



# If I Catch You

**Author:** *Emily Shacklette*

**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** All I wanted was one night.

One night of fun.

One night of depravity.

One night to lean into my baser instincts.

I knew that I'd have to run.

I never thought I'd be the one trying to catch me.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

## SAXON

“Sax, hurry up! Your demon cat keeps looking at me funny!” My best friend, Brendon, calls from my living room. I roll my eyes, willing him to feel my annoyance even if he can’t see it. Dusty might be a beautiful empty void of a black cat with her classic yellow eyes and perfectly timed attack pounces, but she’s anything but a demon. She’s my fluffy dark angel and my good luck charm. Though, to Brendon, she’ll always be the animal who bites his ankles and then demands head pets.

“Five minutes!” I holler back from my bedroom, where I’m sitting in front of my vanity mirror. I’ve wiped off the Raggedy Ann freckles that complimented the costume I wore to school today— an appropriate and adorable go—to of mine every year. It’s perfect for the pizza and cake party I throw for my first grade students before we parade around the playground to show their costumes off to their friends and parents. I apply a thick layer of black eyeliner, winging it out and then accentuating the underline with a swipe of bright red lip liner. I don’t typically cake on my eye makeup this heavy, but it’s Halloween and I want to look the part, even if this night isn’t going exactly as I planned.

Typically, Brendon and I spend Halloween night noshing on caramel popcorn and fun sized candy while marathoning the Scream movies and ignoring any trick or treaters who dare knock on my door.

This year, I found myself ready to do something different. Something that I’ve been thinking about, fantasizing, craving for years. Something that I used to think made me

wrong.

Dirty. Fucked in the head.

Especially when I told my ex-boyfriend about my fantasy, and he promptly dumped me, but not before berating me for my ‘sinful depravity’. He made me feel like I was bad and disgusting for yearning for something outside of the perceived norm and daring to voice those desires. I spent weeks doing my research after that douche left. I read up on my kink. I watched videos— both staged, scripted pornographic videos and the strictly educational ones. I chatted on message boards with like-minded people. When I found out about the annual haunted house slash kink experience right here in my nowhere town in rural Pennsylvania, I knew I was ready.

Screw my ex. Screw the boring, unfulfilling, passionless sex I’ve experienced in my life. Screw what people think is ‘normal’ or not. I bought a ticket and was ready to finally experience what I’ve only thought about alone with my hand between my legs.

Unfortunately, my best friend is not one to take ‘no’ for an answer. When I tried to tell him earlier this week that I wasn’t in for our annual Halloween tradition, he would not give in until I told him what I was up to. I tried my best to skirt the subject, saying I just wasn’t up for it, I wasn’t feeling great, I was more in a “Sex and the City” than a *Scream* mood, but he wasn’t having it. He pushed and pushed until I finally told him the truth.

Well, part of it. I told him I had heard of a new haunted experience and didn’t think he’d be into it. Brendon loves scary movies, but real life jump scares aren’t usually his jam. He, of course, insisted that not only was he totally down to check out the adults only Eastern State Mystery House, he was absolutely not going to let me go alone.

To be fair, I didn’t fight him hard on it. It would have been pointless, because once

Brendon puts his mind to something, he's relentless in his pursuits. The Mystery House is an "if you know, you know" kind of situation. If you know, you give the bouncer a passcode at the door, and then you're given a bracelet that indicates you're open to partners initiating play time with you in the rooms separate from the rest of the haunted house. If you don't know, you go in, enjoy the scares, and go home, none the wiser to some of the kinky sex acts going on behind the walls and loud, creepy music. Besides, what was I supposed to say?

"No, Brendon. I know we've spent every Halloween night together since we were toddling trick or treaters, but this year I want to explore my primal kink with a stranger or two. Catch ya in November, bud."

Not that Brendon would judge me. I know he wouldn't. He'd likely encourage me, because that's just who he is as a person. He's unflinchingly loyal, always on my side. But that doesn't mean he'd get it, and I don't know that I have it in me to explain myself.

I mean what kind of self—respecting elementary school teacher dreams of being chased through the woods, tackled to the ground, and taken like an animal running on instinct alone ?

This one.

But Brendon doesn't need to know that. The man still calls me 'bunny' for fuck's sake, all because I went through a pigtail phase in third grade, and he said it made my hair look like floppy rabbit ears. He's too pure for this world.

So, I will not be giving the bouncer a passcode tonight. I will be making the best of my situation, enjoying a spooky night with my best friend and then putting myself to sleep with my vibrator and some smutty, kinky novellas on my e-reader. Sighing, I affix a black and gold metallic spider barrette right above my ear, pushing back my

pin straight raven locks. Pushing away from my vanity, I slide my feet into a pair of Doc Martens and stomp my way out of my bedroom, trying to tamp down the lingering disappointment of losing my chance to explore my wildest fantasies.

I find Brendon sitting on my couch, knees spread so wide that his thighs strain against the light wash denim of his jeans, the sleeves of his hunter green flannel rolled up to his elbows. His forearms rest on his thighs and he's scrolling through his phone while Dusty eyes him wearily from her perch on the back of the couch. I take a moment to look at him while he's preoccupied by what I'm sure is a reel of soccer highlights he's watching with the volume low. His golden-brown hair still has a brush of light highlights, a natural occurrence that happens every year after he spends three straight months working the fields on his families' four-hundred-acre dairy farm.

From June through November, his mousy brown locks turn practically blonde from his time in the sun. Under his flannel, a black tee shirt stretches across his ample chest. A chest that I know is built of muscles a person can only gain from the hands-on labor he does daily on the farm. I've spent many days since we were kids sitting on barn rafters, watching as he heaves hales of hay, milks cows, and harvests crops year-round. Even now, I bring my first graders to the farm twice a year on field trips so they can learn how an organic farm runs, and I know I can count on Brendon to give them the full experience, as well as a good time. I especially love watching him lead them around on the backs of his family's horses.

The corded sinew in his forearms, though? I like to think that that definition comes from the summer evenings spent in the general store, scooping ice cream for the families in town trying to escape the sweltering heat. The toned muscles on his right arm are highlighted by black ink, a field of sunflowers stretching up to his elbow, identical to the art on my left arm. We had the tattoos done together when we were nineteen to pay homage to the sunflower fields on the farm where we used to spend hours playing tag and hide and seek in when we were kids.

There's no denying it. Brendon is stunning. He's got the perfect, family man, small town boy, 'aw shucks, ma'am' demeanor that women in this town go nuts for, plus a body that could bring any person with an appreciation of the male form to their knees.

But he's my best friend, has been since we were in diapers, destined to grow up together when our mothers— also best friends— found themselves pregnant at the same time and due within two weeks of each other and decided to give us cutesy, almost rhyming names. Golden Boy Brendon came first, in early November. Stubborn, Goth Girl Saxon, stuck around in her mother's womb a few extra weeks, deciding to make her appearance during Thanksgiving dinner. And since Brendon is my best friend, as sexy as I might find him— and I do find him mouth-wateringly gorgeous— I could never go there. I've never so much as risked a peck on the lips.

So, I take one last long glance while he's distracted, drinking him in from top to bottom, then quickly tamping down the funny feelings brewing in my chest. I'll go enjoy some good old fashioned jump scares with him, and later when I'm alone, I'll make sure the mystery man in my fantasies resembles more of the skinny, dark haired emo guys I tend to go for and not the Hemsworth lookalike currently taking up residence on my couch.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:24 am*

2

brENDON

I stare down lazily at the highlight reel of the Argentina vs. Colombia game playing on my phone. Something is up with Saxon, and I have no idea what it is. It started earlier this week when suddenly she didn't want to do our annual Halloween Scream marathon—a tradition we've kept up every year since the adults in the neighborhood decided we were too old to still be trick or treating.

Seriously, even the year I had the stomach flu, Saxon rubbed my back as I gagged over a bucket while Ghostface terrorized Sydney all over Woodsboro. When she told me it was because she wanted to check out a haunted house but didn't want to invite me because I'm 'not a fan of real-life jump scares', I was offended. I mean really, a man pees his pants on a haunted hayride one time in the fifth grade and he has to live with that shame forever? So, I did what I do best. I wormed my way into her plans anyway. Saxon isn't getting rid of me that easily.

“Weren't you just yelling at me to hurry up? I've been standing here for twenty-seven minutes, and you haven't even blinked,” Saxon's dry, Daria like voice cracks me out of the Messi-induced trance I had been in just a moment ago. She's leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed against her chest and one ankle tucked behind the other.

Even with the heel of her Docs, she's like a tiny little witch. I know if I went and stood next to her, I could easily rest my arm on the top of her head. I let my eyes peruse her, taking my sweet time from her patent black boots, up her legs that encased in a pair of tempting black fishnets. Some dudes lose it for a girl in a

sundress. Not me. Give me an emo girl— no, give me this emo girl, Saxon— in fishnets, and I'm ready to risk it all.

The low riding hem of her white and black dress with the v-cut top shows off a perfectly enticing peek of cleavage. Her lips are painted a blood red color, the same color as the red accent on her eyeliner. It stands out stark against her pale skin, accentuating the delicate slope of her face. Her onyx hair is pin straight, with bejeweled accessories holding it away from her face.

In short, she's a total fucking smoke show.

Saxon is so my type, it's not even funny. Even in her teaching clothes, when she's less 'goth girl with a 401k' and more 'Wednesday Addams cosplaying Miss Frizzle', she's everything my dreams are made of. Since the first time I saw her in a bikini back in high school (black, of course, a perfect contrast to her soft skin), Saxon James has been the object of my every dirty desire.

But she is my best friend first and foremost, and I am so not the kind of guy who is friends with a woman only to get in her pants. Saxon is the most important person in my life, right up there with my family, so as much as I've fantasized about wrapping that silky black hair around my fist and watching her throat work as she smears that red lipstick all over my dick, I could never go there .

Not unless I knew for a fact that she wanted me the same way, and I'm certain she wouldn't. It's not like we've spent a lot of time discussing sexual preferences, but I see the kinds of people she dates. Goth, pale looking men and women, the skinny type that look like they like to be bossed around, told what to do. Not big guys who like to throw their partners around, rough them up, hold them down and fuck them until they scream.

She doesn't even realize that the haunted house she's taking me tonight doubles as an



adults-only kink club. Behind the walls of zombies and creepy circuses, there's an underground scene of people looking to explore their deepest fantasies under the cover of darkness.

That's the real reason I insisted on going with her tonight. God forbid the bouncer slip her the wrong admission bracelet and she finds herself in the throes of anything she's not expecting.

As much as I've stroked myself off to the thought of it, I don't know that Saxon would submit to me the way I'd want her to, and I'm not willing to risk a lifelong friendship with my favorite person over a fantasy and sexual incompatibility.

"Damn, bunny rabbit," I wolf whistle as I stand. I spin my finger in a circle, and Saxon does a reluctant little twirl.

Jesus. Fuck. Those fishnets have those sexy ass lines up the backs of her legs. I inwardly groan, attempting to stifle down inappropriate lust that starts to course through me.

"You are so...wait for it... saxxy ," I smile, breaking my own tension with a dumb joke. There's nothing wrong with a little flirting, and I am nothing if not a flirt with my girl. Predictably, she rolls her dark brown eyes at me.

"You're a freaking dweeb, Brendon," she says as she yanks her black quilted bag off the hanger by the door.

"Yes, but I am your freaking dweeb, Sax," I say as I pull up the cotton mask I have around my neck over my mouth. It's a lame attempt at a costume, but the creepy, scarecrow-like mouth on the front gives me a demon farmer look, which is good enough for a guy in his late twenties on Halloween.

She looks back at me, giving me a once over before turning towards the door and checking her bag for her keys.

“It’s Halloween, bunny. What good would I be next to my little emo bestie without a creepy mask?” I say as I crowd in behind her, leaning across to turn the knob of the front door. My chest gently collides with her upper back, and I could swear I hear a hitch in her breath. A tiny gasp at the contact, though I’m sure I’m making it up. I’ve gotten myself all worked up over the holiday and the kink and the goddamn seam on the back of her stockings. My head is fuzzy. Thank all the gods that we’re walking tonight. The crisp air will do me and my overactive imagination some good.

Outside, we stroll slowly down the dimly lit street, dodging kids dressed up as superheroes and goblins swinging pillowcases full of sugar. On the corner, we pass a group of teenagers slyly passing what could be a cigarette but is likely a joint between four of them before tucking into a path through the woods that will lead us right out to the edge of the McMann’s farm— a neighboring property to my family’s— where the pop-up haunted house is located.

“I hate to think that my perfect little seven year olds will one day grow up to be bratty teenagers smoking weed and smashing pumpkins instead of begging for candy on Halloween,” Saxon says as she shivers. She’s been teaching for six years, so even her oldest former students are only around twelve years old. She hasn’t had to see her any of her little kidlets turn into fully defiant teenagers just yet.

Saxon shivers again, and this time I realize it’s from the cold and not just the thought of her students growing up to be delinquents like we once were. I wrap my arm around her shoulder and tuck her into my side in attempt to keep her warm, but she goes a little stiff. It’s nearly imperceptible, I only notice because I know her so well.

“You okay, Sax?” I ask as I squeeze a little tighter around her shoulders.

“Yep,” she says in a clipped tone. “Just ready to get this night going.”

“Alright, then.” I say, not quite convinced. Like I said, I have no idea what is going on with my best friend, but as we pass into the clearing and the sight of fog and strobe lights mixes with the sounds of low, creepy music and deep screams, I’m determined to make her forget her troubles and enjoy her favorite night of the year.

### SAXON

My feet are itching inside my trusty old Docs, and it has nothing to do with the wool socks I have tucked into them. From the moment Brendon and I stepped into the woods, my senses have been on high alert. Those woods have been our playground for our entire lives, there was no need for a flashlight or a phone screen to guide us from our little suburban neighborhood to illuminate the trail. We know the path like the back of our hands, the light of the moon was more than enough to guide us to the McMann's property.

It also served double time as the perfect, shadowy backdrop to the illicit fantasy I've spent a week prepping myself for. My brain knows that it's not happening tonight, that I was only walking a path I've walked thousands of times with Brendon.

But my body? That horny little slut was ready to run, to hide, to be wrestled to the ground. Brendon wasn't doing anything out of the usual. He wrapped his arm around my shoulders, something he's done more times than I can count. He pulled my body into his side, a place I fit so comfortably it's like there's a Saxon shaped divot made just for me on his hip. He chatted and made jokes and tried his best to get me out of the funk he could obviously tell I've been in.

It didn't matter. Every cell in my body hummed. They're still going. With every gust of cold autumn air, my heart beats a little faster. The scent of Brendon— like fresh hay and woody cologne— has my nipples puckered into tight little peaks under my dress. That mask covering the lower half of his face is like a page ripped straight out

of my dirtiest fantasy. A masked man, one I could identify only by his eyes, overpowering me. Taking me. Making me his. As we draw nearer to the haunted kink house, my stomach coils into knots and every brush of my stockings against the sensitive skin of my inner thighs sent a rush of arousal right between my legs.

Now, as we stand in front of the bouncer, holding our wrists out to receive our bracelets— the general admission, red striped ‘no hot kinky play for you’ variety—I’m on fire. I see a couple ahead of us entering the house, their bracelets a bright green color that I so desperately wanted for myself tonight, and I whimper under my breath out of frustration. My skin is crawling, my pussy is wet and aching, and I’m so goddamn disappointed to be missing out.

And Brendon has no fucking idea.

The music is loud, a haunting melody of minor chords overlaid with classic Halloween-esque contemporary music. Right now, a slowed down rendition of “Living Dead Girl” by Rob Zombie flows through the speakers as various sound effects clang around us. The whirring chainsaws and cracking thunder provide the perfect cover for the sounds of hedonistic pleasure occurring behind closed doors. As we pass the bouncer and near the threshold, Brendon takes hold of my hand. I know it must feel clammy, given the adrenaline swirling around with my own repressed sexual tension in my veins, but if he notices, he doesn’t care. He gives me a squeeze and leans down to speak directly into my ear.

“You ready to do this, bunny?” He exhales against my skin, causing goosebumps to erupt under the long sleeves of my leather jacket. I nod, not because I’m thrilled to wander the halls of the house, but because I’m ready to get this night over with. I’m wound up tight, and my body is begging for release. I think back to this morning and hope like hell I remembered to plug in my clit stimulator, because she will be getting a workout tonight.

We cross over the entryway, past a creaky metal door, and darkness encapsulates us. The only light in the room is the glow in the dark strip on our bracelets, so that even in the dark, others know that— much to my chagrin— we are not here to play. Brendon squeezes my hand again as he starts to move, and I follow closely behind him. I love spooky season. To me, it's the most wonderful time of the year, so I've been to my fair share of haunted houses, hayrides, ghost tours, you name it. But the anticipation of being scared at any given moment mixed with the heady scent of Brendon's skin so near my nose has me shivering.

We take slow steps until we reach the first real room of the house, a kitchen set up to look like a crime scene. An actor in a bloody chef's coat pops out from behind the counter, and Brendon and I both shriek, then laugh as we baby step through the pools of fake blood and gore on the ground. Next is a children's playroom. I stare at a doll propped on the shelf, admiring the emptiness behind its glass eyes before it jumps, scaring the life out of me. I shriek, falling backwards into Brendon's hard body. He steadies me with a hand around my waist as I hold my chest and try to catch my breath .

Okay, so the creepy, dead eyed doll is a creepy, dead eyed actor. The effects in this place are insane, and with each jump scare, Brendon and I find ourselves closer and closer. Blood roars louder in my ears and arousal pools low in my belly.

"I've got you, bunny rabbit." Brendon's voice is hardly more than a muffled sound amongst the noise, but it sparks my anger anyway. I wish he didn't have me. I wish he'd let me go so I could lean into what I wanted to come here for. But I can't say that to him, so I lean into him instead and follow him to the next room.

brENDON

The sound of the eerie music and the screams of the other patrons has me on high alert as I hold my girl's hand and guide her through this spooky monstrosity. The air in here is cold, a prickly kind of iciness that crawls up your spine and solidifies like frost on a window, but my skin is hot.

I might have been a little annoyed when I realized I'd have to be on 'Keep Saxon from discovering she inadvertently brought me to a sex club' duty, but now I'm thankful for the welcome distraction. Between leading her through room after room and fighting the arousal coursing through me, I've hardly had time to think about how fucking scary it is in this goddamn house. I'd like to have a nice long talk with the person who decided that getting the piss scared out of you— pun absolutely intended— was a fun late-night activity.

Okay. Apparently, I'm not completely over the fifth-grade hayride incident.

As we maneuver through each creepy scene, my heart races in my chest like I've been running a marathon. While I try to keep my eyes forward, my brain swims with all sorts of naughty possibility every time I glance down and notice one of those damned green bracelets. Each time Saxon yelps, screams, squeezes my hand tighter, I fight the urge to pull her even closer. Or better yet, yank her to my front and grind my persistent erection into the globes of her sweet little ass. I'm usually so much better at ignoring my lust for Saxon. I've been stuffing it down since I was a teenager, but the heady mixture of fear, anticipation, and the knowledge of what is going on right on

the other side of these walls has all my senses on high alert.

Specifically, the senses that tell me to grab her, kiss her, claim her.

I am in for either a very cold shower or an intense lovemaking session with my right hand when I get home tonight. Probably both, if the way my dick is pressing against the zipper of my pants is any indication.

On and on we go, shuffling through a morgue scene, a rundown abandoned church, a nuclear wasteland chock full of zombie actors, one creepy scene after another. I almost forget about the entire reason Saxon wanted to come here tonight in the first place. There are no indications of anything besides the inconspicuous bands on people's wrists— even some of the actors have them hidden beneath their costumes. The only thing separating us from them is a glowing green line on the bands of the people who are here and ready to play, as opposed to the soft, red glow of the bands on Saxon's and my wrists.

That is, until we reach a hall of mirrors.



### SAXON

In the darkness, the reflections of the mirrors that line the walls, ceiling, even the floor, are dizzying. They're aligned at different angles, some sporting small lights to give a glimmer of visibility, some not. The room feels like it's spinning on its axis. I think it's just an illusion, but for all I know, the room could be moving around us. Brendon takes a step and I follow, huddling in close to his body as my stomach starts to flutter in excited anticipation once again.

Our movement in the reflections of the mirrors makes it seem like there are hundreds of us coming and going in every direction, and it's unnerving. Even more unnerving than the actors in the previous room that were portraying a scene on a St. Andrew's Cross gone terribly wrong.

I'd really like to know the special effects artist who made it look like that woman's arms were truly hanging on by tendons.

My eyes can't settle on where to look, not when I can barely tell the difference between which Brendon is real and which one is a reflection. He's got his free arm outstretched, eyes pointed straight forward as he guides us through the hall, on a mission to get us the hell out of here.

A flash of light catches my attention, and as I turn, the world seems to slow down. The pumping music roars in my ears and my eyes glaze over as I watch as a glowing green bracelet maneuvers a mirror to the side, revealing one of the hidden corridors

of this kinky speakeasy. It's only a second before the mirrored door begins to swing close. If I had blinked, I would have missed it. Right there, on the other side of this creepy ass hallway under the glow of a twitching Edison bulb, is the shadowed outline of someone on their knees, ass propped up and hands held behind their back while someone rams into them so rapidly, I can hear the slap of flesh over the pounding in my ears.

Maybe my eyes are playing a trick on me. It's probably just actors playing out some sort of torture scene for scares. Maybe there's no one on the other side of the mirror at all. I can't be sure. All I know is what my mind wanted to see, and that is someone being fucked within an inch of their life in a dark, scary place. It's raw, animalistic, exactly how I'd hoped to be spending my night when I booked my ticket in the first place.

I feel stuck, rooted in place even as the mirrored door closes, and I'm left staring at nothing but my own dark reflection. An actor coated in demon clown makeup places themselves between me and the mirror, yelling something about moving along and keeping my eyes to myself. It isn't until Brendon realizes that I haven't followed him and tugs on my hand that I feel like I can move my feet again.

"C'mon, Sax. Let's get the hell out of here and get a drink," he shouts over the music, and I reluctantly fall in step behind him once again.

The image of that person on their knees is burned into my pupils, and even as we move through the last room— an open-air conservatory made up to resemble an eighteenth-century graveyard, complete with floating votive candles dripping wax suspended from the vine-laced bars above us— I can no longer tamp down the overwhelming annoyance in my gut. I don't scream when a faux maggot covered body erupts from one of the gravesites, nor do I join Brendon in breathing a sigh of relief when we finally reach the exit and step back into the chilly October night.

My best friend starts to chatter away, already reminiscing about the experience and making jokes about how brave he is for keeping all his urine inside of his body this time as he heads towards the bar, but I don't follow him. I stand near the exit of the house, looking longingly at the people around me, many of them affixed with green glowing wristbands, flushed and clearly seeking a brief reprieve from the salacious depravity happening in the house behind us.

Resentment knits up my spine. Anger burns in my lungs and before I know it, I have my arms crossed over my chest as I stomp away from the house, away from Brendon, towards the woods like a petulant child being denied their favorite dessert. The wind whips in my hair and the chill bites at my nose as irritated tears begin to prick at the corners of my eyes. I'm hell bent on getting home and forgetting all about my lost opportunity to explore my desires when a large, warm hand lands on my shoulder, yanking me back.

Even in my pissed off frustration, the move sends a wave of lust rolling down my spine.

"Sax, what the hell? I drop your hand for two seconds and suddenly you're storming away from me?" Brendon says, gripping my shoulder just this side of too tight. I can feel the imprint of his fingers on my skin, even through the faux leather of my jacket. I shrug him off and start to walk a little more briskly this time.

"Fuck off, Brendon," I grumble, low enough so that he can't hear me. It's not his fault that he didn't know what I really wanted to do tonight, but he's the only one here, so I will be directing all muttered insults in his direction.

I'm not as quiet as I think I am, though, because in a second, Brendon has a fistful of my jacket and has hauled me back against his chest. I gasp from the force of it, the impact of his hard body on my back nearly knocking the wind out of me. With his free hand, he reaches around and grips my chin, dragging my face up to look at him.

In the moonlight, the shadows on his face make him look darker, more sinister. The ridiculously sexy mask that he pushed down around his neck in the haunted house sits right below his chiseled jawline, and my fingers itch to reach up and cover his mouth with it once again. His breath is hot on my skin as he snarls at me.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Saxon?” He growls, gripping my jacket tighter and hauling me up to my tip toes.

“Let me go, Brendon,” I say, but he shakes his head. A chill runs through me, and I press my thighs together. I’ve never seen him like this before, I’ve never seen him so pissed off at me. It’s unbearably sexy.

“You’ve been a fucking brat all week, Sax, and now you’re acting even worse. You can’t just storm off on me without a word. This isn’t you. You don’t try to ditch our traditions, and you don’t roll those pretty eyes at me. I don’t know what the hell crawled up your ass but if I’ve got to toss you over my knee and spank the attitude out of you, I’ll fucking do it.”

I feel his chest rise and fall with each ragged breath as his eyes go wide, as if he’s surprised himself with the words he just said to me.

Spank the attitude out of me?

That is the last thing I ever expected Brendon to say to anyone, let alone me. The shock of it all settles low in my belly, and I squeeze my thighs together, desperate for some relief from the pounding ache between them. His pupils are blown out, his grip on my chin is so tight I fear I may be bruised there tomorrow, but I don’t care.

My big, goofy golden retriever has gone feral, and I want him. I want him so fucking bad, that I’m suddenly willing to risk everything— our friendship, his view of me, possibly even my dignity— just for a chance to see how far I can push him. Because

if I'm going to do this— if I'm going to cross this line with Brendon, I'm going to make sure he knows exactly what I want, and hope like hell he'll be willing to give it to me. I whip my head, freeing myself from his hold and turn to face him.

“You want to know what my problem is, Brendon?” I hiss with a shove to his chest. His hand wraps tightly against my wrist, gripping, squeezing, marking my skin, and it's now or never.

brENDON

I feel like my body is about to burst. This fucking brat in front of me is pushing me to my goddamn limits, and it's taking every ounce of self-restraint I've built up over the years to keep myself from throwing her to the ground and showing her exactly who is in charge here. My teeth are chattering in my skull with the force of trying to keep my cool.

My cock— goddammit my cock is so fucking hard I feel like it might burst. I wish I didn't know what was going on behind the walls of that haunted house. Wish Saxon would have just stayed at home and watched *Scream* with me like she was fucking supposed to. Wish she knew just how deep my need to own her is.

Every second of walking those halls was like a torturous slow dance of foreplay with no promise of relief on the other end of it. Every green glowing bracelet taunted me, like the wearers were saying 'look what we have, look what we can do. Watch as we disappear down these corridors and lean in to our every desire. Enjoy your hand tonight, bucko.'

The sounds of muffled pain and pleasure echoed in my skull even beyond the loud music and screams of onlookers. The darkness provided a level of heady, sexy intensity that had my arousal peaking higher than I think I've ever felt it before.

And Saxon. God, fucking Saxon. Her small frame tucked into me as we slowly navigated the horror show was intense. I could smell her fear, could feel it in the way

she trembled in my hands, and fuck if it didn't make me want to bend her over and fuck her to pieces on the fake blood coated floors.

Now, with her wrist in my hands, I can feel her pulse pounding against the delicate skin. I can see her blue veins right there, pulsing against her translucent flesh under the glow of the moon. I know when I let go, that creamy skin will darken from my hold, blue and purple marks decorating the sunflowers inked on her arm, and fuck if the thought of her covered in my bruises doesn't make my dick weep behind the zipper of my jeans. Her eyes are dark, burning with rage like she's Medusa ready to turn me to stone.

“You want to know what my problem is, Brendon?” she seethes, wiggling her arm to try to relieve herself from my hold, but it only makes me grip her tighter.

"Yes, enlighten me, Sax. Because I cannot for the life of me figure out why you're acting like I ruined your night."

"Because you did ruin my night!" She yells, her voice echoing in the dark night. "Do you know what this place is, Brendon? It's not just a haunted house. It's an underground sex club. It's a place where people come to play, to act out their fantasies. That's why I wanted to skip our movie night. That's why I didn't want you to come here with me. Because for once in my life, I wanted to do something for me. I wanted to be fucked. Really fucked, the way I wanted. I wanted to be chased, hunted, hurt. I wanted to be a man's prey, and I wanted to be shoved to the ground and forced to take his cock until I screamed. Is that what you want to hear, Brendon? That I'm fucking pissed off because I'm horny and frustrated and so fucking wet I'm going to have to throw my panties away when I get home? Because that's the truth. You couldn't just mind your own business. You had to tag along, had to be Golden Boy Brendon making sure I wasn't alone on Halloween, and now my night is ruined. So please, let go of my goddamn wrist so I can get home and fuck my vibrator."

She thrashes as she heaves her anger at me, whipping back and forth to get away from me, but I don't loosen my hold on her. All the blood in my body has flooded into my aching cock, straining to be let free from my pants, so it takes a moment for her words to start to register in my brain.

She knows the secret about the haunted house.

She was planning to come here alone tonight, to put a green bracelet on her wrist.

She wants to be chased. Hurt. Forced.

I let my eyes trail over her, down to where her tits are straining against the fabric of her dress, heaving with her heavy breaths.

In all my fantasies, I never imagined that Saxon might crave the same things as me. Things I've wanted from her since playing hide and seek with her started to make me feel things I wasn't old enough to understand.

I crave the hunt, and she's desperate to be hunted.

I could do it. I could be her predator. I want it. Need it. Need her like a drug.

"What's your safe word?" I ask, my voice coming out cool and chilly, even to my own ears .

"My..." she breathes, stopping her thrashes and looking up at me with dark eyes. "My what?"

"Your safe word, Saxon. You were coming here to play? To get fucked? You needed a safe word if they were going to give you a green bracelet. So, tell me what it is." I grit my teeth, anger and lust mixing in an intoxicating combination, like a shot of



whiskey right down my throat. She trembles in grip, and I feel her fear like a vice grip on my dick.

"You know?—"

"Safe word, Saxon." I interrupt through clenched teeth. Her breath is ragged and hot against my skin.

"Vanilla," she whispers, and then even quieter, she asks, "But why?"

I let out a low, humorless laugh. Now she wants to get all shy on me? I don't think so. I haul her into me, grinding my hard as steel cock into her soft, flat belly. Her gasp is so sweet and sexy, I wish I could fucking snort it like cocaine.

"Because, Saxon, if I catch you, I'm going to fucking ruin you. I won't stop. Not if you scream, not if you beg. That word is the only thing that will get me off of you." I drop my mouth to her neck and drag my teeth across her flesh. Not enough to mark, but just enough pressure that she can feel me. When I reach her ear, I suck the lobe into my mouth, relishing the full body shudder it earns me from her. I press my nose into her hair and inhale her smoky, rich scent.

"So you better run, little bunny."

I shove, and she stumbles backwards. I watch and smirk, palming my cock through my jeans as she almost loses her footing. I pull the mask around my neck back over my face and give her a sarcastic wave. She sinks her teeth into her plump bottom lip, and in an instant, she's turning on her heel and disappearing into the dark woods.

### SAXON

Every part of me freezes when those words spill from Brendon's lips.

You better run, little bunny.

Fuck. I've never seen a switch flip in a person like it just did in Brendon. This boy—no, this man— that I've known my whole life has always been the embodiment of boy next door. He's sweet and kind and generous. He's always there with a hug or a helping hand for anybody who needs it. He's bright eyed, bushy tailed, and practically leaks gentleness out of his ears.

Except now. Now, his eyes have gone dark. His jaw is rigid. He seems to have one single minded focus, and that focus is me. I don't want to question it. I don't want him to question it. I don't want to think about what just changed or how things will be different if I do as he says. I'm too keyed up, and from the look of chest rising and falling with heavy breaths under the cotton of his shirt, so is he.

Even so, I take a beat. If we were in the club, we would have filled out forms beforehand. There'd be discussions of safe sex and kinks and hard no's. As I think about it, I realize I don't want that. If I'm with Brendon, I don't need it. There is no person that I trust more, and no one that I know more about. We can both go into this knowing without a doubt that we aren't a risk to each other in any physical way, and that makes the fantasy all the more tantalizing.

When my feet start to move, I run like my life depends on it. My lungs burn as I pass through the clearing and into the dark, deep woods. I immediately duck off the path, cutting through a thicket where needly plants cut and scrape at my legs. A branch snags on my stockings and I stumble, falling forward onto my hands and knees. Something sharp— rocks, maybe branches, it's impossible to tell— cut at my palms as I brace myself. I wince, biting my tongue to tamp down the whimper of pain that wants to escape.

I lean into the fear, allow it to wrap itself around me. I don't want him to hear me. He can't find me. Heavy footfalls echo behind me, and I scramble back to my feet, cursing myself for choosing such loud boots. I try to run on my tip toes and as my eyes adjust to the darkness, trying to sidestep any leaves or cracking branches that will give away my location.

I know it's Brendon in these woods with me, but all rational thinking has been completely obliterated by the potent elixir of fight or flight adrenaline rushing through my veins. Fear and excitement pound in my chest, along with a heartbeat so loud I can feel it in my ears.

I slow down, ducking behind a large tree. I press my back to it and cover my mouth, muffling my heaving breaths. My mind is a chaotic whirlwind, and the only thing I can think to do is listen.

Listen and hide .

The wind whips, howling through the bare trees. Something scurries by my feet, and I nearly jump out of my skin. I throw my hands behind me, clinging to the old oak tree. The bark scratches at the fresh scrapes on my palms, and I can feel a warm trickle as blood beads on my skin.

Another heavy footfall, followed by another, and another. The sound gets closer, inch

by inch, and somehow it steadies me. It reminds me of why I'm here. What I'm doing. What my task is.

Run.

I use the tree as leverage, pushing off and running like my life depends on it. This time, I don't worry about making a noise. My boots slap against the hard, untamed ground. The cold air burns my throat. My pulse pounds in my head, a deafening drumbeat, the soundtrack to my reality.

He's not being quiet, either. His pace picks up as mine does. He doesn't sneak or hide. He swings, pummels, thrashes at anything and everything that gets in his way. Anything that keeps him from cornering his prey.

I don't make it easy. I sprint, I change directions, I fall and get right back up. My thighs ache. My feet burn. Sweat sticks to my skin and the crisp air chills me to the bone. A cramp starts to ache in my side, and I whimper. This is it. This stitch is what's going to take me out. I'm the slowest gazelle in the pack, and as my predator draws closer, I resign myself to fate. I am prey. His prey. A large body collides with my back, and the wind is knocked clear out of me.

I fall forward, and my captor goes with me. I try to stick my hands out, to take the brunt of the impact of the fall, but a large arm wrapped around my center keeps my arms pinned to my body. Brendon pivots, maneuvering so that when we hit the ground his shoulder hits first and I fall on top of him. He grunts, and I exhale. His hold on me is tight, squeezing and violent, preventing me from taking a full breath. Still, I kick my legs like a dying bug. My heels connect with shin, and he hisses, loosening his grip just enough for me to push up and roll off him. I gasp for air as I scramble to all fours and start to crawl, hoping that I'll regain the strength I need to push back up to my feet.

But it's no use. A large, calloused hand grips my throat while another fists my hair. I'm yanked to my feet, and he squeezes the hand around my throat, robbing me of any breath I might still be hanging on to.

"Please, let me go. Don't do this, please." I rasp, barely able to get the words out.

"Shhh," he breathes against my ear. He loosens his hold on my throat but tightens his fist in my hair, pulling my head back. His nose trails up and down my neck before he bites down hard on my neck, right where my pulse flutters on my skin.

"I want to go home," I whisper as tears start to pool in my eyelids.

"Don't fight me. It will be over much quicker if you just take it." His knee connects with the back of my thigh, knocking my feet out from beneath me, and then I'm on my knees on the ground. He's there too, behind me, crowding me, invading my space as I try to break free from him. He traces his fingers across my collarbone, dipping down between my breasts. He yanks at my dress, tearing the fabric down the middle. He finds my nipple, hard and aching and pinches it. I yelp, then throw an elbow back at him.

I can't help it. I want this, but I have to fight.

He curses when my elbow connects with his ribcage, and I take the opportunity to lunge out of his grasp. He's faster than me, though, and just as I start to crawl away yet again, I'm pushed into the ground. His palm connects with the back of my head, pushing it into the ground as his other hand lifts my hips. His knee comes between my legs, forcing me to open and make room for him between my thighs.

The ground smells like dirt and rotting leaves and my own blood trickling from a cut on my cheek. He flips my dress up, and the chill hits my burning center.

I'm wet, I'm aching, I'm on fucking fire. A tear drips down my face.

"I told you not to fight me," he growls as he thrusts forward, pressing himself against my ass. I buck, and he grinds my face further into the ground. My pussy is throbbing, begging to be filled. I've never felt so painfully empty. He rears back, and I think he's going to thrust again, but instead, his hand comes screaming down, whipping through the air and smarting me right on my ass cheek. I sob as the pain rushes through me like molten lava and my clit throbs.

"Please," I moan into the ground, and even though it feels like I'm begging for him to stop, I arch my back as best as I can under his hold. I need his hands on my pussy more than I need air in my lungs.

"That's right, give in. Be a good little bunny and take what I give you."

His voice is deep, growling and angry. Completely unrecognizable to the point where, for a moment, I think that maybe it's not Brendon on top of me. Maybe by some cruel twist of fate, I've found myself in real danger.

But when he leans over me, bracing his arm by my head on the ground, I can just barely make out the sunflowers inked on his forearm. Relief swirls into the cocktail of fear and lust that's making my brain hazy, and I give him the last bit of fight I have left in me.

"Don't do this," I croak as a sob rips through me. He lets go of my hair and slides his hand down my back, a soft, stark contrast to all the roughness. He continues down over my ass, hooking his fingers into the waistband of my thong and dragging it down to my knees. Pleasure runs through me as my body tightens, spooling and coiling in my center. I'm close, right on the edge of release as if I've been working myself over for hours. But he hasn't even touched me yet. I can feel my wetness spilling, dripping through my folds and over my swollen, tender clit.

I hear the fumble of his belt buckle and the slide of his zipper as he works his pants open. I brace myself, ready for him shove himself into me, but he doesn't.

I take the opportunity to kick back, knocking my foot into his stomach and sending him backwards just enough for me to start to wiggle away. I'm not quick enough though, because before I can push to my feet he's back behind me. He grips my middle and flips me to my back.

He nudges a knee between my legs, spreading me wide and then his hand comes down, hard and stinging right on my pussy, his fingertips smarting my clit— three quick swats one after another, and I come. Like an animal in heat, I buck and rut against the air as the orgasm rips through my body, dizzying me and blinding me, all from one brief touch of his skin.

"Oh fuck!" I cry out, and my captor chuckles darkly behind me before wrapping a leather strap around my face.

"Bite."

Tentatively, I open my mouth and let him shove the belt between my lips. Behind the mask, I see the persona Brendon's put on slip for a second. In the moonlight, I can see the gentle caring gaze in his otherwise dark eyes. I bite into the leather, and Brendon softly grazes his knuckles over the apple of my cheek. I can feel three decades of love and admiration in the simple touch.

I lean into it, and right as I do, his switch flips and he's shoving me back to my hands and knees.

8

brENDON

Every moral, sane, human part of my brain has gone completely offline. I'm an animal baying at the moon and giving in to every single one of my most basic instincts.

Bite. Fuck. Claim.

Saxon— frightened little prey that she is— whimpers as she clamps her teeth down around the belt I've affixed around her face. I tighten the strap around her head, creating a makeshift gag that will do for my purposes. Being made for my waist and not deep-woods BDSM play, the belt could easily slide off her head and will do little stifle her cries, but goddamn does the bit of her head I can make out in the moonlight look fucking good with my leash tightened around it.

I slide my hand into her hair, fisting the raven black locks at the roots as I slowly but forcefully push her face into the ground. She turns her head so that her cheek is settled in the dirt, and I lean over top of her, letting my weight settle on to her back as I speak into her ear.

"Do not move," I growl, my voice muffled by the mask on my face. I don't know what it is about the mask, if it's the anonymity it grants me or something else, but it makes me feel powerful. Lethal. Like a hunter. And from the way Saxon's cheeks reddened and her breath stuttered when I pulled it over my face, the mask turns my little prey on.



"Three taps is your safe word when you can't use your voice. Three taps on my leg, my face, the ground, anywhere and I'll stop. Nod so I know that you understand."

Saxon nods frantically, and I slip back into character knowing that my girl is safe and secure.

She groans against the belt in her mouth, a garbled noise that sounds something like a plea as I tilt my hips forward and let my raging hard on grind against her soft, supple ass. I let my hands find their way towards her chest and down the front of her dress. I pinch her nipples, twisting and pulling at each hardened peak while Saxon whines and bucks underneath of me.

"Shh, shh," I coo, like she's an angry child throwing a tantrum. "This will be much easier if you stay still, little bunny. You're in my trap now, and I like to play with my food."

She bucks again, and I laugh coldly, without humor. I let go of her tits and press a hand to the back of her head. With the other, I push her dress up so that it pools around her tits. I glide my hand down her back and over her ass, running my hand over each cheek, and then swatting her roughly. She whines and shakes, but it seems my good little bunny has decided to listen. I smack her cheeks twice more on each side, and Saxon does her best to stay still for me.

She quivers only slightly when I spread her cheeks and let a drop of warm spit fall from my mouth and over her hole. I won't fuck her ass— wouldn't dare even play with it any further until we've discussed it. Even so, I want her to know that it's mine. That even if I won't take everything from her tonight, eventually every part of her body will belong to me, the way I've fantasized about owning her for years.

Every inch of my skin feels like it's on fire, like I'm being engulfed by white hot flames. My cock is aching, crying, straining against the zipper of my jeans, fucking

begging to be let out and sunk deep into Saxon's warmth, but I can't yet. I'm too on edge. I'm afraid— no, I know that as soon as I'm inside of her, I won't last. Her tight little body is going to suck the cum out of me like it is its fucking job, and I need to taste her first.

Gripping her hip tightly with one hand, I yank down my mask and lower my face between her legs and inhale her scent. She smells like dirt and blood and wonderfully feminine at the same time. When I press my nose into her folds, I get the confirmation of what I thought happened a few moments ago. She might not have said it, but her wet pussy can't lie. She's dripping between her legs, the soft curls on her mound matted against her skin with the evidence of what happened. Saxon came while I was spanking her clit, and it's the sexiest fucking thing I've ever experienced in my life.

"Fuck it," I mutter as I roughly knead her ass cheeks in my hands and bury my nose further into her. "I'm going to have to have my dessert first."

And with that, I stick out my tongue and lap at her sopping cunt like it's my last fucking meal.

I spear my tongue through her folds, going straight to her entrance so I can savor the taste of her orgasm first. Of all the times I've touched myself, all the times I've fucked my fist to thoughts of my best friend, my Saxon, this is always what gets me off the hardest. Her moaning and grinding against my face while I devour her pussy .

In my fantasies, I never let myself think of having her like this. Broken, bent, sobbing against a gag in her mouth while I take from her. Had I known she wanted it too? I would've started hunting my little bunny a long, long time ago.

Her taste is a fucking drug. Cocaine right up my nose. Heroin shot directly into my veins. It's like chemistry or the fate of the fucking universe created the exact perfect

flavor of musk, salt, and my sweet Saxon. It's a rapidly forming addiction that is making it impossible not to consume her whole.

I grip Saxon's hips, growling as she tries to wiggle away from me and pull her back. My teeth graze her clit, and she howls against the leather in her mouth.

"You like that, don't you little bunny?" I ask as I push two fingers into her cunt. Her back arches, and when I crook my fingers forward to search for that spot deep inside her, she tightens around me. I flick my tongue against her clit, lazily, enjoying the fuck out of every little whimper and whine she exhales.

"Yeah, my little bunny likes it. She wanted to get caught. Wanted to be thrown down and pinned. This cunt can't lie, it's aching to be fucked by me," I grumble. She gags and spits against the strap, a muffled and garbled string of 'no's' piercing through the air, but at the same time, she thrusts herself back against me.

"That's what I fucking thought."

I tear my fingers from her cunt, bringing my hand down and smacking her ass with a loud 'thwack' that echos off the barren trees surrounding us. With a handful of her pert ass cheek in one hand, I tear at the button and zipper of my jeans. I shove my briefs down just enough to free my cock, and the chill of the night air against my hot, sensitive skin is the perfect amount of relief. Just enough to shock the overwhelming need and hunger I have to take her.

With no preamble, I notch the head of my weeping cock against her entrance and thrust. I bury myself inside of her in one swift movement of my hips, and I nearly come apart at the seams from the way her tight cunt spasms and stretches to accommodate me. Saxon goes limp below me, giving up her fight and laying her forehead on the ground.

"Oh, don't give up on me now, little bunny," I coo as I reach forward and wrap a hand around her throat. "We're just getting started."

I pull her flush against my chest as I continue to thrust and fuck into her as best as I can in this upright, parallel position. I squeeze Saxon's delicate little throat as I lean my head down and sink my teeth into spot where her neck meets her shoulder. She wails and throws her elbow back at me. The impact hurts so perfectly, it spurs me on.

"That's it, little bunny. I knew you still had some fight left in you. Do it again. Hit me. Bruise me. Mark me like I've marked you," I say into her ear, and my obedient girl listens, reaching back and clawing at my face with those sexy as fuck nails that she always has painted black. I let her scratch and scratch until she breaks the skin, and I savor the warm drop of blood that leaks from my cheek.

"Good girl, now we match," I breathe as I thrust and thrust into her hot cunt. I stick out my tongue and run it along her face, licking up the blood, sweat, tears and dirt from her porcelain skin.

"You bleed so beautifully for me, little bunny," I croon, and she whimpers. I push her back down onto all fours and start messing with the buckle on the belt around her face. When her mouth is free, she gasps out a broken sob .

"Please," she cries, and I know that it's her begging for more.

"You're going to come again, little bunny, and this time I want to hear it. You're going to come on my cock like the depraved little slut you are, because you love this so much. You're going to choke my cock with your cunt and then you're going to take every ounce of my cum deep inside you, because you're mine. Your cunt is mine to own, mine to eat, mine to fuck. So do it. Come right now."

I'm barely holding on to the edge myself. My balls are drawn up high and tight, so

full I feel like they could burst at any moment.

But I can't let go. Not until Saxon does. Not until my girl comes with me inside of her, the way I've dreamt about for years.

I feel her pulsing, tightening, so fucking close to giving me what I want. I reach around and find her clit, slick and swollen, and pinch the nub between my knuckles. Her pussy clenches down on me as she gushes, soaking me and screaming so loud as she comes, I might be afraid of getting caught if I wasn't barreling so close to my own release.

The chokehold Saxon's cunt has on my cock is nearly unbearable, painful in the way she grips me, but it's exactly what I need. I buck my hips wildly, savoring the animalistic sound of flesh on flesh until finally that white hot bliss rips through me, shooting from toes, up my spine and through my cock. I grunt and groan as I leave my cum inside Saxon, all the while her pussy flutters and teases me, coaxing more of my orgasm out of my body.

When it finally settles, when I can finally pull air back into my lungs, I nearly collapse on top of Saxon. The weight of my own body is suddenly too much, everything in me has turned to goo and sated happiness .

But now that I've come, now that she's come, I want her out of this dirt. I want her cleaned up and wrapped up and safe in my arms. I quickly pull out of her and whip my hoodie over my head. Saxon is limp and nearly lifeless as I lift her from the ground and stand us up. I tug my hoodie over her head, and when she's wrapped up and warm, I lift her into my arms and head towards the edge of the woods, careful to keep towards the back of the houses as we approach her street so no one else sees my little bunny wrecked and ruined but me.

### SAXON

I didn't fall asleep, but somewhere between being fucked into the dirt and now my brain completely checked out. I know I was awake, but I completely missed the entire walk home. I merely blinked— a tired, sated blink— and suddenly Brendon is carrying me through the threshold of my front door while blood dries on my knees and his cum dries on my thighs.

I'm not fully convinced that what just happened wasn't a dream or one of those vivid fantasies I sometime experience when I take a little too much of my THC gummies. I've yearned for Brendon in a way that felt impossible. I've ached to be fucked so brutally in a way that felt out of reach.

For those two things to come together? For Brendon and I to come together? It feels like a mathematical improbability outside the realm of science's reach.

The warmth of my electric fireplace hits my skin as Brendon and I pass through the living room. I expect him to lay me down on the couch, say his goodnights and be on his way, but he keeps moving. Dusty eyes us from her perch on the window as Brendon carries me straight down the hall and into my bathroom where he hits the light switch with his elbow. He sets me down on the sink before turning and running the bath water. I watch him wordlessly as he moves about my bathroom, opening the cabinet below me to find a clean washcloth and a bottle of lavender bubble bath I forgot was under there. He pours an obscene amount of the soapy liquid into the tub and then holds the washcloth under the faucet, soaking it with water.

Turning back, he gets down on both knees in front of me. It's a stark contrast of how we were entangled mere moments ago in the woods, both in bodily position and tone. He takes one of my legs and places it over his shoulder, and I'm suddenly painfully aware of how I must look. Dirty, sweaty, bleeding, leaking.

Ruined. Just like he promised.

Brendon presses a soft kiss to the inner part of my knee, and I shiver. He does it again and again, and while I'm distracted by the warmth of his lips on my skin, he pressed the damp washcloth to my scraped knee. I wince as a sharp sting shoots through me from the scrape— one that I'm sure looks and feels worse than it actually is— but Brendon applies a perfect amount of pressure to the wound, soothing it and me at the same time.

This, being seen in the light, having my depravity so fully on display in a spot in my home that feels so familiar to the two of us feels like too much. It's too raw, too intimate, even more so than having his fists in my hair and his cock in my body.

" Stop!" I yell out, my voice raw and ragged from all the screaming in the woods. Brendon pauses his movements, but keeps the washcloth pressed to my knee as he looks up to me .

"Saxon, baby, I know it stings, but we've got to get the dirt off?—"

"I said stop!" I yell again, this time kicking my feet. I barely have any energy left but I'm not trying to hurt him, just get him off me, stop all the tenderness.

Brendon sits back on his heels, keeping his hands on my skin as he raises a brow at me.

"Are you safe wording me, little bunny? Because the rules still apply. You can kick,

scream, and fight all you want, but unless you use your safe word, I'm not stopping." He reaches behind me to a yellow tube of ointment, spreading some on his finger before rubbing it a cut below my knee.

Something inside me whirs, a weird combination of embarrassment, lust, and love, knowing that this man in front of me is still playing within the scene, giving me an out if I need it but knowing what's best for me and making sure I get it. My bottom lip trembles, and my eyes well with tears as I shake my head. I didn't think I'd get this part; didn't think I'd need it. The aftercare, the softness, the knowledge that the person on his knees before me puts my needs first.

As if reading my mind, Brendon stands and cups my cheek, wiping away a stray tear with his thumb.

"Saxon, listen to me. I ruin you, I put you back together. That's my job. That will always be my job, for as long as you'll have me. Do you understand?"

His voice is soft and sweet, so much like the Golden Boy Brendon I've known and loved my whole life and yet somehow also the dark, sadistic Brendon who just fucked me into the ground and fulfilled my every fantasy.

I nod and that seems to satisfy Brendon. He brushes his lips over mine before stripping me bare, lifting me and lowering me into the tub. I watch him strip, taking in his naked form for the very first time. He slides in behind me and pulls me to his chest, and I melt into his warm, solid form. I close my eyes and lean back into him, settling into the hot bath with the knowledge that one night, one chase, has changed absolutely everything.

"Thank you for being a pain in my ass and not letting me go to the haunted house alone tonight. I'm so fucking happy it was you," I sigh as Brendon runs his hands over my belly under the water. He barks out a laugh, then presses his kiss to the top



of my head.

"I'm serious, Brendon. I didn't know it, but I think I always wanted it to be you. Out there, in my fantasies, and in life," I say more seriously as I melt further into his embrace.

"And for me, it was always— always — you, Saxon. You're never getting rid of me now, little bunny," he murmurs. "No matter how fast you run, I will be there to catch you."

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:24 am*

One year later...

The crisp, late October air slips right through the fabric of my white dress shirt, sending a shiver down my spine. I wrap an arm around Saxon's shoulders, tucking her closer into my side. Judging by the goosebumps crawling across her chest, the gorgeous white, tea length dress overlaid with black lace isn't doing enough to keep my bride warm. Despite my own suit jacket that I wrapped around her after we cut our cake, she's still chilly.

With a chorus of applause and well wishes, Saxon and I make our exit from the sprawling, open field on a hill at the edge of my family's farm where we were married under the setting sun just a few hours ago. Saxon carried a bouquet of sunflowers, and I tried my best not to cry as the most incredible woman I've ever met promised to love me forever.

I failed miserably, but it's okay. I know Saxon loves my soft, sentimental side just as much as the sides that only come out in the dark for her.

We've been an inseparable duo since birth, but even more so since last Halloween. Once we took that step into the woods that fateful night, both Saxon and I knew that nothing would ever be the same.

She's always been my best friend, but that night, she became mine.

And now she's my wife.

When we reach the edge of the clearing where our car is waiting to take us home to

our marriage bed, I take a quick look around to make sure none of our guests are lingering or can see us. When I determine that the coast is clear, I grip Saxon's hand and pull a hard left, leading her briskly away from the awaiting truck and towards the line of trees in the distance.

"Brendon, what the hell are you doing?" Saxon asks breathily as she strides to keep up with me. When the trees get closer and it all clicks in her head, she stops just short of the edge of the woods.

"Brendon," she gasps. "Everyone is still back in the middle of the farm. Someone could come by, they could hear us, they could?—"

I cut off her rambling by stepping forward, tilting her chin up and pressing my lips to hers in a bruising, searing kiss. I sink my teeth into her bottom lip as I press my hard cock into her belly, and my pretty little wife whimpers and melts beneath me.

I release her roughly, with enough momentum that she loses her footing on a step back. Her mouth parts as she watches me pull our favorite creepy scarecrow mask from my pocket and slide it over my face.

"Then you better run far and fast, little bunny," I growl. She stares up at me with blown pupils for half a second, and before I know it she's off like lighting, passing through the trees and disappearing into the dark of the night .

I palm myself through my slacks as I give her a head start, knowing damn well that my sick little bunny— my perfect, depraved wife— will always let me catch her.