



No Way Back (Darkling, beloved. #2)

Author: *Santana Knox*

Category: Horror

Description: THERE'S NO WAY BACK FROM WHAT WE'VE BECOME.

There is no way back. There is no way. No way back. Not from what we've become;

Bloodthirsty, vengeful, vile.

Some women strive to make their men better,

I VOW TO MAKE HIM WORSE.

With each life we take, we fall deeper into our own sinister desires. We were never looking for a way out, but in this prison? There is no way back from what we've become.

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Why shouldn't it start with on page smut?

Camila

Halloween should start with pussies dripping cum, and it should end with blood on a blade. I don't make the rules, I just follow them.

No, wait—I do make the rules here.

That's why Demetri's tongue is buried between my legs and he's three knuckles deep inside of me. The noises I make only drive him to work faster, a shockwave of pleasure coursing up my spine. I carve my nails into his skin, the sharp stiletto point piercing his flesh when my core tightens.

"You taste delicious, Darkling." He groans in satisfaction, lifting his face to show me his lips glistening with my arousal.

My thighs squeeze, my hands grabbing at his hair and pushing him back down, my response a breathy rasp. "No talking, Dr. Harkins."

Three fingers suddenly become four, impossibly thick and stretching every inch of me while his tongue laps up and down my clit. "Fuck." I swallow air as if it would be my last gulp, my toes curling, and with every thrust of his fingers, I get closer to my undoing.

“Stop holding back, Camila.” Demetri makes his demand, and it’s all I need.

My hips buck, my body seizes, and all my muscles tighten, locked in my own pleasure while he makes no attempt to slow down or stop. “Please!” I whine, though for what, I’m not sure. There are no cohesive thoughts left in my brain.

Demetri’s free hand caresses up my body, palming my side before finding its home on my breast. I open my eyes, watching the hand rise and fall with my chest until my muscles begin to relax one at a time. My body melts over his office desk when I finally come down from the climax.

He rises above me, fingers still moving, slowly stoking my pleasure as if it’s an ember he refuses to let die out. Wiping his mouth on the shoulder of his button up dress shirt, he lowers his head to meet mine, a pleased expression on his face before he speaks.

“Those are my favorite ones.” He hums, moving his hand from my breast to the side of my face. “When I make you come so hard, it looks painful for you.”

My breathing is still rough, struggling to catch up, the opposite of my pulse that won’t slow down. “It is.” I give him a slow nod. “You make my whole body feel like it’s made of glass, like the tiniest touch is going to make me explode into a million pieces.”

The sound he makes comes straight from his chest, and I know I’ve said exactly the right words. That’s the thing about my guy: he’s soft in my hands and my hands only .

But right now, he’s hard everywhere else, and I can feel the fat head of his cock lodged against my thigh. It promises delicious violence. I wet my bottom lip in anticipation, but his thumb is there, pulling my mouth open so his tongue can invade.

And then, the phone rings.

“Don’t answer,” I hiss, but the defeated expression on his face lets me know we have no choice.

Demetri glances at his phone then back down to where his fingers are still buried inside me, a crooked smirk painting his expression before he lifts the phone off the desk. I raise my eyebrows. “What are you doing?”

“Shh, be a good girl now. The dean is calling.” Demetri pulls his fingers out of me, the empty feeling so sudden but brief. “This is Harkins.” He puts the phone between his ear and his shoulder, and just as I’m about to complain, I feel him stretching me apart. My jaw slackens, my mouth salivates and my nails scratch at his skin.

The anticipation always kills me.

He sends his thick cock inside me in one unforgiving movement. All protests escape me as he fills every inch of me with that thing, my head dropping back onto the desk and my fingers gripping at the edges for support. “Yes, Dean. Absolutely.” His tone is controlled, his voice smooth, like he’s not drilling into me between classes.

A whine slips free from me, every movement of his cock hitting the place that makes my vision blurry, another orgasm creeping in. The fingers that had been inside me now push my lips apart, plunging into my mouth as if to shut me up. Instead, I swirl my tongue around them, moaning louder at the taste of my own arousal still covering them.

Demetri drives his hips faster, my tits bouncing and my back sliding against the desk. “No, Dean, fully understandable. They’ll just have to find their own activities.”

I can barely hold it back now, the way he maintains his composure, the way he’s still

fully dressed in his dark suit pants and button up shirt, just his cock exposed. He sends his fingers in and out of my mouth, and I work them as if they were his cock, loving the way he's completely in sync with every movement.

"Alright, Dean, thank you. I'm running late to my next class, so if we can finish this up over email, I'd appreciate it." He knows I'm close again, and when I come, even his fingers won't be enough to shut me up.

A thumb circles my clit, and I no longer care about the Dean and whether the phone is disconnected. I bite down on his fingers when I let go, a tidal wave of pleasure washing over me with each merciless stroke of his cock.

It doesn't take him long to follow, emptying his release inside me before collapsing onto the desk. We both struggle to find oxygen, fingers lacing into each other as our only form of communication. It's all we really need.

"You hung up, right?" I say between pants.

"Oh shit!" He jolts to a stand, but I know he's kidding.

I throw my panties at him, but he catches them with a singular hand, slipping one of my feet through a hole and then the other. I lift my hips up to let him dress me before taking his hand to sit up. "What did he want?"

I don't bother trying to clean up; I know he won't let me anyway. Demetri gets off knowing his cum will be dripping down my thighs between classes for the rest of the day.

"He said the entire carnival is off this year. City Hall won't approve the permits after—" He doesn't have to finish the sentence; we both know.

After I murdered a handful of asshole frat boys, a blackmailing son of a bitch emo-creep and he was forced to burn the entire corn maze down to hide the evidence.

I sigh, looking at the most good-looking specimen of a human imaginable. How I'd gotten lucky enough to call him the love of my life for the last year was beyond me.

"When you look at me like that, I wanna give you the world." He cups my face in his hand, but I can't help it when I get that anime twinkle in my eyes.

I just love him so fucking much.

"You already have," I remind him.

Without him, I'd probably be either in prison or two hundred and forty milliequivalents full of potassium chloride, six feet under somewhere.

My phone vibrates on the floor, and Demetri's left eyebrow cocks up. He knows who it is before he even looks at the caller ID. "It's like she knows." He hands me my phone.

"She always knows. She can sense these things." I roll my eyes but not at Harkins—at my best friend for calling far too predictably. "Hi, Naya."

"Heard the city shit on this year's carnival." She's practically singing, she's so thrilled.

"Did you have an alarm set or something?" I laugh, but the reality is, she probably did. She's not a student or faculty, so coming to the Notre Dame Parochial College's yearly Halloween carnival isn't just out of the question for her, it's borderline humiliating.

My gaze drifts to Demetri, stuffing himself back into his pants. My best friend's squeal of excitement distracts me. "Well, since you're free, we can do the prison thing!"

"Prison thing?" I'm trying to focus on what she's saying, but it's hard when he takes his time folding the edges of his sleeves so perfectly at his forearms.

The Death Star tattoo peeks out to greet me while Demetri palms my tits again.

"Mila, do you ever listen when I talk?" She huffs at me, but all I can do is laugh. "Don't answer that, you asshole. I miss you. I haven't seen you since graduation, and I don't know if you remember, but Halloween used to be our thing, you know? Before the men got involved."

I sigh, partially because my man won't stop touching me and partly because my guilt is taking over. She's right. Demetri and I have been so deeply entwined in each other's bullshit since last Halloween, we've practically become conjoined at our openings, ass-to-mouthing all day long.

It's hard when you meet the person who completes you. It feels like everyone else disappears, and all you need is them.

"Tell me again," I plead.

"The haunted prison challenge." She sighs exhaustedly. "I emailed you the waiver last week. Get it signed and send it back to me, ASAP."

I look over to Demetri, who can read my thoughts before I voice them out loud. He shakes his head. "No."

The smile spreads over my face. "I'll send it now."

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Her ops are my ops

Harkins

She gives me those sultry eyes in the car, the ones I can't deny no matter how much I want to, even when she has been playing the same band on the radio for six months straight. Camila has that way with me, and she doesn't bother pretending like she doesn't know. She thinks I'm annoyed that I'm being dragged to this haunted prison thing last minute, but the reality is, as long as I'm spending Halloween with her, nothing else matters.

We haven't spoken about last Halloween. There was nothing to say then, nothing that we'd gone through together that needed to be dug up from its grave for reexamining. We went on with our lives, living the Norman Rockwell version of our painting, just grateful that from it, we gained each other. It changed her, though. I know because it changed me too. It started as an itch I couldn't pinpoint, an annoyance, a craving, the start of a vice, but then the feeling grew roots beneath my skin, spiked leaves of annoyance carrying the need through the network of my veins.

"So, eight hours locked in a maximum security prison?" I ask, my hands ten and twelve on the wheel while she scrolls through the details on her phone.

"With real inmates, too." She gives me a mischievous grin, the kind she never would have sported a year ago, when her light was still being dimmed by someone who didn't truly love her.

“I thought it was haunted?” These Halloween attractions make less and less sense every year.

“I think it’s both.” She scrunches up her face while she thumbs through the flier. “Oh, here it is. Spend eight hours locked in The Blood Reformatory, Ohio’s most haunted maximum security prison. A night of frightening blah blah blah, chainsaws, electric chairs, haunt actors, and oh, here it is! Over one hundred and fifty inmates will be joining you behind bars for this event. ” She looks up from her phone and gives me an overly excited look. “I can’t believe I wasn’t paying attention when she told me about this.”

I chuckle, dropping my right hand to the inside of her thigh. “I can.”

Her hand covers mine, and it feels like my world is complete. She does that with just a touch.

The parking lot of the prison isn’t as full as I expect, but when we walk up to the entrance, I’m shocked to find there are over two hundred people in line. “Odd.”

“It’s a limited event, apparently.” Camila’s still got one hand scrolling through her phone while we walk. “Only a hundred and fifty tickets a night.”

“That doesn’t sound very limited.” I pocket her phone and grab her attention for one last time tonight.

She gives me a warm smile, her dark eyes nearly black in the night. “It’s only four nights a year,” Camila says with a whisper, booping me on the nose with her finger.

“I would have come regardless. You can stop trying to convince me.” I hold her face in my hand, so small in contrast, but it fits just right when I bring her in for a kiss. She makes no effort to pull away.

“Ugh, you guys are sickeningly adorable.” Naya Costa’s fawning reaches us, both our heads turning in her direction. “I’m so happy you came!” She runs from her place in line and wraps her arms around my girl.

They squeeze each other in a tight embrace, Naya taking Camila’s arm and walking ahead of me back to her place in line. Mila is content catching up with her, a genuine smile on her face while she listens to her best friend mindlessly yap about whatever she missed since they’d last seen each other at graduation.

It makes me happy to see she can find joy outside of us.

Something I’m currently struggling to do myself.

Camila freezes in place just as we get to Naya’s spot in line, my eyes following to see why: Kyle Danvers. “You brought him?” Her face is less than pleased, and she makes no apologies for it. “You said you broke up.”

Naya’s tone is nervous, she tries to mask it by tucking a strand of hair behind her ears. “It’s complicated, and you know, I work for his dad now.”

Camila is practically grinding her teeth, her lips barely moving when she speaks. “You get a new job. You don’t stay with the asshole.”

Naya looks at me for help before glancing back to Kyle, still waiting several feet away. “Can we please just try to have a good time tonight? I was really looking forward to seeing my best friend.”

Camila’s expression is stone cold. “Yeah.” She glares at Kyle. “Me fucking too.”

“Come on—maybe we can toss him in an empty cell right at the beginning.” I try to lighten the mood, grabbing my girl and bringing her into my side.

I give Naya a sympathetic look, and she returns one that says thank you without actually speaking.

But Kyle Danvers can't read a fucking room, and the thing about Camila is, even I can't hold her leash. We stand awkwardly for only a few seconds before he ruins the entire night. "Hey, student-fucker!" He raises his hand to me for a high-five.

I squeeze my fists at my side.

"Maybe you can just knock him out before we go in and hide him behind a bush or something," Camila grits out, loud enough for everyone to hear.

Kyle frowns, Naya bites her cheek to hold back a smile, and I push us all forward when the line finally starts to move. The volunteer's megaphone screeches with feedback before he speaks.

"Welcome to The Blood Reformatory, a four-night-only haunted horror prison event. Attendees, please take the next few minutes to fully review the waivers you should have already signed. Please be sure that you agree to all guidelines and restrictions before stepping foot inside our prison. Once admitted, you relinquish all civilian rights for the next eight hours and become one of our prisoners—"

"Wait, what?" Kyle's head turns quickly.

"—do not, I repeat, do not touch the haunt actors, guards, or prisoners. The guards and inmates are very real. We are not responsible for any injury or harm that may occur if you get too close to the cells. There are no props in this facility; all weapons are real. Again, please do not touch the haunt actors. There are no props here."

"That's a lot of emphasis on the props being real," Naya whispers loudly, earning a snort from Camila.

“The night starts with a tour around the prison basement. Once we reach the second floor, all guests will be put through intake, receive their inmate clothing, and then the night will begin... Let’s hope you survive it.” The megaphone cuts off, and the line begins to move quicker.

But Camila’s excitement is gone, her focus now solely on the overprivileged, generational wealth asshole next to her best friend, and I’ll be damned if I let him ruin our night.

Her enemies are my enemies too, and the way she’s staring daggers at him makes me regret willing to spend the next eight hours locked up with him. At least my fists are heavy, and we have all night to make it worthwhile.

I roll my shoulders back and look forward, but it's a tiny squeeze of my hand that forces my eyes down. Camila gives me that knowing smirk, those eyes narrowed like she can read my thoughts. “Are you cooking something up?” She bites her bottom lip, her cheek piercings sinking into her dimples.

“Never.”

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This is Halloween

Camila

We start in the prison's dungeon, which has been mostly converted into a boiler room, but it seems they left the old crematorium intact, along with some shackles and torture equipment likely brought in for this very event.

There are a few throwaway Halloween decoration-grade lanterns hung on the walls, an electric chair that probably doesn't work anymore, and some medical tables. Knives of every shape and size sit on the table in a neat line for show, but they don't walk us close enough to touch.

The tour guide is going on about how over three hundred inmates have been brutally murdered in this prison in the last century when he stops in front of an empty cell. "And those were the ones who weren't in line for the electric chair," he clarifies.

"Your boyfriend looks pale," Demetri states the obvious to Naya.

"I may or may not have brushed over a few of the details in the waiver." She gives an awkward smile, shrugging with one shoulder before taking a few rushed steps to catch up with Kyle and the rest of the group.

"Tonight isn't going to end well." Demetri doesn't bother lowering his voice; it doesn't matter who hears us.

“It’s Halloween.” I shrug.

He grabs me by the waist in one fell swoop and shoves me against a cell, the metal bars rattling behind me. I look up at him through my eyelashes, batting them for the full effect. It’s going to be a long night, and I already know it’ll be impossible to keep my hands off him.

“Do not,” he threatens quietly in my ear, “make me fuck you in front of inmates on our anniversary.”

I struggle to swallow the lump in my throat, amusement slowly creeping into my expression. “But what if that’s what I want?” Pressing away from him, I let out a maniacal laugh before running off to join the crowd.

He may have a PhD in plant biology, but I’m a doctor in brat with a focus on pushing his buttons.

Harkins lingers behind us, and I prefer it that way. It’s a quiet comfort he provides when I know he’s got my back. Naya slows back a few steps from Kyle and hooks her arm into mine. The look on her face makes it glaringly obvious that he’s well on his way to ruining her night, too.

She drops her head to my shoulder, so I give her a comforting squeeze.

There’s a guilt-ridden sadness to watching your best friend finally get her dream guy when the dream guy ends up just being another asshole.

“While the inmates were terrifying and still haunt these cells,” the tour guide boasts loudly, “the old warden was the worst of them all. Nicknamed The Death Warden, he was personally responsible for over four hundred executions, only a few of them actually state-sanctioned.”

“Wait, he was just killing people?” Kyle’s dumbass voice interrupts the rehearsed speech.

“The Death Warden himself was known to dabble in curious interests, including the limits of the human body. He employed many scientists and doctors who shared the same...appetite for knowledge as he did. Under his employment, various torture techniques and cruel methods of research were used on inmates with charges as minimal as petty theft.” The guide points us down a narrow hall, the gloom hanging thickest there, swallowing all the light like a hungry monster. “Intake is just this way...criminals.”

There’s a cacophony of creepy laughter playing on the loudspeakers. It’s unsettling, but in these sort of haunt attractions, it’s predictable.

“What happens if we want to...tap out?” a young girl’s voice asks near the front of the group.

“Please review your waivers; there are no tap-outs. Anyone who wishes to be excluded from participation at any point in the night will be escorted into solitary confinement. With nearly one thousand ghost sightings to date, we cannot guarantee how solitary it truly will be.” The guide adopts a spooky tone, bringing the flashlight to his face.

A few Chads near the front laugh, and another girl whispers to the one who voiced her concern.

And I can’t feel Harkins behind me anymore.

I don’t bother looking to check; I don’t need to. Even his cologne has faded. My lip curls up on its own, my heart thrumming in anticipation for what he may be planning. I walk arm in arm with Naya, fighting the need to search for him, to keep him at my

side.

Intake is a farce of a show. It's kind of hard to believe the douchebag yelling in my face isn't an actor, but I'm gauging by the boner in his pants that maybe he's a real cop. No one else would be getting off at possessing this kind of authority. We're all given orange jumpsuits, and I'm not surprised when Naya raves about it being her color.

It really is.

Kyle rolls his eyes, and I'm suddenly doubly annoyed that the cop is storing my knife in a fake evidence bag and putting it in a locker. "You'll get all of your possessions back at the end of the night at release."

I can endure a night without it.

I can get creative. After all, a girl is only as dangerous as her imagination.

The thought is barely a seed in my mind when the abrasive guard begins to physically shove us through a narrow hallway after everyone has been fake fingerprinted and added to "the system." I'm looking over my shoulder now, trying to find Demetri in any dark corner, but wherever he's gone off to is far from my line of sight.

Gnawing on my dry cuticles is the only distraction I have. I'm fully dissociated from Naya's blabbing, my vision practically blurring while we walk through the hall, the anemic glow of ancient lights struggling to cast a whisper thin puddle of light.

The first chainsaw goes off in the distance, two girls in our group screaming as they clutch each other.

A smile spreads over my face.

Finally.

I've been waiting all year for this. I fucking love Halloween.

A hysterical clown runs past us so quickly, it's not until he's at the front of the group that I even see his face paint. One eye is fully whited out, the other with a red contact, but it's the machine guns in his hands that are drawing my attention.

No props . I snort at the tour guide's earlier words. As if they'd be giving haunt actors real weapons, unloaded or not. The liability is way too high to take the chance, but I always appreciate the attempt for theatrics.

The clown doesn't make direct eye contact with any one of us; he just walks back and forth past us in the hall, menacingly taking up what little space is allowed for a single person as he pushes us into the wall with his shoulders. His fingers hover the trigger of his guns, but he keeps them pressed to his side. He paces back and forth like a bulldog, cutting through us until we've created a single file line.

The clown sniffs the air as he stops at the front of the line, taking a pause before hocking a loogie into the grated ground below us.

"Creepy as shit." Naya's words are a rushed exhale.

The tour guide disappears into the darkness of the corridor, leaving only the clown actor with our group. "Welcome to cell block A." The clown turns his head to the side slowly before another hysterical bout of laughter escapes him. "Home of the Murderesses."

A banshee shriek fills the air, another haunt actor in the distance certainly, but it's the hushed whispers inside the cells that drape me with dread.

Murderesses.

Every woman in this cell block has taken a life. The only things separating me from them at this very moment are iron bars. Well, that, and the likelihood that a small percentage of them are actually innocent.

I catch the glow of two eyes in a shadowed corner, a haunting premonition slithering up my spine. It vanishes before it can sink its fangs into the flesh of my psyche.

Not tonight .

I will not let the guilt of my actions consume me tonight.

“Where’s Demetri—” Just as the words come out of Naya’s mouth, they’re replaced by a startled scream.

Absolute darkness.

Full silence.

Not a hum of electricity, not the sound of a generator kicking on in the distance.

Dead silence.

An orchestra of panicked voices rise simultaneously, the clown’s charade dropping as he works to calm the frightened girls at the front. “It’s a power outage. No cause for worry. We can continue.” He waves his flashlight, the only source of light in the entire cell block.

The female inmates are a loud droning of misery, demanding the warden and the guards attend to their needs. But it’s not just them—the deafening quiet is gone now,

replaced with the buzzing of every inmate's discontent growing louder even beyond these walls.

They aren't in on this. The thought hadn't even occurred to me until this very moment. Why would they be consenting participants when they've been stripped of every ounce of humanity here? Of course they've been displayed in their cells like animals at the zoo for gawking, entertainment, and cheap amusement.

My lip twitches involuntarily, my gaze still locked on the two eyes in the corner of the cell. Naya's grip on me loosens, but before I can answer her question, I feel a hand cover my mouth.

An arm wraps around my waist, and suddenly, I'm being pulled from behind, feet in the air as I'm pressed to a hard body. I don't struggle, don't fight; I can smell Demetri's cologne, the signature scent of amber resin and blood-orange-soaked cedar so familiar, all I can do is relax into his hold.

Then, we're both inside a closet, pitch black. All I know is that there's hardly room in here for me, let alone him. He's panting hard, his breathing forcing his chest to move out of sync with mine, and it's only when I'm focused on him that I'm able to notice how I'm breathing too.

Erratic .

"Where ya been?" I bite my lip even though he can't see it.

"Planning a night you deserve." His voice is low, confident, his growing white smile all I can see in the dark.

"Tell me more," I whisper, pressing myself to him, disappointed when there's no hard cock between his thighs. I palm him anyway, threatening to bring it to life.

I can feel his exhales on my skin, and it only drives me into his arms. I want to breathe his old air, drink his backwash, and fuck, if it didn't require killing him, I'd say the only way to truly be as close to him as I want would be to zip myself up inside his meatsuit and wear him out to dinner.

And goddamn, some days, I come close.

"Not here. Not yet." He grabs my wrist to stop me.

I whine impatiently. "What?"

Demetri turns his head away from me, like he's talking to someone I can't see. "You know how the readers get when there's too much smut and not enough plot."

His breath is visible in the air, and he stays frozen, unmoving, just breathing.

I snap my fingers in front of his face, attempting to direct his attention back to me. "Are you possessed right now? Harkins." I snap until his chin turns my way again, a glossed over look on his eyes. "Did you just break the fourth wall?"

He just clears his throat, shaking his head, as if he's somehow more confused than I am.

Demetri shuffles between us, pulling his phone out of his pocket and turning the flashlight on, exposing a much bigger utility closet behind him.

I finally look around and notice why we're so cramped. The gasp flies out of my mouth before the uncontrollable laughter starts. Demetri's hand flies over my mouth again, silencing me as best as he can. "Shh."

When I'm finally able to reign it in, I take a big sip of air before I look up at the man

I love with all my heart. “You’re such a fucking romantic.”

“It’s Halloween. Let’s have some fun, right?” His grin reminds me of a Jhonen Vasquez comic, specifically the one with the homicidal maniac.

I lower my eyes to each of his hands, where he pulls up from the ground two haunt workers by their collars. They both wear glow masks—one a girl with pink LED Xs where the eyes should be and a frown for lips, the other a guy about his size with the same neon mask in blue, a large smile on that one instead.

They’re both unresponsive.

“Are they?” It doesn’t really matter if they’re dead, but I’m curious.

Demetri shrugs before dropping them to the ground. “Once the power went out, I smashed their heads together pretty hard, so if they aren’t dead, they might want to be after this.”

It’s too much, all of it. He’s everything, and it’s nearly suffocating to feel loved in such a capacity. “Please don’t make me beg for it,” I say in a hushed tone, slowly lowering to my knees.

“Don’t start something you can’t finish, Darkling. We only have so much time,” he warns me.

I palm him through the fabric of his jeans, feeling him quickly grow under my strokes. “I can finish you.”

By the time I pull him free from his pants, he’s fully hard, his cock veiny and throbbing for me. I lick my bottom lip, my mouth watering at just the sight.

It's always like that.

For both of us.

He jokes that just kissing me keeps him hard all day, but the memory of his cock makes me clench my thighs with need. It's here, right now, in front of me. I stretch my mouth open, covering what I can of my teeth. It's impossible; he's so goddamn thick, my mouth is never ready to rip open for him.

I try anyway, sucking him as far down my throat as my anatomy will allow. That's when it gets tricky—that's when I have to compromise breathing to make it work. It feels like science—or maybe math—trying to calculate just the right moments when I can inhale sips of oxygen. It's impossible, though, because he doesn't let me pull back. He holds my head there, one large hand cupping the base of my skull as he fucks my mouth without an ounce of mercy. I gag, choking on him and my own saliva, my fingers gripping the fabric of his pants as I coat him in my spit.

“Your mouth, fuck,” he moans.

He's close, and I might die. I move my tongue as much as I can, but with no control over my head, I'm at his mercy. Colorful dots fill my vision in the darkness as my brain struggles from lack of oxygen, my head swimming. I might die.

He's worth it.

Rest in peace, bitch.

Here lies Camila. She died sucking giant soda can-sized dick.

But instead, I lift my hand, placing it on his chest like we've previously communicated so he knows what I need.

He holds me against him for just an extra second before pulling back.

I gasp, filling my lungs with air in a rushed burst, and just as I do, ropes of cum land on my cheeks, my lips, my hair. With a single finger, I wipe it from my skin, sticking the digit in my mouth and licking it clean.

Demetri still has a hold on my head, he uses it to clutch my hair and pull me to stand. His kiss is wild, demanding, and full of need. “I love you,” he whispers.

When my breathing slows, I finally speak. “If we get caught...” I warn him, unsure if this is a road he wants to go down.

“We won’t,” he assures me, always prioritizing my anxiety over everything.

“But if we do, if we get caught, we’re not gonna be leaving here.” I let out an exhale that feels like I’m trying to break a spell, break the curse of my own words coming to fruition before they can tear through whatever barrier keeps them from actualizing.

4

A fucking Catcher in the Rye reference?

Harkins

“T his overthinking isn’t like you.” I don’t mean to call her out, but if she’s worried, I’m worried, and I don’t like her being the voice of reason between the two of us.

It’s unnerving.

She grabs at the collar of my shirt, her knee grazing my cock over the fabric of my pants like she’s unhappy I put it away. “I just worry that I’m gonna make you do something you’ll regret. Make you go somewhere you can’t come back from.”

Her voice is small, her tone unsure. There’s something in it that breaks a piece of my heart, a lack of confidence that’s nothing like her. Every day for the last year with Camila has been like a defibrillator to the chest, keeping me going when I thought nothing could.

She doesn’t get it. I don’t know if there’s any way I can make her see it. All I can do is try to get her to feel what I feel. She is the moon, my compass, my guide. I was the pathetic professor with an unhealthy obsession with his student. Not even thirty, and I was already burned out from the education system—too young to be taken seriously by any of my colleagues in academia, so when my obvious desire for a student became public, it cost me the respect of every educator in the college.

Still, she was worth the price, and she, unbothered, held her head high the very next semester on that same campus when she became faculty herself. She silenced the whispers with singular looks, and suddenly, I didn't feel so weak anymore.

Camila teaches me that the things that set you free can sometimes feel like a prison at first. It just depends on what you do with the key.

Before her, I was lost. Before her, everything was a dull, Ohio gray. Before her, I was Holden Caulfield walking around that damn pond wondering where the fucking ducks go when it freezes over. Except I'm too old to still be relating to the self-hating rambling of an insufferable teenager, too old to still be drowning in my own cynical thoughts.

I'm still Holden. I hate the world because I hate myself.

She softens that somehow, in moments like this, when she makes it seem like I'm the only thing that matters. I don't have the courage to tell her just how lost I was when I found her, that I'll go wherever she tugs the lead around my neck, just as long as she keeps pulling.

I place my phone on a shelf, reaching for her face with both hands. "I will follow you to the edge of madness, Darkling. Just tell me when it's time to leap."

A wicked smile stretches over her face. "Let's fuck shit up." She's looking at me like she might be finally realizing how much power she holds just by loving me.

"Put her mask on." I shove the body her way before I begin undressing the other guy. Aside from a few clowns and the token zombie, even the haunt actors wear inmate orange, just not as faded as the other ones.

They don't seem like costumes either—the jumpsuits are thick, and the backs read

NOCF: NorthEast Ohio Correctional Facility. She already has one on from intake, but I'm still in my regular clothes. She elbows me twice in the stomach as she moves the girl into a corner, so with a singular heave, I finish the effort for her. She turns on the LED light in the mask, the bright pink glowing in the dark.

"Jesus." I take a good look at her. "There is something so fuckable about you in that mask."

She brings her hands behind her back and swivels. "Add it to the shopping cart. This one's gonna be evidence by the end of the night."

"I have another surprise." I finish zipping up my jumpsuit and tossing the guy's body on top of the girl, moving the only thing I brought inside from the pocket of my jeans along with her phone.

I turn around and lift up the props. "They weren't lying."

Her jaw goes slack as I hand her the military flail. She wraps her fingers around the iron bar, the heavy, spiked ball dangling from the chain. Camila's eyes dart back up to me. "I don't think I've ever been this turned on in my life."

I slide the mask up her forehead, catching her mouth in a brief kiss, practically speaking into her lips as I answer, "Just wait 'till this chainsaw gets going."

She bites her lips down into a flat line, a moan escaping her chest as she tests one of the many spikes on her weapon with the tip of a finger.

"It's gonna be pandemonium out there without power. You know that, right?" I warn her, but she just jumps up and down like a boxer, ready to go a round.

She gives me a singular nod. "I'm betting on it. How long until it's fixed?"

I laugh. “Not tonight. I took the chainsaw to the electric panel.”

“The fact you won’t let me bang you right now is borderline criminal.” Her words are playful, but her tone says she’s annoyed.

“Well, good thing we’re in the right place then. Tell me the plan, Darkling.” We’ve been here less than an hour, but I know my girl’s twisted mind has already cooked something up.

“Start in cell block A. Kill the guards. Release the inmates.” She lays it out like it's a grocery list.

“Rinse and repeat?” I ask with a smirk.

“Once it’s batshit crazy out there, we go find our boy.” She illuminates the real goal of the night.

She doesn’t need to clarify who.

“No mistakes,” I tell her. She doesn’t need more than that.

Camila nods. She understands.

It’s an entirely different world outside that closet. With a chainsaw and a flashlight as my only tools, I walk side-by-side with her back into the halls of cell block A. The jailed are like infectious leppers, caged away, moaning and pleading for help, attention, or maybe just to add to the frantic climate.

The tour group is a mess, some rich kid threatening to sue if a guard doesn’t take him back to get his things and release him. The guards don’t even acknowledge his presence.

That's when I notice it's a different tour group now, ours having already passed us and moved on to the next block.

Good.

It means our absence has gone unnoticed in the chaos. The guards are likely only getting paid enough to keep the inmates from rioting, and with them locked in the cells for the event, I'd bet money on them being fully unprepared for what havoc we're about to wreak.

"There are three I can see on the other end, plus the one directly behind us." Camila's quiet enough that only I can hear.

A gasp from her mouth forces me to turn my head. A pale hand slips through the bars of a cell and grabs Camila's jumpsuit.

"No touching!" the guard behind Camila barks, flashing his light at the prisoner.

She skulks back into the shadowed cell, the guard staying behind a few steps.

"I'll put this one to sleep. You get to the front," I whisper in her ear, giving her a nudge with the blade of my chainsaw.

She's in the middle of the group, almost camouflaged in the orange aside from the mask, but she's making casual conversation with a stranger, as if she has been there the whole time. I turn my mask off, stopping in place and feeling the guard's shoes against the back of my boots.

"Watch it," he snarls at me.

I turn around, an autonomous snort escaping me as I tower over the guard. Must be

rough to have to overcompensate. His thumb is already on his holstered weapon, but it's out of instinct, not suspicion. "My bad. Crazy as shit in here." I laugh and lower the chainsaw to the ground, stretching my arms above me.

He huffs in agreement, dropping his hand back to his side as we stand next to each other, watching the crowd. "Shoulda seen them last night during the fake power outage. Buncha yuppies crying for their parents."

"It's part of the night?" This changes everything; we have an advantage we didn't realize we had if the staff thinks the power outage is part of the tour.

"Yup, power will come on in the morning after these rich kids piss their pants from all the ghost sightings." He laughs again and walks ahead of me.

But he only gets one step.

Wrapping my arm over his face, I use my bicep to muffle his shouts while my hand twists his neck. He digs his fingers into my arms, grunting frantically as I lift him from the ground. Nobody turns our way; they're all too loud and self-centered to care. I fight the last of resistance with a good pull, the cracking sound of his neck breaking is one I can almost feel between my teeth.

The guard is limp in my arms, heavier than before as I struggle to get him to the floor without making a sound. I hear a gasp to my right from the darkness of the cell.

Bringing a single finger to the front of my mask, I mimic a "shushing" gesture. Two eyes blink slowly as they come closer to the bars. A pale face makes itself seen as the inmate steps into the light, staring at me with a horrified expression.

I search through the guard's pockets until I find exactly what I need. Lifting the ring of keys into the air, I jingle them from my crouched position. "Wanna play?"

She nods slowly.

“The girl with the other mask like this.” I use my head to point toward Camila as I slip the key into the hole. “Help her take out the rest of the guards.”

Rotten teeth smile from ear to ear, both hands gripping the iron bars, shaking and rattling them with excitement.

And then, I turn the key.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:33 pm

5

It's me, hi, I'm the danger, it's me.

Camila

I 'm listening to some girl on a full ride to Ohio State complain about how her summer internship at her mother's firm only paid five figures. Grateful that the mask is doing the hard work for me, I just nod and laugh until my annoyance dissipates.

I might kill her for that.

This group's tour guide is in a Jason costume, holding what looks to be a standard ax. He is by far the most unthreatening human being I've seen tonight, and he's more interested in pretending like he cares about OSU girl's story than the gig he's being paid for.

Glancing back at Harkins, I see a girl with long blonde hair walking toward me. He hands her the guard's baton before giving me a nod that I assume is my signal. I tilt my head to the side, well aware she can't see how big I'm smiling. Demetri moves to the next cell, slipping the key in.

I extend my free hand, the one not holding a weapon. She interlaces her fingers through mine, and without speaking, we walk toward the front of the crowd until we're both standing in front of the guards. We're still outnumbered, but I'm hoping by the time I swing this spikey bitch in the air, three things will have happened:

Harkins will have made his way up here to handle our extra homie.

These crazy bitches will have freaked the fuck out of the civilians.

Shit will be far too crazy for anyone to give an accurate run down of what happened.

A gun goes off, and I don't need to look back to know it's Demetri causing a distraction. I'm holding my weapon directly behind my back, and with both hands, I raise it up above me, swinging the flail overhead. The ball lands with a sickeningly dull thud, the crunch of the guard's skull a delicious sensory experience.

"Shit." I struggle to pull it free from his head, his eyes bleeding freely down his face. He lifts his hands, as if he's trying to help me with it. "By all means, buddy, grab the handle, not the chain if you can." I cackle, glancing away for just a split second to see my ghastly inmate companion on the other guard's back, ripping his ear off with her teeth.

I hear another gun, this time to my left, and I'm suddenly flooded with concern for Harkins.

I want to call out to him.

That would be a terrible idea, though. It would cost us everything.

I look down at the guard's uniform, and his name tag says Julien. He's still desperately gripping at the handle of my flail, but he can't get the right hold on it to pull it from his face. The more we yank, the more blood that runs down his cheeks, and I'm almost positive neither of us are really making it better. "What if you get on the ground and I use my feet for leverage? No?"

I know he's shouting, but I can't hear a goddamn thing in this fucking zoo.

“Honestly, my mistake, Jules.” I sigh, reaching into his holster. “I really thought this flail was gonna have me feeling bad bitch as fuck, but clearly, it’s all theatrics, mediocre execution.” Before he can react, I’ve pulled out his gun and flipped the safety.

Rushing to act before he goes for his taser, I unload two rounds into his face. The recoil is hard, knocking me back to the ground on my ass when I feel the warm blood hit me in what little skin is still exposed between my mask and neckline. I glance over to Julien, who has two new holes in his face: one where his nose used to be, and another two inches to the right.

The rest of him is dearly departed.

There’s a million screams in the air, and because no one can see anything more than three feet from their face, nobody knows to stay the fuck away from me.

Hi, I’m the danger. Please back the fuck up, because I’m easily overstimulated.

Another body knocks into me from behind, shoving me to my knees. With an aggravated screech, I don’t bother to see who they are before I shoot them too.

I hope it was the Ohio State girl.

People are moving like cattle in a stampede, aimlessly pushing into each other and so filled with panic and fear that they don’t care where they go, just as long as they keep moving. I shove against the current, squeezing through each person until I feel a strong hand pulling at me.

It’s when I’m locked in Harkins’ embrace that I can breathe again, separated from the crowd and brought into an empty cell as the herd scrambles to get out of this block. “Fuck.” I struggle to catch my breath, my heart so violent, I can feel it hammering

against my ribcage. “What is it about killing someone that makes me want to fuck your brains out?”

He lets out a low chuckle, pressing his mask to mine as if it were our foreheads. I want to kiss him, to feel his lips on mine and to never have the moment end. But he steps back and it suddenly ends too soon.

“We have an advantage; they don’t know the power outage is real. The guards think it’s part of the event,” Demetri explains.

“So, they have no idea we’re coming until it’s too late?” I laugh, realizing how much more time this actually gives us to play.

He just gives a slow nod of his head.

“Did we get all the guards on this block?” I check, looking over my shoulder like I’m gonna be able to see anything.

“I don’t want to take all the credit here, but your Mike Tyson inspired friend left me with all the work.” He’s amused, fingers gently tracing the skin on my arm. “But yes, they’re all dead.”

My moan is painful; I’m desperate for him, wet and aching between my legs with a need only he can satisfy.

“Where’s the flail?” He’s looking at my hands, surprised to find a gun in its place instead.

The half-embarrassed laughter bubbles out of me. “Not great for a quick kill.”

He tsks. “The guns are too loud. We’re gonna draw too much attention, and in a few

minutes, the inmates are gonna be taking down the guards in cell block B. We don't wanna end up getting caught with a gun." He takes the weapon from my hand and wipes it with the sleeve of his jumpsuit, like he's removing the fingerprints.

I pout but don't protest because I know he's right. He's always right; he always keeps me safe. Without him, I'm just aimlessly orbiting closer and closer into the Event Horizon. I know it'll suck me up eventually, but for some reason, I'm compelled to push myself the rest of the way. Harkins is there, somehow singlehandedly fighting the gravitational pull of the void, letting me dip my toes just enough to satisfy the urge.

He doesn't let me drown in it, doesn't let me lose myself to my own delirium.

This time last year, I walked into a corn maze ready to leave in handcuffs, if I even got the chance to escape at all. Instead, Demetri was there to show me a better way out. So, when he sets the boundaries, I don't push.

I know it's for my own good.

I know it keeps us together, keeps me together. So, I listen.

"Jason left his ax." Demetri points his flashlight over to the ground where the not prop was left.

"His loss, my gain." I hum appreciatively before pressing my lips to his.

Our tongues tangle again, hot and filling me with indisputable need. I get closer to him, a low sound escaping his throat as I pull his bottom lip with my teeth. His smirk is dangerous, and it makes me worry that when he does let me fuck him, I'm not going to get a say in much.

Good.

I feel his cock grow against my thigh, a winning sigh falling from my lips.

“Heathen,” he growls, angry I’ve brought him to half-mast and he’ll either have to suffer through it or punish me.

I’m hoping for the latter, but I’m well aware we have a goal in mind with a short timeframe to achieve it.

“Sir!” I exclaim in a breathy voice, attempting to hold back the laughter already starting. “I am a lady of virtue.”

Three years with my ex, Noah, and he convinced me I had no sense of humor.

You just don’t get my jokes, he’d constantly remind me.

Turns out, he just wasn’t funny. When someone who is supposed to love you is always laughing at your expense, the reality is, they probably just don’t like you very much. The sound of Harkins’ laughter is my favorite thing in this world, and with him, there isn’t a day that I don’t fall asleep with my face sore from smiling.

I’ve never been this happy in my life.

He saved me.

“What’s cell block B?” I ask him.

“I think non-violent offenders.”

“Boring. We’re not here to plan a heist.” I give a thumbs down, pulling him out of the

cell by the front pocket of his jumpsuit.

Demetri grabs the ring of keys from his pocket, “So, don’t let the thieves join the party?” He dangles it in front of my face.

“Fuck it, let’s not discriminate.” I shrug, readying to prance off into the madness when I feel his grip on my wrist.

Harkins pulls me to his chest. “Careful out there, Darkling.” He slips the mask over my face again before doing the same to himself. He drops his forehead to mine, and it's just the hard shell of our masks clinking and his breathing hard against it.

He sounds like Darth Vader.

So fucking hot.

“Why be careful when I know you’ve got my back?” I tease, but he brings me in, squeezing my wrist tighter.

“Because I’m not even close to the most dangerous thing running loose out there.” He gestures to the noise coming from cell block B.

I stretch up on the tips of my toes so I can whisper in his ear, “Wanna bet I know how to turn you into the most dangerous thing out there?”

I hear an honest-to-god growl from the depths of his throat when my hands reach into his pocket but I only steal the keys. I run off, scooping up the ax from the ground, my laughter trailing behind me as I skip away.

Cell block B, straight ahead.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:33 pm

6

Your final reminder that this is horror.

Harkins

The released inmates are all over the place, attacking anyone in their way as they stampede toward the next cell block. I see Naya Costa cowering in front of a cell, clutching her knees to her chest and keeping her face hidden. Hands grope her from inside the cells, petting and touching her while she remains unmoving.

I'm in front of her in three steps, aware that speaking to her might reveal too much, but not keeping her safe isn't an option. "Go back to block A. Shut yourself in a cell." I grab her by the arm and bring her to her feet, throwing her back in the direction we came from.

She trembles, giving me a vacant look so filled with terror, I pity her.

"Go!" I bark, giving her a light shove to get her feet working.

I wait until I see her press the buzzer to open the door for cell block A again. Once she's through, I direct my focus to the front. Camila swings the ax with ease, the head of it small and not too weighty for her to handle. It slices through the midsection of a guard like butter, his stomach pouring into his hands. He looks in terror for only a brief moment, attempting to scoop it back inside him with his fingers before she sends the blade down his head. That's where she struggles, having to wait for him to fall so she can put her foot on his shoulder to get the ax free.

She loses too much time that way. I swing a baton I stole from a dead cop in cell block A and crack open the skull of another guard. He's stunned, eyes not quite right, like they're struggling to stay in their sockets. The guard staggers toward me, and I swing the ASP once more. It hits his mouth, teeth flying freely, bouncing off the plastic shell of my mask. His head swings a full 180 degrees, there's a satisfying crunch right before he falls to the ground.

My girl dances through the female inmates and paying customers alike, clanging the wood handle of her ax along the bars. She's dangerous, buzzing with energy and ready to rip through Kyle Danvers.

"Bring me those ruby slippers!" Camila's voice is a theatrical rasp, a haunting cackle leaving her throat as she quotes the Wicked Witch of the West. "Do what you want with the rest of them! Now fly! Fly! Fly!" She's sticking the key into every cell's lock and twisting before she skips away. Every cell begins to slowly roll open, her maniacal laughter causing hesitation from every inmate behind bars.

But still, they come out, none perceiving her as either friend or foe as they rush past her into the next cell block. "Darkling!" I call for her attention.

She throws a hand straight into the air and waves.

I chuckle in disbelief, shaking my head as I push my way through the crowd to get to her. There are three, maybe four people between us. I extend my hand to reach for her when an inmate grabs her by the waist and throws her in a cell. I'm blind with rage when she hits the ground, her ax falling a few feet away.

"Move!" I yell, forcing apart the useless bodies keeping me from her.

It feels like time is standing still. Too many inmates and scared civilians are pushing me in the opposite direction. I watch him step toward her, kicking the ax away.

Camila crawls back, but she's cornered in the cell.

My vision goes white.

I know I'm screaming, but whether any of it is intelligible is beyond me. I pull the chainsaw strapped to my back and lift it above me, flipping the safety off and turning on the electric motor. Screams fill the air, but it's not enough to make the crowd move, so I charge, bringing it in front of me.

The inmate's hands wrap around Camila's neck.

I bite my tongue between my teeth, and I just push forward. The saw grinding in front of me, I push forward until there's nothing left between me and my girl. A hand grabs at me as I hack through them but before their grip can steady, the top half of their torso falls to the ground. Blood coats the visor of my mask, truly making it impossible to see anything.

"Darkling!" I roar.

It's all red, but I can't remove the mask. I know I'm in the cell, but I can't see her.

Her shout draws my attention into the corner. I run my fingers over the mask, trying to wipe away some of the blood before I cock the chainsaw into the air. It sputters but doesn't give up, the buzzing steadying in my hands. The inmate lifts his hands from Camila, his blurred image still difficult to make out but enough to know there's distance between them now.

I step closer.

"W-wait," he shouts.

Camila sits upright, lifting her leg into the air before sending her boot into his chest. “You got the keys?” she asks me, but I know her focus is still on the creep who was just minutes from overpowering her.

I give a singular nod.

“Good. Close the cell.” Her voice is cold, a tone that makes the hair on my arms stand.

I reach behind, and with a heave, I pull the bars, the loud slamming of the metal followed by the clicking of the lock.

“I-I wasn’t gonna do anything.” The inmate shakes his head, but I’m preoccupied.

Too busy cleaning the blood off my mask so I can see again. His eyes widen at getting a look at my face, but it makes no difference. Even if he could see me in the darkness it wouldn’t matter.

He won’t leave here.

“That’s not what he said,” Camila sings, bobbing her head from side to side.

“I-I didn’t say shit. S-she’s lying!” he stutters nervously, waving his hands in front of him. I press the trigger on the saw, the revving obnoxiously loud with the movement of the chain. “P-please!”

“Said he was gonna fuck my pretty little ass. Didn’t you?” Camila’s giggle is fake, borderline childish. She bends over him with one hand on her knee while the other reaches out to pinch his cheek.

“No, I didn’t! The bitch is lying!” His panicked voice is so honest, I know it’s the

truth.

She plops down on the bed and waves her feet back and forth. “Fuck him up, babe.”

I don’t need the command, but once she gives it, I become even more determined to deliver.

She raises her hand up. “Wait!” Lowering the chainsaw, I freeze. “Don’t fuck him up too bad; he’s kinda cute.”

The mask is back on so I know she can’t see the look I’m giving her, but we’ve been together long enough that she can feel it. Her chuckle is so goddamn enticing. “It’s been so long since I’ve had nearly dead dick.”

His eyes go wide with fear, still halfway horizontal on the floor when he starts scrambling to unzip his jumpsuit. “Y-you don’t have to kill me. I’ll fuck you.”

“Ew.” Camila snorts. “Too eager, buddy.”

I laugh, letting her figure this one out for herself. I don’t mind sharing her, because she always comes back to me.

“What’s your crime, anyway?” She walks over to her ax and lifts it to her shoulder.

“Embezzlement.” He rushes to say it like it’s going to save his life.

“In this economy? That’s all of us,” I add sarcastically.

Camila’s cackle fills the air, the echoing of her amusement driving me to spin and note that we’re nearly alone now. There’s an inmate or two who have selectively chosen to stay in their cells, along with a few obvious civilians who locked

themselves away for safety.

She sticks her thumb out like she's Commodus at the Coliseum about to deliver her verdict. It stays horizontal for an extra beat before she throws it down in condemnation. "Weak. I'd rather stuff my pussy full of microfiber towels. Chainsaw him, Daddy!"

Her glee is contagious, forcing my smile to open from ear to ear. It feels so goddamn corny, so fucking cheesy, like something off Hallmark, and I'm secretly glad the mask is there to preserve some of my dignity.

I love this girl so fucking much.

I rev it up again, and with a slow, steady hand, I send the buzzing blade through the middle of his head. The teeth of the chain catch when they hit the first sign of bone, sputtering for a few seconds before they pick up again and power through. I press harder, the grinding of the blade against his bone almost metallic alongside his screaming. Camila's chortle is pure delight, she clutches her hands to her chest and bounces on her feet like a kid at a candy store.

Blood and thick chunks muddle the chain when I get halfway through his forehead, his brain gunking up my blade. I pull it free and lift the saw in the air, hitting the throttle to clear out the shit clogging it before I send it down the precut slice again.

His body stops convulsing once the saw makes it down to his throat, the pool of blood drenching the concrete below our feet. I yank it back, turning the motor off and flipping the safety on before I toss it behind me.

I can hear her breathing, choppy and charged with excitement.

"I love you so much." Her words are labored, struggling to come out.

Every moment is the right one, but none of them are quite good enough.

She deserves magic.

“Did he hurt you at all?” I reach for her neck, my thumb finding the soft skin underneath her mask.

Camila shakes her head. “Let’s go find Kyle.”

But as soon as the buzzer unlocks the gate to cell block C, it’s a different kind of hell. The guards are already dead, bullets in their heads proving that the inmates got to them first, the haunt actors long slaughtered for their weapons. I pull her closer to me, any faint light that had seeped its way into the previous block perishes before entering here. There’s a haunting silence in this block, and with the inmates still behind bars—

“It’s not safe.” I squeeze the top of her shoulder.

She turns her head up to look at me. “What’s in here?”

I shine my light next to the door, where the plastic casing holds data sheets for the inmates. There’s a greenband on the top of the paper, and it reads my least favorite set of words:

Child Molesters.

“What’s in here?” she asks again, a little more annoyed that I’m withholding information she can’t see at her height.

“Pedophiles.”

Her groan is both of frustration and excitement, and I quickly turn the flashlight off

so we don't become a point of focus.

"Babyyyy." She drags the second syllable like it's a request, like she's waiting for permission, because she knows I'm well aware of what she wants.

"Hmm?" She's gonna need to ask for it, though.

"Remember when I said 'let's not discriminate?' Well, I want to discriminate. Bad." Her whisper is practically a yell.

"Say what you want." I slip my hand under her mask, wrapping her throat in my hold.

I'm not putting any pressure, but she strains as if I was. "Let me play."

I hum in amusement, loving the way her pulse picks up under my touch. "How can I say no?"

She's out of my range of vision immediately, but the flood of worry is only momentary. I hear the handle of her ax hitting every bar as she makes her way to the end of the cell block. She joins the clanging of metal with her own melody, whistling "Twisted Nerve" flawlessly.

"Who's there?" a man's voice calls from one of the cells.

Her voice comes from deep in the shadows, "God."

The inmates begin to shout. They aren't stupid; dark or not, they've heard shit go down. Their panic is nearly palpable, the rattling of the bars filling the space along with their protests.

"Now, now," Camila sings, her voice getting louder, as if she's walking toward my

end of the block again. “I could be your savior.”

She’s so unhinged, and I’ve never been more in love.

Their clamoring turns into a roar of begging, calling for God to get them out of here.

“Whatcha doin’ here?” She puts on that sickly sweet voice, the one I know means she’s sharpening her canines.

I hear the inmate’s nervous stutter before he steadies his words. “S-six years.”

Camila’s tongue clucks loudly, echoing off the walls. “I said, what are you doing here.” Her tone drops an octave, no longer playful. “This isn’t the army. I don’t give a fuck how long you’re serving.”

“S-statutory,” the man says quietly.

“Oh?” Camila fakes interest.

“She said she was eighteen. I-I swear, I thought she was eighteen!”

I hear her snort. “Sure ya did.” In a few seconds, I can feel her in front of me again. “Turn the flashlight on and gimme that folder.”

I illuminate the documents near the door, pulling them down. “Give me the deets, Professor,” she says in a teasing tone. I’m not her teacher anymore, but she knows what it does to me when she gives me a grain of authority over her.

I open the folder and point the light. “Andrew Forester.” I hear a grunt to my left, and I don’t have to guess that their files are in order with their cages. “Indecent exposure.”

Camila cackles, “Creep!” She bangs the metal of her ax on the bars, the sound jarring and abrasive. “Next!” We walk side by side, like we’re picking out a puppy at the animal shelter, deciding which one is just right for our needs.

“Greg John—”

“Ehn!” She cuts me off with a buzzer sound. “Never met a single Greg I’ve liked.” She s ahead, letting her weapon dangle beside her, fingers softly grazing each iron bar. “Eenie, meenie, miney, mo.” She hops with both boots at once and stops in front of a cell, giving me nothing but a tilt of her head.

“Smith Valinski.” I shine the light from the folder to the cell; the guy is one of the few not eagerly awaiting judgment.

“He’s got a last name first name?” She grabs at the bars, her mask hitting the metal when she tries to stick her head between them.

Smith barely looks up; he’s either uninterested or wants to pretend he is.

Camila toys with him. “Whatdidyado, Smitty?”

He turns his chin away, ignoring her, so she looks up at me for an answer.

“Three counts of kidnapping in the first degree. Three counts of child endangerment. Three counts of sexual assault in the second degree. Three counts of willful harm to a child.”

Camila squeals with excitement. “Play with me, Smitty.” He doesn’t indulge her, so instead, she rattles the bars, her tone going from sickly sweet to rage. “Play with me!”

Smitty turns his head slowly, but he’s not looking at her. He’s looking at me.

Because he knows he'll need to get through me to get to her.

This is not the spice you were looking for.

Camila

Smitty acts like I'm not even here, aiming directly at Demetri like a charging bull. He's nearly at him in three steps, but I stick the blunt edge of my ax out and plunge it into his stomach. Blood falls from his mouth like vomit, and maybe it is. It's too dark to tell, and I don't care to investigate.

Before he has time to recover, Demetri has already set the flashlight on the ground and sent his fists into the inmate's stomach. Smitty keels over once more, the same foul liquid spewing from his teeth hole. Demetri sends his elbow down the back of his neck, and the guy splats down flat, wheezing something frightful, like maybe the blow was too much.

Harkins doesn't ask to stop, and I don't want him to. I grab the flashlight, leaving them in the dark, the brute percussion of his fists against the pedophile's bones is the only noise left in the cell block. "What? No one else wants to play anymore?" I chortle, waving my little beam of illumination around, but every single one of the cowards stay pressed to the back of their cells, their hands shielding their faces from the glow.

"Shame. We're just getting started." I find a dead cop on the ground—my favorite kind.

I use my foot to turn him over and look for what I need. “Bring him to the door.”

Harkins doesn’t miss a beat, dragging Smitty over to the bars. “Unzip his jumpsuit.” The guy’s eyes go wide with panic, but he’s too weak, too pulverized by Demetri’s hands to fight back.

Demetri doesn’t bother to ask why; he just does it. When Smitty is ass out to the cell door, exposed to the other pedos, I take the two pairs of handcuffs I commissioned from my dead pig buddy and secure one ring to a cell bar, the other to Smitty’s wrist. I do the same on the other side so that both his arms are stretched behind his back, locking him to his own cell.

“On your knees,” I command, knowing damn well it’ll be agonizingly painful for him to support himself that way.

Good.

“P-please.” He’s sputtering nonsense about forgiveness. “I-I found God, I’ve repented. P-please.”

“Didn’t you hear her, buddy? She’s your God.” Demetri’s voice is full of amusement as he takes the unmoving chainsaw blade and uses it to tilt Smitty’s head up.

“Spit.” I stick the handle of my ax out in front of his face.

“N-No, God.” His nose makes one snot bubble after the next.

“Spit, Smitty,” Harkins encourages him.

He’s leaking nonsense from all his holes, shaking his head like it’s somehow going to stop me from doing anything.

“Look, it’s your asshole’s funeral. You can make it a little smoother and help by lubing it up, or we can rawdog this whole handle dry. Whaddya think?” I push it closer to his mouth.

His spit is so dry, it sounds windy.

Demetri grunts in annoyance.

“Last chance.” I hit his mouth with the wooden end, his pained cry ricocheting off the iron bars.

Smitty manages a wet glob, but I’m pretty sure I pull the handle away too soon, so it lands on the floor. Can’t tell. Too fucking dark. And I’m too eager to shove this thing into his colon.

“Deep breaths now. This one’s gonna burn a little,” I coach him, positioning the end of my ax below his crack.

He’s mumbling incoherently, shaking and pissing all over the place and kinda killing my vibe. I push that handle in anyway.

Okay, not as easy as it looks to just rape somebody’s ass. Go figure. I push a little harder, but it may not be physically possible to cram something so big inside something so little for the first time. I mean, that thing is about as thick as my wrist.

“You good?” Demetri asks, shining a light my way.

Maybe I don’t know anatomy as well as I thought. “I just can’t get it.”

“Want my help?” He just stands there, waiting to see.

I try again, but I really can't, and I'm kind of disappointed in myself. "Yeah," I sigh.

Demetri comes behind me, wrapping his grip over mine, hands large enough to hold mine and the handle. I lean back into his touch, but the moment is fleeting. In one, powerful thrust, he sends my arm forward.

My biceps burn from the blunt force but it's the shrill screech Smitty releases when the butt of my handle buries itself an inch inside of him that makes it all worth it. I pull only a little. It does nothing but make him scream louder, and with no say on my part, Harkins sends the handle deeper.

Blood sprays over my hand, the sounds from Smitty's mouth nothing short of symphonic in the cell block. I can hear Demetri's breathing just over my shoulder, my arms burning with the back and forth pull of the ax, even though I'm not the one doing the brunt of the work.

"God!" Smith pleads, sucking a loud gust of air with his sobs.

But I am not a merciful God. I'm a butt-raping God who's starting to wonder if maybe Pilates is a good idea. I really don't have the stamina for this shit. But Harkins moves our arms in sync, and together, we fuck his ass with the ax handle.

It's not so much fucking as it is tearing his rectum apart, shreds of tissue sticking to the wood as I move it in and out. My hand is slippery on the handle from the blood, but it makes no difference. We keep going, moving without fail until I feel a barrier creating some sort of resistance.

It only enrages me, giving me a second burst of energy to keep my arms moving through the burn. Smith's bitching has turned into a gargled mess of donkey braying; there's no words anymore, but it somehow fuels me further.

His body seizes, but I don't pause, I don't break, I just keep moving. It's harder now than before, Smitty's arms shaking violently behind him. He convulses but doesn't die, so I work even faster.

I hear a noise that sounds like ripping, and that's when his head drops down, hanging beneath his shoulders, limp and lifeless. My arm is still moving, until finally, I feel a squeeze on my forearm.

Looking down, I see Demetris' hand wrapped around my wrist now, slowing me. How long had it been just me? I wheeze, struggling to breathe, sweaty and my arm almost numb from exhaustion.

I'm too embarrassed to ask, though. Instead, I just pull my ax out, Smitty's inner tubings trying to hold onto my weapon at the last minute and sucking it back in. I give one more firm tug, and with it comes out his asshole's goodies, bits of the pedo splashing loudly on the ground.

"What do you need?" Demetri asks before my ax has even dropped from my hand.

"I just need a second," I breathe loudly, trying to get a hold of myself.

"We need to move fast if we want to get your boy before it's too late," he reminds me.

I'm grateful that one of us is focused on the logistics. I'm not here for the serious stuff.

I drop to the floor and lean against the bars, taking in a full view of Smitty's ruptured ass crater.

It's really innovative.

Gallery worthy.

But Harkins is right—we need to move. The inmates surrounding us are getting rowdy, making far too much noise in their terror from the scene they could do nothing but listen to. I wipe the handle of my ax on Smith's jumpsuit and then we're on our way.

Ending back up in the dungeon isn't part of the plan, but I'm thrilled when we get a clue that Kyle might be hiding in the more touristy part of the prison attraction. I'm forced to promise some woman who Lucy Letby-ied her way in here that I wouldn't kill her. There's a lot of shit I can look past; my moral compass has no needle.

So when she says she saw the douchebag white kid in the Puka shell necklace take the exit stairs to the dungeon, I almost consider letting her go. But when I ask her crime and she pisses down the legs of her jumpsuit, I know I have a winner.

"I bet it's a real good one." I grin, making her eyes go wide.

She nods, clutching her hands to her chest, unsure what brand of psycho she's dealing with.

Surprise—it's all of them.

"Tell me," I sing in a sweet tone to encourage her, bringing the ax behind my shoulders.

"I-I was a nurse," the gray-haired woman stutters.

"Oh-ho," I laugh. "Let me guess: killed a bunch of people? Old, sickly, dying, miserable fucks?"

She's nervous, and I can only tell because I'm inches from her face. It's the only way to see enough in the dark, which means I'm unfortunately close enough to smell the piss soaking into her pants. "N-no."

"Interesting." I brighten my tone. "Go on, girlfriend." I nudge her with the butt of my ax, my wrists now resting over the wooden handle, still over top of my shoulders.

"Infants." A snot bubble inflates and sucks back into her nose.

"How many?" I continue to put on the sweet act, getting what information I want from her while she thinks she's in my good graces.

"Over thirty-four in my career." There's a hint of pride when she says it, puffing up her chest.

"Why?" My tone is genuine. I don't need a reason; I know that none of what I do makes sense.

But I want to know if it's the same for her.

Her voice is a shrewd tone, laced with hatred and bitterness. "Ugly little things. Needy and crying for attention."

The blood pours like a fountain, spilling freely before she even notices I slit her throat with the blade of my ax. She flaps her foul tongue to speak, only further ruining her chances of coming out alive while she chokes on her blood.

The woman clutches her throat, panic filling her eyes, her nostrils flaring in pure desperation. It's not that I draw the line at innocent babies.

It's that her reason is just so fucking stupid.

“Get a different job, you fucking maniac,” I yell down at her as she drops to her knees, but I don’t watch to see what happens.

My gaze is only on the stairwell exit doors as I lift my ax into the air like a sword. “To the dungeon!” I profess, knowing Harkins is only a few feet behind me.

So I don’t expect it when I’m hit in the back as soon as I open the door. All the oxygen is pulled from my lungs as I wheeze, struggling to take little sips of air, a painful burn filling my chest.

A boot kicks me in the rib, sending me flying against the wall. My back slams into the concrete, a demonic croak escaping my throat when I’m finally able to breathe. I brace for impact again but hear my favorite sound: Harkins’ fists.

The chainsaw swings on its strap behind his back while he pummels the guard with his bare fists, only stopping to relieve his holster of the pistol. Demetri throws the gun to the ground, sending his fist into the guard’s stomach. I crawl closer, clutching my stomach, coughing in desperate attempts to relieve the pain in my chest. The guard lands on his back next to me, already bloody, his face swollen from Demetri’s hands.

“I’m a police officer!” he spits out. “You’ll go to prison for this!”

Demetri laughs. “You touched my girl; you’re a dead officer.” His words are steady and clear, sending a wave of hot arousal between my legs.

I’m suddenly healed.

Cock can be better than codeine, if administered correctly.

“Nurse!” I cry, crawling over the dying cop to get to my man.

“Grab his handcuffs.” Demetri’s voice is low, his tone full of command, and it makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand.

Demetri’s shoe is on the cop’s other arm, and his chainsaw is pressed to the cop’s chest, the threat ringing loud and clear. He moans from pain, his only free arm holding the motor of the chainsaw in a wasted effort to keep it away. It’s futile; the only thing keeping that chainsaw from slicing his face open is Harkins.

I reach for his belt, unhooking the handcuffs and securing one of the guard’s wrists to the metal railing of the stairs.

“S-stop!” he shouts, demanding obedience.

Poor little white boy never had anyone say no to him before. It’s always that type who become cops. The ones who thought they had it bad, but really, they just had rules. The ones who bitched and moaned about authority so when they grew up, they felt the need to exert it over anyone they could.

I grab his chin, and when I’m two inches from his face, I yell back at him.

Not very ACAB of me to fuck a cop, but maybe if he’s dying, we can count it as my effort to the cause. “Ugh,” I moan, grinding my crotch against him, the fabric between us making it impossible for me to feel anything.

Or maybe he’s not hard.

“I think he’s too scared to get a boner. Turn the chainsaw off.” I twist my nose up, waiting.

Demetri turns it off, setting it on the ground before he drops to his knees on top of the cop’s uncuffed arm. I hear a sickening crunch, a slew of curse words flying from the

cop's mouth as he writhes in pain.

But the arm is no longer an issue now. Dead and useless, it lays there, allowing Demetri to shift his focus back to me.

He's breathy when he speaks. "Hi."

A million butterflies flutter down my stomach and a girlish laugh bursts out of me. "Hi."

His hands are everywhere: at my breasts, at my throat, a hum from his lips so low, his vibrato feels like thunder between my legs. "Take your mask off; I need to kiss you."

Demetri shakes his head, slowly moving behind me. His hands lower to my hips, guiding me as he grinds my pussy over the guard's cock.

"No mistakes, Darkling," he reminds me.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:33 pm

8

Is this the spice you want?

Camila

I whine, attempting to take my frustration out on the cop, but Demetri holds my hips in place. “Be a good girl and say you understand.”

My pussy weeps desperately from the way his tone drips with authority.

“I do.” My words are shaky, my thighs squeezing needily around the waist of the mumbling cop.

But I’ve blocked him out, his anguished sounds are nothing but background noise. Now, it’s just me and Demetri again.

“I love you so much,” I exhale, feeling a hand move from my hip to my breast.

With my next moan, I lean back, finding his body already there, his chest pressed to my spine. His hand quickly moves from my breast to the zipper, and with a smooth tug, it comes down. Demetri’s touch is on me once again, scorching hot against my skin, exposing me as he pinches my nipple between his fingers. My cry comes out like a song, harmonious and perfectly in tune with the misery of the pig beneath me.

“Please,” I beg. “I need you...everywhere.”

As if relishing in my torment, Demetri chuckles, his fingers moving south. “Fuck.” His words are hushed in my ear, just for me. “You’re so wet, Darkling.”

I whimper, grinding hungrily, pinning his fingers between my cunt and the cop. “I want you so badly. I need you. Please don’t make me wait.” Just the thought of it is enough to make me want to explode.

“I told you not to start something you couldn’t finish in the closet, didn’t I?” he asks through clenched teeth, pinning my wrists behind my back with his free hand, the other continuing its wreckage between my legs.

“Our Father, who art in Heaven,” The man prays under his breath, shutting his eyes tightly.

Demetri’s fingers rub, never slowing, never stopping, and within minutes, I’m shattering at his command again.

“L-lunatics!” the miserable asshole beneath me spits out halfway through my orgasm.

“Your cock says you like looney tunes.” I smirk, feeling a wave of pride from it rising beneath me.

He tries to spit at me, but it lands next to me. Before I even register what’s happened, Demetri has already reached over and sent his fist against the cop’s face once more. Three teeth fly out, and I hear one bounce down a few steps.

“You keep that filthy cunt away from me, you crazy whore!” His protests only further encourage me, and soon, my grinding is nearly uncomfortable, my arousal wet against the fabric of my jumpsuit and the next orgasm claws at me for release.

“Please, baby,” I implore. “I need more, something, anything.” I’m practically crying,

desperate with need, my body on fire.

Every inch of my flesh is sensitive, heightened by my last orgasm and drenched in visceral anticipation for more. I feel soft lips at the crook of my neck, my gasp loud, but when I turn to look, the mask is fully covering his face again. His hands are steady, working quickly to slip the jumpsuit off my shoulder.

There's no wind, no chill in the air, but it feels like it. My nipples become ten times harder as I help him remove the rest of my clothing.

"Don't fucking touch me!" The guard squirms frantically as I lower onto him once more.

"He's really yappy." I sigh. "It's gonna be impossible to get anything done with all that distraction."

The man shouts as Demetri's hand squeezes his cock underneath me while his other hand holds my ax up to the guard's throat. "If she can't use your dick, then there's not a lot of use left for you. Understood?"

But he doesn't stop. Instead, it somehow fuels him to scream louder, shouting for help into the stairwell. I grab the ax from Demetri's hand and plunge the wooden butt of it into his mouth.

There's only choking now, spurts of air and wet somethings coming from him. The relief from the noise is immediate, like when you get those ads on your phone for the little green noise. So fucking soothing. I make use of the moment by dropping the ax again and lining his semi-hard cock up with my entrance.

It's unimpressive, but that's not a shocker. I'm spending every day getting railed by Godzilla; it's only natural everything else looks like the insurance gecko in

comparison. I drip all over him regardless, though it has nothing to do with the man under me.

Demetri holds me to his body, positioning me just right so the guard's cock slides inside me in one, smooth stroke. We both groan together.

"You're disgusting," I cackle at him. "Getting off to getting raped."

Demetri rolls my hips, the friction delicious as he bounces me up and down the cop's length. "If he didn't want it, I bet his God would have stopped it."

"It's not enough. Please." I sound like I'm crying, and it's because I feel like I'm about to unravel. No part of this half-sized chub is doing anything for me, and every inch of me burns to be satisfied by my man. "I need you." I finally tell him the words I know he has been waiting to hear.

"I'm yours." It's low and soft in my ear—just for me, just for us.

In total contrast, he's hard, flipping me around reverse cowgirl with no regard to the other man inside me. His praying is muted by our heavy breathing, my moaning, and the sound of us colliding together.

Harkins holds me in his arms, and I'm desperate to kiss him, to feel closer in any way possible. I'd devour him if I could, eat him piece by piece if consuming him meant knowing him better. I feel a sudden emptying inside me, but the shock is brief as Demetri moves the man's cock from my cunt to my ass.

It glides in, drenched in my sticky arousal as I lower all the way down. I moan approval, Harkins making magic with his fingers as he rubs circles around my clit, keeping every nerve ending on fire, never letting my pleasure flicker out. There's no burn, no stretch. I'm so used to far wider things in there these days, but still, it's a

satisfying sensation.

I lick my lips under my mask, knowing the best is yet to come. The head of Demetri's fat cock pressing against my swollen cunt is only a warning. I instinctively squirm back, the only ounce of fear I've yet to feel all night.

His hand moves to the back of my neck, holding me in place and keeping me from inching away. He chuckles, "Where do you think you're going?"

He pushes that monster inside me, and finally, there's the familiar burn I'd been starving for. His head isn't even all the way in yet, but I can feel it struggling to squeeze inside with another man's cock buried deep in my ass. "Shit," I hiss, clawing at whatever I can beneath me.

"Stay right here." Demetri hums in my ear, and with a firm grip on my hips, he slams his cock inside me.

My head goes numb, rays of lightning striking in my vision, my body shaking at just the feel of him sheathing himself inside me. He's always so goddamn thick, so fucking hard, just so much. "I can feel you everywhere." It comes out between pants.

"Good. I'm going to carve my name into your soul." He slides his hand over the side of my head, raking his fingers through my hair. "I want to be so far inside you that I change your composition. I love you, Darkling."

His voice is shaky, breaking and raspy.

"W-what's wrong?" It's not like him, and I'm immediately alarmed.

My hips slow, but he doesn't stop thrusting.

Instead, he shakes his head. "I've been trying to find it for weeks now."

"Find what?" I'm confused, trying to stay focused on what he's saying, but every time Demetri's cock ends up fully inside me, I forget the last sentence.

"The right time, I think? The right place? The perfect moment." He laughs in disbelief. "I've been a nervous wreck trying to figure out how to make it magical, make it just right for you, because it's what you deserve." He pulls back almost the full length of his cock, my mouth watering in anticipation for how good it'll feel when he plunges inside me again. "But every moment with you is magic. From the most mundane nights, when we're driving in your car with The Used on repeat, to right here right now, with your pussy stretched over my cock and your ass filled with half-dead dick." It twitches inside me at being summoned, but aside from that small sign of life, it seems our guy is less than participating.

"I don't know what you're saying." I reach for him, a silent plea to fill me back up again.

"Marry me." He slides the mask up his forehead before he pulls the ring out of his pocket.

Every ounce of oxygen leaves my lungs.

Two little words.

My whole world spins under me.

"Be with me, in the deranged and in the sane. We do it together. To the end."

Spending the rest of my life with Demetri Harkins is the easiest decision I could ever make. "Yes," I whisper, sliding my mask up, "to the end, beloved." Our teeth clash

from the force of our kiss.

He buries his cock to the hilt, my moans echoing down the stairs with every slam of his hips. My core tightens, the need growing so suddenly, I'm unprepared when it erupts. I tremble in his hold, clenching as I choke both of their dicks between my thighs.

Demetri grunts through his climax, burying his head in my breasts as he spills every drop of cum deep inside me before moving again. He's still hard, still going, the heat of the moment and every heightened emotion driving us both mad with desire.

"I need more lube," I tell him. "Slice his throat." But then I feel a burn at my scalp and my head is pulled back. Before I can acknowledge the pain of the pig yanking my hair, he's already released me. No—his hand is still very much in my hair, it's just no longer attached to his body. His scream is feral, the blood spraying out around the ax still buried into the floor where it severed his arm.

"Ahh!"

His eyes go wide, a horrified expression staining his face, the color draining from it fast.

Demetri lifts the ax off the floor, the blood gushing at a much faster pace as it pools beneath the guard. Officer Dumbass isn't able to do more than let out a few strained moans; he's out in less than thirty seconds. Live amputation is nothing like the movies.

Lava pools at my core. Demetri is still fucking me, still sliding in and out of me with no concern for the convulsing body beneath us. The cop's dying cock pulses in my ass, and I'm close. We breathe in sync, Demetri whispering sweet words of his admiration for me while coaxing me into my millionth orgasm.

The guard is dead-dead within a few minutes, and it distracts me more than it should.

I sigh, my orgasm slipping from my reach.

“Is he soft?” Demetri asks.

“No.” But I can’t mask my disappointment.

His eyebrows pull together in the middle, the little fold I love so much making itself known. “Then what’s wrong?”

He’s moving in and out of me still, and the feeling grows again, inevitable with the way he feels. “I think the buildup was too much.” I shake my head, “Like when you eat somewhere for the first time and the food is amazing, so you go back and you take your friends to show them, and you try to replicate everything so it comes out exactly the same.” I probably sound insane. “And it does, it does end up the same, but it just...doesn’t live up to your expectations?”

He nods understandingly. “You overhyped the dead cock.”

“I overhyped the dead cock,” I agree.

He smirks that dimpled smirk, pulling himself out from me. It’s sudden, hollow without him, and I’m aching again to be filled. “No,” I whisper. “What are you doing?”

The grin on his face spreads, threatening sweet chaos. “Lay back,” he commands, lowering my mask down my face and doing the same to his. He flips the LED light on, the glowing Xs bright in the dark stairwell.

I obey, lowering back onto my elbows, using the recently deceased below me as a

cushion. My heart is a jackhammer in my chest, anticipation building inside me, so much adrenaline building that my thighs shake.

“His hands are nice.” Harkins is looming over me once more, holding the dismembered arm.

Blood drips slowly from the cut just above the elbow.

Suddenly, I’m on fire; I feel like I could come from just the suggestion alone. Every inch of me throbs, aches, begs to be touched, filled and defiled by him.

These moments can’t be recreated, because it’s he who holds the power, not me. He decides to use me in whatever way he deems fit, with whatever he feels necessary. Demetri folds one finger down at a time, carving the shape of a fist into the man’s hand, before they spread open again. The look on his face is dangerous, but it only sends hot lava rushing between my legs.

I close my eyes and drop my head back. “I don’t think so, Darkling. Open your eyes. I want you to watch me fuck you with a dead man’s fist.”

I’m a puddle, I’m goo, I don’t know what I am, but I’m a blob of fluid slime and there’s no way to contain all the wet that is me.

Splash, splash.

“Fuck.” I tremble waiting for the inevitable.

Demetri’s touch is gentle at first, his fingers circling my clit before I feel a strange object at my cunt. It’s not warm anymore, not like live people, so it feels more like toy than man, but it’s not quite cold yet either. My thighs attempt to close, but his hands are there, gripping at my thighs with a burning pressure, keeping me spread

open.

“It’s my turn to play now, so be a good girl and stay still .” Authority drips from his tone, and I have no option but to melt, splaying my legs apart for him.

It’s wild how all it takes is severing a few arteries to make someone’s fingers feel less human. I can’t tell how many are inside me, flat and extended as Demetri slowly moves them inside me. “Oh, God,” I whine, my hips bucking in need with his movements.

It doesn’t take long; I’m sopping wet and practically foaming at the mouth, rabid and ready for my next orgasm. Pleas for more somehow fall from my lips instead. I feel a stretch, another finger, maybe two, but all I can see is the focus on Demetri’s face and his elbow moving the limb.

“Always so greedy when my cock isn’t there to satisfy you.” His tone is dark and full of amusement.

“Please.” My beg is a squeak, every nerve in my body coiling tighter and tighter with the burn of the stretch.

It intensifies, feeling like it’ll tear me apart, consuming all of me when there’s somehow even more stretching me from within. I cry, a guttural sob leaving my chest as Harkins’ face disappears between my legs. “I can’t.” I shake my head side to side, unsure of what it is I can’t do, because I know damn well I can take a whole hand. I’ve done it before, and I’ll do it again.

A short huff of amused breath is hot between my legs. “You already are, and you’re taking it so well.” His tongue is there, like liquid magma at my sex, lapping up every ounce of my arousal.

He licks at my clit, tormenting me with slow circles before sucking it into his mouth again. It's disorienting, the fullness inside me, the way it's both satisfying and painful all at once, the way my own pussy pulls the hand back in every time he tries to pull it out.

"Let's see how far it goes." His words are nearly unintelligible with his head buried in my pussy, but I assume that's what he says, because his elbow moves faster.

I see dots, my vision just bright bursts of color as pleasure takes over my entire body, every inch of my skin, every hair on my neck. All of it is sensitive, burning, ready to burst. It only takes one more stroke, one more circle of his tongue, and I come undone.

"Unravel for me," he demands, but I'm already there.

Breaking apart like an atom under fission, every cell in my body ruptures at his touch. There's no sounds, no smells, no lights or colors, only the earth-shattering bliss that rips away my own body's ability to take a breath.

It's never ending, and Demetri is unrelenting in the way he deals out pleasure, never stopping or slowing, despite the way I shake. It never winds down, never eases, one wave of climax after the other until there's nothing I can do but spill.

I spill oceans of passion from between my legs, down my thighs and onto him. It's only then he begins to slow, satisfaction painting his face like a warrior who just won a battle.

"That's my girl."

9

About that chainsaw...

Harkins

She's still quivering under me, the dead guy's arm wrist deep inside her pussy, when I hear a loud clamoring in the stairwell. I whip my head toward the darkness just in time to see a flash of orange in a corner. When I look back at her, she has the same wide-eyed look on her face that I'd bet matches mine.

"It's gotta be him." She pushes me off her, forcing me to pull the limb out of her. "Get him."

"No." I shake my head, scrambling to grab her jumpsuit and toss it her way. "I'm not leaving you."

"I'm a big girl, Demetri. Do not let him get away." Her tone is sobering; this matters to her.

I know her only regret from last year was letting that asshole get away, and here? Now? He's easy pickins', and everything about it is consequence free. We won't get another chance.

It would be a waste of the whole night if we didn't kill him.

I hesitate, doubling back to look at her still struggling to put her foot into the pants

hole. “Go!” she shouts, and I slip on dead guard blood, grabbing the chainsaw before taking off down the steps.

Part of me is drenched with worry, fearful and anxious about leaving her alone and unprotected with real criminals running loose. The other part of me worries for them . I run, one foot after the other, chasing after the loud racket the Danvers kid leaves behind him. How he hasn’t gotten merked by one of the prisoners yet is beyond me. My boots squeak below me, bloody footprints following on the ground.

He must have realized he couldn’t get out from the entrance and tried to make his way back up through the stairwell. I step down to the dungeon with both feet at once, pulling my chainsaw from my back and switching the safety off. I press the throttle, lifting the saw into the air and revving the motor for sheer theatrics.

The kid is hiding in a corner somewhere, probably biting his nails. Taking large strides, I walk through the basement of the prison, passing by dozens of open solitary confinement cells, but there’s no sight of Kyle Danvers.

I take a different approach, shutting off the motor of the chainsaw and throwing it behind me again. I step into an open cell, the wall-to-wall brick surrounding me, nothing but a narrow little window along the top for fresh air not even big enough to stick a hand through. It’s hauntingly quiet, so I wait. A minute passes, but there are still no sounds, no footsteps, nothing that says he’s coming out of hiding.

A breeze brushes past my neck. I feel a hand on my shoulder, but I know I’m alone in this cell, so I don’t dare turn around. Stepping out, I bring my hand to my mouth and amplify my voice. “Danvers,” I call out into the dark hall.

No response.

I try again. “Danvers.”

The sound of rubber sneakers against the concrete are low in the distance. “Kyle.”

“Professor?” His voice is shaky and filled with fright.

This is going to be easier than I thought. “Are you alright?” I feign concern.

I just need to keep him in my sights until she’s here.

Then, it’s up to her.

“Oh shit, fuck! Thank God it’s you. There was some psycho with a chainsaw chasing me!” His squealing sneakers get louder as he runs my way.

I can’t help but smile.

I despised Kyle Danvers when he was in my classes, and I hate him doubly now. He stumbles into me, chest-to-chest, bouncing off me and falling back on the ground. “Fuck,” a pained shout leaves him.

There’s a piece of me that says I should stick my hand out and help him up, but I don’t. By the time he’s standing in front of me again, I can hear the soft tapping of her boots against the concrete, and within a few seconds, she’s at my back.

“Found him,” I toss behind my shoulders.

“Naya?” he asks, his voice full of concern.

“Nope.” Camila pops the P, still hiding behind me.

“Mila!” He exhales in relief. “I-I lost Naya. Have you seen her?”

“Nope.” She does it again.

He takes a step back. I can’t gauge his mood—it’s too dark to see his expression—but I sense he’s suspicious.

“W-where have you guys been?” His voice is shaky.

I take a slow step forward as Camila laces her tone in her sweet voice. “In the stairwell.”

“D-doing what?” He puts distance between us, stepping back to where I can no longer find him in the shadows.

“Your mom.” She bursts out laughing.

Kyle takes off running into the depths of the dungeon, but there’s only more solitary confinement and the old warden’s torture dungeon. There’s no way out of here for him. Camila takes off running past me, cackling like a madwoman while taunting him. “Come back, bestie!”

One leisurely step after another, I follow, listening for the sound of her deranged laughter echoing in the distance to guide me forward. She is my compass, and her needle always points to hell.

By the time I get to The Death Warden’s torture chamber, she has already cornered him. The glow of the battery-operated prop lanterns is the only thing in this whole prison providing any sort of illumination, the better to see the terrified look on his face. “M-Mila.” He uses her nickname like he has any right to it.

Chainsaw already in front of me again, I rev it, just in case he hasn’t taken the hint yet.

His eyes are Bambi-wide as he clutches the wall behind him like it'll save him while Camila just stands there, ax in hand, covered in blood.

She's the perfect vision of horror.

And she's going to be mine until our last days.

"I-it was you, wasn't it?" Kyle asks, body still pancaked flat against the wall, as if he's trying to somehow become one with it. "Last year, in the corn maze. You're the one who killed Noah."

"And his little dog, too!" Camila's impression is perfect, her sense of humor impossible not to love.

Loving everything about her is too easy.

She steps toward him, but there's nowhere else for him to go. His eyes dart from her to me, and I know exactly what he's thinking: he's trying to gauge whether or not he can plow through her before I cut him down.

I hit the throttle, revving the chainsaw in warning.

He dies the minute he lays a hand on her.

He'll die anyway, but at least here, we have some ground rules.

"Y-you're insane. We're in a prison!" he cries out.

Then, she lunges for him, ax still in hand. He tries to dodge her, but she hits him in the back before he can get past her, the blade of the ax slicing the side of his waist and sending him down.

He screeches, holding his side as he scrambles back into his little corner.

“S-stop, Camila!” Demanding, as if he has any authority over her.

My thumb itches for the throttle; I’m only waiting on her to give me the go. She snarls, biting at the air, amused at herself when she gets him to soil his pants by waving the ax too close to his dick.

“Gross. Why do they always piss themselves?” She turns back to me. “Remind me to Google that when we get home.”

“It’s the increased cortisol levels from stress,” I explain to her. “It causes involuntary muscle contractions in the pelvic floor.”

She sighs. “God, you’re so hot.”

“Y-you can’t do this, Mila.” He throws his hands out in front of her and waves them.

She chops at him with the ax, barely missing when he pulls back with frightened eyes. Her laughter is contagious.

“I think he’s right,” I tell her. “You can’t do this.” She spins on her heels, lifting the mask up for just a brief second to show me her confused expression. “It’s going to take too long if you do it with the ax.”

“Mmm. Grab him.” It’s all the command I need.

I lower the chainsaw, and in a few strides, I’m in front of him, a good four inches taller and far larger than this stringy ex-frat boy. He lunges to try to hit me, but I catch his fist in my palm, turning his hand backward and feeling the break too easily.

“Ah!” His scream is a pathetic wail, and he hits me with his one good hand while the other hangs limply in the wrong direction. “Fuck!” He blows snot bubbles from his nose, the tears running down freely.

I throw my fist into his face, stunning him long enough to pick him up. “What do you want to do with him?”

She’s walking through the dungeon with the flashlight in hand, thumbing through all the torture devices set out for the haunted tour. “It’s a shame we don’t have time to play.” There’s nothing but amusement in her tone.

I chuckle under my breath. “I think we played plenty, Darkling.”

With a pout, she turns on her heels, stopping in front of shackles. “Fine. Lock his wrists here.”

Kyle stops moaning from pain to shout protests, hitting my back with his elbows. I toss him to the concrete floor on his back, sending my boot into his ribs. His blood sprays out with a cough as he wheezes, clutching his stomach.

I lower to a squat in front of him.

“You’re going to die tonight, kid. She decided,” I tell him, hoping that maybe if he understands this isn’t something he can fight against, he’ll stop struggling.

Makes it easier for me this way.

“N-no.” Kyle shakes his head.

“Yes,” Camila sings from the shadows.

“She is your reaper,” I confirm, pulling him by the broken wrist to stand.

“Fuck! Fuck!” he screams, wailing and snotting freely down his lips.

I take his other wrist and match the injury, not waiting for his shouting to subside before I close each shackle around it. He’s restrained to the wall now, feet still freely on the ground, but those can be easily removed.

He takes noisy breaths, working through the pain of shock as he shakes in the chains.

“Disembowelment?” she asks with a peppy voice, turning from the table with a sharp surgical knife.

“I think we’ve already done it,” I remind her.

She brings the tip of the knife to her lip, like it’s helping her think. “We could flay him?” she suggests, lifting the pliers.

“That’ll take longer than the ax. Just use the chainsaw.” I walk over to where I dropped it.

“Mm, yes. I agree. Cut him in half!” she declares, lifting her thumb in the air.

He’s screaming like an absolute lunatic, a mixture of incoherent babbling and pleading that does nothing but draw more attention to the basement. We need to move quicker. I lift the chainsaw and position it at his midsection before lifting it back again.

“No!” she shouts, grabbing my attention before I cut. “Not like that. That’s the boring way.” I frown, waiting for her to clarify. “Hot dog! Not hamburger.” She makes a vertical gesture with her hand.

The smile creeps its way back into my face. She really thought this one out. I squeeze the throttle, bringing the buzzing blade right next to his ear.

“No, no, no, no!” he pleads, trying to crawl up the wall with his feet.

“And start from the bottom, so he stays alive longer.” She props herself up on a torture table, crossing one leg over the other as she readies herself to watch.

Kyle’s eyes roll to the back of his head, and then he goes limp, fainting before I’ve even started.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:33 pm

10

Some of us are only meant for misery.

Naya

Everything hurts.

The power went out, and at first, everyone freaked out. It's Halloween, so of course I assumed it was just part of the event. The guards didn't even attempt to calm anyone, didn't show signs of alarm, so why wouldn't we have been safe?

Then, the crowd got rowdy, and before I could even see what was happening, there were actual inmates flooding the cell block. Some knocked me down in the stampede, kicking and stepping on me. They seemed to be after the guards, but there was no mercy for those of us who were just collateral damage.

My right hand throbs, my fingers unable to bend at will, but it's not the most painful of my injuries. There's a dull ache registering throughout my body, but the worst is the sharp stabbing at my ribcage when I breathe. I don't dare try to look or give it too much attention. Not here.

I should stay in this cell. I should slam it shut and lock the door like I was told. I can be safe until whatever is happening ends. Kyle abandoned me at the first opportunity, but it's not him I'm concerned about.

It's my best friend.

Two years in a row that we somehow end up entangled in Halloween madness. I can't just leave her out there this time. Not again.

My hands shake, the cell door inches from the lock.

Shut it, you stupid bitch .

A single tear rolls down my cheek.

Mila is my best friend, practically my sister. She has always put me above herself, even if she hasn't been the best at the normal friendship stuff. Even now, dating her ex's best friend, she doesn't hold it against me. She doesn't judge me for falling for someone who contributed to her pain and public humiliation. Hell, she even puts a show on, being more decent to him than he could ever deserve.

Mila's always been that way. In the same sentence she'd call me a dumb slut, she'd make sure no one else was hurting my feelings. When we were kids, she was the one on the playground chasing and throwing rocks at the boys who teased me.

This distance we've had since graduation—no, since she got with Harkins—I've tried not to take it personally, understanding that she had finally met the man she had been meant for. The pain of growing apart from my best friend isn't one I was prepared to feel.

I can't abandon her again.

"You dumb fucking slut," I whisper to myself, invoking my inner Mila as I pull the cell door open and step out.

It's too dark to see anything, but that gives me the advantage of being harder to notice. There are a lot of bodies on the ground, so I decide staying low is better. I

crawl over them. Some moan, some squish under me, their blood already cold and thick on the ground. I keep going on all fours, hands and knees one in front of the other, unsure where I'm even heading.

I hear a sound, a crinkle, something that sounds like a bag of chips opening right above me. I'm afraid to look, afraid to move, so I shut my eyes tight and hope that if I stay silent, I won't be noticed.

It feels like minutes pass before I even breathe, but then I feel a heavy pressure on my injured hand. The scream forces itself out of my throat before I'm able to process the foot crushing my fingers, the faint orange of a jumpsuit less than an inch away from my face.

The pain doubles, like more weight is being put on my hand, and there's nothing I can do. I cry, hitting at the leg in front of me with my free hand, but it does nothing. "Please," I beg.

A giggle comes from above me before the bag crinkles again, and I hear a crunching. "You're not supposed to be here." I look up to see corn flour blonde hair cascading down as a female inmate bends over to look at me. She holds something black pinned between her arm and her side.

She's got some sort of snack bag in her hand and makes no effort to stop chewing to assess me.

"I-I was here for the—"

She stops me. "For the tour. To gawk at the prisoners."

I shake my head, the pain in my hand intensifying, and it's all I can do to pull at my wrist with my free hand in the hopes that it's enough. "P-please, it wasn't like that.

It's Halloween."

"It's Halloween," she says with a mocking tone, throwing another handful of chips into her mouth. "So you came to be entertained."

I nod, but she's not watching. Instead, she's emptying the bag upside down into her mouth, shaking it for crumbs before she crumples it in her hands. With a casual toss behind her shoulders, she turns her attention back to me, a decaying smile spreading over her face. "Then let's entertain you, pretty girl. I got a couple hours before they lock me back in my enclosure."

Her laugh is startling, but it's the sound of metal hitting the ground next to me that fills me with fear. She dropped whatever she held under her arm, and when I look, I see it's one of the guard's batons.

My body works faster than my brain, but when I reach for the ASP, I feel a hammering at my nose. I hear a crunch, warm blood falling freely down to my lips, but my hand is finally freed. I cup my nose with both hands, wailing from the pain before I can even piece together that she kicked me.

I say the only word I seem to remember. "P-please!" I crawl backwards, trying to put distance between us, but cell bars stop me.

I'm cornered again.

"Now, now, you're too pretty to cry." She reaches for me, wiping a tear from my eye before it drops.

"Don't hurt me." My voice is a quiet plea, every inch of me shaking uncontrollably, waiting for her verdict.

“Oh, baby, I’m not gonna hurt you.” Her grin is malicious, disgustingly rancid, and the closer she gets, the less I believe her. “Be a good girl for me, and maybe we can both get something out of this.” She laughs, unzipping her jumpsuit and standing over me, now nude.

The lump in my throat makes it hard to breathe, but I can’t swallow it down. My body has forgotten how to do anything; it no longer understands what’s required to survive.

She crawls over me, my body trembling, but no part of me is actually cold. I’m drenched in sweat, struggling to breathe from running through this prison, and yet my teeth clash against each other in a percussive fury as if otherwise.

The inmate holds the black ASP in one hand, the other pushing me down onto my back so that I’m laying on the concrete floor. “P-please,” I ask once more, a tear dripping into my ear.

Her fingers pull at the zipper on my jumpsuit. I can’t fight the panic as it overwhelms me, flooding every inch of my body until it no longer lets me lay still. I squirm, thrashing my legs under her as she exposes my flesh. The sharp sting of a hand across my face makes my head swim, the sound of her voice muffling for a brief moment before I register she’s speaking.

“Did you hear me?” Her tone is angry, and she holds the baton in her fist.

I nod dumbly, too afraid to risk having her repeat herself.

My ear aches from the hit; it’s disorienting, and my vision struggles to clear. Her blurry figure drapes over me, breasts grazing over my lips as she lowers down my body. “I can take it off for you, or you can take it off yourself.” Her tone is sweeter now, amused and aroused all at once.

“I-I’ll do it,” I answer quickly, kicking my shoes off so I can slide out of the jumpsuit without standing.

“You don’t have to leave tonight. You can stay here.” She leans back over me again, lowering to whisper in my ear, “Be my good girl forever.”

She sits on my stomach, straddling me, something wet smearing over my skin.

The female inmate takes a deep inhale at my neck, moaning before she speaks. “You smell so good.” Her tongue is hot against my neck, and she licks down all the way to my collarbone. “Is it Dior?” I cringe. “Do you feel how wet I am?” She grinds on me again, slick and sticky all over my stomach while she holds me down by the shoulders. I nod. “Are you wet for me, too?”

“Y-yes,” I try to answer, to say whatever she wants in hopes that maybe, if this ends, she’ll let me go.

The blood still coating the baton in her hand tells me otherwise. She brings it to my neck, pressing it against my throat until I can’t breathe. “Don’t lie to me!” she hisses, releasing the baton and tracing it down my stomach. “Why don’t we check?”

I feel the intrusion of the object sliding between my folds, but she’s right. I’m not wet, and it hurts. She pulls it out before it goes any further, bringing it to her mouth and wrapping her lips around it. “Liar.” She laughs.

“I-I’m sorry.” I don’t know why I say it, but I do.

“That’s alright. I’m wet enough for both of us.” She slides down my stomach, sitting herself right at my crotch.

I squirm from sheer instinct, her palm coming down and squeezing my breast. “See?”

she breathes, positioning herself between my legs, scissor-shaped.

The inmate grinds against me, her pussy dripping over mine, her mess coating my flesh as she uses it for lubricant. She moans, touching herself with the baton while her free hand caresses me. I feel the spark of pleasure between my folds, a whimper falling from my lips, and I'm filled with self-loathing. I turn my head away, revolted, a wave of nausea rushing over me, sitting at the base of my throat, threatening to spill.

I hate it, need it to end, but with every grind of her hips, it becomes less obvious whose arousal is between my legs. I close my eyes, hoping that If I can remove her image from my brain, I can maintain some sort of control over myself.

But I can't, and soon, my soft sounds of pleasure have her moving faster, fueling every undulation of her hips. The feeling builds, winding inside me, tightening in my core. I hold it back; it's all I have.

Then, I feel it again, the head of the baton invading between my thighs, her cunt still grinding over my clit. There's no resistance when she thrusts it inside me.

My eyes open wide in alarm. "Shit," I hiss, covering my mouth with both hands.

"Such a good girl," she says in a breathy voice. "Letting me ride you and fuck you like this so I can remember it for later."

Her laugh makes me angry.

I'm just a toy for this lunatic's amusement. The baton moves faster, making it impossible to try to chase away the feeling, to try to ignore it further. I pull my hands from my face, clawing at her as a painful orgasm explodes from within me.

“Stop!” I cry, my body convulsing under hers, the ASP still moving freely in and out of me until I’m no longer shaking.

“Mmm,” she hums, taking pleasure in licking the stick clean this time. “So much better.” The woman crawls over me again, pulling at the hair on the top of my head to get my attention. “Do a good job. I haven’t been properly fucked in four years.”

She lowers over my face, her pussy coming down over my mouth and nose before I have a chance to process. I feel her weight over my head, and it’s suffocating, panic-inducing to be trapped under her like this.

“Lick, suck, anything. You gotta do something, girly,” she commands from above, tapping the metal baton on the floor next to my ear.

My tongue moves for me, saving my life like it knows I’m too stupid, too frozen in fear to understand. She bucks against my face, grinding over my lips the more I press my tongue against her clit, her hand on my hair relaxing as she uses it to guide my hand to her ass. She holds it there before another moan rips from her vocal chords.

The hand holding the baton loosens, dropping it to the ground as she writhes in pleasure. Her hands move to support herself from behind as she leans back, still grinding, watching me spread my tongue over her folds. “Oh, yes.”

She cries, letting her head fall. I don’t stop—I keep sucking, moving my tongue, encouraging what I can to keep her pleasure going. I continue searching with my fingers, patting the ground near me with desperation until I feel the cold metal beneath my hand.

I wrap my grip around it, thanking God it’s the hand I can use.

And then, I swing.

I swing with everything in me until all I hear is bone crunching and wet meat. I swing until she's no longer on top, but underneath.

And then, I run, not daring to check if I had taken a life or not.

"Mila!" I scream into the dark halls of the prison, nothing left to keep me from unraveling further.

The glow of the exit sign in front of the stairwell grabs my attention, and I wonder if returning to where the tour started would keep me safer. I'm still holding the ASP in my hand, less from need and more from the simple fact that I don't think my muscles work on their own anymore.

I don't know how to drop it.

I'm naked, bleeding, and covered in someone else's chunks, but I can't turn back. "Mila?" I whisper, opening the door.

"This is a terrible idea. What if she's already dead? Everyone else is dead. Don't be dumb, Naya. Go back into the cell," I coach myself, hoping that if I say it out loud, I can get rid of the guilt keeping me from returning to the safety of the cell and remain in the fetal position until someone comes to get me.

But Mila .

I'm about to close the door when I hear a faint sound.

My heart sinks, because there's no lying to myself now. I can hear her voice.

If I turn around, if I don't help her...

I will never forgive myself.

So, I take a shaky step through that door anyway.

11

“Ta-da”

Camila

Every time he revs that chainsaw, I want to crawl up his body and fuck his face. I’m already bored with Kyle, and I just kind of need this execution to finish up so I can get under Demetri one more time before the night is over.

“Say the words.” Harkins waits for my signal.

My tongue darts out to wet my lips before I release them. “Rip him open.”

I have to clench my thighs together, watching the way the motor of the chainsaw forces his arms to vibrate. He’s been wielding that thing all night, cutting men down like they’re butter. His arms have to be killing him, but still, he holds it like it’s weightless.

I’m going to marry him, and I’m going to spend the rest of my life with him. There’s a brief feeling of guilt that I don’t deserve a happy ending because I’m not a good person. But fuck, if there are billionaires out there ignoring world problems they can solve with a quarter of their yearly revenue, then maybe I’m not really a villain.

“Please!” Kyle blubbers pathetically, kicking his legs at Harkins.

“Stay still, or I’ll cut those off too.” His voice is deep, laced with an authority that

makes my skin hot. I reach for him, wrapping my fingers over his biceps.

He shifts his gaze down to meet mine, the foreheads of our masks clinking together for a moment before we both pull away. “I love you,” I whisper.

“There’s only you,” he responds before turning his head back to Kyle. “Well, and that fucker, but that’s not for long.” There’s a brief sound of grinding when it catches on Kyle’s pants, and despite Demetri’s warning, he still kicks out in an attempt to push the chainsaw away.

It catches on his shoe, the blade mangling his foot in the process before Harkins pulls it away. Kyle’s blood curdling screams fills the room as he shakes in his restraints, vomiting on his chest.

The saw is clogged; Harkins has to turn it off and pull out pieces of rubber sneaker and bone stuck to the teeth and tangled in the chain. It only takes a minute or two, and then he’s got it whirring again.

I’m holding onto his hands gripping the chainsaw tightly now, like I’m somehow helping or doing anything at all, but it’s incredible to watch. It’s the way the veins on his arms come to life, the way his muscles strain to contain the force of the chainsaw from kicking back at him. It’s like watching fireworks, and when he slides that blade up the crease of Kyle’s pants, it’s practically the Fourth of July. He splits in half so easily, shaking violently against the wall with every inch the saw drags up his stomach. The blood doesn’t drip—it falls to the ground, splashing at his mangled foot.

He pulls back, and turns to me again, yelling over the saw “Come here.”

He extends his arm and pulls my back to his chest, bringing my hands to the chainsaw’s handles between his. He closes me in, doing the majority of the lifting

while my hands hang on to the power tool.

And then, the blade whirs, the chain moving with the purr of the motor. My entire body vibrates, my pussy humming with delight at the feeling. This is the most romantic moment of my life. Together we push the saw up, cutting through his crotch and stomach with far too much ease.

But the chainsaw chokes, stuttering and sticking right around Kyle's rib. Harkins presses the throttle, but there's only a silent click, the blade still fully embedded. "It's stuck," he states dryly, like that isn't obvious, ignoring the seizing and shaking of the body dying next to him.

"I'm sure one blade is only good for like two, maybe three murders max before it gunks up," I say with a nod, ducking out from under his arms so he can deal with the situation.

He yanks it back, but it's lodged in there pretty well, stuck somewhere inside the douchebag's guts. Kyle's dead as fuck, but he doesn't care; he revs the throttle, and somehow, it gets going again. Even through the roar of the chainsaw, though, there's a sound in the distance.

"Mila?" I spin halfway on my heels at hearing my name.

There's suddenly a colony of butterflies breeding and laying larva all over my stomach, an endless cycle of bug-fest cohabitating inside me, and it threatens to explode. Of course, I'm paralyzed, making eye contact with my best friend, who's naked and covered in blood. There's nothing but pure terror on her face as she watches Demetri finish slicing Kyle in half. I turn my head his way when he splits, both pieces dangling there, still hanging from the shackles on the walls by his broken wrists.

The room shrinks in size, and I can't breathe under the mask. I'm suffocating and her expression doesn't change, doesn't tell me what's on her mind and I'm mere seconds from losing my shit. I lift the mask over my forehead, confirming what she already knows.

She says nothing; the pale look on her face says it for her.

I'm nervous, anxious that maybe this was a mistake. "Ta-da!" I shout, gesturing at Kyle with both my arms in a grand gesture.

"You killed him." She's not asking, she's declaring, her voice small and shaky.

"For you," I clarify. "I did it for you."

"W-what?" She hasn't looked at me yet, her eyes still glued to Kyle, and I'm honestly a little annoyed that, even in death, this asshole still comes between us.

She takes a step back into the hallway, her gaze darting over to the direction she came from.

"Y-you killed other people too?" Naya thinks I don't notice her leg moving back slowly into another step.

She's getting ready to run.

"You're missing the point, Naya." I gesture more aggressively toward the hanging halved corpse. "I killed him for you." I smile, but she doesn't return it.

The butterflies in my stomach die, letting me know there's nothing good left to come.

"Don't do it, Naya." I warn her with a slow shake of my head, repeating myself on a

whisper. “Don’t do it.”

She glances into the empty hall, and I can see it on her face.

My best friend is gone.

There’s nothing but fear in her voice when she asks, “Do what?”

“Don’t make me kill you.” I’m not sure if I speak the words, or if she even hears them.

She takes off, but I’m ready, ax in hand as I chase after her. My lungs burn, but sheer need for self-preservation pushes me forward. I lunge for her, falling into her, both of us rolling on the ground.

“Mila, stop!” she cries, kicking me in the chest.

But I can’t. I hit her with my free hand and shove her back down. “I did this for you!” I think tears fall from my eyes, but there’s too much of Kyle’s blood still splattered across my face for me to tell.

She claws at me, tearfully screaming the words. “I didn’t want this!”

I’m on top of her now, straddling her naked body, both of us crying, Naya still trying to push me off with one hand. That’s when I notice the other, disfigured, broken, bent in a weird shape, and three different shades of blue already.

“I did it for you.” I shake my head with a final sob, sending the blade of the ax into her temple.

There’s an expression on her face even as she lays there, mouth open and eyes staring

lifeless under me.

Heartbreak, maybe?

No, it's just fear.

The broken heart is mine, and with it shattered, there's nothing to contain what's left of me.

The nausea spills in a violent rush, all I can do is turn my head to the side and let it out. It feels unending, and soon, I'm dry heaving, only bile left, yet my stomach still forces it out.

And then, I hear the wailing, the broken sobbing of a woman who has lost everything, of a woman who has nowhere left to go but hell.

It's my own.

I'm no longer aware of my surroundings, in a bubble of my own creation as I viciously pound on Naya's chest with my fists, like it'll somehow bring her back to life. Then, I'm lifted off her corpse, wrapped in a tight embrace and held against a hot body. He just sits there, rocking me back and forth, his hand brushing my hair in an attempt to soothe my bludgeoned heart.

He's mumbling in my ear, something soft, but my cries are louder, and there's no way to stop the noise. "Baby, please. Please." I barely make out his pleas. "Shh, shh, baby."

There's fear in his voice for the first time tonight, but no part of me can stop this. It's autonomous, and it won't end until it needs to, until I feel it all.

He kisses the top of my head, just holding me, letting me grieve.

Grieve for her, and for who I'll never be again.

His hold on me only loosens when we hear a clamoring in the distance, deep in the darkness. I'm choking on my sobs, hiccupping through a loud deluge of tears that keep me prisoner, keep me drowning, but Demetri's head spins.

"I hear a girl." The sound of a man's voice at the end of the hallway pulls my attention.

I look at Harkins, only unease in his expression, and when I follow his line of sight, I see why. Four inmates walk toward us from the stairwell, the faded orange of their jumpsuits enough to guarantee these guys weren't civilians or haunt actors. Demetri is on his feet in seconds, pulling me up and holding me to his side.

He's got my ax in one hand and the chainsaw next to him, but there's no way in hell we can take four inmates at once, not without all of the chaos and distractions to make it easier. Not when they're coming directly for us.

"I need you to run and hide, Camila." He pulls me behind him.

"N-no, I'm not leaving you." I cling to him, shaking my head, even though I know he hasn't taken his eyes off the inmates.

"This isn't like the others. I can't protect us both." He turns to me, grabbing my face in his hands.

The wild look in his eyes fills me with dread, but I know there's nothing I can do to change his mind. No mistakes, and I already made the biggest one by leading them down here with my crying. The kiss is painful, consuming all of me, squeezing my

heart in a vise as his lips seal over mine. His tongue invades my mouth for only a brief moment, only to remind me what he tastes like.

I'm lost in it, submerged in the feeling of being loved by him, when I feel his hand shove at the center of my chest. "I'm sorry," he mouths out, shutting the iron door as I fall inside the dark room.

My heart thunders, racing in my chest a million miles an hour. The chainsaw roars, and I lose all reason, pulling at the handle, screaming bloody murder and yelling his name. "Open the door!" I hit it with my shoulder, once, twice, and then I step back a few feet to get a running start.

But it's an iron door, and there's no way out.

I'm in solitary confinement.

My breathing is heavy, frantic and choppy as panic floods over all my senses, and the room is cold, so cold that I can see it forming in front of me with every exhale.

"Mila." I hear my best friend's voice calling behind me.

"No. No. No." I cup my ears with my hands and squeeze my eyes shut, pressing the side of my body to the iron door.

And the chainsaw keeps going.

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12

A reckoning

Harkins

My head bobs, the exhaustion and need for sleep is finally taking over. Camila's screaming on the other side of the door and the prison siren have now become my lullaby.

"Who's there?" I hear an authoritative voice call out from the end of the hall.

Finally.

It's over.

I throw my head back against the iron door, the overwhelming need to break apart from the inside threatening to shatter at any moment. The bright glow of a flashlight shines at my face. "I said, who's there?" But I can't talk, can't make out words. I can only shield my eyes from the brightness.

Loud footsteps rush to me, and I hear a safety clicking.

I still say nothing.

"It's a civilian!" I look up to see three cops coming toward me, a few more running up behind them.

Multiple arms are underneath me, helping me up, the voices muddled as they ask too many things, shine too many bright lights my way.

“Camila.” I point to the door, where it has somehow finally gone quiet.

I don’t know if it’s a good thing.

“We will get to her, sir. Right now, our focus is getting everyone out who shouldn’t be here. We need to contain the prisoners.” My head is swimming, every sound muted, dull, like there’s a bubble around my head.

My voice breaks as I speak. “I-I can’t leave without her.” She can’t think I abandoned her.

“Sir, you need medical attention. You’re bleeding. We need to get you to the paramedics.”

I’m in a foggy haze walking through the prison, guards and cops with headlamps everywhere, they’re pulling out corpses and severed limbs into body bags like a clean-up crew. I hear someone retching behind me, and I turn back to see the upper half of an inmate still holding their iron bars.

I was his reckoning.

His legs are a few feet away, a clean cut through his midline separating his two halves. I feel a push between my shoulders, the guard’s voice in my ear. “Don’t look, son. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to sleep again.”

He guides me forward, one block after the next, until we exit the maximum security prison. There are paramedics outside, multiple vans tending to the fewer than ten survivors gathered. They’re wrapped in blankets, some more soaked in blood than

me, but they all have one thing in common: they're in shock.

"Come on, let's get you to the van." He points me over to an empty paramedic station and walks me half way before I stop him.

"My fiancée." It's the only thing that matters, the only thing I need.

He nods like he understands. "I'll go see what's going on."

I remove the jumpsuit, unzipping the middle and exposing the four-inch-long cut over my ribcage. The medic cleans it off first with alcohol, the burn intense, but I welcome it. Anything to distract from the panic that threatens to surface, to take over at the thought of being apart from her. The paramedic inserts the syringe of anesthetic at the gash, and the sting is quick, the medicine spreading as she pulls the needle and administers it across the full length of the wound. It's numb at the surface before she finishes, a dull ache lingering somewhat deeper.

I glance around at the few survivors, and I notice a familiar set of eyes. She's wearing one of the newer, still vivid orange jumpsuits now, like she stole it from someone else in the chaos. She doesn't belong out here.

Her eyes meet mine over a few dozen yards, her stare lingering like she recognizes me, but I know she can't see, not with the mask.

The same guard who got me out walks by. "Hey." I draw his attention. "No one has told me what's going on. Where's my fiancée?"

He sighs, dropping his shoulders and turning to face me. "They're having...issues getting her out of solitary."

I jerk to stand, but the medic patching me up holds me still. "What do you mean?"

What does that mean?”

My heart races, my palms bead with sweat.

“Look, count yourselves lucky you all made it out of there alive. Too many people weren’t so lucky.” He scratches his head, his expression like an old cop who has seen a lot of shit, but nothing like what he saw in there.

“Where is she?” I ask again, my stomach churning anxiously.

“I’ll bring the prison’s medical director to explain. I’m sorry.” He shakes his head and walks away.

The only thing keeping me from flying off the handle is the needle currently sewing me up. The paramedic is antsy; she hasn’t said anything to me other than explaining each step of her process. She finishes the last stitch, and I’m practically bouncing when she lets me go. She’s yelling something about cleaning the wound daily and keeping it gauzed. I’m walking back toward the prison when I feel a hand on my shoulder, but I’m too jumpy from the night. I spin, grabbing for the throat of whoever touched me.

“Woah, woah!”

It’s someone with a badge, so I release quickly, but it’s her who throws her hands up in defense. “That’s my bad. I should have known better than to surprise someone who just went through...that.” Her eyes glance toward the building.

With a deep breath, I exhale loudly in an attempt to relax. “Sorry,” I say, shaking my head.

“I’m Detective Hoss. I just need a quick statement so we don’t have to call you down

to the station later. You think you can do that?" She's a younger cop, maybe my age, if not a couple years my senior.

I nod slowly.

"Can you tell me what happened?" Hoss takes out her pen, her pad already in hand.

"My fiancée and I came for the tour. When the power went out, everything got crazy." Flashes of the night pass through my mind. "The cells opened, and that's when all the killing began. We tried to hide, but no matter where we went, they kept chasing us. I threw her into solitary confinement to keep her safe."

Her face turns pale.

"What?"

"N-nothing." She looks back down at his pad and continues writing.

"Why did you do that? Why did you look at me like that?" I don't know why, but my heart races again, terror filling my veins.

"The new solitary confinement cells are upstairs. The prison doesn't use the ones in the basement anymore." She's not looking at me when she says it.

She's not giving me the answers I want. "What does that mean?"

"The warden stopped using the basement solitary cells because of the haunted rumors. Too many inmates were being sent to the looney bin after a night in there." Hoss looks up from her pad, giving me the most unconvincing smile. "I-I'm sure it's just theatrics for the event."

“I just want to take her home. Tonight has been...” I don’t finish; I just shake my head.

She glances toward the prison exit, as if she might come out any moment. “I’ll need her statement before we can let her go—”

“Sorry, Hoss, you’re not getting a statement out of that one.” The guard who helped before is at my side again. “Orders from the medical director to send her to Sunny Valley Sanatorium.”

I whip my head toward him. “What?”

“No need for concern, Mr. Harkins.” An older woman’s voice comes from behind.

I turn to face a gray-haired woman in a pale blue suit and a paisley tie. “Doctor,” I correct her.

She disregards the honorary I spent nearly a decade working toward. She knows right here, right now, she’s the one whose say matters. “Your fiancée was in a great deal of distress, not uncommon for someone who experienced such a...traumatic event.” She adjusts her glasses at the top of her nose, choosing the next words carefully. “My team had to subdue and medicate her in order to remove your fiancée from the prison, and because of my team’s unfortunate but necessary involvement, procedure does demand her transfer into a psychiatric care facility. For evaluation only.”

I’m struggling to process her words; all I can hear is the heavy pulsing of my blood between my ears.

“It’s only a hold, of course. No need to panic.” She gives a nervous laugh, like she senses I’m on the verge of losing it. “Forty-eight hours for evaluation. Once she’s calmed down, they’ll be able to release her.”

My stomach sinks.

There's no part of me that believes in the American health system, no part of me that trusts once she's taken inside that place, they'll just willingly let her go.

"Mr. Harkins?" The medical director calls my name, waiting for some sort of response.

That's when three men in white coats wheel a gurney out of the prison. I run, but two guards hold me by the arms, pulling me back. "That's my fiancée!" I shout.

I can only hear her muffled screaming, an agony that cuts my soul in half while they push her into view. I throw an elbow behind me, breaking away on one side and attempting to shake the other cop off me. I'm only able to get a quick glance before they lift her into the rear of the transport van. She lays on her back, her arms crossed over her chest in an X, dozens of leather straps securing her to the bed. There's a muzzle over her mouth with only her eyes exposed, burning into mine. When she turns her head, it's those same eyes that take the other half of my soul with her.

I'm hit from behind, knocked onto my knees when I feel a heavy body coil over me. "Stay down!" the cop screams in my ear, no shred of empathy left.

Shock courses through me, an ongoing current that feels never-ending as it runs from my back all the way down to my toes. It's like hundreds of hammers pounding along every muscle in my body, contracting uncontrollably from the electricity. It feels like a lifetime before the taser is turned off, before I can breathe again.

"Do. Not. Move," he orders.

I lift my head from the ground, watching as the only part of me that matters dies with the van driving away.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:33 pm

Harkins

What they don't tell you about a forty-eight-hour hold is that when you're admitted on a Friday night, that hold doesn't start until the weekend ends. I spent most of Saturday in my car, parked in front of this psych ward.

When that no longer felt sustainable, I went home, finally washing all the blood off me and tending to my physical needs. On Sunday, I was back again, waiting and hoping someone would let me see my girl.

No visitors until she has been evaluated.

No evaluation until the forty-eight-hour hold ends.

It's Wednesday now, past noon because I spent the better portion of the day arguing with administrators who say they can't release her without her consent. Funny how that works—they didn't need her consent to be brought in here.

With enough pressure, I'm able to get a visit with her, even though visitors are only allowed on Tuesdays.

The entire system is set up for failure.

Nothing with the patients in mind.

Camila sits there, behind a small table with a single chair in front of it. Her hands fold over one another, but there's no way to describe how she looks. Ghastly. A shade of

pale I've never seen on her golden skin before, her eyes sunken, dark and hollow. Has she eaten?

My legs shake with every step I take toward her until I find myself seated in the chair directly across from her. I have a million things I need to say, but none of them come out. It's painful to see her this way, to not know what she's been through.

It hurts to not hear her voice.

My heart thrums violently. I'm nauseous, sick to my stomach, riddled with guilt and shame. I did this to her. I'm the reason she's in here. I pushed her, forced her to change into something needlessly. We could have let last year be a distant memory; why did I have to fuck it all up?

I'd love her in any shape or form. Why did I have to go and ruin it?

Camila says nothing, and the silence is excruciating, so I finally speak. "Are you okay?"

Of course she isn't.

She turns her head at an angle, giving me an empty look.

"They're ready to let you go, but they said you're refusing to sign the papers. T-that's why I'm here, baby. So I can get you out." I reach for her hand, it's cold under my touch.

"You're not here to get me out," she finally speaks, her words containing the power to freeze the very blood in my veins.

"Camila..." She just shakes her head at me. My voice cracks. "Are you still mine?"

“To the end, beloved.” She repeats the words I proposed to her with.

“Then come home with me.” She just gives another lazy shake of her head.

My heart breaks. I don’t know how to fix this, don’t know how to make this better, and I can’t understand why she’s refusing me.

She blinks slowly, a terrifying smile draping over her features. “I want you in here with me. ”

to be continued...