

Where

The

River

Meets

The

Sea

M.J. KNIGHT

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This is for all the monster lovers and fuckers! How's that bad dragon shopping cart looking?

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Content Warning

This book started as a nightmare I had one night. So it should come as no surprise that it's full of many fucked up things.

Before I list all the warnings that might upset some readers I want to clarify a few things.

I do not condone or romanticize sexual assault or abuse of any kind. The characters in these pages are not real but I did take the time thinking about how what I write affects other people. I tried my best to deal with the harder issues in a realistic manner. (As close to realistic as you can when it's a grim reaper and a ghost girl.)

If you are triggered by sexual assault, please skip this book.

Next, one of the characters deals with mental illness. I left out any specifics of said mental illness but I'm sure some people will relate to his struggle.

I myself struggle with the same issues as my character and used some of my real life issues as inspiration. If you also have a mental illness of some kind but it doesn't manifest in the same way, I understand. Please know I do not wish to vilify mental illness and did my best to portray it in a way that might be relatable to others. It is even stated his past trauma made him the messed up person he is and understands his issues are his own.

We (My self and the people that enjoy my books) believe mental health is extremely important and not to be taken

lightly but also use dark humor as a way to deal with our own struggles.

If you are triggered by mental illness and the issues that come with it, please skip this book. Thank you for understanding and I hope you either enjoy this book or find one that doesn't hurt your mental health.

Rape

Non-Con

Dub-Con

Violence

Death

Torture

Suicide

Human trafficking

Mental illness

Tentacles

Monster sex

Blood play

Knife play

Breath play

Cliff hanger

It burns.

My lungs, my throat, my eyes... Everything burns.

*I wish it were my legs burning as I run far away from
here.*

The place I will die.



Melanie

“Mommy?”

Where did she go?

“Mommy?”

She wouldn't leave me.

“Mommy?”

Why would she lock the door? Why would she put me in this cold dark room? I don't even have my blanket or my teddy bear. She knows I can't sleep without them. She'll be back.

“Mommy?”

I'm so cold. Where is she? Why hasn't she come back? I don't want to be here forever.

“Mommy?”

I'm so hungry. I need my mommy.

“Mommy? Mommy! Mommy!”

My throat hurts; I can't scream anymore. My eyes hurt; I can't cry anymore.

“Mommy, I'm going to be good. I'll go to sleep now. I love you.”

My eyes are so heavy, but whoever is holding me is so warm. Who's rubbing my head? Did mommy finally come back?

“Mommy?”

This room is so dark, but its eyes are glowing red.

“Do you know where my mommy is?”

The shadows feel so soft on my face.

“Hush child. You are safe.”

The shadow’s hugs are so warm, I can’t hold my eyes open.

“Sleep now. I’ll watch over you.”

I hope the shadow man never leaves me. I don’t want to be alone anymore.



Melanie

I wake, gasping for air again. My lungs burn like I have been underwater, but the only thing I'm under is my weighted blanket, still in my shitty apartment. The blinking neon lights from the bar across the street shine through my window and exaggerate the shadows in the small space. Shadows that are both comforting and frightening. I can hide in the shadows and go unnoticed by almost everyone, but I never know what might be lurking there with me.

Even after all these years of having the same dream night after night, I'm still not sure if it's a memory or my brain trying to work through all the trauma I endured during my childhood.

Squeezing my eyes closed, I will myself back to sleep, but as usual, sleep evades me.

It's not long before sunlight chases all the shadows away and my only option is to drag my exhausted body out of bed. I find the bathroom with tired eyes and begin getting ready for another day of school and work.

Wearing my only pair of good jeans and a clean hoodie, I grab an apple and slip my boots on before running out the door. The walk to school clears my head and the crisp autumn air fills my lungs, waking me up and giving some bounce to my stride.

I fucking love Autumn. I take a bite of crisp sweet apple and nearly choke when someone grabs my shoulder. The damn apple tries to kill me when a huge chunk slides down my throat.

"What's on your mind, Mouse?"

“Wes, how many times have I told you not to call me that?” I cough around the words as the piece feels like it’s stretching my throat until it finally goes down.

“Not enough for me to care.” His pierced lip quirks, making the cigarette hanging from his mouth wag as he steps in front of me, blocking my path.

“I’m glad my opinion means so little to you.” I roll my eyes and attempt to sidestep him, but he anticipates the move and simply walks backward in front of me. “And apparently my life since you keep trying to scare me to death.”

“On the contrary, I value your opinion immensely just not on the subject of your nickname and as far as your life, I would gladly die for you or kill. Dealer’s choice I guess.”

“You shouldn’t be walking like that. You’re going to hit someone or trip and bust your head open. I’m not taking you to the ER.” I warn.

“I’m hurt, Mouse. I thought you cared.” He clutches his chest and pouts his lips, but I’m far from moved.

“You’re my best friend Wes, but you know how to push every button I have. You don’t care if you’re late, but me, I actually want to graduate and get into a good university.”

I wish I would have graduated from high school and gone straight into a university like other people my age, but it was hard being homeless and trying to work while in high school. I wouldn’t have graduated anyway, always missing class or being too tired to comprehend anything. At least I’m going now if Wes would move his ass.

“I care! Deep, deep down. I also like to have fun, unlike some people.” His steel gray eyes narrow as one dark brow lifts. He tilts his head as he looks down at me accusingly.

“I have fun! Don’t you remember last weekend when we ordered pizza and watched scary movies all night?” My voice rises along with my arms laid back as I defend myself. I have fun all the time. It’s just usually more laid back fun. With only a few people around. Well, just me and him. I have fun with him.

“Not exactly what I mean, Mouse.” He chuckles as he shoves his hands in his pockets and finally turns around, falling in step beside me.

“Not everyone wants to fuck someone different every night, Wes. I’m perfectly content staying by myself until I finish school.”

He slings one heavily tattooed arm over my shoulder and pulls me into his side.

“I know you can take care of yourself, Mouse, but it wouldn’t hurt to let someone do it for you every now and then.” He whispers, his breath tickling my ear.

“Are you offering?” I ask looking up at him innocently, but can’t help but laugh when his mouth drops open and he’s left speechless.

“I knew you were all talk. It’s okay, Wes. Maybe when you grow up, we can talk about it again.” I taunt as I shrug his arm from my shoulders and turn down the hallway towards my first class. “See you tonight!” I call without looking back.

I don’t need to. I can feel his eyes on me.



Wesley

How does she make me feel so stupid every time I'm around her? With other girls, I know exactly what to say and do to make them beg for me. Mouse is a whole different fruit. Apples to oranges.

She makes me want to change. To be better and I am better when. I'm with her. It's when I'm alone that things change.

I scratch my head in thought as I watch the petite black-haired figure wave at me before entering her class.

"That your girlfriend?"

A grating voice startles me from my thoughts and makes me jump. I never know when they are real or not but it still agitates me either way when I'm not expecting it.

"Brandon, don't sneak up on people, man! I almost had a heart attack."

"I was just asking if the little hot chick was your girlfriend. Didn't mean to scare you, my bad." Yeah, you would have thought that if I had turned around and punched you in the throat but I'm working on my impulse control and aggressive tendencies. All Mouse's idea of course.

I'm not crazy. I have my own set of issues I'm working through just like everyone else. Mine just happen to fuck with me more than others. They also don't have anything to do with me wanting to hurt people. I want to make people bleed because it's what turns me on and that's on spicy trauma. Apples and Oranges!

“No, not my girlfriend. She’s too pretty and sweet for me or anyone around here.” I answer, turning towards him to see his eyes still glued to the door Mel had just entered.

“I might introduce myself then.” His sleazy smile makes the hair on the back of my neck stand on end.

“You’re not really her type and besides, she’s not dating until after she graduates. Her face is either buried in books or her notepad taking orders.” I try to deter him in a friendly, non-threatening way.

“She’s probably just telling you that so you won’t ask her out. I’ll see you later, Wesley. Thanks for the information.”

I’ve only known Brandon for a few months, but he’s always seemed pretty decent and helped me whenever I missed class but that doesn’t stop the heat building in my head. I reach out and fist his shirt before he can leave.

“I don’t think you are understanding me, Brandon. Leave her alone. If I see you talking to her or even looking at her, I’ll rip your eyes out and make you eat them and then I still might fuck the hole left behind in that thick skull of yours.”

Brandon’s face pales as he claws at my hand. “Dude, chill. It’s not even that serious. What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Poor Brandon doesn’t have a fucking clue. “Brandon. Brandon, I crave violence.” I can’t help but laugh at my own joke but apparently, the little shit doesn’t watch the clock app. His eyes round and his mouth drops open.

I don’t have time to explain it. I push him as I let go of his shirt and smirk when he falls back on his ass.

“See you around Brandon.”



Melanie

Whose idea was it to make anything with algebra a mandatory credit? I need to have a talk with them.

I bet social workers never have to find X. Mine didn't when they placed me after mom died. They did try to find her good-for-nothing ex-husband but he was a slippery bastard.

"Mouse!" I roll my eyes as I hear my nickname from across the courtyard making people turn to look at the floppy-haired guy jogging toward me. They probably see a guy that would have true crime fans screaming "It's him! He did it!" But I just see the big goofy guy I grew up with who has always had my back.

"I know your class isn't over yet. So, why are you out here tracking me down?" I ask when he catches up with me and bumps his shoulder into mine.

"My lecture was boring and I knew you would be getting out right about now. I wanted to see you before work." His smile is just the same as it was the day he forced me to be his friend except for the two pointy metal bits sticking from his bottom lip.

"I also found a little something for you." His grin grows as he pulls out a beautiful white lily from his backpack.

"Aww, Wes. You can be such a pain in the ass but then you do something sweet and I don't want to kill you for a few minutes." I joke. He really is the best. Most people would find the flowers covering their parent's casket off-putting but it's one of the few memories I have from those years and Wes is the only person that knows they are my favorite.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m a real Casanova. Just wanted to see that smile. Want to get some food before work? My treat.”

“I have to run home and get my uniform first. You don’t need to be late for work because of me. “

“I’ll drive and drop you off on my way to the yard. Then we’ll both be on time.” He suggests, grabbing my arm and dragging me toward the parking lot before I can argue. I don’t like feeling like a burden on him but I do get tired of walking and I would rather spend time with him than be by myself.

“Fine but no more skipping lectures! We have to graduate together. You can’t break that promise.” I remind him.

When I dropped out my junior year he was right there with me. His parents almost disowned him for it but he claimed he would kill himself if he had to go one more day of high school without me there to keep him sane. Truthfully, Wes has always hated school and my leaving was a good enough excuse to do what he wanted.

“Don’t worry about that, Mouse. This shit is easy, we’ll be wearing them ugly ass gowns in no time. I’m going to be naked under mine, want to set a trend with me?” His eyebrows lift mischievously.

“You’re a pervert,” I state the obvious as I climb into his old Toyota. It was on its last leg but we have had some good times in the rust bucket.

“Hasn’t run you off yet. I think you like my dirty side.”

“I love you but some parts of you need medication.” I shoot back with a smirk.

“What do you think I take every morning? It sure as shit ain’t vitamins. Them happy pills fuck with my hard-ons but it’s better than the alternative.” He snarks.

“Mental hospital or morgue. Neither a good option.” I nod my agreement.

“Well, that one stint in St. Patrick’s wasn’t all that bad. Jell-O and pudding for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I even got to play with puppets. I was supposed to use them to express my feelings but I just made them fuck and had the whole group cheering.” He chuckles at the memory.

“Leave it up to you to become the hero in an asylum.”

“You know I’m your hero! Is it because you’re insane or because my good looks and amazing personality have brought you under my spell?” He smiles, sneaking a look in my direction before turning back to the road.

He’s right on both parts. I’m insane, no doubt about that, but he is also hot enough to have all the rich perfect girls swooning whenever he decides to party at the University. They would never settle down with the pierced, tattooed guy even if he was basically a golden retriever that would do anything for the ones he loves. They didn’t mind having a fun night with him though.

He thinks I don’t like going out with him but I really don’t like the looks I get from the girls that want his attention. Plus it’s easier to pretend he isn’t sleeping with them if I don’t see them crawling all over him.

I’ve wanted to spend my life with Wes since we were kids but I refuse to ruin our friendship. I wouldn’t survive without him.

So, I’m okay with him being with someone else as long as we still have our playful flirting and horror movie marathons. I’ll hide my pain behind a smile when he finds the love of his life as long as I get to be there for it.

“Here!” I’m pulled from my thoughts as he slams on breaks in front of my apartment complex making the tires squeal and the dogs bark.

“Did you have to do that?” I grumble as I rub my neck where the seatbelt dug into my skin.

“You weren’t paying attention to me. Mouth hanging open and I think I saw some drool right there.” He rubs the pad of his thumb against the corner of my mouth and I have to fight the urge to suck it into my mouth and bite. He would probably enjoy it, the perv.

“Ha ha... you’re hilarious. Waiting in the car?” I ask as I open my door and step out. I don’t wait for him to answer as I start the trek to my apartment.

“You have any more of those jelly fruit things?”

“You can have the last two.”

“Then I guess I’m coming up.” He jumps out of the car and hurries to catch up with me, only to hip-check me on the stairs and run ahead of me.

“I wish you would let me help you get out of this place.” He shouts when he passes a drunk passed out on the stairs.

“I already told you, I’m saving up for the place I want.”

“You could move in with me and that would help you save. I’ve offered a thousand times.” His smile makes my heart race and my panties wet. He looks like he belongs on some popular alt-rock album, the way he leans against my door while he waits for me. His dark hair is a mess but in an adorable way. His tight black t-shirt has ridden up and between it and the low-slung jeans, I can see the tattoo on the delicious V of his lower stomach. Wes doesn’t look like he works out. He looks like he pulls trees up with his bare hands for fun. He is thick and absolutely gorgeous.

“And I’ll say the same thing for the thousandth time. It wouldn’t work out. I don’t want to ruin our friendship by living together. I don’t want to see a new naked woman in my kitchen every morning.” The hanged man on his hip winks at me when he moves to let me to my door and sadly his shirt falls back down into place.

“I wouldn’t bring home another woman with you there! I’m not that dense.” He says like I’m clueless.

“Well then, I wouldn’t want to put you out by making you sleep at other people’s place every night.” I reason as I unlock my door and let him in.

“I don’t think you’re picking up what I’m laying down, Mouse.”

“How about we just lay the whole conversation down for now? I’m going to get my stuff, jellies are in the fridge.” I’m not in the mood for feelings and deep conversation. I just want to go to work and get done so maybe I can get some real sleep tonight.

“I’m just saying, this place gives me the creeps.” He raises his voice as I enter the bathroom to get my uniform and clean up a little. “I feel like someone is watching me every time I walk in the door.”

I freeze in the middle of putting on deodorant.

“And I swear I felt someone breathing on my neck when I fell asleep on your couch.”

Goosebumps break out over my skin as a chill runs down my spine.

“I’ll just be happy when you move out and get away from whatever is going on here.”

“You’ll never get away from me, Little Shadow.”

The dark, silky voice from my dreams whispers, as a strand of hair, tickles my face, being pushed behind my ear by an invisible force.

I’m the one that needs a trip to St. Patrick’s.

“I’ve gotten used to the weird stuff by now. Maybe it’s not the apartment, maybe it’s me.” I wonder aloud, the weight of something familiar but ominous surrounding me in the small bathroom.

“You’ll always be mine.”

A dark shadow grows behind me as I stare into the small mirror above the sink. In the murky depths, bright red eyes appear, along with a pointed fang peeking from smirking lips.

Bam!

A fist slamming against the door breaks the trance and makes me swing my head to where Wes is yelling for me.

“Mouse! Open the damn door!”

I turn the lock and he slams into the door before I have the chance to turn the knob.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” I ask, taking in his panicked eyes.

“You stopped answering me and I heard you whispering to someone in here. I knocked and yelled for you but you wouldn’t answer me. I got worried.” He explains as he looks around the bathroom before grabbing my arm and dragging me from the room.

“I’m fine. I was just... zoned out. I have a lot on my mind.” I lie not wanting to see the pity on his face if I told him the truth, I’m going completely bat shit. The auditory hallucinations have turned visual and tactile. It’s not the damn apartment.

It’s me.

“Don’t scare me like that, Mouse.” He orders as he brings both arms around my shoulders and drags me into his body.

“I’m sorry, Wes. I didn’t mean to.”

“It’s okay. I just don’t know what I would do if something happened to you.” He mumbles into my hair.

“I’m not going anywhere,” I assure him with a muffled whisper into his chest while I wrap my arms around him and squeeze. “Well, except for work. We have to get going or you’ll be late.”

“Ah shit. I didn’t even realize how late it was. Let’s go!” He growls after pulling out his phone and checking the time.

He is right. What would he do without me?



Melanie

“Glad you decided to come in.”

Leave it to Tony to give me a warm welcome.

“I’m only five minutes late, Tony. I always end up working late or closing. Five minutes is not the end of the world.”

“Let me remind you, you work for me. If I say five minutes is too late, then it’s too late.” The overweight balding diner owner growls from behind the counter. “Unless you want to come here and give me a reason to be lenient.”

“Leave that girl alone you nasty old bastard.” Erica, the sixty-something-year-old waitress orders while dropping dirty dishes in the sink. “Don’t pay him any attention, Mel. He’s been drinking. Your section has been slow all day. So, should be an easy night.”

“Thanks, Erica. I never listen to anything he says. I’ve dealt with a lot worse than him.”

“Stop all the talking and get to work!” Tony yells.

“Guess we should do what he says before he has a stroke.” Erica laughs, patting my shoulder.

“I’ll be out as soon as I change,” I promise, hustling to the bathroom in the back and changing into my uniform.

The night was slow just as Erica predicted. I spent most of my time filling salt and pepper shakers, wrapping silverware, and wiping tables.

“You got a customer,” Erica whispers, making me lift my eyes from my psychology book.

A handsome man in his late thirties, sitting in a booth in my section, meets my gaze with a friendly smile.

“Thanks, Erica.”

Sliding from my seat at the counter, I can feel the man’s eyes on me. He watches my every step until I’m standing right in front of him.

“Hi, I’m Mel and I’ll be your waitress tonight. Can I start you off with some coffee or a soda?” I ask in my best customer service voice while handing him a menu.

“Coffee sounds good. I’ll take a slice of coconut cake with that, too.” He orders without taking the laminated paper from my hand.

“I’ll bring it right out.” I smile as I take in his dark brown eyes and matching hair before heading back to the counter. Aside from the few faint lines around his eyes and mouth, there’s no evidence of his age.

He isn’t a model, but he is one of the nicer-looking men I’ve seen in the diner and one of the biggest. It’s usually the local drunks or plant workers that show up here this late. This man is dressed in nice black slacks with a crisp white button-up shirt stretched against a broad chest. His hair is styled and his hands are clean.

Most definitely a stranger around here.

“If you play your cards right, you might get a good tip out of that one,” Erica says, elbowing me and giggling while I cut a thick slice of cake. The menu says homemade, but Tony buys this in bulk and thaws it out every morning.

“Fingers crossed, I could really use the extra money. I’m saving for a deposit on a better apartment closer to school.”

“Just flash that pretty smile and push your tits out. You’ll have him hooked.” Erica smiles as she grabs her orders and shuffles off to deliver them to the plant workers in her section.

Glancing back at the man in the booth I find his eyes still on me, but the smile was gone. A chill runs down my spine when he meets my gaze and his lips pull up in a smirk.

Maybe he was just lost in thought. I know I’ve zoned out and stared at someone without realizing it. It actually happened in class

today. Not sleeping is kicking my ass.

Grabbing his coffee and cake, I hustle it back to him. “Here ya go. Coffee is fresh so you’re a lucky one. If you need anything else let me know.” I smile politely before turning and hurrying away.

The weird feeling in my stomach is enough to make me not worry about the tip. The faster he is out of here the faster it will go away.

Chrissy wake up...

I get a few weird looks as my phone sings, alerting me to a text message from Wes.

I’m going to be late.

Damn it. Wes usually gives me a ride home on nights that I close. I’ve never had anyone try to rob me, but it’s a thirty-minute walk to my apartment with very few street lights. My anxiety gets the better of me and I always feel like someone’s watching my every move.

I probably need therapy, but I’m trying to drown my memories, not give them CPR.

I’ll wait in the diner if you’re not going to be too long.

I would rather wait on him than bother anyone else or risk having a panic attack while walking.

I shouldn’t be too long. I’ll text when I’m on my way. Stay safe, Mouse.

That damn nickname will haunt me for the rest of my life. I still remember the first time he used it. We met in second grade, not long after I went to live with my grandfather.

It was the second day of school and I was too scared to talk to anyone so I sat alone in the lunchroom picking through the lunch I had packed for myself, a bag of cheese cubes and crackers since that’s all we had at home.

That’s when the boy with smiling eyes and a band aid on his chin sat down next to me and just started talking.

He never gave me a chance to ask his name or anything. He just rambled on about how school sucked and that kids were assholes as if he wasn’t one himself.

When he finally did stop for a breath, his eyes caught on my mouth as I was eating my cheese and waiting for him to spew more

of his opinions, but he just stared for a few minutes before saying, “Is that all you brought? Cheese and crackers? What are you, a mouse?”

It rubbed me the wrong way, but I didn’t get the chance to tell him.

“I mean you do look a bit like a mouse. Don’t get me wrong, a cute mouse for sure. You have a little nose and big wide eyes. You don’t have to be scared of me though, Mouse.”

I wanted to tell him I didn’t like it, but as he handed me part of his sandwich and swiss roll cake, I decided to let it go. I didn’t get the nerve to tell him I didn’t like it for two years and by then he didn’t give a shit if I liked it or not.

“You’ll always be my Mouse.”



Melanie

“You sure you’ll be okay by yourself? I don’t mind staying.” Erica might offer to stay, but I know she would rather not be late to meet her ‘man friend’ across town. She said she was going to seal the deal soon and no more diner work for her.

“I’ll be fine. Wes should be here any minute. Don’t worry about me; I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“If you’re sure. Tony needs to start closing. It might be his diner, but that doesn’t mean he gets to leave early every day. Try and get some rest tonight; you look like you might pass out at any minute.” She said, patting my shoulder before gathering her jacket and purse. “See you tomorrow, kid.”

I wait for her to get in her car before I lock the door and sit back down in the booth where my books are scattered from corner to corner.

Hopefully studying will keep my mind off being alone. Reading about the effects of trickle-down economics is enough to have my head bobbing as I fight to stay awake.

Looking at my phone, I consider if I have time for a nap.

Are you going to be much longer? I’m about to fall asleep.

When he doesn’t immediately respond, I sit my phone down and go back to reading. It doesn’t take long for my eyes to get heavy again.

Maybe I’ll just lay my head down. Wes can call me when he gets here. Folding my arms on the table, I make myself comfortable

and quickly start to doze off.

I feel more at ease here with all the lights on than I do at my own apartment. The fluorescent bulbs illuminate the whole building.

No monsters hiding in the shadows here.



Samael

Poor girl thinks I need the shadows to reach her.

Little does she know I'm with her at all times. I'm across from her now, my dark energy flowing over the table. Not close enough to wake her, even though I wish I could let a smokey tendril explore her frail mortal body.

I broke many rules the first time I came to her and I almost didn't survive.

The woman has been waiting for me. Her soul lingers even as her corpse has grown cold, the needle still hanging from her body.

"What are you? What's going on?" Her voice breaks with sadness and confusion.

"Madeline, I'm here to escort you to your place of rest. Come with me." I say, my words like balm to her nerves.

"Okay, I have been exhausted for so long." She answers with a serene smile.

She is not lying.

When I collect a soul, I see their timeline and this woman has lived a difficult life. Death is not dreaded by all. Some embrace it like a gift.

"Then let me show you where you can lay your head." I extend a shadowed hand for her, but her eyes grow wide with panic again.

“Melanie! My daughter Melanie! What about her? You have to bring her with me.” She sobs, looking around for the child, but not remembering where it is.

“It is not my, nor your concern now. I’m here for you and you alone.”

“No! If we leave her she’ll suffer. I’ve already hurt her enough. Please, let me have my baby.” She drops to her knees with her face buried in her hands.

I want to use my power and force her soul, but as I grab the woman’s arm, I hear a small voice.

“Mommy, I’m going to be good...” The voice fades.

I feel the pull of death and go willingly. I’m dragged through a wall and into a small closet where a girl, no older than six, lays curled on the ground.

I’m death personified and have no business feeling any mortal emotions, but the longer I look at the tiny human the more I want to hold it.

I watch as it shivers one last time, it’s tiny heartbeat fading before I give in to the foreign feelings swirling inside me.

I expand my energy and use my murky form to pull the girl into me, wrapping her in my shadows and pushing some of the life force I have collected into the child.

I can feel my energy draining, but it means nothing when the child gasps back to life and looks right into my dead soul with shining gold eyes.

“Mommy?” Her voice, barely more than a whisper. “Do you know where my mommy is?”

“Hush child, you are safe.”

I shouldn’t say things I don’t mean, but it’s easier to lie to the small being. I have kept her alive for now, but I can’t guarantee her safety.

Reapers help the dead find their peace or their purgatory. I have no say in the living.

Breaking the natural laws to keep this tiny human alive has already caused me to become weak and hungry.

That is my life. A constant loop of welcoming the dead while feeding off the last bit of energy their mortal body retains.

There are tales of reapers interfering with the living, but not saving them. The rogue reapers feed on the living while inhabiting their prey's bodies. The humans never live long and the rogues move on to a new host.

Nothing more than a parasite, living in the mortal realm warps their reality and turns them into power-hungry monsters.

They never last long though. The Hunters make sure to vanquish the rogues and rid the mortal world of the plague of death.

I was no rogue. Just a weak reaper that should leave nature to do what it does best.

Looking down at the mess of black hair and big gold eyes, a thought takes grasp and won't let go.

Could a reaper do enough good to find peace? Could I break my cycle by helping this orphaned girl? Can I change my fate and rest at last?

I could watch over the tiny human until her time came and when it did, she would know it was me that took care of her. It might be the thousands of years reaping souls messing with my better sense but I believe that this girl is the key to my peace.

"Sleep now. I'll watch over you."

Since that fateful day fifteen years ago, I have watched over the mortal girl. Only leaving long enough to escort a newly dead soul and feed from their corpse but not nearly often enough. I'm the weakest I've ever been.

Being in the mortal realm has changed me in ways I did not know were possible. I had assumed rogues turned evil after living in human bodies, but it seems the sins of man can corrupt the discarnate.

In the beginning, my one purpose was to watch the girl and be rewarded with peaceful nothingness. It did not take long for my goals to change. Now, as I watch her sleep, knowing her dreams and nightmares are filled with my image, my goals are apparent.

Humans crave violence and sex. I never understood the need until I had lived in the human realm. The day that another girl made my ward cry, was the first time I had been filled with true rage. A need to hurt the hateful girl and protect what was mine shocked me.

If it had not been for the boy that was never quiet, I would have used a host and taught the unruly child a lesson. I would have

become damned due to the ridiculous mortal emotions.

It wasn't until she was becoming a woman that I had new urges. Ones that only a living, breathing man should have. She was the one haunting my every thought.

I had seen her body a million times and my only concerns were if she had been eating enough or if her human caretaker was getting her proper health care.

Then the night of her first date, I watched as the clumsy boy smashed his lips to hers and groped her breasts through the thick material of her sweater. She had pushed him off and made him bring her home.

And even though that was the last time she let anyone come close to touching her body, I would observe her at night, her hand working feverishly under the blankets, with her head thrown back and moans muffled in her pillow.

I would do anything to be able to touch her, smell her, taste her. Reapers do not possess senses the same as humans, but I would lick every inch of her and savor her. I would claw her pretty pink skin and leave my mark on her. I would claim her in every way. My sweet Little Shadow.

One wispy tendril flicks the air around her ear and earns me a moan. I often think back to the night I found her and how strange it felt to touch a live body.

If I touched her now, I would start to drain her of her energy and I might not be able to stop.

A shift in the air alerts me to someone entering the building. I leave my ward where she sleeps as I meet the new energy heading in her direction. Floating through walls, I finally find the man sneaking down the hall towards the dining room. I saw him earlier, flirting with my girl, but her racing heart had nothing to do with liking his advances and everything to do with her gut warning of the evil man.

I stay close to him, watching as he inspects every room quietly, surely looking for what belongs to me.

When he reaches the swinging door that leads to the dining room, he peers through the dirty window and grins when she catches his eye. Slowly he eases the door open, careful not to make a sound, and enters with bated breath.

I consider my options as he stalks toward her like the predator he is. I could do what I should have done the first time I found her and let nature take its course but then everything I have done would be for nothing.

My other option is one that will surely get me killed but it seems to be the only real choice.

I don't have any time to come up with a better plan as the big man stands next to her, hand already reaching for her beautiful black hair.

I use all my strength and push my energy into the man's body, seeping in through every pore and orifice. His spirit fights against me and I do the best I can to take control.

I suddenly feel heavy as his spirit relinquishes some of its grip to me. I can smell things, I'm not sure what they are but it's overwhelming along with the lights and sounds that I had not known were muffled all these years.

I had just thought I was hearing and seeing before. Everything is so much... more.

I don't have time to acclimate. His spirit is already trying to regain control and force me out. I use my energy and wiggle into every nerve and muscle I can.

It's not enough. I can slow his movements but I cannot take over his body. I should have been feeding more. I'm too weak to help her.

I can see the dark perverted thoughts he has had since first laying eyes on her and even though I should be appalled I can't stop myself from seeking out more. It feels strange in this mortal body, the heat, and weight in the belly, the tingle up the spine.

I know what happens to male bodies when aroused. I have collected enough souls while they were in the state but it's completely different being able to feel a mortal dick rise at the thought of my girl's beautiful body.

It's intoxicating.

This vile human is in control, but I can't say I hate being along for the ride.

He shakes his head, trying to figure out the weird sensations I have caused, but quickly gets back to his task. I do my best to pull

on his muscles, to make him retreat from the vulnerable girl still sleeping in the booth but my attempts go ignored.

I can see all the plans he has for her playing through his mind and I can't stop them from happening. She's not going to enjoy any of it but that doesn't mean I won't. Being in this evil man's body isn't an excuse but I've already messed up a million times, why not a few more?

I've wanted to know what she felt like for so long. I'll beg her forgiveness in the afterlife.



Melanie

“Mommy?” The hand rubbing the hair back from my face is bigger than what I remember from my dreams. When my brain decides to fuck with me, it’s usually very accurate in the details.

“No, sweet girl. I’m not your mommy but it would make this quicker if you called me daddy.” A deep gravelly voice answers as hot air puffs against my cheek.

This isn’t a dream I’ve had before. Everything is so real. Is this what lucid dreaming is?

“I’m waking up now,” I command as I open my eyes and find myself still in the booth at the diner but as I look at the reflection in the window, I can only hope this is a nightmare.

“Well, did you have a good nap?” The big form behind me asks, making my heart skip a beat when I recognize the voice.

The customer from earlier.

“Sir, we’re closed. I don’t know how you got in, but I have to ask you to leave.” I say, sitting up and turning to the man. I try my best to make my voice stern even when my throat is dry and I want to cry.

“Someone needs to fix the lock in the back. It was absurdly easy to get in. As for leaving, I will after I’m done.” His lips curl to one side in a smirk.

“Done with what?” I know full well what he wants to do but I’m hopeful I can stall long enough for Wes to get here.

His hand shoots out, grabbing a fistful of my hair before jerking me close to his body.

“Don’t play stupid, sweet girl. I see all these books. You’re too smart to act like that.” He smiles as he tilts my head back, forcing me to look up at him.

“I’ve been watching you. Strutting that cute little ass all over the place. You wanted attention, didn’t you? Well, I’m going to give it to you. You don’t even have to beg.”

“I don’t want anyone’s attention. I want you to leave now. My friend will be here soon.” I try to put a coherent thought together, but fear is taking over my brain and I’m losing all common sense.

“You can stop playing hard to get. I’m going to give you what you want.” He sneers as he uses his free hand to unzip his pants and pull out his semi-hard dick, palming it. I have only seen a couple in my life and all of them have been on my phone screen. His is bigger than the ones I have fantasized about, but this scenario is no fantasy of mine.

“Please, don’t do this. I’ll give you all the money here. There is a safe in the back. You can have it all.” I beg as tears start to build in the corners of my eyes.

“Does it look like I came here for money? I told you not to act stupid.” He growls as he jerks my hair again, pulling my face down closer to his cock.

“Now, open that mouth. I wouldn’t want to have to fuck up your pretty smile. “

“Please, please, don’t do this. If you leave now, I’ll forget all of this. Just, please leave.” I try again, the tears now falling down my cheeks in rivulets.

Slap

The palm of his hand sends vibrations through my skull and jaw as a burst of pain radiates around my cheek.

“Do what you’re told or the next time you’ll start losing teeth.” He growls, jerking my hair again while grabbing the base of his cock and pushing the tip into my lips. “Open up sweet girl. Let me feed you this cock.”

My brain is at war with itself. Self-preservation wants me to open up and just let it happen. The woman I have fought to become

wants to bite his dick off but I might not survive that decision.

“You don’t want me to tell you again.” He threatens.

Self-preservation wins.

I open my mouth while letting my brain take me back to the shadow man that held me and kept me safe on the other worst night of my life.

I’ve feared the monsters in the shadows all this time when the real monsters are hidden in plain sight.



Samael

What have I become?

I'm no better than the rogue reapers, but I can't seem to care as her lips wrap around the dick I now possess.

I have wormed into every nerve, feeling everything this damned mortal feels and it's exquisite.

I know this is wrong but it was going to happen no matter what. At least I'm here with her even if she doesn't know it.

"That's it, sweet girl. Swallow me down. You love choking on my cock don't you, beautiful?"

I want to rip the man's vocal cords from his throat. She belongs to me. My energy flares as my anger grows, giving me more power but not full control.

Looking down makes my stomach clench, another new feeling that I enjoy, my girl gagging on my cock, black tears running down her beautiful face as I ruin her makeup.

I can't control the speed of his hips as he thrusts into her throat but I can use his hand to reach down and stroke her face.

Using more energy, I force my words from his mouth.

"I'm so sorry, Little Shadow. I tried to stop him, but you feel so good and I am weak. Please forgive me." I pray to her and her alone. She is the only deity I'll ever serve even when she hates me for it.

Her eyes widen as she gags on cock, but the confusion is clear. Why would her rapist apologize?

I am sorry though. I never wanted her this way, but I may never get another chance. I don't deserve her, but I am selfish and will take every second I can get.

The asshole's spirit pushes me out and takes control again.

"Damn, you look pretty with my dick down your throat." He grunts as he thrusts deeper making her gag and push against his thighs, fighting for air.

"As much fun as this is, I think we are going to have to move this party elsewhere. Don't want your friend showing up and getting jealous."

He releases her hair, letting her jerk away with drool stringing from her lips as she coughs and gasps for air.

"I'm not going anywhere with you, psycho!" She screams, crawling backward in the booth trying to get away from the deranged man.

"I don't mind doing this the hard way, sweetie." He sneers.

I loved feeling her mouth. It was better than I ever imagined but I have to try and stop him. It's gone too far already.

"Get the fuck away from me! I'm not going. You might as well kill me now."

I use the last bit of my energy to take control right as he reaches for her, seizing his muscles and stopping him in his tracks.

"Run."

My words push past his lips in a snarl making her eyes grow wide before she rolls off the bench seat and crawls out from under the table. She gets to the swinging door before I lose all control.

"What the fucks is going on with me tonight?! That weed must have been laced." He grumbles as he turns and gives chase.

"Get your little ass back here! I'm not done with you yet, cunt!" He yells as she runs towards the backdoor. If she can just get outside, maybe she can call for help.

"Where are you headed, beautiful?" Another male voice asks when she breaks through the door leading to the parking lot.

“Let go of me! I’m going to fucking kill you!” My Little Shadow screams as a younger man pulls her arm behind her back and pushes her into the back seat of a car.

“Be good and maybe we’ll take it easy on you.” The younger man smiles before slamming the car door, leaving her to kick and scream in horror.

“Why were you in there so long? Supposed to be in and out.” The younger man questions the man I still inhabit.

“I got carried away. She was too pretty to resist. Her smart mouth looked so good wrapped around my cock.” He chuckles as he rubs the back of his head.

“This one is going to make us a lot of money. Don’t fuck this up with your lack of restraint.” The younger man orders and I’m starting to understand what they have planned for my girl.

I unwind myself from the shithead and enjoy the feeling of weightlessness again. Floating through the metal body of the car, I find my Little Shadow curled in a ball on the leather seat, silently crying, sobs racking her small body.

I want to regret what I did, and what I participated in, but I can’t bring myself to. If anything I’m disappointed I didn’t get to feel her pussy squeezing around the cock I was using.

I’m just as bad as the mortals that I hate.



Melanie

My scalp burns just as badly as my throat. The son of bitch pulled my hair so hard I thought pieces of my scalp were going to rip off along with the chunks of my hair.

He didn't stop pushing even when his dick hit the back of my throat. He was determined for me to swallow it and choke. I thought I was going to die when my lungs screamed for oxygen and I clawed at his legs for mercy.

I still can't comprehend what happened, but the strangest part was his voice changing right in the middle of making me gag on his cock. His eyes softened, his voice grew deep and he apologized.

It was almost like he was a different person altogether.

Someone familiar.

Then, like a switch was flipped, he was back to trying to kill me. I guess I shouldn't psychoanalyze my rapist.

The leather seat feels cool on my heated skin but my tears puddle up beneath my cheek uncomfortably. Turning my head to wipe my face, something catches my eye.

A shadow in the dark.

"Of course, my brain would choose now to fuck with me. Go away, shadow man. I have enough real shit to deal with." I croak as I sit up, my voice strained from my torn-up throat.

The shadow seems to shift on its own, moving closer.

“Why does this shit always happen to me? Hasn’t my life been hell enough? Now, I get assaulted, kidnapped, and have a fucking mental breakdown.” I scream and punch the seat in frustration.

“Stop your shit, girl!” The door swings open and the shadow disappears in the blink of an eye.

The big man slides in beside me with a sneer. I know he’s not done with me. I have to get away. There’s no way they will let me go and risk me telling anyone.

“Be a good girl and come sit on my lap.” He smiles, but it looks nothing like the smile from earlier. It makes my stomach drop and my palms sweat. This man wore a mask when he came into the diner this afternoon. This is the real face of a monster.

“I don’t ask twice, bitch.” He snarls, grabbing my wrist and dragging me on top of him.

“Please, let me go. I have people that will look for me.” I beg, uselessly. He has no intentions of being a good person but that doesn’t stop me from fisting his shirt and pleading for mercy.

“Don’t lie, baby. We don’t just snatch up little girls at the drop of a hat. We know all about you and the only person that would wonder what happened to you is that weird emo kid. Even he is too busy working and partying to worry for long. Everyone will assume you gave up and left or killed yourself. Police don’t worry about girls like you. Loners with no friends and family to aggravate them. You’re perfect.”

I know all this but hearing it brings pain to my chest and fresh tears to my eyes. I am no one. Wes will move on and find the love of his life and forget about me. All because I was too damned scared to try for more. I did this to myself.

“Now, stop your blubbering, and let me see what we have to work with.” His fingers grab the front of my button-up shirt, pulling until the threads tear and it opens.

“A decent set.” He smirks as he palms one of my breasts before grabbing the bra and jerking it down. My face burns as I try to cover myself, but he grabs my wrist and twists it until it pops and I scream.

“You might as well get used to being naked. Don’t try and cover yourself again.” He orders but my wrist throbs, making it hard to listen.

His fingers find my nipples and start to pinch and pull them. This isn't to make it feel good for me. This is like an evil child torturing an animal. My pain is fun for him.

"Lay back." He uses one big hand to push me until my back is against the seat with my ass and legs still in his lap.

Grabbing the waist of my pants, he yanks them down to my ankles. Leaving me bare except for my thin panties.

My brain wants to zone out and go to a different place far away from the back of this car, but I have to stay present. I have to wait for my chance.

I tilt my head back; I won't watch him kill another part of me.

"Let's see the back, shall we?" He chuckles as he grabs my hips and flips me to my stomach, ass in the air. His fingers trail from my thighs up to my still-covered pussy, rubbing me in a way that makes me want to throw up but my body betrays me as I grow wet.

"Your panties are getting wet already. You are a little whore." He laughs before bringing down a stinging slap to the part of my body no one but me has ever touched.

"I'm not a whore. I've never even been with a man." I growl my fear turning into anger.

"Oh really? That's rare nowadays. I don't know if I've ever been with a virgin."

His fingers slide past my panties and dip into my core, making me gag at the intrusion before he brings them to his lips and sucks them clean.

"Tastes like every other pussy. Wonder how different it feels being buried in a tight virgin cunt." He asks, grabbing my panties and begins to jerk them down but stops abruptly.

The click of the doors unlocking has me jerking my head to the door at my face.

"Run."

I don't question it. I push up on my hands, grab the door handle, and shoulder it open. I waste no time flinging myself from the moving car and do my best to tuck into a ball as I roll down the steep embankment.

My body doesn't lose momentum until I land roughly at the bottom of the hill. Every inch of my body burns and throbs. I'm unable to even sit up and check my wounds but I can't stop moving.

I dig my fingers into the soft earth and start to drag my mangled body to the patch of grass in front of me. A frigid drop of liquid lands on my nose, making me tilt my face skyward as another freezing drop lands on my lips.

Rain. I won't survive a night outside in the rain. It has to be in the twenties or lower. I'll freeze.

My heart skips a beat at the sound of twigs snapping.

"Where are you, little girl? You must be crazy. I've never had one jump from the car." His voice taunts me and spurs me forward.

I feel the skin around my nails tearing as I drag myself forwards. The rain starts to beat harder against the back of my head and soak into my torn shirt.

It's so cold. Just like the night mom died.

Freezing to death in that closet, alone.

Maybe this is just my fate. I should have died then but miraculously lived only to die cold and alone here.

Looking up I see the reflection of the moon shining brightly against the rippling water of the river.

Teufel River. We only made it ten minutes from the diner. If I can just get back, there Wes can find me. I drag myself back in the direction of my work but my fingers start to lock up within a few minutes and I haven't even made it five yards.

"I can hear your tired breathing, little girl. You can't get away. You must be hurt pretty badly. Why don't you let me take care of you?" The man's voice is close. I won't be able to stay here. He'll find me any minute.

The river is my only chance. I can lay in the shallow water until he passes. There is a high chance I'll freeze to death but I would rather risk that than him taking me wherever he has planned.

I use every ounce of energy I have left, digging my fingers and elbows into the wet earth and pulling myself to the edge of the water.

"Push harder, Little Shadow."

"Fuck you..." I snarl.

“There you are.”

“No!” I sob, but I refuse to stop. I keep pulling myself towards the water. Mud slipping between my fingers with every grasp.

“Were you going to swim for help? How pitiful.” He laughs, walking next to my tattered body, and squats down. He grabs a fistful of my hair and jerks my face to his. “You have fire in you, but not for long. We’ll smother it soon enough.” He smirks as he shoves my face into the mud and pulls me back up just to laugh.

Laying in the mud, rain beating down on me, like every aspect of my pitiful, sorry life, I realize it doesn’t matter what I do.

Evil men will always do what they want with no regard for anyone else. I can beg and plead, scream and cry. It will fall on soulless ears. Monsters never cared about the victims’ pleas. They thrive on screams as they lick our tears.

“Fuck you.” My voice sounds dead to my own ears before I gather the mud and saliva in my mouth and spit it in his smug face.

His eyes go black and dead as he wipes his face clean on his sleeve. “If that’s what you really want.”

He stands, still clutching my hair in his fist, and drags me the rest of the way to the water. I claw at his hands but my fingers are numb and not doing me much good.

“Let’s wash your face off first, pretty girl.” He snarls, pushing my head into the freezing water and shaking me.

I can’t scream, I can’t think. My arms are too weak to fight back. When he does pull me back up, I cough and clear my lungs. I scream, but a clap of thunder muffles my attempt.

“I thought this is what you wanted, babydoll?” The vile monster taunts me when he rips my panties off of my body and I cry out in response.

“Get off of me, bastard!” I scream, twisting to hit him but he grabs my arm and holds it to my back.

“I will once you scream my name. Come on. I want to hear you scream ‘please Tyler’.” He mocks as he spreads my knees, making my leg throb in pain.

“Get off me!”

“Say it!” He yells as lightning streaks across the sky.

“Please, Tyler. Please, get off me.” I sob when I feel the tip of his cock against my entrance.

Thunder shakes the ground.

Grabbing my hair again, he pulls me back until his mouth is at my ear.

“No.”

Pain explodes between my legs as he shoves his cock into me. I feel like I’m being torn apart but I don’t have long to think about it when he pushes my head under the water again.

My screams are silent beneath the waves lapping against the bank of the river as he thrust in and out of me.

”I can’t stop him, Little Shadow, but I can help the pain.”

My head is yanked from the water and I gasp for air.

“Help me!”



Samael

After watching my girl fight for air, I had to try again.

I push my energy into the vile excuse of a human and wind my way around his muscles. I do everything I can to become one with the bag of flesh and bone but I can't get his spirit out.

I can feel everything he feels. Her pussy gripping me and sucking me in even when she jerks to get away.

His hands push her back under the water but his hips never break rhythm.

Help me...

I push my energy past the sick fucks meat suit, past his fingertips, and into her body.

I surge forward and bring his hand around to the place she always touches. I find the swelled area and begin to rub circles.

He pulls her head from the water when she starts to go limp.

“Does it feel good? Being fucked when you can't breathe? Are you a dirty little whore? Your cunt is soaking wet.” He growls as he thrusts faster.

He is not lying. Her pussy is so tight and wet that every slip in and out of her feels like the paradise I've been chasing. I speed his fingers up to match his pace and she clenches around the cock inside her.

I pull some of the energy from my host but it's not enough. His spirit is fighting hard to keep me out. If I was at full strength, I

could deplete him and that would be the end of our problem. It's my fault she is in this situation. If I would have done things differently, if I would have fed regularly, I could have protected her. I'm a selfish bastard.

“I'm sorry, Little Shadow. I did this to you.”



Melanie

Between the fingers on my clit and the steady pounding between my legs, the pain starts to ease. Leaving me on the edge of an orgasm.

I hate this. I hate this man. I hate my life.

“I’m sorry, Little Shadow. I did this to you.” My rapist’s voice changes again as his fingers circle harder and his thrusts become deeper, rubbing against a spot deep inside me that has flames licking up my spine.

“I’m so sorry.” He growls, grinding into me as his hand pulls my head back, arching me and changing the angle.

He thumps against the spot while his fingers work my clit furiously. I’m so close and I hate myself for it.

“I’m so...” His words halt as he shoves my head back under the water, right as an orgasm rocks me to my core.

He doesn’t stop. He fucks into me even as my body convulses from the shocks of pleasure and then from the lack of oxygen.

He fucks me even when I’m gasping for air but only getting dirty river water.

He fucks me until his seed is buried deep in my belly.

I don’t even realize it happened until I’m watching the man pull his blood and cum covered cock from my lifeless body.

My head is still under the waves as he puts his dick back in his pants and stands up.

“Fuck they are going to be mad.” He growls, scratching his head.

And as if I was never more than a piece of trash, he rolls me into the river and watches as the water pulls me down into its depths.

“I’m sorry, Little Shadow.”



Samael

Her spirit looks the same as her corpse. Raven hair stuck to her face with the glimmer of water droplets dangling from each strand. Mascara straining her eyes and cheeks. Lips tinged blue.

She's just as beautiful in death as she was in life.

"What the actual fuck?" She gasps, watching as the vile man I just abandoned uses his foot to push her soulless vessel into the river.

I can't take my eyes off her body. She is still bare from the waist down, giving me a clear view of what made me see heaven mere minutes ago.

"I took you before the true end, Little Shadow. I didn't want you to suffer anymore and you were so close, it wasn't much of a struggle." I try to soothe my girl but as her head slings in my direction, I realize I didn't accomplish anything.

"That's it! I'm not actually dead! I've had a complete break from reality. That explains everything. I was having hallucinations all this time. It was only a matter of time before I became completely unhinged." She runs her hands through her hair but pulls them back when she feels the water there.

"Little Shadow, sometimes when someone dies in such a traumatic way, their soul has a hard time understanding what's happened"

"You! You're the Shadow Man that's been fucking with my head all this time!" She screams, causing my incorporeal form to shift at the sound.

“Please calm down, Little Sha....”

“My name is Melanie!” She enunciates each syllable.

“You may be a spirit, but a spirit in pain or turmoil can cause problems for creatures such as myself and the mortals. I’m here to help you.”

Her face twists as her spirit vibrates in anger.

“Help me? Help me?! You have driven me literally insane. Now I’m stuck in this nightmare and my body is probably straight-jacketed in St. Patrick’s!”

“I assure you, Lit... Melanie, your body is at the bottom of that river. I’m not a hallucination. I’ve been watching over you for years. Since the night I escorted your mother to her final resting place.”

She freezes, eyes studying me closely.

“So, it was a memory. You saved me that night.” She finally says after several tense seconds.

“Yes. You were on the brink of death yourself. I kept you alive even though it was against the natural order.” I explain, hoping she’ll understand, I have tried to help her.

“You should have let me die.”



Melanie

“I probably should have, but I didn’t do it for you. I was hoping if I did a good deed, I would be rewarded with peace at last.”

“So, you are a selfish bastard. Good to know. Explains a lot.”
I growl.

“I kept you alive for my own selfish reasons but I did grow to care about you, at least as much as a reaper can care about anything.”

“Well, that’s just great. I’m glad you cared about me but look where that got us. You would think having a monster as a stalker would come in handy.” I want to pull my hair out.

“I tried Little Shadow. I did but I haven’t fed in so long and I was weak.” He says, pathetically making my insides churn.

“I remember those words coming from my killer’s mouth when he was choking me with his dick.” My brain starts putting pieces together and I can’t help the guttural scream that escapes my mouth. “You were there! You said I felt so good! You enjoyed my rape, but you somehow care about me? Do you not see how fucked that is?” I scream, making his shadows twitch faster.

“Melanie, please calm down and I can explain.” He says placatingly but I’m just not gearing up. I’m ready to fucking explode.

“Calm down? I am calm! Calm as I can be for just being raped and killed by the grim reaper! You know what? Just leave me alone. I’ll figure this out on my own” I’m seething at just being near

him. I turn my back to him and start to stomp away only to be flung to the ground.

I swing my head in his direction, narrowing my eyes at his shapeless form. “It wasn’t good enough to rape me and kill me. You have to hold me, hostage, now?” I would slap him if I knew how.

“I’m not holding you here. You are a spirit. You are meant to come with me. If I were to let you go, another reaper would be called here to take you.” He explains as if that makes being stuck with him a better option.

“Anyone besides you sounds like a step up right about now,” I shout, feeling along the invisible force field, trying to find a way out.

“I can’t let that happen. I’m the only creature that will ever touch you.” He growls as he closes in on my back.

“It’s not up to you who touches me. I don’t belong to you!” I turn to yell at him some more but my mouth drops open in surprise at the creature before me.

He has an actual face, including a strong nose, high cheekbones, and a square jaw. His face and upper body are still dark as a starless winter night, but he now has discernible features while his bottom half is still draped in shadows. And shadows around him never stop quivering, reminding me of smoke caught in a breeze. His glowing crimson eyes, now set behind heavy lids, bore into mine after I have taken in the rest of him.

“This form suits you better, yes?” His fang catches on his full lip as his mouth quirks to one side. “I have found you respond to mortals that look like this. Watching your strange rambling friend and licking your lips like you’re thirsty.”

“It doesn’t matter what you look like. You are still responsible for me being absolutely batshit and now you’re responsible for me being dead.” I say, rolling my eyes when a clawed hand catches my chin and angles my face to his.

“I’ve had just about enough of your insolence. I did not make your mother a drug addict. I did not make her leave you in that closet for days while she overdosed. I did not make those mortals evil and I did not make that vile bag of flesh hurt you.” He growls, his nose rubbing against mine as his claw-tipped fingers pinch my chin harder.

“Did I keep a child alive for selfish reasons? Yes. Did I watch over a human girl when I should not have? Yes. I also went without energy so I could watch you more often which left me unable to do something that should have been simple. That is my fault. I did enjoy seeing you suck my cock and I loved the feeling of your tight virgin cunt,” His grip on my chin eases as he brings up a wispy tendril to rub against my bottom lip.

“I did not make that happen. I am a selfish monster but you do belong to me now. Accept it or you will never get revenge on the people that did cause this.” He slowly pulls his hand away, leaving a sharp pain where he drags his claws.

“Ow! What the hell was that? I’m dead, how can I feel pain?” I ask, rubbing my stinging skin.

“I’m *your* reaper, Little Shadow. I can make you feel whatever I want.”



Wesley

“Why are you not listening?” I ask, fighting the urge to grab the officer by the collar and smash his head against the desk.

“Son, we already went through this. Your friend has no family and apparently only one friend. It wouldn’t be the first time someone took off looking for a better life. We have to wait twenty-four hours to make a missing person report. Come back tomorrow.” The pudgy middle-aged man answered with a huff.

“She had just texted me. She was there waiting. Now she is gone. She’s not at home and not answering her phone. Something is going on.” I push even as he rolls his eyes.

He knows where she’s at. Gouge his eyes out and make him answer.

Deep breaths. He’s just a fat idiot cop. He doesn’t know anything. He’s just fucking lazy.

“Twenty-four hours.” He repeats before turning his back to me, leaving me standing at the counter alone.

My phone had died right before I had left work and didn’t get her text until I was almost to the diner. She wasn’t there when I arrived and she wasn’t at home. I have driven the streets she would take home with no sign of her. The sinking feeling in my stomach has grown with every hour until I decided to go talk to the police but that has proven pointless.

“I’ll find her myself,” I growl under my breath as I stomp out of the station but not before kicking the gumball machine beside the door. The glass shatters when it hits the ground and cops are

screaming as brightly colored gumballs roll across the dingy tile floor. I'm pretty sure the loud bang was Sergeant Chunk Ass slipping on the balls and breaking a hip.

I chuckle when a few bust through the doors threatening to arrest me. "Fuck you!" I scream, climb in my car and flip them off before peeling out of the parking lot.

I feel like I've been driving in circles for hours looking for any sign of Mouse before I find myself in front of her apartment complex.

I'm here enough, hopefully, no one will call the cops if they see me trying to get in. I don't need to get locked up before I have the chance to find her.

The thumping in my chest speeds with every step until I reach her door.

Looking over my shoulder, I check to see if anyone is watching before I pull out an old credit card and slide it between the door and the frame. Carefully, I angle the card until the corner catches the latch. I wiggle the card while pushing on the door with my shoulder until it pops open.

I stumble in, but quickly poke my head out to see if anyone happened to see my blunder.

No one in the halls except the usual drunk sprawled on the stairs, head lolled to the side with drool pouring onto the concrete floor.

Shutting the door quietly, I start to inspect her apartment. Everything is just the way it was yesterday afternoon. No one has been here, including Mouse. That makes the dread in the pit of my stomach grow even more.

In the back of my head. I really wanted the officer to be right. I would miss the hell out of Mouse and would be beyond pissed if she took off without me but that was a much better option than the reality.

Mouse would never leave without telling me and she wouldn't kill herself. She was too focused on school and helping kids. She had stuff to live for. She was going to be the best social worker. She didn't want kids of her own but she was committed to helping kids like us and I was going to support her any way I could.

I roamed the small space, inspecting the kitchen and what she liked to call a living room. It was just an old couch and a heavy floor-model TV that barely worked. She liked the “retro” stuff but I wasn’t a fan of the fuzzy picture.

Making my way back to her bedroom, I’m hit with the light honeysuckle scent of her body spray and it’s almost like she’s standing beside me.

Her bed is still a mess. Sheets and blankets wrinkled and bunched from another restless night. I lie down and pull the blanket up to my nose.

Clenching the fabric in my fists, I can’t stop the tears from leaking from my eyes. Someone has her or she’s already dead.

My Mouse. Someone has my Mouse and I will find them. I’ll tear them limb from limb. They’ll regret the day they even looked at what belongs to me.

I have wanted her for as long as I can remember, but she was determined to keep me firmly in the friend zone. She is everything I’ve ever wanted, but always just out of reach.

I curl into her blanket, sniffing and think about her beautiful warm skin and soft hair. Everything about her is a sensory experience. I could take years exploring every inch of her and would never grow tired.

My cock throbs. I would do anything for her to be in the bed with me. Legs wrapped around my head while I bury my nose in her wet sticky core. I would lick her until she couldn’t move and then I would hold her down and rub my cock all over her beautiful face and hair.

I pull my dick free and wrap her satin sheet around the hardness. It’s wrong but fuck it. It’s the closest I’ll ever be to fucking her.

My mind drifts back to the fantasy. Teasing her lips with my dripping head. Her cute little tongue licking at the tip. Fisting my dick through the sheets I imagine using one hand to rub my cock and then slapping her perky little tits with it. They look so soft and bouncy. I bet they would jiggle when I hit them.

I twist and pull harder, working myself closer to the bliss.

I would trail my cock down her body and circle her clit with it. Tease her tight little cunt but I wouldn’t fuck her, yet. I would sit

her ass in between my knees and pull her knees up until they rested on her tits. Biting and licking her from her toes to the tender flesh inside her thigh, she would be a whimpering mess, begging for my dick.

I would let her legs fall open while I held her feet together in front of me. My cock spasms as I fist the head and imagine the shock in her eyes when I spit on her feet and use them to rub my cock. I would fuck her feet and push all the way through until the head of my cock bumped her clit with each thrust and right before I came I would let her feet go and slam into her tight little pussy and empty myself deep in her.

My balls draw up almost painfully tight as I ruin her sheet. My whole body jerks as I fuck into the soft material, imagining it's her soft puffy pussy.

My brain is so foggy and my eyes so heavy after going to school, working at the yard, and not sleeping. And now having an earth-shaking orgasm has almost put me into a catatonic state. I need to be out looking but her bed is so comfortable and I feel so close to her here. My eyes start to drift closed against my better judgment when a crash from the bathroom has them popping back open.

I jump from the bed and rush to where the noise came from, finding the ceramic toothbrush holder shattered on the bathroom floor.

“What the hell...” I think aloud before going to get the broom and dustpan. I'm sweeping up the broken pieces into the dustpan when the mirror shakes like someone is beating on it. The leap I make into the hallway could qualify me for the Olympics. All the hair on my body is standing on end and I have a weight in my stomach telling me to just turn my ass around and go home but I've never listened to it before, why start now.

“What the fuck is going on?!” I scream, fisting my hair and pulling until the pain levels me. I slowly step back into the bathroom and peer into the mirror and what looks back at me sucks the oxygen from my lungs and stops my heart.

“Wes!” Melanie screams from the other side of the mirror, her tiny fists beating on the glass making the whole thing shake. The metal brackets holding it to the wall moan in protest.

The bathroom light dims at the same time chill bumps break out over my arms.

Her hair is wet and plastered to her face. Her pulled-back lips are pale blue as she screams for me. The black smears running down her face make the scene that much more spine-chilling but it's unmistakably my Mouse crying in the reflection.

Before I can even comprehend what I'm seeing a huge black shadow grows in the background. Its inky writhing appendages reach out from the void and wrap around her. They drag her backward and I am forced to watch as the shadowy mass swallows her screaming form into nothingness.

"Mouse!" My voice echoes off the tile walls as the bathroom light glows brightly before blowing with a loud pop. "That wasn't real. It couldn't be. It's just another way my brain can fuck with me. I need sleep. Have I even taken my meds today?" I rattle to myself, trying to explain what I saw but there is no explanation. I saw my Mouse and watched her get swallowed by a monster.

"Sleep. I just need sleep." I murmur, scrubbing my palms over my face. "This can't happen now. She needs me now more than ever."

I don't waste time as I clean up the mess and leave the apartment the way I found it. All except the sheets. I throw them in a garbage bag and take them with me.

I stop with my hand on the knob and look around to make sure everything looks the same and find the hoodie she stole from me five years ago hanging on the hooks by the door. She wore it every movie or study night since but always denied stealing it. According to her, we were studying for finals and I fell asleep on the couch. We overslept the next morning and in our rush to leave she tried to hand it to me and I said keep it.

I might have said that but I didn't mean forever. It was a casual, *you wear it*, kind of keep it. The little thief took my words as *I'm gifting you this really special Falling in Reverse hoodie I got at the only concert I've ever been to. The same concert I took you to and offered to get you your own hoodie but you said no, you didn't really like hoodies. But now that you changed your mind, please take the hoodie and a little bit of my soul with it.*

I've given her shit about it ever since but truthfully it made me smile every time she wore it. I felt pride and territorial. The hoodie was my mark on her even if she didn't know it. It now smells like her. Warm and sweet with a little smoke mixed in from her favorite incense.

“Yep, that’s coming with me.” I snatch the hoodie and stuff it under my arm. I open the door, lock it and check it after it’s closed by wiggling the knob. I take the steps two at a time in a rush to get away from the eerie apartment and back to my place.

When I reach my car, I spare one final look at the rundown building only to see a willowy shadow lurking in the window. The hair on my neck raises as the feeling of dread prickles in my stomach.

“Not again...”



Melanie

“Let go of me!” I continue to scream as the reaper drags me from the bathroom. “Wes! It’s me!”

“I told you, you can hurt the living. You are still fresh and your emotions are erratic. You cannot communicate with him.” He growls, as one smokey tendril wraps around my wrist, picks me up, and drops me on my bed. “He’s weird anyway.”

“Are you jealous of my best friend?” I ask, my eyebrows shooting up at the idea. It would make more sense than his explanation. Wes could see me and I would never hurt him.

“I don’t know how often I have to say it but you belong to me. You don’t need the mortal anymore. I am here now and I’m the only company you need.” He retorts, lifting his head and looking down at me.

“I do not want you, SAM!” I yell and feel a little happier as his shadow form jerks in response.

“My name is not Sam, Little Shadow. It would do you well to show me some respect. I could still drag you off to the gates. I don’t know what fate awaits you there but I’ve seen some souls screaming for mercy after being pulled through.” He threatens as his billowing shadows slip across the floor in different directions.

“You can send me to hell or whatever you want to call it if you want but I have to let Wes know what happened to me. He won’t stop looking and if he knows, he can get help and then move on knowing I’m dead. Not just his missing friend.”

“You will leave the human alone and that is final. I refuse to fight with you anymore. I know this isn’t what you wanted or expected but you’re stuck with me and I have to feed or I’ll stay weak. I can’t protect you if I’m weak.” He growls and then turns to stalk away. He doesn’t quite walk but he doesn’t float either. It’s like his shadows move him about. A shadow conveyer belt!

“You have yet to protect me! You pretend to care for me and want to help me but you enjoyed the ride along while I was being raped! You’re not my protector. You’re just one of the god-damned villains in my story.”

“I’m whatever you make me be! I didn’t want to be your anything but here I am and I’m tired of you thinking you control this situation. You are mine and you’ll do what you’re told. Now let’s go.” He seethes, his anger reaching a new level but I don’t care.

“Make me!” I growl, crossing my arms in defiance.

“As you wish, Little Shadow.” His human-esque face appears in the darkness, another smirk showing off his glimmering white fangs.

Two tendrils sneak up the side of my bed and wrap around my wrists before I can even blink. “Let go,” I order through clenched teeth.

“Make me.” His laugh is dark and gravelly, sending sparks straight to my cunt against my will.

The shadow tentacles are surprisingly strong when they pull my arms apart. It’s even more surprising when they push me down to the bed and pin me there.

“You might be strong as a spirit Little Shadow, but I am still Death and you will do as I say.” His dark form solidifies more, displaying a huge body, easily seven feet tall and wide as a door frame. I’m not sure which version scares me more.

“Are you nervous? If you were alive, would your heart be racing right now?” He asks, leaning over me. Shadows press me further into the bed and take away all my common sense. I whimper and I hate myself for it.

“No need to cry, Little Shadow. I know your first time was,” His nose is human in appearance but it feels like a breeze when he rubs it against my cheek, “Tainted with hate and pain.”

Tears run down the side of my face and puddle in my ear. I'm dead. How can I even cry? Why am I crying? This is my life now. It was shitty when my heart was beating and it's shitty now that it's not.

"Shhh, let me make you feel better." He purrs against my ear before something flicks out and licks away the tears.

"Please don't." My whimper catches in my throat when his full lips land on mine. I was expecting rough and demanding but his touch is far from that. He slowly moves against my mouth and feels like silk.

Another shadowy tentacle slides over the exposed skin of my stomach. I never thought what I wore when I died would matter but I now realize I was wrong. My shirt is open, exposing my bra and the swell of my breasts. My cunt is bare and on full display.

Shadows gently flick against my collarbone and ribs. I want to hate it but I hate myself for enjoying it. The feather-light touches against my cool skin almost makes me feel alive again.

The shadows release my wrists only to wipe at my wet cheeks.

"I am a monster, Melanie. I want to hold you down and use my full form to penetrate every opening of your body until you are nothing but a crying, whimpering mess soaked in my cum but I am not the same monster that killed you. I won't *completely* ruin you until you ask me to, and when the day comes, when you beg for my touch, I will devour you. You will never be whole again. You will think of me inside of you every second for the rest of eternity. "

His fang catches my lip and the pain mixed with his words has me squirming under his crimson gaze.

"Until then, I must feed and become stronger. I can't protect us in this state." His shadowy form is gone before I can reply. I watch as he stalks toward my living room as his shadows twitch in irritation. The pull of our tie drags me with him but I keep as much distance as possible, not trusting my own actions at the moment.

He doesn't know it but I'm so lonely, a few more kind touches and I would have been begging.



Samael

It took everything in my power not to abuse her small body, but I was serious about waiting. She would willingly give me her body and soul, but that didn't mean I couldn't sway her decision.

“Once I'm strong enough, we will find your killer and I will make him pay. Then your spirit can be at peace. You won't feel the need for all these outbursts.” I inform her proudly but her face makes me second-guess my attempt at romance.

“You would also have to die for me to be at peace or do you not remember possessing a man while he fucked me against my will and killed me?” Her voice drips with venom as she glares up at me.

“I've already explained...”

“Your explanation is bullshit. You loved every minute of taking my virginity by force. Your explanation is an excuse and nothing more.”

“You will understand in time, Little Shadow.” I can only hope she does. I would hate to spend eternity fighting her at every step. “Stay by my side. Other reapers are likely to be lurking nearby. Rogues are always looking for weak hosts. Easy to take over and use as puppets.”

“What the hell is a rogue?”

“They are reapers that don't want to deal with the dead. They want to live as mortals

but they have been corrupted. They are evil creatures now.” I leave out the fact that I'm no less evil than a rouge. We are one and

the same now. The difference is that I have Melanie and no urge to live in the mortal realm.

“Should I be scared? Ya know. Since you’re weak and shit?” Her voice quivers, but she won’t look at me. She looks so tiny next to me making my need to protect her even stronger.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you Little Shadow. Things are different in this realm. I’m weak in the mortal world but here, I have been here for eons. It would take more than skipping a few reaping’s to make me weak here.” I assure her. I shouldn’t be proud though. She is right, I was too weak when it really mattered.

“So, it’s fine if you hurt me, but no one else can?” She asks, trailing behind me slightly as I shift us through buildings. The call of death pulls me steadily in the direction I’m needed.

“You belong to me. Of course, I can do what I want to you. That means bringing you pain or bringing you pleasure. The decision is mine. No one else is allowed to make you feel anything. I will rip their souls from their bodies and gorge myself on them.”

“You think that’s romantic, but really it’s just hypocrisy. You claim that I belong to you, but I’ve never met you before that night. And when I did meet you it was through the eyes of my rapist. That’s far from romantic; it’s just fucked up.” She spits.

“You might have not known that you met me, but you’ve known me your whole life. I’ve been the shadow at your back and the goosebumps on your skin. You might not have known it was me but your body did.”

“You said that before. You’ve known me my whole life but I was a child the first time and assumed you were just my imagination. I didn’t really meet you until I was dying” she argues. “You’ve known everything I’ve gone through and never saved me from anything, even my own death. Wait a minute if you’ve watched me my whole life does that mean all the time? Did I ever have any privacy? Were you watching me...”

“I watched you touch yourself, Little Shadow. It was beautiful watching you squirm against your pillow, fingers exploring your sex. There were times I would have done anything to touch you.” I grow restless thinking back to those nights.

“That’s sick. I didn’t give you permission to watch me or know you were there. That makes you nothing more than a stalker.”

She's right. I am a stalker but only for her. I'm called to her. I don't know if it's fate or a sick twisted game by the gods but I'm going to follow her no matter what.

"Well, call me what you want, you're stuck with me. Now be quiet and get behind me. We're close."

We phase through the brick wall of a run-down apartment complex. I take in the dirty mattress on the concrete floor. The empty liquor bottles scattering the room and the faint smell of alcohol in the air make it easy to assume a death caused by addiction until I enter the bathroom.

The tiny gasp at my back lets me know when her eyes land on the young girl sitting in an empty, old rusted tub. Her head is lolled back as she looks at the ceiling with unseeing eyes. She must have slit her wrist a while ago. The blood has stopped rushing from the gashes and now just the occasional droplets splatter against the scummy floor.

"I can't. I can't watch this." Her hair swings and hits my arm when she turns away from the scene. "She was so young. What could have happened to her to make her do such a thing? She's so beautiful. Was her life really so horrible that she had to end it this way?" She sobs.

I take in the girl's long red hair flowing over the back of the tub, and her pale freckled skin and imagine that her emerald green eyes sparkled when she was alive. She was beautiful but that means nothing in life or death. Melanie is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, and she still suffered immensely in her short life.

"You do not know anything about this girl or her life. This is not you so don't make it about you. Her life was horribly tragic. She had no one and felt like she had nothing left to live for. She spent the last year of her life drinking day and night trying to numb her pain. This was her peace. It might not be the one you would choose but you don't get to disrespect her for her choice."

I might have gone against everything a Reaper is supposed to do but I still hold Death sacred. Standing here I see this girl's tragic past, and she genuinely felt like she had no other choice. She was in pain every day. No one has a right to say how we live or how we die.

"I wasn't trying to be disrespectful. It's just..." Her voice breaks as fresh tears start to pour. "I mean I still ended up dead but this could have been me. I don't know. Does it make it better or worse that I didn't have a choice?"

“I don’t know, Little Shadow. I would have been happy with you here either way, but you deserved dignity in your death and I’m sorry I could not give you that.” I say sincerely. I really do wish I could have given her a better ending to her mortal life.

“Well, you didn’t but at least you’re respecting this girl and her choice.” She sniffs and turns back around to stand next to me. “Which reminds me where is she? I remember seeing my body right after I died but she’s nowhere around. Unless... Can I not see her? Can I not see other dead people, is that a Reaper thing?”

She rambles to herself in a panic.

“I’m not going to be stuck for the rest of eternity just seeing you! I can’t live like that. I need friends. I need other people. I can’t talk to you for the rest of eternity. I’ll have to figure out a way to kill myself for real. Like the end to the end.”

“Calm yourself, Little Shadow. Another reaper made it here before us. She has been gone for quite some time. Her spirit is long gone but her body is still warm to the touch. That’s the reason I thought I had made it in time.” I explain. “But to answer your many questions simply, spirits can see you but you should not interact with them. There are times when spirits fight moving on and have to be made to do so. Reapers do have the ability to calm the soul’s emotions but if they are completely lost in the situation our ability doesn’t do much good. I don’t want you getting caught up with an angry spirit.”

“So, another question. You possess people’s bodies, right? Since she is not ‘dead dead’ yet, her body still being warm and all. Is there any way I could call it home for a minute?”

“Are you absolutely insane? It’s a dead body, not somewhat dead. Actually dead. And even if you could, why do you want to possess this poor girl’s body? Don’t you think she’s been through enough? Haven’t you ever heard of respect for the dead?”

Maybe this has been harder on her than I thought. These are the kind of thoughts that turn a spirit into a poltergeist. Completely separated from reality.

“Well, you see, I just have some unfinished business. I know you don’t like to talk about him, but I never got to say goodbye to Wes and I feel like this is something I’m not going to be able to move on from. So, I figured I could borrow the vessel, skip over to Wes’s place and explain the whole situation. You know, closure for everyone. A happier ending!”

She beams at me like she just had the most brilliant idea and doesn't realize how absolutely absurd it sounds. She has gone completely off her rocker.

"You cannot borrow a body."

"It'll only take me a few minutes. I think you owe me this much." She retorts with a raised eyebrow.

"Even if I would let you, it's not possible. You're not a reaper. You're a human spirit and wouldn't understand the intricacies involved in possession. Especially not the possession of a dead body." I assure her. "Now, as I've said many times, I have to feed. I feel another calling downtown. Let's go and we can have a walk by the river."

"Are you serious?" Her eyebrows jerk up and her mouth hangs open before she swallows and shakes her head. "I think I'm going to stay here and try to get a body, even if you won't help me." She growls.

"Little Shadow, do not make me get angry."

"I'm already dead. I'm not scared of you." Her quivering voice betrays her attempt at bravery.

"Is that so? If I were to come up to you, right now and wrap my shadows around your wrist and ankles. If I held you against the wall and used all your tight little holes for my pleasure, you wouldn't be scared?" Her mouth drops open and her pupils dilate. She might be scared but she likes filthy talk. I wonder what else she likes.

"You promised you wouldn't do anything until I asked for it." She shudders.

"I meant I wouldn't fuck you. That doesn't mean I won't play with you. As I said, you belong to me. I give you a little freedom but you're still mine, Melanie." I stalk closer and savor the smell of her fear and arousal. She can try to hide the emotions on her face, but I know what she wants.

"So what is it, Little Shadow? Are you scared or not?" I taunt with a smirk.

"What does it matter? You just said you wouldn't fuck me, but you would play with me, even if I didn't want it. There's no sense in being scared. You're going to do whatever you want anyway. I figured I was nothing more than a play toy to you."

“Okay, Little Shadow, I’ll treat you like a toy but I must warn you I like to play rough.”

My shadows start to creep toward her and she scurries backward, retreating even though she can’t go anywhere. The tether to her soul keeps her within my reach. And though I shouldn’t like it, I can’t help but get excited. It’s not like I can kill her but I will show her all the things I can make her feel.

“Not so brave are we now, Little Shadow.”

“As I said, do your worst. I refuse to fear you.” She says but I see her throat move as if trying to swallow down her fear.

One dark tendril slides over the floor until it reaches her feet. It slides up her ankle and around her calf. I look up at her face and expect to see fear but she is just staring me straight in the eye, daring me to keep going.

So, I do.

The shadowy tentacle wraps higher, around her thigh until the tip finds the junction of her legs.

“Still feeling brave?”

She doesn’t answer me but her gilded eyes never move, her gaze focused completely on mine until I twitch the shadow against her sex. Her eyes widen before they flash down to my dark projection.

“Okay then. Let’s continue, pet.” A growl vibrates through my smirk letting her know just how much this is arousing me. With nothing in the way, my shadow has free reign to roam her sex. I start off easy, rubbing the tip over her hard nub and it earns me a gasp.

I look up but this time her eyes are trained on where my shadow explores her body. Another flick to her clit is all it takes before her hands fly down to cover herself.

“Now, now Little Shadow. I thought you were fearless. Can’t be hiding from me. I own you.”

“I was wrong. I’m sorry, I take it back. I’m not ready. I thought I was. I thought I could bluff you, but I was wrong. Please just stop.” She whimpers as another one of my shadows comes up to push at her hands.

“This isn’t a game, Little Shadow. There is no bluffing. I think you need to learn a lesson, even if it’s a hard one.”

Before she can argue, four more shadows emerge to wrap around her wrists and ankles, anchoring her to the wall.

“Please don’t do this. You promised you wouldn’t fuck me. How am I ever supposed to want to be with you if I can’t trust you? If I’m scared of you?” She pleads.

“Little Shadow, I’m going to make you want me. One way or another. And I’m not going to fuck you. At least not with what you would consider a dick. These shadows, they’re mine to manipulate. I can do with them what I please. I can make them narrow,” I demonstrate, holding up a fifth tendril, shrinking it to the size of a pencil.

“And I can make them huge.” The shadow expands to the size of a tree trunk making her eyes bulge. She is very clearly against that size.

“I can make them as dense as I want to. So, they can feel like a feather or a steel rod inside of you. It all depends on how you act. So, Little Shadow, are you going to be a good girl for me?”

“Please don’t do this, please. I’m begging you, I’m not ready.”

“Remember how I told you I can make you feel what I want you to feel? Well, this is when it comes in hand.” I stalk towards her, my shadow form turning more solid the closer I get.

“If you’re a good girl, I’ll let you feel nothing but pleasure. I’ll have you screaming for more. If you’re bad. If you don’t do what you’re told. If you fight me or you smart off again. I can make it hurt so much worse than it did the night that you died. I can make you scream out in pain and make tears run down that pretty face. So, what’s it going to be?”

Her eyes are huge as she takes in my solid form.

“You’re a monster.” She spits.

“I’ve already told you that.”



Melanie

How did I end up here?

What did I do so wrong to get the life that I had and the death that I'm living now? What god did I fuck over to deserve this?

I stare at the monster towering over me. His face and chest are human-like but his arms seem twice as long as any man I have ever seen and his skin reminds me of a void, so black it would absorb any light.

When he smiles it looks like his mouth is stretching and splitting his face. Row after row of sharp teeth and fangs fill the space.

Instead of hair around his head, wispy shadows dance as if they are caught in a lazy breeze and at the end of his fingers, his shadows extend, forming claws. Everything about him screams predator.

He claims he escorts people to their final resting place but I'm starting to think he might eat my soul before I ever make it to mine.

"Let go of me. If you do this, I'll never want you... I'll never love you."

"You think that but after centuries of being with me, you'll learn to love me. When I bring you orgasm after orgasm, day after day, you'll never want to be away from me." Hey growls as his smokey tentacles pull me tighter against the wall.

“I won’t. I’m going to hate you. I’ll hate you forever and when I figure out a way to kill you I will.”

The dark laughter rumbling from him is my answer. The tentacles at my cunt start to spread me open. I shouldn’t be wet, it’s sick but I am. What is wrong with me? Why am I turned on by being forced to do something I don’t want to do? When did I become this fucked up?

“Aww, pet, look how wet you are for me. So not only are you a bad girl, but you’re also a dirty little slut.” He taunts while his tentacle slips through my lips and circles the dripping entrance.

“Please stop! I don’t want this.” I start to sob but choke when the black appendage forces its way inside me.

“Little Shadow don’t lie to me. You’re soaking wet.” He invades my body. The tentacle is only about the size of three of my fingers, but it’s still uncomfortable.

While the tentacle makes a come hither motion inside me pressing against every sensitive area I have, another shadowy finger appears, to rub at my tight swollen clit. It’s wrong but it feels so good. He’s only been playing with me for a minute and I can already feel my insides tightening and heat in my belly.

“I can feel you, Little Shadow. Your insides are starting to spasm. Let go, have your pleasure or I will turn it into pain.”

“I can’t! This isn’t supposed to feel good! This is wrong. This is rape!”

“Call it what you want, Little Shadow but I know it feels good. You want this. I know you do. I’m already coated in your need. Let go so I don’t have to hurt you. I don’t want to. I just want your cum.”

And even though my brain is screaming for me not to I can’t help it when my hips start to jerk, and I fuck myself deeper and deeper on his thickening tentacles.

It started out slow, going from the size of three of my fingers to the size of five and now I feel like I’m being split into. But I still can’t stop. The harder I fuck myself down on him, the faster he rubs my clit, and the closer I am to seeing heaven.

I wonder if you can die in the afterlife from an orgasm.

“That’s it, Little Shadow. Give in to yourself and feel the release. Be a good girl for me. Mark my shadows with you cum.”

He growls in my ear and even though his words should make me vomit, it drives me harder until there are fireworks behind my eyelids and ringing in my ears. My stomach clenches and I feel myself gush between my legs, coating my thighs and dripping down to my feet.

“That’s it. You’re such a good girl.” He smirks but surprises me when he bends over and licks my cum from the floor, revealing a tongue at nearly a foot long.

“You taste so sweet too. I knew you would. I can’t wait till I can get my tongue inside of you.” I’m not sure if my shiver is from fear or excitement.

My shadow bindings suddenly disappear, and he is standing nose to nose with me the next second. “I told you. You will love me.” His tongue flicks out against my bottom lip. “Eventually.”

“I’ll tolerate you long enough to see my justice and then I’ll find a way to finish you or myself.” His eyes narrow but his lips find my jaw and begin working his way up to my ear with teasing kisses.

“Fuck!” A sharp pain at my ear lobe startles me. “You bit me!” I feel the fang he has pierced me with move before he sucks the tender skin into his mouth.

“You may feel pain, Little Shadow but you cannot die after death. This is all there will ever be. An eternity of you and me.” He whispers into my ear. “Threaten me all you want but like I said before, you will only feel pain from me. If a soul causes you pain, they will feel the full force of my wrath and that includes yourself.”

He finishes with a tender kiss to my temple then turns and walks away, our tether dragging me behind him.



Wesley

Three days and no sign of Mouse anywhere.

Three days of screaming to the point of losing my voice, breaking all the mirrors in my apartment, and scratching my skin until I bled. I've probably smoked a month's worth of cigarettes already.

Three days with no more than four hours of sleep. I'm seeing shadows everywhere and I feel myself slipping back into the psychotic state I fell into a few years ago. I'm becoming detached from reality and there is nothing I can do about it except try to hold on and not spiral too far.

I've taken my meds and they are useless. I can't go inpatient. Not with Mouse still missing. I know in my gut, she is gone but I can't stop looking for her. She wouldn't stop looking for me.

"I'm seeing them again, Mouse. They're everywhere." My voice cracks as my panic rises.

"Shhh... It's okay, Wes. Nothing is here. Your medicine just needs to be changed. Let's go talk to your mom." Mouse smooths my sweat-soaked hair away from my face.

I have been seeing and hearing things since I was fourteen. It took seeing a few doctors and changing meds a couple of times to sort everything out.

Of course, leave it to my fucked up brain to only let me have two years of peace.

“Mouse, if I tell mom about the shadows, I’ll get stuck in St. Patrick’s. I can’t go there. I can’t get locked up. I’ll die without you with me.” I grab her hand and hold it to my cheek, hoping she understands.

“Wes, I would never leave you, but you need help and only the doctors can give it to you. It’ll be okay. I’ll be there with you.” Her gentle smile and fingers caressing my skin calm my nerves enough for me to see reason.

“You promise? You’ll stay with me forever?”

She nods and holds out her hand.

“Pinky promise. Forever.”

And she didn’t leave. She has stayed with me through everything, even when I’ve been a shit friend.

So, I’m not about to give up on her.

I’ve driven all over the city and called every hospital and morgue. I’ve talked to the people at her work and anyone she has class with. No one has any information.

I hate being at my apartment, feeling helpless but my mind is a dangerous place and even though I know I’m hallucinating I can’t stop the paranoid feelings. Every time I see a shadow from the corner of my eye or hear the whispering at my back, my mind shatters a little more.

Are the people that took Mouse coming for me now? They must know I’ve been asking questions and looking for her. They need to keep me quiet. Do they know where I live? Where I work?

I hope they want to keep me quiet. Let them come. Because when they do, I’ll be ready.

I glance over at the hunting knife on my table while taking another drink of my coffee.

I have thought about my plan over and over since I have been stuck at home. I’ll be the bait. Make them come to me and then make them tell me where Mouse is. I’m not a violent person but the one good thing about my medicine not working, I have come up with some creative ways to get the information I need.

I don’t like it, but I’ll sit here on this couch and wait for my prey to come to me.

I never wanted to be a villain but they made me into one when they took my happily ever after.



Samael

Death is everywhere.

Mortals never see it. They are too wound up in their own small mortal lives to notice the suffering of others.

I feel the pull of death and follow it like a dog on a trail. I pull the reluctant soul with me through the rundown city she has lived in her whole life.

It's a hard thing to describe. My shadows start to flicker and then a sharp tug to my soul gives me more of a detailed direction to go. I could resist but the pull would get stronger and stronger until another reaper had finished the job.

I'm hungry enough that I quicken my pace down the cracked sidewalk that leads to the middle of town and earns a huff from the pissed-off ghost behind me.

"We're almost there," I inform her, but she sighs loudly in response. "What is it, Little Shadow? I told you I had to eat soon."

"I'm still thinking about the girl back there. If she would have been... freshly dead, could I have possessed her body?" I realize she is not going to drop the topic.

"You could have if I let you. You cannot leave my side without my permission. And since I'm not letting you go anywhere, you can stop worrying about that."

"But it wouldn't take me long. I would come right back. I need to let Wes know. He can get the police involved and save a bunch of girls." She tries to reason with me, but she still doesn't

understand, I don't care about what happens to anyone except her. She's my everything.

My eternity.

"Melanie, there is nothing you could say that would sway me on this. Let it go. We will get your justice and then you'll be at peace."

"Are you sure there is nothing I could say?" She asks, appearing next to me with big round eyes.

"Yes, Little Shadow. I'm set on this. " I answer, getting aggravated with her pestering.

"Even if I said yes?"

My body freezes as her meaning sinks in.

"That isn't giving me what I want freely. That's bargaining." I want her body more than anything, but I also don't want to make the same mistake twice. I want her to beg and plead for me to use her.

"You're already doing things to me without my consent. At least this way I have some kind of say in what happens with my body and some good can come from my death " Her jaw twitches. From anger or nervousness, I'm not sure.

"That's not what I want."

"Oh, I see. It's all about what you want. You claim to care about me but give zero fucks about what I want. Well, listen here monster. You have two choices. Either give me what I want and get something you want in return or don't and I'll find a way to get away from you. Maybe one of those rogue reapers can help me."

She's trying to push me, and she is succeeding. She also has a point. I'm never going to gain her love if I don't give in a little.

"Okay Little Shadow," I turn to her without warning and pin her to the brick wall of the old bank we happen to be passing.

"I'll make a deal with you. I'll help you possess someone and you can warn your little friend, but then you will belong to me. For eternity. You will love me and I will love you. We will be happy together. No more of this mortal mess." I bargain as one of my shadows rubs the soft, tender flesh of her thigh.

"I cannot promise my love. It doesn't work like that. I can try to forgive you and learn to like you." She swallows as she gazes up

at me with big beautiful eyes. She may never love me, and it seems ridiculous since love is a mortal emotion but I have known I loved her in some way since the first day those eyes met mine. It's just changed more and more with each passing second.

I am a sorry excuse for a Reaper. I'm not meant to love. It goes against everything I know about my species, which isn't much. I've heard some say gods formed us from the sorrow that follows death. When a human lost a loved one, they would cry out to their creators. The mortals would beg for peace but none was found when restless ghosts haunted them, unknowingly tormenting them when they refused to move on. So the gods reached down and collected all the pain, and the cries for mercy and molded the first reaper to accompany the lost souls to their afterlife.

I don't even know what happens then. I just know it must be better than the endless death that was my existence before I stumbled upon the gold-eyed child who turned into the woman I let myself fall in love with.

Even the rogues don't feel the silly emotion. So why am I so obsessed with it and my connection with this pitiful ghost? I should just bring her to the gate now and wash my hands of her but I know I won't. I'm completely enthralled with her and cursed myself the moment I held her in my arms.

"You will love me one day Melanie. It might be a thousand years from now, but you will yearn for me." She sucks in a quick breath when one shadow teases the inside of her thigh and another weaves through the fingers dangling at her side. "But I am patient. Promise to stay with me for eternity and I will help you."

"Deal." She answers a little too quickly for my liking, but I let it go instead of having another pointless argument.

"I still need to feed and find a suitable host for you."

"Well, what are we waiting for? Get to it, Squidward!" She orders with a smirk.

"Excuse me?" I ask, generally curious if this is an insult.

"You have shadow 'tentacles', and you apparently have a stick up your ass. You're Squidward."

"We'll talk about this more later. I don't understand the reference but I know when you're being a brat." I turn and go back to tracking the death that's calling to me.

“I hope she’s pretty. Is that wrong? To hope someone that died is pretty.” She rambles and I can’t stop my eyes from rolling. Petty mortal problems.

“I don’t think the spirit will care too much if you judge their appearance, but there is no guarantee it will be a woman.”

“I can’t have a dick! I’m opposed to having one touch me much less to own one!”

The smirk lifts my lips before I can trap it between my fangs.

“I saw that! This isn’t funny!” She whines, reminding me just how young she is.

“Fine, we’ll just keep stalking dead bodies until we find one that fits your needs. I’ll be quite powerful by the time you settle in a body.” I drawl.

“Thank you for your small kindness. Microscopic really.” She says, smarting off again.

“Still a monster, Little Shadow. Just a monster that knows willing pussy tastes and feels better than a forced one. I would rather have one over the other, but I’m not opposed to either.”

Her eyes go round again as she licks and nibbles her full bottom lip. Her mind is wandering to my tongue again. “You promised.” She throws my words in my face for the hundredth time.

“Yes, and I didn’t say I was going to use my cock on you, did I? I said it tasted better. I can fuck you with my mouth all I want.”

“What’s the difference since you’re all shadows anyway? Couldn’t your tongue also be a dick?” She asks, eyebrow quirked like she caught me in a lie.

“The difference, Little Shadow,” I stare down at her from the corner of my eye. “I can’t cum from my tongue. I do feel satisfaction by using my shadows and tongue on you but it’s not the pleasure of fucking you into tears and filling you with my essence.”

Her sweet mouth rounds along with her eyes as she nods her head in understanding.

“Well... we should be going.” She smiles nervously before turning and heading the way we’re just going, leaving me to look at her retreating back. I never cared what a spirit said or did until her. I didn’t worry about being alone for eternity. I never cared about anyone enough to think about them not being here. I never concerned myself with these thoughts until she died but now all I

can focus on is keeping her with me. If I ever get all this mess sorted out, I'm going to have to find answers as to why she is different and how she made me so obsessed with her.

“You coming?” She calls from in front of me.

“Yes, My Little Shadow.”

Mine



Melanie

I didn't realize how time changes after you die.

How long have we been looking for a body? Could it be hours or days? How long have I been dead now?

The only thing that grounds me in time is passing Gracie from class on the street. She still looks the same, so I know it hasn't been very long.

"How long have you been on Earth? Or should I ask how long have you been what you are?" I ask Samael as we wander downtown waiting for another soul for him to reap. It never takes long. People die all the time.

"I can tell you, but I don't think your mortal mind will comprehend. Time is only relative to living beings. Creatures such as I, have seen so much happen that we do not have a time frame for our existence." He answers, making my brain hurt.

"So when you were watching me growing up, did time exist for you then?"

"Little Shadow, I feel like I have known you for only mere seconds but also an eternity. It's hard to explain when I've seen you grow from a child to an adult in the blink of an eye. I have many memories of you though and that has helped me keep track of time."

"Is that how it will be for me too? Will time rush by so quickly that I won't realize my friend has died or will I slow down long enough to see him age without me?" I ask, getting choked up again at the thought of not growing old with Wes.

“As I’ve said before, do not concern yourself with the matters of mortals. You are no longer a human, you’re a spirit. You have risen above such insignificant dust. I am only allowing you to interfere because we have a deal.”

I want to be angry at him for putting such little importance on human life, but then I remember how he reacted to the girl that killed herself. He acts like he doesn’t care about mortals, but he does care for them in the afterlife. I just don’t understand how he can’t see that we’re the same in either existence.

Flawed creatures just like him.

“Were you human? Before you became the ray of sunshine you are now, I mean.” I ask with a smile.

“I’m not sure I had a before. I try not to dwell on it now. I used to search for answers and almost drove myself mad when none were found. That’s around the time I found you. I no longer cared about the past. You gave me a reason to imagine my future.” His eyes meet mine briefly before he turns his face to the sky.

“We have to go. Death calls to me again.” His large body moves through the streets as he follows the pull. Our tether strings me along behind him.

“Hopefully this one will be the one,” I grumble. We have gone to three different deaths but all three were too far gone for me to make use of their bodies.

The first was a man in his forties wearing a velvet tracksuit. He had choked while eating chicken wings and that was enough for me to pass on the situation anyway.

The second was a woman in her fifties that lived in the suburbs and drove a mom van. I started to feel bad about her death when I saw the kid’s pictures on her dresser but then when I got closer to her body that changed. She died from mixing too many pills and wine while writing an extremely transphobic post for her social media profile. Even worse, the post was about her daughter, and the bitch even dead named her in the post.

I was quick to use her body as a test dummy. Samael had instructed me to push my spirit into the body and then I was supposed to take control of it like a puppeteer. Sadly, the body was far too cold and stiff to even latch on to her dead muscles.

The third was a fifteen-year-old boy who got hit on his way home from school. He was on a ventilator in the ICU when we

arrived. His mother had held his hand and begged God to not take her baby. When she pushed his hair off his forehead and gave him one last kiss before the nurse turned off the machine, I cried and cursed whoever was listening with her. I didn't touch his body at all but when his soul appeared in front of Samael I couldn't stop myself from snatching up his hand, pulling him to me, and giving him the hug I knew his mom would want him to have.

I got a good-ass chewing for that one and not in a fun way.

"Maybe if you would hurry up, we could get there quick enough this time. I know the tether pulls you but you can speed up and keep pace."

"I'm coming! Don't rush me." I pout as I keep step beside him.

We pass through buildings as we try to hurry our way to the death site. We finally stop in a very nice apartment on the upper side of downtown. Lush carpet, cream walls, and a crystal chandelier hanging in the foyer all point to the signs of a well-off person.

"Maybe I'll use the body a little longer than I planned," I mumble under my breath but still get an evil glare from Samael.

"I'm kidding. I would never do that."

We make our way through one wall to find the spirit standing next to her body on the bed. She could be me from another life.

Long waves of dark silky hair hang to her lower back and her small nose mirrors mine. The face of the woman in the bed is serene. As if she fell asleep and just didn't wake up. The face of the spirit sitting next to her is one of panic.

"Who are you and why are you in my house?" She asks when her pale eyes turn to us.

"Calm yourself. I'm here to help." Samael's deep rich voice instantly soothes her.

I'm still in shock that he can look and sound so calm for the people that have passed on. I have seen the real true form of him. The monster that lurks beneath.

"Melanie, do you remember what we practiced?" He asks almost condescendingly.

"Yes, I can do this," I answer as I make my way toward the body on the bed.

I look back to find him holding the poor girl's hand and talking to her in hushed tones. What's even more surprising is the pang of jealousy I feel in my chest.

This is the creature that stalked me, hurt me, and watched me die. I have no claim to him, and he has no claim to me even though he likes to believe otherwise.

I force my attention back to the body in the bed as I lay down beside it. I close my eyes and take a deep breath as I lace my fingers with the still-warm body.

I picture myself absorbing into the body, crawling into every pore, latching on to every muscle and bone.

I can feel myself getting heavier.

It hurts.

I have grown accustomed to being weightless and the new heaviness of this body is uncomfortable.

"That's a good girl. You're almost there." His voice encourages from somewhere beside me.

I had imagined it would be like a hand sliding into a glove. Like a memory. Fitting somewhere I used to be. It's not like that at all. I feel uncomfortable in this new skin, everything itches and feels tight. I want to claw myself out before I'm all the way in.

I push myself further and it feels like I'm thrown against a brick wall when my spirit is fully connected with the body.

And before I know it, I'm sitting up, gasping for air and it burns.

"That's a girl. You're okay." He whispers as a shadow soothes over my arm and back. It doesn't feel the way it did before. This is a whisper compared to a scream.

"Why does it hurt?"

"You're mortal again. You will have pain and suffering just like every other mortal." He replies like it's common knowledge. "We must hurry though. The human body was already at the brink of death, so you don't have much longer."

I try to sit up but feel like I'm being held in place.

"Why is this so hard? I haven't been a spirit for that long, have I?"

He chuckles. “Little Shadow, it could be minutes, or it could be millennia. You are not meant to be in a mortal body, so it will be difficult.”

I imagine my spirit wrapping around and through the muscles and pull until I feel my back begin to lift off the bed.

“There. Keep going.” His encouragement isn’t needed. Once I get moving everything comes back to me. I swing my legs over the edge of the bed and look down at my borrowed body.

“She was gorgeous,” I murmur to myself as I inspect the silky mint green pajamas that are perfectly filled out with wide hips and ample breasts.

“You are gorgeous in your real form. We must hurry.” He orders. It’s strange seeing him through living eyes. He is more transparent but still a huge shadow hulking over me.

“Give me a minute. This might be my last time in a body.” I growl.

“If you want to warn your friend, you’re going to have to speed things up. You’re not meant to be in this body. It will either start to decay with you inside or worse, a Hunter might show up if another reaper notices you’re wearing a skin suit.” He explains as a shadow wraps around my undead wrist and pulls me into a standing position.

“Fine, fine. Let’s go.” I suck in oxygen that I forgot I needed.

The walking takes some getting used to but having Samael use his shadows as crutches help.

“We are not too far from Wes’s apartment. Thank goodness for small blessings. I don’t think I could take a much longer walk.” I notice the weird looks from the strangers I pass before remembering they can’t see the shadow man at my side. I look like I’m talking to myself and probably a little crazy at that.

“Good, but have you thought about what you’re going to say to him?”

I have not. I was just going, to tell the truth, and hope for the best.

“Wes will know it’s me. We’ve been friends forever. He’ll believe me.” I say trying to reassure myself just as much as I am him.

“If you say so, Little Shadow. Just don’t be surprised if things don’t go how you hope.”

The walk to Wes’s apartment has me panting. It’s not hot outside but this body is in bad shape and my spirit’s the only thing holding it together.

“Damn it, I forgot about the stairs,” I grumble when we reach his apartment complex and I gaze up at the four flights that I now have to trek.

“You can always come out now and we can just do this my way,” Samael whispers in my ear.

“I didn’t come this far to give up now. Knees to chest. Knees to chest.” I chant, pumping myself up. The first flight of stairs wasn’t near as hard as I imagined it would be. By the time I reached the landing of the third flight, I’m just about ready to give in and call it quits.

“This might not be fun for you but it sure is entertaining for me.”

“Be quiet!” I shout, but immediately have to apologize to the old woman coming down the opposite side when she jerks and almost falls.

“If you don’t shut up, I will find a way to get away from you,” I growl quietly.

“You’ve already made a deal, Little Shadow. Can’t back out now you’re stuck with me.”

“Then at least stop being so damn annoying.”

“Fine. I’ll leave you alone until you’re done. I feel a pull one floor down. I’ll go collect and then come get you. Just remember, I am still tethered to you. So don’t get any clever ideas.” He warns before disappearing again.

Lucky for him, ideas are not coming to me as easily right now. It’s probably the whole ‘holding a dead body together’ thing keeping my mind from working like normal.

I make the rest of the flights of stairs still huffing and puffing away but no worse for wear and go down the six doors until I find Wes’s apartment. I’m stuck though. I don’t know what to do. I thought I’d just knock on the door and explain the whole thing, but now that I think about it, it sounds absolutely batshit crazy.

I mean what would I do if somebody just showed up at my house and I said, “Hey I’m your long-lost friend that you’ve been looking for, but I’m wearing someone’s body.” It doesn’t matter though. I still have to convince him. This is my only option.

I raise my fist to the door and knock three times but I don’t hear anyone moving inside. I saw his car so he must be here. Maybe he’s asleep.

I raise my fist again and start to knock when the door swings open and a hand grabs me around the arm, dragging me inside the apartment before I can say anything.

“I’ve been waiting for you, bitch.”

The door slams behind me. This isn’t going the way I had hoped at all.



Wesley

She's younger than I thought they would send. But pretty just like I thought trying to earn my trust.

"Wes, it's me!" Her lie makes my blood boil.

"Shut up you lying bitch!" I scream as I grab both arms and slam her into the door. "The only thing you are allowed to talk about is where she is," I growl into her face.

She knows where she is. Make her tell you.

I shake my head as the voices share their opinion.

"Wes, I know it's hard to believe but it's me." The cunt cries pathetically.

"Where is she? This is the last time I'm going to ask nicely."

Force her.

Do it.

Hurt her.

She is lying to you.

She thinks you're stupid.

"Please, Wesley. You need your medicine. Let me help you." Her voice is low and even, but the panic thump of her heart betrays her calmness.

"Maybe y'all are right this time. We should do this the fun way." I sneer.

"What should we do first?"

Beat her

“No, that’s for later. Something that will loosen her whore mouth.”

Get the knife!

“Maybe...”

I drag her to the chair I have sitting in the middle of my living room and push her into it. I strap her to the chair with the leather belts I had been preparing while she begs and chokes on her tears.

They were being smart by sending a woman. It would be harder to torture the truth out of her but I would do whatever I needed to find the truth.

“Wes, we met in the lunchroom. You shared your food with me because all I had was crackers and cheese.”

Her words make me pause.

They could have tortured her to get that information.

They probably cut her up and ripped her nails off to get all kinds of information.

“Stop pretending to be her!” I roar, backhanding the cunt.

“It’s me! They killed me, but you saw me! The day in the bathroom! I know you saw me!” She sobs.

“Have y’all been watching me all this time?” I ask in a rage. They have been planning this for longer than I realized.

No more talking.

Cut her.

Make her bleed.

“What if she’s telling the truth?” I ask the hissing voices.

“I am telling the truth! Wesley, please! I can prove it!”

“I wasn’t talking to you!” I slap her again and watch as bloody drool leaks from her lip.

“Wesley, this isn’t you. Please.” Her voice drops and my heart sinks.

“How do I know who to believe? You don’t look like her!” I scream as I run my hands through my hair.

Cut her.

She'll admit the truth.

"I want to hurt you! I want her back! She is MINE!" I scream, dropping to my knees in front of the imposter.

"Wesley, look at me. Look at me!"

I bring my gaze to hers, looking for any signs of deception.

"I am yours, Wes. I have been since the day you called me Mouse and I hated it. I'll always be your Mouse. If you want to hurt me, hurt me but don't do it because the voices say so."

Her eyes never leave mine and even though the gold has been replaced by blue I can still see my Mouse somewhere in the depths.

Don't believe her.

Hurt her.

Cut her.

Don't be a pussy.

Do it!

"Shut up!"

"Wes, look at me. I'm here. I'll always be here."

"I don't know what to do!"

"Believe me! Let me help you! I don't have much longer. Please let me help you!" She begs.

"What do you mean? You just got here." My voice cracks. If she really is my Mouse, I can't let her go.

"It's hard to explain but this body won't last much longer. Let me go so I can help you." She pleads again.

"My meds quit working. So, stop worrying about that. You're not going anywhere." I come to the conclusion if this is my Mouse she is staying with me no matter what.

"Wes, please let me go. We can talk. I have so much to tell you and not much time left."

"You're not leaving me again!" I scream before burying my face in her lap. "Please Mouse, stay with me."

"Shhh. It's okay. I'm here. I'll stay as long as I can."

Give her a reason to stay.

Prove you're a man.

Show her how much you care.

“You have to stay. Please. I’ll make you want to stay.” I cry into her leg as I begin kissing her knee.

“Wesley, stop it! This isn’t you!” She begs but I keep trailing my lips up her thigh.

“It’s me you need to stay. I’ll show you how much I love you.”

“Look at me, Wes. Look in my eyes.”

I stop long enough to look into the strange yet familiar depths.

Fuck...

“Get out of my head!” I scream into the void.

“That’s it, Wes. Fight for me.”

“I love you, Mouse. I’ve loved you for years. Why wouldn’t you let me love you?” The tears continue to flow but my eyes never leave hers.

“I have loved you since we were kids, but I have been so scared to ruin the one consistently good thing in my life. You’re all I have had, and I didn’t want to lose you. Can you understand that?”

Her words prick at my heart. She wants more but fear has held her back. Fear has stopped me my whole life. I won’t let it rob me of anything ever again.

“I do understand but that’s not a good enough reason anymore. I love you. I don’t want to live without you.”

“Oh... I would do anything to be with you, my sweet man. You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me and I have fought death just to tell you, I’m waiting for you. Death isn’t strong enough to keep us apart.” Her gaze trails to the corner of the living room behind me and I follow it but see nothing but shadows.

“So, you have to go?” I ask, turning back to her.

“I do but before I go, I need to tell you about the people that hurt me. You have to get help. You have to stop them.” She pleads.

“I’ll do whatever I can. I’ve already gone to the police, and they think I’m crazy.”

“There are two men that abducted me and they weren’t supposed to kill me but I got away and... it just happened. I was supposed to be trafficked.”

She tells me about the men, plain in description and only one name. Tyler.

If I ever find Tyler, I’m going to rip his eyeballs from his head and pop them like grapes. I’m going to use a vice grip on his testicles and make him beg for the mercy he didn’t show my Mouse.

“I don’t want to talk about how I died but believe me, this is just a shell I’ve been allowed to use. It won’t last much longer without its real soul.”

“What can I do, Mouse? How can I make you stay?” I beg for some miracle but I’ve already been granted one. She was able to tell me goodbye.

“You can find the men that did this and make them pay. Make sure they never do this to another person. That’s all I need from you.” She says as anger flashes in her eyes.

“That’s all you need from me? There is nothing more?” I ask leaning forward on my knees.

“Wes, this isn’t my body and you’re not really you without your meds.” She tries to reason but her tongue darts out to wet her bottom lip and I know she is conflicted.

“Is there another soul with you?” I question as I lay my hands on her knees.

“Well, no she has already passed on.” She answers, her eyes meet mine and I see the hunger but also the indecision.

“As for me. I’m more myself than I have been in a long time. My completely fucked up self.” I’m honest with her. I couldn’t ever tell anyone else, but she knows me. All the dark places that I’m scared to shine light on.

“Wesley, you can untie me now.” She says, pulling against the leather but I don’t think I’m ready to yet.

“Is it hurting you?” I ask, running my fingers over the belts and her skin.

“Not really. Things are a little dull feeling in this body, but it pinches.” She answers, watching every move I make, waiting for me to release her.

“I don’t see any reason to rush then.”

“Wes...”

“NO! You held me at arm’s length since I’ve known you. I made my feelings clear, and I could see how much you felt for me, but you wouldn’t take the leap. Now you’re gone! What does that leave me with? I don’t even have a memory of a kiss.” I stand up just to lean over and brush my lips against hers.

“But this isn’t my body.” Her lips move against mine despite her weak protest.

“But it’s your soul and that’s what I’m in love with.”



Melanie

I gasp at his confession, and he takes the chance to slip his tongue between my lips. He explores my mouth and I would give up everything to fully feel him.

“Take the straps off.” I beg against his lips, but he just chuckles in response.

“I’m making sure you don’t run away like the scared little Mouse you are.”

I’m not running away though. I would latch on to him and stay forever if I could.

Nimble fingers trail up my leg, tickling the skin and making my heart race.

“These just won’t do.” He growls as he pinches the silky material covering my legs.

“If you take the straps off I can...”

“You’re right! This could be fun.” He says to a voice I cannot hear.

It worries me but I have other things on my plate and as long as he isn’t hurting himself or others, he’ll be okay.

He stands and walks to the little table covered with books, maps, and scribbled notes.

Shuffling through the mess, he gasps in excitement when his hand lands on whatever he was looking for.

“Found it!” He holds up the hunting knife I had hidden in my apartment earlier this year.

“What are you doing with that?” I ask, my nerves balling up in the pit of my stomach.

“You’ll see Mouse.” He grins.

He steps towards me and even though I know I can’t really die it doesn’t make the prospect of getting stabbed any less scary.

“Wes, I don’t know how much longer I have.”

His eyes narrow in my direction.

“You won’t leave me. You can’t. You belong to me.”

He kneels in front of me and slides the sharp blade along the material, cutting it like butter. The blade connects with skin, but I just feel a slight ache as blood seeps from the small wound.

“You didn’t scream?” He looks confused but elated.

“I told you, things don’t feel real. I’m not completely connected to this body.”

“What does this feel like?”

He runs the tip of the knife over a hardened nipple, and I squeak in response.

“That’s more of the reaction I want. I want you squirming for me.” His beautiful smile lights my soul aflame. His eyes are wild but he’s still my Wes.

A low rumbling growl draws my attention away from where Wes is trailing the blade down my stomach.

“Little Shadow, have you already forgotten the rules?” Samael’s voice drips with venom from somewhere behind me.

“Please, don’t hurt him,” I beg, bringing my friends’ attention back to me.

“He’s here?” Wes asks, his eyes darting around the room in search of the only monster he should be worried about.

“I’m not going to hurt him. I’m going to make him watch as you beg for my mercy.” Shadows appear at my sides anchoring my soul into the flesh I’m inhabiting.

” Just leave him alone. He’s not trying to hurt me.” I plead when his crimson eyes flash behind Wes.

“Tell the fucker to show himself.” Wes growls, standing, ready to fight something that could pull the soul from his body. “It’s not taking you anywhere.”

“Mortal, her soul is none of your concern as it belongs to me now. I do whatever I want with it.” Samael chuckles darkly, making Wes swing his head around.

“Show yourself!” Wes screams.

Dark shadows grow dense, towering over him as they begin to take shape. A wide chest, thick arms, and neck all form from the swirling darkness. His head is the last thing to appear before his angry red eyes open and stare directly at my best friend.

“I’m here. I’ve always been here. I know what you want but it is too late. This soul belongs to me and now, because she acted so recklessly, you will watch her suffer.” He sneers down at Wes.

More shadows run up my legs, twisting around my soul and keeping me anchored to the spot.

“Let her go and take me instead. I’m already one bad thought from an early grave. I’ll die for her.” Wes pleads, turning to face me with eyes full of hate and sorrow.

“She belongs to me. I will never let her go. Why would I want you?”

“Because she wants me. She’ll always come back to me and I’ll search for her in this life and the next. She is part of my soul, and you don’t get her without me.” Wes whispers, kneeling in front of me. His eyes sparkle with unshed tears and my soul aches to comfort him.

“I won’t live without you, Mouse.” His shoulders hunch from the weight of his emotions as he buries his face in my lap.

“Yes, very sad. I’ll be merciful. I won’t make her suffer but you do get to watch her scream my name.” He smirks.

Before I can mutter my denial, my soul is plucked from the dead girl’s body and thrown to the floor.

Shadows engulf me. They wrap around my wrist and ankles spreading me open and making me scream in protest.

“Let go of me! You don’t get to do this! You promised!” My voice breaks as I fight against the heavy inky appendages.

“You made promises also. Why should I keep mine if you won’t keep yours.” Samael’s fanged smirk appears above me.

“Please. It wasn’t supposed to happen this way.” I cry as the shadows circle my waist and throat, lifting me.

“Look at your pitiful boyfriend. Let him see you cry for me.” His voice hisses in my ear.

My eyes catch Wes, still on his knees but eyes locked on mine. He can see me. He can see exactly how I looked when I died.

His eyes swirl with pain, rage, confusion but also....

Lust.



Wesley

Any normal person would be shitting their pants and screaming in fear, but my own brain has made up scarier things than this shadow man holding my Mouse hostage.

I watch with rage building in my chest as his onyx tendrils lift her and aim her toward me, forcing her to feel ashamed with her legs spread and pussy in full view.

“You could have let him see me all along? You made me take that poor girl’s body?” She cries and my heart breaks for her as she glances back at the lifeless shell she had been jerked from.

“I was seeing how determined you were. You proved to be very stubborn in your efforts to see the human.”

She wanted to get back to me. She would always be mine.

“I’m yours now! You don’t have to do this!” She pleads, making my head spin. She doesn’t belong to him.

“Mouse, you will always be mine. He can kill me and throw me in Hell, and I’ll crawl out of the fiery pits to get to you.” I growl, meeting her eyes as if he’s not even there.

“Wes, please. Just go. I don’t want you to see me like this.” She sobs. If I didn’t know any better, I would think the shadowy face morphed into something similar to sympathy before glaring daggers at me, like I caused this.

“Don’t look at him. Look at me.” She begs. “If you want me to stay with you, to care for you, you have to understand I will always care for him. Nothing you can do will change that.”

The crimson eyes dart back to me, and I can see him weighing his options. For Death, he really doesn't seem to have a plan or maybe he just wasn't prepared for the way Mouse makes you feel. Even Death himself can be swayed by her big gold eyes.

"I can give you one last goodbye. After that, you are mine and only mine. No more coming back for him. He is the past. I am eternity."

His words give me hope and shatters me in the same instance.

"I understand. Thank you." She smiles up at him with tears streaking down her face.

"But first he must prove he loves you like he claims."

Fear takes over her features as her eyes search my face.

"I'll do anything. I love her more than life itself."

His face splits revealing rows of razor-sharp teeth and his eyes begin to glow brighter. It doesn't matter what his twisted idea is, I would burn the earth and slaughter the innocent for her.

"You must watch her scream my name as I use her body for my pleasure. Watch as her body takes me in and splits apart for me. See who she truly belongs to and then if you still feel the same way, I'll let you have your goodbye. If you still want her after she begs for me to rip her apart, then you can kiss and touch her one last time."

What the actual fuck? I can't tell if he's testing me, humiliating her or just fucking with both of us.

"Deal," I growl before she can say no.

"I didn't agree to any of this." She yells when he grins down at her.

"I thought you loved him. Don't you want a final farewell with him? You were willing to desecrate a flesh vessel to see him again. You already took parts of me and looked so beautiful doing it. Isn't this worth it?" He argues but he already knows the answer. She would do anything for me.

Her eyes find mine before looking back at him with a quick nod.

"Then come close mortal. I don't want you to miss a thing."

I stand and find a good position next to the wall before sliding down to my knees so I can be closer to her.

“One of the good things about souls is they can’t be harmed like you soft fleshy things. I can make her feel whatever I want, do whatever I want and she’ll go back to the way she was with my permission.” He explains as a shadowy tendril slides up her thigh.

He has her held firmly in his grasp, a few feet off the floor and on full display for me to see her glistening pussy. She might have denied wanting this but her body is excited at the idea.

I feel his crimson eyes burning into me. He is watching my face, looking for a reaction when the tip of his appendage slides against her swollen clit and makes her jerk.

My dick twitches and I curl my hands into fists to stop myself from reaching out and following his trail.

“Does touching her make you angry mortal?” He chuckles, misunderstanding my response.

“Angry? No. Jealous? Fuck yes.” I growl when more shadows begin to traverse her body, pulling back the bits of clothes and revealing parts of her I’ve been dreaming about for years.

“You are a curious fleshling.” His eyes narrow at me when I look up at him and smile.

“I understand why you are so obsessed with her. I have been since the moment I laid eyes on her. I’ve thought about doing exactly what you’re doing. Well, in my dreams she was begging for me to do it, not being forced to.”

“I’m not forcing her! I made her a deal. I made you a deal. I want her happiness, but she is mine and I will do what I must to have a little bit of peace in this endless life.” He snarls, plunging a tentacle deep within her body and making her scream.

My eyes jerk to her as her body shudders at the intrusion, ready to tackle the vague figure until a moan bursts from her lips.

“I can make her reach heaven or drag her to hell. The choice is yours.” He smirks.

My mouth waters as he pulls back the thick tentacle and watch as her wetness drips from the tip before pushing it back in. My dick grows as the shadow swells and stretches the pink flesh beautifully. Another begins pinching her clit in rhythm with the one fucking her, making her cry out.

“Please, don’t stop.” She begs before another tentacle fills her mouth, making her eyes widen.

“You’re going to choke her.” I worry aloud when her eyes begin to water.

“She’s already dead.”

I can see the moment she realizes she doesn’t need to breathe and relaxes slightly as he explores her mouth.

“Get your blade.” He orders. “If you want your turn, you’ll do what you’re told.” He finishes before I can object.

I quickly retrieve the hunting knife and hold it out to the monster.

“You’re going to use it.”

“She can’t bleed. She can’t die. Why would I use it on her?” The thought has me dripping precum and I feel a sting of guilt at the fact.

“Mortals.” He sighs like I have missed the point. I told you earlier. She is my soul. I can make her feel whatever I want. Just like me letting you see her now, I can also let you touch her. I can make the knife feel like a feather against her skin or it can feel like it would if she were flesh and bone.”

I nod, still not grasping how this all works but understanding he has full power in this situation and I have none.

“So, what will it be? Do you want your soul mate to feel pain or pleasure? No need to lie. I can see your true nature.” He smiles in a way that twists my guts.

“I would never hurt her!” I growl.

“You don’t want her dead but it’s too late for that. You can be honest now. You’re just as much of a monster as I am. Tell her the truth.”

I watch as he removes the tentacle from her mouth, drool dripping from her lips. Her eyes find mine but there is no fear or hate in the molten depths. Just calm acceptance.

“Wes, it’s okay. I love you and will always love you. You could never hurt me.” She smiles but her mouth gapes as a moan is dragged from her when he plunges back inside.

“Tell her. Tell her the truth. You want to carve her pretty skin. Mark her in ways that would make her scream. You want her

tears just as much as you want her body.” He fucks her pussy roughly but looks to me.

“If you want your last chance with her, you’re going, to be honest. Show her who you really are.”

Her eyes focus on me even with him fucking her deeper and deeper. She looks so damn beautiful. Arms held above her head, legs spread wide. Held up to me as if on a silver platter. All I had to do was unleash my demons. Show her the darkest parts of my soul. Stand in front of her bare and vulnerable. Could I take her disgust? Would I be able to live with myself after she saw everything I have kept hidden? All for a chance to touch her. Use her only to give her away.

“What’s it going to be? Is she worth letting the monster lose?”

I look back at her as her face morphs into blissful pleasure as he works another orgasm from her small body.

“She is worth everything,” I mutter, sliding down beside her.

“Then show her, mortal. Release everything you’ve been holding back. The women you have spared because the only woman you have ever wanted to mark is now laid bare for you. She will only feel what you truly want her to feel and then she will know who you really are.” He growls.

“I’m sorry Mouse.” I look down into her sweet eyes. No fear, no sorrow. Just love.

I bring the knife to her breast and begin to drag the tip down the soft flesh, applying more pressure as I go. I’m surprised when dark red blood begins to pour from the wound and her moan pitches up into a quiet scream.

“That’s it. Show her what you really like while I show her how I can make it all feel better.”

I look down and for the first time realize we haven’t seen his cock. It never crossed my mind that he would have a real one. I had assumed he used his shadows for all his pleasure, but I was mistaken.

His bottom half begins to change, becoming opaque and firmer. Thick legs form from the shadows along with a dick that’s big as my bicep at the base and slowly tapers to a flared head that

reminds me of a fist. It still swirls with shadows and some wrap around it, gliding over the head and making him groan.

“Go on, mortal. Bring her pain.” He orders as he wedges his head between her legs. “I will feast on her before I fill her and then you will lick her clean.”

My dick throbs at the thought of getting to lick her. I would gladly taste Death if it came from her.

“It’s okay Wes. I want this. I want you. If this is the last time I ever get to be with you, I want to have memories of it all over me. Make me remember.” She urges me on as he uses his tongue to lap at her clit while his shadows stretch her pussy wide.

Torn between watching him, her face, or where I was marking her, I turn so I can play with the soft flesh of her thighs and watch as he makes her body his and I make it mine.

I dig the sharp point into the tender skin and start to carve my name where he will see it every time he wants to use her.

She’ll know I’m always with her and he’ll know she will always belong to me.



Melanie

“It burns! Fuck it burns!” I scream as the knife finds purchase and shreds my skin with ease.

I can’t concentrate on the pain or the pleasure as they both mingle and merge into one intense sensation. The monster between my legs spreads my pussy open so tight it stings but soon his tongue moves from my overly sensitive clit to pushing inside me and explores every inch.

A tentacle finds my mouth before I can scream again, and I try to remember to relax. I let it run against my tongue and the inside of my cheeks. I lap against it and suck hard when the knife finds a new place to call home. I begin to enjoy the tentacle and use it to distract me, sinking into a space of bliss. The shadow starts exploring further, sweeping across the back of my tongue but not stopping, it slides down my throat and makes my eyes water.

It fucks my throat slowly but instead of hurting, it turns me on. The fear and pain heighten my pleasure and make my insides tremor. His tongue exits to lick at my clit before plunging back inside me and bottoming out. The weird sensation of his tongue rubbing my insides intensifies when he tries to push further and hits my cervix. I can’t help but to bite down slightly on the tentacle from the pressure inside me, making it retreat from my mouth.

“We’ll have to do something about this. I’ll never fit.” He growls after he pulls his tongue from my dripping cunt and pushes in a long finger to push against the organ blocking him from being buried in my ribs.

“You can’t just push it out of the way!” I argue as I try to push away from his probing finger.

“I can do whatever I want, Little Shadow.” He smirks, his shadows pulling me back to him so he can continue to push and rub.

“You can make her bleed, cry, even orgasm but you can’t figure out how to fit?” Wes had already stopped his cutting and was admiring his work. I stretch my neck and can see the jagged letters of his name right below my panty line. It no longer hurts but the blood still oozes from the wounds.

“I know how to fit. I was just making her squirm a bit first.” He smirks down at me. If I had a free foot, it would be connected with his smug face right now.

“I have a different idea though. Something that is sure to make you squirm.” His long black tongue makes a final pass through my soaked lips before he flips me with the shadows. My knees pulled under me, presenting my ass high in the air while shadows wrap around my shoulders and neck, I’m trapped in the vulnerable position.

“Don’t even think about it,” I growl when more shadows begin to tickle my thighs.

“I guess I need to keep you gagged at all times then.” I see the shadowy appendage slithering towards me but can’t pull away before it pulls my mouth open and fills me again.

“Much better.” I hear the laughter in his voice as my screams are muffled by the shadow fucking my throat.

“Don’t you want to hear her?” Wes asks, panic lacing his voice as the knife tip drags along my spine and stops at the top of my ass.

“If she begged, it would be like sweet music to my ears, but she spews threats and hateful words even when I try to be gentle and understanding.”

“She has never been hateful in her life. That doesn’t sound like my Mouse.” Wes argues, sounding shocked.

“Her life is over, and she isn’t your Mouse anymore. She is ungrateful and needs to learn some manners. She blames me for her rape and death but I did what I could at the time. If it was to happen now I am strong enough to rip their flesh from their bones.” He

growls but his anger is aimed at the shithead that killed me. Raped me.

I push the memory away, not ready to deal with all the bullshit that is my existence. He isn't responsible for what they did. I really don't blame him for their actions. He didn't have to go along for the ride, but he didn't force the sick fuck to do it.

"Why would she blame you? You're not even human." Wes mutters as the tip glides over one ass cheek and down the back of my thigh.

"I was there. I was watching and even tried to stop him! I was too weak, but I did try to make things easier for her. I brought her pleasure in her last minutes on the mortal plain and then ushered her into this one before she could feel the true sting of death."

"You watched?" Wes asks, anger dripping from the words along with curiosity.

"Yes, mortal. I was there in the man's body. I felt everything he felt and even tried to hold him back, albeit unsuccessfully. I did what I could, but she doesn't appreciate any of that. She will soon though. She will see how I have watched over her all these years. She'll see how much she means to me."

Shadows begin to pluck at my nipples and make me squirm against my holds as the knife returns to my ass and begins to leave shallow cuts on the soft skin.

"I see. You have been waiting for her." Wes seems to be understanding the situation now even if he doesn't agree with it.

"I have. I feel like I've been waiting an eternity for her, so you can understand why I can't send her back. She is special to me."

"She is very special indeed. I have known that for a while. I dreamed of the day she would finally let me take her out and of the day she would walk down the aisle to me. That day is no longer my reality but I am thankful for my time with her."

Tears wet my cheeks and not from the monster tentacle down my throat. I knew he cared but I also didn't realize he saw me like that. I didn't want to be just another girl throwing herself at him. Now I know he was throwing himself and I never caught him.

"Thank you for keeping watch while she was in the flesh. Now you can rest assured, I will watch over her in spirit, whether she likes it or not." A small tentacle works free from the mass of

shadows under me and slips through my parted thighs. It glides through my dripping lips but doesn't stop until it reaches my ass.

I feel the warm, wet tapered end circle my tight back hole before gently pushing forward making me jerk away.

"Uh uh, Little Shadow. No going back now. You will feel me everywhere." Sam growls as the shadows pull me back and secure me tighter.

"Just relax Mouse. You look so fucking beautiful like this." Wes says as the blade runs along the bottom of my foot, distracting me from the wiggling shadow pushing past the tight ring of muscle.

"That's it. Relax and take me in your ass like a good little slut." Samael growls and a shiver runs down my spine.

Shadows tug on my hardened nipples while swirling against my clit. All of that combined with his filthy words, makes me run hot. I don't know what's wrong with me but his degradation and shadow play make my insides quiver and relaxes me enough to let the shadow slip past my entrance.

"That's my good girl. I knew you would be. You look so fucking hot right now. Do you like that? Having something in your tight little ass?" Wes groans and the knife is replaced with something warm and soft against the bottom of my foot.

"She is a filthy little cunt. She can deny it all she wants but look at her eyes rolling back and that pussy pouring from having me spread her ass open wide. You want my cock stretching you wide, don't you little whore?" Samael asks.

I shouldn't want this. I should be trying to get away. Wes shouldn't be rubbing his cock over my foot while watching me be used, but all of it pushes buttons I didn't know I had. So of course, I nod my head quickly without thinking about what I'm agreeing to. I just know I need more.

"That's a girl. Relax and take me in. I'm going to ungag you but the only words I want to hear are how much you love this. Beg for me!" He growls before sliding the tentacle from my mouth.

"Please fuck my ass." I cry as the shadows prod me and stretch me.

"Fuck... I want to fuck you so bad right now, Mouse." Wes moans, rubbing his hard dick up and down the sole of my foot, precum easing his path.

“Would that make you happy, Little Shadow? Having the mortal fill your pretty little cunt up while I destroy your ass?”

My moan is his only answer as he plunges another tentacle into my ass before lifting me. I turn my head and watch as Wes pulls his shirt over his broad shoulders and slides the pants off his hips.

I’ve always wondered what he would look like naked, but even my imagination couldn’t come up with how amazing he looks. Tattoos cover his thick muscular body. The only bare spot being his beautiful hard cock. Little silver balls decorate the underside, and I can’t help imagining how good they will feel rubbing against me.

He slides under me in the spot the shadows have cleared for him and I wonder how he can be so calm with a literal monster holding me open for him.

“Not exactly how I imagined our first time.” He smiles, running his fingers through my tangled wet hair.

“I never would have imagined any of this in a million years, but I’m grateful to have this chance with you. Getting to look into your eyes and feel your warmth one more time.” I can’t help the tears that leak from my eyes and drip onto his handsome face.

“I would give anything to stay in this moment for the rest of my life. Don’t ever forget me.” His tears merge with mine as I press my lips to his and pour every ounce of love I have into the kiss.

“Never.”

I feel the head of his cock push past my opening and then surge forward to the hilt. He doesn’t go slow or easy. He fucks me like he is trying to leave bruises on my soul.

His hands claw at my back, pulling me down to him while his hips surge up, impaling me on his thick cock.

“I have always enjoyed watching mortals mate, but I’ve never been part of it. This should be fun.” I hear the deep voice behind me before we are both lifted by his shadows, angling us until I’m in the perfect position.

His long wet tongue teases the top of my cheeks, sliding down and circling my ass before finding the spot where Wes and I are connected. He laps at my clit making me shiver then wiggles it in next to the throbbing cock inside me. Wes gasps as the tongue moves, curling around his length and tasting both of us.

His withdrawal is slow, taking his time to wet my entrance before I feel the tip of his dick press against me, and clawed hands latch onto my hips.

“You feel like peace.” He growls when the huge head of his cock pushes past the ring of muscle and rubs against Wes with nothing but the thin membrane separating them.

The air is pushed from my lungs just as the thoughts from my mind. My mouth drops open while I fight for a foothold in reality.

“I don’t know about peace, but she feels like home. I’m finally where I’m supposed to be.” Wes groans, slowing his pace as Death pushes the rest of his length inside me making me scream.

They touch every inch of me. Hands and claws bruise my flesh while shadows dance after them, soothing the burn left behind.

“So... Fucking.... Tight.” Wes punctuates each word with a hard thrust of his hips. The monster at my back matches his every move and leaves me gasping as they use my body roughly.

“Please...” Words escape me while trapped between the two ruthless creatures. I still want more.

“Please what? Be specific Little Shadow.” Death grunts in my ear.

“I don’t know.” I moan, lost to the feeling.

“Do you want it harder, Mouse?” Wes’s hand cradles my neck as teeth find my jaw. I frantically nod when he begins nibbling and biting at the sensitive skin.

“Tell me. You’re a dirty little slut who wants to be hurt. You want us to fuck you and make you scream until your voice is gone. You want us to fill you and then feed you our cum. You’re a naughty little cum slut.” Death growls, his fangs finding the free side of my neck.

Beautiful opposites. The monster barely trailed his fangs over my skin, licking and sucking, his words penetrating my brain and making me a puddle. My sweet Wes bites and draws blood making me scream while whispering the sweetest things.

“Yes! Harder. Faster. Hurt me.” I cry not even understanding why I want these things.

Their hips find a new rhythm, taking turns pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in hard enough to push me up

Wes's body. The hands and claws hold me down though. I could never break free even if I wanted to. I'm just along for the fucked up ride.

"Fuck Little Shadow. I've waited so long to be inside you. I can't wait another second to fill you with my essence and mark you as mine."

I look down into the sad eyes of my best friend. He is close, but he is holding on as long as he can. He knows this is it. Our real goodbye.

"I don't believe we're done. We'll be together again. In the afterlife or whatever comes next. I'll always find you." I whisper against his mouth. Tears drip from his lashes. His lips, painted red with my blood, trail tender kisses to my ear.

"No matter what. I love you, Mouse."

I feel his cock swell inside me. His hands grasp my hips and hold me down onto his length as he fills me with hot cum. His release triggers my own. I scream as my muscles spasm around the hard cocks.

Death follows soon after. His cum is ice cold and makes my insides cramp painfully. Pleasure and pain. Life and death. Fire and ice. I don't want to feel one without the other.

"You didn't think death would be warm and welcoming, did you?" He grunts, pushing more of his seed deep into my body.

"Fuck you."



Samael

“I don’t go back on my word Little Shadow. Open up.” I smirk at the disgusted look plastered on her face.

“That was the heat of the moment. I’m not doing that.” She growl’s rolling away from me and the mortal. She scoots back against the wall as if that will keep me from what is mine.

“Just leave her alone. You want her to like you and pushing her is one way to make sure that doesn’t happen.” The mortal offers as he leans up on his elbows. His eyes roam her body and his dick jerks from the sight.

I fight the urge to rip his eyes from his skull. I really can’t blame him. I find myself already thinking about burying my cock deep inside her body.

“I’m not pushing her. I’m reminding her she made a deal. She is mine. So, stay out of it mortal.” I snarl, stalking toward the ghost with the pissed-off face. “Let me see your cum filled pussy Little Shadow.” I try to make my voice as pleasing as possible.

“Spread your legs, Mouse. Let him see what a mess we made of you.” I narrow my eyes at the man but allow it when I see her face change and she begins to open her legs.

“That’s a good girl. Look at the pretty filled-up cunt.” He smirks as she turns her head away shyly.

I send out a smokey tendril, caressing her ankle and then up her leg. I tease the skin until I reach her hot dripping center. Her flesh twitches as I tickle her already sensitive nub before diving inside.

“Oh!” She gasps when my shadow twirls and collects the mortal essence. I pull out and seek the spot where my fluid drips. I push the tip in, mixing the cum before bringing it to her lips.

“Open,” I command. The sting of jealousy returns when she seeks out the mortal’s approval again. I don’t give him the chance to interfere. I push my cum covered shadow into her sweet little mouth and watch as her expression changes to shock then anger, quickly followed by curiosity and acceptance.

“Why do you taste like the ocean? Not in a bad way but fresh, clean, and only a little salty.” She looks between me and the man behind me.

“I know mine is salty, I’ve heard it before but the ocean part must be him.” He shrugs, too content to worry about the taste of anything.

“I’ve never tasted my own and I have never tasted the Ocean. Maybe a taste would help me understand.” I wrap my shadows around her wiggling body and bring her to my mouth.

“Can you please stop treating me like a toy?” She growls, trying to pry her body away from my grasp.

“But you’re such a fun little toy. I can’t help but play with you. Be happy I don’t want to break you.” I smirk as I spread her legs and sink my face into her leaking cunt.

“Ahhh! I’m still sensitive.” She squeals but it quickly morphs into a moan when my tongue finds her core. I swirl my tongue and push deep inside her, gathering her taste along with the mortals. Sweet and salty. Utterly delicious and makes my cock swell.

“You taste amazing Little Shadow. Even better after being fucked and filled with mortal essence.” I murmur against her sweet little clit, making her jerk. A deep moan pulls my attention to the man now standing beside her fisting his cock. The look they exchange gives me an evil idea. It will piss her off, but she’ll get over it.

“Suck him Little Shadow. Suck him while I clean our cum from your body.” I order. Her eyes meet mine and I smile before diving back into my meal.

The sounds of her muffled cry and his pleasure drives me as I fuck her tight cunt with my tongue, pushing as far as I can. The tip of my tongue finds the opening to her cervix and probes. She

screams around his cock and tries to close her legs on my head but my shadows hold her open for me. I glance up and am surprised to see the mortal holding her head and fucking her mouth even as she tries to pull away. Her fingers claw at his thighs making him hiss but he doesn't slow his fast hard thrusts. I slide more shadows around her arms and drag them to her back. I'm not going to let her ruin the show.

I start the treatment all over again. Laving her clit with my tongue, sliding inside and rubbing all the sweet pleasure spots before pushing too far, making her scream and choke on his cock.

"That's it. Cry for me Mouse. Look at me. Let me see your pain." He groans when she sobs around his dick. I stop my punishment for a moment to find her tight ass. My inky black cum still drips from her and I want to jam myself deep inside her again. Instead, I use my tongue to lick her clean, probing her and enjoying my taste. She wasn't wrong. It's fresh and clean but it also tastes dark and earthy.

I go back and forth between her sweet cunt and ass, fucking both holes with my tongue while she chokes on the mortal's cock. His eyes begin to roll back and his grip on her face tightens. He's almost there.

When his mouth falls open, I release the energy I've been holding. We vanish from his touch and sight leaving him to squirt rope after rope of cum on the floor. I don't stop though. I continue to fuck her until her sweet wetness floods from her body, filling my mouth and covering my face. She convulses in my grasp, an orgasm ripping through her, but I still don't stop. I drink every drop and lap up anything that doesn't squirt in my mouth.

"Why?! Why did you do that?" She screams but I don't stop. I stand, letting her see my hard cock jutting up between us.

"He got what he wanted. Now it's my turn."

I use my shadows to hold her legs open wide for me as I line the tip up with her dripping cunt. Another evil thought unfolds in my mind at the sight of her. I reach out and allow the mortal to hear everything we say but not see or interact with us in any way. He wants to be her savior. I'll show him I'm her villain and her hero. I'm her everything.

"This is going to hurt but I know you enjoy some pain" I growl before driving my cock into her. Her body only takes half of me before she screams and tries to jerk away. Shadows wrap around

her ankles and bring them over my shoulders while others bind her wrist. She can't go anywhere but on my cock now.

"That's it. Cry for me Little Shadow. Once this is out of the way your tears will be from how good it all feels." I grab her face, angling it so I can see every emotion as I push deeper. Her pain is exquisite. Her face twists, mouth opening in a silent cry when her body finally takes the last of me. Her body has now molded to my cock. Stretching and moving to make room for me.

I knew it. She is the closest I will ever get to an afterlife. The most complete I've felt in my long life. The most at peace.

I use my shadows to slowly pull her off my cock then impale her again. "It hurts." Her cries have tapered off to whimpers.

"Not much longer. Hold on Little Shadow." I grind out. Tingling heat forms inside me, swelling my cock like never before. I would do anything to draw the feeling out longer but I know I'm not going to last. I take pity on her and let my shadows find her clit. I circle it and lap it, making her squirm. Another finds her ass and probes gently, adding another sensation to push her from pain to pleasure.

"How does it feel now?" I ask even though her moans clue me in.

"Hurts. Hurts so fucking good. I'm so close." She grunts out with every push and pull of my shadows.

That's all I need to hear. My shadows hold her at the perfect spot so I can push in and out of her in shallow thrusts. The inside of her sweet cunt catches on the ridges of my cock and my shadows spasm in ecstasy. I use her body to rub the spot over and over until I'm the one shaking. All thoughts of her pleasure flee from my mind. I hold her tightly and use her for mine.

Her cries and moans drive me over the edge. The heat inside me reaches a limit and bursts from me. I fill her with hot cum. It confuses me but I'm too fucked up to think about it now. I keep pumping myself into her and filling her with every drop. I don't stop until her body goes limp in my grasp and molten black cum leaks out around my cock.

"Little Shadow? Melanie? Little Shadow?" I try to rouse her, moving her around to cradle her in my arms. "You can't die. You're a spirit." I remind her and myself.

“I can’t die but I can get fucked into oblivion, apparently. Be quiet. I’m trying to rest.” She finally answers me, her voice barely a whisper and eyes never opening.

“I was beginning to wonder if I was wrong about everything.” I confide in her.

“Meaning?”

“Well, to begin with, I’ve never had a hot orgasm, but I felt like I was on fire just now. It stood to reason everything is different with you. Maybe I could kill you. I’m glad I didn’t though.”

“Me too. Rest now, talk later.”

I have a feeling she means to scream at me later once she remembers what I did.



Melanie

I hadn't slept since I became a spirit. So, when I woke from a deep restful sleep, I had assumed everything had been a nightmare until the shadows tightened around me and I looked up into the crimson eyes that's been haunting me my whole life.

"I'm not changing my mind Little Shadow. We had a deal and I held up my end." His arrogant voice makes me want to punch him in the face.

"I didn't get a real goodbye. You fucked me out of it. Literally! I mean look at him!" I scream, waving my hands toward my best friend as he flips the coffee table over. He has already smashed the chair to pieces, flipped the couch over, and broke the TV. He has been screaming long before I woke up apparently. Every soul-crushing sound is punctuated with a punch to the wall or destroying something.

"He is just being mortal. He'll get over you and find a nice living girl, settle down, and have a couple of kids. If you ever see him again, when his time comes, he'll thank you for letting him go."

"You are just a fucking monster. I shouldn't expect you to understand." I fume. My soul calls to Wes. I want to curl around him and comfort him the way I have done hundreds of times before.

"I don't understand. I'm offering you eternity with me. You will feel loved and cherished if you would just let me. I'll give you more affection than he ever could. Give in Little Shadow. Leave the mortal and give yourself to me in every way."

“I can’t leave him. He’s my best friend.” I begin to cry when Wes falls to his knees, his head falling into his hands as his body trembles.

“You must. You don’t belong with him. You’re dead and he’s very much alive. Let him live. Do it for him.” I know he’s playing with my emotions, but his words stick with me. He’s right. Wes deserves a wife and a family. I can’t hold him back from that.

“I will be checking in on him. You can try to stop me but if you want me to care for you at all, you’ll give that to me.” I turn to look at the monster. I still haven’t made up my mind if I should thank him for giving me time with Wes or not. As much as I can’t stand him, if he hadn’t been stalking me, another reaper would have taken me and I would have never been able to see Wes again.

His giant dark form eases towards me, shadows teasing up my body until they brush against my face. “If it means you being with me willingly, I’ll make an exception. You cannot interact with him ever again. It isn’t even for my own jealous reasons. The more you interfere with mortals, the more attention you will draw. If they send Hunters for us, that will be the end of us both.” His eyes search mine as his shadows dance over my skin.

“I understand. I’ll keep my distance. Thank you, Samael.” I mean it when I say it. He isn’t my knight in shining armor, but he has helped me. I can learn to like him. Eventually.

“I would do anything for you, Little Shadow. Anything in my power.” He bends, his lips brushing my forehead before tipping my face up to his. “You really are my forever. The only happiness I’ve ever had in this long miserable life has come from you and I’m eternally grateful. I just hope, one day, you’ll turn that smile to me. I’ll try my best to earn it.” Pitch-black lips meet mine. The soft, sweet kiss takes me by surprise.

“You’re off to a good start,” I murmur against him before turning to Wesley. I rub my hand over his head and hope he can feel it and know how sorry I am. His head jerks up letting me know he can still sense me. Leaning over, I place a kiss on his temple before whispering in his ear.

“We’re not over. I know you’ll find me again one day and I’ll be waiting.”



Melanie

“This is what we’ll do for eternity? Just drifting around, waiting for you to take souls to the gates? Where are the gates anyway?” I ask, my boredom getting the best of me. I don’t know how long I waited around this nursing home while he escorted Ernie to his afterlife.

Ernie being the ninety-year-old man whose spirit shot out of his body like it was propelled by a slingshot. He was running around the room, pumping his fist in the air like he had won a gold medal. When Death came for Ernie, he didn’t shy away in fear. He met Death with a smile. Death was a blessing.

“Yes, this is my life. I do have a small place in the Afterworld Realm. Somewhat like how mortals have houses but I haven’t been there in many years. I don’t need a home to survive. We can travel and collect souls all over the world. Plus, I think you’re already forgetting the fun we can have as well.” He smirks as his shadows pull me closer, caressing my breasts and cunt at the same time. ” As far as the gates, it’s hard to explain but I also can’t show you. If I did the gates would pull your soul and there would be nothing I could do. We are still on the mortal plain. Your spirit can travel but we would have to go to the Ruling Realm. The gates open only for spirits and I don’t know what happens after the soul is pulled through.” He answers as he presses his lips to mine in a quick kiss.

“I want to see your home! Take me there!” I bounce up and down excitedly. The idea of another realm or plain of existence is wild and my mind is already wandering. What do they look like?

Are there other reapers with homes? Like a subdivision of death! A truly monstrous HOA!

“I will one day. You should see the world while you can. Once we travel to my realm we won’t be back here for a while.” He answers and I immediately think of Wes and not getting to see him.

“So I guess I’m doomed to haunt old people’s homes and have crazy monster sex for the next hundred years? I guess it could be worse. I could have died in a porta-potty and been stuck there as an angry spirit.”

“I wouldn’t have left you anywhere, Little Shadow. I definitely wouldn’t visit you in a bathroom forever. Want me to show you how to have some fun?” His fangs glint in the fluorescent lights of the hallway.

“You can show me how you play and then you can take me to check on Wes. It’s had to be days by now. What if he’s still sitting on the floor waiting on me?” I push my bottom lip out, trying to gain the sympathy he probably lacks. He has never shown any when I begged and cried before but maybe being cute will do something. Even assholes like cute things.

Like puppies!

“Only if I get to hurt that pretty little pussy afterward.”

Score for the pouty face!

“Deal!”

I watch as he glides towards the crescent-shaped desk where two women wearing scrubs are giggling and eating. “It’s all about the work up.” He informs me, sliding a clawed hand over the light switch and flipping it off. The women squeal but their giggles come back even louder.

“Light must have blown. Scared the piss out of me.” One of them laughs in the dark. Wheels move against the ugly tile floor as she stands and moves to check the lights. “Huh, switch flipped. I’ll have to ask maintenance about that.” She shrugs her shoulders, looking at her friend that’s still munching on celery and ranch.

“They won’t do anything about it anyway. They never fix anything here.”

“Now to make them really question their sanity.” Samael grins at me before a dense shadow pushes a large stack of papers off the desk, sprawling them all over the floor as the women scream and

make a run for the double doors leading to the other wing of the nursing home.

I can't help but giggle at their fear and the forgotten snack spread on the desk. "You're right. That does look fun." I concede.

"It's your turn. We'll find you an old person to scare but not too much. Don't want to cause a death." He smiles as he disappears through a wall, the tether dragging me with him.

A woman in her eighties watches a game show as she sits in a dusty pink recliner with a crocheted blanket over her lap.

"No whammies. No whammies! STOP!" She yells in between bites of her chocolate bar.

"I'll never understand humans and their obsession with game shows. What's the point of watching other people win money and prizes but they don't get anything themselves?" He asks with a shake of his head.

"I guess you wouldn't understand but sometimes we like to be happy for other people. It makes us feel good when other people feel good. Not all of us but some of us." I try to explain but I think this is a human notion and beyond his understanding.

"Pointless if you ask me but not why we are here. See what you can do, Little Shadow."

I run my hand over the TV and feel the electricity buzzing at my fingertips. I pull a little bit of the power from it into myself and the TV glitches.

"Damn TV! I told them I needed a different one, this one's going to kick the bucket soon, but nobody listens to me." The old woman grumbles but I let the energy surge back into the TV and the picture returns.

I ease up behind her and lean down, resting my hand on her shoulder. Goosebumps break out over her arms as she shivers.

"Whammy!" I whisper yell next to her ear.

"What the fuck was that? Earl, if this is your way of messing with me from the great beyond, you suck at it!" She yells to the ceiling.

I glance at Samael and find him holding a large clawed hand over his mouth, hiding his laughter. "Good job. I'm sure the next one will shit their pants."

“I’m sure.” I grouch, skulking off to the next room. A heavily wrinkled old man is exiting the bathroom, yanking on his sweatpants as he shuffles towards his bed.

“If I was at home, I wouldn’t even need these damn things.” His voice sounds like he smoked two packs a day for the last fifty years. This time Samael looms close, his presence giving the whole room an unsettling feeling. I touch the lamp next to his bed and draw some of the energy from it, letting it dim then brighten a few times before draining all the energy from it, allowing the room to fall into darkness.

“God-damned cheap lightbulbs. I spend all this money to live with these wackadoo people and they can’t even give me good light bulbs.”

I rush to the bathroom door when a brilliant plan forms in my mind. “What are you doing in the bathroom? He’s in here.” Samael asks, apparently amused at my antics.

“Have you ever seen The Grudge or The Ring? Of course, you haven’t. Ridiculous question. Anyway, they scared the hell out of me. Just watch.” I grin like a maniacal genius. Drawing all the energy I’ve collected, I do my best to become visible to the human eye. I’m nowhere as strong as Samael but I don’t need much to enact my plan. When I look down at my arms they look tangible but still not dense enough to mistake me as a living person.

I peep around the corner and wink at the reaper lounging against the wall, waiting for my grand entrance. I drop my hands to the ground and let my long wet hair cover most of my face before doing my best creepy crab walk out of the bathroom while making ghostly moans.

I watch as the old man turns towards me expecting him to crawl up on the bed and scream for help. I’m sadly disappointed when he crosses his arms and narrows his eyes at me. “If you’ve come to take me, hurry up and get to it or let me get some sleep. I’m too old to run and scream.”

“Fuck this!” I scream getting up to stomp out of the room.

“Language, young lady!” The old man scolds.

Before Samael can stop me, I’m leaning back in the room with a raised middle finger and a smirk, leaving the old man more shocked than seeing a ghost.

“Well, that went well.”

“It’s old people! They have zero fucks to give.” I defend myself. “I know if it was, like a ten-year-old kid, they would totally be shitting their pants.” He chuckles at my joke but something occurs to me that didn’t before. “You said we couldn’t keep interfering with mortals but we just fucked with a bunch of them.”

“No reaper or hunter would think twice about the happenings of somewhere like that. Where the elderly gather death and disorder is sure to follow. Old people die and they usually have a little fun before they move on. What you did back there is nothing compared to what a freshly free soul can do after being trapped in an aging body. It was a little pathetic really but I got a good laugh from it.”

I scoff as I fall back, grabbing my chest like someone has stabbed me in the heart. “That really hurts. I think I was pretty close to giving one of them a heart attack.”

It’s a really weird feeling. Joking with the monster that basically saved me as a child but then fucked my world up fifteen years later. I know I should hate him. I should still be screaming and crying over the life I lost but I can’t find it in me to be angry anymore. Not at him at least. The real monsters that killed me will feel all my wrath soon enough.

“Deep in thought, Little Shadow?” Samael breaks me from my dark thoughts with a shadow wrapping around my waist. We float through walls and out into the fresh open air. I can’t smell it or even feel it but I still feel better just being outside. The sun looks beautiful hiding behind the tree line, painting the sky with dusky pinks and oranges.

“Just thinking about everything that’s happened. It’s just a lot to process.” I reply honestly. I look into his face and find myself more enthralled with him than I ever imagined I could be. He stays more tangible now, I’m assuming for my benefit. His jaw is strong and angular. His eyes are such a deep crimson, but glow-like flames are hidden behind the orbs. The fangs that used to scare me have now become endearing. Maybe this is classic Stockholm syndrome but I’m okay with that. For the first time in my life, I don’t feel like I’m running to a finish line. It might be morbid but I’m enjoying death.

My thoughts have kept me from realizing where we were going. I look around and recognize the walking trail near the river. The river where I took my last liquid-filled breath.

“What are we doing here?” The battling emotions were clear in my voice.

“I thought you would want to see this. I saw it on the cover of the newspaper in Earnie’s room.” I follow his gaze to a pile of flowers, stuffed animals, and notes scattered on the grass about fifty yards from the bank of the river. I draw closer and examine the tribute. My name scrawled on every item has my eyes tearing up again.

“For me? They found me?”

“The paper said your body was recovered just a few days ago and they just released the identity today. Some people from school were interviewed and said they would have a tribute to you here. I wasn’t sure if this would help or hurt but I figured you would want to know.” He sounds nervous as he explains but my tears are not sad ones. I’m just so happy that I wasn’t forgotten. I’ve been thinking back to where my body was and how I wanted to be put to rest like my mother a lot here lately but never told him. He couldn’t have done anything.

“Thank you. It helps. It hurts to be here but I’m glad I get to see it. I just need to stay on this side of the trail and I’ll be okay. I’m not ready to go swimming just yet.” My lips lift when a shadow finds my hand and wiggles through my fingers. I can feel his presence behind me and lean against it, allowing him to pull me closer. “I’ll never get used to how time moves differently now.”

The sun has vanished from the sky. Pinks and oranges replaced with dark blues and purples. The moon glows on the opposite side of the star-lit sky, illuminating the river in its pearlescent light. Something shining from farther down the trail catches my attention. “Aww, Wes.” I choke on my tears.

“What are those?” Samael asks, following me to the beautiful arrangement and watching as I sit next to the white lilies held together by a teal ribbon.

“My favorite flowers. He’s the only person that knows. They are special to me.” More tears slip down my face.

“I remember. Your mom’s funeral. I remember wondering why you were stealing flowers from her casket.” He chuckles. “It makes sense now. I didn’t understand much about humans then and how they cling to symbols and memories.”

“I was a kid. I just thought they were beautiful. Seeing something beautiful adorning such a sad thing as a casket. I remember thinking that’s why they did it. Cover a casket in flowers and make people forget about the dead body inside. Anyway, they’ve been my favorite flowers for a long time and Wes is the only person that would leave these here.”

“They are beautiful. He really knows everything about you, doesn’t he?” He doesn’t sound jealous, just curious.

“He does. We’ve been best friends for so long. I just wish I would have taken the chance and kissed him in high school instead of being scared of rejection. At least you gave me the chance to tell him how I truly felt. Thank you again.” I lean against him and close my eyes. I drift through memories of my life. My first memories of my mom and how her hair looked like mine. Long, black, and shining in the summer sun. She had taken me to the beach a few months before she died. We played in the waves all day and I fell asleep in the car on the way home. I want to go back to the beach one day. I might not be able to enjoy it like I did as a child but I want to look at the same beautiful horizon my mother did before she died.

I’m again yanked from my thoughts when Samael jerks me to him and pulls us behind a bush. A smokey tendril covers my mouth when I begin to ask a question.

“Quiet, Little Shadow. Hunters are here.” He stares into my eyes before dipping his head through the shrub and looking around. He keeps his shadows wrapped around my body, not letting me move. He knows me well enough to expect me to jump up and see the Hunters. I’m too curious not to look.

“We have to move from this place. We have drawn too much attention.” He informs me when the coast is clear.

“Back to the old folks’ home?” I joke but the grim look in his eyes stops my laughter.

“No, Little Shadow. We must leave this town. This country. Perhaps even this realm. We have to go somewhere with no mortals. We will try to lose them on this plain but you may be seeing my home sooner than I planned.” He whispers as he pulls me along with him through trees and back into the city.

“You promised I could check in on Wes.” I cry, pulling against his hold and making him stop to listen to me.

“We’ll come back and check on him after some time has passed. They’ll leave and look elsewhere. We just have to be patient.”

“How long? How long before we can come back?” I ask as tears begin to collect in the corners of my eyes. One of the downsides to being dead is still having tears.

“A few years, maybe. We will come back but we have to leave now.” He begins to pull me against him again but I refuse to move. “Melanie, if they find us, they will take you to the gates and I’ll be imprisoned. I don’t know much about my kind or what happens after I collect souls but I have met my fair share of reapers and one thing they all agree on. If a rogue gets captured by hunters, he will pray for a true death. If you are taken to the gates you will never see Wes alive again. You’ll just have to hope whatever happens next brings you back together. We must go.” He orders as he jerks me back to him.

“If you love me. If you have ever loved me, we’ll go check on Wes before you make me leave. There is no guarantee I’ll see him again. Give me this, please.” I beg, slinging myself into his shadow-filled form and finding it more solid than I expected. I claw at his chest, pulling myself closer to his face before wrapping my arms around his neck and sobbing into his cheek. “Please Samael.”

I cry for what feels like hours before I feel the gentle touch of his lips on my ear. “We must be quick. The longer we are here the more likely we are to get trapped.” He concedes. I twist my face to meet his and press my lips into his. He is hard and unmoving at first but quickly opens his mouth and lets me show my appreciation by running my tongue over his. Sucking and caressing him, pouring all my emotions into the kiss.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you!” I repeat in-between kisses.

“You’re welcome, Little Shadow. Now we must hurry.” He smiles sadly before grabbing my hand and leading me toward Wes’s apartment.



Wesley

Fuck Death.

Hell, at this point fuck life. It all sucks and I'm tired of it. That fucker knew what he was doing and when I see him again I'm going to rip his weird shadow dick right off him.

First I have to find the dumb fuck that took my Mouse from me, to begin with. After the rage and grief finally eased it only took me a few hours of searching to find Tyler's social media. He had crafted it perfectly to catch a young woman's eye. He has been fishing for them online and I hate to think how many he has caught so far. That's all about to come to an end.

Days of watching and waiting finally pay off when I follow him to a warehouse in an abandoned part of town. I watch as he pulls himself from his sports car. Probably paid for by the bodies of teenage girls. He makes his way to the door on the side of the building and knocks twice before he's let in.

I wait a few minutes before I park across the street and quickly follow his path, slinking against the wall of the building, trying to see in the cracked and dirty windows. There are at least fifty girls, some barely look thirteen and none look over twenty, huddled in the middle of the warehouse. Shackles around their ankles, covered in dirt and so thin they probably couldn't run away if they had the chance.

My gut twists at the sight. They will never be the same but at least they are still alive. I pull out my cell phone to call the police

but before they can answer, asshole Tyler exits the building. If he gets in that car the police won't ever catch him. I have to do it now.

Letting my rage return and fuel me, I jump and wrap my arm around his throat and pull him back against the building.

“You don't know who I am but you took the one thing in this world that mattered to me. The only thing that kept the monster at bay and now you have to pay the price.” I growl in his ear before flinging him to the ground. I slam my body on top of his and wrap my hands around his throat. His eyes tear up as his mouth moves, silently begging for mercy. He'll find none of that here. I start off choking him but my rage builds with every tear that leaks from his pathetic eyes. I can't stop myself. I jerk him up by his neck and slam his head back down. The second hit is hard enough blood begins to pool under him but that's not enough. I don't stop till pieces of brain and bone fly from his head like shrapnel. My hands drip with evil blood and I use his shirt to clean them.

“You'll never hurt anyone again, you worthless piece of shit.”

“Boss ain't going to like that one bit.”

Ahh fuck.



Melanie

“We have to do something!” My panic is reaching levels I didn’t know existed.

When we reached the apartment, Wes was gone and I was in tears again. Samael quickly informed me that since he has touched Wes before, he could bring us to him through a rift. In the movies, it’s called teleporting but he sliced his hand through the air and led me through to the run-down warehouse where we watched as Wes strangled the evilest man I have ever met before beating his head against the ground until nothing was left of his skull. It was grotesque but also made me want to jump in Wes’s lap and ride his dick right there on top of the corpse.

“We will. Just calm down for now.” Apparently, no one had told him but never tell a woman to calm down.

“Fuck calm. I’m so beyond calm, if I was alive I would be having a heart attack right now. DO SOMETHING!” I scream as the big ugly bastard drags Wes’s limp body into the warehouse. He has already hit him with his gun and knocked him out cold. They didn’t like what he had done to the rapist/murderer. So sad.

“I have to deal with this first.” Samael growls, drawing my attention to the ghost standing next to me.

“Ahhh! What happened to my head?” The idiot screams. “You? I know you! How are you alive? I felt you die and watched you sink in the river!”

“That’s right. You felt me die while you had your nasty cock shoved in me. You are the one that held my head under the water.

You are the one that raped me. Killed me. And now you get everything you deserve.” My voice changes until I don’t even recognize the sound. “Death will not stop me. He will be my vengeance. My breath seized under the water, but my hate is stronger than any wave.” I can’t stop the smirk curling my lips when Samael slides up against me.

Tyler’s ghostly form freezes in fear as Samael begins to transform into his more sinister form. His claws lengthen as do his fangs. Thick saliva drips from his beastly maw when his lips pull back in a snarl. He grows even bigger as his shadows begin to jerk erratically almost as if they are wanting to reach for Tyler but are being held back. His face contorts into a thing of nightmares.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I was high! I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll make it up to you.” He cries pathetically. I feel not even an ounce of sympathy for my murderer. There is no way to know how many other girls he did this to. Now it’s time he pays the price.

“Sorry, Tyler. Death waits for no man and he sure won’t show you any mercy.” I smile and pat Samael on the shoulder. “Have fun with him.”

Samael lunges for Tyler like a wild beast. His jaws locked onto the ghost’s throat and ripped it to shreds. Before, I couldn’t think of a good reason why a Reaper should be able to cause a soul pain. Now, I’m so happy he can. This particular soul deserves an eternity of pain.

I don’t think I’ve ever done a happy dance in my life but watching Wesley kill my murderer and now, watching Samael tear his soul apart, I decide there’s a first time for everything. I bring my hands above my head and begin to swing my hips.

“Death comes for everyone but I’m the only one that comes for him!” I sing while twirling in a circle. A squeal breaks free from my throat when a shadowy tentacle wraps around my hips and jerks me into a hard body.

“I do enjoy when you come for me. I especially like it when you come on my tongue.” He smirks but my gaze is zeroed in on the blood painting his face and neck. “Does this turn you on, Little Shadow?”

“It shouldn’t. I’ve never been intrigued by blood or pain but something about you and Wes brings it out of me. I’m a different person with both of you. A more twisted version of myself.” I

answer and honestly, I'm okay with that. I like the dark and twisted parts of me.

“Speaking of the mortal.” He pulls me through the wall and I'm confronted with row after row of girls just like me. This would have been my fate if it wasn't for my death.

“Where is he?” I scan the warehouse but he's nowhere to be seen. I work my way around the poor creatures scattered on the floor and through the back wall of the warehouse.

“Who the fuck are you?” A fat older man screams at my best friend, whose eyes are rolling in his head. Two big fuckers hold him by his arms as the fat fuck slaps him across the face.

“We have to do something,” I growl, my anger building with every strike to Wes's face.

“Fuck. I'll do something but then we have to go. No more excuses. We don't have much time before the Hunters track my energy here.” His crimson orbs dart back and forth looking for the enemy. “You owe me for this. Staying is putting both of us at serious risk.”

“Thank you! No more attitude or bitching. I swear!”

“Yeah, I'm sure.” He huffs before slinking across the gravel. It's surreal watching him crawl inside one of the big fuckers and take control of him.

“What are you doing Ivan? Grab him!” The fat man screams when Samael drops Wes's arm, leaving him to fall and one hip hits the ground as the other guy struggles to keep Wes up. Samael quickly unholsters Ivan's gun and fires two rounds into the fat asshole and three into the big fuck that's still trying to jerk Wes into a kneeling position. He then smiles at Wes before turning the gun on himself and fires a round under his jaw, spraying brain and blood, painting the gravel in a way that would make art collectors gasp. The heavy body drops to the ground.

Wes's scream makes Samael's shadows twitch but he continues his path to me. “See what I can do when I'm not starving myself. A sight to behold!” He smirks and I decide to reward him by leaning up and planting a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

“Thank you,” I whisper. “Let's go. He needs to deal with this and seeing me will do nothing but distract him and cause us more risk.”

We watch as he struggles to his feet, looking around like he's waiting for someone or something to attack at any moment. After a few minutes he runs for the warehouse and we follow behind him. Hand in hand we stroll through the door he entered but he stops and turns around without any warning.

"I know you're there. At least one of you. I assume Mouse is with you. I don't think you would let her out of your sight. I just wanted to say thanks. I know what you did and I know you did it for her. I know you care for her in your own weird deathly way. I could see that before. Just take care of her for me. Don't let her forget how much she is loved. I'll be seeing y'all one way or another." Wes's eyes roam the area we are occupying but land on nothing. He can't see us but Samael's energy is so heavy it hangs in the air.

My tears begin to roll again but I don't even fight them. I just let them streak my face as I sob for my friend, the man that I love, the man that has loved me in life and death. The other part of my soul.

I watch as he runs to the girls on the ground and begins trying to unlock them. He is a good man and he'll make someone a good husband someday.

"I'll make sure you never forget." Samael smiles as he grabs my hand and holds it palm up. His clawed fingers swirl over my palm making shadows dance there. My mouth drops open as beautiful bottle forms from the dark tendrils. I lean forward, bringing my face even with the bottle as the dance continues. I stare in awe as dark liquid forms in the bottom and a dainty glittery water lily floats atop it.

"Whenever you miss him, you can look right here and remember, he won't ever forget you. You are the love of his life." Samael murmurs while the shadows wrap around the bottle and bring it to my neck. "He's right here next to your heart." The shadows link behind my neck forming a living, moving necklace.

"It's perfect. When did you get all sweet and sappy?" I laugh through my tears.

"You bring out the worst in me." His fangs peek over his bottom lip adorably when he grins at me.

"What the fuck are you doing? Get away from them!" A voice screams making me swing my attention back to the warehouse.

“Brandon? What the actual fuck?” Wes screams back, his eyes bulge and his jaw drops as he looks at the man pointing a gun at him.

“Get away from them. This is your last chance, Wesley.” The man orders but then I realize, this man goes to school with us! I’ve seen him around and he helped Wes out a few times. We were going to school with human traffickers the whole time and didn’t have a clue.

“I’m not going anywhere! The cops are on their way.” Wes snarls. The girls behind him start to scream and jerk at the chains.

“Hey, it’s okay. You’re all going to be fine.” He turns to reassure the frightened girls. His eyes meet theirs, calming them as best he can. He doesn’t see the creep pull back the hammer.

A shot rings out and echoes off the metal walls. My heart drops and everything slows down.

“Wes!”



Samael

I never thought I would be trying to save the mortal man that holds my Little Shadows heart and here I am doing it twice in one day.

Only, I didn't succeed this time.

I have a hand wrapped around the wrist holding the gun when I hear her second scream. I look for Wes only to find him clutching his chest as blood soaks his shirt.

I draw all the energy I can from Brandon, draining him almost to the point of death but not quite. His eyes roll back and his body drops like a bag of rocks.

"Samael, do something!" Melanie sobs when Wes starts to drop to his knees, blood now dripping from the bottom of his shirt. She wraps her arms around him and uselessly tries to hold his mortal body up. I do the only thing I can. I wrap my shadows around him and ease his way from the mortal realm into death.

"What are you doing?! He can't die! He'll be brought to the gates! I'm not ready to say goodbye forever!" She cradles his dying body, pressing his head into her chest. Her body jerks in rhythm with her cries but her eyes are narrowed at me.

"He won't be if I keep him."

"Keep him?" She hiccups, her eyes darting back and forth between his body and myself.

"You would do that?" She whispers.

“I told you, I would do anything for you Little Shadow. Even if that means letting you love someone more than me. I’ve been told, if I really love you, I’ll do what makes you happy. This would make you happy, wouldn’t it?”

She sucks her bottom lip between her teeth and chews on it while looking down at the mortal struggling to breathe. “I don’t want him to die at all but that’s not your fault. If anything, it’s mine. He came here because of me. It would make me happy but it’s up to him. If he wants to go, I’ll let him.” She sighs sadly and buries her face in his neck.

“Why would I want to go anywhere besides where you are?” Wes’s voice sounds exactly the same in death and makes her squeal like she did when they were kids. I ease the shadows from his spirit and allow them to embrace. Part of me wants to rip her from his arms but the other part is excited to see the smile stretching her lips.

“I’m so sorry! You came here because of me. This is all my fault.” She cries into his shoulder, and he rubs circles against her back.

“Enough of that. I told you I would be with you again. No matter what.” His lips work from her ear to the corner of her mouth before he pulls back to look into her eyes. “God damn, I love you so much.”

“I love you.” She grins but her gaze shifts to me. “And maybe you. Still working that out but I feel something right here.” She points at her chest above her heart. “And here.” She points at her sweet little pussy.

“You’re a wicked little slut. Teasing me like that.” I growl and lick at my fangs. I could already feel her on my tongue but the wail of sirens draws our attention back to the girls. Their swollen red eyes start to leak again when the first officer busts through the metal door with his gun drawn.

“I would love to stick around and see their reaction to the bloody scene in the back but we really don’t have any more time,” I inform the two ghosts still clutching each other. If I was a better creature I would escort them to the gates and be done. Unfortunately, I am a corrupt fucker and now I have two souls to watch over. On the bright side, getting to fuck my Little Shadow with him and watching her come undone then actually being happy afterward. The smile splitting her face now is all I need to know she’s content. Now

when she says she loves me, I'll know it's because she really does and not because she has to.

“What’s going on? Why are we in a rush?” Wes’s eyebrow bunch in the center of his forehead in confusion. He won’t get any time to relax and learn about being a spirit.

“It’s a long story but Sam here wasn’t supposed to be stalking me and he sure as hell wasn’t supposed to take over anyone’s body. He’s been a very naughty reaper and now the guys upstairs want to spank him.” The sass that spews from her cute mouth never ceases to surprise me.

“Guys upstairs?” I roll my eyes but my lips lift anyway. “She is taking a lot of liberty in her explanation. I’m not sure why Hunter’s hunt rogue reapers. They might be ordered by some higher power or maybe they are the higher power and tired of our bullshit. No one really knows.”

“Semantics. Either way, we’re leaving and going somewhere they can’t find us.” Her hands move as if she’s waving away my words and replacing them with her simple version.

“Hello? Can you help me?” A small voice calls from behind Melanie causing her to jump and spin around. A young girl, no more than twelve, waits there, fiddling with her fingers nervously.

“Is she talking to me?” Mel asks, turning her head to look back at me with wide confused eyes.

“Yes. No one else will look at me.” The little girl answers for me with tears in her eyes.

“Oh fuck.” Wes gasps as he slaps at Mel’s arm before pointing at the scene happening in the middle of the warehouse. We had been so wrapped up in our conversation we didn’t see the people working to bring the girl back to life. She was probably in the warehouse for far too long without food or water. She’s severely underweight with dark circles under her tired eyes.

“I can help you, child.” I cut in before she can turn and see the man placing her body on a gurney and covering it with a sheet. I crouch down, making myself look less intimidating, and smile. “Someone like me will be here shortly and they’ll take you somewhere safe. No need to be scared. You’re okay now.”

“I miss my mom!” The scared girl cries before throwing her arms around my neck and clinging to me. I look up at Melanie and see the tears in her eyes. She was younger than this girl when we

first met but she understands. The fear and loneliness. This was her but I made it go away, even if just for a little while.

“Shhh. I know but you’ll see her again. It’ll all be okay.” I lie. I have no idea what happens next but I do know it has to be better than what she has lived through. “What’s your name child?”

“Olivia.” She sniffs, rubbing her face against my shadows. To her, they look like a solid flowing robes. I change my form depending on the person and I’ve had to escort enough children to know my normal shadows and fangs do not bring calmness.

“Olivia is a beautiful name. You’ll be just fine. You’re a strong girl and fought hard. You can rest soon” I pat her back and try not to look at the two ghosts watching us.

“I’ll take her now.”

The dark whisper comes from another reaper. One I haven’t seen in hundreds of years.

“Darmus. Surprised to see you on this side of the world.” I rise from my lowered position, bringing Olivia with me.

“I heard there were more rogues over here than reapers now. Figured I would come help and actually do my job.” His eyebrow lifts but he doesn’t show any other signs that he knows what I am.

“That’s very generous of you. Could always use more help. This here is Olivia. Please show her where she can rest. She’s been through a lot and is very tired.” I quickly change the subject and hand over the trembling girl. Darmus takes her from me gently and she doesn’t even look back before wrapping her arms around the new reaper, hiding her face in his shadows.

“I’ll be seeing you around, Samael.” He smirks before opening a doorway into the Ruling Realm and stepping through.

“That sounded ominous.” Wes shutters but my sweet Little Shadow just smiles at me.

“You really do care, huh.” She pushes herself against my body, molding to me and making me growl.

“What do you mean? Of course, I care for you. I’ve said it many times now.” I roll my eyes but laugh when she huffs in frustration. “I mean you care about humans. Not just me. You were so gentle with that girl and the others you have helped since I’ve been with you. I just didn’t want to see it because of my anger. You

have been gentle and respectful to every soul.” She smiles up at me, rubbing her hands up my chest and over my shoulders.

Before she died, I stayed in my shadows all of the time. I never really had a reason to be in solid form until her. Now I can’t imagine not feeling her touch on my skin. “I respect life and death. You can’t have one without the other. I do my best to show compassion for the souls moving to the next phase. Yours is just extra special to me.”

“This is all very romantic but it could be a lot more romantic if my dead body wasn’t right there. Mind if we relocate to a better setting?” Wes interrupts us, making Mel groan but then laugh when she realizes how accurate he is.

“I think I know a place.” Melanie smiles before grasping both of our hands and pulling us from the warehouse.

“So, about these rifts, you can make. Have you ever been to the beach?”

If there are gods, please let them have mercy on my soul because she sure won’t.



Melanie

“It’s beautiful!” I whisper when we step through the rift. We’re greeted with golden shores and deep blue ocean, a sky full of burnt orange, cotton candy pink and sparkling amethyst.

The sounds of the waves lapping against the shore make my heartbeat quicken as a feeling of dread squeeze my insides. The visuals are much different but the sounds are the same. I take a step back and bump into the silent men standing there.

“Little Shadow, if this is too much, we can go somewhere else. I’ve been many places you would enjoy seeing.” Samael assures me while wrapping a shadow around my waist to steady me.

“You’re safe, Mouse. I’m here, it’ll be okay.” Wes murmurs into my ear when he wraps his massive body around mine.

“I’m fine. I just need a minute.” I answer even though I’m trying to convince myself more than them. “I need this. I need control over my memories and not let what happened to me snuff out all the good things.”

“Take your time and don’t push yourself. You’ll get there and I’ll be by your side forever now. Who would have thought monsters actually exist and they are such big softies for innocent little mortals that they’ll do anything to keep them happy? Even keeping an asshole like me around.” He grins at me and winks when Samael lets out a growl.

“I can still get rid of you if you become too big of an asshole. You’re only here because you’re basically her pet and who said you could rub all over her like that!” He snarls before grabbing my wrist

and pulling me into him. “I might be a softie for you but you still belong to me and don’t forget it. I say when he gets to touch you. If he doesn’t behave I’ll get a squirt bottle and train him like he’s a dog.”

Images of Wes in a collar with Samael holding the leash pop in my head and heat fills my belly. Probably not something that could happen but I never thought Samael would be a semi-nice guy. Anything is possible! More images of Wes being held down by the shadow tentacles I have grown to love fill my head. I would love to ride him while he’s the one restrained. Samael is behind me filling both of us. I bite my lip at my dirty thoughts.

“If you’re that upset we should probably just go.” Samael’s fingers slide under my chin and tilt my face to his, inspecting me for tears.

“I’m okay. I’m having good and bad thoughts but I don’t feel as awful as I did.” I smile up at him and he presses a soft kiss to my nose. Wes’s large arms wrap around my waist, pushing me further into Samael’s shadows. His chin falls to the top of my head as he heaves out a sigh. I glance up and can’t stop the giggle from escaping. Samael’s eyes are narrowed. His fangs peek over his pursed lips as he glares at Wes who is leaning into me, pressing us both against the aggravated reaper. I can’t tell what face he’s making but I know he’s doing it on purpose to push Samael’s buttons.

“Both of you are going to be the end of me” Samael sighs when he finally drops his scowl.

“You’re death incarnate. I’m sure you’ll be fine with two measly ghost’s hanging around. Quit being so dramatic. Can I touch her now?” Wes would look good in a black collar.

“If she wants you to but only because you asked.” Samael concedes but I see the darkness in his eyes. He puts on a big show about Wes touching me but he likes watching. Hell, he was my stalker all that time. He definitely has voyeuristic tendencies.

“What do you think, Mouse? We could replace some of the bad memories with some really good ones?” Wes purrs as his hand slides down my body and cups my bare pussy. After being naked this long I don’t think about it until times like this.

“I don’t know. I doubt Samael wants to watch two ghosts go at it.” I smirk up at him knowing he would never just sit back and watch.

“Who said anything about him watching? I need someone to fuck that ass while I pound that sweet little pussy again.” Wes growls, using his thick fingers to spread my folds and rub my slickness around.

“Who said you would get her pussy this time? I think my Little Shadow thoroughly enjoyed having me inside her tight cunt and now that her body is ready for me, she’ll enjoy it even more.” Samael counters and his words drive me wild.

“I’m fine taking her ass. As long as I get to touch her, I’m happy.” Wes groans when he pulls back his fingers and sucks the wetness from them. His hardening cock jabs into my ass as he grinds against me. “I need more.”

He drops to his knees and spreads my ass. “Bend over for me, Mouse. I love how your plump little pussy looks from behind. Squeeze your legs together and arch your back.” He commands.

“Let me.” Samael is quick to wrap more shadows around me. He lifts me from the ground and bends me awkwardly. My legs are held together tightly with my pussy squeezed between my thighs when Wes’s tongue descends on me.

He licks and sucks at the swelled area while a finger glides through and finds the hardened nub.

“Open up.” Samael’s otherworldly cock is pressed against my lips. I admire the beautiful flared head and the ridges that I know make me come like a fountain. Apparently, I’m taking too long because a clawed hand palms my head and pushes my face down. “I said open. You want to be my good little slut, don’t you?” A sharp tug of my hair makes me gasp. He feeds me the tip when my mouth opens.

“I would fuck your pretty little mouth but I would have to break your jaw and I don’t think you’re ready for that ” He growls as I suck the head and swirl my tongue over the slit dripping with delicious precum. His words bring a bubble of fear in my chest but it only makes my pussy wetter. I’ve learned he can mostly control my pain. I know it should have hurt a lot more when he fucked me before. His cock is big around as my arm and almost as long but he used whatever reaper powers he has to form my body to him. I don’t think he could do that with my face though.

“Fuck, she likes being scared. She squeezed my fingers so tight and drenched my face when you said that. We’ll have to explore that more.” Wes rattles on me but I’m not mad when he

works his fingers in and out of me and laps at my clit. “I think you can handle more than this now. How does this feel?”

He pulls his fingers away and replaces them with something much wider. It stretches my opening but feels immaculate when he pushes all the way in.

“He has his hand inside you, Little Shadow. He’s fisting you and you love it, don’t you?” I pant around the head of his cock. It feels so unbearably good but I can’t believe it’s Wes’s fist.

“Yes, she does. She’s spasming on my hand now. Look at her coming. She’s dripping down my wrist.” Samael pulls free and moves to get a better look. Wes’s filthy description and the relentless rubbing on my clit pushes me beyond an orgasm and into oblivion. My world goes black and quiet.

Beautiful oblivion.



Samael

“She does this now. She has a knockout limit.” I chuckle at the concerned look Wes is giving me. “She’s fine. Just need a little rest. First soul, I’ve ever seen sleep though.” I muse.

“That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. I wouldn’t have lasted a minute if I fucked her after that. My cock hurts from being so hard.” He divulges.

“I’m sure she’ll be ready to take both of us over and over again. She is an eager little thing.” I muse, pushing her hair out of her beautiful face. I use my shadows to gently lay her down on the sand.

“No wonder she wanted to come here. Look at that view.” He steps away from the sleeping soul and wanders to where the waves lap at the shore. I place a kiss on her forehead before following him.

“I’ve never thought much about it. Mortals seem to be obsessed with sunrise and sunset. Always looking at the horizon when the real beauty is in the mundane.” I counter but I do see his point.

“When your life has been like ours, the mundane wasn’t very hopeful. She looks at this like the end of a day means the beginning of another. A chance. Some hope.” He explains. I never considered that, but it makes sense.

“Do you think she’ll be okay now that there is no tomorrow? She’ll be like this for eternity.” I ask, my good mood dimming at the thought of her sadness.

“I think she’ll be fine. We’ll just have to work extra hard to keep her busy. “He smirks and my own lips twitch despite me trying not to smile. Maybe he isn’t the worst soul to be stuck with.

“Reaper!” A powerful feminine voice startles us both. I turn and my heart stops.

Two Hunters stand over my sleeping soul.

“We know what you’ve been up to. Naughty little reaper! I think we need to have a talk.” The feminine Hunter yells from her place at Melanie’s head.

She is tall and broad across the shoulders but her waist is small and cinched tight in her silver corset. It accentuates the curves of her body while protecting her midsection. She has a silver breastplate to match but her floor-length skirt is deep blue and blows in the wind. Her long blonde hair is held back by a silver headpiece and her male partner has a matching one.

“Get away from her. She belongs to me!” I growl as my shadows expand. I don’t know what their powers are but I have heard enough to know not to underestimate them.

“She is a soul! You are to bring her to the gates you stupid reaper! Why must you all make it so difficult?” The male argues. He is dressed almost identically to his counterpart. The only difference being his skirt is a deep burgundy. His hair is also blonde and long enough to cover his ears.

“Why do you care? Did you make me? Why are you the one who makes the rules?” I question.

“You really don’t know who you are?” The woman asks as her eyebrow quirks in suspicion.

“What the fuck are you going on about? Get away from her! I don’t give a fuck who he is, who you are. Leave or I will fucking bash your head in and take those pretty silver suits. I think I would look quite dashing in them.” My eyes widen at the mortal next to me. He is fucking insane.

The man sneers and takes a step in my direction but the woman stops him with an outstretched arm.

“If you don’t know who you are then you don’t know who she really is either. That’s very interesting! I think we’ll take her with us. Don’t worry reaper, she’ll be fine. Mostly.” She grins as she

quickly bends down and scoops Melanie's weightless body in her arms.

"We'll be seeing you reaper!" The man smirks as I fly forwards, ready to render their heads from their bodies but with a flash of bright light they are gone.

My roar sounds like thunder. My claws lengthen and my fangs rip my lip to shreds as they descend. My shadows lash out, searching for what belongs to them.

"What the actual fuck? Where did they go? Can you find them?" The mortal gets on my nerves but he does stir a thought. I don't know where to go but I know someone who might.

"We'll find her. It might be the true end for us though." I warn before I open the rift leading to the Afterlife Realm.

"It's the end of me anyway if we don't get her back." He growls.

"To the Sea Of Tears, it is then."

The End

First Look At

Where The Abyss Meets The Mire

Melanie

“Rain?” I don’t think it’s rained since the night I died. My eyes pop open when the strong scent of wildflowers and iron meets my nose. Looking around, I realize something is very wrong.

I’m laying in the middle of a lush meadow. It’s sunny and the branches from the surrounding trees sway in the wind. It would be a picturesque scene if it wasn’t for the blood raining down from the sky.

“What the actual fuck?” I wipe my face with the back of my hand, only succeeding in smearing the warm sticky substance.

The sound of clashing metal draws my attention to the sky. I sit up and lift my hand to my forehead, using it as a visor to block the glare of the sun. My heart stops as my eyes take in the carnage happening above me.

“I told you I was going to fuck you with my blade Hunter scum.” The being with the large black wings screams as he, quite literally, fucks the man he is holding with a giant sword.

“That’s enough anal blood for me today,” I mumble to myself as I roll to my hands and knees. I start to crawl towards the treeline but I don’t make it an inch.

Bam

A mangled body hits the earth in front of me. Glazed, lifeless eyes bore into mine and make me shiver.

Oh, fuck me.

“Where do you think you’re going, Small One?”

I roll to my side as the creature with the deep vibrating voice lands mere feet away from me. He looks like a man but the giant set of raven-colored wings proves otherwise. They stand in stark contrast to the long white hair that’s pulled back from his hard face.

He’s dressed like he’s ready for battle. Wearing black leather armor over a black tunic and pants, complete with laced-up knee-high boots, he looks like he stepped out of one of the medieval films Wes made me watch.

“I was just trying to avoid all the falling body parts. It’s raining anal blood, ya know.” I squeak. He lifts an eyebrow along with his lip as he smirks down at me. His eyes are almost as light as his hair and seem to glow, illuminating his face.

“I do know. That was my doing. It was very entertaining but now we must go.” He says as he reaches down towards my hand. His skin is pale but shines like silver in the sun. I resist the urge to touch him as he grows closer.

I register his words and jerk back out of his reach. “Excuse me? I’m not going anywhere with you. I’m not sure how I

even got here but I have two people looking for me. They're probably torturing and killing as we speak. I need to get back." I explain as I hold my hands up in between myself and the hauntingly beautiful man.

"I know all about your men, Small one, and if they have any sense they'll be right behind us." He grabs at my hands but I slap him away and huff in irritation. His face splits into a smile before he chuckles. "I have missed your fire. If we had time I would keep playing this game with you but Father is waiting and that's not good for anyone."

"Who are you and why is your father waiting for us?" I ask as I try to back away slowly. I swear I see a flash of sadness at my question before his eyes turn predatory. He follows my every step while lifting a hand and snapping his incredibly long fingers.

The world turns dark and my heart races. His gaze never leaves me as I look upward. Big black clouds now fill the once-clear sky. I've never seen the weather change so quickly.

"I have many names. You have been using one of them on someone unworthy of the moniker. I will forgive this mistake since you seem to be struggling with who you are."

A bolt of lightning illuminates the sky and strikes somewhere behind the trees. The ground shakes with a roll of thunder. Only, it's not thunder.

A giant horse gallops through the trees heading straight for us. Its coat is the same glimmering white as the man's hair and so bright it looks like it's made of light. The earth trembles with every heavy step before it slows to a stop behind the man.

“I am Death and this is Chlomos.” He grins as the horse lays its enormous head over his shoulder. Now that the animal is close enough to touch I can see that it has a beautiful white mane and tail but the rest of its body is made of bone. There is also shimmering white hair around its lower legs and its ears.

“Very nice to meet you both but I really must be going now.” I spin and dash through the trees but I don’t get far. I squeal as I’m picked up and thrown over a hard shoulder.

“I told you. My father is waiting, Small One. I don’t have time for your playfulness right now but we will play soon.” He growls as he turns back towards the horse and drops me over the animal’s back.

“I don’t have time for this! I am already taken so we won’t be playing or doing anything else together.” I shout while pushing my hair out of my face and sitting up. I watch as he swings his leg over the horse and falls into place behind me.

“You think that now but you’ll find out the truth soon enough.” He pushes me forward until I’m straddling the horse’s withers while his leather-covered crotch sits flush against my ass.

“I’m sorry to disappoint you and your father but no thank you. I’m going to have to reject this invitation.” I growl as I try to push away from him to no avail.

He settles a heavy arm around my waist before leaning forward to whisper in my ear.

“No one rejects Hades.”

Acknowledgement

Thank you for sticking through the tough part and giving this book a chance.

I want to thank all my alpha, beta and ARC readers. Without you all this book would be nothing and I would be in a corner crying.

Mollie, Leisha, Sarah and so many more, Thank you for keeping me sane during this process. I love y'all!

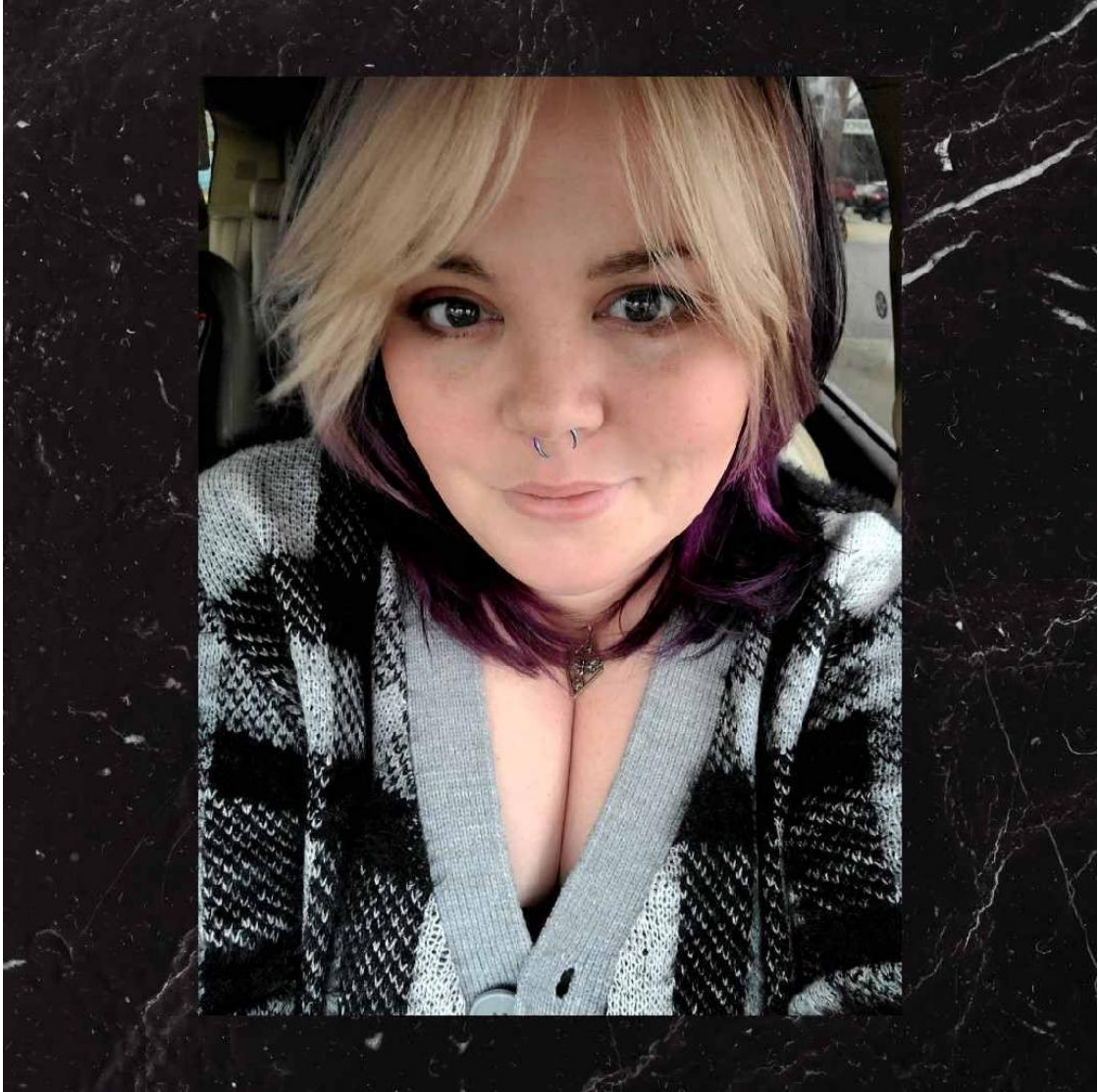
Thank you to my husband for listening to all my ideas and telling me to push harder. (everyone can blame him for the cliff hanger.)

And of course thank you to all my dark and twisted readers. My kindred spirits! I know this was hard for some of y'all and easy for others. Either way your demented little souls is what pushes me to see how far I'm willing to go.

On to a even more wild and fucked up book two!

About The Author

M.J Knight



M.J. Knight is a self-confessed collector of tattoos, comic book figurines, and books. She lives with her husband and their five kids in Decatur, Alabama. She spends most days wrangling her kids, cooking, and binge-watching “Grey’s Anatomy”- but not necessarily in that order.

When she isn’t busy with her everyday chaos, you will find her typing away about characters that she loves and relates to the most in hopes that her fans can live vicariously through their adventures..

If you want to know more about M.J.’s future books and projects-

join her Facebook group: Knights of Sin. Where the talk is real, the memes are funny, and you might just find your next sinfully delicious book boyfriend!

Books By This Author

[Colors Of Corruption](#)

A felon's daughter. An abuser's victim.

That's how I have seen myself the last ten years. Not Anymore. That night was the last straw. I'm starting over but not somewhere new. I'm going back to where it all began.

How many times in your life do you get the chance to flirt with four sexy bad boys? Exactly! So when you do, you go for it!

Enter the steamy Sons of Fortune. The four oldest sons of the Saupoudrer crime syndicate. Gearing up to take over for the heads of the families in charge, they were not suspecting me to show up and throw a wrench into everything.

The daughter of former Navy Seal turned felon, Frank "Old Man" Underhill. I was struggling daily to deal with my demons. They helped me embrace them. I might slowly be going crazy, and they might be dark and twisted, but I would forever live in the chaos and shadows just to be near them.

It's never that easy, however. Not when people want to control you or kill you. Will we get our crazily ever-after, or will we be ripped apart before I can find out how wild life can be with the Saupoudrer boys?

I'm Ayida Underhill, and this is how I won my life back.

This book contains strong language, sexual situations, violence, death, and reverse harem relationship. It also mentions past physical and emotional abuse. Recommended for 18+

[Paranormal Investigation and Enforcement](#)

I was just living my best life.

Killing bad guys, ordering takeout, hanging with my besties, and minding my own blessed business.

Then he showed up.

I swear the goddess herself sent Hauk Ravenshaw into my life just to test my patience.

This demon might be able to see the future, but he didn't know what he was getting into when he agreed to partner up to work with me, Cerise Boulanger.

The cherry on top is when he "accidentally" forms a blood bond with me. Now I'm stuck with the handsome, but annoying, demon until we can break the bond.

That brings in a long-time friend that just so happens to be the most smoking hot hellhound the world will never see. Gtay Shun is as friendly as they come until he transforms, be ready to watch your ankles.

Now on top of two sexy men, and an unwanted blood bond, I have to worry about my magic going haywire and messing everything up while looking for the creature killing PIE agents.

Will the bond be broken?

Will we even make it out alive?

What about second breakfast?

This book contains strong language, sexual situations, MFM, blood, violence, and laughs.

[One Hell Of A Yule](#)

What Happens when you get drunk and summon Santa?

Let me tell you, it's not what you expect!

What happens when Santa and Satan just happen to be besties?

Well, you're left with one Hell of a Yule!

Will I be on Santa's nice list?

Or will Satan tempt me with his tail to be a naughty girl?

This is a short MFM novela perfect to enjoy with spiked hot cocoa and your best battery operated friend!

18+ only, explicit sexual scenes, check trigger warnings. Have an open mind and a Happy Holiday!