



Run and Hide

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: The last thing I wanted was to walk through a creepy corn maze with my best friend on Halloween night.

But the second we walk through the entrance, we get separated. Leaving me to face my fears alone.

Only to be found by two masked men who have no intention of letting me go.

*An MMF Halloween short story

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Chapter one

Mia

“Come on, Mia! This is going to be epic!” my best friend says as she pulls me through the gates of the Halloween festival.

“Are you sure epic is the word you’re looking for? I think traumatizing is more like it.” Lily and I step through the gate, and I swallow hard as my heart races.

I might fit the stereotype of girls who love horror and scary things, with my long black hair and tattoos covering most of my skin, but I fucking hate it. Lily has been begging me to come here since October started. Eventually, I gave in, not wanting to hear her constant whining about the yearly event. Aside from the scary bullshit, I do love this time of year, with the crisp weather and pumpkin farms. It’s perfect. Even now, as night nears, the weather is cool, but not too cold for Arizona.

I look above us at the twinkling fairy lights adorning the trees, casting eerie shadows around us. The scent of candy apples and funnel cakes hangs in the air, masking the underlying smell of dirt. Kids in Halloween costumes run around us as parents mingle and enjoy their night.

I desperately want to cling to Lily, but I know she would fucking laugh at me for being nervous when we aren’t even at the actual ‘haunted attraction’.

“Haunted house first?” she asks, pulling me along with her even as I dig my heels into the dirt, trying to slow our pace. Spoiler alert: it doesn’t work. My eyes dart

around, desperate for anything that could help prolong the possibility of pissing myself tonight.

“Come on, Mia!” she grunts as I pull against her. We probably look ridiculous, but I don’t care.

“Bathroom first!” I finally pry her fingers off me, and she just about falls on her ass. Her glare would send anyone else running for the hills, but I just smile at her. She rolls her eyes in defeat, and we walk toward the bathroom I’m hoping serves as a distraction from the haunted attraction.

“I’m going to grab the waivers so we can sign them. Hurry up and don’t try to sneak out the window. We are doing this.” She leaves no room for argument as she stalks toward the table next to the corn maze.

Pulling at the door to the bathroom, I quickly empty my bladder, taking my sweet time washing my hands. It’s probably safer to put my hair up now instead of when I’m being chased by scary people in the maze.

I gather my hair in a high pony, yet another thing to stretch out the time as Lily waits for me outside. Taking a deep breath, I square my shoulders, ready to get this shit over with, and exit the bathroom. As I turn the corner, I run straight into something hard.

Hands grip my shoulders, steadying me. As I look up, my eyes widen as I take in the towering man standing before me. Half of his face is covered by a skull mask. The mask is a masterpiece— a fusion of bone and horns, as if the devil created it himself. The horns start from his temples and extend down toward his neck.

Fucking creepy.

My eyes scan his whole outfit, taking everything in.

His arms are covered in fake blood that runs down to the tips of his fingers, only a ripped shirt covering his chest, paired with tan pants and black boots. My eyes make their way back up his body until they connect with his dark eyes.

His eyes are only visible through the eyeholes, a wicked glimmer in them as they lock onto mine.

I freeze.

His lips curve into a half smile, as if he knows the effect he's having on me. He reveals his sharp teeth, and my pulse quickens. I've never been so simultaneously terrified and fascinated.

"I'm sorry," I tell him, trying to take a step back, but he doesn't release my arms. His eyes hold mine until another voice joins in.

"What the fuck is taking you so long, Kian?" His voice is deep, with a hint of boredom in his tone.

A man in a similar outfit but a different mask steps forward into the dim light to join us. His mask is just as detailed as Kian's but more animalistic—something like a wolf.

His eyes are bright blue, whereas Kian's are almost black. He's just as built as his friend, and for whatever reason, I want to run my fingers down their chests. They both have dark hair, but I can't be certain with the low lighting.

"Well, well, well, who did you find, Kian?" Only when his voice rings out does Kian remove his hands from me, letting me take a step back. The new guy's eyes land on

me, and his face breaks into a smile, sending a shiver down my spine.

Kian doesn't say anything. He only stares at me, but his friend steps closer, raising his hand to caress the side of my cheek. I flinch at his touch, which only makes him smile wider.

"What's your name, little crow?" he asks, the boredom in his tone gone as something else creeps its way in. He must see the confusion on my face, though, because he points at the crow tattooed on my arm.

"Um—I gotta go. My friend is waiting for me." I ignore his question and point toward Lily next to the entrance of the corn maze, waiting for me.

"Mmm, okay. Maybe we'll see you in there." The wolf winks at me before grabbing Kian's hand and stalking off in our same direction. They nod at Lily, and she blushes. Understandably so. If I wasn't so fucking scared to go into the corn maze, I probably would've found them attractive.

I can get behind the costumes, because, well, masked men, but I can't get behind getting chased with a chainsaw and shit jumping out at me.

Shaking myself out of my thoughts, I walk back to Lily. She hands me a clipboard with a waiver attached. "Why do I have to sign something to go in a corn maze, Lils?" My eyes roam over the paper then slowly back up to her face, only to find her smiling innocently at me.

"It's only precautionary, just so you won't sue if you trip and hurt yourself," she says as I sign my name. "Or if one of the workers grabs you..." Her words are so quiet, I barely hear them.

"Excuse me? What the hell? Did you just say grab me?" My stomach instantly drops,

but before I can tell her I'm not doing this, she grabs the clipboard and hands it to the worker.

As she goes to grab my hand, a giant group of people walk by, separating us. I get caught in the crowd without Lily. I call out for her, but it's pointless. By the time I'm through the gates to the corn maze, the group has dispersed and carried on as I stand there alone.

What the fuck did I sign up for?

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Chapter two

Kian

God, the small girl with the crow tattoo has my cock rock fucking hard.

We see a lot of girls here. They love the thrill of being scared, but the little crow seemed freaked out, which made my cock weep for some kind of release. She might've only said a few words to us, but that was enough for me to imagine how she would sound moaning my name, the way her blue eyes would shine as she looked up at me. I can picture it perfectly.

Her between us both.

This is exactly why I entered the maze after leaving her with her friend. Cyrus is hot on my heels, knowing exactly what I need—what we both need.

We make our way into the corn maze, far in, where no one else would be.

His mouth is on mine instantly as I grip the back of his neck, needing him closer than possible.

“Cyrus,” I grit out as he nips my lower lip, his hand going to grip my cock through my jeans.

“So impatient,” he mutters. The arousal is evident in his eyes as he drops to his knees. His hand moves fast as he pops the button on my jeans, moving to my zipper next.

My cock grows harder than I thought was possible as he finally frees it.

There is little to no light out here as I try to take in the sight before me, my eyes straining to see him. Not that it matters; all I need right now is Cyrus' mouth around me while I come down his perfect throat.

He licks the tip of my length, and I suck in a breath at how sensitive I am. His hot mouth swallows the entirety of my length in one go, and I feel his throat relax as he sucks down every inch. The girl with the crow tattoo lingers in my mind, and I wish she was kneeling next to him. Better yet, I picture her down on her knees, taking both our cocks at the same time.

I imagine her beautiful eyes looking up at me, her lips wrapped around both of us. I groan as my hips push into Cyrus' mouth, and I feel myself getting closer and closer to the edge. I grip his hair, shoving him further down my shaft until he gags around me.

Cyrus doesn't waste any time as his tongue circles the head of my cock, sending waves of pleasure through my body. I moan loudly as I feel my orgasm building, and he sucks harder.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come." I hiss out a groan. "Are you going to swallow me down, Cy?" My chest rises and falls rapidly as his hand comes up to cup my balls, sending me seconds away from falling over the edge. I wrap my hands around the back of his head and push him impossibly further down my cock. Hitting the back of his throat, I thrust harder and faster, my fingers gripping his hair to help control my movements.

Cy gags once, and I cry out as hot cum shoots down his throat.

As usual, he takes every last drop.

Fuck, he's perfect.

After I finish, he stands, bringing his thumb to his lips to wipe the remnants of my release off his face before sucking it into his mouth. I reach for him, wanting nothing more than to repay the favor, but he stops me.

“Not yet. I want to wait until we get that black-haired beauty alone.” A crazed smile is plastered on his face.

My smile matches his as I tuck myself away and stalk toward our hiding spot, where we'll be waiting to cage our little crow.

Mia

I whirl around in a circle, as if Lily will jump out and scare me. After a few minutes of nothing, though, I decide to try to find her. Once she realizes I'm not with her, she will come looking for me. Without a doubt... right?

There are groups of people walking with their friends around me, and screams erupt every few minutes.

It's getting late, so the maze is dark. Only a few lights are lined up against the corn, guiding everyone in the correct direction.

Every rustle of noise makes me jump as I wipe my hand across my damp forehead.

Never again am I trusting Lily when it comes to things like this. I have no idea how anyone enjoys being scared.

The path ahead is narrow, the stalks towering over me like ancient sentinels. I'm not cut out for this. I'm the girl who jumps at her shadow and slept with a nightlight well

into her teens.

But peer pressure has a funny way of pushing you beyond your comfort zone.

I walk through the maze slowly, realizing I'm not far enough in for there to be any scare actors—and there's still no sign of Lily.

Pulling out my phone, I try to call her, but my screen doesn't turn on as I tap it with more force than necessary.

Dead.

I take a deep breath and step forward. The first turn comes quickly, and I hesitate. A single scarecrow leers at me, its stitched grin is mocking my fear as the button eyes seem to follow my every move. I clench my fists, determined not to let it get to me. It's fake. I keep telling myself everything here is fake.

A scream hits my ears, and a group of girls sprint a few feet ahead of me, a huge man with an axe chasing them. He tries to grab a girl, but she turns at the perfect time, dodging him. Laughter breaks out within their group, and my eyes go wide as realization hits me. I'm going to have to walk by him. Why would he let me go without scaring me? That's literally his job.

Maybe I could turn back? Perhaps I could go through the corn until I'm away from the ax man? But what about the next actor? I can't hide in the corn; let's face it, that's just as fucking scary.

My shoulders feel tight as I walk toward the man staring at me from a few feet away. A smile takes over his face, but as I get closer to him, he doesn't move from his spot. His eyes follow my every move, but he doesn't take a single step closer.

I can't hear anything but the woosh of my blood rushing to my ears. Maybe I could just run through the maze and call it good, call an Uber, and go home.

But I don't.

It seems like I'm the only one left. There's no noise other than the shuffling of my feet as the man watches me until I'm out of sight. An owl hoots in the distance just as I hear ruffling next to me in the field. I stop walking, my head snapping in the direction of the noise.

Taking a few steps in the opposite direction, the same sound comes from the other side, giving me nowhere else to go but forward.

I quicken my steps to a jog as my stomach drops.

Only a few feet ahead of me is a girl with long black hair, her eyes barely peeking out as she takes a single step toward me.

Yeah, no. Absolutely fucking not.

A low growl comes from her, and she steps forward forcefully with one foot, as if she intends to grab me. I can't hold in the scream erupting from me as I take off down the dirt path, following the endless rows of corn.

The creepy girl's laugh follows me until I smack right into something. Falling to my ass, I look up, and my eyes grow wide at what I'm met with.

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Chapter three

Cyrus

She scrambles to get up, but her hands are shaking so badly, she can't manage to get her arms to work.

I rev the chainsaw, and she screams. Finally, she gets to her feet, looking around frantically, as if trying to find somewhere to hide.

We told our fellow actors to leave the black-haired beauty alone. They could frighten her from afar, but they were not allowed to touch her.

My cock is painfully hard as I watch her run from me in fear, her limbs trembling as she goes.

My feet pound on the ground behind her. She's not very fast, so I focus on not catching up with her too soon. She looks over her shoulder and screams again when I rev the chainsaw, longer this time.

I smile to myself as she takes off in the opposite direction. I walk toward where she's trying to escape, but she has tired herself out.

Kian presses a lit joint to my lips and I inhale. The smoke fills my lungs, and I release a deep breath. Smoke billows out of my mouth in Kian's direction, his knife dangling from his hand. He brings the joint to his own lips, his eyes still on the spot where the little crow is headed.

“Ready to get this show on the road?” I ask, knowing he won’t want to have too much distance between us and her, that he’s as ready for her as I am.

“She seemed terrified when she saw the chainsaw. Her fear made me almost bust in my pants, Kian.” I hold the chainsaw loosely in one hand and adjust myself.

He only shakes his head, walking in the direction where she disappeared.

Mia

I feel like my legs are going to give out on me at any moment. Each scream that echoes through the field makes me jump. My eyes keep scanning everything in front of me, waiting for the next person to jump out.

I don’t think I’ve ever felt this scared. I’m twenty-two and alone in a corn maze. Lily is never going to hear the end of this one. Facing my fears was not on this year’s bucket list.

Crossing my arms over my chest, I keep walking forward, trying to keep my eyes down to the ground, hoping to avoid eye contact with anyone, as if that will somehow deter them from acknowledging my presence. Act like a ghost . Maybe they won’t see me, but even I know I’m not that lucky.

All the hair on my body stands as the feeling of eyes on me takes over. Trying to ignore it, I keep walking, but I come face to face with a choice.

The maze breaks into two, making me decide whether to go left or right.

I look down both paths, trying to see which one seems less scary, but both are dark and cold, making me want to be anywhere else. The icy wind hits me and blows my hair right over my face. Pushing the loose strand behind my ear, I take a deep breath

and decide to go right. There is only one way out of here. Unfortunately, I don't know which way that is, but standing here isn't going to get me out.

The screaming finally dies down, making me feel like I'm the only one left, and honestly, I wouldn't doubt it with how slowly I've been walking.

A few feet from where I'm standing is yet another direction change—left or right—but this time, something covers my mouth before I can pick. I try to scream as another hand wraps around my waist. I lose my footing, and they begin to drag me backward. All I see before something covers my head are the tall cornstalks and a man with the mesmerizing horned mask.

Kian.

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Chapter four

Kian

Cyrus has her face covered with a burlap sack as he drags her deep into the corn. She screams and fights, but no one will think anything of it, which makes this the perfect place for what we have planned. It's the ideal cover.

When Cyrus finally lets go of her, she falls back onto her ass, screaming about how she's never leaving her house again, which makes me grin. Her eyes grow wide with fear when she finally gets the bag off her head.

"W-what..." She seems terrified as Cy crouches down in front of her, and she tries to scramble away, making him laugh. His hand wraps around her ankle as he pulls, the muscles on his arms contracting. The little crow goes down, her head hitting the dirt as he pulls her back toward him.

Her eyes look between us frantically, mouth opening and closing without any words.

Guess we already took her ability to talk.

Cy runs his finger down her cheek, and I see her body stiffen.

"Do you remember us, little crow?" he asks, hushed. She nods her head but doesn't say anything.

"What's your name?" Her eyes are locked on his, but she doesn't answer, not until he

risks reaching into his pocket and pulling out his knife. She whimpers once she sees the gleaming metal in the faint light of the festival. Cy brings the tip to her face, and she closes her eyes as her chest heaves.

“Let’s try again,” he says, lightly trailing the tip lower until it sits between her full breasts. “Name. What is it?”

“Mia,” she breathes out. The panic is evident on her face, and I know Cy is seconds away from busting in his pants.

“See, that wasn’t hard, was it, Mia?” he reprimands.

“No.” Her body visibly shakes, exactly what Cy wanted.

“It’s clear you don’t like being scared,” he begins. “But the problem is, I love scaring. It makes me harder than you could imagine, Mia.” The look on her face goes from terror to something that almost looks like lust.

I watch as Cy leans in, cupping the back of her head and pulling her closer to him, whispering in her ear. Mia’s eyes grow wide as she meets mine over his shoulder. A menacing smile takes over my face before I light a cigarette, ready to see where tonight is going to go.

Mia

I went from terrified to turned on in a matter of seconds.

The man with the wolf mask has my head cradled in the palm of his hand as he leans down, whispering something only I can hear.

“Are you ready to be scared?” he asks. His breath hits my ear, and I instantly feel

warm, even as the cold breeze blows in all directions.

My eyes meet Kian's through his mask as he stands behind the other man, and I shiver as he brings the cigarette to his lips. The smoke leaves his mouth a few seconds later, and for whatever reason, I want him to be just as close as the wolf.

“What’s your name?” It’s my turn to ask as I barely manage to get the question out without stuttering.

“Cyrus, but you can call me Cy,” he says, standing to his full height and pulling me up with him.

When I don’t say anything, Cyrus begins talking again.

“It was Kian's idea to grab you. You haven't left his mind since he saw you back at the bathrooms,” he says, twirling a piece of hair that had fallen out of my pony around his finger.

The humor in his voice is evident as he circles and stops behind me. His hands move the rest of my hair away from my neck before I feel soft lips pressing there instead. Moving my head to the side, I give him more access. I’m not sure why, but the moment I felt his hands on me, all the fear before vanishes, replaced with need. They aren’t scaring me, even with the masks and fake blood covering them.

They are making me feel desperate instead.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

“This is your time to bow out, little crow. If you don’t want this, you need to tell me now.”

Do I want this? I'm not sure, but the longer Cyrus presses kisses to my neck, the longer I don't care what he does, just as long as it doesn't stop. My eyes fall closed at some point, only opening when Cyrus grips my throat from behind.

That's when I notice Kian right in front of me. It's hard to read their expressions with the masks covering half their faces, but what I can see makes me rub my thighs together, which doesn't go unnoticed as Kian's eyes drop to them, a wicked smirk plastered on his face.

Before my brain can process anything else, the words leave my mouth.

“I don't want out.”

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Chapter five

Cyrus

Kian and I both let out a satisfied groan before he steps forward, leaning down and pressing his lips to Mia's as I suck on the crook of her neck, marking her.

"On the ground, Mia," I whisper into her ear as soon as Kian pulls back from kissing her.

She listens and lowers herself right in front of him. I can see the vein in his neck bulging, which tells me he's trying to hold himself back.

Kian is rough. He loves manhandling anyone he's intimate with, me included. But the cherry on top? He has a blood kink. It makes him feral. I hope our little toy will be able to handle both of us; at least he's trying to give her time to wrap her little head around it all.

After Mia is in position on the ground, Kian unzips his pants, letting his already-hard cock spring free. Knowing he wants both of us on our knees for him, I drop down next to her. Mia looks at me, her eyebrows downcast, unsure of what's happening.

Leaning forward, I grip his cock at the base, stroking it until Kian hisses.

"Lick the tip, baby," I tell her, desperate to watch her take him in her mouth. I don't have to tell her twice as her tongue pokes out and her eyes stare up at Kian.

She swirls her tongue around the tip of Kian's cock, and he lets out a moan.

Sounds like music.

Taking him deeper into her mouth, I cup his balls and whisper encouraging words into her ear.

“Just like that, little crow. Do you like the way he feels in your mouth?” She attempts to nod but doesn’t break eye contact with Kian as his hand finds the back of her head. His hips thrust forward until Mia gags, spit dripping down the side of her mouth.

Needing a taste, I pull her off his cock with a pop. Fuck, if she doesn’t look beautiful like this.

“Both of you. I need both of you,” Kian says, sounding like he’s on the edge.

Mia and I are both fueled by our shared desire to please him, the need to see him fall apart at our hands overtaking everything else.

As I take him deep into my mouth, I can feel him shudder with pleasure as he groans. Meanwhile, Mia's skilled hand wraps around the base of his length, applying just the right amount of pressure to make his hips buck forward, pushing deeper into my mouth.

My tongue moves around the sensitive tip, teasing, Mia's steady strokes adding exactly what he needs. Together, we bring him to the edge of ecstasy. His breathing becomes heavy, his body tenses, and his desperate need to come becomes evident. With every flick of my tongue and every stroke of Mia's hand, we push him closer to the brink. His moans grow louder, his hips thrust instinctively, and his grip on reality begins to slip away.

Finally, unable to hold back any longer, he gives in to the overwhelming pleasure. I move, letting Mia have the pleasure of tasting Kian, and he comes on her waiting tongue.

Kian grips her by the throat and hauls her to her feet after she swallows every drop, and I follow suit. The fear that disappeared from her face is back as he stares into her eyes.

“We are going to do unthinkable things to you, little crow. Things you would’ve never even thought of doing.” Her hand comes up, gripping his wrist. “We are going to make you scream, fuck you until you can’t walk.”

Kian is gone. His alter ego is here and ready to play.

“No more chances to leave. Do you understand? If something is too much, you use a safe word, but you aren’t going anywhere now.” He smiles down at her, and the mask shifts, making him look more demented. “Chainsaw. You want anything to stop? All you have to say is that word, understand?” Mia only nods, but that’s enough for us.

“You’re ours, even if it’s just for the night.” With that, he releases her, and Mia sucks in breath after breath, bringing her hand to her throat to soothe the burn, but she doesn’t try to leave. Instead, she reaches for the hem of her shirt, pulling it over her head until she’s standing in only a black bra, her beautiful tits spilling out the top.

When she doesn’t turn and run, I take the chance to step behind her, closing her in between us.

“Take off the rest and get on all fours,” Kian tells her. She hesitates, but the look on Kian’s face leaves no room for any kind of argument—even if part of me wants her to talk back, to watch him put her in her place. But she’s such a good girl, tugging them down until she stands in only her bra and a matching black thong before removing

those as well. She drops everything into a pile and lowers herself to the ground once again.

Her beautiful ass is just begging for me to spank it.

I nod toward Kian and glance at the chainsaw a few feet away from us, silently letting him know I'm going in for the kill.

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Chapter six

Mia

No one touches me for what feels like ages, but it's likely only for a few minutes. I hear steps, but I don't dare look behind me.

If it wasn't for the strange, intense need coursing through my body right now, I'd be running until I found my car, but there's something about these two that makes me stay. They make my whole body feel like it's on fire, and they have barely touched me.

Strong hands grip my hips, and I let out a yelp. Only seconds later, a sting radiates over my ass cheek.

Did he just spank me?

Before I can ask, another blow lands on my ass.

"God, I want nothing more than to shove my cock into this perfect ass of yours, little crow, but that'll have to wait." Kian's raspy voice hits my ears, and I can't help but whimper.

This is so messed up. I shouldn't want this as much as I do. It doesn't make sense why I want this so much, but who am I to fight it when it feels right?

Feather-light fingers trail down my spine, and I shiver under his touch. Kian keeps

going until he reaches my ass, only pausing for a moment before he finds my opening.

A single finger enters my pussy, and I moan, feeling extremely sensitive. I try to look around for Cyrus, but he's nowhere in sight. I don't focus on that, though, as Kian shoves in another finger, stretching me.

"So fucking tight," he groans, moving his fingers painfully slow.

My arms wobble to support my weight but give out as Kian presses my face into the dirt. He keeps my hips up, only removing his fingers moments later, grabbing both my wrists and securing them with something. A zip tie. My heart rate spikes, causing my breathing to deepen.

His fingers find me once again, and I put all my focus on that when I hear a faint click, like a trigger being pulled. I try to lift my head from the ground, but Kian positions his body so he can press the foot of his boot against my head, keeping me in place. Then comes the choke. A low, mechanical growl from the chainsaw sends a shiver down my spine as I try to move, but with my hands tied behind my back and the weight of his boot on my head, I'm not able to.

His fingers are deep inside me, curling upward, and I jolt forward, fear and a climax washing over me.

Even through my euphoria, I hear the distinctive sputter as the engine is trying to catch.

No. No. No.

"Kian—" I begin, but the words get stuck.

“It’s okay, little crow. No need to be scared. I’m right here with you.” His calm voice soothes me, but my vision blurs.

The fingers that were deep inside me disappear, and so does Kian’s boot pressed to my head. Good God, what did I get myself into?

Something probes at my entrance, just as the sound of what I knew was coming roars only a few feet from me. I manage to look up just enough to see the uncovered part of Cyrus’s masked face walking toward me, a dark smile curving the side of his mouth.

He presses the trigger on the chainsaw, and I scream as he lowers it. My eyes close on their own as I wait for the chain to dig into my neck.

Sobs wrack my body as I wait for Cyrus to do whatever he wants with the chainsaw, but before he can, Kian enters me in one brutal thrust.

My eyes shoot open as he pumps himself in and out of me, not stopping until I’m a whimpering mess under him. The chainsaw quiets enough that I can hear the slapping of Kian's skin against mine.

“Are you scared, little crow?” Cyrus asks, watching as the tears flow from my eyes. Only a choked sob comes out of me, turning into a moan as Kian’s thrusts become brutal.

Dirt and tears mix on the side of my face, but I don’t dare move. Instead, I let him use me. If I’m going to die tonight, the least they can do is make me come again.

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Chapter seven

Kian

Mia trembles under me, and it takes incredible force not to come deep inside her. Her face is pale as Cyrus revs the chainsaw and lowers it to her neck. The chain isn't actually on it, but she doesn't know that. All she knows is a chainsaw is about to be pressed to the back of her neck. Death is all she's thinking about.

That is, until I reach around and pinch her clit. She cries out, and her body convulses as she comes around me, gripping me like a vice.

The chainsaw presses against her neck, and she screams as liquid coats my thighs.

Fuck, this girl is perfect.

Looking up at Cyrus, I can see the second he's beyond return. He needs her. Dropping the chainsaw to the ground, he falls to his knees next to me.

I pull out of her and watch as Cyrus keeps his eyes trained on her. His hands grip her ass, and he spreads her wide, giving us the perfect view of everything she has to offer.

If it wasn't for Mia's deep breathing, I would've assumed she passed out.

"You with us, little crow?" Cyrus asks, and she only nods before trying to get up, but I bring my hand down on her ass as Cyrus grips her leg.

“Did we say you could get up?” I ask.

“No,” she hiccups, her body still recovering from her orgasm. Cyrus looks over at me, and I nod, knowing she needs some kind of comfort before what we have planned.

I move from my place behind her and go to her head, lifting her enough so it’s resting on my thigh. She hiccups again, and I begin to run my fingers down the side of her face. Some of the color returns to her cheeks after a few seconds. I could only imagine how she felt when she heard the chainsaw. Cyrus is one messed up asshole, and he lives for scaring people—especially people he wants to sleep with. I’m the only exception.

“I-I don’t—” She tries to talk, but she’s too shaken up. I know Cyrus is enjoying this way too much, but he also doesn’t want it to end before he even gets a chance inside her.

As he pulls out his knife, he cuts the zip tie around her wrists, allowing her arms to fall to the side.

“Turn around for me, baby,” Cy says, his voice deep. She scrambles to her knees and turns. Dirt and leaves fall from her cheek as she takes Cy in, on his knees in front of her.

“Come on, little crow. No one’s going to hurt you. Not unless you ask.” I grab her hand and pull her back into my chest. Her thighs automatically fall open for Cyrus. She must be more turned on than scared if she’s willingly showing herself to him.

She wants him, and he must see that, because he’s moving to position himself right in front of her.

“Is all this fear turning you on, Mia? Because the need to bury myself inside you is all-consuming.” It’s hard to see the look on his face with the mask and lack of light, but fuck, I’ve never seen anything sexier.

“Yes,” she breathes out. I can see how wet she still is. Such a needy little thing.

“Do you want my cock, baby? Need it?” Cyrus brings the tip of his knife in between her breasts—he must have taken it out without me noticing—and she stops breathing as her fingers dig into my thighs.

As the blade runs along her fair skin, a red line of blood is left in its wake, but this time, she doesn’t look scared. The tip moves lower and lower as Cyrus gets on his stomach, pressing his lips against her spread thighs. Her eyes close, and she leans her head back against my chest as he runs his tongue up her slit. He turns the knife in his hand so the blade is resting in his palm and the handle is facing outward.

“Don’t panic, little crow. I won’t hurt you,” he mumbles against her clit before lining the handle of the knife up with her hole.

Mia’s eyes shoot open, seeing the knife disappear inside her, but she swivels her hips upward, wanting more of Cyrus’ mouth, not caring that there’s a knife buried deep inside her cunt.

“Do you like that?” he asks, slowly removing the knife and pressing it back in. His palm drips blood the longer he fucks her with the hilt of the blade, but he doesn’t stop.

I watch as the blood smears across her thighs. Fucking beautiful.

I reach around to pinch her hard nipples between my fingers, and she cries out in pleasure. By the time she gets to the edge again, Cyrus’s hand is covered in blood, the

liquid covering her pussy and thighs.

Cyrus pulls the knife free, dropping it to the ground before she can get off. When Mia sees the blood, her mouth opens, but no words come out for a long minute.

“Cyrus, you're bleeding,” she finally states, and he chuckles.

“Exactly. My blood looks beautiful on your skin, little crow, and it'll look even better as Kian uses it to fuck your ass.”

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Chapter eight

Mia

Did he just say what I think he said?

I'm no virgin by any means, but I have never taken anyone there before.

Kian taps my leg, and I move forward, letting him stand. He walks to Cyrus and grabs him by the back of the neck, pulling Cyrus' mouth to his. The sight sends another wave of lust through me, but I can't move. It's like I'm stuck in a trance, mesmerized by the sight of these two men.

Kian brings Cyrus' bloody hand to his mouth, sucking the crimson liquid from his fingers, eyes closing as he moans around the digits.

Good God.

Reaching between my legs, I can't help but touch myself. These two bring something out in me I never knew was there, and I feel like I'm starving.

Spreading my legs wider, I circle my clit, and a moan slips free as I run my finger through my slit. Both men turn toward me, Cyrus already with his cock out, watching me. I refuse to break eye contact with him as I bring my fingers to my mouth, noticing the blood that coats them. I suck my fingers, wishing one of them was deep inside me.

Cyrus strokes his cock as he walks over to me, lowering behind me, taking the spot Kian was in not too long ago.

“Climb on top of me, baby. I wanna feel your tight pussy gripping me.”

Doing exactly as he says, I climb on top of him, hovering just above where I desperately want him to fill me up.

He grips his length and lines it up for me, slowly urging me to lower myself. I can feel my pussy stretch almost painfully to take him, but I don't stop. I need him like I need air. Cyrus holds my hips steady as he thrusts upward, taking my breath away. It's nearly too much.

Kian comes into my line of sight, his cock out, hard and ready. The same knife buried inside me earlier is now in his hand. He comes to a stop in front of me, his length only inches from my face, making me want nothing more than to have him fuck my mouth while Cyrus fucks my pussy.

The knife slides across Kian's palm, and blood pours from his hand. He hisses as the blade falls to the ground by his feet before he brings his bloodied hand to stroke himself, covering his cock in blood.

“Be a good girl and suck his cock, little crow,” Cyrus demands, watching my every move.

My mouth automatically opens as Kian steps forward, shoving the tip of his length into my mouth. I moan around him, and he lets out a string of curses about me being a witch with a mouth like mine.

They fuck me in unison, and my vision goes blurry from lack of oxygen. If I died right now, I'd die happy.

Kian's cock grows in my mouth, and I know he's seconds away from blowing, but before he can, he pulls out and grips my face as Cyrus continues to pump in and out of me.

"You are so goddamn perfect," he says, his grip getting tighter. "Open your fucking mouth." I listen, sticking my tongue out. Kian spits in my mouth and smiles down at me.

Swallowing it down, I lean my head back, suddenly needing more, if that's even possible.

"Kian, I need more," I whimper, hoping he understands what I want.

"Anything for you, little crow."

Cyrus grips my throat and drags me down onto his chest as his movements slow. If I'm going to take both of them, I'll need to be calm and relaxed.

"Are you still scared?" Cyrus asks against my lips as I feel Kian move and kneel behind me.

My chest tightens with anticipation and nerves.

I think about his question. Am I? I don't think I am anymore.

The thought of going back to the corn maze and being alone scares me, but I'm not walking through it, and I'm not alone. I'm feeling the best I have in a long time, pressed between two men whose faces I hadn't even seen.

"No," I answer him, and he smiles. It's not a dark smile, but one that seems full of happiness, and my chest fills with something I can't identify.

Not when Kian presses a finger into my ass.

“Take a deep breath, baby. I need you to relax for me.”

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Chapter nine

Kian

Watching Cyrus slowly work his way in and out of Mia is something I want to watch for the rest of my life.

Her ass is on display for me as Cyrus kisses her before mumbling something against her mouth.

I squeeze my hand, and blood drips down my palm onto her ass. It stands out so perfectly against her fair skin. Mia's body is covered in tattoos hidden by her clothes. Her inked skin stands out even more now that she's naked, the glow of the moon adding fuel to the already-blazing fire. Her long black hair is in a ponytail, just asking to be pulled.

She's any man's wet fucking dream.

I run my fingers through the blood and bring the tip of my pointer finger to her perfect little hole. A gasp leaves her mouth, and her body shivers as I gently begin to pump my finger into her, prepping her body to take both of us.

I can't wait to fill her ass with my cum.

Cyrus keeps working his way in and out of her pussy, and her body relaxes, letting me in, so I take the opportunity to add a second finger. I know our girl is ready when she lets out a pleased whine.

I fuck her with my fingers, making sure she's used to the feeling of being full. In a few seconds, it's going to feel like we're tearing into her soul.

Cyrus picks up his pace enough to have her body writhing on top of his, and only then do I remove my fingers. Using my bleeding hand, I bring it to my cock once again, coating it in the blood that will help me slide into her effortlessly.

I'd prefer more lubricant, but between the blood and the wetness from her pussy, it'll be more than enough.

"Are you ready for both of us, little crow?" I ask, lining myself up with her hole.

"Please," she begs, and who am I to deny what she's desperate for? I gently ease the tip of my cock into her ass, and her body tenses.

"Relax. Let us make you feel good. If you want it to stop at any time, just say so," Cyrus whispers genuinely, and she nods. He holds his hands around her waist, and I see her let out a deep breath.

Working myself deeper, she lets out a hiss when I bottom out inside of her.

Mia wiggles her hips, trying to get used to both of us inside her.

"Fuck. You're so fucking tight, little crow," I mumble as I pull out and press back inside. Cyrus holds himself still, letting me be the one to fuck her.

"I need you both to move," Mia says, her words coming out breathless. I thrust in and out of her while Cyrus circles her clit. Mia's breathing gets heavier, her legs shaking as she edges closer and closer to her climax.

Cyrus smiles up at me, and I smile back, knowing this will only get better now that

she has had time to adjust. She lifts herself from Cyrus' chest, looking over her shoulder at me.

Blood lingers on her body where Cyrus has touched her, and that alone makes me feral. I slam into her harder than before, and she jolts forward, slamming back down onto Cyrus from my hard thrusts.

“Good fucking God, your pussy is strangling my cock, baby,” Cyrus says, his fingers making indents in her hips as he begins thrusting back into her. We both fuck her as hard as we can, and she takes everything we give.

I wrap my hand around her throat, and she hits my chest with a moan. This angle hits a different spot deep inside her ass, and I can feel her constrict around me, telling me she's close to coming.

I look down at Cyrus and nod.

He grabs her face and presses their lips together as we work in unison to get her where she needs to be. Seconds later, she's screaming our names as her body convulses on top of us, and I let myself go at the same time Cyrus does.

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Chapter ten

Mia

I feel like I just had an out-of-body experience. None of this seems real. Not Cyrus or Kian— nothing.

But it is.

Cyrus presses his lips to mine, and I melt into his chest, feeling like I could stay here forever.

The spot behind me goes empty, and I instantly miss the feeling of Kian there, but he doesn't make me wait long before I feel his tongue run from my pussy to my ass.

Cyrus gives me a knowing smirk, and then Kian is gone once again, only to appear on his knees in front of Cyrus' head.

All of Cyrus' attention is on Kian as he opens his mouth and waits.

Kian spits our mixed releases onto Cyrus' waiting tongue, and he closes his eyes, as if relishing in the moment.

"I've never tasted anything better," Kian says with a smirk.

"Let's get you all cleaned up, little crow." I smile down at Cyrus and take Kian's outstretched hand. He pulls me to my feet, and I want nothing more than to take a

shower and sleep.

Preferably with them.

My eyes grow heavy with each passing second as I watch the two of them tuck themselves away. Kian pulls his ripped shirt over his head and steps up to me, tugging it down over my head and making sure it falls low enough to cover me.

Before stepping away, he pushes a loose strand of hair behind my ear.

“You’re coming home with us,” he says as he picks me up bridal style, and I nod automatically, knowing I don’t want to be anywhere else.

Cyrus steps back through the corn until we hit the dirt road.

“Kian, grab the chainsaw!” he yells, and I can’t help but laugh.

Cyrus

Having this beauty in my arms is the best thing I could’ve asked for tonight. This wasn’t how I thought it was going to go, but I’m beyond happy it happened.

It’s silent as we head back toward the entrance and Kian drops off the chainsaw with another one of the actors.

It doesn’t take long, since we know this place like the back of our hand.

The second we step out of the maze, I can feel Mia relax deeper into my chest, and I never want that feeling to go away.

An annoyed oomph comes from a short blonde girl a few feet away. A scowl is

etched on her face as she looks from Mia to me.

“What did you do to her?” she shouts as Kian steps forward, causing her to step back.

“We did nothing to her. She’s fine. Just a little tired is all,” Kian says, crossing his arms over his chest.

Mia lifts her head with a yawn and taps my shoulder, but I don’t put her down.

I don’t want to.

“Lily,” she begins, looking up at my face. “Cy, put me down.” Her little eyebrows scrunch, probably trying to be intimidating, but it only makes her look cuter. I can’t help but let out a snort as I obey her.

“Mia! Are you okay? I tried looking everywhere for you. I thought you might’ve run back out, so I went to look, and you were nowhere. I’ve been waiting here ever since,” Lily says, rushing to Mia and pulling her in for a hug.

“I’m more than okay,” Mia replies with a smile.

“You must be ready to go. Come on, I’ll walk you to your car.” Lily grabs her hand, but Mia steps back.

“Actually, you can take my car. I’ll pick it up tomorrow.” Confusion washes over Lily’s face as Kian and I step up behind Mia, ready to take her home and never let her go again.

“O-oh! Oh! Okay, got it.” She looks between Kian and me, that scowl falling back in place. “You hurt a hair on her head, and I’ll find you and castrate you. I’ve seen enough horror movies to know how to kill you and not get caught,” she threatens, and

Kian bursts out laughing.

“Don’t worry, dollface. She will be perfectly safe. I’ll have Mia send you her location once we get back to our place. That way, you’ll both feel more comfortable.”

After we part ways with Lily in the parking lot, we walk over to Kian’s truck.

The drive back to our place doesn’t take more than a few minutes, but within that short amount of time, Mia has dozed off on my shoulder.

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Chapter eleven

Mia

I'm jostled awake when someone lifts me from the truck.

Kian.

"We gotta get you clean, little crow," he mumbles as he walks up the steps to their house.

The sound of running water hits my ears as we cross the threshold, and I know Cyrus is already starting the shower. Yup—I want a nice hot shower right now.

Kian carries me to the bathroom, and Cyrus reaches into the giant walk-in shower, testing the temperature. The tile is cold under my feet as Kian sets me down. I put my hands up in the air, only for him to strip me out of his shirt.

I'm naked once again, but this time, it feels different.

More vulnerable.

Naturally, I raise my arm to cover myself to the best of my ability, but Kian stops me.

"Don't hide from us, Mia. Every single inch of you is fucking perfect."

Before I can reply, he takes his mask off and tosses it on the counter behind me,

running a hand through the strands of his dark brown hair.

Holy fuck .

Kian's eyes are dark and unpredictable, like a rainstorm. The longer I look at him, the more I have to ask myself if he's even real. A small smile graces his face as he watches me watch him, like he knows exactly what I'm thinking. Deep dimples dot the sides of his cheeks, and I slide my eyes over his high cheekbones, his jaw that could cut through anything.

He's perfect.

Kian's eyes fill with hunger, but Cyrus steps up next to him, breaking the trance.

"Let's get you clean, baby." He grabs my hand, and I go willingly, because if not, I'm not sure I'll be able to keep myself from touching Kian.

Stepping into the shower, hot water hits my tired body, and I sigh in relief. My eyes close as I lean my head back until I feel hands grip my hips.

My head snaps up, and my eyes land on Cyrus—there's no mask in sight. He's just as handsome as Kian. Tall with broad shoulders, he has pitch-black hair, his blue eyes captivating, his face littered with light freckles, adding a touch of charm.

Unable to help myself, I go up on my tippy toes and wrap my hand around his neck to feel closer to him, desperate to feel his lips. I close my eyes, and anticipation builds as his lips brush against mine. His scent is intoxicating, and I can feel my heart racing as Cyrus' lips move, his hand smoothing down my back. I let out a soft moan, and much too soon, he pulls away.

"No more tonight, little crow. Your body has been through enough."

I roll my eyes, wanting more but knowing I can't have it. I look up at him, my heart heavy with disappointment, but I give him a weak smile and a nod. I know he's probably right, but fuck, I want so much more.

Cyrus must see the disappointment written all over my face, because his hand snakes between my legs as he sets me on my feet. He presses his lips against my ear, whispering, "I will never be able to resist you, Mia. You can ask for anything, and I'll give it to you." Without warning, Cyrus thrusts two fingers into me, his lips swallowing my moans until I'm moments away from the edge.

"Come for me, baby." As if his words are my trigger, I do. I shatter on his fingers, my heart beating hard behind my chest as he stares down at me, a cocky smirk on his handsome face.

"Now, it's time for sleep. You need rest." Grabbing a bottle of soap, he squeezes a decent amount into his palm, washing every inch of my body before turning the water off.

I go to step out of the shower, but I stop in my tracks as I find Kian leaning against the counter, hunger in his eyes as he tracks over my dripping body. Cyrus must see his intentions, because he steps around me, grabs the towel off the hook, and wraps it around my body.

"She needs rest, Kian." Cyrus smacks his shoulder as we walk out of the bathroom, but Kian grips the back of my neck, pulling me back to his chest and then doing the same to Cyrus. His chest gets pressed against mine, sandwiching me between them.

Kian sends Cy a wicked smile.

"Fine. But the second it passes seven hours of sleep, I'll be waking both of you up with my cock." Cyrus doesn't say anything as Kian pulls him closer, pressing their mouths together.

Good God, am I dreaming?

“No, little crow, you aren’t dreaming.” I must have spoken that last part out loud, because Kian chuckles and Cyrus steps back.

We make our way into the room, Cyrus already shoving my head through a T-shirt, throwing my towel to the ground. Typical man.

They both try to reach for me, but I dodge them as I throw myself onto their king-sized bed with a deep sigh.

It takes literal seconds before my eyes begin to droop as the bed dips from both sides, Cyrus on my left and Kian on my right.

“We aren’t letting you go, little crow,” Kian tells me. “You’re ours now.”

“Yours,” is the last thing I say before sleep takes me.

Best Halloween ever.

The End