you."

Ripley's attempting to rock her hips, and I'm not sure if she's still pretending that she wants to break free from my hold or if she's trying to fuck herself on my fingers. Either way, she's getting off on it. The mixture of her breathy moans and the way her pussy grips my fingers is more than enough encouragement to keep going, but I'm not a monster.

Some sort of undead ghost or zombie? Yes. A murderer? Also, yes. But, I'm not fucking this girl until she tells me she wants it.

"Tell me, Little Sire, do you want that? Do you want me to bury my fat cock in this tight little hole until you're screaming so loud you wake the dead?"

Her instant nodding makes me smile, but it's not enough.

"You need to say the words, or I'm going to stop. So, I'm going to ask again...do you want my cock, baby?"

"Yes!"

Ripley cries out her agreement just as her orgasm hits and her pussy pulses, gripping my fingers.

“Oh fuck, yes. I want it.”

“Such a dirty good girl.”

I slide my fingers from her still spasming cunt and bring them to my mouth. Ignoring her protest at the loss of my touch, I suck her release off my glistening digits. I hum,

“You taste so fucking good.”

The taste of her juices on my tongue stokes the fire I’ve felt burning for this girl since the second she brought me back to this world. In a flash, my hold on her head and my weight keeping her in place are gone. I know she isn’t going to run again. She wants this as much as I do. Fucking needs it like I do.

“Hips up,”

I command her as I undo my pants in a rush. Not wanting to waste more time, I shove them down to mid thigh before kneeling behind her. Ripley does as instructed, going up on her knees until her exposed pussy is on full display for me. She doesn’t lift her head, keeping her cheek still firmly pressed into the dirt where I put it.

Underneath all the dark makeup, Ripley has an air of innocence to her. I honestly believed that she would reject all my advances. Fuck, am I happy I was wrong.

I take hold of my cock with a firm grasp, dragging my hand up and down the length as I stare at her shaking lengths, damp inner thighs, and pretty pink cunt. My fist isn’t doing a damn thing to relieve the ache.

“Please,”

she whimpers.

“Fucking beg for it,”

I grit through clenched teeth. She’s so fucking sexy. I don’t need her to bed, but I want to hear her sultry voice plead for me to fill her.

“I want to hear you.”

“Please fuck me.”

Her ass sways from side to side, trying to entice me. She’s crazy if she thinks I need more convincing.

“I want you to ruin me.”

In the back of my mind, I know that I shouldn’t be doing this. I have too much to do before the veil snaps back into place, and I’m sent back to whatever hell I’ve been in for the past decade. But I can’t stop myself. I need to feel her wet heat wrap around my dick.

Inching closer, I notch the fat head of my cock at her entrance, and we both moan at the contact. I’m not even inside her yet, but I can already feel how hot she is.

All it takes is one hard thrust, and I’m bottoming out in her cunt. She screams my name into the empty cemetery and claws at the grass and mud near her hands.

I glance down where we connect, where her cunt is stretching around me, and I groan. She’s so fucking tight, gripping me tighter than any cunt of fist before her. She’s searing the skin on my cock with her heat. Losing control, I grab hold of her hips, and fuck mercilessly. Savagely. Her inner walls constrict around me, harder and tighter with each violent thrust.

“Blaze. Fuck, Blaze.”

The more she cries out my name, the harder I rut into her. The sound of skin slapping together mixes with her cries and my grunts. It’s a symphony of erotic sounds, and I fucking love it.

Her black painted nails dig into the ground as she slams back into me with every thrust. Even in the cool October weather, beads of sweat form on her skin, and I want to lick every single one of them. Each breath comes out more ragged than the last, but my dirty little slut doesn’t stop rocking her hips.

My fingers bite into the skin at her hips, slamming her over and over again onto my thick length. She’s writhing before me, walls tightening, and my Little Sire is going to come. I can fucking feel it.

“Look at me,”

I growl the words.

My obedient Ripley finally lifts her head from the ground, arching her back so she can look over her shoulder. She meets my gaze, and the last string of my sanity snaps. I fuck into her with an urgency I’ve never known before, feeding off of her sinful cries of pleasure.

“Come for me.”

I command her, and she does. Her mouth falls open and her eyes roll back as she loses herself in the throws of her full body orgasm. Her cunt grips me, making it difficult to move inside her, but I’m determined to fuck her through this orgasm.

She’s fucking stunning when she comes. Allowing the pleasure to claim her every

sense.

My own release creeps up as I watch her. Balls tightening, breath choppy, I maintain my ruthless pace, fucking into her as I fill her with hot ropes of my cum.

I slow my movements, enjoying the subtle flutters against my sensitive dick as her orgasm subsides. I'm not ready to leave her perfect pussy yet. So when her legs finally give out, and she falls to the ground, I follow her, continuing my slow, deep thrusts.

Ripley hums her approval at the leisurely pace I'm maintaining.

Why can't I get enough of this girl? My dick is still rock solid, and I could probably pick her up and fuck her against a tree if I didn't have shit to do right now. I'll revisit that thought later.

"I can't breathe,"

Ripley whispers from beneath me, and I laugh. I was waiting for her to say something, and I wasn't going to move until she needed me to get off.

Slowly, I roll off her, moving to my back beside her. She follows my movement, rolling away from me until she's looking up at the dark, star-filled sky, chest still heaving with her deep breathing. I watch her tits rise and fall through the mesh fabric. I'm too tired to move, but I want to see her bare pale breasts.

Later — I know I'll want her again before I'm sent back...wherever I came from. There's no way I'm not going to take advantage of everything I can while I'm walking this earth. Fucking this gorgeous goth angel as many times as she'll allow me to dragging a knife across Donovan's fucking neck are top on my priority list.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 11:24 am*

Ripley

My entire body feels useless. The lingering effects of the multiple orgasms Blaze just coaxed from my body are making my head a little hazy and all of my limbs feel like there are lead weights attached to them.

I just had sex with Blaze Dubois — very, very dirty sex. Only minutes ago, I had sex with some kind of ghost and it was the best sex of my entire life. Not only that — I had sex with my favorite deceased musician.

How is this happening?

My chest is heaving with quick, shallow breaths. My skin is damp with a new layer of sweat. My chest hurts, but I can't rub away the pain because my arms still don't work.

In the distance, I'm vaguely aware of Blaze sighing as he mumbles something that sounds like,

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

Then he's hovering above me in all his naked glory. I'd try to appreciate it more if my heart wasn't actively trying to pound its way through my ribcage.

His dark eyes stare down at me, and I can see the annoyance in his expression. I don't know what I did or why he's mad at me, but I don't want him looking at me the way he is right now.



I have to force myself to remember that he's a murderer — that he has killed multiple people from our small town. I'm sure he had reasons for what he did, but that doesn't change the fact that he's a killer.

He leans down, and I flinch as his hand comes close to my face. This makes him smirk.

“Don't worry, Little Sire. I'm not going to hurt you — right now.”

“Wh-what?”

His large, calloused hand cups my cheek, and it's cool against my heated skin. Was his hand always this cold? Even when he has his fingers buried deep inside of me? I can't seem to remember, but that doesn't surprise me. From the moment he threw me to the ground, everything I did was carnal instinct. I was thriving only on my baser needs.

“You're having a panic attack, Ripley.”

His voice is more comforting than it has been since I pulled him from whatever alternate dimension he was in. I'm almost positive that I imagined his gentle tone, because it's gone mere seconds later.

“I really need you to get your shit together. We have an officer of the law to go visit.”

“Why would we...”

My words trail off, and I instantly know which officer he wants to go see and why.

“You want to go find Sheriff Donavan.”

It isn't a question. I know that's who he wants to go see, and his face does nothing to hide the fact that I'm right. His brow quirks as the smirk forming on his full lips grows wider. It's a devious smile, one filled with malice and evil. In this moment, he looks every part the villain that the stories I've been told painted him to be.

Why do I find that insanely hot? There is something wrong with me. I'm broken. I need help. I need to be institutionalized for the sinful thoughts swirling in my head.

"You're very smart, Ripley girl."

I freeze. Is my mind playing tricks on me, or did he just call me...

His smile grows in size and wicked intent.

"You didn't think I'd remember who you are?"

All I can manage is a slight nod of my head as my breaths become more erratic.

"Oh, I remember you, sweet girl. I knew the second the smoke cleared, and those blue fire eyes came into view."

My breath catches in my throat at his admission. I've changed a lot in the decade since Blaze died. Even before he was killed, we hadn't interacted often. Only a few times when my parents allowed me to go to one of my brother's concerts.

Though, my eyes have always been my most distinguishing feature about me. They are vibrant layers of swirling blues.

His devilish smirk intensifies, and my core flutters again at the sight of it. How am I already turned on after two mind-blowing orgasms? This doesn't make sense. What is this freaking man doing to me?

This can't be me. Blaze must have come back from the afterlife with some kind of magical draw to him. It's like a compulsion. That is the only thing that makes sense.

I'm not this woman. My past boyfriends have all been safe. Gamers and tech nerds. Not homicidal psychos with malicious smiles and bodies built for sin.

"We need to go."

His words cut off my internal spiral. With that, he stands and adjusts his pants, putting his thick length away. I'm almost sad to see it go.

"Let's go, Little Sire."

"Why do I have to go with you?"

The question is out of my mouth before I have time to process words I just spoke aloud. That was supposed to be an inside question.

"Sweet girl, I've already told you."

He leans down until I can see the wicked intent in his dark eyes. His hand slips into my hair, gripping so tightly onto the strands that tears spring to my eyes. He's pulling me closer, so we are face to face.

I half expect him to kiss me, but he doesn't. Instead, Blaze drags his tongue up the side of my cheek, licking up the tears streaming down my face. His responding growl at the taste is filthy, and I'm ready for him to fuck me again.

Blaze pulls away from me too quickly, releasing my hair, and leaving me aching for him. He finds his discarded shirt on the ground nearby and puts it on. When his dark eyes meet mine again, there is no residual lust remaining in his dark irises. All that's

left is pure hatred.

The hairs on my body stand on end as he stares down at me. I don't need his next words to know what he has planned for us tonight. It's written all over his stupidly handsome face, even through the remnants of the black and white skeleton paint he was wearing the night he died.

He laughs when he sees the fear in my eyes.

"Come on, Little Sire. Let's go kill the fucking pig."

"Where are we going?"

I huff out as I try to keep up with Blaze.

We are currently walking through the woods, behind the old Cronshaw property. It was creepy enough trying to walk by the house. I've heard so many stories about the house and the people who once lived in it over the years.

The stories depict them as a satanic cult and claim they would commit sacrifices in the woods behind the property. Due to the accusations made by authorities after Blaze's death, I am piecing together why he doesn't share my fears about being here.

"Blaze,"

I hiss out as the fifth consecutive branch hits me in the face.

"What are we doing out here?"

I trip over a raised root just as Blaze halts his steps, and I fall into him, barely catching myself on his arm before I go down. When I stand and go to speak, his hand

clasps over my mouth.

With his other hand, he points through the break in the treeline. There I see three cars belonging to the Sheriff's department parked in the middle of the clearing. They are surrounding a large bonfire and three men in long, black cloaks and hoods.

What the actual fun?

"Little Sire, I need you to listen to me."

He turns me to face him as he releases his hold on my mouth.

"I want you to run out there crying."

"Why?"

I whisper, staring back at the men as the sound of them chanting fills the otherwise silent wooded area. They are no longer standing around the fire. Now, they are circling the giant flames with their hands held out by their sides.

The smell of the burning wood surrounds me as I take in what is happening as they begin to chant. I can't make out the words they are saying, and that's when I realize they aren't speaking english.

"Da nobis donum tuum, Tenebrae,"

they shout toward the sky in unison.

I whip around to face Blaze, his eyes already trained on me, intently searching my face.

“Is that Latin?”

“Does it matter?”

This insufferable ghost has the nerve to shrug at my question. He wants me to go into a field of Satanic worshippers, and he is fucking shrugging at my questions.

“What do you me-”

Blaze’s hand crashes into my mouth as he pulls me against him, silencing my words. I struggle against him, but it’s pointless.

“Look at them,”

he whispers against the shell of my ear. The hand covering my mouth is removed as he uses it to point toward the men.

“Focus on Donavan. I will deal with the others. Do you understand?”

I turn around and open my mouth to question him again, but my words are cut off by the intensity in his gaze. Even in the dimly lit wooded area around us, I can see his need for my answer clearly written on his stupidly handsome face.

I nod.

“Yes, I understand.”

“Good.”

With that single word, he holds out his hand to me. Resting in his large palm, is a black knife. The blade is long and serrated, but it doesn’t shine in the moonlight

peaking through the leaves above.

It's a dull, matte black. It looks lethal.

As soon as the blade is in my hand, Blaze backs away from me. He leans on a nearby tree before crossing his arms over his chest, waiting for me to start whatever he has planned.

On instinct, I take off running through the treeline, into the open field before me. The tears come naturally as they have since this man walked out of the smoky pits of hell.

"Help me,"

I call out to the dark figures at the center of the open, grassy area.

"Please, help me."

The three cloaked men turn to face me in unison. In an instant, they're tearing the hooded capes from their bodies, revealing their tan and beige Sheriff's Department uniforms.

Blaze was right. All along, he knew we would find them out here, performing whatever ritual I just interrupted.

"Ripley?"

Sheriff Donovan questions as my eyes lock on him. When recognition fully kicks in, he bolts in my direction.

For dramatic effect — and the fact that it's so dark beyond the light of the fire — I trip and fall to the ground feet from the officers. Seconds after I hit the ground, the

sheriff is at my side, wiping my sweaty hair from my forehead.

“Ripley, what happened?”

One of his hands cups my cheek while the other scans over the exposed skin, presumably looking for injuries. His eyes frantically search my face.

“Talk to me. Tell me what happened.”

I almost believe the concern on his face. That is until I see the way he examines the field around us. It would make sense to assume he’s looking for the person who hurt me, but there’s something sinister in his eyes that makes me believe otherwise.

Sheriff Donovan isn’t looking to arrest my assailant. He’s making sure no one is with me.

I shove away from him, crawling backward on the ground to get some space between us, when one of the deputies screams in the distance. “Fuck!”

I turn just in time to see a deputy I don’t recognize being pushed into the tall flames. His ear-piercing cries ring through as the man flails amongst the firewood and embers in the middle of the makeshift fire pit.

In a flash, Donovan is on his feet, gun drawn, and pointed directly at the man with the mischievous smile across from us.

Blaze stands on the other side of the dancing flames, his hand holding a knife — a knife that he has pressed firmly against the neck of Deputy Hall. The light from the fire dances in his eyes as he stares off with the man who killed him, and in this moment, Blaze Dubois looks like evil personified.



Donavan moves to take a step toward his officer and the madman holding onto him, but it's too late. Blaze attempts to drag the blade across his skin, but Hall bucks back, breaking his hold.

The man runs away from him, frantically, and is heading toward me. Before he can reach me, his eyes roll back in his head, and he falls to the ground beside me. I'm pretty sure he passed out from all the excitement, but I can't risk it.

I look over to the standoff between the pig and the ghost, confirming no one is paying attention to me. Not overthinking my decision, I raise the blade in my hand and quickly drive it down into the side of the unconscious man's throat.

Blood pours from the wound, coating the blade and his clothes in the dark liquid. I stare down at him waiting for the guilt to set in, but it doesn't.

That's an issue I'll have to deal with later, because movement from behind me pulls me away from my latest victim.

The sheriff moves toward Blaze, but I'm faster than him. Without thinking, I'm on my feet and throwing all my weight into knocking the gun from his hand. It clatters to the ground, the sound of metal on stone confirms its descent.

When he looks at me and sees the bloody weapon in my hand, his gaze quickly focuses on the lifeless body behind me. When they return to mine, there is a new hatred there. It's unlike the one I saw him give Blaze.

This looks like betrayal.

I haven't betrayed him — not yet at least.

He takes a single step toward me, and it's already one step too close for comfort.

Only one of us is going to walk away from this, and I will be damned if it's not me.

As soon as the knife in my hand slices through Donovan's arm, I feel something inside me change. I'm no longer the Ripley Collins I was a few hours ago. Now, I'm a double murderer. Soon to be a serial killer if the officer over by the cop car succumbs to the gash from my knife.

I did stab him in the side of his throat, so it's very likely that he won't survive that.

I keep asking myself the same question over and over again in my head. Is Blaze worth everything I've risked losing to help him?

If you had asked me yesterday if I'd kill for Blade, my answer would have been yes, immediately. I was obsessed. I'm still obsessed, but this is different. I thought I loved this misunderstood rock god.

Naive? Yes, but isn't that how so many other people are when it comes to their idols? From his music to his insanely hot face and lean tattooed body, he's perfect. Add in his music and his smoky singing, and you have the man of most women's fantasies.

Either way, it's too late to turn back now. I lift my gaze and meet the Sheriff's terrified eyes. Just as he says, "Ripley,"

I draw the knife back, and plunge it into his chest. The accompanying scraping and squelching sounds should deter me from doing it again, but it doesn't.

I pull the knife back, ignoring the grotesque sound it makes as it leaves his body, and drive it into his chest over and over again. I lose count after the third or fourth time I pierce his flesh with the weapon in my hand.

At some point during the attack, Donovan fell to the ground, and I ended up

straddling his stomach as I continued my onslaught. It's all a bit hazy.

When I look down at the man beneath me, all I see is dark red blood, pouring from between his quivering lips, pooling on his chest, and splattered all over his beige uniform.

He's a mess.

I'm a mess.

I just murdered the freaking sheriff.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 11:24 am*

Blaze

Ripley looks like an immortal goddess covered in the blood of our enemies. My cock comes to life in my jeans as I watch her rip the blade out of Donovan's chest. The bastard is still gurgling, but there's no way he's getting back up. She must have driven the Bowie into his chest and neck at least a dozen times. The fucker will be dead soon.

As Ripley rises from the ground, she tries to clean the mess off my knife with her dress, but she's also covered in this fucker's blood. All she does is smear the crimson liquid around with every swipe against the fabric. When she finally stops trying, she turns her icy stare to me.

The sight of blood always gets my dick hard, but when it's on my Little Sire, it makes me fucking feral. I need to get my hands on her really soon. Though, I'm afraid right now might not be the time. She doesn't look pleased with me.

I don't have much time left, and I need to have her again before I go. Maybe she'll take pity on me about the whole being sent back to the afterlife thing. I'm not above guilting her into letting me fuck that sweet, tight pussy again.

Her chest is heaving with the adrenaline coursing through her veins. The deep plunge of her dress shifted during the attack, and her gorgeous tit and pink nipple are on full display for me. One of the slits at the front of her dress ripped all the way up to her waist, revealing more skin than before. She's fucking perfect.

"So, now what?"

She asks, clearly frustrated as she waves her arms toward the three nearly lifeless bodies behind her, but I don't look at them. My eyes remained trained on the woman before me.

The annoyance on Ripley's face falls away as she takes in my expression. I can only assume that my desire is evident on my face.

At the same time, we move toward each other until we collide in the middle. I take her lips for the first time and groan at the contact. I need more.

My tongue delves into her mouth as my hands take hold of the torn fabric, easily shredding the rest of the flimsy material. She shoves my jacket from my shoulders before immediately pulling at the hem of my t-shirt. When she can't lift the material from my body, she uses her long dark nails to tear it. The ripping sound of my shirt only heightens our frenzy.

In seconds, my pants are gone, and we both stand in the field completely bare to each other. Ripley trails my body with her hungry eyes until they land on my dick. Her eyes grow wide, and her head snaps up until they meet mine again.

"Your dick is..."

She trails off, and I can't help the bark of laughter that sounds through the field.

"It's tattooed."

I nod as I take it in my fist. As I stroke myself, the light from the headlights flashes across the metal at my tip.

"And it's pierced."

“Holy...fuck,”

she breathes. She bites into her bottom lip as she looks back to my thick length in my hands.

“I didn’t notice before.”

I smirk at her and her innocence. She’s clearly never fucked someone with a piercing before, and in a fucked up way I like corrupting her. I don’t have much time left. Who knows if she’ll even want to try bringing me back for a second time? I’m going to take full advantage of the time I have left with her.

“Get on your knees, Ripley.”

I watch intently as she processes what I’ve said, blinking up at me as clarity washes over her face. A soft smile spreads across her lips as she sinks to her knees in front of me.

Ripley takes my cock in her small, bloody hand, and it’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen. Yup, definitely fucked in the head. In a flash, her perfect lips are wrapping around my cock, sucking me into her mouth until she gags. My cock jerks at the sound.

My girl doesn’t let something as silly as gagging or choking stop her from taking me back into her mouth, swallowing more and more of my length with each of my thrusts in between her perfect lips.

I’m obsessed with this girl. I don’t want to go back there. No, I want to stay here and continue to fuck any hole she’ll let me. Maybe taking her ass will be my goodbye present.

I groan at the thought as I grab a fist full of her hair, so I can hold her in place. Her mouth feels good, but I need to be in control when it comes to her. I can't move at her pace right now. I need to fuck her throat, and then her tight little cunt.

Tears stream down her cheeks and saliva spills from her mouth as I rock my hips over and over again, but she doesn't stop me. She hums around my tip each time it hits the back of her throat.

Her piercing blue eyes stare up at me, never straying from my face. I can't wait anymore. I need to fuck her one last time.

As I take a step away from her, my dick slides from her mouth with an audible pop, and my Little Sire giggles. She fucking giggles, and I think it's my new favorite thing. Fuck, I'm becoming a sap.

"How do you want me?"

She asks, reading my mind.

The sap in me wants to hold her and watch her face as I fill her. The heathen in me wants to bend her over Donovan's dying body and use his blood as lube. I decide on neither of those options.

"Go sit on the hood of Donovan's cruiser."

I nod at the police car a few feet behind her.

Her eyes widen to the size of saucers.

"You w-want to fuck me o-on his car. Blaze..."

“Yes.”

I stare at her, waiting as patiently as I can for her to get off the ground. When she doesn't move, my annoyance grows.

“Get over there. Now.”

Ripley's on her feet and scrambling over to the car. She hops on the hood, her heavy tits bouncing with her movements. I knew the second I got her naked, I'd love what she was hiding under that dress. She's perfect, and I'm going to have my fill of her.

“Spread your legs for me, Little Sire. I want to see all of you.”

I slowly walk toward her as she does as she's told. She rests her feet on the bumper of the car, wide enough that her glistening pussy is exposed, waiting for me to fuck it.

When I'm close enough to her, I grab her throat and pull her mouth to mine. I want to taste her. All of her. I break the kiss too quickly, but there's so much more of her for me to explore. I drag my tongue down the column of her throat. I place soft kisses down her chest until I take one hard nipple into my mouth. Ripley moans loudly as I suck on the bud.

Her skin is sweet and salty. Fucking delicious. I'd spend forever licking and biting every inch of her if I wasn't so desperate to get inside her. I trail a hand between her thighs, and slide my fingers through her arousal. She's so wet for me. The sounds my fingers make as I rub her clit are obscene. She's more than ready for my cock.

I release her nipple from my mouth and look down to watch as I continue to glide through her wetness. She rocks her hips, desperate for more.

When I remove my hand and replace it with my cock, Ripley whimpers.



“Please. Please. Please.”

“Such a needy cunt,”

I tease as I tap my crown against her swollen clit. I’m watching her face every time I tap her swollen bundle of nerves, and I’m pretty sure I could make her come from this alone. But that’s not what I want. I need to feel her strangling my dick with her pussy as she comes.

Grabbing her face, I force her eyes to mine. I lean in and nip at her full bottom lip and whisper against her mouth,

“Watch me as I fill you.”

She nods, though her head barely moves with my firm grip holding her in place. I release her and line up my cock at her entrance. In one hard thrust, I’m filling her. She makes a strangled sound, I exhale on a loud groan. “Fuck...”

“I need...more,”

she breathes, rocking her hips so I’ll move.

I grip her ass and pull her to the edge of the hood and rut into her over and over again, loving her incoherent cries. She’s so tight and responsive. I don’t think I could ever get enough of her.

“Blaze,”

She cries out as she throws her arms around my neck, pressing our chests together and claiming my lips. She’s so hot and wet — and for now, she’s mine.

“You love getting fucked by a dead man, don’t you, Little Sire?”

She moans as a new flood of wetness soaks my cock. I could stay in this pussy forever. This is my new home —right here buried deep in Ripley’s cunt.

“Did you bring me back just so I could fill you with my seed? You want to see if I can fuck my ghost babies into this tight cunt?”

What the hell? My dick jumps inside her at my own dirty words. I want to breed her? I guess that is a new kink unlocked.

She must fucking love it too, because her legs tighten around my waist, and she lets out a guttural groan as her pussy clamps down on my cock. She pants against my face, riding out wave after wave of an orgasm that nearly takes me with her into pure euphoria. But I’m not ready to fill her. She feels too damn good for this to end.

I want another one from her. I think I will always want one more from her. I’m greedy for her orgasms.

Quickly I lift her from the hood and spin us around, so I’m now leaning against it. I bounce her up and down on my cock over and over, setting a violent rhythm as I feel her inner walls begin to spasm around my length.

“Give it to me, Little Sire. Let me feel you.”

“I-I-I can’t...”

she stutters her refusal, shaking her head.

“Yes, you can, and you will. I won’t stop until you do.”

I force out the words between grunts. I'm desperate to feel her milking my cock again, and I need to feel it soon. I don't know how much longer I can keep my own release at bay.

"Play with your clit, baby."

Ripley shakes her head, but I watch as her hand snakes between our bodies, and she does as she's told. She moans loudly as her fingers circle her sensitive bundle.

"Ripley, I swear to fucking god if you dont come..."

I spear her faster with my dick, dropping her on my length harder and harder each time, until she throws her head back and cries out.

"Come for me. Right. Fucking. Now."

Her back arches, and I'm afraid she's going to fall, but I don't stop as her orgasm rips through her and she screams again. Her cunt locks around me in a vice grip, and I roar as I spill my release into her pussy. She milks every thick rope of cum from me until we're both panting.

I turn us again and place her back down on the hood. I'm not ready to let her go, but I guess the undead also get exhausted. Her arms and legs are still tightly wrapped around me as our breathing evens out.

We stay like this, wrapped in an oddly peaceful embrace until Ripley finally pulls away. There's still a lingering flush heating her skin. Her dark hair is a wild mess. Makeup and blood stain her beautiful cheeks. She looks ridiculously sexy.

A smile spreads across her face slowly, and I think I'd be okay seeing her like this more often.

“What are you smiling about?”

“I’m just really happy you didn’t come back like a real ghost.”

She laughs, but I’m not sure what she’s talking about. She must read my confusion because she continues.

“You know, like Casper or something.”

“So, what you’re saying is that you’re happy that you could actually ride my dick.”

I raise a brow and wait for her answer.

“Maybe...”

She hops off of the car in search of clothes, seemingly forgetting that I tore her dress to pieces. I’m about to toss her my shirt, when she starts tying parts of the fabric together until she has something resembling a dress or like some kind of gothic mummy, with black instead of white bandages.

Behind Ripley, I watch as the flicker of light grows over the horizon. The sun will be up soon, and I’m out of time.

Throwing on my clothes, I never stop bouncing my eyes between the rising sun and the beautiful girl I don’t want to leave. She watches me just as intently, her smile long gone.

“You’re leaving...”

She hangs her head and crosses her arms in front of her.

I'm not the guy she wants to comfort her. I'll say something stupid like I'd never want to leave her pussy. While it's true, it doesn't feel right. It's not enough.

"I guess I can try again on Halloween."

She offers me a weak smile and a gentle shrug of her shoulders.

I eat up the space between us with long strides and wrap my fingers in her hair, pulling her face back until she's looking up at me. I see the sadness in her watery blue pools. Just hours ago, she was terrified that she was actually able to pull me from the other side. Now, she doesn't want me to go.

I crash my lips to hers, bruising her mouth with my kiss. I could get carried away, swallowing her moans, but I need to get back. I don't know what will happen if I'm not in the cemetery by the time the sun has fully risen, but I have this overwhelming feeling it will be really shitty for me.

I nip at her lip before breaking the kiss.

"Don't wait until Halloween."

"But-"

"The veil is thin more than twice a year, Little Sire."

I offer her a smile and take her in one last time. Fuck, I don't want to leave. After long moments of just staring at each other, I finally look up at the sky, and I see the array of purple bleeding into red as the sun gets closer to the horizon.

"Bring me back, baby, or I'll fucking haunt you."

I hear her soft laugh as I turn and sprint toward the cemetery. All I want to do is go back to her. Hopefully she'll see that the veil between worlds is also thin on Beltane, and she'll work her magic again.

She'll probably hate me for what I have to do to stay in this world, but I'm not willing to give her up now that I've had her. We'll have to work through our issues when she learns I have to kill her brother to stay with her.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 11:24 am*

Ripley

The annoying sound of birds chirping wakes me from a perfect dream, and I'm not happy that this is how I'm starting my day.

I dreamt that I was able to bring Blaze Dubois back from the dead.

Not just talk to him from the other side.

After years of contemplating if I should attempt to bring him back to life, I finally went through with it.

And somehow, it actually worked.

My mind flashes through everything we did in this incredibly realistic dream that my brain conjured up.

The good.

The bad.

The filthy.

And the deliciously spicy parts.

I killed someone just to bring him back. Then, I killed another person simply because he asked me to help him fix a problem.

First, was that awful girl, Jessica. I've imagined doing something terrible to her for the way she's talked about my brother and Blaze. She's been running her mouth about them and their band for as long as I can remember.

Jessica talks about them like she actually knew them, and spent time with them.

She hasn't. She was a groupie, at best, and was someone who hopped from one band mate's bed to another one.

The only reason she spreads lies about them and their music is because, once the band broke up and Blaze died, they had no use for her anymore.

If you ask me, she had that coming. Blaze, my brother, and their other bandmates were the most talented musicians of their time. To downplay their abilities by calling them a bunch of manwhores with instruments — if only I could kill her outside of a dream.

I'll keep that thought locked away for a terminal cancer diagnosis.

Then, Blaze convinced me that Sheriff Donavan was a bad person, and he needed to die. He didn't go into detail about the specifics of Donavan's offenses, but by the genuine concern he had for this man walking this earth for another day, I believed him instantly.

Maybe I'm incredibly naive in my dreams. Or, it could have been that Blaze looked so freaking good in my head. I forgot how attractive he was when he was alive. The pictures online don't do him justice.

The man is the definition of a rock god. All lean muscles and sharp facial features. Plus, the dark depths of his eyes are endless pools are so enchanting.

Everything about the dream felt so real. The way he touched me. How hard I came



for him. The feel of the blood from my victims on my hands.

My mind is seriously a terrifying place. I should probably be concerned about my mental sanity, but I can't be bothered right now.

I lift my arms above my head and stretch as my eyes slowly flutter open. The sound of the chirping birds grows louder, and I don't understand why I can hear them so clearly this morning.

But when my eyes are fully open, it isn't my bedroom that I see around me.

No purple walls or twinkling lights.

No black accent pieces or dark paintings.

No, directly above me is the old weeping willow from the cemetery.

I sit up quickly and look around. I am in fact in the cemetery, and I'm wearing the black dress I tied back together last night. It wasn't a dream.

Blaze was actually here. The ritual worked, and I got to spend the night with him. I actually killed people, and I had sex with a...ghost.

I'm panicking. My heart is racing in my chest, and my head is pounding from the adrenaline I felt. This can't be real life.

The memories of last night come back to me with extreme clarity. Blaze appearing through a haze of fog and walking toward me. The overwhelming fear and dread that came along with the sight of him.

How he touched me. Feeling the warm, red liquid flow over my skin. All of the mind-blowing orgasms.

Watching him walk away from me. Following him back to the cemetery when he left. Lying down next to the candles and bones I left here when he appeared. Falling asleep to thoughts of him and dreams of the next time I'd be able to see him.

All of it was real.

I miss him already. I'm not sure how it's possible to already long for him in this soul-deep way I feel right now, but I do.

I hate that he left, but I will find a way to bring him back again. I'll look into what he meant when he told me that Halloween isn't the only night where the veil is thin. Blaze and his damn cryptic messages may be the death of me. Though, it's why his lyrics are next-level and so good.

How long will I have to wait before I can touch him again? Kiss him? Taste him?

My cheeks flush at the flashes of our carnal touches last night. It's never been like that for me before. I've never felt so completely satisfied by a partner.

I fought so hard against the instant attraction and pull I felt toward him. But in the end, his allure won, and I gave into him.

Well, maybe I didn't fight that hard. It was barely two hours between when he appeared in front of me and his fingers were thrusting into my pussy. Clearly I'm incredibly easy when it comes to him.

I shouldn't be surprised. Show me someone who wouldn't present themselves on a silver platter if their childhood crush came back from the dead and wanted to sleep together. There likely isn't a person in existence who would give up an opportunity like that. It's insanity to even consider that.

I don't regret any of it. Given the chance to do it again, I would in a heartbeat. Maybe

not the killing part or being facedown in the dirt at the local cemetery, but I would definitely do the rest of it.

Rising from the ground, I collect the items I want to keep from the altar and put them all in my small canvas bag. That's when I notice Blaze's black leather jacket on the ground in front of his gravestone.

My heart soars at the sight.

He left it for me.

I grab the jacket and pull it on. Almost instantly, his smell surrounds me, and this jacket instantly becomes my favorite article of clothing.

I'm also grateful that I have this to cover my torn dress.

The quick fix worked while I had the added cover of darkness to help hide my disheveled appearance.

Now, in the light of day, I feel exposed.

I pull Blaze's jacket close to me as I walk home, avoiding eye contact with everyone I pass. I'm not in the mood to discuss what I'm wearing or why I still have "fake blood" on me — though it's definitely not fake.

Opening and closing the wrought iron gate at the entrance of the property I share with my older brother was a mistake. My head is pounding and that ungodly screeching sound only made it worse.

"Hey, Rip." I jerk my head up at the sound of my brother's voice. He's walking toward me, dressed in his scrubs.

I immediately sag in defeat. I was so freaking close to getting inside without any awkward conversations.

I'm interested in the reason he's dressed for work hours before his normal shift, but I'm more concerned about getting inside without a slew of questions about where I've been all night or why I look the way I do. Dexter would lose his shit if he even knew half of what I did last night.

"Hey, Dex." I blurt out, keeping my eyes trained on the ground as I try to squeeze by him on the walkway, but he catches my elbow before I get too far from him.

"Where did you get that?"

I'm not sure what he's talking about, so I lift my head to face him. His eyes are focused on the jacket I'm wearing, and I realize my mistake.

Of course he would recognize the signature jacket his best friend wore for years.

Stupid!

I attempt to steady my voice before I ask, "Where did I get what?"

Dexter gently grips the sleeve of the jacket. I see the slight tremble in his hand move up his arm, before it rattles his entire frame. "This. Where did you get this jacket?"

I shrug. "Just something I found at the thrift store in Holland."

"Bullshit." There's a force behind his words that I'm not used to from my brother.

While Dexter is nearly a decade older than me, he's always treated me as his equal, even when he likely should have been the authoritarian in the situation.

So hearing him speak to me in a sharp tone, catches me completely off guard.

“Excuse me?”

He shakes his head, internally reasoning with himself before he drops his hand and offers me an apologetic smile. “Sorry. I just...nevermind.” He motions behind him where his car is parked in the driveway. “I have to get to work.”

“Why are you heading in so early?” I pull out my phone and check the time. “I thought you weren’t on call until tonight.”

Cautiously, he glances up and down the street. When he returns his attention to me, there is a deep crease between his eyebrows. “Someone attacked Donavan and two of his deputies last night and left them for dead in the field out by highway eighty.”

My eyes widen. “That’s awful. Are-are they okay?”

Dex shakes his head. “The deputies didn’t make it.”

“And the Sheriff?” I hold my breath, waiting for the words I know he’s about to utter. The panic already churning in my gut forces me to take in slow deep breaths to avoid puking all over Dex’s shoes.

“He’s alive but barely.” He adjusts his duffel bag that is slung over his shoulder. “They were able to stabilize him early this morning, but I have no idea what I’m about to walk into today. Wish me luck.”

“Good luck,” I whisper on a choked breath.

Dexter eyes drop back to the jacket I’m wearing, brows furrowed again, still silently questioning where I got it. Again, he shakes away whatever he’s thinking. Without another word, he turns and heads toward his car.

As soon as he's behind the wheel and his door closes, I spin on my heels and bolt into the house.

Quickly, I shower before heading to my room and powering on my laptop. If I'm going to figure out when and how I can bring Blaze back, I need to start working on it now. I'm going to need him here sooner rather than later if Sheriff Donovan is still alive.

What if he remembers my face was the one hovering above him before his eyes fluttered shut?

What if I left evidence on him before Blaze and I left the scene?

What if my DNA is on the hood of his patrol car after I came all over it?

What if he tells someone I was the one who drove the knife into his chest over and over again?

I have so many unanswered questions, and I don't have anyone I can talk to about what's going on.

I really wish Blaze was still here.

My earlier panic returns. Dexter is suspicious of the fact that I have the jacket that once belonged to his friend.

Donavan is probably being prepped for surgery to repair the damage that my blade caused.

I'm covered in blood, but thankfully I don't think my brother noticed any of it because he's too focused on what I was wearing.

I need to find a way to fix this mess, and I need to do it before I find myself in a damn jail cell. As a girl who only owns black clothing, orange will not be a good look for me.

I type into the search bar: WHAT DAYS OF THE YEAR ARE THE VEILS BETWEEN WORLDS THE THINNEST.

Immediately my screen fills with articles about Halloween, Samhain, and Beltane or the spring equinox. But, there is one link that lists other names that I've never heard before, and I quickly click on it.

There are several holidays...where the veil between our world and the afterlife is just as thin as Samhain and Beltane. Blaze was right.

Now, I just need to hope that I don't end up in prison before then. I've never prayed before, but I might start if whatever god listens will keep Donovan asleep until the veil thins again.

The End... For Now