



**ALL HALLOW'S'**  
*Haunt*

*KENNA BELRAE*

## *Praise for He Who Haunts Me*

“Phenomenal debut.”

-STACY, AMAZON REVIEW

“This book was amazing. Debut novel with lots of romance, spice, and mystery.”

-CHELSEA, AMAZON REVIEW

“This.....book. It’s honestly everything I have been looking for in a mystery romance. Everything from the MC POVs to the detective POV and killer confessions had me hooked.”

-CCARMAN, AMAZON REVIEW

“I never read anything but [Why Choose] romances. Except this book. I will be reading this book over and over again.”

-ROSE, AMAZON REVIEW

*All Hallows' Haunt*

**KENNA BELLRAE**

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This publication is a work of fiction. All names, descriptions, dates, places, and events are imaginary and any likeness or correlation to real-world circumstances is purely coincidental.

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*I want to further expand on the disclaimer. This novella is inspired by a singular moment from my own life experience. In this experience, the only thing that happened was a haunt actor tripped and mused a kiss against my face. Please know that in real life, the sexualization and fetishization of these performers can overstep many personal boundaries and be borderline assaulting. The actor in my experience apologized and continued on with his job somewhere else in the park. I went on with my friends through the haunted house. Do not ever, under any circumstances, harass, trap, force, or stalk haunt actors to get any sort of sexual attention. It's gross and unwanted. These characters do not exist. I am not Sienna, and Everett is not an actor or individual otherwise. We respect the boundaries of professional performers in this house, and if you cannot agree with those terms, then this book shouldn't be in your library.*

*Novellas can have depth.*

*Is it comparable to how deep Everett's about to be in Sienna?*

*Yeah, but still. That's pretty deep for 88 pages.*



# *Spotify Playlist*

All Hallows' Haunt on Spotify

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/65CWFQeA7V3JBKHsIELIZL?si=bc687b00498e4021>

## *Notable Songs*

Chapter 1 - Oh Klahoma/Mexican Sun

Chapter 2 - Somebody's Watching Me

Chapter 3 - Rhinestone Eyes

Chapter 4 - Treehouse

Chapter 5 - Tripping Over Air/This Side of Paradise

Chapter 6 - Pressure/Lips

Chapter 7 - Daydream/Carousel

Chapter 8 - Must Stop/Wait For You

Epilogue - Deep/i'm yours

**THIS NOVELLA IS INTENDED FOR AUDIENCES AGES 18  
YEARS AND OLDER**

*All Hallows' Haunt* is an explicit romance novella that contains mature themes. Reader discretion is advised. For a full list of Content and Trigger Warnings, please visit:

[authorkennabellrae.com](http://authorkennabellrae.com)

# CHAPTER 1

## Everett

**HALLOW'S HAUNT** became an eerie ghost town at this hour. The rides were quiet, and the scare actors gathered their makeup and costumes for nightfall in preparation for the haunts. I signed onto the Hallow's Haunt scare team last weekend, before the October dates started. My first *real* position as an actor. Before, I did small events on inconsistent pay. Hallow's Haunt opened during the evenings to provide a different experience for riders. If all went well tonight, I'd come back as a permanent member.

Walking through the empty avenues, my boots scuffed over the cobblestone path. Brisk winds blew harder today, ruffling my hair and knocking it into my eyes. A few restaurants on the grounds remained open during the transition. Cobwebs decorated the trees that framed the fast-food Chinese cuisine chain in front of me.

"Everett, my man," Tony greeted me when I stepped to his window. "What can I get for you tonight?" I connected with him first after I signed on. Following meeting him and hanging out a few times after onboarding, I met Matthew.

*Matt's actually late now; where the hell is he?*

"Hey, uh, let's just do a number four." I pulled out my wallet and removed my card. "And let's add a drink to that, please."

"On me tonight, don't worry about it."

"Tony, come on, man. You don't have to do that for me," I said, placing the card back in my wallet.

“It’s your first official night, right?” he asked, grabbing a to-go plate and placing food in the wells. “That’s a big deal to me, and I want you to enjoy yourself, so don’t sweat it. I mean, it’s not like it’s gonna hurt the Hallows’ pockets.” He laughed at his own joke and wrapped up my food. The drink at the fountain dispenser finished, and he set it at the window.

“Thanks, T. I’ll get you back for it, promise.” I grabbed the bag and cold cup, taking a sip of the crisp carbonated drink.

“There’s no need; I’m not doing it to get something in return. Just enjoy yourself tonight. It’s gonna be wild for the next month and some change.”

“So I hear. Do you like it more than the daytime scene?”

“It’s fun given that I’m mostly inside here, but getting to watch you guys is better than watching toddlers throw up, pre-teens whine about the lines, and parents screaming. At least the screams on haunt nights are pouring dopamine.” He wiped the silver counter down with a terry cloth rag and ran a hand over his apron.

“Yeah, I can understand that. If you get out of the box, find me. I’m at the clown house tonight; maybe we can run through it and hop on some rides before we clock out?” I looked around the empty avenues again and back to him. Copper hair stuck to his forehead despite the cooler temperatures of autumn.

“Sounds like fun. I think I can manage to leave early, maybe around midnight or so. I’ll just text you whenever I can get out.” He put a hand out the window and I tapped mine against his before sliding it away.

“All right, I’ll see ya, Tony!” I called after stepping away. “Thanks for the food!”

The savory smell drifted to me on the way to the warehouse. My costume presented as casual wear, so I could put more time into makeup and submitting to whatever my hair decided we’d do.

I passed by large rides that usually moved cars of screaming attendees and saw the building tucked away behind

no-access gates. When I turned the corner off the path, Gretchen sat in her booth.

“Everett, welcome to your first night with us,” she said, unlocking the gate and letting me pass. She was a member of the hiring team and by all accounts of mine, a decent person to be around.

“Hi, Gretch. I’m looking forward to it. It’s always been fun as an attendee, so I’m looking to see how it feels to flip that table.” I started to leave but turned back to her. “Have you seen Matt?”

“Which one?”

“Matt B.,” I replied.

“I believe he came in early. I think they needed assistance with one of the rides. I’d check your dressing area first; the problem should’ve been fixed by now.” She turned her attention back to a book hidden under the counter.

“Thanks!” I continued down the dusty path.

Beams and pipes were stored in the grass. Pallets with wrapped cases filled the spaces between them. The building sat at one story and looked rather boring for a place nightmares emerged from.

I approached the metal door and grabbed the cold doorknob. When I pulled the door open, conversation greeted me as the actors milled about. Most people seemed to be grouped by their main attraction. Wandering through the crowd, I looked for any signs of Matt. A small group of clowns gathered near the wall. I walked up to their large table crowded with bright lamps, mirrors, and special effects face paint.

“Newbie!” one of the more burly guys exclaimed. I wasn’t a scrawny kid by any means, but I didn’t have much bulk on me compared to him. At six-three, I’d definitely benefit from a regular gym membership. His makeup and costume coupled with his size frightened me.

“Hey, that’s me. Um, has anyone seen Matt around?” I asked, running a hand through my hair. For the Halloween

season, I bleached the normally dark ends and colored them a deep green to match my regular costume.

“Matt...”

“Matt B.,” I clarified. The big guy looked around me and at the actors walking around.

“I would say he’s probably in the other open room. Through that door,” he said, pointing to a beige door with a window. “Good luck tonight, kid; don’t fuck it up,” he joked with raised eyebrows and a pointed finger.

“No touching, I’m aware.” I laughed him off and continued my search. I opened the metal door and met the same type of crowd gathered among tables and running around. They created the same chorus of hummed conversations.

I passed a few people who were in the same meeting last week for onboarding. They gave me a nod while tending to their fake fangs and blood. I continued to weave, but my search turned up empty. A long table mostly unoccupied in the corner caught my periphery, and I almost overlooked it, but the pink hair made me stop.

I looked again. Matt sat with another actor, engaged in some heavy lip-locking. I walked up, trying to not cause a direct disruption, but the guy with pink hair looked up and gave me a kind smile.

“You’re Matt’s new haunt project?” he said, holding out his hand. “Elijah, I’m by the water park entrance tonight.”

“Everett, and yeah, I guess so,” I greeted and laughed as I shook his hand. “The haunted houses on that side were some of my favorites last year. Sorry for interrupting.”

“You’re good.” Matt waved me off and stood up, holding Elijah’s hand. “I’ll check in with you later? Grab a bite to eat over break?” Elijah nodded, and Matt bent down and kissed his forehead.

“Bye, guys.”

“See ya, Elijah!” I called before turning to follow Matt.

“Call me Eli!” he yelled after us, and I gave him a thumbs-up before we rounded the tables and were out of view. The air smelled like hairspray and gel as we made it back to the beige metal door. Matt held it open for me.

“Again, sorry about that.” I stepped around him and into the first open section.

“It’s fine. I’ll see him later. I was the one late meeting up with you.” He clapped me on the shoulder before adding on, “But you made it here all the same, so let’s get you ready.” We found our way back to the clown table, and I noticed a few of the actors had left the group already.

“Yeah, it wasn’t difficult at all.” I set my stuff on the table, taking extra caution with my food. I opened the tray and started to eat. Grabbing my phone from my pocket, I opened the photos app and scrolled through my inspirations.

“Is that what you’re thinking?” Matt asked, peeking over my shoulder. “Personally, I think you’d look better combining these two.” His finger moved between the bottom photos. “The girls would get a thrill from the scare, but also the enjoyment of you not looking too gory.”

“Is that a thing for y’all?” I asked, shoveling another forkful into my mouth.

“Oh, absolutely. Big events like Hallows’, there’s always going to be a portion of the crowd that’s going to harass you for that shit. It’s all about how you let it affect you and how you feed into it.” He picked up a set of makeup sponges and started on his face. “Just be careful with how far you allow them to push.”

“Yeah, no touching. I’m not looking to bring the park a ‘suit.’” I slid my food aside. Opening the wipes, I cleaned my face and started layering with a fresh sponge.

“More than that, some people can get obsessive and weird. If anyone is giving you too much trouble, let security know and they can escort them out.”

“You have that happen before?” The sheer white foundation spread across my skin.



“Not exactly, but I’ve helped a few girls out here who had men following them around.” He pulled out the latex and started making his wounds.

“That sucks, but at least the community looks out for each other.” I darkened my eyebrows, altering them into a sharper angle for a more stern appearance.

“We do, so don’t hesitate to find me or someone else if you need help. I’m with you most of the night, so you should be able to reach me easily.” He continued to layer his wound. “Just please don’t touch the others, and if you do, don’t let Gretchen hear it from someone else first.”

“That major?” I asked, grabbing the paint pans. Black darkened my eyelids and the general shape of my eye socket. I drew black points upward on both. Instead of matching the top, I replaced the pan for a red color and muddied it around the bottom of my eyes.

“Absolutely, I mean, it’s grounds for termination.”

I let the conversation fade off and focused on creating this character. My lips were coated in the same red and black layering, only I brought the red out in an exaggerated and sinister smile. The fake blood sat in a small container, and I used it to paint bloody streaks from my eyes down my cheeks and chin. After looking over my outfit for anything out of place, I called it ready. It looked simple and far less complicated than some of the more experienced actors walking around. For the first night, I wanted to be comfortable. As time went on and with more practice in my free time, there would be opportunities to do large-scale scares.

I grabbed the pads for safe slides and watched Matt work on his face. He went for more gore at this point. His artistry skills were refined, and I reminded myself to ask him for pointers later.

“Go secure your stuff in my locker,” he instructed as he tossed me a set of keys. “I’ll finish up and then we’ll go make sure the attraction is ready. We’re doing the murder house first, and then we’ll switch and do street scaring until our break.”

“You got it,” I said, walking toward that same door.  
*Tonight’s gonna be a thrill.*

## CHAPTER 2

## *Sienna*

**COOL WIND BLEW** across my face from the open car window as we drove around the parking lot, looking for an open spot. The after-dark haunt was the biggest thrill to look forward to where our small town on the outskirts was concerned. For my friends, this was an unspoken tradition. No questions were asked as to if we would go, only when.

Normally, we'd attend later in the season, closer to shutdown. This was the first year we'd managed a trip for opening night. Shawn jerked the car as he found a parking spot and elicited shouts of excitement from the others. As time went on, they dressed up less and less. We used to come in full costumes and makeup, but it was traded in for comfortable hoodies, sweats, and sensible shoes. While fitting most of that, I decided to hold on to the smallest pieces and tried my hand at face paint.

"You know, Sienna," Shawn started. I looked to the front as the interior lights came on and my friends started exiting the car. "I like your hair like that." His eyebrow ticked up, and he looked me over in his rearview mirror.

"Thanks," I muttered and stepped out. I'd recently chopped my hair to shoulder length. It didn't allow me to do a lot of creative styles, so for the sake of riding the attractions and getting sweaty in the houses, I parted it into simple pigtailed. With it out of my face, the paint I did for a subtle jester was in focus.

I pulled at my hoodie strings that sat lopsided as I rounded Shawn's SUV and followed behind the group through the parking lot. Bright lights illuminated the decorations around the entrance. Hallow's Park was altered to read *Hallow's Haunt*, complete with frightening font and gore hanging from the new letters. Families and others corralled into lines as we crossed the reddish brickwork.

"Sienna," Shawn called again from the front. He handed his drawstring bag to security and passed through the metal detector. "You know, if you get scared, I'm right here." He patted his chest as he walked backward and gave his ticket to the short, curly-haired woman at the counter. Not deigning to respond, I rolled my eyes at his back and followed the girls through security.

They chatted as the boys collected their belongings. Plans for rides and food were in the works. As I followed them, my gaze wandered over the scenes built in the avenues: makeshift hideouts, large boxes for the actors to stand on, and fencing to shake.

"Where do you want to go first, Sienna?" Vera asked as the group gathered in front of an artificial stone pillar.

"Oh, um," I stalled, looking around for what rides were in the immediate area. There was a wooden roller coaster that looked shoddy, but the line wasn't long. With my back still to my friends, I pointed in its direction. "We could go—" I cut myself off with a scream as a loud scraping noise moved around me. Sparks skittered across the ground as the guy responsible stood up.

He should've been intimidating with his presence and costume, but the gentle features under the makeup made that hard to believe. We were locked in a stare down and the energy that came off him made me question everything.

*Is this scary or sexy?*

It was difficult to read what he actually looked like beneath the creamy paint, bloody drips, and exaggerated shadows. Dark pants were accompanied by a button-up, but it was only

buttoned halfway, and his exposed chest dripped with the same bloody liquid. There was something inked underneath the red.

“Sienna, we’re gonna go to the Rucker.” Vera tugged my sleeve as she walked past. I looked this guy over once more, and when we locked eyes again, there was a playful dare dancing in his gaze.

“Coming!” I called back, turning to jog after them. Without chancing a glance back to him, I fell into their conversation and filed into line. We walked up to the turnstile, and the boys droned on about the football games they bet on and how their players were doing.

“So, did you know him?” Vera asked, bringing my attention to her. Her curly pink hair was bundled on top of her head, and her cheeks were already chapped by the wind.

“Know who? That guy?” She nodded in response, and I took a deep breath. “Nope, but that was a bit weird, right? I don’t recall the haunt guys last year being so...”

“Hot?”

“I mean.” I laughed at her insinuation. “I’m not discounting that he might be attractive. He was just very intense.” Vera silently agreed, and the ride attendants started their briefing as we walked onto the platform holding the ancient carts. “Is this safe?” I whispered to her. She stifled her laugh, and we took our seats. Shawn shooed Vera to the row with Cody and Aimee, taking her place beside me.

We buckled the lap belts and lowered the safety bar. A different employee came by to pull on the belt and shake the metal bar against its lock.

“Are you having fun?” Shawn asked as the loudspeaker echoed more directions.

“We just got here, but yeah, I guess. Rucker isn’t a bad ride to start with.” The cart jerked forward after the all-clear calls. “Are you having fun?” I didn’t care for this conversation, but he forced its hand by moving Vera away from me.

“Oh, I’ll be having all the fun tonight if you’re staying by my side.” He draped his arm over my shoulders as we chugged up the hill. Shawn wasn’t a bad guy, but he wasn’t someone I was interested in. Was I aware of his intentions? Painfully so, for at least the past three months. He was cocky at times, and it led him to believe everyone would say yes.

But I said no.

He had let the hurt and shock wear on his face for just a moment that day before pasting on a look of determination. Wearing someone down wasn’t the best way to forge long-lasting relationships. Did that stop Shawn? Never.

I let the silence fill the space between us as the wind whipped harder the higher we climbed. Rocker wasn’t the tallest ride, but you were still able to view a sizable portion of the park. The stars were brighter as we sat above the lights. The impending drop had my stomach twisted in anticipation, and my heart beat faster as the track disappeared before the drop.

“Do you want to hold my hand?” he shouted over the wind as the coaster stalled. I gripped the bar in front of us harder as I closed my eyes. The cart pushed over the edge. My stomach dropped and a scream tore loose, but I wore a giant smile as the world rushed around us.

*No, Shawn. I still don’t.*

## CHAPTER 3



## Everett

**I STOOD** near the exit of Rocker and leaned into the gate to hide myself behind large bushes. Screams bounced around the avenue as I waited for *her*. My phone went off in my pocket. No doubt it was Matt telling me to hurry up.

Around the corner, the converted maintenance building formed an admissions line. I convinced Matt to go on without me, but I was pushing the time constraints. Looking out again, a guy stepped through the exit gate first. He was blond, relatively tall, and wore a black hoodie. He was in the girl's group, *Sienna*.

Shortly after he passed by two girls walked into view as they chatted about nonsense. I waited a beat, and Sienna walked out, but the guy she was walking beside draped his arm around her. Her expression was bored; there was no smile or crinkle in the corners of her eyes.

*Hmm.*

It was a split-second decision, and I didn't even have a legitimate reason for proving it. With the gloves on, I skidded behind them and raked my hands across the asphalt. Sienna screamed and jumped at the noise. The douchebag she was with let his fear out on her and pushed Sienna away from him. The force of his blow sent her careening to the ground, and I broke the most important rule.

I stepped forward, sliding my arms under her. She fell into my body and went into a fit of rage.

“Shawn! What the fuck was that?” she yelled at the idiot who put his self-preservation over her safety. Big, round eyes looked up into mine. They were icy, piercing. I found myself excited for the next time I got to see them this close. She seemed much shorter when she wasn’t staring me down in a stand-off. “I’m sorry,” she whispered, straightening and taking a step back, yet not completely out of my hold.

I nodded, unable to get any words to cross my lips. Her body was warm, and I wasn’t ready to let her go.

*Don’t touch the patrons.*

I stepped away as common sense echoed through my head. Without another word passed between us, she turned to her friends and started fussing at the idiot. Despite their size difference, she swung at his side while he muttered half-assed apologies. I kept my distance as they walked ahead.

The group veered to the left, away from the clown house, and I kept straight ahead. People were screaming, running up and down the avenue, and laughing as they tried to get away. None of it sparked anything inside me. The only thrill I cared to experience was watching the excitement dance in Sienna’s eyes as her pupils dilated and her heart raced.

As if on autopilot, I found myself at the employee entrance for the maintenance building. Matt was leaning against the doorframe and looked me up and down as I approached.

“What’s killed your mood?” he asked.

“I don’t know what you mean,” I said, feigning ignorance. If I confessed the last twenty minutes, he’d rightfully throw my ass into a dumpster.

“Your face, it’s all mopey and shit.” He stuck a finger in my face and waved it around. “I know clowns here aren’t all smiles and kittens, but that energetic start you had earlier has fizzled. Why?”

“Are you gonna get mad if I tell you?”

“Depends.”

“Fine. That girl from earlier,” I started. “I saw her again. When I jump-scared their group, the guy she was with pushed her to the ground.” I scratched my head, not wanting to go further.

“Ev, you didn’t,” he sighed, raking a hand through his hair.

“What was I supposed to do, Matt? Should I have let someone twice her size knock her onto the asphalt?” I kicked at the gravel as I folded my arms.

“I suppose it’s not toeing the lines of fraternization.” He turned and pushed the door open for me. I walked though, and he followed behind. “That’s kind of shitty on him. What a dick.”

“Agreed.”

We walked through the back, and screams and shouts came as the other actors worked their roles. The guy I met at the table earlier approached us.

“Evan,” he said slowly, unsure if that was actually my name.

“Everett,” I corrected politely.

“Right, sorry. There’s a lot of people I’m managing tonight, and I’m bad with names.” He laid a light fist bump into my shoulder. “Everett, I want you at the entrance. Then we’ll rotate around to different areas throughout the night.”

“Sounds good,” I said, making my way to the front of the building.

A gauzy curtain covered a doorway and a couple approached. The woman was frightened and clung to the man’s arm as she frantically looked around in the darkened hallway. I jumped through the curtain and banged my hand on the metal table. She shouted and pulled the man down the hall with desperation.

I laughed to myself and continued walking through the back corridors for the employees. More screams rang out and bounced off the walls as they let patrons through the doors. I stayed back as new people approached and waited for the path

to clear. James was standing there counting the minutes between each group.

“Hey, man,” he greeted. “You wanna work the line a bit? Make sure people aren’t doing dumb shit and get the adrenaline going?”

“Works for me,” I said with my best attempt of excitement. I couldn’t get the blue-eyed siren out of my mind.

There were thousands of people at this park. I scared plenty of them already, and yet this one girl had me absolutely captivated. I wanted to abandon the entire night and walk by her side.

I wanted to know her laugh.

I wanted to hear her story.

I wanted to know why she looked so sad.

A girl stood with her back to me, not paying attention to the monsters stalking the attraction. The crowd she was with faced forward and when I approached, they stiffened and stifled their laughter.

“But honestly, I mean—it’s like whatever.” Her voice was high pitched and nasally. “This place *really* doesn’t punch it anymore.” I was completely over the way her voice grated the sanity left in my head.

I clapped my hands together, and the metal plates I used for ground slides struck a sharp, loud note. The girl jumped off the ground and screamed as she ran to her friends. *Safety in numbers, so they say*. The group of kids my age had their laughs and continued to mock and reenact what her face looked like.

I moved on, making my way beside the crowd. The faces waiting changed between horny and seductive, bored and intense. None were painted red with two words scrawled across the nose and eyes that wanted to be seen. The shouts and hollers fell to a buzz. I wasn’t noticing them anymore as I mechanically worked through my scares up and down the mazelike line.

*I need to get out of here.*

## CHAPTER 4

## Sienna

**MY FINGERS TAPPED** a rushed rhythm along the cold metal railing. The boys wanted to ride another coaster, but the girls didn't care for the nausea that started to set in. Vera and Aimee chatted, huddled together against the slight chill. Their gazes settled on me, and the conversation died.

"Sienna," Aimee started as she played with the sleeve of her sweatshirt.

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay? You're staring and hunting the crowds." Aimee looked over her shoulder and around the courtyard we stood in.

"I'm fine, but I keep feeling like that guy is going to pop out every time we stop somewhere or start to leave." Like clockwork, I looked through the shadows for any glimpse of that teal-blue hair and stature.

"Do you *want* him to be there?" Vera asked this time. I pondered that for a moment before answering. *Do I?*

"I don't think I'd mind, but I'm curious about his reason. The first time was rational enough—we just stood there and were distracted. But the second time, when we got off Rocket? It was like he was waiting." Vera and Aimee exchanged a look, and I kept going. "It didn't feel a little too coincidental for you two?"

"I see your point," Vera conceded.

“I think it’s kind of hot,” Aimee said. When Vera looked at her with concern, she added, “Well, you know, if his intentions aren’t, like, murder or something. What’s wrong with a little playful chase around the park?”

A grin tugged at my lips as Aimee continued to overexplain her stance. She wasn’t entirely wrong. I didn’t feel frightened around him, not in the typical sense. The adrenaline rush of the park rides mixed with the heightened emotions of a haunt created a desire for more. It was attraction on some level, but not fear. I wasn’t scared that he would appear. I anticipated it and wanted the next scream to be his too.

“I agree with Aimee,” I said, interrupting their conversation. Vera’s eyebrows shot up in surprise as her eyes rounded. The wind chapped her freckled cheeks and turned her pale skin rosy. “He’s kind of hot.” I shrugged. “He gives off this seductive energy, and I wouldn’t have him dressed as a clown tonight. If it were up to me, he’d be a siren.” I tapped my chin as I pondered the mystery clown more.

“You think clowns are hot?” Vera teased me.

“Not the clown, no,” I clarified. “His makeup is amazing, but his lips, his jaw, and that really fucking soft-looking green hair...” I scanned the crowd once more, hopeful that he’d appear in front of me or that I’d at least catch a distant glimpse. “If he isn’t wearing contacts, then his eyes are the prettiest shade of amber I’ve ever seen.” They were pools of honey and betrayed the sweetness I was certain resided in him.

“Got a new crush now?” Aimee laughed, and before I could correct her, a deeper voice spoke behind us.

“Si has a crush?” Shawn was cocky in his assessment. “Tall, blond, and handsome by any chance?”

“I don’t think I’d classify you as tall, Shawn,” I said coolly, trying not to show the irritation he caused. He was tall, but his ego was big enough without my stroking it. My favorite gift to him was a humble pie.

Cody grunted a cough to cover his laugh, but the girls giggled behind their hands. Confused on how to proceed,



Shawn nodded before he clapped his hands together and directed the group's movement.

"Alright, since the girls are being wimps about the rides, let's get their blood pumping with some good ol' fashioned terror." Shawn thought he was fearsome, but the more I listened, the more my headache grew.

"I think you're the only person actually scared here," Vera said, linking her arm with mine. "I mean, we were all there to see you shriek like a little baby and sacrifice her to the super scary clown that drips sex appeal." Vera threw me a wink on her last point, and we walked away from him and Cody. Aimee saddled up beside us, letting the boys follow.

As predicted, their conversation turned into bickering about football again. We strolled the brick avenue and maneuvered around groups of people idly waiting at food stations and pop-up games. This path looked similar to the one we took to get here.

"So, where are we going?" Cody called from the back. Their conversation left them at a distance.

"Clowns, you know, because Shawn is scared!" Vera teased him again.

"I'm not scared, dammit!" Shawn's patience started to wear thin, and he grew irritated with being the ass of the joke. As his voice settled on the breeze between us, a loud boom came from behind the guys. I flinched at its sudden arrival, but a body barreled over me a moment later. "Fuck my butt!" Shawn screamed, shouldering between us and running ahead. "Why the fuck do they keep doing that?" He bent over, panting, just several feet in front of us. I sighed at his theatrical display.

"Tell us again, Shawn," I teased. "You're *not* scared, right?" Served him right for throwing me to the ground last time. Whatever haunted house we were heading to, I dreaded going through it with him.

"Whatever, let's just go." Shawn huffed as we regrouped and kept moving through the crowds. When we were in better

earshot, I heard him mumble, “I fucking hate clowns.”

We walked until the brick, patterned road turned to black asphalt. The maintenance building sat between two newer roller coasters. Steel barricades zigzagged through the usually empty service road. The line waned to a few groups at the entrance, and Aimee’s eyes lit up as she took in the roving lights and gory circus-like decor on the building front.

“You have a thing for clowns?” I whispered in her direction.

“No,” she said as she blushed. “I’m just hopeful that someone is working tonight.”

“Aimee, you know one of the guys working?” Vera’s voice was raised higher than I liked with the boys still flanking us.

“Kind of, but not really. *She’s* more like a friend of a friend.” Aimee’s face deepened, and I didn’t push that topic further.

“Well, here’s to hoping your friend of a friend is working and she makes Shawn shit himself,” I said, pointing a thumb over my shoulder in his direction. That earned me another grumble, but it just egged me on.

The steel barricades split the road, and we filed into the line starting on the right side. The walk was somewhat steep, and the short stone wall fell away to a grassy hill. Dew on the green blades shimmered in the artificial light as the breeze shook them. Conversations reached us as we approached the waiting guests. I picked up on fragments about other rides and attractions here.

“—and those cinnamon rolls were fantastic—” That was the clearest piece, and I made a mental note to stop by one of the bakeries here before we called it a night.

Cody moved to stand beside Vera, who in turn leaned into his side. They were cute together, but neither took the chance to push that opportunity. When she made eye contact with me, she smirked. Her side-eyed glance confirmed everything.

Shrieks came from the front, followed by laughter and sounds of *swooning*?

## CHAPTER 5

## *Everett*

**I LEANED** against the wall inside the entrance as James counted the next guests inside. He clicked the tally counter in his hand, and as the curtain closed behind them, he wrote the number on a sheet of paper.

“What’s the count so far?” I asked. He loosened the distressed tie around his neck before cracking the joints and sitting back.

“Looking at eight-seventy-five.” The pen clicked against the metal clamp of the clipboard as he tapped it rapidly.

“Those good numbers?”

“It’s opening night, and I expected them to be higher. They’re not bad for just a few hours. I think by the end of the night, we’ll reach our goal.” James looked out to the shortened line and back to me. “Ready to crowd work again? Last round and then we’ll get you inside somewhere.”

“Works for me,” I said, rubbing my hands together. I likely wouldn’t see the girl, Sienna, again tonight—or ever. Despite that fact, my mood shifted back to normal while rotating scares. I glanced at the crowd one last time, and I cocked my head in disbelief.

“What’s wrong?” James asked.

“I’m not entirely certain, but I think I just saw her,” I muttered more to myself. It was brief and just a flash among the faces. I was almost positive I saw Sienna’s pulled-back auburn hair and the red makeup with writing across her nose.

“Saw who, dude?”

“I don’t know,” I lied. I knew.

*Sienna.*

“Well, if she’s out there, ruffle her feathers a bit. Get her in the mood for the haunted house.” He counted more people inside; the clicking noise sounded more intense as I lost all focus to thoughts of her.

*I just want Sienna.*

The curtain closed behind that group, and screams came moments later. I looked down at James, but he was preoccupied with paperwork details. Stepping off the ramp, I kept my gaze low. My eyes scanned faces—people laughed, talked, and argued as I looked between each group, trying to find that damn hair.

Auburn hair tied back in pigtails.

Red ribbon perfectly matching dark red face paint.

Auburn hair framing arctic eyes.

Moving around the first group waiting in line, I slouched to be as unsuspecting as possible with a face covered in blood. From the new angle, I was able to assess the back of the line without disruption. A bright redhead bounced about, and she looked familiar enough. I homed in on her, moving closer while weaving through the stray bystanders. She turned, and beside her was a pink-haired girl and another girl with her arms crossed. A playful scowl twisted the second one’s features, and her stare shot icy daggers right at that blond dickhead from earlier.

*Sienna. Sienna. Sienna.*

Sienna’s head dropped back, and her mouth opened wide with a smile. I couldn’t hear the laugh, but I knew it sounded amazing and would make my heart soft. Her teeth were bright—even in this weird lighting. They were a bit crooked, and one corner of her mouth had a dimple but not the other. She was so *beautiful*.

It was a simple way to describe her, but it was the best. Everything about Sienna was a delight, and I desperately needed to be near her. My feet moved, carrying out my private wishes. I walked through the crowd automatically; my gaze locked on the way her throat bobbed with her laughter. I tried to zero in on the sound but wasn't close enough to hear.

Leaning against the steel barricade, I waited for a clear path. Sienna's focus remained on the darker blond guy. *Shep?* She yelled at him earlier, but I was too transfixed by her presence to care about anyone else around us. The black-haired girl mostly blocking her moved back and without any more forethought, I started moving.

I ran across the asphalt and dropped to my knees several feet from where Sienna stood. The sound caused her to look my way and step back.

"Oh, fuck!" she yelled, and her hands shot up in front of her chest. I slid as close to her as I felt comfortable and popped back up onto my feet. My intention was a smooth landing right in front of her.

Then my toe caught against the ground, and I sailed forward.

I couldn't stop my trajectory; I moved too fast and with no room. It unfolded in slow motion. Sienna's eyes widened as my hands grabbed her by the hoodie. Her fingers twisted into my dress shirt; nails scratched my skin. I slammed into her hard, and where her body pressed against mine scorched my mortal soul.

She wasn't enough to stop the momentum. We were going down. I unbalanced her, and she fell back toward the grassy hillside. Without thinking, I wrapped my arms around her waist and twisted my upper half. I picked Sienna up off the asphalt and pulled her into my chest so that I took the brunt of my fuckup.

We hit the ground with the force I anticipated. Pain shot through my lower back and up into my shoulders. A very, very different sensation spread from my face and deep into my chest. I gripped her soft hips and pressed back into her.

*Sienna's kissing me.*

*I'm kissing Sienna.*

*Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

It was an awkward pass, an innocent brush as we fell, but she stayed. I quickly discarded my gloves and moved my hand, holding the side of her face before she pulled away for good.

I pulled her closer, and I didn't give a fuck about the mess of my face paint she was making. My tongue slid between her lips, and she let me in. *Fuck*. I groaned as her thighs squeezed around my sides and her cold hand slid around my throat. I started to move past her waist but remembered where we were.

*Don't touch the fucking patrons.*

*And definitely don't make out with them, fucking idiot.*

It killed me to even think about it, let alone will it, but I pushed our kiss apart.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered. The crowd behind us murmured and gasped as she stayed on top of me. "That was supposed to be a way cooler landing. I wanted to show off and be a cheesy dork."

"I'm not," she started, shaking her head. "It's okay. You're the clown from earlier." She wasn't asking me, but I didn't know where she stood on this predicament.

"I am."

"I was hoping to see you again," she said before pushing on my chest and settling on my lap. I sat up on my elbows, letting my thighs brace her back.

"You were looking for me?" I asked, shocked with what I heard and completely convinced the fall knocked me unconscious and this was all a dream.

"I wouldn't say that." She blushed, ducking her gaze and moving her hand to cover her mouth. The crowd quieted as they moved on and went back to their business.

“What would you say then?” I cocked a grin and tilted my head as I watched her. Studied her. She dropped her sleeved arm and placed a hand against my abdomen. She trapped the corner of her bottom lip between her teeth as I waited for her reply.

“I just wanted to see you, but mostly to prove something to myself.”

“What’s that?”

“That you wanted to see me, too.” She picked at the already chipped black nail polish on her nails and averted her gaze.

“I wanted to see you.” I paused. “Sienna.”

When I said her name, she twisted her head and locked eyes with me. Where mine were doe-like and completely smitten, hers were the opposite. Her crystal look relayed an untrusting fear and shock at my admission. It was what she wanted, and it felt like kismet that I wanted it, too.

“Do we know each other?”

“If I knew you before tonight, I wouldn’t have been stupid enough to let you go,” I confessed. Her head fell back, and that beautiful laugh I’d craved to hear finally spilled out. The act caused her to shift against my waist. It was loud, choppy, and funny itself. I wanted it to play on a loop for the rest of my days. “I overheard your friends say it. That’s *your* name, right?”

“Yeah, Sienna Rhodes.” She straightened herself more and looked back at her friends. I didn’t move to follow her gaze; I waited for her attention to settle on me again. “What’s your name?” she asked as her eyes moved from my painted face and across my messy, unbuttoned shirt.

“Everett,” I forced out. “St. Claire.” Reality pressed in as I realized the gravity of our little incident.

“I like that; it’s unique.”

“I could say the same for Sienna.” Her smile stretched wide, and it was my favorite thing about tonight. I wanted to



make her smile every chance I got. “I really hate to ask you this, but could we stand up?”

Her face fell, and she looked around us before using me as support to right herself. After she brushed off her sweatshirt, she extended her hand. I hesitated for a brief moment before sliding mine into hers.

Avoiding looking like a degenerate, I swallowed the moan stuck in my throat and gripped her tight. I didn’t use her to pull myself up—I accepted the majority of that effort and relished the feel of her small hand in mine. As I shifted in the grass, I kept our connection and found her friends gawking. The darker blond guy looked disgusted. Or pissed?

*Loser.*

“Si,” the guy called. His tone was flat, bored even. His agitation leaked out as his head cocked and he cracked his fingers. Her hand tightened around mine, and when I looked her over again, she squinted at the prick with a scrunched nose. I turned to face her, blocking her line of vision with the brick-headed dumbass.

“Hi,” I teased. Her lashes fanned when she tilted her back to look at me. They brushed just under her eyebrows and added to the list of everything beautiful that was Sienna.

“Hi,” she flirted.

“I don’t want to walk away—”

“Don’t,” she countered.

“But I have to go back to work.” I dropped my voice and leaned in before adding, “I’m definitely not allowed to make out with guests, and if I don’t get inside to work, then I’m gonna be fucked six ways to Sunday.”

“Oh.”

“Are you going in?” I asked, nodding toward the line that was dwindling. Her teeth chewed the corner of her bottom lip again. I brushed my thumb along the rosy pout and tugged it free. White and red smeared across her mouth and chin from our kiss.

“Yeah, that was the plan at least.” Her eyes shifted behind my shoulder, and her brow furrowed.

*I don't like that look. Concern? Doubt? Worry?*

I kept a gentle hold on her jaw as I leaned in and pressed a sweet kiss against her lips. “I’ll see you inside then.”

“Inside?”

“Absolutely,” I said, leaning in close. “I’ll be waiting for you,” I whispered. “Will you make me a loser or a lover tonight?” I asked, tapping her nose where the words were scrawled across in black and red eyeliner.

Without giving her a chance to answer, I stepped back and turned away. I made eye contact with that asshole who sneered at my goodbye salute. *He's going to enjoy his special trip inside.*

“Sienna,” he barked. “Are you okay?” His callous tone held no sense of concern.

“I’m fucking fine, Shawn. Just shut up already,” she bit back. *Fucking feisty.* Shawn felt more like a thorn in my side as the night went on, and I needed to remove it. I kept my gaze ahead and moved toward the front of the line. Shawn’s grumblings trailed off with the distance I put between us.

Everyone moving around me did so in a slow blur. I couldn’t feel the cold breeze against my skin; I just felt Sienna’s lips against mine. A craving settled deep inside my chest. I’d had a taste, but I needed more. No other woman consumed my entire being like her. Someone bumped into my shoulder, but I didn’t look down or utter a word. I kept moving toward James.

“Kid,” he greeted, but he hesitated as he took in my face. “You okay? You look out of it.”

“I feel perfect, James. More than perfect, actually.” My smile widened and my cheeks ached. *Did I smile the entire walk back?*

“Well, since you’re feeling *perfect*, get in there and switch out with Bobbi. She’s about a third of the way in; I think she’s

at the hospital unit.” He counted in another group with his hand tally, and I looked back at the line. Three more parties and Sienna would be inside.

“On it,” I rushed out and darted inside, using the employee hallways. I was sure James called after me, but I was on autopilot and shut out everything that didn’t push me to Sienna.

Lights strobed as bangs rang out and brought shrieks of terror. *Bobbi. Bobbi. Bobbi.* I crossed the connected hallway in front of me, but I didn’t think about any guests. When I stepped through gauzy linen covering most of the doorway, people making their way to the end screamed at my sudden appearance.

Paying them no mind, I drew back a matching curtain and stepped into the partially lit room. Bobbi stood there fiddling with her gloves.

“James wants you,” I intoned. Her head popped up, and she crossed the room with quickness.

“Thanks, a group just passed so you should have a couple minutes before the next round.” She stopped before walking out the way I came. “You’re Everett, right?” She looked me up and down.

“Yeah, that’s me,” I said before turning my back on her and moving to the corner of the almost office-like room. I messed with papers on the desk and didn’t offer her any more conversation. She left the room, and I waited a bit before stalking any movement in the hallway. It would be about ten minutes before Sienna and her friends found their way down to me.

*Let the haunt begin, Little Fox.*

---

**I WATCHED** the clock as it ticked on. Her group would come by soon. Focusing, I strained my ears to pick up any sounds in the area before mine. Faint scuffling came to me,

and I strained harder. Loud bangs echoed, and predictable as ever, Shawn's crying came soon after. It was muted, but the tone and weird ass phrases matched.

Muffled voices grew louder, and in the strobing light, I saw a flash of red hair. She clutched the pink-haired girl to her side. The pale blond guy moved close behind them, keeping a hand on their shoulders.

"It's fine, Vera," he muttered before rounding the corner toward their next room of terror. I looked back and saw Sienna push against Shawn.

"I'm not the one who's scared. You don't need to paw at me, please." She sounded frustrated, the complete opposite of how light she'd been in the grass.

"It's a haunted house, babe. You're supposed to hold each other." Shawn tried to reason with her as they passed my door, but she pulled them to a stop.

"I'm serious, Shawn. I didn't come here on a date, we didn't turn it into a date, and no matter how many times you ask me out, there will never be a *fucking* date!" Her hands flew up while she yelled at him. She was louder than the three in the next room.

"You're a fucking piece of work, Si. You know that? I swear, all you've managed to do is turn into a massive bi—"

I slammed my gloved hand against the wall, and the noise caused Shawn to jump in the air before yelling a string of curses and taking off. I didn't care to fight unknown battles for an unknown girl who was very capable of handling her own, but I wasn't in the mood to have her whittled down like that in front of me. Grabbing her by the backside of her jacket, I pulled her through the black gauzy drapes and into the work room. She stared at me for a long beat. I didn't feel uncomfortable in her scrutiny; I was desperate.

Desperate to touch her.

Desperate to kiss her.

I closed the door to the empty hallway and engaged the locking bolts. When I faced her again, the previous upset she

felt dissipated: her eyes softened, her shoulders relaxed, and her breathing calmed.

“Hi,” I said, stripping the gloves from my hands and throwing them in some odd corner of this small room.

“Hi,” she whispered back. The empty space between us felt immense, and I couldn’t stand it any longer. In two large strides, I crossed the room and scooped her into my arms. Sienna was warm against my torso; her kiss burned against my flesh and branded my soul.

Her tongue slid along my lips this time, and I let her in easily. She tasted so sweet—a berry-like flavor that washed into my mouth. My hands slid over her shoulders and into her hair. I tugged at the hair ties until they gave away from the tension and let her silky hair fall against her shoulders. My fingers twisted in the strands and firmly held her to me as I backed us against the desk.

“Everett,” she gasped, breaking our kiss. My lips were numb, and her face paint looked hilarious.

“Sienna,” I assured her, bringing her back to me. I said her name like it was a promise—that she was meant to be here with me.

“Are we going to actually...”

“I’m trying very hard to get us there,” I teased, running my nose along hers. “Loser or lover, sly Little Fox?” My tongue traced over her parted lips. “Who am I to you tonight?”

Sienna looked up from my chest, and her eyes bounced between mine as she searched. She looked to my mouth, and a smirk pulled at the corners.

*Say it. Say it.*

“Lover,” she hesitated. A scream cut through the drywall as more people ran through. My focus didn’t move from her. “I could let you love me for one night,” she murmured, looking up at me through her thick lashes. The icy blue thawed to gentle steel, and with that, I was hers—even beyond tonight.

I drew her face in, claiming her kisses as mine. *And only mine.* A throaty groan escaped at the thought of anyone else touching her, kissing her, *loving* her. She sighed softly as her mouth parted, and my tongue moved around hers as I bent down and grabbed her hips. I lifted her off the floor and planted her ass on top of the desk. She parted her legs, and I stepped closer. My cock pressed firmly against her, and she locked her ankles at my back. I squeezed my fingers into her waist as she held me closer.

*Inside. Inside. Inside.*

It dawned on me that I didn't have my wallet with me.

"Sienna," I started.

"Yes?"

"I won't do anything you don't want to. But I have to tell you," I confessed before stealing another kiss. "I don't have my wallet."

"Are you wanting to show me your ID?" The sass was thick, and I snorted a laugh.

"No, I don't have my wallet. Which means I left behind a condom." My fingers slipped under her shirt and grazed her soft skin.

"Guys still carry condoms in their wallets?" Her tone wasn't judgmental, but I didn't know how to take that statement.

"I mean, guys who care about their partners keep them accessible however possible. Just, unfortunately for us..." I trailed off.

"Go without it."

"What?" I asked in shock, pulling back and looking at her.

"Do you get tested regularly?" she asked, and I nodded. "I do too. So, what's the issue with a one-off?"

*A one-off.*

Part of me wanted to agree immediately, but the other part locked in on the fact that if we did this, I wouldn't want it to

be a one-off. I'd want her all the time, every day. She weaved herself into my very being with a simple kiss. If I had all of her, I would *need* all of her.

"Everett?" Her sweet voice cut through my musings, and I refocused on her messy face. My fingers ran between her skin and waistband. I tugged the fabric over her hips. At my hint of intention, she kicked off her shoes, and I finished removing the soft leggings.

Her eyes flicked over my shoulder and toward the door.

"It's bolted," I assured her. More screams pressed through the drywall. "No one's going to pay attention to more screaming." My grin was full of mischief as she sat half-naked in front of me. I ran my hand from her ankle and up her calf—stopping behind her knee.

I stood fully and took the bottom of her sweatshirt in my hands. She raised her arms above her head and let me strip her nearly bare. The bra remaining was lacy and bloodred—the same color as the makeup on her face tonight. Sienna started to cross her arms, but I grabbed her wrists.

"Ever—"

"Another question," I interrupted, turning her wrists up and kissing them softly. Whatever question she wanted to ask would've derailed this train. "What's your birth control situation?" She laughed like it was unexpected.

"Yeah. I mean, I'm on it, that is."

"Preferred safeword?"

"Uh." She started to blush, and her fingers twitched to hide her face. "I don't really have a *preferred* word."

"For us," I said, nipping at the inside of her wrist. "*Loser.*"

"Loser?" she asked, and I nodded. "Okay, loser it is." I released her hands and unclasped her bra. The satin straps fell down her shoulders, and I took the delicate garment and tossed it in her collection on the floor.

"Sienna." I braced my hands against the desk, frantic to maintain some form of restraint and composure. I leaned in

close enough to catch faint traces of what perfume remained on her skin. “You look too delicious.” She kept my gaze—didn’t dare to break it.

“Do something about it then.” The tease caught me off guard. Her mouthiness wasn’t all that shocking; I witnessed it toward Shawn. Here was different; she wasn’t being cold and distant with her push.

I traced my fingers down her bare thigh, letting my gaze drift down and follow the invisible patterns I drew. Her skin was soft, and the low lighting cast odd shadows across her naked body. Straightening, I unbuttoned the nice shirt I chose for tonight. Her eyes followed as each one slipped through the fabric and exposed my midsection. The last button popped through, and the shirt fell open and off the curve of my shoulders.

My body was slim and athletic. Enough to keep up with the physical demands of a job like this, but plenty to be appreciated. The tattoos probably added a bonus. Sienna’s stare fixated on the piece covering most of my chest. It was a butterfly done in black and white, but instead of a patterned wing, there was a skull looking back at her.

“That’s beautiful,” she admired.

“Nothing in this room is more beautiful than you.” I popped the belt buckle and unzipped my pants. My self-restraint wore thin, and the chill that danced goosebumps across her skin and peaked her nipples stirred a war of emotions. I wanted her, desperately—she was what I’d craved for so long.

*How do I even describe craving something I’ve never tasted?*



## CHAPTER 6

## Sienna

**EVERETT STOOD** in front of me. His strong hands worked the belt and zipper of his pants, and I watched as the movement set off a ripple that moved the ink on his arms and stomach. The giant butterfly on his chest that encased a skull hypnotized me. A symbol of death being concealed by something so pretty—and Everett *was* beautiful.

“Can you do me a favor?” His silky voice cut through my trance, and I looked up from where the pants now hung off the sharp cut of his hips. I nodded, unable to find my voice with the gravity of this moment pushing down on me. “Throw me those, please.” He pointed to a small, plastic pouch that crinkled when I picked it up. I looked down at the printed text.

“Makeup wipes?” I asked, tossing them.

“Unless you want this,” he teased, waving a finger in his face, “to be transferred everywhere down there, I’m gonna need them.” His laugh moved through the air like chords calling directly to my heart. It was so carefree and silly. The simplest things had the biggest effects on me, and deep down I smothered the fear building of what it meant.

While I committed his laugh to memory, he hurried with the process, and under the sheer white paint was the same warm, beige tone beneath the ink of his torso. Everett left the diamond shapes that covered his eyes like a mask. He dropped his pants the rest of the way and stepped out of them. My attention caught on his erection when he moved to kiss me. His fingers skimmed my thighs as his waist pushed my legs

apart. My mouth parted on a sigh, and he slid a finger into my wet pussy.

“*Fuck,*” I moaned into his mouth and gripped his shoulders tight. He rested his forehead against mine, and his free hand dug into my hip. Everett chuckled as he slid his finger against my clit and my nails dug into flesh. I couldn’t remember the last time a guy thought of me before himself. His seductive sighs kissed my skin and spun my head faster.

He continued the pattern of pushing in and grazing that volatile spot before circling faster and faster. I couldn’t tell if any of the noises he pulled from me could be heard outside the room, but I didn’t care when he stroked me again and the feeling of release coiled tighter. He panted with me as his brow furrowed. Three of his fingers edged me to insanity. My fingers trailed his neck as he dropped to one knee. The shaved part of his hair was rough as my hand ran up into his dyed mess of waves.

“Please,” I begged, feeling the tip of his nose skim against me. *Closer, move closer.*

“Need something?” he asked between kisses by my knee. He wound me tight, and the ache from craving that release spread. Everett bit at the soft flesh of my thigh, and I cried out again.

“*I need to come, please.*” My voice wobbled and my chest pounded as I drew in deeper breaths. His tongue traced over me, giving the throbbing a fraction of relief. I gripped the side of his neck in a desperate attempt to pull him forward. He didn’t budge, roving his tongue up and down slowly. His fingers slid over the top of mine and locked my hand against him.

Without warning, his tongue moved deep inside me. He moaned something unintelligible against my pussy, and the vibrations ripped a choked sob from my chest. He kept building and building my release, but he never let me fall. I couldn’t keep my senses and fell against the desk. My back arched off the wooden top when he latched onto my clit and

pulled everything from my body. He pushed my knees back toward the tabletop and lapped rhythmically.

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*” I groaned into the empty room. My legs quivered under his palms. The tight knot that he spent the better part of ten minutes knitting finally unraveled. Tears streamed down the side of my face. “Everett!” I screamed his name and made a mess of the desk that belonged to some poor fuck.

Inhibitions gone, I dissolved into a state of bliss.

He kissed up my body before putting himself back in my sight. “Hi, baby,” he whispered. I watched him through heavy lids as he moved closer. I thought he was going to kiss me, but he stopped short. “Are you with me?” I nodded, but he wouldn’t accept it. “Verbal, baby.”

“Yes,” I answered, opening my eyes and meeting his watchful whiskey gaze. He shifted against me, but I didn’t look away. “I’m with you.”

He eased in at my words, and my brows pinched together. He was bigger than my previous partners. His eyes scanned my face, and gentle hands circled my wrists. He draped my arms around his neck and lowered his forehead to mine.

“Slow?” he asked, his voice shaky and breathless as he stretched me more and more. I nodded, and my nose brushed his. He thrust again, moving a little harder this time but not painfully. “You’re so surreal,” he rasped.

Everett grabbed my hips and leaned back, using my hold on his shoulders to pull me up. Stray strands of hair drifted around my face. I couldn’t look anywhere else but at the prettiest guy I’d ever seen. He pulled out slightly, and his mouth parted on a seductive groan before he slid me down the desk and onto his cock fully. It was sudden, but he still didn’t hurt me. I cried out because I was just so *full*.

“Ev-Everett!” Any remaining restraint fell from his appearance at the sound of his name. Those amber eyes burned and darkened. Strong fingers dug into my flesh, and he snapped his hips against my thighs. This angle let him go

deeper with each drive. I looked down, and with each stroke, his cock distended my abdomen and the feeling of ecstasy tightened.

“So fuckin’ sexy,” he grunted. I met his eyes and found he watched it, too. Coming closer to my ear, he whispered, “I’m gonna fill this pretty pussy with so much cum, it’ll be running down your thighs.” My cheeks reddened; his dirty mouth spurred me closer. I wanted that. I wanted to be claimed.

By *him*.

He rocked the desk, making it shake violently as it moved across the tiled floor. The legs squealed as the wood groaned. Items not nailed down tipped over, spilled out, and fell from the top. My hips jerked against his as he hit that sweet spot, and my thighs twitched for that release. He kissed my neck just below my ear—pulling the flesh between his teeth. The grip on my hip lessened, and his thumb moved through the wetness pooling between us as he stroked soft circles over my throbbing clit.

“I’m—I’m,” I started to whine as my pussy spasmed around his cock. I groaned at the heat licking my up back, and he quickened his touch.

“I want it, Sienna. Drench my cock with your cum.” He held my face and kissed my forehead as I wailed, nearly drowning out his words and the wet slaps against the desk. My arms lost purchase on his shoulders. The climax took everything out of me.

Everett held under my thighs, picking me up. I leaned against him as he walked us toward a small couch against the far wall. I whimpered at the loss of him when he laid me across the cushions. He towered over me. The band of his boxers trapped his cock, leaving the glistening tip pressed against his stomach. He teased them off, the fabric sliding and bunching over the cut of his waist and the muscles of his thighs.

“You look fairly relaxed,” he mused. Every piece of my being felt liquified. There was no strength behind anything. I smiled as he eased onto the couch. The metal frame groaned

against his added weight. “More?” he asked, kissing up my stomach and chest. I bit my lip as he sucked my nipple into his mouth. I trailed my hands over the soft skin of his sides and shoulders.

“Yes, please,” I whined. His hand kneaded my breast with a firm, pleasurable grip. Long pulls of his mouth over my breast made my hips buck under him. I craved the feel of him elsewhere. I wanted that unbearably full sensation. “Everett, I need you inside me.” My hands gripped his wild green mess of hair. He didn’t answer or even move from his spot; he continued to swirl his tongue against my skin. “I want to feel you, please, Ev—”

His hips jerked forward, and he sank his cock inside me to punishing depths. He released my breasts and looked down at me. I screamed as he fucked me harder. The couch protested the movement, and tears welled as his cock continued to push the limits of my pussy.

“I know, baby,” he patronized before circling his hand around my throat. He tilted my hips, and I thought he couldn’t possibly get deeper. “Whose pussy is this?”

“Yours,” I choked out from behind his grip.

“Not my name,” he grunted as his hips smacked my flesh harder.

“God, please!” I cried, feeling the heat return as my stomach tightened.

“I like that one.” He drove my hips higher. “Eyes on me when you come, Sienna.” I clawed at his forearm, the sensation feeling different from the last. Looking at him was a cosmic collision; Mars met Neptune and everything fell away.

I gave him all of me. Coming for Everett was rhapsodic. Every space between us was damp with evidence of what he did to me. Little energy remained, but I used him as motivation. I moved my hands against his chest and pushed. His brow furrowed as his grip relaxed and he let me sit up.

“Are you okay?” he asked. I sat on my knees and directed his shoulders toward the back of the couch. “Do I need to

stop?” I didn’t answer, instead straddling his lap and taking him fully. “Sienna,” he whispered, taking my face in his hands and kissing me. His fingers caught small sections of my hair. I rolled my hips, taking his length over and over. His tongue swept over mine and I moaned. My fingers shifted over his chest, his collarbones smooth and sharp beneath them. “Stay with me tonight,” he whined, and his abs tightened.

Without giving it more thought, I circled his throat like he had held mine. My hand was small in comparison to his neck, but he didn’t fight me on it. His eyes widened and his hold moved to my hips. I rode him harder as he relaxed against the couch. He whimpered a plea, and his cheeks reddened. *He’s so pretty when he blushes.*

“Come in me, Everett,” I rasped. I held his jaw open with my other hand, leaned forward, and spit in his mouth. He muttered a curse, and I sealed the action with a kiss. Fire rose in my chest as arousal dripped down my thighs. His cock twitched, and he slammed my hips down. His chest vibrated with a groan. Pulling me by the back of my neck, he held me against his chest as hot cum spilled inside me. Kisses peppered my hair and the side of my face.

His chest rose higher with each breath he took. Cum ran down my leg, and I tried to sit back so I didn’t get it on him.

“Wait,” he instructed, not letting me get far. He slid his hand between us and used a finger to wipe it off. I expected him to tell me to lick it clean or open my mouth. Instead, he traced something onto my chest. “E...” He went back between my legs, and this time he rubbed over my clit before coming back to my chest. “V...” *Ev. His.*

He branded me with his cum. *Twice.*

## CHAPTER 7



*Everett*

## SIENNA SLUMPED AGAINST MY CHEST,

and her head moved with each breath of mine. She was quiet, and I worried if it was a good thing or if I'd gone too far. I couldn't recall the last time I'd written my name on a girl, let alone with my cum. It was a bit frightening that I felt so much right now, that I didn't want to fuck this up. I would give up everything tonight was working toward if it meant I'd spend it with her.

“Everett?” she mumbled, and her lips grazed my skin.

“Yeah, baby?” I whispered as I stroked my fingers through her hair and pushed strands out of her face.

“Are we allowed to be in here?”

I rolled my lips to keep from laughing because, no. We certainly were not allowed to fuck on every surface of this makeshift break room and office. I couldn't tell her that though. I didn't want her to worry that she did something wrong.

“It's fine,” I offered her instead, keeping my voice hushed as I massaged her neck. “But we should get dressed. I want to take you somewhere, and I'm sure your friends have noticed your absence by now.” Her hands pushed into my stomach as she sat up. Her hair was evidence enough we fucked.

*It feels like more than just fucking.*

“You want to take me somewhere?” Her eyebrows pinched in confusion. “Like a date?”

“I think we might’ve gone a little out of order, but I’d still like to spend the night with you.” Her cheeks reddened, and I swept my fingers over them to feel their warmth. “Here,” I said, standing and setting her back on the couch.

I walked to the desk and grabbed my boxers and pants, sliding them on before gathering all her clothes. I looked around the room, my eyes scanning the floor for the hair ties. I found them on the desk and slid them onto my wrist. Making my way back to Sienna, I laid out her clothes and started getting her dressed: bra, shirt, hoodie, leggings.

“Um, where’s my thong?” she asked, looking for the red lace. I straightened and pushed my hand into my pocket. The soft, stringy pair threaded between my fingers, and her eyes widened. “You can’t keep those!” She lunged, laughing as she tried to swipe them from my grasp. I caught her by the throat, cradling gently and only enough to get her attention back on me.

*I love it when she looks at me like that.*

“Stay with me tonight, and you can have them back after you kiss me goodbye.” My chest tightened, but I didn’t let my grin falter. Goodbye wasn’t in my plans. I wanted to see her again. And again.

“Okay, but my friends will probably bug you—”

“No offense, but I don’t care about your friends right now. I want to do things with *you*, and only you.” Her eyes narrowed, but her playfulness remained.

“Fine, we can go on rides, eat all the food, and go through haunted houses.” She stuck her hand out. “We can have a little date, but I want those back. They’re a really nice pair.” My hand engulfed hers and I shoved the underwear back inside my pocket. She thought she was getting a regular night out.

*Sweet Sienna, how delusional. You’re going to come and scream my name all night long.*

“Turn around,” I instructed, and she did so. I moved my fingers through her thick hair, effectively finger combing what knots and tangles I could. Parting a line down the center, I divided one side into three small sections at the front. Crossing those sections, I picked up smaller sections as I continued to cross them again.

“Are you braiding my hair?” Her voice was soft and hesitant.

“I messed it up; the least I can do is fix it.” I crossed more sections until I got to where she originally had her hair up. It was too short to continue past that point. Starting the other side the same way, I heard her breath hitch.

“When did you learn to braid hair?”

“This is potentially embarrassing, but I have a younger sister. And I don’t mean just a couple years, either. I just turned twenty, but Flora will be seven in December,” I explained as I picked up extra sections and weaved them through my fingers. “My mom works really hard, and a few years ago, my parents split. My sister was about to start school and she has so much hair, it’s ridiculous.” I tied the band around her second pigtail and sat beside her. “Well, my mom needed to pick up more shifts to make up for it. Which meant she wasn’t there in the mornings for most of the week. For had a meltdown once because I couldn’t braid like Mom. While she was at school, I watched as many videos online as I could find.”

“For?” Her head tilted in confusion, and her newly-tied hair bounced with the motion.

“Oh, that’s what we call her.” I ran a hand up the back of my neck and felt my face warm. “When she was little, like toddler age,” I said, motioning with my hand just a few feet from the ground. “She was just learning how to speak, and you know kids—they always speak cute gibberish. Well, we were teaching her how to say her name, but she just kept saying it like *Fora*.” Sienna chuckled, covering her mouth as she moved her head back and forth.

“That’s so cute, Ev.” My chest bloomed with heat when she said my name.

“She really is. When she got a little older, she started to call me Ever. She’d run around the house singing “*For and Ever! I love you, forever!*” Mom would get a kick out of it, so to that little stinker, I’m Ever and she’s For.” Sienna looked at me with awe. Those crystal eyes were round and wide, a little misty in the corners. She leaned into me, her mouth just a breath away.

“Let’s get going.”

---

**I FOLLOWED** Sienna out of the last hallway in the clown house. Crisp breezes enveloped us; it was vastly different to the heat we created in the small office quarters. She looked at her phone and tapped on the bright glass. When her head popped back up, she started scanning the people around us.

“Vera said Cody and Shawn are finishing on the Hurl Blaster; they’re eating nachos.” Her hands dove into the pocket of the hoodie, and she looked down at the ground.

“Little Fox,” I teased, lifting her chin for her gaze to meet mine. “Don’t be shy around me, please.” The breeze moved between us again, and her shoulders shook.

“Aren’t you cold?” she asked, looking me up and down.

“You started a fire not easily extinguished. I’ll be fine.”  
*Hopefully.*

I reached into her pocket and removed one of her tiny hands. My fingers traced along hers and over her knuckles, playing with the smoothness of her skin. She giggled and twitched at the tickling sensation.

“Can we get some cotton candy? Or maybe a funnel cake?” she asked, lacing her fingers into mine and giving a little squeeze. She batted her large, round eyes. *Sly little fox.*

“Anything here that you want is yours. My favorite cotton candy stand is this way.” I pulled her down the exit division of the service road, running only slightly to avoid James catching a glimpse of me. Her feet clapped against the pavement, and I looked back to see the biggest smile she’d worn since I first saw her by Rocket.

*Did she smile enough today before finding me?*

I felt a tug on my arm.

“Why are we running?” She laughed and tried to move faster beside me. I pulled her off the path by the overhanging trees. Her hip popped as she shifted her weight and leaned against the rail. She took in a few deep breaths, and the rising of her chest shifted the strings of her hoodie. “Ev?” I looked up when she called my name, realizing I ignored her question because I was distracted. *Again.*

“If I get caught then the fun stops.” I stepped forward, pressing my body against hers. I wanted to have her again. I wanted to break her body and devour her. She was perfect, and I wasn’t letting her go. I traced her throat with my fingers. “And you are far too fun to give up.”

Her throat bobbed as she swallowed.

*It’s going to look so beautiful when she chokes on my cock later.*

I moved my hand to hers, pulling us away before I bent her over the railing. Sienna’s attention flitted between people walking by and rides hanging over the avenue. The lights from food stations and hanging decorations reflected in her eyes like a kaleidoscope. A special universe swirled inside them, and I wanted to be lost to her. A piece to her totality.

“Ev?” Her small voice broke through my thoughts. I blinked and refocused.

“Yes?”

“Where do you go when you get like that?” Her eyebrows furrowed, and her hand squeezed mine. A smile spread on my face, and before I got caught up in her again, I answered.

“You. I get lost in everything I see and feel where you’re concerned.” Her eyebrows rose a fraction. “I can’t get enough of you. I *won’t* get enough. This night will always be too short.” I looked away before her face could fall or she decided to answer. If she wanted to reject me completely, I didn’t want to hear it now. I felt like a prince waiting for the stroke of midnight when everything resumed its meaningless purpose.

I eyed the cotton candy station we initially set out for and tucked Sienna into my side. The line wasn’t terrible, but instead of creating a moment for conversation, I avoided the elephant sitting on our chests and hugged her tight. I squeezed the back of her neck, lightly massaging the tense muscles by the base of her head. A woman struggled with multiple bags of the spun sugar and party prizes before stepping away to eager kids. Sienna sighed against my chest and relaxed into my grip. Her mouth parted, and her eyes closed. A tight grip wrinkled my shirt. I leaned forward, pressing my lips against—

“Next!” the cashier called, breaking our trance just as my lips brushed hers.

*Mmm, fuck.*

“What flavor, baby?” I asked, opting to kiss her nose instead.

“Blue, please,” she answered, and I chuckled.

“Blue isn’t a flavor, little one.” She rolled her eyes and walked up to the kiosk.

“Hi!” Her voice was fresh and bright.

“What can we get for you guys tonight?” he asked. I stayed back and watched her. I wanted to detail every little thing I could because despite my pleas to the stars, I knew how this would end. Her hip shifted, and she leaned against the low counter. *Hmm.*

“Cotton candy, please! The all-blue bag!” Her pigtails bounced when she reached up, standing on her tiptoes, to point out the bag she wanted. As I glanced over the row of hanging bags, I saw it was the last all blue left. I pulled out my phone and took the empty space to her side.

“Okay, that’ll be four-seventy-five, ma’am.” Double-clicking the side button, I waved my phone over the terminal. It chimed as the man passed the bag through the window. I clicked the buttons, watching her undo the tie and open the bag.

She pinched off a piece of the blue fluff and stuck her hand in my face. “Thank you,” she said sweetly. Her cheeks were high, teeth on display with her perfectly uneven smile. Bending slightly, I took her fingers between my teeth with care and swiped my tongue through them. The sugar dissolved as I brushed against her skin. She was sweeter.

“You’re welcome,” I said. My thumb traced over her bottom lip, pulling it from between her teeth. “Can I take you somewhere, or do you need to see your friends?”

“You can take me anywhere, Everett.”

*Gods above, I’m never going to recover from the way she says my name.*

---

**“SO, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?”**

she asked for the third time. Her bag of cotton candy had been eaten by two-thirds, solely at her destruction. Sienna’s mouth turned a subdued shade of blue, bordering purple with the pinkness of her lips.

“I’m still not telling you,” I teased. When we turned the corner, the mirrored attraction came into view. Glancing around the bricked alleyway, I spotted a bench. “I need you to sit there and wait for me.” She squinted her eyes at the cold metal structure, and her lips pursed when she looked back at me.

“Okay, sure. Why not?” She sauntered off away from me and sat on the bench without any fuss. She stuck her hand back in the bag, and I turned my attention back to Mirrors of Horror. I moved fast but controlled my excitement as best I could when I approached the booth.

“Anthony,” I greeted with a whimsical tone. His eyes narrowed and the corner of his mouth lifted.

“Ev, now this is interesting,” he mused as I looked away from his stare and cleared my throat. “What can I help you with?”

“Well.” I brushed my hand through my hair. “Can I get one of the blankets y’all use with the mirrors?” His smirk grew, and he bit the inside of his cheek. “And also, how much to buy off an hour or so inside, uninterrupted?” He barked out a laugh on the last request.

“You know what?” He looked around behind me. In the general direction of Sienna, he cocked his head with assumption. “Fuck it, seventy-five. The last group just went. I keep a few blankets in the office. Here.” He threw me his keys, and I caught them in mid-air.

“Just like that?”

“I was twenty-something once. I gotta say, I regret not being this creative.” I fist-bumped his shoulder as I passed him and unlocked the discreet door. As he said, there were a few large blankets sitting on a small table. I grabbed one and locked it back before running out to the front entrance. I threw the blanket on his counter and tossed his keys back.

“I owe you!” I called, running back to Sienna. I opened my phone and pulled up a cash transfer. Selecting Anthony’s username, I typed in the amount and hit send before coming to a stop in front of her.

“Oh, you have to stop scaring me!” she shouted, clutching the nearly annihilated spun sugar to her chest.

“Come on, quick.” I reached out and pulled her from the bench. Her run was awkward and uncoordinated as she stammered in confusion. When I dragged her up the stairs, I took the bag and dropped it with Anthony. I replaced the treat with the blanket, and she huffed in astonishment. “It’ll be there when we’re done.” I guided her toward the entrance and leaned down to her ear, brushing my fingers against the back of her neck. “Run, my Little Fox.” I pushed her shoulders



delicately and without question, she took off into the maze of winding mirrored hallways.

I counted the beats of my heart as it hammered against my chest. If she didn't get too lost, the maze would dump her in the center of the building, a massive room covered in mirrors from floor to ceiling. The only way out was to find the hidden hallway along the oddly-angled walls.

After a few minutes, I stepped over the threshold.

"Have fun, kid," Anthony called before closing the door behind me. I rested my shoulder against the left wall and walked on, watching the ground. I followed the maze outline, turning from the dead ends and continuing toward the center. The last hallway I felt my way down opened up to the center room.

And there she was.

Sienna stood in the middle of the expansive space, but she didn't try to leave. She looked around, following the different reflections. She stopped when she spotted me in one of the mirrors.

"Ev?" Her back was to me, but she faced the mirror as if I stood over there.

"Not there," I teased. She looked around for another mirror that I stood in. She took a step to her left this time, and I moved farther inside. "Not there either." She turned again, but I side-stepped her. Averting my gaze from the chaos of the side walls, I looked up to the mirrored ceiling as a guide and walked toward her.

Her back was to me when she let her sass slip. She crossed her arms over her chest and cocked her head to the side. "It's not fun when I can't find you." Her eyebrows drew up and her beautiful, red-smudged lips turned into a pout. I fought the urge to laugh. Sienna wanted things *her* way, always.

"Bit bratty, are we?" I said, gripping the back of her neck. "Strip." I released her and unfolded the blanket off to our side. She kicked off her shoes and pulled the hem of the hoodie over her head. The shirt she wore rode up her stomach. She

discarded it next, following with her leggings and reaching behind her back for her bra. “Wait,” I objected. “Come here first.”

She took my outstretched hand, and I sat her in front of the closest mirror. She pulled her knees up, watching as I stood behind her. Kicking off my shoes, I popped the belt and shed my pants and shirt. I sat behind her, caging her between my legs. She rested against me and looked up.

“Hi,” she said nervously, reminiscent of the clown house.

“Hi,” I soothed, gliding my fingers down her cheek and along her jaw. “You remember the safeword?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl,” I praised. I stole a kiss; all that damned sugar spread across my tongue. She was sickeningly sweet, and I willed myself to pull away. “Spread your legs for me.” She did as she was told, her eyes still locked on mine. I held her chin, turning her face so she could watch herself. My hand trailed down her thigh. “You keep your eyes here,” I whispered as I slid my fingers through her center. In the mirror, I saw her fixate on my touch. “Perfect.”

“Everett,” she moaned. I pressed my cock against her back, ready to sink myself deep inside her. Her panting knotted my chest. My large hand captured her throat. I circled her clit as she flexed her fists.

“Sienna,” I hissed. “You drive me insane.” I pushed a finger inside teasingly, giving her no release or friction. “Since I first saw you tonight, you’ve been the only thought in my fucking head.” I spread her slickness more. Her breath caught, but her eyes didn’t leave. She continued watching me finger-fuck her. My nose pressed against her temple. “What do you see, baby?” I hooked two fingers inside her dripping pussy and pumped in and out.

“Please,” she begged.

“What do you see, Sienna?”

“Ruin,” she moaned again. Her thighs quaked as I continued. “You’re ruining me for anyone else.” I felt her

clamp down around me.

“I see...,” I whispered before looking at her in the mirror. I tilted her head until her eyes met mine. I thrust my fingers into her deeper. “I can see myself loving you, Sienna. Falling for you. Keeping you,” I breathed by her ear. Her hips bucked against my hand, but she was pinned against me. “You’re mine, do you understand?”

“Yes,” she cried. Her back arched against my hold with wide eyes blown with lust.

“Mine, mine, *mine*,” I chanted softly as she fell apart. I settled my head on top of hers. “Baby...” She screamed as her cum flooded my hand. She felt like silk, and my cock ached to be inside her. “You’re everything, Sienna. Perfection.” I withdrew my fingers and let her taste dance over my tongue.

*So much better than fucking cotton candy.*

“I need more of you, Everett.” Her small hand brushed my cheek.

“Knees,” I urged. She moved her languid body away from mine, leaving my skin cooler and my heart missing her touch. Folding her legs under, her ass perched on her heels. I glanced around the mirrors and committed every angle of her like this to memory.

I thumbed the band of my boxers and slid them over my hips. Sienna watched, and her tongue slid along her bottom lip. I wanted that tongue wrapped around my cock as she swallowed me. Kicking them to the side, I stepped behind her. If she turned around, I’d have my wish. I ran a hand over her head and twisted her hair around my finger.

“All fours,” I corrected. She placed her hands on the covered floor and arched her back. I groaned, stroking myself; the sight of her in the glow of the red lights turned me feral. I traced the length of her spine, and she twitched in response. When I lowered myself behind her, she pushed her ass back, expecting my cock.

I traced her exposed pussy, and she sighed before laying her head down. Her toes flexed when my fingers pushed

inside. *So hot, so wet.* I ran my tongue along her and pressed it flat before swirling over her tight ass. *Holy fucking sin.*

“Oh, Ev,” she panted. “Please, don’t stop.” I gripped the backside of her thigh, keeping her close to me. I didn’t want to stop, *ever.* I curled my fingers against her walls at the same time. Her back arched higher as her pussy tightened around me. She shook, reduced to whimpers as her climax took over, leaving a creamy mess of cum coating my fingers.

“I think this is my favorite way to have you,” I confessed. I added a third finger and continued to stretch her as I lapped over her slowly. “And I know you don’t want it to end—” Another trace over her sensitive flesh. “—but if I don’t bury my dick inside your desperate cunt right now, I’m gonna go mad.”

I let myself enjoy her ass one last time before I straightened and withdrew without notice. I thrust hard, taking her drenched pussy all at once to a brutal depth. Her silky warmth sent a shiver down my spine.

“*Fuck,*” I exclaimed at the same time she wailed. Her hands gripped the blanket tight, and her cheeks glistened from tears. I set an unrelenting pace, and my thighs stung as I connected with her flesh. Her cries, the slap of our bodies, her softness in my hands—I was ready to come undone. My cock twitched, but I tried to push the need down. I didn’t want this feeling to stop. “Oh, my fucking, *fuck—*” She came suddenly, and an entire galaxy burst behind my eyes.

“I want your cum again, please,” she begged. Her voice was hoarse, and it dripped with desperation.

My cum belonged deep inside her.

And what Sienna wanted, Sienna got.

Heat shot up my back when I buried myself inside her, filling her completely as her pussy squeezed and squeezed. “Milk the fuck out of me, baby.” A shiver wracked my body, and we both lost our remaining energy. Sienna dropped out of my hold, and I followed her path, catching myself just before I

crushed her. I kissed up the valley of her spine. Her sweat-slicked skin tasted delicious.

“Where did...,” she trailed off. “Why...” She took a deep breath and pooled all her strength to look up at me. “Where the fuck did you come from?” My head dropped between her shoulder blades, and I lost myself to laughter. I lay beside her and held her close.

“I’m not sure, baby,” I started, “but I’m so glad I found you on the way.”

---

**SIENNA PULLED** her hoodie on as I finished fastening my pants. She leaned against the mirror, completely depleted. I folded the blanket and stowed it away behind the employee access spot in the wall of mirrors. When I faced her again, she wore a sleepy smile that complimented her heavy-lidded gaze. She was hot as fuck like this, and I wanted to be the reason she looked this way all the time.

I took casual steps toward her; the sleepy smile grew wider and her want to shy away was a visible battle on her face. She broke eye contact when I reached her. My finger hooked the pocket of her hoodie, and I pulled her into me. The cutest giggle escaped her, and she kept her head resting at my chest.

“How are you feeling?” I asked, stroking my hands up and down her body.

“I feel,” she wondered, pausing to play around with her thoughts. “I feel like I’m dreaming.” Her hands flattened against my abdomen and felt their way around me for a snug embrace. “I question if you’re real.”

I tipped her chin up, forcing her to meet my gaze again. She bit her lip, and when I wrapped my fingers around her throat, her eyes lit up. I carefully pulled her onto her toes as I bent part of the way to meet her lips. She was decadent. Every kiss, every touch, was better than the last. Her mouth molded

to mine like we were two halves, separated and frantic to find the other.

I coaxed her lips apart, sliding my tongue over the edge of her teeth and swiping across hers. She entertained my games, moving back and forth with me as I pushed the kiss deeper and deeper. *I should breathe at some point.* She moaned and it vibrated through me. I couldn't let her go. I wanted to be this close to her all day, every day. I wanted to waste away kissing Sienna. It would be the best way to perish.

Her tongue slid into my mouth, and I nipped at her intrusion. She withdrew, and I briefly broke the kiss, gasping a breath before I brought her back to me. I took her bottom lip between my teeth, craving to draw blood with a bite. I released her instead, pushing her back the slightest bit to stare down into eyes that would haunt me for the rest of my life. Her panting came fast and mixed with mine.

"I'm real," I promised, my voice thick with lust and need. "I'm real, and I'll never belong to anyone else," I murmured. I could promise that. No matter how it ended, there would be no one else capable of captivating me to such a degree. "Do you want to see what I have planned next?" I moved my fingers along her jaw.

"Will there be more of those kisses?"

"Every minute, if that's what you want."

"More sex in haunted houses?" Her eyebrow raised with that question.

"I can't promise anything for at least another hour. You're running me ragged." I laughed and kissed her nose. "But yes, I'd like to fill that pretty pussy at least one more time before the night's over." Her cheeks pushed higher with excitement. It was the prettiest crooked smile and the only thing I wanted to see for the rest of the evening.

"Okay, I'm convinced." She batted her eyelashes, and I shook my head.

"Do you want me to carry you? You can rest until our next round." I pressed a kiss to her forehead, enjoying the scent of

her shampoo. *She even smells pretty.*

“Yes, please,” she answered. “I don’t know if I can take walking the grounds, riding the rides and *you* over and over.”

I palmed the backside of her thighs and lifted her against me. Her ankles crossed at the small of my back, and she nestled her head in the base of my neck. I took a moment to enjoy how she felt in my arms. I tamped down the thoughts surfacing that knew this was fleeting.

The night wasn’t over.

“Have you been on the carousel recently?” I asked to break up the sadness creeping in. I kissed the top of her hair and started walking out of the mirrored maze. Leaning against the wall, I moved more carefully given Sienna was in my arms.

“Uh, I haven’t, but what are you doing?” She laughed.

“It’s how you get out without getting stuck or busting your nose. The trick to a mirror maze is to follow one side and make the same turns. There are only so many dead ends; you’ll get to the end faster.” I kept moving, making the turns and bringing us closer to the end. I pushed our hour, and Anthony would let new patrons in soon.

“How do you know all this?” Her fingers swirled little patterns against my shirt.

“I’ve been a little obsessed with this kind of stuff for a while now. The last thing you want to do as an employee is get trapped inside your own fun house.” I made the final turn and found the exit hall. It was dimly lit, the red lights faded as I pursued the door. “Did you have fun?”

“I’ve never had more fun, honestly.” She yawned after, and I tucked her against me tighter. I put my back against the push bar and opened the metal door to the crisp breeze. “Do you like your job?”

“What an interesting question considering this is my first day and I’ve spent the majority of my night doing so many wretched, sleazy things to you.” I moved my hands to her ass and squeezed for added emphasis. “Earlier in my day, yes, I did enjoy it a lot. I think it’s fun to incite controlled chaos. The

connections I've made with coworkers are equally amazing. They're some of the best people I've ever met." I walked to the front, catching Anthony's attention. He pointed to the cotton candy bag, but it seemed to slip Sienna's mind so I shook my head. He gave me a nod, and I started for the next attraction.

"What are you looking forward to next year?"

"You don't wanna know what I'm doing this winter?" I countered.

"Nah, the year's practically done. What's your goal next year?" She snuggled in closer, and I adjusted my hold on her. No one cared to pay close attention to us; there were far weirder sights moving through the crowd. In this pavilion, trending pop music played through the speakers instead of the Halloween soundtrack.

"Well..." I trailed off. There was so much that I looked forward to next year, but it was hard to single out one thing. "I'd say college."

"You said you just turned twenty?"

"Yeah," I answered. "I couldn't go straight to a university after I graduated. My mom's never been in a position to afford payments or loans, so I put it off. Decided to go to community college first, you know? Simple associate's degree, work where I could. Managed to land some really good scholarships, like fucking fantastic support." I smiled, thinking about moving into the dorms for spring semester.

"That sounds amazing, Ev."

"It is. I know it is," I hesitated.

"But?" she asked, lifting her head.

"But I'm worried about Flora. She hasn't lived without me, and Mom works so hard. I'm concerned she'll feel alone, like I chose to leave her. Everyone looks forward to college, and as the older sibling, you're so ready to be free, you know?" She nodded in response. "But you don't realize that you're leaving someone who's never lived without you. I went how many



years without a little sister? She's counted on me every day for seven years."

"I don't know many things, but I'm certain she won't feel like you chose to leave her. Everyone wishes their siblings were half as considerate as you." She sat up quickly and looked around. Not finding what she searched for, she rested against my shoulder again.

"Everything okay?"

"Oh, yeah. It's nothing."

I looked around the shops and stands that filled the walkway. There was another cotton candy vendor, but she would have mentioned wanting another bag. She didn't ask to play games when we walked to Mirrors of Horror. My nose caught it before my eyes. *Cinnamon. Was she excited for a cinnamon roll?* I looked down at her face, but she didn't betray her thoughts.

*After-orgasm treat then.*

The familiar chime of carousel music made its way to us. The large ride spun as the decorative horses moved up and down. There wasn't a crowd waiting in line, and gathered bystanders were sparse. I patted Sienna's ass before sliding her down my body and steadying her.

"You ready?" I asked, holding out my hand. She placed hers in mine cautiously, and a knowing smile crept over her face.

"What exactly should I be ready for, Everett?" She let me guide her to the empty turnstile. No one was in line before us, and there were very few riders on the current round.

"Just your every day, run-of-the-mill carousel, baby." I flashed her a toothy grin.

"Oh, I'm positive this is going to be anything but a normal ride." She dropped her weight to one side, leaning her hip against the metal railing.

"Are you aware that you do that every time?" I asked, pointing to the contact.

“Do what?”

“Relax and lean on *everything*.” Her eyebrows scrunched at my observation, and she laughed.

“I do not,” she protested. “I just get...*comfortable*.” Her cheeks flushed, and I bit at my bottom lip.

“You do lean, for one,” I corrected, molding my hand to her pretty little neck. “And for two, that blush is the sexiest shade of red.” I groaned with desperation. I drew her to me, crushing my mouth to hers.

Her hands wrapped in my shirt and brought me closer. I licked along her lips until her mouth parted. She dipped her tongue under mine, causing a chill to roll down my neck. I pressed into her harder, and we braced ourselves against the railing. She wasn't close enough. I needed more of her.

I grabbed under her ass and set her on the rail, draping her legs over my hips and bringing her flush against me. She moaned as I mapped every corner of her mouth. Breaking the kiss slightly, she wrapped her lips around my tongue and sucked its length as she retreated.

“Why is your tongue so fucking long?” she asked breathlessly.

“Because it was made to devour your pussy,” I stated. Bracing her to my chest, I rasped, “I wasn't done tasting you, Sienna.”

“The carousel stopped,” she murmured. Her eyes flicked above my shoulder, and I glanced back to see the few riders starting to disembark and head toward the exit.

“Even better,” I said, tugging her off the rail and through the entry gate. I helped her onto the platform and followed as she looked over every option. She walked up to a black and white horse decorated with gold reins and bulbs. She started to get on when I hooked her jacket. “Inner ring of horses, baby.”

“Why?” She raised her eyebrow and looked around, but no one else was here.

“I guess you’ll find out if you listen. Pick one in the inner ring.” I kept a stern but playful tone, daring her to go against my wishes. It would be to her disappointment, but I hoped she’d find a new seat because I craved to feel her cum slick my fingers again.

“Fine,” she huffed. She sped down the walkway and stopped at a beige horse with green reins and white trimmings. “You know, the ones on the outside are faster.” Her lip stuck out in a pout, and my eyes narrowed at the audacity. I picked her up and set her in the fashioned saddle. Instead of letting her straddle the seat, I set her sideways so she faced me. This horse stopped while it was in the air, and it positioned her just under my height. I massaged her hips and waited for the attendant to start the ride.

“You’re so whiny when you don’t get what you want,” I accused as she looked around us and then over the horse to the floor.

“Is this what the world looks like for you?” she asked, and I nodded. My hand twitched in anticipation. “How tall are you?”

“Uh, I measured around six-three for one of the costumes the other week.” I shrugged. “You? I’m gonna guess.” I paused and made a dramatic gesture of measuring random areas of her limbs with my hands. “Short?”

“I’m not short. You’re just stupid tall.” She laughed, and a whirring of gears drowned it out as the horse jerked and started to dip. The rotation started slowly, and the world began to blur.

“Finally,” I whispered. Stepping between her legs, I gripped the pole and leaned close to her ear. “Are you ready, Little Fox?” As we moved forward, she went up and down while brushing against me.

“We can’t have sex here; people will see us,” she whispered in a panic.

“I’m not fucking you on a moving horse, baby. I’m good, but that’s a feat in and of itself.” I laughed at the thought and

slipped my hand inside her pants. “Lean in close. The music is loud, but you’re capable of breaking glass, so shh,” I hushed.

My teeth sank into my bottom lip as I bit back a groan.

She was soaked, but it was a mixture of her arousal and *me*.

“You’re so full of my cum,” I whispered, stealing touches in time with the horse’s movement. She shuddered when I grazed her clit, moaning into my shoulder. “Your cunt’s dripping it onto my hand.” I teased her more. She huffed and whined as the carousel took her pussy away from my fingers. She rose higher and I pushed in through the slick mess. I caressed her G-spot until the ride lowered her again, and I let her slip through my hand.

“Please, Everett,” she begged. Her knuckles whitened as she death-gripped the pole.

“What does my baby want?”

“I wanna come, please.” Her head moved up and down my chest. The friction pulled shorter strands of hair out of her braid. She jerked when I thrust into her, calling out strangled pleas. I followed the motion of the carousel horse and didn’t let it break our contact.

“Sienna,” I breathed. She moved her hand up the pole and laced her fingers between mine. I circled her clit faster, and her shoulders quaked. “You break so beautifully.”

“It’s too much. I can’t.”

“But you’re so pretty when you cry for me.” I kissed her forehead when she came back up and slowed my movements.

“Everett,” she whined.

“You said you couldn’t do it anymore.”

“No, no. I can.” She paused. I continued to finger-fuck her slowly, letting the cycle of the ride give and take from her.

“You still want more?” She looked up then and nodded her head. Her eyes were red-rimmed and glossy with tears. I stroked her clit, waiting for her to crumble as her thighs

twitched. “Beg me, Sienna. I want to hear you beg me like the good little slut I know you are.”

“Please, Ev, I need more. I want you. Please, make me come again.”

The first word was enough for me, and the follow-up cracked my chest open and let every feeling I saw myself crafting for her in. She would never truly belong to anyone else. I pressed my thumb against her harder and brushed against that sweet spot capable of—

“*Fuck—*” Sienna screamed into my chest. *That.* She throbbed and pulsed, soaking me and muttering nonsense. I released the pole and held the waistband back. I wasn’t losing a single drop of our mixed release. The ride slowed, and her horse stuttered to a stop.

“Lick it,” I whispered, urging her to look up. I held my hand in the air, the back facing her and my palm facing me. She leaned forward and I followed her, dragging my tongue along the opposite side of my parted fingers. The salty and sweet taste made my mouth water as our tongues brushed together in the center.

*This is my forever.*

## CHAPTER 8

## *Sienna*

**I WAS BLISSSED** out of my mind, and severely in over my head.

Everett came out of nowhere, a force I wasn't prepared for. Standing beside him now, I wasn't sure I'd ever be prepared for what I felt between us. There was no harm indulging in your fantasies and desires, but this wasn't feasible for the long term. His infatuation with me was just that, a high he chased for the moment.

"Baby?" His worried tone pushed aside my rambling thoughts. We were in the middle of the pavilion, and actors were working the crowd and moving through the shadowed corners. Screams filled the air, along with the scents of greasy food, sugared treats, and buttery popcorn. The lights were bright against the darkened sky, and the decorations added to a sense of disorientation as a few fixtures strobed. "Sienna," he whispered, taking my face in his hands and forcing me to focus on him. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I squeaked out. I wasn't. I was on the verge of a panic attack, trying to shield myself from inevitable heartbreak.

"Let's get you something to eat, yeah? We'll go do something relaxing, and you can check in with your friends. Sound good?" He kissed my temple and released me.

His arm draped over my shoulders, and he tucked me into his side as he started walking to the bakery. I perked up at the

sight of the cinnamon rolls lining the display case in the window.

*How did he know this was what I wanted most tonight?* I almost forgot about it between the clown house, mirrors, and the random deviation to the carousel. The bakeries closed earlier than the other food vendors and rides.

He reached in front of me to open the door. Ushering me inside, he grabbed my hand and placed us at the back of the formed line. It was bright inside with the fluorescent lights, and kids were yelling around sticky mouthfuls of pastry at the few tables.

“So, one or two? Do you want to share? Do you want a dozen for yourself?” He cut me a glance with a playful smile.

“I don’t think I’d know what to do with myself if I had a dozen.” I laughed and continued, “I’ll be just fine with one. Unless you want to share? They’re pretty big.” I looked around the people standing in front of us. There were several rolls on a display stand, and they were in fact the largest fucking pastry I’d seen.

“The little fox wants one, the little fox gets one.” He rested his hand on my head, giving me a gentle pat. A couple walked away from the counter and we stepped forward. “Have you enjoyed yourself?” He didn’t look at me when he asked, his eyes continuing to scan the large menu board above the register.

I took a second to admire his features. His strong nose was slightly upturned. His ears pointed at the helix. Everett’s cupid’s bow sat on full lips that were kiss-bruised now. Long, thick lashes provided a dark frame around his round, hooded eyes.

*He’s so pretty.*

“Hmm?” He looked down at me then.

“Oh, nothing.”

“Well, have you?” His eyebrows pinched.



“Yes,” I said as we stepped forward. “I don’t think I’ve ever had a night comparable to this one. And—” I paused, averting my gaze. “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to step foot through these gates without thinking of you...of *us*.” His finger hooked under my chin. *He really likes that eye contact.*

“I don’t want you to think of anyone else, ever. It’s only you and me.” His eyes flicked between mine. “I want to be the only thing you think about, day or night. Grocery store, dry cleaners, theme park, I want you to look at everything around you and think to yourself: how would Everett fuck me here?”

He leaned in to steal another kiss, and I started to close my eyes as his lips brushed mine.

“Ahem,” someone cleared their throat. I turned my head toward the sound and saw a younger man holding sugar-covered tongs. His mouth was pinched together, and his cheeks were warm.

Twice now Everett had been interrupted.

“Hi,” he deadpanned, approaching the counter. I stayed a step behind him. “I would like one cinnamon roll,” he started. Then to me, he asked, “Cream cheese or regular frosting, baby?”

“Regular, thank you.”

“Regular frosting, and then can I get a cup of center swirls?” Everett took his phone out again.

“Anything else?” the guy asked. His nametag read Christopher.

“Two glasses of milk should finish it up.” He waited for him to finish keying in the order, and when Christopher read out the total, he waved his phone over the terminal. “All set,” he called back to me.

“Thank you, guys. Enjoy the haunt!”

Everett laced his fingers with mine and led me out of the dining space.

“Where are we going?” I questioned, but I wasn’t going to stop him. Every place he planned for us ended in euphoria.

“Trust me?”

“Always,” I blurted before really giving it any thought. I met him a few hours ago; there was no reason to trust and blindly follow him.

He led me down a hallway to a space labeled for employees only. It was dimly lit and quiet. Brown boxes were stacked along one wall. They were marked with kitchen labels and barcodes. Only a fridge and a white round table took up the rest of the space. It stirred the same feelings from the first office we found ourselves alone in. *Off limits*.

“Before your mind runs away with assumptions, I didn’t bring you here to fuck you.” He sat against the edge of the table and lifted his hands in invitation. “Come here,” he whispered.

I walked over to him and settled between his thighs. His hands rested on my sides, and his fingers massaged in slow circles. Touching Everett was like letting in an uncontrolled blaze. Everything flushed and ached in the wake of his contact. I held my hands over his chest, enjoying the way he felt beneath me.

“Hi,” I greeted, looking up to him with a big smile.

“Hi,” he returned, leaning in to take that kiss from earlier. His grip was firm but pleasurable, where his lips were light and soft. “I wanted more of those,” he said, taking another. “And less assholes named Christian.” He brushed another kiss against me, and the thought of correcting the guy’s name died immediately.

“Everett, can I tell you something?” I asked. His hands skimmed my ribs. He hummed in response and pulled another slow kiss from me. My head spun. “I love kissing you,” I admitted. His first response was to trace his tongue along the seam of my mouth, followed by dragging his hands over my chest and up higher to cup my face.

“I love to kiss you.” He proved that point again before continuing, “I could kiss you all day—I *want* to.” He sighed against my parted lips. There was a shout for an order number,

but I couldn't focus on anything but him. "That's us. Let's get going. I have so much more I wanna do to your body." He slid away from me and left me with a chill.

Everett walked to the entryway, and he looked happy enough, but there was an echo of dejection.

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"OPEN," he said before stabbing a piece of my cinnamon roll onto my fork. I opened for the bite, the same way I'd done the last fifteen times he asked. We sat outside, and performers moved through to scare patrons and make their rounds. Everett sat with his back facing the avenue. After washing down the last bite, I asked something that had bugged me for the last hour.

"Aren't you expected to be somewhere?"

"What do you mean?" he questioned before scooping the last center out of his cup.

"Well, these scarers have worked in rounds. I saw that guy when we were getting cotton candy, and now he's here." I pointed to a burly man fashioned in a demon stag costume. Everett followed my hand but didn't take him in for long.

"I've got it covered." He shrugged like it wasn't a concern, so I let the topic go for the time being.

"Do you have any hobbies?" I asked, shifting the conversation. He scraped the walls of his cup and gathered the icing onto his spoon. He smirked when he put it in my face.

"Lick," he demanded. I swiped my tongue over the well of the spoon. "I do. I like to rebuild and restore cars. It takes time and money, but it's quite rewarding. I mostly work on cars for people I know, friends in need, that sort of thing." He gathered our trash and stood to dump it in the bin. "Would you like to see my favorite view?" His hand extended and his open palm invited me to take it. "Besides you, that is."

“You are insatiable,” I said, taking his hand. The metal chair scraped against the concrete when I stood up, and Ev wasted no time hauling me behind him as he ran. I had no idea where we were going, but I found that I didn’t care because I’d be with him.

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**“ARE YOU READY?”** Everett asked as he tugged on my lap belt. He’d taken us to the Ferris wheel.

“I don’t know. These things stop for a while, right?” There was a small bar in front of me and I grabbed it. We were a good way up, but not high enough to see over the entire park.

“Are you afraid of heights? I’m pretty sure I saw you getting off a roller coaster earlier.” He laughed it off, but he was almost correct.

“I’m not afraid of heights so long as we’re continuously moving. I’m scared of getting stuck and not being able to get back down.” He shot me a look, so I added, “There’s a difference. It’s true.”

“Well, I can guarantee that should a very unlikely event such as that occur, I will personally...yell out for help at least once?” He gave me a cheesy smirk, and I batted his chest with the back of my hand. When I rolled my eyes and turned to look over the edge of our basket, his fingers caught my chin and tilted me toward him. He moved in close.

“Yes?” I squeaked out.

“That did something to me. I’m not sure if it’s something good for you or something good for me.” His thumb parted my lips, and he pushed the tip inside. I wrapped my lips around him. “Do it again later. I want to see what my second reaction feels like.” He slipped his moistened thumb down my chin, and his nose circled the tip of mine.

“Yes, sir.”

I wanted to say more, but the ride jerked to a stop and sent me forward. I almost headbutted Everett in the process, but he steadied me against the back of our seat. My heart beat frantically between the feelings he drew out of me and the anticipation of the ride failing.

“You really don’t like this.” He chuckled before draping his arm over my shoulders. I relaxed a little more. He felt safe. Tightness formed in my chest at the attachment I was forming. “How about,” he said, intruding on my thoughts, “we play a game instead?”

“What kind of game?”

“Well, I’d like to know more about you. I’m captivated entirely.” His hand squeezed and massaged my shoulder as he spoke.

“Okay, I’ll bite.” I flinched when the ride jerked again. We were above the park enough that the immediate area beneath us looked like an ant farm. The horizon was still obstructed by the larger thrill rides.

“Hmm, what deep, dark secrets can I pull from sweet Sienna tonight,” he mused, playfully tapping his chin and looking away as if he actually contemplated cracking those stories open. “What did you dream about last night?” My face scrunched at the truly random question.

“Um, I was talking to a friend. But they weren’t recognizable, they were someone new. I guess, I couldn’t see them really. They were more like an entity or a feeling, not so much a solid being.” When I looked up, his eyes were squinted, and his face tilted in wonder as he listened to every word.

“What did they feel like?”

*You.*

“Kindness, safety, and warmth,” I whispered between us, unable to break eye contact.

“So, a friendly ghost then?” His grin widened.

“Everett!” I laughed at the insinuation.

“I hope you find that friend, Sienna.” His hand shifted to my shoulder blade, and he rubbed the same small circles over the muscles. “If I arranged a road trip, where would you want us to go?”

I had to think about that one for a minute. On one hand, I wanted to go everywhere. I wanted to tour museums, visit world wonders, and drive without a destination in mind. I also wanted to go nowhere beyond the comforter and sheets. I wanted to snuggle against him without disturbance. He was enough of a wonder for me.

“If I absolutely must choose a destination, I think I’d like to just go to the opposite coast. On the way there, I’d find at least one thing to do in each state we crossed through: a museum, a famous restaurant, or a state park. There’s not just *one thing* I want to experience with you. It’d be a waste to pass all that by only to end up at some beach.” I looked out to the park below. We were almost at the very top. He was so very right about the view.

“That sounds amazing. I’ll start planning.” He kissed my temple but didn’t bring me back to attention. “Do you like to read?”

“I do.”

“Favorite genre?”

“I like a lot of things. I pick up books based on mood and influence, so I like to keep the material rotating.” I looked back to him and asked, “Do you like to read?”

“Fucking hell, I love it. I like suspense. I dabble in romance and really love to get lost in fantasy. I’ve always wanted my moment on a sliding ladder, if I’m confessing my darkest, most scandalous secrets. I walked into this bookstore once, and it was huge. Three stories and books were stacked wall to wall and floor to ceiling. The basement was so eclectic; the walls had weird concrete formations that almost looked like seating carved out between bookcases. And on the top floor, it was a lounge with a kitchen. Their vinyl collection was phenomenal.” He sighed, relishing the memories that place flooded him with. “There was a ladder, but only staff

was allowed to use it. Despite the libraries I've tracked down and visited in our area, I haven't been able to find a single one with a ladder."

"I hope you get your fairy tale ladder, Everett." I laughed at the image, but I secretly wanted to be in that moment with him.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

My cheeks burned with that question and its insinuation. I believed in a lot of things. If you felt something and could name it, regardless of time shared, then you should be free to explore that and enjoy it. Only, I applied that belief to everyone but myself.

"I believe people know, whether it's at first sight or within the first month. I think we're all tied together and when you find your red string, you just know." He nodded at my answer and fought a smile as he rolled his lips.

"I like that." His free hand moved to my thigh, where he kneaded and stroked in time with the motions on my back. "Have you ever loved someone romantically in your past?"

I looked from his eyes to his lips. His question was specific and avoided knowing my current feelings toward him. "No," I breathed. I looked away again, but I could feel his stare on the side of my face. "I thought I did, but they were just a disappointment. I've found most people are disappointing given enough time."

"Have I disappointed you tonight?"

The view wasn't as enticing as the set of his smile or intensity of his glare, and when I confronted that look again, I saw worry in place of enjoyment. His cheeks weren't high, the corners of his mouth were downturned, and the furrow between his brow highlighted the sadness that ebbed and flowed in his eyes.

"Not at all."

---

**WE STEPPED** off the unloading platform, and he took my hand before leading me down the metal steps. My phone started to vibrate repeatedly in my pocket. I pulled it out and glanced over the notifications coming in.

Shawn: Si, where are you?

Shawn: You alive, Si?

Shawn: If that clown fucker hurts you, I'll kill him

I rolled my eyes at the last one and it caught Everett's attention, but he didn't say anything.

Ver-Bear: If I kill Shawn, will you be upset? He's annoying and won't keep his jealousy to himself.

AmieeLove: Ignore Shawn. Cody is taking care of his anger. Enjoy your night.

I sighed and massaged my temple. Shawn was so predictable and definitely not the attractive type of possessive. He was creepy because there was never a moment where I gave him any piece to hold and keep.

"You look stressed. I don't like that look on you," Everett said, coming forward and twisting my pigtails in his hands. "One more stop for the night and I'll walk you out to meet them if they're getting antsy. I've taken more time with you than I deserve." He kissed the top of my head and turned, walking in the direction we came from.

I watched him for a beat and decided I wanted one last moment with him. We were so good together, despite the twisting thoughts that swirled through my mind. I took quick steps and slammed into his back, wrapping my hands around his waist.

*I feel so much for you.*

***Everett***



**I PATTED** Sienna's hands as she squeezed me. She'd walk out of those gates and it'd be the last I saw of her. She was still deciding on that path, but I read her clearly enough. She put too much worry into my feelings, but I took so much time with her tonight because I reconciled the fate bearing down on us.

*One last time.*

I kept us moving, leading her to the photo booth. These were littered all over the park grounds, but only a few offered the privacy I wanted. Most companies designed them with a curtain for a door, but we contracted with a supplier who offered a closing and *locking* door.

“What do you have planned?” she asked, taking in the people, rides, and vendors. I pulled her upper arm, redirecting her and causing her to squeal as she stumbled into the change. We stopped in front of the photo booth, and she looked at me skeptically. Her narrowed eyes were playful, and the smirk she wore tried its best to convince me she wasn't having my shenanigans.

But her poker face was a liar.

“Just some pictures.” I tried to come off as innocent as I could.

“We have phones,” she sassed, crossing her arms and shifting her weight to one side.

“And I want a piece of paper with your beautiful, smeared, runny clown makeup so I can obsess over how you looked taking my di—”

“Oh, my fucking hell,” she cut me off with a guffaw and rolled her eyes.

“Ah,” I mused. My smile widening over the feeling that bloomed in my chest. “It definitely did something that's good for the both of us. Get in the booth, Sienna.” I held the door open and ducked in after her. The space was a bit cramped, but sitting would work well enough.

“I think you’re too tall for this ride. You might have to leave and wait.” *Her fucking attitude...I love it.*

“I would sooner lose a foot in height than skip this.” I took a seat beside her and pressed the buttons to start. The numbers appeared on the screen with a frame to make sure we were centered.

She moved in close, resting her head on my shoulder and smiling. It was innocent enough, and I’d give her at least one normal photo. The shutter clicked and the countdown started again. She sat up and started to pose with a silly flair, but I grabbed her throat and pressed my nose to her temple. She faced the camera, completely caught off guard and unable to move.

“I’m gonna fuck you right here, Sienna,” I whispered as the countdown flashed one. She gasped and the camera shutter clicked again. I twisted her face to mine and committed it all to memory. A picture would never do her justice. “You’ll always be mine, Sienna.”

The timer beeped and after the shutter, the last photo started its process.

I pressed my lips to hers and felt her fingers wrap around my wrist as she accepted it and let me in. I’m sure the camera went off at some point, but I was so lost in her that everything around me faded.

“Everett,” she panted. “We have to buy the photos or they’ll be deleted.”

“Oh, yeah.” I pulled out my phone and waved it over the sensor. It beeped and the sound of a printer started. I picked her up off the bench and had her stand. “Pants off, now.”

She kicked her shoes off and pulled the leggings over her ass and down her thighs. I unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants, freeing myself just enough. She straddled me without hesitation and sat so she barely brushed over the head of my cock. *Fucking tease.* I grabbed her hips, desperate to feel her around me again. She wrapped her arms around my

neck and threaded her fingers in my hair. Her eyebrow arched and she cocked a grin like she was in charge.

She was, but I wasn't giving her the satisfaction this time.

She moved her hips again, and when she positioned herself, I brought her down onto me. I thought I was prepared, but the feeling of being completely seated inside her took over me. I shuddered as my head fell to her shoulder and a hiss left my teeth.

"This isn't going to be a long and wild fuck." I groaned. She started moving in a figure eight, taking my length and coming back down in the process. I really wasn't going to last with the overexertion from earlier. "Fucking hell, yes," I whined. I braced my back and met her strokes as I snapped my hips up. Moving faster, I pinned her hips between my hands.

*"EverettEverettEverett,"* she screamed. Exhaustion softened her brow, and her mouth was parted as she whispered nonsensical praises. Her pussy tightened and her thighs twitched.

"Sienna, look at me, please." I cradled her face with one hand, keeping her steady with the other. She blinked open and focused on me. I lost myself in her again. My chest cracked with the immensity of this connection and knowing she was fleeting. I brought her a breath closer and let her take over with a gentle, more intimate pace.

"I—"

"I know," I interrupted her. I tamped down the feeling burning through my core. "Sienna, there's no one after you." I kissed her. "There's nothing I want more, nothing I need more than *you*." A tear fell, and it started a chain reaction. My chest heaved, and I couldn't contain it any longer. I came with enough force to knock me on my ass. "I'm yours," I grunted. My cum filled her and pushed around my cock, dripping out of her. I couldn't hide the hurt that twisted my face. I pressed my forehead to hers. "I will only be yours, please." Another tear slid down my nose and dropped onto hers.

"Ev..."

## *Sienna*

**I WAS** in desperate need of a shower and a change of pants. Everett was created to ruin me. I was a mess physically and emotionally. Wrapping my head around his feelings, my feelings, *us*, was near impossible. I wanted to believe all the sweet things he whispered tonight. I wanted to jump, but that faith was different.

“Can I hold your phone?” he asked after we left the photo booth and passed a few vendors. I fished it from my pocket and set it in his open palm. He held the four-photo strip and quickly ripped it in half.

“Everett!” I exclaimed, in pure shock he would rip our photos after such a confession.

“Hold on, hold on.” He pocketed the last half of the photos and popped the clear case off my phone. He placed the top strip facedown and laid the phone on top gently before pressing the sides back into the grooves. He handed me the phone and held a finger up for me to wait.

His phone appeared, along with the bottom strip of photos, and he did the same thing with his clear case. He reached out, the phone dwarfing in his massive hand. The screen was bright before he flipped it over. I followed suit and flipped mine, holding it out.

Another claim. A very *public* claim.

He didn't say another word as he pocketed his phone and kept walking. His hand slipped in mine, and we let the silence expand as we closed the distance between us and the exit. It wasn't awkward, but it wasn't content and pleasurable.

It was thick.

It was sad.

We turned at the fork and my phone buzzed again. I knew it was one of them asking about leaving. I kept it in my pocket

because pulling it out would mean looking at our photos—his beautiful smile and the way he looked at me like nothing else existed. No, I kept it in my pocket because I wasn't strong enough to face my doubts head-on.

I was also too weak to process the future regret I'd feel.

The gates appeared when we crested the hill. He slipped his hand from mine but asked, "Can I have your phone again?"

I gave it to him without looking down, and he faced it to me with the lock screen open. I keyed in my passcode and watched his fingers move over the bright glass. Satisfied with his efforts, he held it up again. I couldn't help but laugh at his goofiness.

Name: Everett St. Clair

Company: Haunt Hottie

Contact Number: 707-111-2233

"That's my number," he said despite the obvious. We stopped walking some odd yards away from the exit. I spotted Aimee and Vera on the other side, leaning against the wall. When I looked back at Everett, his glare was sinister. I checked to see what caught his eye, and Shawn gripped the bars of the gate and shot daggers at him.

"I'm sorry for him," I whispered, breaking his concentration. His face softened when he focused on me. He reached out and touched every part of my face.

"You don't have to say it," he said, but it wasn't in response to Shawn. "I won't ask you to confirm it or lie about it." My heart constricted and tears pricked my eyes. "I know, and I only ask that you come back to me later, Sienna." He leaned down and kissed me hard, but he didn't ask to push inside. He kissed me deeply with his emotions this time. My face was wet as tears streamed. "Even if you don't, I won't regret tonight." His voice was strained and thick with heartbreak. He kissed me again, and I felt his lip quiver against mine before he sniffled. "I'll never regret you."

His tears fell and mixed with mine as he continued to take despite our clock running out. His phone rang once, and he

stepped back. The black paint he left around his eyes dripped down his face. His thick lashes clumped together with tears. The tip of his nose was as red as the flush on his cheeks.

He gave me a sad smile.

I turned away.

I left.

*I'm so sorry, Everett.*

## *Epilogue - January 4, 2023*

### *Sienna*

“**ARE** you sure you don’t need anything else from me?”

“Mom,” I groaned. “I told you, everything’s been taken care of. You’ve done plenty. Spring semester has been thoroughly organized, planned, and executed.” I gave her a pleading look.

“I’m not ready to let my baby go.” She grabbed my shoulders and squeezed the life she gave out of me.

“Ma—” I squeaked against the tightening pressure. She released me, and when she pulled back, tears glossed her eyes. “I will call you tomorrow. I will be home this weekend; we literally live three hours apart.”

“You’ll be safe?” She twisted her finger in the air.

“You really want to discuss my sex life?”

“On second thought,” she reconsidered, her nose scrunched and eyebrows pinched. “Just make good choices and be vigilant. I’m a phone call away.” She stepped toward the dorm room’s door, resting her hand on its frame and turning back to take it all in one last time. “I love you, kiddo.”

“I love you, too, Mom.” I gave her a big smile, and she took that as a sign of peace. Her blonde hair fluttered off her shoulder as she started down the hallway. I stepped forward, leaning my head out and seeing that she actually did keep

going. Noting her lithe frame exiting into a stairwell, I closed the door and engaged the lock.

A deep sigh left my body.

I was assigned to my room without a roommate, for the time being. The counselor said it was likely to change, but to enjoy it for now. I pushed off the door and walked over to the desk. It was ugly, but it was school furniture so there wasn't much as far as expectations went. I flipped the switch for the wax warmer and waited for the scent to fill the room.

This was a chapter in the story I'd been waiting for. A chance to be me and on my own. I loved my parents, that much was certain, but the suffocation from an extra year at home was killing me. I emptied my jean pockets and dropped into the office chair: phone, keys, school ID.

My phone landed on the desktop facedown.

I looked at it the same way I had for the past three months.

*Everett.*

I didn't know why I hadn't taken the photos out. They kept random guys at bay. When they approached me and saw my phone, they quickly made an excuse and kept moving or turned back around. If they hadn't noticed prior to starting a conversation, the moment they saw the photo booth strip, they found a reason to leave. I didn't forget it was there, but I didn't know why I couldn't bring myself to completely erase that night.

*Because it was the best night. With the best guy.*

I sighed, resting my head on my arms as I slumped on the desk. I saved his number that night and kept it since. I couldn't bring myself to call. I couldn't bring myself to text. It was just lust, and surely enough, he didn't push the connection further. No social media follows or requests. Not even another chance encounter while at Hallow's Haunt the rest of October.

*Fuck, did he get fired?*

I couldn't stop thinking about him, no matter how hard I willed him from my mind. His touch was branded on me. Even



when I would meet guys, there was never a spark or connection greater than Everett. No one compared to him, even if I knew just surface pieces.

*Is Flora still happy now that he's away?*

I pushed up from the desk and scooped my phone and keys into my pocket. There were a couple boxes that needed to be unpacked, but the quiet room started to feel a little too lonely. Aimee and Vera were still with their parents, moving into their dorm. Those lucky assholes were able to room together. I left the room, locking the door behind me and starting to maneuver around students and parents lugging in things from their cars. The hallway was noisy; the fluorescent lighting buzzed and grated on my nerves.

I needed air.

I pushed open the heavy metal exit door that led to a stairwell. It was loud in here, too. Every step echoed, and every slam of a floor door vibrated the space. I hurried over each step, moving away from the second floor, and it was chaos.

My hands hit the lever and a cool breeze pushed through the crack. It was bright outside, but an overcast sky lessened the sun's glare. I took a deep breath and let the heavy door swing behind. My hands twisted into my hoodie pocket, and I started walking around campus.

The entire night played back in pieces, from the moment he first approached us to the moment I broke his heart.

*I'm so sorry, Ev.*

Would he ever forgive me? That was the biggest question. I'd never know though. I looked at his number practically daily. Tortured myself with hearing him answer the phone. I played the conversation in my head a thousand different ways.

*"I love you,"* he said in one.

*"You used me,"* he said in another.

*"I got over you,"* he would say cruelly.

*"I'm with someone,"* he said in the worst version.

I didn't know why I let those imaginations cycle. It was the nightmare version of he loves me not with flower petals. One night changed so much for me, and I was so fucking scared of that possibility.

My shoes scuffed against the pavement, and I looked out to the commons when the sidewalk wrapping the building came to an end. A large cement bench sat in the middle of a perfectly dead lawn. It was circular, and in the middle, it was fashioned to be a planter. Yet, in this planter lived the saddest, deadest brush I'd ever seen.

*Oh, the setting for my dismay and self-loathing, how perfect.*

The grass crunched under my feet as I walked to the bench of fucking sorrow. It was cold to the touch, and the texture was gritty and rough. I rested against its back, watching the motionless sky that was one big cloud.

It could have been so different. I opened my phone again, tapping the glass and pulling up his contact.

My finger hovered over the phone symbol.

The fear of rejection prickled down my neck.

I tapped the glass.

It rang.

*\*Click\**

***Everett***

**THIS CAMPUS WAS MISERABLE.** The bright side was that it served as the first step toward a promising future, not only for me, but for Flora and Mom. I finished unpacking early, considering there wasn't much to bring, and made my way around the campus. The dorms were in one quarter, and the main classes were part of the other half. Facilities occupied the last quarter and intrigued me the most. I

spent a decent hour walking around the library. It was huge, bigger than the public library of my small town.

I walked up and down the stairs, exploring the three levels, even the sections that didn't interest me. At one point, I fulfilled a life's dream of jumping on a rolling ladder and gliding across the shelves. Sienna would've loved that.

*Fuck, here we go.*

There wasn't a single moment or experience that I encountered where I didn't think about her. Want her. Wonder where in the fuck she was and what the hell she was doing.

*Has she smiled since she left?*

When I exited the library's outside doors, I tugged my earbuds from my pocket, taking them out of the case and popping them in. I shuffled the playlists in the music app, going through song after song. I settled on one and continued across the commons.

There was an ugly, gray concrete structure that looked as comfortable as a seat in hell, but it was isolated. Students sat at the picnic tables closer to the building, but I wasn't in the mood for making new friends or trying to small-talk my way through the day.

I was most excited for this moment, or so I told Sienna.

I was finally ready to embark on the next chapter and keep my life moving.

But I fucking ached.

I sat on the bench ledge, and it was as comfortable as I expected. It was cold, rough, and probably the way Sienna felt toward me. That would explain why she never called. Hell, that was a generous thought because she would've had to keep my number in order to call now. Three whole fucking months. Every night the park was open, I found myself looking through each crowd, begging the universe to bring her back to me.

I feared what she would say if the roles were reversed and I took her number down that night. I wanted it to be her decision, and I would eventually stop hurting, but I wished I

could just reach out. I just needed to hear, “*I’m not interested, but thanks.*”

The music blared and blared. I dropped my head against the stone and let the chords invade me. Note after note, song after song, I wasn’t sure how long I sat there. I was wearing a light jacket, unzipped. The cold eventually crept in. I softly inhaled through my nose, letting the frigid and stale scent of late winter wake up my senses. It wouldn’t bring her back, but it would ease the ache bit by bit.

I thought about drifting asleep, but my music stopped abruptly. I looked down at my phone just as the ringtone chimed in my ears. A number flashed, but it wasn’t one I recognized. I took out the earbuds and tapped the green button.

“Hello?” I answered. I was a little confused and really hoping I didn’t let a damn telemarketer through.

“Everett?” a small voice answered back. Only, it came through differently. It sounded both like a whisper and as if it were right in front of me.

“Sienna.” I stood up and heard a shuffle around the bend of the bench. *No fucking way.* I bolted to the other side and collided with a small frame.

A small frame that my arms knew well.

We’d danced this part before.

“It’s you,” she breathed. “Holy shit, it’s you.” I couldn’t do anything but stare. My hands were on her. She was right here. I had no words.

Excitement wasn’t the only emotion crossing her face. A flicker of worry creased her brow. Her nostrils flared. Lips drew tight. *I need to speak.*

“Mine.” The word left my mouth in a desperate declaration. I didn’t give her a chance to run away. I tilted her head back, probably painfully so, and took every kiss I missed out on. She was gone for too long, and now she couldn’t be close enough.

Her lips were soft, *just like that night*. She tasted delicious, *better than cotton candy*. She smelled like heaven, *and fucked like sin*. I needed more.

“You,” I muttered, hardly breaking the kiss, “are fucking *mine*, Sienna.” My tongue parted her lips, and a soft sigh ghosted mine. I groaned at the feel of her and teased inside her mouth. She tasted too fucking good.

She broke the kiss, pressing her lips against my tongue as she retreated and sucked its length. *Again*.

“You didn’t say any of it,” she said, smiling and biting her bottom lip. I wasn’t sure if she kissed me stupid or if I was *just* stupid.

“I didn’t say what?” My voice was hoarse, and my chest rose with quick breaths.

“Any of the horrible shit I feared you would. I thought you’d be angry with me.” She broke on the last part. A sob choked out and tears started to fall across her stupidly cute, flushed cheeks. I moved my hands to cradle her face and used my thumbs to swipe away her tears quickly.

“I was never angry with you. I would *never* be angry with you for that.” I kissed her forehead and held her tightly against my chest as she continued to cry. Everything moved through me all at once. I was happy, excited, and confused. Then I felt a different ache, warmth, and horniness. *I’m human, dammit*.

I grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back a step. Gripping tightly, I bent down to her eye level. I waited for her to calm down and her eyes to clear up.

“Yes?”

“I want you to hear me. I want you to see me, every single part when I say this.” She nodded, and I realized this was the first time I saw her without the Halloween paint on her face. Likewise, she saw the normal version of me, too. “I love you, Sienna.”

Her lip quivered, and the clarity in her eyes was replaced by fat tears on the verge of spilling.

“I love *you*, Sienna. Every fucking day since you walked out of that park, I’ve been a fucking shell. I’ve been a wreck, a mess, and no one better than who I was during those hours with you. I fucking miss you, I crave you, and I haven’t been able to let any piece of you go. I will lie on the fucking ground and *beg*, Little Fox. Do not leave me again,” I implored.

“Everett.”

“That’s not a promise.”

“I don’t want to leave. I regret never calling you. I let too much cloud my head.” The blue of her iris was blown black, and the whites were bloodshot.

“Oh good, you weren’t getting a choice this time.” I brought her back into a hug. I squeezed hard, knowing there had to be discomfort, but she didn’t protest. She let me engulf her.

“*Mhm mahm muuhm*,” she mumbled into my chest.

“What?” I laughed and let her head come up.

“I love you, Everett St. Claire.”

“I love you more, Sienna Rhodes.” I tapped her nose. “And I’m taking you out to dinner tonight. All the cotton candy you want, blue, pink...blue, mostly. Cinnamon rolls for *days*.” She threw her head back and laughed. I slid an arm under her knees and caught her back as I lifted her in the air.

“What are you doing?” she asked when I set off in a furious walk back to the housing portion of campus.

“I’ve been a gentleman long enough, and I love you, truly, but gods above, I *need* you. You’re not walking out of my room until every RA in the building is pounding on my door.”

“Everett!” she guffawed and playfully hit my chest.

“It’s so adorable you think I’m kidding.”

“You are.”

“Not.” I bumped the door open with my hip. My dorm was on the first floor and with no one in the hallway, I ran. Sienna wrapped her arms around my neck and cackled the entire way.

I came to a stop in front of my door and set her feet on the ground. She pushed onto her tiptoes and kissed me sweetly, moving across my cheek and down my jaw.

“I don’t have words,” she whispered.

“I have three.”

I unlocked my door and pushed it open, catching it with an outstretched arm.

“Get naked...please.” I smirked.

## *Acknowledgments*

Phew, it's done. I am exhausted after writing back-to-back, but I was only able to do it because I surrounded myself with the best people. I think the most important piece of advice an author can take to heart is to build your support system with the friends and loved ones that care about you, want to see you succeed, and will give you honest feedback to make that happen.

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## *About the Author*



Kenna is pursuing far too many things all at once, but she wouldn't have the chaos any other way. She's a home favorite on Tiktok, the best ARC reader (okay, made that one up), and going mad figuring out her Master's degree. She became a hit on Tiktok after announcing to the world her love of *Why Choose*, and really it's only become more chaotic. Her mother's background in English planted the seed for writing and literature. (Sorry Mama B, she just reads smut now!) She's enjoyed books since she was in elementary school, and vividly remembers the carefree afternoons spent in her mother's school library. Shout out to Mrs. C for letting her take home books even though she wasn't a student yet! (And Kenna assures, the inspiration for the librarian in *He Who Haunts Me* was NOT you!) However, Ms. F, taking her *Maximum Ride* book in 6th grade (gifted by Gramma) was totally not f'n cool.

*Also by Kenna Bellrae*

He Who Haunts Me