



White Rabbit (Devils Night Massacre)

Author: *Ashlynn & Redrum*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Holiday traditions: we all have them, right?

Well, five years ago, our Halloween tradition looked like everyone elses. Corn fields, pumpkin patches, haunted houses, even the occasional hayride.

What we didnt expect was to receive a letter that would turn our lives upside down.

What started as black-mail turned into our favorite ritual.

For the past five years, weve caused complete and utter chaos across the country. This year, the traveling "Bloodstone Manor" has come to our back yard on Devils night.

Can you run fast enough to escape the white rabbits? Or will your soul be sucked and eyeballs plucked?

Total Pages (Source): 14

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 1

The Lies We Told

Lilyanna

5 years ago...

I did something heinous years ago. I killed powerful men long before I met my husband Liam, and I've been running ever since. But they found me, and now they want me to play their games as penance for my escape. I have to spill the blood of people who went against their orders while abiding by the rules of their game, or else Liam dies.

I don't even know how to tell him I have a list of people to kill. How do I tell this perfect man, My Romeo, that I'm a ruthless killer with an appetite for blood and now his life is on the line? How the fuck do I tell him without losing him? I can't lose him; he's my lifeline.

They will have to kill me before I ever give him up. I've been hiding my identity for far too long. I got comfortable with my new life and the person I've become.

Getting comfortable was my first mistake. I should've known better, that they would stop at nothing to find me and force me to play their games by holding the man I love over my head.

With the information I keep close to my chest and the diamonds I have hidden, I

could end them, but doing that will cost me everything. They have proof of the men I killed.

But no matter the cost, they will never get me back. I will never return to that life. I was their greatest weapon, but I was also the one puppet they couldn't control.

If I have to play their games, I'll do it while hunting them on the sidelines. Like the ghost they created, I'll hide in the shadows.

These monsters won't get away with all they have done, and they will not touch my perfect Romeo. He's mine!

I sit here in my car, too afraid to go inside and tell the man I love that our story has been a lie. That I'm not who I say I am.

How the fuck can I spin this? How can I reveal to him that I am the daughter of the infamous Mafia Queen Vasalise Bendetti? That I was abducted at twelve years old, traded to the highest bidder and shaped into a remorseless murderer with no respect for human existence.

Can I preserve the affection between us?

FUCK!

This is going to be one hell of a first fucking Devil's Night that he will never forget.

Liam

My sweet Lilyanna doesn't have any idea the kind of life I led before we met. She has no clue how many souls I've taken over the years, just for shits and giggles.

When I got out of the military eight years ago, I went on a little killing spree; not enough to draw too much attention to myself, but enough to earn me the nickname “Reaper” amongst the more ‘undesirable’ crowd.

Little did I know, someone was watching me all those years ago, and now it’s coming back to bite me in the ass.

How am I supposed to look the woman I love in the eyes and tell her that our lives are about to be turned upside down, and there’s not a damn thing anyone can do about it? My past has caught up to me and I’m not sure how I am going to protect her from the chaos I created all those years ago.

The day that I met my wife, I vowed to never take another life, and I’ve stayed true to my promise for the past three years.

Now? I don’t have a choice in the matter. The biggest kicker? The sick fucks have demanded that my sweet Tigerlily take part in the killings, and if she doesn’t, they will kill her and make me watch. I’ve been given a list of people that need to pay for their sins, and I’m expected to reap their souls tonight-Devil's Night.

I’ve heard rumors about these people for most of my life but was lucky enough to stay off their radar. Or so I thought.

Devil’s Night is about to be a night she will never forget. I just hope it doesn’t taint both our souls to the point of no return.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 2

Eyeball Garland

Lilyanna

Present day...

“Hey Romeo, can you pass me the string? My hands are kinda full.” I say, glancing over my shoulder with a smirk. They really aren't, I just can't stand when he's not near. He sets the pumpkin down and stalks over, spinning me in the swivel chair.

Throwing the spool of string on the worktable, he wraps his hand around my throat and I moan as his lips meet mine in a sultry kiss. He tastes of bubble gum and weed. I moan again because all it takes is one kiss from him, one swipe of his tongue, and I'm instantly dripping. He growls, opening my legs and sinking to his knees as I lean back in my chair.

“You've been teasing me all day with this little dress,” he breathes against my inner thighs. “Don't think I didn't notice you're not wearing any panties, Tigerlily,” he groans as he runs his nose up my slit. This man I love so fucking much can eat pussy like no other.

“You're distracting me from getting this done. Can't you wait until we are finished?” I quip. He arches a brow at me while licking my clit oh so gently, and I jerk at the sensation. He knows what he's doing to me, but two can play that game.

Grabbing the string, I thread it through the needle and pick up a glittered eyeball from the bowl before pushing the needle through it. Liquid gathers around the metal as I grab the other end to pull the thread towards me. Nothing like a garland of glittery eyeballs from my collection to decorate with.

He squeezes my thighs tightly as I continue to ignore his onslaught. I just keep threading the eyes as he laps me up. Fuck, his tongue feels amazing, but I won't give him what he wants. He dips a finger inside my wet core and curls it, causing me to drop the balls to the floor. He doesn't play fair.

"Shit, Romeo." I pant, gripping his brown hair as I rock my soaked cunt against his face. His growl sends trembles through my body as he continues to flick, suck and bite my clit. "Right there, just like that. Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I scream as my orgasm hits hard and fast. He runs his tongue slowly against my overly sensitive clit, licking up every last drop before he looks up at me with a smirk.

I narrow my eyes at him and he chuckles, knowing damn well one orgasm isn't enough. I love when I drench his beard. It's my way of marking him with my scent. He places a kiss on my thigh before pulling away, causing me to growl, but he ignores my bullshit.

"You ready for tonight?" He asks, and my eyes light up at the thought of what the darkness will bring. The rush of the kill and the feeling of being covered in blood makes me shutter a moan.

"Tigerlily, I don't have the time to make you cum again. Be patient." He spits through gritted teeth, handing me the fallen eyeballs as he stands. Seeing the defiant look in my eyes, he cups my face.

"I will make you cum later. Don't give me that look." He warns, and I huff. As much as I love to decorate for this holiday, I much rather be riding his cock and watching

his eyes roll in the back of his head while he leaves fingerprint marks along my skin. I need a fucking distraction.

Sex and murder are the only two things that satiate my thirst, and right now, I want to cut his eyeball out for denying me. Ugh, I'm lying. I'd never hurt My Romeo, just the thought of him not being alive on this earth with me causes a lone tear to fall from my eyes.

He licks the salty drop before kissing my lips, swirling his tongue against mine. I deepen the kiss, needing more and he obliges, biting my bottom lip. I run my hands up his thighs and over his hard cock, dipping my hands into his sweats, reveling in how hard he is for me.

He growls into my mouth but doesn't pull away as I suck his tongue. Gripping his cock, I stroke it slowly, rubbing the tip with my thumb as my other hand squeezes his balls. He groans, thrusting slowly into my hands. "You're not being a very good girl." He grits.

"Please, I need you," I whine as more tears drip down my face. He growls because he despises seeing me sad or crying.

He lifts me from the chair, wrapping my legs and arms around him as I litter kisses along his neck, sinking my teeth into his jaw. He slams me against the brick wall of the basement. Pulling down his sweats, he grips both of my thighs as I reach down between us, lining his cock up with my entrance and slamming down onto him.

Throwing my head back, I forget about the brick wall for a second and my vision blurs, but I don't care. I need this. I need him. Rolling my hips, I ride his cock as he pulls out and slams back into me. "Fuck, Romeo. Harder, I need the pain. Make it fucking hurt," I whimper and he groans.

Lowering me down and spinning me so I'm facing the wall, he grabs my head and gently smushes my face into the cold brick holding me in place. I stick my ass out and he slaps it, causing me to yelp.

“You want pain, my Tigerlily? I’ll give you fucking pain!” He yells, slapping my other cheek. He runs his hand down my spine, circling his thumb over my puckered hole, spitting on it as he sinks his finger inside, pumping me until I’m a whimpering mess.

“More, Romeo. I need more.” I growl, and he slams his cock into me as he continues to pump into my tight hole.

“Fuck, yes. Just like that,” I moan, pushing back into him, which only makes him fuck me harder. My face scrapes against the cold concrete as his hand grips my hair, pushing my cheek further into the brick.

“Cum for me, Tigerlily. Squeeze my cock.” He commands, and I ripple around him, my orgasm hitting hard and fast. He pulls out and paints my asshole with his cum before replacing his thumb with his cock and slamming back into me.

“Fuck!” I yell as my body trembles.

“Damn, this ass is tight, baby. I should fuck it more often.” He laughs, slapping my ass before reaching around and flicking my clit, causing me to jump.

“Romeo, oh Romeo. Jesus fuck,” I laugh, trying so hard not to fucking cum too fast.

“Lily, give me one more or this is it for the night.” He spits, and I moan as he pinches my clit, causing me to shudder. I tighten around his cock, holding him in my ass as he slaps my cheeks while I cum so fucking hard my vision goes white for a second, and then I feel him fill me with a roar.

“So. Tight. Tigerlily. Fucking perfect,” he says between breaths as we both come down from our orgasm. He finally pulls out and pushes my dress down over my hips, kissing my neck before spinning me to face him.

“I love you. Now, let’s get ready for tonight.” He smiles, kissing my nose.

“I love you too. Any rules for the night?” I ask, and his eyes light up like the Fourth of July.

Ah shit, that means he wants to play a game.

Liam

“How about we make a tiny little bet?” I say as my lips ghost over hers and she groans. Always so turned on for me, even after she cums. “We each have to kill two people on our own before we meet up for the grand finale.”

“You’re on, Romeo,” she smirks, licking my lip before she steps away. Bending over, she grabs her precious eyeballs from the floor. “You’re lucky you didn’t fuck up my project, or you’d have to replace them.” She threatens, side-eyeing me.

“I’ll get you as many eyeballs as your little black heart desires, cailín álainn.”

“Tell me something, Romeo.” She grins, putting her hands on her hips. “Give me one little thing about your past.”

“We had a deal, Lilyanna.” I grab my pumpkin from the table. There's only one little part of the mouth that I need to finish before we head out for the night. “You tell me which serial killer you used to fantasize about, and I’ll answer whatever questions are burning inside your pretty little head.”

“UGH!” She stomps her foot. “Why are you still stuck on that? It was a drunken slip of the tongue. I told you that.” She says, throwing her hands up in the air, getting frustrated with me already.

“You got drunk enough to let your guard down, telling me about nasty fantasies you had about a serial killer.” I keep my focus trained on the pumpkin, not looking at her face because I know I’ll give in to her. “You wanted him to fuck you while he plucked someone’s eyes out for you. Just give me a name.”

“Fine.” She throws her hands in the air before adjusting her chair to face me and taking a seat. “There was a guy in Georgia that was notorious for his brutality.” My eyes drift toward her at the mention of the state I moved to at the age of fourteen.

“Most of the time, the bodies were no longer in one piece when he was done with them.” Her eyes light up as she speaks, fidgeting with the hem of her dress. “I would fantasize about getting railed by him; all that frustration.” She visibly shudders.

“His name, Lilyanna.” Laying the carving knife on the table, I twist the pumpkin to face her and wait for her response.

“Reaper.” she whispers, batting her eyes at me.

“Oh, Tigerlily,” stalking toward her chair, I spin her around a few times before pulling her to her feet. I look deep into her eyes and whisper, “Reaper is dead.” I lick my way up the side of her neck, inhaling her sweet scent-vanilla and peaches. “I killed him on December fourteenth, twenty-sixteen.”

“You killed Reaper?” She gasps, and I can almost hear the wheels turning in her mind. “The day we met?” She squeals. I’m not sure if it’s from excitement or disappointment.

“Mharaigh mé mé féin ar do shon.” I know she doesn’t understand Irish, but I’m not sure if she’s ready for that bit of information.

“As sexy as that sounds, Romeo, I have no idea what the fuck you just said.” She grabs my wrist and kisses the palm of my hand, looking into my eyes. Fuck, I’m about to open a can of worms that we can’t reseal.

“I killed him so we could be together.” I whisper, pressing my forehead to hers and closing my eyes, needing her scent to keep me grounded right now.

“You killed him for me?” She cups my face in both hands, tilting my head to look at her. Her eyes are burning with questions and desire, but she doesn’t let me respond before she crushes her lips to mine. Our tongues dance together, slow and sensual.

I break the kiss, pushing her hips back and turning her toward the chair. “Finish your last eyeball. We need to get ready.” Her ass jiggles when I slap it. I have to force myself to turn around and head upstairs.

She enjoys having my cum dripping down her thighs, but I need to be clean so her scent doesn’t drive me wild all night. If I can smell her pussy, that’s where I’ll be all night, and we won’t get anything productive accomplished.

I’m just finishing up in the bathroom when the door opens and Lily waltzes through. She watches with lust filled eyes as I pull my shirt down over my torso. Her gaze travels up the tattoos that cover my arms. Every night when we lay in bed, she traces her favorite one before kissing me goodnight.

“Do you want to help me pack the bag?” She asks, holding the black duffel in her hands.

“Sure.” I nod, running my fingers through my beard. “What do you have in mind for

tonight?” Wrapping her small hand in mine, I lead her from the bathroom and back down to the basement.

“Will you fuck me while you kill?” She whispers so low that I barely hear her.

“Is that what you wanted from Reaper?” I tuck her hair behind her ear, loving the way she responds to my touch. She loves having me next to her. Regardless of what we’re doing, as long as I’m close by, she’s happy.

“Yes.” Smirking up at me, she grabs some things we’ll need for tonight and shoves them into the bag. “It was always the same fantasy.”

“You want me to resurrect the dead, cailín álainn?” I cock my head to the side, taunting her.

“If only that were possible.” She chuckles, clasping her hands together under her chin. “My reality is better than the fantasy. You’re the only one I want railing me.”

“About our little bet,” I boop her nose, smiling at her, “If you kill your two people quicker than me, I’ll tell you who Reaper was.”

“REALLY?” she squeals, jumping up and down.

“But,” I grab her shoulders, making sure she can tell how serious I am, “If I’m quicker, you have to tell me something from your past. Something you’ve never told another person before.”

She tenses under my grip and her pupils constrict until they’re almost gone. “Okay.” She whispers, and I can sense her hesitation. There has to be something much bigger than I’m expecting for her to tense up like this every time her past is mentioned.

Lucky for me, she has a fascination with serial killers and knows everything she can about them. “You sure you’re up for this, Tigerlily?”

“I’m sure!” She flicks her gaze at the bag, then back to my face. “What else do we need?”

“Our masks, then I think we’re ready to go.” I zip the bag and throw it over my shoulder, holding my hand out to her. She laces her fingers through mine as we walk up the stairs and out the front door.

May God have mercy on the souls I’m about to steal.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 3

Cowboy Hats I'm territorial."

I wrap my arms around her waist, burying my face in the fabric of her dress. "What did you do with her eyes?"

She steps out of my grip, retrieving the ruined orbs from the dirt. She smiles as I hold my hand out to her and she places them in my palm. "Get on your hands and knees, right by her face." I command, waiting while she adjusts herself onto the ground.

Placing the eyes next to Lisa's head, I make sure her irises are pointed toward Lily. "Look at her, watch how fucking gorgeous she is when she cums on my cock." I pat the eyes, the same way you pat a dog's head when they're being good.

I walk behind Lily and undo my pants, pushing my boxers down just below my ass before pushing her dress up over her hips and sliding into her wet core. She moans when my hips bounce off her ass cheeks. "Fuck yes, Romeo."

"Shhh," I wrap my fist in her dark brown curls, pulling until her back is against my chest and putting my hand over her mouth. "You have to be quiet. If somebody hears you, I'll have to kill them. We have enough planned for tonight, don't you think?" I look into her eyes, completely consumed by the love and lust that's always present. She nods and her eyes roll to the back of her head as she cums around me.

"One second. Close your eyes, and don't fucking move." I growl in her ear before standing and walking to the bag. I grab my mask, pulling it down over my face. A

few seconds later, I push Lily's mask down over her head and slam back into her tight cunt. "Fucking perfect." I whisper, pushing her chest down into the grass.

"Harder, Romeo." She whines, pushing her ass back to meet my thrusts.

"Shut the fuck up and take what I give you, Lily," I growl, slowing my pace. "How do you expect Lisa to take this seriously if I cum after two minutes?"

"Fuck Lisa!" she spits, slamming herself against my hips.

"You want me to, baby?" I taunt, slapping her ass hard enough to leave bright red welts. "Won't that defeat the purpose of this?"

She spins to face me, pushing me to the ground and straddling my waist. "If you so much as think about another woman, these pretty green eyes of yours will end up on my fucking tree." She lines my cock up to her entrance and moans while she slides up and down my length.

"You have nothing to worry about, cailín álainn." My hips jerk as she bounces on my cock. I'm already teetering on the edge, and when she slides her hands under my shirt and drags her nails down my chest, I explode inside her, pulling another orgasm from her in the process.

"I love you, Lilyanna. Only you."

"I love you more, Liam." She presses her mask against mine and my cock twitches inside her.

"It's time to hunt." I tell her as she stands, straightening her dress before offering me a hand. I take it, letting her pull me to my feet. Once my dick is safely tucked away, I hand Lily her knife and grab the bag. We'll have to find somewhere a little closer to

Bloodstone to stash it, so if either of us needs something, we can grab it.

I take Lily's hand in mine, lacing our fingers together, and we walk toward the noise of the attraction. My smile spreads beneath my mask when my sweet Tigerlily begins to sing.

“If you go down in the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise.

If you go down in the woods today, you'd better go in disguise.

For every bunny that ever there was,

Will gather there for certain because,

Today's the day the white rabbits have their picnic.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 4

Memories I love scaring people in this place. It truly fucks with the mind's psyche when you're surrounded by nothing but mirrors and can't find a way out. Ahh, I can feel the blood running through my fingers and hear it dripping onto the floor.

One, two, Lily's coming for you.

Liam

After grabbing my mask from the table, I watch Lily as she saunters through the crowd toward the House of Mirrors, knowing that it's one of her favorite attractions. My Tigerlily gets a thrill from scaring the shit out of people in there.

Chuckling to myself, I pull my mask over my face and head towards the corn maze. My plan was to walk through a few times, hopefully coming across a solo guest. I know Lily will try to cheat and say Lisa counts as her first kill, so I'm already losing this race.

Luck is on my side though, and I see a drunk couple stumbling into the woods surrounding the maze. Two birds, one stone, baby. Let's fucking go! I follow the couple into the woods, keeping enough distance between us so they won't know they're being followed, but close enough that I don't lose them.

When they come to a small opening, the woman pulls her shirt over her head, giggling. Her eyes go wide when another man steps out from behind a tree.

“What the hell, Brad?” She spits, trying and failing to pull her shirt back on.

“Don’t be like that, baby,” the new guy drawls, grabbing her shirt and tossing it to the ground. “You used to like when I fucked that tight pussy of yours.”

“Not anymore, Ryan.” She turns to walk away, but douchebag Brad grabs her hair and tosses her to the ground. “Don’t fucking touch me,” she shouts before Ryan crouches beside her, pushing his shorts down around his ass and slapping his tiny dick against her cheek.

“Be a good girl and nobody will hurt you,” Brad coos, stepping out of his jeans and boxers.

“Just let me go, please,” she begs, “I won’t say anything, I promise.”

“Open up for me, Layla,” Ryan grumbles, pinching her cheeks.

I step out of my hiding spot, staying completely silent as I sneak up behind Brad, pulling my knife out of its sheath, then plunging it into the side of his neck and pulling it free. He grabs at the wound as he falls to the side, gasping for air.

“Run along now, Little Rabbit,” I whisper to the girl as I help her get up and hand the shirt to her. She’s frozen in place, staring at my mask when Ryan jumps to his feet, swinging wildly at me. I dodge all of his blows and land one of my own directly to his nose.

A satisfying crunch fills the air a second before he hits the ground. I look Layla in her eyes and hold a finger up to my mask. “Shhhhhhh.”

She blinks her eyes a few times and takes off running in the wrong direction. “HEEEELLP!” She shrieks as she runs. MOTHERFUCKER! I grab the blade of my

knife and launch it at her. She stops running and slumps to the cold ground with my knife sticking out the back of her head.

“Why the fuck did you have to do that?” I seethe, stomping over to her. “I was going to let you live, but clearly that’s not what you had in mind.” She pulls herself across the ground, trying to crawl away from me.

Lifting my foot, I put a little bit of pressure on the handle of the knife, and she stops moving. The blade isn’t long. If I pull it out, she could probably be stitched up and back to normal in no time.

“P-p-please,” she rasps, turning her head to the side.

“Thank me for saving you,” I demand, reaching down to pull the knife from her head.

“AAAHHHH!” she shouts before I flip her onto her back. “Th-thank you for s-s-saving me,” she stutters while her eyes dart around the dark woods. Pretty soon, it will be too dark to see anything out here, so I need to get my ass in gear.

“You’re welcome, Layla.” Smiling behind my mask, I help her to stand once again. This time, I drive the knife right under her sternum and pull down, feeling her chest plate crack right between her tits. Slowly, I drag the knife through her chest cavity, letting the blood rush out of her body through my fingers. I don’t let up on the pressure until I reach her pubic bone.

Her body convulses against my knife as the blood drains from her insides. Leaning her against a tree. I get to work, pulling her ribs out to lay her lungs over them like wings. I’m going to be drenched in this girl’s blood and I’ve only gotten started.

Taking a step back, I am not happy with my display, so I dig into her stomach, taking out her intestines and cutting two long pieces, wrapping each tit in a bow. “What

beautiful wings you have Layla, my wife is going to love you.”

I pull my knife free and turn my attention back to Brad. Or is it Ryan? I can't remember which one is still alive, but it doesn't really matter. They'll both be dead soon enough.

Crouching down next to him, I slap the side of his face to wake him up. “Ya know, Brad Ryan,” his eyes widen as he stares at my mask. “Fuck it, I'm just calling you Bryan.” I ball tap him, just for the fun of it.

“Ya know, Bryan, when a woman says no, it means fucking no.” Quickly sliding the blade across his throat, I watch as his mouth pops open and closed like a fish out of water, causing his own blood to spray the both of us. The warm liquid splatters against my neck. The one thing I hate about blood is that when it dries, it becomes almost sticky. Pisses me off.

“You do have some really cool eyes though, I'm gonna take them for my Tigerlily.” Gagging as I sink my fingers into each one of Bryan's eyes, I pluck out his greenish blue orbs, put them in my pocket and grab Layla's arm to drag her to the other side of the field. If I hang her on this side, Lily won't get to see my masterpiece.

I'm exhausted by the time I reach the field with the other scarecrows. I lean against a tree for a few minutes, scoping out the perfect spot to display her.

Once again, luck is on my side, the scarecrow right in front of me is already falling off the post. I grin to myself as I untie the rest of the rope and the adorable little straw man hits the ground. There's plenty of rope left over to tie Layla to this post, and it's only a few feet from the path the hayride follows.

I'm happy as a clam as I make my way back toward the line for the hayrides, hoping that Lily isn't already there waiting for me.

Lilyanna rings like a bell through the night, and wouldn't you love to love her?

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 5

Mirror, mirror

Lilyanna

Entering the House of Mirrors, I slip my rabbit mask on and walk through, watching all the scared little rabbits get lost until I come across a fat man wearing a clown mask while holding a machete and trying to force himself on a young girl.

The thing about mirrors is, you can see all you need in different angles, but you would've had to be stuck in here for hours on end to really understand the maze.

I take out my knife and drag it along the mirrors, reveling in the slight screeching sound the blade makes against the glass while whispering, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's going to be the bloodiest of them all?" I creep behind him slowly, watching his every move, listening to his taunts as other people walk through the maze, giggling, laughing and screaming.

The young girl is frightened and doesn't know what to do as her head constantly whips around, looking for a way to escape. Ahh, a scared little rabbit out in the wild, ready to be caged.

I continue to scrape my knife as we walk deeper into the maze, tapping the glass every so often. He looks around but doesn't catch me just yet, there are too many people running in and out to notice me lurking. The angles he sees are of himself and the girl, more or less under her skirt as it rides up her thighs while he pulls her along.

“Come on, girl. This way.” He commands as she pulls away, running face first into her own reflection and bouncing right back into him.

This time, he pushes her face first into the mirror, holding her head into the glass while dropping the prop machete and running his free hand up her inner thigh. She screams, but he laughs.

“Please, someone help me!” She pleads, but no one stops, they point and think it's a part of the maze. I notice his hand pumping into her as tears stream down her face. I get closer, waiting for him to make his next move before I make mine.

He removes his hand from underneath her skirt and she takes a deep breath. He unzips his pants and takes his dick out, but before he can hurt her any further, I hop on his back. He immediately thrashes, but my knife digging into his throat has him halting his movement.

My eyes meet his through the mirror and I lock into the darkness of his mask. I bend down and whisper, “Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who’s going to be the bloodiest of them all?” His eyes widen when the young girl screams as I drag my knife slowly along his meaty throat, applying just enough pressure that his blood sprays heavily against the mirror, dripping down onto the girl's face.

The clown drops to his knees as he chokes on his own blood. Holding his head back, I slide my knife through the gaping slice over and over like I’m playing the violin, sawing through his tissue and muscle while I watch myself through the mirror, laughing maniacally at my own actions.

His blood is disgusting, but it's so warm and satisfying knowing he can’t hurt her, or any other girl, ever again. I have to stop my movements or I will behead him, and that will ruin my chances of winning the game against My Romeo.

I look at the scared girl in front of me. Her eyes are as green as Liam's, and I want them for my collection. But what type of woman would I be to have just saved her, only to kill her for the eyes in her head? Decisions, decisions.

“I don’t know why you are still here, Little Rabbit, but if you don’t leave now, you will be next. Now run!” I whisper. Her hypnotizing eyes widen, but within seconds, she dashes out of sight, screaming as she runs. I giggle as I slam my knife up into the clown's chin and drag him to the exit door that is legit behind me.

Pushing the mirror, it opens to a small set of stairs before leading out into the cornfield. Fucking perfect. Pulling his body down the steps and across the dirt into the field, I look around to see where a scarecrow is posted so I can hang this fat fuck.

Leaving the body, I step onto the trail where the tractor drives along and then I see it. Not even ten feet away is a small scarecrow tied to a post. Oh, thank fuck. Walking back to the body, I grab ahold of my knife handle and drag the fucker down the trail.

I untie the scarecrow and place him next to the post. I pull the clown onto his knees and tie him to the post, sweating my ass off trying to lift the fat piece of shit.

Pulling his mask off, I open his eyelids and remove his eyeballs with my fingers. Cutting off the optic nerve, I slip the balls into my pocket and lick my fingers, groaning at the taste of blood and eyeballs.

Taking a step back and looking at this asshole, I’m not happy just yet. I drop to my knees, unzip his pants and pull out his little dick and balls. Holding them in my hand, I retrieve my knife and slice them clean from his dead body before shoving his dick into his mouth. I cut into his sac, removing the two nuts, then shove them one by one into his eye sockets.

Getting up, I wipe my knees as I look at my masterpiece. “What a beautiful

scarecrow you are.” I say in admiration, placing the knife back in my holster. Spinning, I walk down the trail back into the House of Mirrors, hoping there’s enough time for one more kill before I need to meet up with Liam.

I’m so fucking horny after a kill, I need my man to satiate my hunger. Maybe I’ll get lucky and My Romeo will come find me in the maze and give me what I need. His cum.

Tick, tock, Mr. Rabbit.

Liam

I stop by the concession stand to grab a drink while I wait for Lilyanna. Quickly digging through my wallet, I pull out a five-dollar bill and slide it through the window. “You here alone tonight, handsome?” The lady behind the counter asks, batting her eyelashes at me.

I roll my eyes but my mask completely blocks the movement. You can’t see a single spot on my face, yet she calls me handsome? I don’t get it, but I’ve got some time to kill since I still don’t see Lily in line for the hayride.

“I am.” I nod my head, grabbing her hand when she reaches for the money on the counter. “I’m Bryan, by the way.”

“Cory,” she smiles as she shakes my hand. “With an i.”

“Nice to meet you, Cori with an i.”

“You too.” She lets go of my hand and glances around before leaning out the window. “I can take my half hour break whenever I want.”

I cock my head to the side and stare at her for a moment, mulling over her words. “Meet me by the entrance to the corn maze in five minutes.”

She winks at me, then pulls her head back through the window. “I’ll be there in three.”

I take a few steps back before turning to walk away. Making my way through the crowds of people, I spot Lily skipping toward the steps to the mirror maze. Everything about that woman sets my soul on fire.

Even while wearing an ugly old rabbit mask, she’s still the most magnificent human being I’ve ever laid my eyes on. Since she’s obviously not done with her kills yet, I make my way toward the corn maze, stopping by to grab a few things from the goodie bag.

I’m standing by a tree off to the side when Cori notices me, puffing her chest out as she approaches me. “I’m not afraid of a quick, rough fuck.” She whispers, sauntering past me.

“I’ll give you a two-minute head start, little bunny.” Reaching for her hand, I spin her to face me. “I’m an excellent tracker, so you better make good use of those two minutes.” I watch her eyes glaze over as she blinks up at me. She’s a short little thing, probably not quite five feet, so she has to crane her neck to look at me. “Give me your panties.”

She doesn’t hesitate, pulling her shirt over her head and dropping it to the ground. Her shorts come off next and she kicks them away, turning her back to me. She makes a show of working her thong down her legs and over her feet.

She doesn’t bunch it up like most women would; she lets the panties dangle from her index finger as she waves them in front of my face. I hold my hand out and take a

deep breath in. As soon as she drops the thong into my hand, I hold them to my face, exhaling loudly through my nose. “It’s time to run, little bunny.”

I listen to the sounds of her footsteps as she takes off running through the thick trees. The crunching of leaves has a smile spreading across my face as memories flood my brain from the first time I brought Lily to an attraction like this one. Over the past five years, we’ve gone to various states for our Devil’s Night game.

“Catch me if you can, Romeo.” Lilyanna shouts over her shoulder as she runs through rows of corn. I watch her long brown hair blow in the breeze when she turns to face me. Her eyes glisten in the moonlight and she winks before turning left into the stalks of corn.

“Come out, come out wherever you are, Little Rabbit!” I taunt, tracking Cori through the woods. I allowed the memory of my wife to distract me for longer than I intended, now the cute little blonde could be hiding anywhere in these woods.

A branch crunches off to my right and my head snaps in that direction, looking for any sort of movement. I’m shocked when I spot Cori hunched over, gasping for breath. We’re not even two hundred yards into the woods and she’s already dying.

“You good?” I ask, stepping up beside her.

“Aaahhh!” she screams and jumps into the air before slapping her hand over her heart. “You scared the shit out of me, Bryan.” She squeals, putting her hands on her hips. She bites her bottom lip, pulling it into her mouth while looking up through her lashes at me.

“Well, you caught me.” She grabs the front of my shirt, pulling me against her naked body.

“Now, what are you going to do with me?”

Wrapping my hands under her thighs, I lift her, and she wraps her legs around my waist. “Well,” grabbing her ass with one hand, I lift her so I can grab the rope from my pocket, “Have you ever been tied to a tree and fucked in the ass?”

She shakes her head no, biting her lip again. “Please,” she begs, “I want to feel how fucking hard you are.” She tries to grab my cock, but I drop her to her feet and spin her around to face the tree.

“Wrap your arms around the tree.” I demand, and she obeys instantly. Pulling her thong from my back pocket, I shove it in her mouth, leaning closer to whisper in her ear,

“The song lied, Cori. You should fear the Reaper.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 6

Cori with an i

Lilyanna

Plucking the clown's eyeballs out and slicing through his nut sack fed my black soul to its deepest depth. But there's this weird feeling poking me in the chest, alerting me that danger is near. The closer I approach the House of Mirrors, the worse the feeling gets, but in order to get out of here, I have to go through the maze again.

The hairs on the back of my neck prickle as I trudge up the steps. Somebody's watching me and it's not My Romeo. I know when his eyes are on me, my body lights up with goosebumps and my heart goes erratic, but this isn't that. I'm being hunted and I don't fucking like it.

Even after all these years, that man has the power to do things to me that no one else can, and that power extends to killing. All I'll ever need is My Romeo. I'd know if he was near because he'd be hunting me, waiting for the right time to pounce and my god, when that man unleashes; my orgasms are always back to back with an out-of-body experience attached.

I need to stop thinking about him or I'm going to have to get myself off somewhere, but truly, nothing satisfies me quite like him. He's the only one who can satiate my hunger. I think it's time I go find my man. I have an itch he needs to scratch before I can kill any further.

Walking through the exit doors and through the maze, I get that unsettling feeling again.

The sound of “Sweet Lily” being whispered in my ear, has me jumping. I look right and see nothing. I hear a whisper to my left saying, “Little Puppet, be a good girl.” and immediately turn around, taking out a blade from my thigh holster. My eyes move left, right, left, and right again. Nothing. No one but screaming teenagers are in here with me.

“You can run, but you can’t hide from me. I’ve groomed you into this killer, Puppet.” The deep voice says from behind, but I don’t dare move. Frozen in my tracks, my eyes stay glued to the man in the mirror in front of me, with long black hair tied back and almost violet eyes.

He’s one of the scariest men I’ve ever seen in my life. Alistair Pierce. His lips are thin with sunken cheeks, pale white skin, and a scar going down his forehead over his eye to his sharp chin. I smirk every time I see that scar, being that I’m the one who gave it to him.

He’s wearing a deep green sweater with black jeans looking completely relaxed, standing behind a killer. He rips the mask off my head but I don’t move. I won’t let him know I’m petrified as his fingers run through the ends of my hair. He brings a strand of my brown curls to his nose and takes a deep inhale.

“Your scent has changed, Little Puppet.” He says, causing my stomach to flip, but I show no emotion as he continues to taunt.

“It seems you’ve been away from me for far too long, my sweet Lily.” He whispers, taking another deep inhale, only to exhale on a growl. I shiver at his closeness. I raise my arm, slowly bringing the knife to his chin, ready to sink the blade right through.

“I see we forgot our manners. You have one hour to say goodbye to your precious Liam and come home willingly, or else he dies while you watch.” He commands, and my spine snaps straight, like the strings are being pulled yet again, by my puppetmaster.

His presence reminds me of one of the many nights when I was locked in a room with mirrors. It turns out that the maze isn't really a maze; it's just the way the mirrors are set up, creating the illusion of a maze that's not actually there. I remember being terrified because those mirrors weren't your normal ones. There were screens, playing murders and torture, over and over again.

The song that played repeatedly will never leave my mind, and sometimes I hum it, “If I die before I wake, I summon the Devil, my soul to take.” The devil summoning me literally takes me out of the memory.

“Focus, Little One. You must obey the orders.”

“No!” I say through gritted teeth, adding more pressure to his chin. He smiles, seeming to not be afraid that I could kill him at any moment.

“Oh, sweet Lily, you will do it, or you will be the reason he's dead. One hour, Lilyanna. Tick tock, Little Puppet.” He threatens before kissing my cheek and disappearing through the maze.

Taking a deep breath, I put my knife back in the holster and walk through the maze, completely freaked the fuck out. It's time to find Liam. I need him. I refuse to let them pull my strings any longer. Alistair thinks he can hunt me? The monster he created? He lacks awareness of the weapon he made, as he will be the one hunted. He's my prey, my Little Puppet, and I will have his eyeballs around my neck sooner rather than later.

Walking out of the house, I step down another set of stairs in search of My Romeo. The need to feel safe in his arms is overpowering. Alistair threatening Liam's life will not shake me to my core. I will not let him have that control over me. I need Liam to make me forget, make me feel love and safety. I need his light after being trapped in the dark for so long.

The urge to cum on his cock is suddenly all I can think about. When I get scared, it always ends with Liam making me cum. I don't know if it's a coping mechanism, but I need it like I need air. Then it's time for the puppet to take down the puppetmaster once and for all. I'll die before anyone can ever hurt My Romeo. Let the blood spill, motherfuckers.

Liam

I pull the thin roll of electrical tape from my pocket, quickly placing the end on Cori's lips, wrapping it around the back of her head until I'm sure nobody will be able to hear her. "It's not as good as duct tape, but my pockets are small and those rolls are so big."

Her eyes shine with lust as she blinks up at me. "My Tigerlily would have a blast with you." I tuck a strand of hair behind her ear as I catch a glimpse of confusion on her face. "You missed one gigantically tiny detail, Cori with an i." Pulling my mask from my face, I toss it on the ground at her feet.

When she has a second to take in my features, the lust returns to her eyes. "That's the look that got you in trouble in the first place." She shakes her head no, pissing me the fuck off. "You mean to tell me that you didn't give me those same 'fuck-me' eyes back at the concession stand?" She blinks in response, so I continue, "look at my hand, Cori," I demand, shoving my left hand into her face, wiggling the shiny metal at her.

“This is the same hand you grabbed. Do you see what you missed?” She nods, mumbling something behind the tape, but I can’t make out what she’s saying, and honestly, I could care less.

Right now, I want to find my wife and sink my cock into her tight little ass. You’re getting ahead of yourself there, bud. First, I need to take care of the problem in front of me and figure out how I’m going to display her for Lily.

Leaves crunch in the distance, drawing my attention closer to the corn maze. Quickly grabbing my mask, I pull it back over my head before disappearing into the trees to stalk my next victim. I’ve never had so many people willingly line up to have their souls taken. It must be my lucky night .

Just as that thought crosses my mind, I recognize the brown curls blowing in the gentle breeze. My dick instantly hardens as her eyes meet mine. “Before you say anything, I have two surprises for you,” I step out from behind the tree, pulling my mask off once again, “Come with me.” She starts to protest but I grab her hand, pulling her behind me until Cori comes into view. She stiffens next to me at the sight of the naked girl tied to a tree. “She tried to seduce me, so I was going to kill and display her for you.” She looks from me to Cori, then back again. “Oh, and I got these for you, too!”

Reaching into my pocket, I pull out the mushy eyeballs and hold them out toward her. “I’m sorry they’re squishy, I had to load my pockets with supplies for this whore.” I’ve been so excited to see her that I haven’t stopped to fully take in her appearance. “Hey, what’s wrong?” I ask, dropping the eyes to the ground before cupping her face in my hands.

Her hands wrap over top of mine and she sucks in a breath before responding. “Someone paid me a visit in the mirror maze.” My eyes narrow as I take in every detail of her face. She shifts from foot to foot, taking in a few deep breaths. “I need

you, Romeo.” She whispers, pulling my hands from her face.

“Tell me what you need, cailín álainn.” I rasp, trying to reign in my temper enough to give her what she needs before I go after the piece of shit that dares to threaten what’s mine.

“I need to cum all over your cock, Romeo.” She groans, grabbing my throbbing shaft. “Make me squirt all over you, so he can smell my pussy while the blood drains from his worthless body.”

“You say the sweetest things, Tigerlily.” My lips are pressed to hers before she has a chance to speak. Her lips part, allowing my tongue to slide into her mouth, clashing with hers. I pull my cock free and lift her so her legs wrap around my waist. I sink into her tight pussy in one thrust, loving the way her head falls back on a silent moan. “You should go without panties more often.”

“Anything for you, Romeo.” She whimpers, grabbing the back of my hair. “Just keep fucking me. I’m so fucking close already.”

I press her back against a tree, reaching between us to rub circles around her clit. “Give it to me.” I command, thrusting into her roughly. Her back arches off the tree as her nails rake down the front of my shirt. God, I wish I could feel her nails on my bare fucking skin.

“OH FUCK!” She screams, wrapping her fist in my shirt as her pussy ripples around me. Placing her on her feet, I start to spin her around when muffled screams catch my attention.

“Oh shit!” I exclaim, grabbing Lily’s hand and leading her to the same tree as Cori. “I’m so sorry about that, Cori, I forgot my manners for a minute there.” Tears stream down her face as she looks into my eyes. “Lilyanna, this is Cori with an i. Cori, this is

my wife, Lilyanna.”

Lily smirks at Cori as I run my cock between her folds, gathering her wetness and pressing into her tight ass. “Fuck, Liam,” she hisses, digging her fingers into the tree. I thrust into her slowly, watching as she leans her shoulder against the tree, her face only centimeters away from Cori's. “Harder, Romeo.”

I slap her ass before digging my fingers into her hips and slamming into her. With each forward motion, her forehead smacks into Cori's and her muffled screams are music to my ears, mixing with the sweet fucking sounds my Tigerlily is making. It's the perfect soundtrack. “Fuck!” I grunt as I fill her with my cum.

We stay like this until my cock softens enough to slip free. Only then do I hear her sobs. “Lily, who was in the maze?” She spins to face me, her dress falling back into place just above her knees.

“Someone from my past who truly terrifies me, who has ordered me to do things I don't want to do. We agreed not to speak about the past, but we might have to at some point tonight.”

“I own your soul, Lily. Nobody has control over you,” brushing her hair behind her shoulder, I smile down at her, “Not even me.”

“You love my broken soul?” She blinks up at me, a smile spreading across her tear dampened cheeks.

“They didn't break your soul, Tigerlily. But I'll steal theirs for attempting to.” I place a quick kiss on her forehead before tucking my dick away. “You ready to hunt some rabbits?”

“Let's go hunting!” She winks at me while pulling her blade from her thigh holster

and jamming it into Cori's throat. Blood coats the tree and the ground when she yanks the knife free. She wipes the blade clean using Cori's hair, then slides it back into her holster.

“Now we can go!” She smiles as I reach my hand out to grab hers.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 7

Buttered Corn

Lilyanna

A liar, that's what I am. This overwhelming feeling that I betrayed my husband's trust by not telling him the whole truth, and using my body as a sexual weapon to change the subject, is what I was created for. I fucking hate what I just did.

Do I love the man I'm walking hand in hand with? Yes, more than my own life is worth. Our obsession for one another has never been dulled. It only has intensified over the years, but there's been times where I played the game, and every time I've won, I was always left feeling so fucking guilty.

Without Liam, I'll die. He's the air in my lungs. It's just that simple. But when you've been in a cage for so many years, was taught and groomed to use your body as a weapon, sometimes it never leaves. Even if I've escaped their clutches, my brain never forgets what I learned. My subconscious needs to seriously fuck off before I carve her ass out of me.

Alistair won't stop if I disobey, but the curious side of me wants to know how he knew I'd be here? Has he known all along, or is he the one who helped orchestrate this shit? Fuck.

Liam pulls me to a stop, taking me out of my fucked up thoughts and pushes me against a scarecrow post. He looks down at me with lust still in his eyes as he licks

his lips.

“Is my cum dripping down your thighs, Tigerlily?” he rasps, his voice sounding all husky, making my pussy purr.

“Mmm yes and she wants more.” I say, pulling him down by his beard to me and lifting our masks so I can taste his lips.

“We still have a few more kills baby. Then I’m taking that ass home and you aren’t going to be walking straight for a week.” He threatens, pressing his hard on against my pelvis.

“Even after all these years, you still fucking get so hard for me. That makes my heart melt, Romeo.” I confess, placing a small kiss on his mouth. He grips my hips tightly, deepening the kiss. I moan as our tongues swirl while he grabs a handful of my ass, pressing his fingertips harshly into my flesh.

“I always want you, day and night. Nothing will ever change that.” He whispers as an obnoxious whistle goes off behind us.

“Get a room.” Some prick says.

“Lift her dress up higher, let's see that ass.” Another dickhead spews while laughing.

“I’d fuck that tight ass better than that guy. She needs a real man between her legs.” The third idiot states. Liam growls against my lips, but I hush him with another kiss. Pulling away, I look up at him and wink.

“You trust me, Romeo?” I say and he nods.

“With my life, Tigerlily.” He whispers as he steps to the side, and I lean against the

post, grabbing an ear of corn and pulling it from the stalk.

Looking at the three assholes, I start to shuck the corn, never taking my eyes off of them.

“So boys, you think you can please me better than the big man behind me?” I say seductively as Liam takes off my mask.

“Damn, she’s hot.” Asshat one says, grabbing his dick.

“Awee, thank you.” I smile, running the piece of corn up my leg.

“Fuck, is this really real?” The second schmuck says, looking around, making sure we are all alone.

“You boys can’t touch, but I’m horny and my pussy is begging for something big deep inside me.” I moan, inching the corn between my legs, pressing the ear against my clit as Liam lifts my dress a little, giving the onlookers a little taste.

“Shhhittttt, I want to see that shit disappear.” The third guy groans, unzipping his pants and taking his cock out.

“Do you think it will fit? He’s kind of big for a little woman like me. But I need to be filled. So fucking bad.” I whimper, sliding the ear slowly into my core.

“Damn Tigerlily, you’re so fucking sexy like this,” Liam moans, licking the shell of my ear. He lifts one of my legs as I thrust the corn in and out of my soaked pussy, fast and hard.

“Fuck, Mr. Corn feels so fucking big in my tight cunt.” I moan, shivering at how full I feel as My Romeo growls in my ear, sliding his thumb down my ass crack and

breaching my tight hole.

“Mmm, do you boys like that? Watching me fuck myself,” I ask as I continue to thrust the corn in and out.

“Yes, God yes.” They respond in unison as they jerk their little cocks.

“Do you boys want me to cum?” I ask, and they groan, but Liam is the one to answer.

“If you don’t cum now, I’m stopping this game and killing them for watching what is mine.” He growls, shoving his thumb deeper into my ass.

“Yes, yes, fuck. I’m cumming!” I scream, tightening around the corn, creaming all over it as the three dickfaces cum on the dirt. Liam places my leg down, smoothing out my dress as he lifts the buttered corn to his mouth, taking a big bite.

“Mmm, your corn taste fucking amazing baby,” he groans, swallowing. I look over at the guys who are putting their dicks away.

“You boys want a taste of my buttered corn?” I ask, fluttering my lashes at them. They all nod coming towards me.

“One at a time, please. I want to watch each of you savor my butter.” I command as the first twatwaffle comes to me, and I grab him by the shirt, pulling him to me.

Reaching down into my holster, I grip my knife and offer him my corn. He bends a little to take a bite and I nick the artery in his neck in one swift movement. It was so fast no one really noticed until he stumbles into me.

Liam springs into action, snapping one of the guys' neck as the other stands there in shock. I, on the other hand, lay this idiot down as he chokes on his own blood,

holding his neck.

I straddle his hips, holding his head down as I sink my nails around his eyeballs, scooping the left one out first. Digging my fingers deeper around all the slimy fluid and tendons of the right one, I feel for the optic nerve and pull the eyeball free as he tries to scream, but can't. He's lost so much blood that he's seconds away from dying.

I stare at the bright blue eyes in the moonlight and suck the nerves clean before biting through the tough flesh and removing it from the ball, spitting it onto the dirt. I suck the balls clean, groaning at the taste as I take a walk to where the duffel bag is stashed so I can put them away with the rest of my collection.

Walking back to the eyeless guy, an idea pops into my head, but I need My Romeo to be on board with it. I'm not sure how he's going to feel after this little spectacle, but hopefully he will let me.

As I wait for his return, I know my time is running out. I think the only way to keep the both of us alive, is to tell him the truth, no matter the outcome. It's the only way to set us free, or maybe just him.

Liam

Glancing over my shoulder, I see Lily straddling the prick whose throat she just cut. My blood boils watching her lean down until her tits, my fucking tits, are squished against his chest. I twist the twat's neck and he hits the ground a second later.

Shifting my focus to the third asshole, his eyes widen in fear as Lily's slurping noises fill the air. He watches her silently as she chews through tissue until the eyeball pops free.

His face changes color in front of me, going from a pale tone, to almost baby shit green. Huh. Never saw someone ACTUALLY turn green before.

“What's your name?” I ask, calmly. He blinks a few times before his eyes drift to me.

“M-M-Mike,” he stammers, “Michael.”

“You don't have a sensitive stomach, do you M-M-Mike, Michael?” I taunt him, closing the distance between us.

“What?” He cocks his head in confusion.

“I don't like repeating myself, Mike.”

“N-no,” he shakes his head as tears begin filling his eyes, “I don't have a sensitive stomach.”

“I think you're full of shit.” I reach out, grabbing his arm and twisting it around his back. He squirms in my grasp and I tighten my grip, shoving his arm further into his back. He tries to push me away using his free hand, but I kick the back of his legs, dropping him to his knees next to Lily. “Having fun are we?” I ask, and she nods.

“Lily, what's wrong? I need you to get out of your pretty head.” I command as she looks at me with lust in her eyes.

“Trust me, Romeo?” She winks, climbing off the dead guy to flick the button of my jeans open. She pulls my pants and boxers down below my ass, grabbing my dick when it pops free.

“Lily,” I growl, but she ignores me as Mike turns his head away and Lily wraps her gorgeous pink lips around my cock.

Leaning to the side, I grab his hair, pulling his head against my groin. He struggles to get away, but freezes when Lily presses a knife against his throat, causing a tiny drop of blood to fall. He keeps his cheek firmly against my skin, so every time my dick hits the back of her throat, he has to look straight into her eyes. “Fuck, baby.” My head falls back on a moan.

Her mouth slides off of me with a wet pop. “On your knees, please, Romeo.” She shoves Mike backwards, his ass hitting the ground with a thud. “On your stomach, Mikey.” He sobs while he rolls over, turning his face to the side so it's not in the mud. I arch a brow at her when she drags the dead body so his face is a few inches in front of Mike. She waves me closer to her, pointing to where she wants me to kneel.

Once I'm in position, she straddles the back of Mike's head, forcing his mouth and nose into the mud puddle. Her lips wrap around my cock once again, and she pulls on Mike's hair, grinding her pussy against him.

He thrashes beneath her as she strokes my cock, sucking on just the tip. “I'm so fucking close,” she pants, squeezing her thighs tighter around his head. He's thrashing wildly, but I know better than anyone what those delicious thighs are capable of. He doesn't stand a chance at throwing her off. Her hips stutter and she moans around my cock, mixing with the sounds of Mike gurgling in the mud.

A few seconds later, he falls still beneath her as she works my cock faster, the familiar tingle working up my spine. “Cum for me, Romeo.” She orders, aiming my dick toward the dead guy and rolls my balls in her hand. A few strokes later, my cum is sloshing around a dead man's eye socket.

“Holy shit, Tigerlily.” I groan, tucking my dick away before helping her to her feet. She smirks down at Mike's body, then winks at me. “Don't you fucking dare,” I growl.

“What?” She sways her hips innocently, her arms folded behind her back.

“Don't do some nasty shit right now.” I warn, bending down I grab the eyeless pricks leg, attempting to drag him away, but Lily places her black converse on my hand, stopping me.

She drops to her knees, her eyes locked on mine as she licks the first drops of my cum from the socket. I fight the gag that wants to break free, but damn if my cock isn't twitching right now. Her eyes shine as she slurps up all of my seed mixed with this guy's blood.

The tinged red milky mixture begins to drip down the left side of her mouth.

When she sits back on her heels, blinking up at me, I swipe my thumb through the mess, pushing it back into her mouth. She wraps her lips around my thumb, sucking it clean.

Quickly placing a kiss on her cheek, I nuzzle her neck before whispering in her ear, “By the end of the night, Tigerlily, your dream will become reality.”

Her head cocks to the side and she arches a brow at me.

“Soon enough, cailín álainn.”

Grabbing her hand, I lead her toward the House of Mirrors. “We've got a game to finish first.”

Chapter 8

Strings we've been waiting all year long for this night. To purge our demons and play in the blood of the wicked. Don't get me wrong, my bloodlust is almost satiated, but with Alistair here taunting me, it doesn't sit well.

His stare digs deep within my veins, causing everything I fought so hard to hide, to creep to the surface. One command from him and he will unleash the monster that sits on the precipice of rage and bloodshed.

Holding on to Liam's hand a little tighter, I try to ground myself and remember happy things in my new life, not the tainted memories of the scared little girl I once was. The one they trained to be lethal, with no remorse; a killer without a conscience. I guess I'm not that different.

I kill once a year and collect eyeballs because that's what I do for a living. I study the eyes on a daily basis. Being an Optometrist has its perks, but the look on my coworker's faces when I bring my eyeball garlands in to hang around the office for different holidays, is priceless.

I'm sure they think I'm batshit crazy, but I don't care. I think it's funny as shit. They just don't understand my obsession, but it's cool. At least they are good people to hang around with all day.

Taking a deep breath, I feel more centered already, and my anxiety is simmering the longer I'm next to Liam, touching him. I don't know why I'm so worried; I know My Romeo would never let harm come to me. He'd die in my place, as I would do the

same for him.

Putting on my charm, I lean my tits against his bicep, rubbing my nipples against him. He looks down at me and our eyes collide. Lust and love crackles between us as we stare at one another for a moment too long. I hope we never lose our fire together, even when we're old and gray.

“Hey Romeo, I need to use the bathroom. Meet me over at the Ferris Wheel.” I say seductively, licking my lips, causing him to shake his head. He leans down, brushing my hair off my shoulder.

“You can never get enough of my cock, huh Tigerlily?” He whispers, licking the shell of my ear. I moan into his touch, gripping the bottom of his blood soaked tee.

“Never, baby. I’ll just be a minute. I know how much you hate tasting yourself on me.” I wink as he lets go of my hand. I spin as a lone tear leaves my eye. I fucking hate lying to him, but I have to do this. It’s for his own protection.

Taking my mask off as I enter the empty bathroom, I place it on the sink and turn on the water, splashing myself in the face. How the fuck am I supposed to outrun the puppetmaster? Think Lily, think.

Turning off the water, I walk into the stall, sit down and do my thing. People come in and out as I continue to sit here, trying to devise a plan that will save us both, but Alistair’s presence is causing me to not think straight.

Shaking out my already trembling hands, I take a deep breath and leave the stall, grabbing my mask and pulling it over my face as I exit the same way I came in. I walk around the attraction, avoiding the Ferris Wheel at all costs, knowing my husband is waiting for me. It won’t be long that he will start panicking and leave to find me.

Walking into the House of Horrors, I'm immediately grabbed from behind, my mask ripped from my face as strong arms try to put me in a choke hold. But I move too quickly for them as I reach for my knives with both hands, sinking the metal into their sides, causing them to drop their arms from around my neck. I spin, flipping the knives in my hand and stabbing both right into his chest.

He stumbles back and I kick him to his knees, gripping his hair, forcing him to look up at me. "Where is he?" I growl, and the man smiles.

"You won't get away from him. You're in his sights. Time to come home." He grins.

"I only have one home, and his isn't it. Time to meet your maker, Lou. Should've come with me instead of being his little bitch." I growl and he laughs.

"I've missed you. Please come home." He pleads and I shake my head.

"You were fun just to pass the time. We had no one else in that place. I'm not the one for you. You chose wrong, Louis. Now you pay your penance." I say, but as my eyes collide with his, I'm thrust into a memory I thought I kept buried so long ago.

"Little Wench, have you ever been kissed before?" He asks and my eyes widen. In all my eighteen years, I've never been touched in a sexual way by a boy I liked.

"Only by the men at the club who force me." I reply and his eyes narrow as his hands tighten in fists at his side.

"That's not what I mean, Lilyanna. Has anyone ever kissed you where butterflies swarm your stomach and electricity bursts through the air by a single touch?" He says and I laugh, shaking my head.

"You read too many of those romance novels Mrs. Piper is sneaking in for you." I

say, but he cups my face, bringing his closer to mine.

“Can I be your first?” He asks as his soft lips brush against mine so tenderly, like a breeze fluttering against your cheek. I gasp as his tongue sweeps against my lips.

“Let me taste you, Lily.” He whispers, gripping my hip with his free hand as the other caresses my cheek. I close my eyes and lean in, letting him have what he desires most. Our tongues glide against one another in a slow, sensual battle for more.

We both groan as he deepens the kiss, tasting each other as the oxygen expels from our lungs, causing us to break apart panting.

“Holy shit, Louis.” I say, but he kisses me again, and we get lost for hours exploring one another until the puppetmaster rips us apart, throwing me in the room filled with mirrors as the song plays over and over again. A heavy blow to my head takes me out of the memory and back to the present.

My vision clears and I’m being held with my hands behind my back. I thrash in Louis’s hold, feeling the blood seep from his chest.

“Shouldn’t have let my pleading words distract you, Little Wench. You broke rule number one.” He whispers against my neck as he trails kisses along my throat.

“Get off of me.” I demand as I try to kick at his shins and headbutt him, but he’s too tall to connect.

“Stop fighting. You aren’t going to win. Now walk.” He growls, but I don’t stop fighting as he lifts me up with one hand around my chest and the other around my throat.

He walks over to the metal table that’s used as a prop for the asylum part of the

haunted house, and slams me so hard onto the table, it knocks the wind out of me. I gasp for air, but nothing comes as he straps me so tightly to the cold slab that I can no longer move an inch.

A tear falls from my eye knowing there's not a thing I can do to save myself.

“Ahh, my Little Puppet. It's time to tighten your strings, Little One.” Alistair says as he runs a finger from my feet, up my leg and over my whole body until he reaches my face.

“Please, just let me go.” I beg, but he places that same finger over my shaky lips.

“Now, now, Little One, shh. This will only hurt for a moment.” He says with a wicked glint as he lifts a scalpel, slicing lightly into my flesh.

“Louis, you know what to do. Sew the strings into her limbs. Make her into my Little Puppet again.” He orders as Louis takes the strings, threading the needle, and slicing into my wrists. I scream as people walk by, not helping, but instead they laugh and point at my misery.

A belt is strapped around my face causing me to bite down on the leather as tears stream down my face and blood drips along my wrists. I close my eyes and think of Liam, praying he finds me and saves his Tigerlily.

Liam

Making my way to the Ferris Wheel, one of the carnies catches my attention with his whiney voice. “Come on, win your lady a prize.” He coaxes, but the couple keeps walking past him. “How about you, freak?”

I cock my head to the side, looking at him through my mask. He tosses a ball in the

air, catching it a moment later. “All you have to do is knock these three little bottles down.” He holds the ball out to me, rolling it around his palm. “Five bucks gets you three shots.”

Pulling my wallet from my back pocket, I hand him the cash and take the ball from his hand and he puts two more balls down on the counter in front of me. Taking a deep breath, I look between the bottles and the carny, trying to decide where to throw.

Once he takes a few steps to the side, I throw the ball and send the three bottles tumbling to the ground.

“Damn!” the carny shouts, “I’ve been doing this for ten years and you’re only the third person to do that.” He quickly resets the bottles and stands to the side again. Throwing the next ball, he screams again as the bottles topple to the ground.

“You’re fucking good at this.” He says, fixing my target once more. Glancing around me, I notice there’s only one other person around; a small kid shoveling funnel cake into his mouth. When the kid turns his back to me, I make my move, hitting the carny in the temple with my last ball.

“GAH!” He winces, holding the side of his head. I quickly jump over the counter, taking him to the ground with me as I grab one of the balls from a basket.

“I. Am. Not. A. Fucking. Freak!” I seethe, slamming the ball into his forehead with every word. The little punk loses consciousness after the first few hits, but I don’t stop. Each swing makes a satisfying crunch sound, and I relish the feel of his skull bursting apart beneath the weight of my blows.

I don’t stop hitting him until his head looks like ground meat. Holy fuck, my arm is sore! Staying low to the ground so we’re still hidden by the counter, I grab his arm, using it to slide as much of the tissue as possible out of the way before shoving his

body under the counter and adjusting a few of the baskets to hide the body.

When I look up at the prizes, I see a big purple teddy bear with gigantic green eyes that match mine almost perfectly. Some of the prizes got covered in blood when I threw my temper tantrum, so I really need to get the fuck moving before someone spots me.

Glancing from behind the counter, I wait until the coast is clear to grab the bear and head toward the Ferris Wheel.

“Are you in line?” A small voice asks from behind me. When I turn to face the little girl, she smiles up at me. “How does your blood look so real?” She questions, “when mommy makes mine, you can tell it’s fake. How can I scare off the mean boys with barbeque sauce?”

“How old are you?” I ask, tucking the bear under my arm and crouching down to look her in the eyes.

“I’m six already, I’m a big girl.” She says proudly, putting her hands on her hips. “Those mean boys don’t mess with me yet, but mommy says they’ll start soon.”

Bile rises up my throat as the meaning of her words sink in. “The mean boys mess with sissy. She’s eleven, and those boys always make her bleed.”

“Your mommy doesn’t protect your sister from the mean boys?” I question, pulling my mask from my face.

“Wow. You’re really sexy, mister.” She smiles, and I arch a brow at her.

“Handsome is a better word,” I tell her, putting together more pieces of this little mystery puzzle. “Does your mommy protect your sister?”

“No,” she shakes her head sadly, “mommy’s fancy doesn’t like when she gets his boys into trouble.”

“Are your mom and her fiance here with you?”

“Yep, over there.” She points behind me, and I spin on my heel to see a man and woman with their tongues down each other's throat. “My name is Lillian.” She chimes in, “Lillian Dale.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Lillian. That’s such a pretty name.” I face her once again, a smile spreading across my face. “My name is Jackson.”

“That’s a pretty name, too!” She says, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt. It’s too fucking small for her, but judging by the sounds of things, clothing isn’t very high on the priority list at home.

“Thank you.” I nod my head toward her mom and fiance, quickly glancing over my shoulder at them. “Karo syrup makes some pretty good blood. You put some in a bowl and add a few drops of red food coloring. If you want it to look even better, add one or two drops of blue food coloring, but not too much, or it will turn purple.”

“Thanks Jackson.” She smiles again before running off to the line for the Ferris Wheel. I stand, pulling my mask back into place before staring at Lillian’s mom, memorizing every detail of her and the scumbag fiance, while I wait for Lily.

It’s been almost ten minutes already, she should be here by now. Looking around, I try to spot her, but have no luck. Sparing one last glance at the despicable couple, I turn and make my way toward the bathroom to find my Tigerlily.

I’ll be back for the two of you.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 9

Puppet Master

Lilyanna

Laying here, broken and strapped to this cold metal slab while the monsters slice into my flesh, sewing me back up into the puppet they created. Only I'm not the same puppet, I'm so much worse. If anything, they are recreating me into a different monster.

One that is more lethal, more unhinged than they could've ever imagined.

Tears spill from my eyes as I fight the will to not be upset or scared, just embrace the pain they inflict on my soul. With each slice, more blood spills to the dirty ground as passersby point and laugh, not a soul giving a helping hand.

They all think it's a part of the attraction as I scream and beg for mercy. They just keep walking to the next set.

Listening to their screams as my own throat becomes raw, deteriorating my psychosis, taking me deep into the abyss of my mind I kept locked away but is now begging to be unleashed. I fight within myself to get it together, that this will only last for a bit until I'm numb and they pull at my strings. But I'll be free soon enough, hoping I can overcome the demands they will call upon me.

I'm stronger than I was all those years ago, locked in cages every time I went against

them, every time I killed against their orders. Taking the lives of men who hurt the poor girls I grew up with.

The ones who took away their innocence, who hurt and killed most of them. I promised my friends that if I survived the game, I would avenge what they weren't strong enough to do.

"Little Wench, you look so beautiful like this. Your blood is radiant against your porcelain skin. All these little slices I'm sewing, are for every time you disobeyed, all the years you've been gone, but most of all, for every time you let that man who wasn't me, touch you." He whispers as he pulls the string through my pussy lips, closing them shut with every turn. I wiggle my hips, but I can't move being completely strapped like this. The only thing I can do is breathe and shed unwanted tears.

A blood-curdling scream leaves my throat as Louis adds another slice into my sensitive flesh, pulling the strings tight as he closes my pussy lips shut. I scream again as the burning pain of a needle penetrates my nipples only for Alistair to take each one into his mouth, sucking the blood from the mess he made.

"I've missed this, Little One, taking what I want from this gorgeous body. You're perfect, even if I have to play mad scientist. You still make my dick hard after all this time." He taunts with a sinister laugh. I hold back a scream as Louis pours rubbing alcohol over my pussy that he's sewn shut.

Tears continue to pour from my eyes as both men riddle me with cuts and strings. Where is my Liam? I need My Romeo.

They're making me ugly. Liam will never want me again. How could he want a broken woman who's riddled with scars? They took everything from me, and now they are taking my beauty, all because I don't want to conform, because I ran all

those years ago.

I'm a trafficked kid, stolen from the Bendetti Crime family who loves to import and export diamonds.

Still to this day, I don't know why they chose me. Why, out of all the crime families, they targeted mine and stole me, killing all the guards that day in the car. My mind drifts back to when I was twelve as they pour more liquid all over my cuts, my body convulsing from the pain.

Sitting in the back of the SUV, we're on the way to my last day of private school before summer break. I'm finally a middle schooler and can't wait to spend a few months in Italy with my brothers and best friend, Logan.

Sliding my headphones in my ears, I hit my playlist and scroll social media on my phone while waiting to get to school. I was so deep into the drama of the new girl at school being exploited, that I didn't hear all the yelling around me.

Suddenly I'm yanked from the car and a black sac is thrown over my head as I'm carried, thrashing against the person taking me. I cry out for my mother, scared to death that I'm going to be killed, but I feel a sting in my neck and it was lights out for me.

When I wake up next, I'm in a metal cage with other girls, huddled in a corner. I rub the sleep from my eyes as I take in my surroundings. I'm still in my school uniform but a shiver racks up my spine. I fold into myself trying to find warmth, but can't because I'm terrified for what's to come.

The cage door swings open and a big man takes the space as I crawl back into the group of girls in the corner, praying he isn't there for me. I shut my eyes tightly as the girls around me scream the closer he gets. Please don't take me, please don't take me.

I keep chanting the words in my head, but I'm grabbed roughly by my hair along with another girl, and dragged as we scream for mercy out of the cage.

A knife to my neck takes me out of the memory and my eyes open.

Staring Alistair right in his violet eyes, I hold it, never letting him know he's got me. He tilts his head, trying to read me, but I give him nothing. Louis pours more liquid on my wounds as I bite my tongue causing it to bleed. The taste of copper riddles my taste buds but still, I give nothing away, even if I want to scream bloody murder from the pain.

"Ahh, he's arrived. It's showtime, my Little Puppet. Don't fear the Reaper."

Liam

I've been searching for my Tigerlily for over twenty minutes now with no luck. Something is wrong, I can feel it in every fiber of my being. My mind races as I approach the House of Terror. Screams fill the air around me, mostly from the terrified guests, but I'm certain I heard Lilyanna's voice mixed in.

Running through the front door, I hear her voice again. I walk through the mirrors, taking in my surroundings as I pass by a few of the sets.

As I round the corner, a metal table comes into view. I watch silently as shaking legs swing over the edge of the table and Lily sits naked in front of two dead men walking. She winces as her bare ass touches the table, and it's only then I see the blood dripping from between her legs.

A few more drops hit the ground as one of the prick's pulls her to her feet, grabbing her by the throat and spinning her back against his chest.

“Did you really think you’d have the element of surprise here, Liam?” The guy holding Lily asks. “That we wouldn’t expect you to come for her?”

“You need to take your hands off of my wife.” I say in a calm tone, even though I feel like my soul is being ripped in half. I hate the thought of what they’ve done to her. Her gorgeous skin is littered with cuts and gashes. She’s so fucking beautiful covered in blood, I can’t wait until their blood joins hers. “I won’t ask twice.”

“You didn’t ask anything.” The other guy speaks for the first time, and his voice grates on my nerves. “You made a demand. We don’t answer demands, we make them.”

“Show him, Little Wench.” The first man says before tapping her pussy. My fucking blood boils as she lifts her leg, angling her hips so I’m staring directly at the mess they’ve made of her.

My eyes lock onto hers, but there’s nothing there. She doesn’t react whatsoever as the other fucker reaches out and tugs on one of the stitches.

Armed with a six-foot teddy bear, and a knife, I step fully into view, making both men laugh as they take in the bear. Lily’s face still gives nothing away. Under normal circumstances, she’d be on her knees with my cock in her mouth already.

My Tigerlily loves stuffed animals almost as much as she loves eyeballs.

“Where are our manners?” The man asks his friend sarcastically. “My name is Alistair, and this is my business partner, Louis. Maybe you’ve heard of us? We played a pretty big part in Lilyanna’s upbringing.”

“Nope,” I answer quickly, “can’t say that I’ve heard of either of you; but clearly you’ve heard of me.”

“Of course, we know exactly who you are.” Louis says as he taps Lily’s arm and points to a chair in the corner. Alistair releases her neck and she walks over to the chair and sits down, her blank gaze making me nervous. “Both parts of you, actually.”

I drop the bear to the ground and take a few steps toward them. Louis takes a small step back, but Alistair doesn’t budge. If it wasn’t for the tiny twitch under his left eye, I would think he wasn’t intimidated at all right now.

“So, if you know about the other part of me, why are you messing with my wife?” I question, taking a quick glance at Lily.

“We always knew the Reaper would come for us, eventually.” Alistair starts, clapping his hands together and smiling at Lily. The second he said my name, I swear there was a flash of something in her eyes.

“When you ended up falling in love with my Little Puppet, it set this little plan into motion. You were never supposed to stop.”

“You did all of this to bring back the Reaper?” I arch a brow at them in confusion. “Why would you want him back, if you knew he’d come for you?”

“That’s the problem.” Louis speaks up, taking a step toward me. “We had to make the Puppet strong enough to kill the Reaper.”

I look into Lily’s dark blue eyes, completely void of the light she carries for a moment before she drops her head to her chest. With a sigh, I bend down and flip the teddy bear onto his stomach, shaking my head, “You won’t want to see this, little buddy.”

“Lilyanna!” Alistair commands as I stand to my full height. Her head snaps up, her

eyes locking onto mine.

Pulling my knife from my pocket, a sinister smile spreads across my face. I wink at Lily, spinning the blade in my hand. “You wanted to play with the Reaper, baby? Let’s fucking play.”

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 10

Reaper so I let her finish her masterpiece in silence. She smiles at me as she sinks to her knees next to the man and starts pulling his intestines from the opening she made.

Laying the intestines flat on the ground, she uses the machete to cut strips before gathering them into her hand, wrapping one of the strips around the rest to secure the intestine bow. She takes her time, pulling on some of the tissue and stretching it before placing it over his heart. Once she's satisfied with the placement, she stands to face me.

"Feel better now?" I ask. Her eyes shine with unshed tears as she notices the bear tucked under my arm.

"I need more." She says, folding her hands together in front of her. "I need to be covered in so much blood that not a single inch of my skin belongs to them."

"Lilyanna, every piece of you belongs to me." I cup her face in my hand and she leans into it. "Every single one of those strings? MINE!" I growl, pressing my forehead against hers. "I'd kill us both before I let them pull on my strings."

"But Alistair-" she starts, but I cut her off.

"Alistair is dead," I reassure her, "you never belonged to him, anyhow."

"How am I supposed to trust myself?" She sobs, pulling away from me yet again. I grab her wrist, pulling her against my chest. When she realizes I'm not letting her go,

she relaxes into me. “I don’t want to hurt anybody.”

“You won’t.” Squeezing her tighter against my chest, I kiss the top of her head. “You love with your whole heart, Tigerlily. You couldn’t hurt someone you love.” She doesn’t say anything in response, just nods her head. “What was it that you wanted from me, again?”

She looks at me in confusion for a second, then pulls my mask from my head and slams her mouth against mine. I open for her, allowing her tongue to swipe mine. When she pops the button on my pants, sliding her hand down my boxers, I groan into her mouth.

“Fuck me, Reaper.” She pulls away, panting as she continues stroking my cock. I’m so fucking hard for her right now, it hurts.

“Only one part of me cares about hurting you, cailín álainn.” Dropping the bear to the ground, I stumble back a few steps when Lily jumps into my arms. I grab her ass cheeks, slamming her down onto my cock. “Mine.”

“Yours,” she cries out, wrapping her arms around my neck to get enough leverage to slide up and down my length. “Oh fuck!”

“I love the way your pussy squeezes me,” I groan, “she’s perfect.”

Putting Lily on her feet, I crouch down to pull more intestines from the dead guy. When I have a long enough piece, I chew through the tissue until it’s no longer connected. “On your hands and knees, baby.” I command, and she immediately obeys me.

Pushing my pants and boxers the rest of the way over my ass, I kneel behind her, lining my cock up with her entrance. The light from one of the rides lets me see just

enough to know that she's bleeding again. I thrust into her at a rough pace, wrapping the intestines around her neck, and pulling it tight. Her pussy ripples around me as her orgasm hits.

After a few more thrusts, I cum deep in her cunt, just as her head drops. She flops forward to the ground when I let go of the intestines. She gasps for air as I roll her to the side. I allow her to catch her breath before pulling her to her feet. "It's time to go home, beautiful."

"Excuse the fuck out of me?" She crosses her arms over her chest, arching a brow at me.

"You're fucking naked, Lily." Gesturing to her body, an idea pops into my head. "Hold that thought, I'll be right back." Running back toward the House of Mirrors, I stop next to the woman's body on the ground. "Look," I start, as I unbutton her dress, "it's not like you're using it, anymore, it's fine."

A few moments later, I'm back in front of Lily, holding the dress out for her to throw on. It's a yellow dress, with sunflower buttons the whole way down the front. She smiles brightly as she puts her arms through the spaghetti straps and starts fixing the buttons. "You're so good to me!" She beams, twirling around so the hem of her dress flutters in the breeze.

"Are you ready?" I ask, grabbing my mask and slipping it over her face. She laces her fingers through mine and grabs the teddy bear, holding it against her nose and inhaling deeply.

"Where to now, Romeo?" She asks as I start walking, leading her toward the Ferris Wheel.

"I have a friend I'd like you to meet."

Chapter 11

Pitch Forks if there was an award show for serial killers, this definitely wouldn't win any of the awards. I don't even think it would get nominated. It does the trick though.

His screams can no longer be heard and he can't run away from me. So, if they ever do make an award show for someone like me, I want a 'It Served Its Purpose' category.

My blood boils when the shit stain locks eyes with my Tigerlily. "You don't deserve to see her like this." I seethe, pushing my finger into his eye socket. His body writhes and his groans fill my ears, giving me more satisfaction than anything I've ever encountered.

Well, there's one thing that is much more satisfying. We'll get back to that in a minute though. I wrap my finger around his eyeball, plucking it from the socket. He screams into the cloth, making my dick twitch, "Lily, can you help me out here? I'm going to fuck up your trophies if my dick keeps distracting me."

She saunters toward me, her perfect tits bouncing with each step. Her eyes narrow at me and I laugh. "You're doing it wrong, Romeo." She purrs, trailing her fingers down my bare chest and across my abs, grabbing my cock and stroking it slowly.

"Don't you dare fuck up my trophies, Liam." She growls, sinking to her knees, taking me into her warm mouth. Wicked ideas float through my brain, about the nasty things I'd like to do to her, but I need to push those thoughts from my head and focus on the fucker tied to a tree in front of me. But her mouth on my cock is relentless.

“Fuck, Tigerlily. You suck my cock so well, baby.” I groan, thinking fuck it . He’s going to die regardless, so he might as well get one more happy memory before he goes.

“Don’t look away.” I demand, grabbing a handful of Lily’s hair, pushing her further down my length causing her to gag. Ugh, those sweet sounds. “Stand up and put your hands on his shoulders.”

She cocks her head to the side, but does as she was told. “The last memory this eye will hold, is a memory of your perfect fucking face.” I growl, slamming my cock back into her tight cunt. “Make sure you look at it while you fall apart for me.”

“Fuck, Liam.” She pushes her ass back against me, matching my thrusts. Her nails dig into his shoulders the harder I slam into her. I don’t know if it’s the thrill of the kill, or if she just really loves my cock, but my girl explodes around me in record time. “Holy fuck,” she pants.

“Keep looking at him,” I spit through clenched teeth. It kills me that he got to see her face while she came, but that eye will hold the image for the rest of time. “That’s going to be my favorite fucking trophy.” I growl, thrusting into her harder and filling her with my cum.

She straightens herself, but I press her against the guy, holding her in place with my chest as I grab her hand, slowly sliding her pointer finger behind the remaining eyeball. She smiles over her shoulder at me, gliding her thumb into the opposite corner and pulling the eye free. It releases with a snap, covering both of our faces in blood. Probably should have kept the mask on, idiot.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 12

BloodStone Manor...It's been real

Lilyanna

Holding the eyeball in my hand, I bite off the optic nerve and suck the ball clean. A slight shiver radiates from my body as I hear my husband gag. I giggle because, no matter how many times I've done this, it always ends with the same reaction. He takes a step away, using his shirt to wipe his face.

"Do you want me to do yours too?" he asks and I shake my head in admiration.

"I got it, just grab the bag and tell me a story on our way home." I say, lifting my dress to wipe the blood splatter from my cheeks and throat. It doesn't take long for Liam to get the duffel, grab my hand, and off we go down the path away from the maze. Leaving the same way we entered.

The sirens are getting louder as we leave the attraction. Watching the red and blue lights reflect off of everything in sight as they pummel into the parking lot. An officer directs traffic as we cross the street.

Liam squeezes my hand and nods his head at two little girls holding hands walking behind a man and woman who pass a bottle of liquor back and forth between themselves. I narrow my eyes, then look up at Liam.

"That little blonde girl, her name is Lillian, she's six and she's sweet as a button. I

met her while I was waiting for you. She loves to talk and told me something I didn't like." He informs me as I watch their every movement. I damn near lose it when I see the woman smack little Lillian upside the head for not walking fast enough and the look of lust in the man's eyes as he looks at the other little girl.

"What did she tell you?" I ask, and he squeezes my hand tighter, knowing he's seeing the same damn thing I see.

"He lets his boys hurt the older girl who is eleven, and she doesn't do shit about it." he says and I growl. I don't fucking like that, not one bit.

"There's too many people around to do anything. Fuck. I don't want to think about what they must go through. What are you thinking Romeo?" I ask, finally looking up at him.

"You know what I'm thinking. Don't make me spell it out for you. The question is, can we make room for them?" He says and I laugh smacking his chest.

"You know there's plenty of space for them. What are you really trying to get at?" I ask, but his body goes rigid and I follow where his eyes are narrowed on. That motherfucker slaps the eleven year old on her ass, giving it a squeeze. I grab Liam's arm because I know he's seconds away from losing it.

Three teenagers approach them, laughing with the man as the girls get closer together, walking further away from the boys. One of them turns around and pours popcorn over the girl's head and little Lillian takes her drink and throws it at his back. He says something that causes her to hide behind her sister. I pull Liam to a stop and look up at him as people continue to walk down the busy sidewalk.

"They are not to spend another night with them. Something is telling me to save them now, but there's just too many fucking people." I plead and he nods.

“Tigerlily, I know. Let’s just keep our distance and come up with a plan. I don’t want them to see what we’re going to do, so how can we keep them from that?” He asks as we begin walking, slowly following behind. They stop at the convenience store and I take a step right behind them, but Liam grips my forearm, pulling me back to him.

“Easy, baby. Don’t bring attention to yourself.” He warns, slipping a twenty into my hand as I enter the store and follow the little girls down the snack aisle. They chit chat while deciding which bag of chips they want, and I smile down at them.

“Red Doritos are my favorite. Did you guys come from Blood Manor?” I whisper, not wanting their mother to hear me.

“Yes, ma’am. It was a lot of fun, until it wasn’t.” The older one says.

“Oh, no. That's too bad. What’s your name, sweetie?” I ask as I grab the bag of Doritos.

“Lacey.” She says, and I smile as the little one chimes in.

“And I’m Lillian, pretty lady.” She says which makes me giggle.

“My name is Lilyanna. It’s so nice to meet you both.” I say as Lillian grabs a bag of hot cheetos.

“Put those back Lil, you know they will just steal them from you.” Lacey scolds her sister.

“Here, take this. Tomorrow, come back and get what you want and hide it for a rainy day.” I wink and their eyes widen.

“Thank you, Lilyanne. You’re so pretty.” Lillian whispers.

“Yes, thank you. God only knows when we'll eat again.” Lacey informs me. I act like I didn't hear that and keep walking down the aisle to get a drink. Opening the door, I grab a cherry Coke and make my way to the register to pay for my items. Trying my hardest not to listen to them behind me openly discussing their plans for tonight, I leave the store and storm over to Liam.

“They are coming home with us tonight. I don't give a fuck what we need to do. But this shit ends now. You know the one thing I'm against is harm to children, but those boys, they're just as good as dead. Fucking disgusting animals. Those little fuckheads hurt Lacey, that's her name. They touch her, and the mother Janice, she lets the boys, who are seventeen by the way, take turns on her while their dad, Ronald, watches.” I say, damn near out of breath. His eyes hit his brows as he bends to grab something out of the duffel.

“No, Liam. We do this the right way. We follow, then we hunt.” I say.

All the little prey better run and hide because the White Rabbits are coming for them.

"One, two, we're coming for you.

Three, four, better stay indoors.

Five, six, fear our wicked tricks.

Seven, eight, we'll seal your fate.

Nine, ten, never see again.”

Liam

We follow the girls for a few more blocks, my blood boiling in my veins when they

walk up three steps, stopping on a porch that looks like one strong breeze might knock it down. I pull Lily to a stop beside me when the front door swings open and another boy steps onto the porch.

After whispering something in mega-dick fiance's ear, he smiles at Lacey before grabbing Lillian's wrist, dragging her toward the house. She tries to twist her arm free, but her worthless mother slaps her across the face and pushes her inside.

As soon as the last of the boys are through the door, Lily and I make our move. "You go around back, I'm going straight through the front." I tell her as I take off running. There's no fucking way I'm letting them touch that little girl.

When I reach the rickety old porch, the wood creaks underneath me and I notice the small table in the corner, a gun laying right there on top of it. Some people just shouldn't be allowed to have children. I grab the revolver, checking how many bullets are in the cylinder before opening the door and making my way inside. The outside actually looks better than it does in here.

Old pizza boxes litter the floor, alongside countless beer cans and dirty diapers. I search around the living room, looking for any other sign of a baby as panic settles into my bones.

"There's diapers." Lily whisper-shouts as she approaches me.

"I know, but I can't find anything else for a baby here." I nod toward the hallway and we move together toward the first of three doors. Lily twists the handle, pushing the door open quickly, revealing an empty bathroom. "There has to be another hallway, there's only two more rooms."

"There is no other hall, Romeo. They have to sleep in the same room as those boys." She seethes, her eyes locking on something in the corner. I turn to see what she's

looking at when a loud scream pierces the air. In the blink of an eye, I'm standing at the door, aiming the revolver at the locked padlock.

I push Lily behind me and shield my eyes as I shoot the lock, the metal hitting the ground a second later. I kick the door in with one hard kick and rush inside. "Lillian and Lacey, go with Lily to the bathroom, please."

Both girls rush from the room and I peek my head out to make sure Lily gets them tucked away before either of the adults realize what's happening, but the last door doesn't open. I don't even hear any movement in there.

The four boys are frozen in fear as I aim the gun at the first boy and squeeze the trigger. The other three scream, scrambling around the room. I quickly use three bullets, one in the head for all of them, needing to save the last bullet in order for my plan to work.

My heart breaks a little more with each shot, but sometimes this shit is necessary. Those boys would have grown into adults with no boundaries and no respect for what a woman says, but it doesn't make it any easier on me. I wipe a stray tear from my cheek and meet Lily in the hallway.

"I haven't heard a single noise from that room." She nods toward the last door and I kick it open, laughing when the woman comes into view. Her fiancé is straddling her lap with his hands around her throat. Her face is already blue, but he's probably too fucked up to realize that she's already fucking dead.

I climb on the bed behind him and pry his hands from around her throat. He doesn't put up much of a fight as I hand the gun to Lily, "Wipe my prints off this, use the sheets and place it in his hand."

Lily obeys with a smile on her face, being sure to wipe every inch of the surface and

putting it in his waiting hand. If he wasn't so fucked up, I'm sure this would be much harder, but it seems like the douche already knows the assignment.

He brings the gun to his temple with very little help from me, and squeezes the trigger. "You deserve so much worse than this." I climb from the bed and grab a shirt from the top of a dresser before any of the brain matter covering my face has a chance to hit the floor. I unzip the duffel Lily has slung over her shoulder, placing the shirt inside and zip it back up.

Making my way to the bathroom, I push the door open causing both girls to scream and hold on to each other. "I'm so sorry you had to hear all of that, but you're safe now," I inform them, "you can come stay with us now, and nobody will ever lay another finger on you, you have my word."

"Do you have pizza?" Lillian asks, stepping forward to hug me.

"Of course we have pizza. Pizza is the best!" Lily smiles down at her, then at Lacey.

"Just one question before we go," I crouch down to look at Lillian, "Do you have a little brother or sister?"

"Nope, it's just us." Lacey chimes in, placing her hand on her sister's shoulders. "Lily isn't allowed to leave our room after seven." My heart hits the fucking floor as the realization sinks in. Lily turns around, hiding her face in her sister's chest as she sobs.

"I'm sorry, I can't help it." She cries, and I scoop her into my arms, cradling her head against my shoulder.

"Don't apologize, sweet girl." I rub her hair and she relaxes a little bit. "Parent's are supposed to protect their kids, until they're old enough to protect themselves. Then we just have their backs."

We leave the house in silence, walking the short distance home. Once we reach our street, Lilyanna punches in the code to open the gate and begins to hum. As the girls pick up the tune, they begin to hum with her and my heart swells in my chest. We approach the steps of our home, earning gasps from Lillian and Lacey.

“Here we are, ladies. Home sweet home.”

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Chapter 13

The End

Lilyanna

As we walk hand in hand up our cobblestone walkway, I glance up at Romeo, who's already looking down at me with love and happiness in his eyes. I smile at him and give a little nod before taking a deep breath as we climb the four stairs of our wrap-around porch.

“Wait.” Lacey says, bringing us to a halt. Lillian stomps and folds her arms over her chest.

“Come on Lace, I’m tired and hungry.” She pouts as Liam bends down to pick her up, tickling her sides.

“You guys are the Quinn’s? Like ‘Quinn’s Funeral Parlour’?” She asks and I nod.

“Yes, it’s just down the road.” I reply and she laughs.

“Thank God. I don’t think I could go to sleep knowing there are dead bodies in the same house.” She whispers, and I chuckle.

“Nope, none of that in here. Come on. It’s late and I want to get you ladies settled.” I say and she smiles brightly. Liam enters the code and opens the front door to our home. Apples and cinnamon hit my senses and everything I felt through the night

drifts away. I'm home. I'm safe. Liam places Lillian on her feet when Margaree comes into the foyer.

"Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, you both look like you have had an eventful evening. Who are these lovely little ones?" She asks, her voice so soft and warm. Before I can answer, the girls chime right in.

"I'm Lillian, I'm six and I love hot Cheetos. Lily said you have pizza. Can I have some pizza?" She asks and her sister elbows her and I laugh. Looking at Liam, he nods for the basement door with the duffel in hand as the girls introduce themselves.

"I'm going to go put this away, get cleaned up, and check my emails to make sure I don't have any new patient intakes at the children's hospital." He whispers against my neck. He licks the side of my ear causing my body to shudder, "What are we going to do about the bodies? Should I bring them to the parlor and cremate them? I'm exhausted, babe. I can't wait to crawl into bed and hold you." He admits and I lean up, brushing my lips against his.

"Go get a shower and check those emails. Come find me when you're done. Don't stress." I assure him and he kisses me once more, then skips off to the stairs.

Turning back to the girls, I see Margaree has them settled in the kitchen.

"Can you make sure they have everything they need? I'm going to go make a quick phone call." I say and Margs nods her head. Hearing the girls giggling makes my heart warm and full. We did the right thing. After a shit night, we ended it on a positive note and saved two little girls.

Walking down the hall into our office, I sit in the chair behind my desk and pick up my cell. Scrolling to the contact I need, I hit send. It rings three times before his raspy voice hits my ears.

“Lily, everything okay?” He asks, sleep riddling his voice.

“Sorry to wake you, but I have a rush order that needs to be handled immediately. Fresh meat, six and eleven.”

“Shit. Where did you find them?” he asks and I take a deep breath and tell him the story as much as I can in code just in case the line is bugged.

“Holy shit Lily, is Liam okay?” he asks and I laugh.

“Of course he is. Anyways, have the next contact call me. I want them to be Quinns in the next twenty-fours hours. Make it look like they’ve been mine this whole time.” I order and he laughs.

“Yes, ma'am. You're lucky I want to keep my eyeballs because no one else but my wife can order me around like that.” He states with a laugh.

“See you tomorrow.” I say and we bid our farewells. Getting up from the desk, I leave the office and head upstairs. Opening the door to the first room, I step beside the bed. Bending down, I kiss Lachlan on the forehead, “Sleep tight, my love,” I whisper, but he stirs.

“Mama is that you?” He whispers.

“Yes, baby. Go back to sleep. I just wanted to give you a goodnight kiss.” I whisper back and he rolls over grabbing his Spiderman stuffy. I leave his room and head for another.

Creeping the door open, I walk over to the crib and look at Lilith sleeping soundly. I love my babies so fucking much, tears spring in my eyes as I glance around before sitting in the rocking chair in the far corner and think about all I have, all I'm grateful

for.

And now we will be adding two more kids to our life and I truly couldn't be happier. Alistair and Louis are dead. The girls' parents and those boys, dead.

Do I really get my happily ever after?

Liam

After a quick shower, I turn on my computer and wait for the screen to light up. Opening my email, I see two new patient intake forms. I review them both, taking notes down on my pad. Once I'm satisfied that I have a decent understanding of my new patients, I switch the computer off and head toward the kids' room so I can kiss them both goodnight.

Lachlan is sound asleep with a smile on his face, squeezing his stuffed Spiderman he won from the claw machine last week. Sure, it cost us more to win than it would have to just buy one from the shelf, but I'd pay quadruple the cost every single time just to see the look of achievement on my boy's face.

I kiss his forehead gently and pull the door closed behind me, walking down the hall toward Lilith's room. Her quiet cries reach my ears when I push her door open.

Walking to the crib, I scoop her into my arms, rocking her gently back to sleep. The moment I lay her back down, her eyes shoot open and she gives me a toothy grin before standing up and reaching her arms out to me. "Dadda pick up," she blubbers, and my heart melts.

"Hi sweet girl." I whisper, picking her up and sitting down in the rocking chair. "The sky is still asleep, Lilith, you should be too."

“Dadda uppies.” She coos as she curls up, resting her head in the crook of my elbow. While I’m rocking her back to sleep, Lily opens the door, pausing for a few moments to lean against the door frame.

Once she’s settled, I gently lay her back in the crib, slowly backing away with my arms raised in surrender. Lilyanna smiles, pulling the door closed behind me.

“How are Lillian and Lacey settling in?” I ask, grabbing her hand and walking back down the hallway toward the two spare rooms.

“Margs said they insisted on sharing the blue room.” She says sadly, stopping outside the room.

“Hey, that’s normal.” I assure her. “They’ve been through unimaginable things together. It’s natural for them to cling to each other for a while. We have to wait for them to feel safe enough to be apart, we’ll only make it worse if we push the subject.”

“Is that right, Mr. Child Psychologist?” She quips, smirking at me.

“It is.” I nod my head toward the door, “we need to encourage independence without forcing or pushing. Doctor’s orders.” I wink at her as she pushes the door open. “I’ll be right behind you.”

Turning toward the opposite door, I pull the mattress from the frame and carry it across the hall, laying it on the floor next to the other bed.

“You don’t have to sleep separately, but you have the option.” I let them both know. “I’ll bring the other bed frame over after we all get some rest.”

“Are you abortion us?” Lillian asks, wiping her eyes. I crouch down in front of the bed, my head cocked in confusion. “Mommy said she wanted to abortion us.”

“I’m so incredibly sorry that you had to hear that.” Sitting on the bed beside her, she blinks her eyes at me. I wish I could rid the world of every single monster that harms children.

One day of the year, my wife and I let our monsters out to play. Three hundred and sixty four days of the year, we’re hard working parents that love and care for our children, along with any others that need some love.

“The two of you get settled into bed and we’ll check on you as soon as the sky wakes up.” Lilyanna chimes in, pulling me from the downward spiral I was about to go on.

Tonight, I took the lives of four children, and even though it was necessary, my heart breaks for the lives they could have had. If they were just born to normal parents, maybe they would have had a fighting chance in this world. I shake my head, clearing my thoughts and follow Lily out of the room into our own bed.

The smell of something burning wakes me from my sleep and I rush downstairs. I’m greeted by laughter at the bottom of the steps. “Good morning, Romeo.” Lily saunters toward me, leaning up on her toes to give me a kiss.

“Good morning, Tigerlily. What the hell is going on down here?” Looking behind her, I see Margaree and all four kids standing around the island, placing things on a cutting board when the doorbell rings.

Lacey jumps in the air, looking at me with pure excitement in her eyes. “Can I answer the door one day? I’ve never got to do that before, because God only knows who would be on the other side.”

“Come answer it.” I tell her. “You will be one hundred percent safe with anybody that comes here.” She runs toward the door, with me following a little bit behind her. She plasters a huge genuine smile across her face as she swings the door open. “Hi.”

She says to our guest.

“Hello, beautiful little creature.”

The End.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am

Liam

I stand behind Lacey, watching the door swing open to reveal my friends.

“Hello, beautiful little creature.” Karrion says, making Jameson growl as he punches Karrion's arm.

“If there wasn't a child here right now, I would end your miserable little existence.” Jameson spits as he shoulders his way past Karrion.

“Will you knock it off?” two female voices say in unison, from behind the guys.

“Come on in,” I smile, stepping to the side and letting them all through the door. My smile grows as Lacey steps out onto the porch, admiring the bike that now sits in our driveway.

“That thing is so fucking cool.” She shrieks, her eyes glistening with excitement.

“It's a very nice bike.” I agree, leading her back inside the house. “Let's go, I'll introduce you to everyone.”

She follows me back into the kitchen, my eyes immediately finding Lilyanna. I watch as Spade hands her an envelope and she disappears around the corner. Lillian comes to stand behind Lacey, hiding from our guests. “Guys, this is Lillian and Lacey.” I announce and everyone stops what they're doing to wave at the girls. “That's Jameson, Jade, and Reid.” I point to each of them as I tell the girls their names.

“I saw her give both of those boys kisses.” Lillian whispers to Lacey, causing me to chuckle.

“The guy holding Lilith is Karrion. Then Nyx and Mateo are over there.” Pointing to where Nyx is leaning against the wall, she smiles at the girls and waves again. Mateo nods his head before grabbing Nyx's hand and gently kissing her knuckles.

A moment later, Lilyanna walks back into the kitchen with a smile plastered across her face. “What happened to Alaric and Aurora? I thought they were coming too.”

“They’re on a little side quest, they’ll be here in a few.” I grab my phone off the charger, checking my messages, and smile as I read the latest one from Alaric. The package has been secured, they’ll be here soon.

“What are you up to, Romeo?” She asks, leaning into me. I wrap my arms around her waist, pulling her tighter against me.

“Nothing at all, Tigerlily.” Smiling down at her, I wink before stepping away. If I stand here with her, there's no doubt I'll ruin her surprise.

“Lachlan, show the girls where the playroom is. We’ll come get you when it’s time to eat.”

Right on cue, Karrion walks over, bouncing Lilith in his arms. “This one fell asleep.” He whispers, looking at her sweet, sleepy face.

“I’ll take her upstairs.” Grabbing her from his arms, I pause long enough for K to kiss the top of her head.

“Goodnight, my sweet little devil niece.” He coos, pushing her hair from her forehead before I take her to her crib.

On my way back downstairs, I pop my head into the playroom to check on the kids. Seeing them playing happily, I pull the door shut and head back toward the kitchen. Alaric and Aurora are now seated in the living room with the rest of the group. I spot the teddy bear in the corner and sigh in relief when I notice there's no blood on it.

"Thanks for grabbing him for me." I pat Alaric on the shoulder as I walk behind the couch. "Not a problem." He nods, putting his hand on Aurora's knee. She leans into his side, placing her hand on her stomach. Before I have a chance to congratulate them, a loud noise rings out from behind me.

"Sorry about the noise, I dropped a knife." Lilyanna yells from the kitchen. "The carcoochie is done!"

"What kind of coochie?" Karrion stands, pushing Jameson back down onto the couch as he walks past him.

"Fucking prick," Jamie growls, jumping to his feet and pulling his knife from his pocket. K just smirks at him, licking his lips like the psycho he is. When these two are together, you can always guarantee that someone is going to pull a weapon at some point.

"Will you two just fuck already, so we can move past your petty petty bullshit?" Jade laughs, smacking both of their asses as she slides past them into the kitchen.

"Don't make me throw up, it's time for food." Karrion fake gags, causing Jamie to lurch forward. Nyx steps in front of him, placing her hands on her hips.

"Just ignore him, J." She grabs the blade from his hand, closing it and putting it back into his pocket. "You know his ovaries hurt around kids."

"You think I won't kill you both?" Karrion snarls, running his nose along Nyx's neck. I throw my head back in laughter, because my friends are weird as fuck. The

weird tension between them makes me extremely happy to be a boring couple. I couldn't imagine sharing my Tigerlily with anyone. Just the thought has the reaper crawling under my skin, ready to snap.

Lilyanna

We all gather around the dinner table, taking care of the kids first and sending them to the kid's table. Margaree watches over them so Liam and I can enjoy ourselves tonight with our friends. Even though we spent the night out last night, she thinks it's for charity. That we volunteer as actors during the attraction, hence why we can get away with coming home completely drenched in blood and don't have to hide it.

Looking around the table, I grab Liam's hand, giving it a squeeze as I smile. I'm so fucking lucky to have such an amazing and crazy group of people in my life that are loyal to the bone. I couldn't imagine being surrounded by anyone else but them. The Wicklows and The Rivers. My Family.

"You guys down for some poker tonight after the little ones go to bed?" Spade asks and I nod with a laugh as I take a sip of my wine.

"Why? So I can kick your ass again?" I say as Jade chimes in.

"He thinks he's good, but he aint shit." She laughs as Spade narrows his eyes at her.

"You'll pay for that later, Babygirl." He says with a smirk as a light blush litters her cheeks.

"I'd actually love to watch that." Karrion chimes in as a butter knife goes sailing across the table, but he ducks just in time, letting the knife clatter against the wood floor. I lean over towards Spade,

"Thanks for getting me those documents so quickly. Everything checks out. Once the

night is over, I'm hoping Karrion and Jameson will blow up the evidence before someone notices." I whisper, and he nods.

"Don't worry, Lil. It's taken care of. You have nothing to worry about." He assures me.

"Alright. How is she doing?" I say, nodding at Jade.

"She has her days, but she's okay," he says and I smile as my eyes collide with Jade's and she gives me a wink. I shake my head and look over at Nyx, who's already eyeing us.

"When are we having a girl's night?" I ask, and her eyes light up.

After making plans, we continue through dinner, laughing our asses off and finishing off a few bottles of wine. Aurora sticks with water and I can't get enough of rubbing her little belly. I wish My Romeo would put another baby in me, but he's making me wait until Lilith is a little older. The jerk.

Before we know it, the kids are off to bed and we're setting up to play some cards. Liam brought up the poker tables, but I'm having trouble getting the leg to not fold in. Looking around for My Romeo, Mateo grabs the table before it topples over.

"Lily, I got it. Why don't you go get some more wine with the girls, or maybe go check and see what the hell is taking them so long?" He smiles.

"Sure, those girls are always up to something." I laugh as my phone pings in my pocket and I take it out, looking at the unfamiliar number. Pressing the green button, I bring it to my ear, saying, "Hello."

"Mrs. Quinn, you don't know me, but I know you. If you value your life or the lives of those kids, you just tucked into bed; you're going to do exactly what I tell you."

The deep, raspy voice threatens as my hand turns into fists at my side. My eyes collide with Liam's and his brows furrow as a shiver rakes up my spine.

"Tell The Reaper it's a work call." He barks down the line. "Excuse yourself from the room and go to your office."

"Ofcourse, Dr. Salishan, I can take a look at that for you." I say, covering the phone with my hand.

"Hey babe, I'm going to take this call in my office. Dr. Salishan needs me to look at something." He nods, kissing my forehead, knowing damn well the doctor I partner with isn't named Salishan. He will be alerting the others subtly to the threat among us.

Walking down the hallway to the office, I enter and shut the door behind me.

"Well, I've done what you asked. What is it that you want?" I spit.

"We've been watching you for years. We know exactly who you are and who the reaper is. Those kids you stole last night were not yours to take. They were sold to a very prominent business-man who's already made his payment. Those disgusting people were just a middle-man. Taking care of the kids as their own until we saw fit. Now we want our merchandise." He informs me, and I laugh. This motherfucker, whoever he is. Has no fucking clue. He may have watched, but he knows nothing. Don't threaten a mama who is already feral. You threaten her babies and all hell will be unleashed. If you thought Devil's night was a massacre... Well, welcome to Halloween night.

"The game is over. Give it the fuck up. Threatening me will get you a first-class ticket to a grave, my man. Do you realize how many killers are in my home right now? You want these kids? Come get them. You have two hours or game over. Tick, Tock, little bitch. Tick. Fucking. Tock."

...To be continued in White Rabbit: A Carcoochie Halloween Massacre 2025.