

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: coincidence is fate
in disguise

FinalGirlsRock_666: fear is an
Aphrodisiac...

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31:
I wanna know a Secret?

FinalGirlsRock_666: What r u afraid?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: everything is
bitter in the dark...

FinalGirlsRock_666: The best thing is

Beautiful

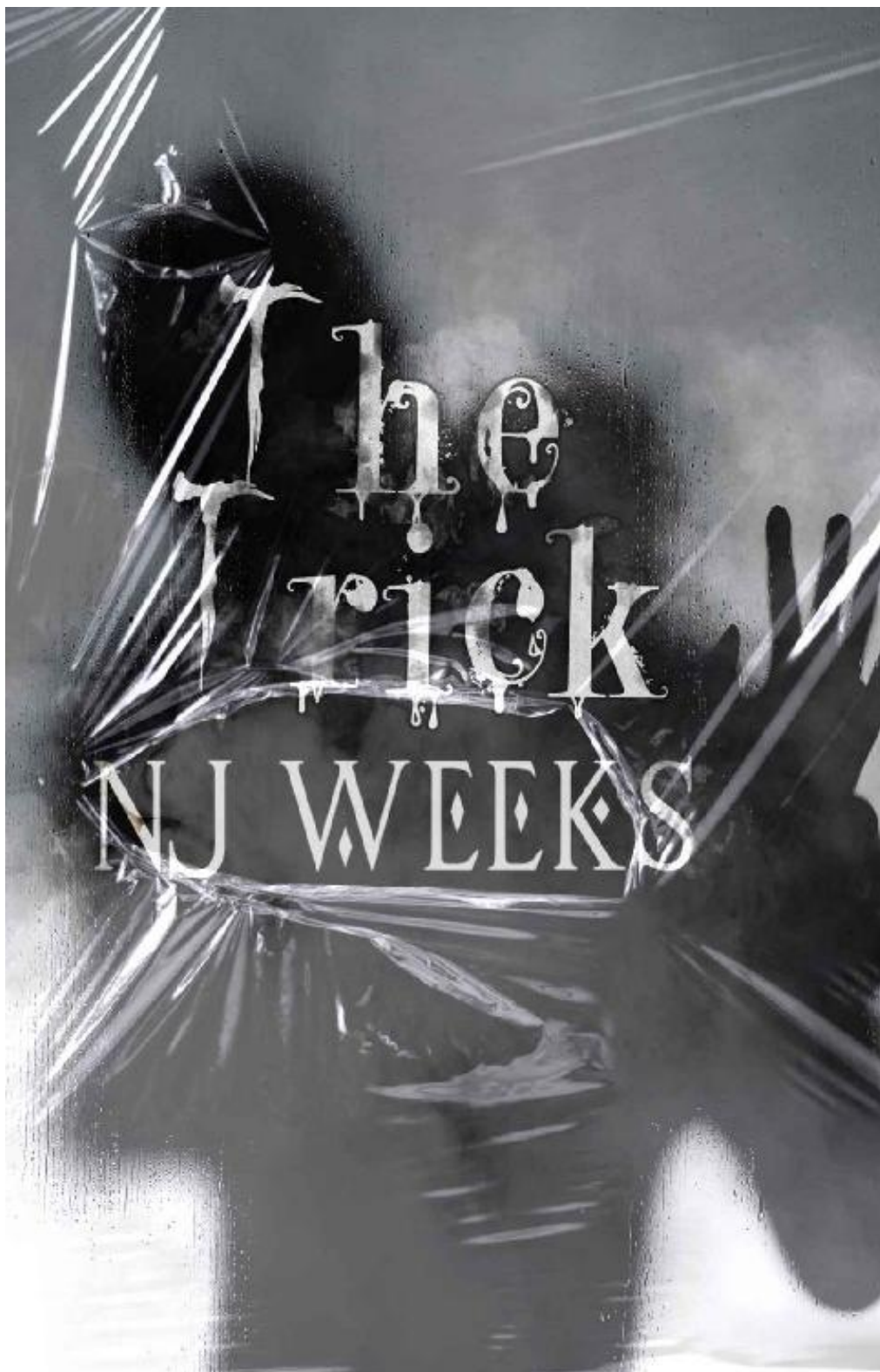
NJ WEEKS

The
Final
Girls

Rock

MADYER





Copyright © 2023 by N.J. Weeks

All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Any names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Cover Designer/Graphics: Pia @Crimsonsdesigns

Editor: Alexis Aumagamaia @littlelionslibrary

Interior Formatting by N.J. Weeks

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-9871626-4-4

Paperback ISBN: 979-8-9871626-5-1

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is a work of fiction. In no way, shape, or form am I condoning the madness that occurs between the two main characters. Their story is just that...theirs. It should NOT be looked at as an example for the kinks and activities they indulge themselves in. Please read with this in mind and as always take warnings into account. Your mental health is important.

With that being said, here is the content warning for 'The Trick':

Stalking, graphic violence (decapitation/murder/stabbing), mention of cheating (not between MCs), mention of parental death, alcohol use, drug use (sleep aid), blood ritual practice, sexually explicit scenes (heavy degradation, breath play, primal play, impact play, knife play, blood play, edging, orgasm control, spitting, somnophilia)

Maddox & Blair Nickelback playlist



Follow You Home
Next Contestant
Figured You Out
Fight For All the Wrong Reasons
Animals
Shakin' Hands
Midnight Queen
Burn It To the Ground
Feelin' Way Too Damn Good
Something In Your Mouth
S.E.X.

THE TRICK PLAYLIST

[Spotify.](#)

To anyone who wishes a hot, masked killer with a big pierced dick and a split tongue would stalk them with Michael Myers type dedication. You aren't alone, we're all messed up here.

Also to my in-laws who are from Sleepy Hollow...

No, this book is not geographically accurate.

*And since you both insist on reading my books despite the
always present erotic nature of them,*

no, this is not an autobiography on your son and I.

But wouldn't it be fun if it was, haha.

CONTENTS

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Thank you for reading](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Also by N.J. Weeks](#)

PROLOGUE



I've done a lot of questionable things in my life, most of which I feel no remorse for. My conscience abandoned me long ago when I realized the erratic hand of destruction would be the only thing I could ever rely on. And by default, chaos, as irrational and fickle as it can be, has become the only sense of normalcy my warped mind knows.

However, the demons that I've learned to embrace, the ones that allow me to kill without guilt or fear of consequence, are the same demons that led me to her. An inescapable curse that has proven to be as intoxicating as it is diabolical.

What started as lusty fascination quickly morphed into something more sinister. Something that continued to fester until the only way to escape the overwhelming need I had to be near her was to infiltrate her shadows and watch her every move.

In any other case, with any other person who possesses a heart that beats with good intent, that's all it would've been... watching and staying far away.

Except it wasn't that simple. I quickly realized observing only made the hunger I had for her grow. Every moment that I spent in the backdrop of her life, as wrong as it was and as tragic as the aftermath would inevitably be, became the only time I felt my heart...*beat*. But now, as I stare at the bloodied corpse before me, I realize the monster I was is nothing compared to the monster I have become.

The wreckage I stand amongst now is merely a consequence of two storm clouds colliding. Two souls so fucked up, so innately rotten, that surviving each other's wrath could never be a viable option.

Little did she know that when she provoked my demons with her own, all she was really doing was sealing her fate as *mine*.

I need her to see that, if she wants to survive, I am her only option.

I need her to know that if I can't have her, no one will.

CHAPTER ONE



October 30th, 2008

Nothing screams Halloween quite like a knife wielding, masked killer on the loose. One who chases after their unlucky victims with the kind of deranged precision that makes surviving their madness impossible. Even thinking about that kind of primal evil makes my heart race. I swear, I'd do anything to experience that sort of sadistic rush at least once in my life, even if it has the very real potential to cost me my own life, it'd be worth it just to feel like a true final girl.

A disappointed sigh falls from my lips as I stare back at the TV. Sadly, the closest I've ever come to experiencing the sort of evil that I crave first-hand is with my ass planted on a couch watching horror movies.

Tonight, it was either John Carpenter's *Halloween* or Wes Craven's *Scream*, both of which I've seen so many times I practically have every line memorized, but there's something about Michael Myers that gets me every time. The fact that he works alone and is so confident in his ability to kill that he never needs to run after his victims always elevates him to daddy status in my mind.

I remember the first time I witnessed his stoic saunter glide across the screen with his fist clenched around his knife, I didn't feel fear in the way that most experience it. Even with the slaughter and bloodshed before my eyes I felt excited... *alive*. With each slash of his knife and every screech from his countless victims, the fear it dredged up inside of me, awakened something that made me feel seen.

I knew at that very moment fear would be my drug of choice. I just never realized how impossible maintaining that high would be. It doesn't seem to matter how much I immerse myself in things others find terrifying, nothing seems to fill the void.

Fixing my eyes on the TV, I talk along with Dr. Samuel Loomis.

“You haven't anything to worry about, he hasn't spoken a word in fifteen years...”

Ha, fifteen years is a long time, especially for someone like Michael, to not act on his deadly urges. That's the thing with time though, the longer it passes, it creates an inevitable crossroad. It can either heal wounds or it can set the stage for well thought out revenge, and revenge is that much sweeter when it has time to age like a fine wine.

I sink deeper into the worn leather sofa, continuing to lip sync the dialogue that feels as comforting to me as a security blanket, when the sweet smell of cookies suddenly invades my nostrils. My attention shifts from the plasma screen in the living room to the kitchen behind me. There on the center island, beside a freshly lit Autumn Lodge Yankee Candle, sits a fresh plate of my favorite Pillsbury Halloween cookies beckoning me.

Well, if I can't be ravished by a masked madman this Halloween, I guess the next best thing is to gorge myself on sweets.

I leave the movie running as I make my way into the kitchen. The synthesizer that accompanies the classic theme song begins to play, followed by a mix of other shrill sound effects that I hum along to as I approach the granite countertop of the island.

Hovering my hand just above the cookie platter, I move my palm back and forth, debating if I should reach for a ghost or pumpkin cookie. Gliding my hand over the plate once more, I finally decide on one of each because why not? I barely lower my ready fingers an inch when a subtle breeze filters its way in front of me. Angling my head upward, my gaze is met

with a harsh scowl smeared on my mom's brow as she proceeds to swat the dish towel in her clenched palm towards my hand. With her smooth jet-black hair, bangs, and dark brown eyes, we look like we can be sisters, twenty years apart. Though, our physical features and feisty attitudes are where our similarities begin and end.

"Don't even think about it," she reprimands, grabbing hold of the cookies and bringing them out of my reach.

"So, Blair, to what do I owe the pleasure of your presence? I thought you were working at the diner tonight." I can't help but notice the not so subtle disappointment that lingers in her voice. If I didn't know any better, I'd say it's almost like she was counting on me not being home. Which is odd because she should know that I'm a homebody.

"I never work on Halloween Eve or Halloween," I remind her, moving the stool out from under the counter so I can sit.

A screech sounds from the TV, filtering its way into the kitchen replacing the awkward silence between my mom and me.

She turns her head, disgust on her face. "This movie again?" she asks, shaking her head. "I don't know why you choose to fill your head with such violence. It's going to make you—" she pauses, as if she is trying to choose her words carefully.

"Yes?" I ask, motioning my hand for her to finish her sentence.

"Nothing, it's just a slippery slope is all." I can tell by the way her brow furrows at her own words that she is as confused with her response as I am. Before I can ask her to elaborate on what exactly she means by that, she has the plate of cookies secured in her hands and is already halfway to the other side of the kitchen.

Taking that as my cue to head back into the living room, I'm about to get up from the stool I'm sitting on when a clattering noise steals my attention. Adjusting my posture, I lean my elbows forward onto the island so I can get a better

look at where my mom's manicured hands are now shaking against the plate.

"Everything good?" I ask, meaning to sound more caring but the sarcasm that my tone usually defaults to is ripe.

Her spine straightens and the sound of ceramic bumping against granite ceases as she presses a firm, steady grip on either side of the platter. Back still turned to me, I notice her stiffen as she responds. "Yep, just perfect," she bites. Her response is wildly unconvincing which only piques my curiosity more, forcing me to initiate one of my least favorite things ever...small talk...with my mother...*fuck*.

"So..." my voice drags, trying to think of something to get this conversation moving so I can figure out why she's acting so strange. Since my gaze falls back on the cookies that I am still pissed that I don't have, I decide to go with that.

"Fresh baked cookies for your favorite holiday," I tease, because any time we've had pumpkin or ghost cookies in the house it's because me or my dad has made them, not her because she hates Halloween. "What's the occasion?"

Her shoulders rise and fall before she pivots her stance back towards the island I am still sitting at. "Your father and I have plans," she deadpans.

"Oh, fun. Something Halloween themed, I assume?" I ask, inching my neck forward in the direction of the damn platter she seems to be holding onto for dear life.

She doesn't reply. Fuck, this is painful. I'm used to most of our interactions being strained, but this is about as pleasant as a root canal without Novocaine.

"No," she quips, swallowing so hard it's audible even with the movie still playing in the background. "We are going to Ms. Glinda's."

Ah, Ms. Glinda Campbell, the rumored black widow of Sleepy Hollow. It's impressive how this woman, despite her perpetual RBF and sour personality, seems to bag husband after rich husband and somehow, they all end up dead, and she ends up richer than before.

“It’s a difficult day for her, if you remember,” my mom continues, sounding defensive.

I bet.

“For her or dead husband number five? Or is it dead husband number six? I mean, who can keep track at this point.” I grin, though my mom’s stoic and pissed off expression shows no sign of being amused by my sarcastic jab. I’ve never understood their friendship; my mother prides herself on how others perceive her *to a fault*, and Glinda Campbell is about as socially messy as wearing an upside down crucifix at a baptism would be.

“Blair, stop being so—” she stops herself. “So, so...” she begins again, becoming increasingly flustered.

“So what?” I press.

“So typical of you,” she finally responds, jaw tense and eyes protruding with visible anger.

Good one, mom.

“Anyway,” she begins, trying to collect herself and return to her typical poised bullshit demeanor. “I saw her at church this past Sunday and she invited your father and I over for dinner at her place. We will be back late, no need to wait up.”

Skepticism washes over me as I watch my mom approach the threshold of the kitchen. I believe it was just yesterday that I overheard her going on about how she needs to start going back to church since it’s been years, yet “church” is where she recently ran into Glinda. *Right.*

I try to dissect my mom’s strange behavior in my head when my dad’s tall silhouette emerges from the unlit entryway she’s now standing in, pulling me from the internal jigsaw puzzle I’m trying to solve.

“Hey Blair Bear,” my dad greets, waving in my direction.

Returning my dad’s hello with a quick grin, I’m about to part my lips to tell them to have fun tonight when my mom abruptly begins clearing her throat.

“Yes?” I ask.

“Blair,” she begins with a stern voice that contradicts the noticeable apprehension on her face. “For once in your life, I want you to listen to me. Stay home tonight, please.” She shoots a quick glance at my father before turning her attention back to me. “And lock the doors.”

Conjuring up my best forced grin, I walk towards my mom, slipping my hand under the thin layer of plastic wrap that separates me from those damn cookies I have been smelling for the last ten minutes. “Yes, ma’am” I respond, saluting her with a cookie before bringing the sugary gold to my lips.

“I mean it,” my mom begins to scold, causing a boisterous laugh to erupt from my dad.

“Oh, come on, Lorraine. You need to lighten up. Blair is a good girl. We’ll only be gone a couple hours, what could possibly go wrong?”

She ignores my dad, not looking convinced.

“Lorraine,” his voice drags, “we need to get going or we’ll be late.”

Still my mom stands there, unresponsive, unmoving.

“Lorraine,” my father repeats, this time sounding uncharacteristically irritated. He usually has the patience of a saint, but the tone in his voice, coupled with the sudden agitation on his face, is something I’m not used to.

“I’ll be fine,” I say, trying to reassure her. Though she, unlike my father, looks utterly unconvinced.

“Please, Blair, just stay home. It’s not safe out there with—” she begins to warn but her words are cut off by my dad abruptly trying to maneuver her out the door.

With both his palms planted on her stiff shoulders, standing behind her, my dad turns to me, his thick salt and pepper brows raised. “You’ll be good right, kiddo?”

“Yep,” I smile a forced, toothy grin which is all the reassurance my dad needs to take my word for it and head out the door.

“That’s my girl,” he mumbles, already halfway out the door, still guiding my mom along.

I stand in the open doorway watching as they approach my dad’s silver SUV. Dad walks around the back to get in the driver’s side while mom transfers the platter of cookies to one hand, reaching for the door handle with the other. Carefully she opens the car door just wide enough for her to slip into the passenger seat.

With the front doorknob secured in one palm, I raise my free hand up, waving to my mom with the same forced smile I gave my dad. Except she doesn’t buy it. Hence the reprimanding scowl she is currently giving me in return even as the car begins to drive away.

There is validity behind my mom’s warning plea to stay home. Ironically, here, in Sleepy Hollow, New York, home of the infamous Headless Horseman legend, there has been a string of unsolved murders disrupting our usually quiet town. It’s been all over the news and all anyone has been talking about the past few months since multiple decapitated corpses have been surfacing with no killer apprehended.

Meaning the killer could be lurking anywhere, which is why the moment my parent’s license plate diminishes from my view, I make sure my favorite knife is tucked in the inner pocket of my jacket that I’m slipping on, just in case trouble finds me and, with a real-life killer on the loose, who knows... tonight just might be my lucky night.

CHAPTER TWO



October 30th, 2008

“Come out, come out, wherever you are.” I mutter to myself, alternating glances between the unlit road ahead and where my phone is open at my side. Anticipation builds as I slide my thumb on the round dial near the keyboard of my Sidekick, navigating my way through the apps that clutter my phone. The adrenaline that heats through the web of veins that wrap around my forearms is a stark contrast to the crisp October air that filters in through the open window of my truck. However, this feeling and the rush that comes along with the chase, is what makes me feel most alive. Hell, I *thrive* on it.

I continue tapping the pad of my thumb on the center control of my phone until a red icon fills my vision. Opening the tracker, a small dotted circle first appears as it begins to load the map.

I wish I didn't need to work tonight, but unfortunately corruption doesn't take any time off. As long as assholes like Byron Campbell, who use their money and misplaced power to manipulate the innocent exist, I have a job to do. Only difference with tonight's assignment, unlike most of the jobs Cam gives me is that this one is personal. Even though it results in delaying my usual nightly routine of watching my *final girl*, it will be worth it.

As I near my destination, a ping sounds from my phone and a Cheshire grin spreads across my face.

I found you.

Moving my gaze to the coordinates that now appear on the screen I tap the control three times to zoom in to where the crimson dot is flashing. It's amazing what that little blinking light does to me. In an instant, my mood shifts from its usual bleak state to something that feels alive for a change and full of aching, incessant need. *All because of her.*

It was risky, sneaking into her bedroom and installing the tracking device on her phone while she slept. But now that I'm staring at a live map pinpointing her exact location, I'd say it was more than worth it.

From the moment I first saw her, bursting through the doors of the Horseman's Diner in a cloud of anger, I knew I had to have her.

Even though her expression looked ferocious as she spat curses into her phone with a lit cigarette balanced between her plump lips, I couldn't look away. It didn't hurt that her body looked like an exquisite piece of art: soft and supple, with a mix of muscle and real curves that moved when she did. Though, aside from her looks, it was the aura that radiated from her every pore that really drew me to her.

Looking at her was like looking at a mirror reflecting the same devious nature life nurtured in me. It felt both alluring and chaotic all within the same breath. Red flags and all, she looked like Lilith and as I sat with my jaw dropped, I knew I would be the only devil she could ever call home.

I zoom in on the map to get a better look at her location when an incoming message fills the screen.

Cam Moeder: Room 15H

Me: Got it.

Of course, the room Byron is staying in is fifteen. Growing up my mom was big into numerology—she still is I guess— but

fifteen, that was her number. She always spoke of the luck it carried and how it leads to growth and new beginnings. I personally think it's bullshit. Fifteen years ago, I lost my dad because of Byron Campbell and on my parent's anniversary no less. To me, the number fifteen feels as cursed as what most would think three consecutive sixes would be, although considering the fate that awaits him, I guess it's a fitting number.

Exiting the text with Cam, I quickly move my finger back on the control, opening the tracker once more. I raise my phone from where it is lowered on my right side, so it's now centered on the steering wheel, allowing me to get a better look. It's not even in front of my eyes for two seconds before a wave of rage robs the excitement, I felt moments before when I first saw her location.

Gaze glued on the now *moving* red dot, I turn the wheel violently, and the tires squeal against the unpaved road that leads to Irving's Motel. The more I stare at the screen the more my chest tightens, making my breathing feel shallow and scattered. Gravel begins to scrape against the undercarriage of my truck with some pieces of debris making their way in through the open window, brushing against my inked arm. But I don't care. I'm too angry, too consumed with wondering why she is headed to the park that backs up to the old, abandoned mill.

The same abandoned mill that has become known as a hot spot for people to shoot off fireworks or fuck. In all the time I have spent *observing* her, studying her every fucking move, I've never once seen her so much as light a damn sparkler. My knuckles whiten with the tense grip I have between my phone and steering wheel because if my final girl went there to do the latter, there *will* be hell to pay. For her *and* whoever dares touch what is mine.

Temptation clouds my mind, making me want to turn around and drive to where she is. But if I abandon tonight's assignment, not only will Cam chew me out, but I would also never be able to live with myself knowing that I let the opportunity to avenge my father's murder slip away.

My phone vibrates, alerting me of a new message from Cam, and I reluctantly drag myself from the rage induced trance I find myself in.

Cam Moeder: How far out are you?

Me: I'm here.

Cam Moeder: Good. Make it quick

Cam Moeder: and tidy...not like last time.

Me: Got it.

How could I possibly forget the last time Cam allowed me to bring my favorite butcher's knife on an assignment; I got carried away, as usual, and things got *messy*. It wouldn't have been a big deal, but I didn't bring a tarp, like Cam suggested, and it made cleaning the blood splatter damn near impossible. Luckily this time, I remembered the tarp, because there is no way I wouldn't want to use my favorite knife tonight. It's sharpened and ready with Byron Campbell's fucking name on it.

Cam Moeder: He thinks he's going home, so make it believable.

He'll be going home alright.

I close the text, placing my phone in my back pocket, eliminating the temptation I have to continue to track her every move. I need to focus. The quicker I kill this fucker and bring his severed head back to Cam, per her request, the quicker I get to where I'd rather be.

The closer I drive toward the entrance of the motel; I'm taken aback by the amount of weeds and overgrowth that appear to swallow the motel whole. With the worn siding and busted windows, it looks abandoned and nothing like the fancy establishment I imagined Mr. Byron "Big Bucks" Campbell would be caught dead at.

According to Cam, this has become Byron's go to spot for when he wants to fuck anyone that isn't his wife. It's ironic, the discretion he uses when cheating on his wife—who he shows no respect for—yet the lives he has ruined from his corrupt schemes, he wears like a badge of honor. But all of his greedy, lying and destructive ways will end tonight.

I park in front of room 15H and notice the door is half open. Bringing my palm to the horn, I give it a few quick taps to let him know I'm here. A few minutes slip by and, just as I'm about to lay on the horn again, an awful high-pitched squeal sounds from the hinges of the door.

Irritation rattles my core as a disheveled Byron appears in the threshold of the doorway. He raises his hand, waving in my direction, which damn near causes him to topple over. A shrill chuckle erupts from his thin-lipped mouth as he steadies his stance, attempting to wave my way once more.

Fucking pathetic prick.

Refusing to give this douchebag any more of my attention than he deserves, I don't return his greeting. Instead, I sit stoic and unamused, watching him move his wobbly body toward the truck so slowly it makes time feel like it's at a stand-still.

I debate getting out and helping him get in. Not because I give a fuck if he trips and hurts himself, if anything that would make my job easier, but I need to speed this process up if I want to get to where I belong afterward...watching my final girl.

About to lift the driver side door handle to get out of the truck, I freeze when Byron's disgruntled silhouette appears outside the passenger side window. He waves once more and once again, I ignore it. Instead, I tilt my chin in the direction of the door, hoping he will get the hint and open the fucking

thing himself. It takes a minute, but he finally opens the door, stumbling his way into the passenger seat. The foul stench of body odor mixed with stale bourbon and sex filling the cab of my truck makes me want to gag.

“Mad-mad,” he slurs, sounding even drunker than he smells.

I turn my head towards him, immediately noticing the queasy expression on his face. Guess it really is a good thing I bought the tarp this time in case he pukes. Which judging from the way the usually milky hue of his skin now appears translucent, it looks like that is a major possibility.

Discreetly I reach for the handle of my knife that’s stashed and ready to go in the lower compartment of the driver door. Not that I need it this second, but I want to make sure when the time comes, its positioning makes for a quick retrieval. Recently, I added leather to the handle, so it helps optimize my grip. Feeling the fresh leather secured in my hand sends a ripple of excitement through me. Especially since, tonight, I will be able to indulge myself in one of my favorite pastimes aside from anything involving my little muse, and that’s killing.

The burst of joy I feel with the knife in my grasp dissipates the moment I feel Byron’s clammy palm slither its way onto my shoulder.

“Get the fuck off me,” I rasp, jerking my shoulder to loosen the hold he has on me. My abrupt movement causes the knife to fall from my grip. I wince as it thuds against the pocket of the door, hoping Byron doesn’t hear but, thankfully, he’s too inebriated to notice.

“Aye, aye captain,” he jokes, moving his hand against his forehead, extending it in a cringe worthy salute.

For fuck’s sake, how corny. What’s next, a drunk rendition of the SpongeBob theme song?

“Never do that again,” I bite. “Now close the fucking door so we can get you home.”

He follows my instructions but as he leans to close the door, the plastic he's sitting on shifts, causing him to become aware of the extensive amount of clear polyethylene tarp that covers the interior of the truck.

"Wow, this is new," he observes, running an unsteady hand over the plastic before slumping back on the passenger seat.

"Yep," I nod. My ringed fingers tap on the locks just as I put the truck in reverse so we can get the fuck out of here and get this show moving. Thankfully, he is too intoxicated to piece together *why* the tarp is in the truck. I was expecting more questions, but I welcome the silence and hope it remains for the entirety of our drive to the quarry.

We barely make it out of the motel parking lot when he begins to flap his lips, mumbling about God knows what.

Feeling increasingly agitated by the mere sound of his voice, I reach for the stereo dial. "How about some music?" I interrupt, twisting the volume dial up to max volume. Metallica's "Enter Sandman" vibrates the truck, drowning out Byron's rambling.

My tongue swipes across my lips and I'm about to start humming along to the lyrics when the music that was just vibrating the speakers abruptly stops.

I slam my foot on the brake, causing an unbuckled Byron to tumble forward. His head makes a loud thud against the dash. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" I shout. As if I don't harbor an immense amount of hatred for him already, he now has the nerve to touch my stereo? Which was just playing the song that helps me get in the zone before I commit murder? *The fucking audacity.*

"I asked you a fucking question, Byron." My chest is now heaving, my pulse a beating drum in my ears. Consumed by rage, I extend my hand, clenching my fist around the scratchy linen of his sweat-dampened shirt. *Gross.*

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" I repeat, releasing the hold I have on his shirt and instead moving my

hand, squeezing his chin in my direction so he's forced to look at me.

"I-I-" he stammers, but the pressure I maintain on his face has his cheeks squished together, making it difficult for him to answer. His cheeks hollow as he tries to part his lips more so he can answer. Growing tired of his pathetic stuttering, I release my harsh grip on his chin.

He inhales, sounding unexpectedly relieved before he continues to speak. "I just wanted to ask where you were headed," he says, suddenly sounding more coherent.

Shit.

The truck begins to roll forward and it's then that I realize I lifted my foot off the brake.

"Fuck," I release a throaty groan as I throw the truck into park. The hasty motion causes both of us to jolt forward in our seats.

"Mad, I was just trying to help. When your mom called me, I thought you-". His words are cut off by my large palm wrapping around his neck.

"Don't you dare mention my mother. Ever. Got it?" A terrified nod springs from his head. Tightening the chokehold, I have him in, I gaze directly into his sullen eyes. "I mean it," I grit, increasing the hold my fingers have on his airway for a few seconds more before letting go.

He gasps for air while I twist my torso from where it's facing him, so I'm now aligned with the steering wheel. My hand dances around the driver's door compartment until my fingertips are met with the cool leather secured to the handle. Curling my fingers around the leather, I straighten my posture.

"Maddox," Byron breathes, still sounding winded "I'm--"

"You're what?" I interrupt. "Are you sorry, Byron? Is that what you are?"

With the amount of blood on this man's hands, all in the name of making himself richer, he should be sorry. Not like I'm in a position to talk, but at least the blood shed by my

hands is justified. It's for the greater good of those who fall victim to monsters like him. Rich cowards who lie and steal from those less fortunate, using people's weaknesses to his advantage. He's the criminal, I'm merely an exterminator. Eradicating him like the pest he is.

"Were you sorry when you had my father killed?" The words feel like poison to my system as I mutter them. I always knew Byron Campbell was bad news. But after Cam gained credible intel from a former employee of his who obtained a voice recording confirming Byron's involvement, he practically signed his death certificate.

I turn to look him in the eyes. Curious to see what he will do or say now. But when I look at his sunken face, all I see is a liar and, when he opens his mouth, all I hear are excuses.

He continues spewing some rehearsed garbage he must have memorized in the event that his tower of lies begins to crumble like it is now, but it's useless. All I hear when he speaks are my own internal thoughts. All I can focus on is my knife that is now lifted from its position at my side to where it is gliding past the steering wheel, just waiting—no, *craving* this fucker's blood.

"Oh fuck," Byron bellows, trying to reach for the passenger door handle.

"Sorry buddy, not going to escape this one," I beam, slowly inching the gleaming steel blade towards his torso. His rancid breath filters its way to my nostrils as he begins to inch away from me, pressing his back against the door that won't open.

Looks like child locks don't only come in handy to keep little shits from opening car doors.

"Pl-please," he pleads. "I-I was ju-ju-st trying to help him. He was sick—" he lies, but his words mean nothing to me.

I'm no god, I don't give a flying fuck about redemption. Let alone his hollow pleas. What I want is blood in exchange for the hell he put my family through.

“You know how you can help me?” I ask, driving the angled tip of the blade into his gut. “It would be so helpful if you could shut the fuck up and stay extra still,” I say through a grin so wide, my fucking cheeks hurt. He gasps from the force that I drive the steel into his abdomen, making sure it not only slices his skin but begins to cut through his intestines. Ripping the knife out for a second, I revel in the blood that begins to pool from the gash on his torso, staining the light linen of his shirt. Knuckles white against the leather handle, a satisfied grin remains on my face as I drive the edge of the blade in and out of him.

I know Cam’s specific instructions were that the head be delivered sans body and it will be, but I’ve been dreaming of being able to kill this sorry sack of shit, so I think a few more stabs to the gut will suffice. Then once I’ve had my fix, I’ll drive him over to the quarry and it’ll be off with his head.

Rivulets of blood seep past the fabric of his shirt onto the plastic tarp as his lifeless body slumps against the window. I reach over him, snagging the seat belt to buckle him in, that way he doesn’t bop all over the place the rest of the drive to the quarry, since we didn’t quite make it there before we said our goodbyes.

Fuck, that felt good.

Relishing in the absence of Byron’s voice the rest of the drive, I decide to indulge myself in some music again. I turn on the stereo and, to my surprise, “Enter Sandman” is playing *again* and just in time for the best part, when the beat picks up fifty-five seconds in.

Winning.

I reach for my phone in my back pocket, sending a quick text to Cam.

Me: Done...on my way to the quarry now.

Cam Moeder: Ok? Not where we discussed it happening but at least it’s finished

Cam Moeder: and the head?

Me: still attached...

Cam Moeder: not good enough. I want it severed.

Me: It'll be my pleasure.

Cam: and Maddox, try to lay low tonight.

Me: That's my specialty ;-)

CHAPTER THREE



October 30th, 2008

“Miss Murder” by AFI fills my earbuds, accompanying me on this impromptu evening stroll. Humming along to the beat, I become lost in the song, allowing my legs to decide where I will end up this evening. Fingers crossed that I cross paths with the psycho killer that’s decapitating their unsuspecting victims one by one.

Double fingers crossed he’s hot and masked.

It feels so good to be out and about when most people are heading in for the evening. This part of town is my favorite to walk through at night since it’s filled with retirees and empty nesters who like to settle in early, serial killer on the loose or not, which gives me free rein to roam the streets uninterrupted.

I swear, I must have been a vampire in another life, or at least some sort of nocturnal animal, because nighttime is always when I feel the most energized. Especially this time of year, when the sunlight is minimal, and the rising moon allows the houses with lit jack o’ lanterns to shine as the autumn gods intended for them to. It’s orgasmic.

I continue my aimless walk, my hands buried in the thinly lined pockets of my jacket, when a gust of wind sweeps across my face. My blunt bangs shift from their usual spot just above my brows and begin to rise, tempting the hoodie that rests on the crown of my head, to go up with it. Raising my hand to my

now disheveled hair, I try to reposition my bangs back to normal when the song ends.

The momentary silence before the next song begins is overshadowed by a heavy thud that echoes behind me. Past the music that scratches at the speakers of my headphones, all I can hear is my mom's nagging voice, ripe within my subconscious.

"Blair, you always need to be aware of your surroundings. When you're driving, when you're walking, when you're going anywhere. Especially at night. Nighttime is when bad things happen. Remember that."

She's right, I *should* be aware of my surroundings. Just like I *should* be concerned that I am standing in front of the secluded park that backs up to the abandoned mill. There are a lot of things that I *should* be. But right now, the only thing I feel is a grin beginning to creep along my lips because I have a strong sense that the knife, I brought with me "just in case" is about to make an appearance.

My hands break free from the confines of my pockets and instead sweep the inner lining of my jacket. Pulse swishing at my ears, my palms become clammy as I reach for where I stashed my knife when the thud sounds once more. This time it's followed by the scraping of gravel against the uneven pavement.

Gravel scuffs against the bottom of my boots as I pivot my stance. The soles of my UGG boots mimic the sound that has been grating at my ears. Time feels like it's moving faster than my body can synchronize with my mind. The few seconds I need to secure my knife slips away from me as a pair of black gloved hands appear in my periphery causing a surge of warmth to form where a large, curled hand has attached itself to me. It radiates against the crisp autumn air, traveling through the fabric of my jacket and centering itself within my core. My heart begins to race, fear and excitement flirting with each other when the rich, smoky scent leather nips at my nose before it engulfs my mouth.

The smell of worn leather mixed and woody cologne attacks my nostrils as the pressure of the hand that is engulfing my face increases. I attempt to inhale, but the palm covers my nose, making my breathing shallow. However, the odd combination of scents, mixed with the very real, *very trapped*, positioning of my body begins to cloud my already dim conscience, causing delirium to burrow itself in my mind when I *should* be experiencing fear. Or at the very least a major warning flare or a red flag but it's all systems go for me.

I've been waiting for a moment like this and here it is, being handed to me on a silver platter on Halloween Eve of all nights. I couldn't have planned this better if I tried.

Not sure what to expect next, since scenarios like this have only presented themselves in my life through a television screen, I wait. For what exactly, I'm not sure. Maybe more restraint or more assertion, but neither come. If anything, this entire interaction feels anti-climatic and surprisingly dull.

Feeling that initial burst of twisted excitement begin to dwindle, I opt to take things in my own hands and *hopefully* move this thing along. Taking a quick step back, I center my foot in between the staggered stance of whomever is currently standing behind me and I turn my body, moving into the hold my attacker has on me instead of against it. A frustrated grunt vibrates against my ear, as their grip loosens quicker than I expected.

No longer restrained, my free range of motion allows me to grab my knife. My pulse quickens the moment my thumb grazes the button lock of my pocketknife. Moving my digit along the edge of the lock, I apply pressure to the small button that releases the sharpened steel forward.

Blade ready and adrenaline burning through me, I turn to face my attacker, but a familiar voice creeps its way to my ear. Disappointment enters the party real fast when my gaze falls to a pair monogrammed white converse that I know belong to my ex, Ethan Campbell.

Great.

I don't know what's worse. The fact that he's wearing a fucking green mask reminiscent of the gilled monster from Creature from the Black Lagoon or that he completely desecrated a perfectly good pair of chucks.

“What the fuck, Blair!” he whines, out of breath. “You almost killed me!”

“Oh please. A fucking elbow to the gut isn't harsh enough to kill you,” I retort. Although, I can definitely think of something that will. I inch towards him, knife still in hand.

“Hold on,” he murmurs, straightening his posture as he curls his gloved hands to where his hideous mask brushes against his skin. “Fuck, I could hardly breathe in that thing.” He huffs, tossing the rubber mask to the pavement before he begins taking his gloves off, pulling the leather up one by one before tossing them onto the ground.

“What do you want?” I ask.

Cocking his head to the side, an obnoxious grin works its way to his chiseled face. It's as if he's oblivious as to why I'm *not* excited to see him. “This is what you wanted, right?” he shrugs, seemingly dumbfounded by my question.

Knife, still in my grip, because I don't trust him as far as I can throw him, I cross my arms in front of my torso, concealing the extended blade. “Excuse me?”

Dragging his foot forward, Ethan closes the space between us. Not in the mood for Ethan and his antics, I hinge my foot backward before slamming it against the loose gravel. I watch in amusement as the earthy debris begins to rise and scatter itself all over his all-white Converse.

Immediately he scoots back, a scoff of disgust sounds before he's wetting the pad of his thumb with his tongue. Crouching down he begins to rub his wet finger frantically on his shoe. “Low blow, Blair Bear,” he taunts, continuing to give his barely dirty sneaker a spit shine, knowing damn well I hate when he calls me that. “You don't disrespect a man's shoes like that. You should know better.”

My eyes roll so hard, it feels like they're going to get stuck like that. "They're sneakers asshat. They're going to get dirty," I retort pointing out the obvious.

Rising from where he was just kneeling, an oblivious innocence washes over his face. "I was just doing what you wanted."

"What?" I chuckle, genuinely amused at how he could think *this* is what I wanted. He tries to advance on me, bringing his hand that was just attempting to clean his fucking shoe to my crossed arms, but I step back. "What part of this lackluster performance of yours could you possibly think I want?" I scoff.

He shakes his head. The look on his face now teetering between bruised pride and embarrassment. "Come on, baby. You know you miss me." His words are meant to be a statement, but the infliction in his voice errs on the pleading side of things.

I lost track of how many times I asked him to wear a mask or indulge me in a little primal role-play, but he was a missionary position guy through and through. Which is fine every once in a while, but every fucking time, especially when he only lasted a few minutes? Fuck that. Life's too damn short to settle for an arrogant rich prick who can't fuck to my liking. Next, please.

"No Ethan, I don't miss you. I'm not your project anymore. Accept it and move the fuck on." I lower my head in a nod, my onyx hair falling from my shoulder. "Do yourself a favor and keep it moving before you embarrass yourself any more than you already have."

"Blair," his voice quivers, "please, give me one more chance. My dad just got his yacht detailed and we can do a day cruise on the Hudson. We—"

I raise my hand, cutting off his attempt to win me back before I puke all over his shoes.

Holy fuck, what was I on to ever give this douche bag the time of day? He truly doesn't get it. His money means nothing

to me. Money can buy a lot of things but judging by tonight's piss poor attempt to get back in my good graces, it clearly can't buy him anything that can truly satiate my sexual appetite.

"We," I begin, gesturing between us for emphasis, "are nothing. I have that taken care of," I lie. I didn't mean to lie, but it kind of slipped out and I figure why not run with it and really drive the point home.

But I should have known how that would get him riled up. Not because he's jealous of who I spread my legs for, but the idea of me moving on so quickly after I was the one to end things with him is an all-out attack on his already fragile ego. One that will bring out his true colors.

"Who are you fucking?" he demands.

I lift the hand that's curled against the handle of my knife, bringing it back into view. Just as a friendly reminder that it's here and I will use it.

"That's none of your fucking business."

He groans through a tense jaw, somehow missing the way the steel of the knife reflects the moonlight. "It's someone from that pathetic Horror Whores site you're always on, isn't it?"

Ha, I wish. I bet anyone I chat with on there would know how to wear a mask for longer than five minutes before tapping out.

His hands attach themselves to his hips as he begins to rock back and forth on his heels. "I bet the guys you talk to on there wouldn't do what I just did, Blair."

"You're right. None of the guys—or girls, for that matter—would do what you just did." I leave it there for a second to let him think that I'm building him up.

He nods, looking surprised yet satisfied with my response, as I knew he would. I take a few steps closer to him so that my free hand is grazing his bent arm before I lower my lips to his ear. It doesn't matter that there's no one here but the two of us, I want him to marinate on every last syllable I'm about to

mutter into his ear, nice and close. “However, anyone from that site would not only wear the mask, but they would also own it. See what you did here tonight, it was weak at best. You are a boring, entitled, rich asshole, who possesses absolutely nothing I desire. Neither your cock, or your money, or your pretty boy smile can do anything to truly please me.” I watch as the vein in his neck begins to pulse.

“Take it back,” he finally mutters, his voice shaking from the truth I just spilled into his ear.

“No,” I breathe, my lips softly grazing his earlobe.

He stomps his foot, like a child having a tantrum which moots whatever point he might have had. “I will ruin you,” he says through gritted teeth, and in an unexpected move, he wraps his hand around my wrist.

“I wish you would,” I challenge him. “Now, let go of me,” I warn and he surprisingly lets go without a fuss.

“Goodnight, Ethan.” I say, turning back the other way. A tinge of disappointment creeps in as I look down at my knife. I really thought tonight would be the night I use it but sadly, it will go back into my jacket, unused and clean. *Boo.*

Barely two paces into my walk in the opposite direction, Ethan clears his throat to get my attention. Back facing him, I pause. “Yes?” I ask, genuinely curious as to what he will say now.

“You’ll be back,” he sneers.

I pivot to face him. “And why is that?”

“Because when my father finds out that your father is the one who has been leaking info to the press, you’ll realize you need me.”

Huh, I didn’t think the little shit had it in him. It’s a big accusation, one that, given my dad’s involvement in the real estate division of Campbell Enterprise, could be plausible, but I know it isn’t.

“First of all, no, I don’t need you and second you’re lying, my dad would never.”

“Yes, I will, and I’ll tell him that you confirmed to me that it’s true. Let’s be real, Blair, my dad will believe me over your whore ass any day.”

Oh hell no. It’s one thing to call me a whore when you’re fucking me, but in this context? Those are fighting words. Looks like my knife is about to make an appearance after all.

“Is that so?” I challenge him, dying to see what he is going to say next.

“Yep, and he will fire your dad and you will lose that house, the cars, everything. You’re nothing without the Campbell name funding the life you take for granted.” He spews, catching his breath before his demeanor changes, yet once again. “We could have had it all, Blair Bear.”

Oh my god, I’m going to be sick. No, he did not threaten me then call me that gods forsaken nickname that my dad calls me...*again*. Only difference is my father helped bring me in this world, Ethan didn’t, and he sounds like a Grade A douche saying it.

“Don’t call me that,” I warn.

“Why not? What are you going to do about it?” His arrogance is one of the many things I despise about him. While I don’t mind someone who has arrogant qualities, it has to be matched with a level of charisma that Ethan does not possess in the least. Which makes me laugh. Hard.

“What the fuck is so funny Blair Bear?” he asks, taunting me again.

Here we go. He has given me no choice.

Clearly, he has no idea that I’m capable of a lot more than hurting his delicate ego. See I can live without him, but him, on the other hand, he can’t live *because* of me and what I’m going to do to finally shut him up.

Making sure to sway my hips with each step so he can’t help but look, I step to him. “You aren’t going to say a word to your dad, Ethan,” I say in a seductive tone. It’s mind boggling how he has somehow forgotten about the knife that I now have somewhat discreetly behind my back.

He hesitates for a second, sliding his gaze from my hips up to my eyes. “Why is that?”

I pause, standing right in front of him. My free hand lifts to his face, caressing his chiseled cheek before I bring my lips to his. Extending my tongue, I tease him. Licking the outline of his lips. A throaty whimper breaks from his parted mouth, which makes my center pulse. I’ve never felt this way near him, and I think it’s because of what I’m about to do next that makes the otherwise torturous proximity bearable.

“Because, as the old saying goes,” I begin, leaning my chest forward so it grazes his, “dead men tell no tales.” I seal my words with a kiss just as I drive my knife into his stomach. His warm breath pools into my mouth and it’s like I’m tasting the literal life being drained from him. It’s fucking intoxicating.

Breaking the seal of our kiss, I watch him peer down to his abdomen in horror as I slowly pull the knife out, admiring the way the blood shines beneath the moonlight. A rush like I’ve never experienced before floods my body. I can feel the lace of my thong dampen the more I stare at the crimson that drips from the blade.

“Blair!” he whimpers, clearly in shock. “Did you just st-st-ab me?”

“Oops, did I?” I tease.

“Please. I’m sorry, I can make it up to you,” he pleads.

I bring my index finger to his lips, pressing it against where they are quivering. “Shh,” I whisper. “Make it up to me by holding real still.” I revel in the confusion that is rich on his brow. “Now let’s hope you don’t squeal the way you do when you blow your load while I kill you,” I grin. “That’ll really put a damper on the mood. Bye, Bye Ethan.”

May you rot in peace.

CHAPTER FOUR



October 30th, 2008

I never realized how messy blood can be.

Granted, I've only ever seen this much of it in slashers and crime documentaries, but I always thought it'd be...cleaner... somehow. Though, as I stare at the blood that continues to drain from Ethan's throat *and* the sizable gash on his abdomen, I realize it's not only messy, but also abundant. I can see how people who fancy themselves killers of the serial variety become pros at minimizing the mess it leaves. This whole concealing and cleaning up the crime ordeal definitely isn't as fun as the actual killing part. Not to mention the way it splattered onto me makes me feel like I'm a real-life embodiment of a Jackson Pollock painting.

I keep waiting for guilt to ruin this feeling that is flowing freely through my veins, but the more time passes as I hold onto the edges of the stiff tarp, the more alive—not to mention *aroused*—I feel. Which is unexpected, but then again, I spend my nights watching masked killers wreak havoc and murder innocent people for fun, so should I really be all that surprised by the aching pulse between my legs?

Probably not, but I'll have to deal with *that* later. Right now, I need to focus on getting Ethan's body as deep into the woods behind the abandoned mill as I can. Even though it's been abandoned for years, it's still not that far away from the main road and subdivision of houses that surround it and the last thing I need is any nosy neighbors calling the cops. I've seen the people who live here call for things as menial as

someone not cleaning up after their dog, so forget if they witness me dragging a dead body around. I'll be as good as poor Ethan over here.

I continue my backward stride, turning my head every few steps just to gauge where I'm heading since this area is unkempt and most definitely poses a major tripping hazard. Not that tripping should be one of my biggest concerns right now. I can survive a sprained ankle, but jail, with my personality? I'm not too sure.

I'm about to turn my head again when something snags on the tarp. The vinyl crinkles as it escapes my grip. Frustration begins to boil in my veins when I realize Ethan's dangling ankle is responsible for the momentary pause.

Fuck, even in death his reputation for being a pain in the ass holds up.

Lowering to a crouched position, I move to toss his ankle back onto the tarp when my gaze drifts past his corpse to a dense patch of marshy overgrowth just past where I'm stopped. Relief spreads through my body as I inspect the area the full moon is highlighting.

It's a cliff. A fucking *cliff!*

I take a few cautious steps forward until my nose is met with the distinct smell of wet earth. A smile bursts onto my face as I inch my torso forward, altering my weight onto my toes just to confirm the sight before me. Not only is it a cliff that is camouflaged by overgrowth, but there's a running stream on the other side.

And they say that full moons are a bad omen. Ha.

I skip eagerly back to where Ethan's corpse waits for me. Tarp in hand, I begin to drag him towards the cliff's edge when I hear something slam in the distance. My eyes dart from side to side, trying to assess my surroundings to determine where the noise came from, but I see nothing. As I wait, I peel one hand from where it's holding the tarp and slip it inside my jacket, reaching for my knife, just in case I need to use it again.

It's in my grasp for barely a second when it slips, bouncing onto the ground.

Shit.

I squint, trying to adjust my eyes to the thicket of unkempt grass that spreads over the ground I'm standing on so I can try to find where the hell my knife went. My search is stalled by another sound off in the distance, only this time, it's closer. What's worse is that it isn't the same thud of what I now believe to be a car door. It's subtle, like the rustling of leaves crunching beneath feet.

Fuck. I'll have to get back to searching for my knife *after* I get rid of Ethan's body.

Quickly, I survey the area, trying to find something that stands out. Tall trees line every inch of the abandoned woods, each looking just like the one before it. Frantic, I circle where I'm standing, desperately looking for something that I can use as a landmark when I see a barren tree towering over the rest. The way its long, straggly branches curve upward and spread into three sections resemble a pitchfork, which will make it easy for me to hopefully pinpoint when I come back.

Just as I'm about to return to where Ethan lays in literal limbo, a small orb of artificial light peaks through my periphery. I turn my head and my gaze is met with a small stream of light that is now bouncing up and down as it comes closer.

That's definitely a flashlight. *Shit.*

As quietly and quickly as possible, I begin to push and roll the tarp forward until I'm at the cliff's edge. I want to wait to hear if his body has finally dropped into the stream, but my pulse feels like it's going to explode. My senses are on fire from the very real realization that I may not get away with this like I intended, which is killing the buzz I had before.

I turn around to see that the flashlight of whoever is walking here, probably a guard or something, is moving slowly, but definitely still headed in my direction. With no other choice I move as fast as I can across the overgrown

woods, before pushing into an all-out sprint. I run like a bat out of hell as I blend into the night air in my all-black uniform, hoping that my knife will be here when I return, otherwise I'm really screwed considering it has my fucking initials on it.



I press my back against my bedroom door as my hand quickly flips the lock. Taking in a deep breath, I'm aware of how Ethan's blood has now seeped past the fabric of my clothes. The splattered crimson smells of iron and rust and itches against the parts of my skin it has made its way onto.

I need a shower. No, scratch that, I need more than a shower. I need a fat blunt and a major brainstorming session to follow because the trouble I was hoping for at the start of this evening versus the *actual* trouble I've found myself in, has turned into an absolute shit show.

All I wanted was to be fucked by trouble, not have trouble literally fuck with me.

I'm about to slip out of my clothes and head to the bathroom when a ping vibrates against the speakers of my computer.

Moving my gaze toward the desk my candy-colored iMac rests on, the alert sounds again. It takes me a second to realize that the noise is the notification chime from my Instant Messenger. I totally forgot that I was signed on which means my away message is on since I left it idle.

Another notification scratches against the speakers as I head toward my desk. Dropping myself into my computer chair I move my hand toward the mouse, gliding it over the mouse pad, illuminating the screen.

My eyes are first met with the wallpaper collage of Michael Meyers before zoning in on the yellow running man symbol at the bottom of the screen. Navigating towards the AIM icon, I double click it. My buddy list begins to load as a

gray conversation box with three new messages from a screen name that makes my heart flutter every time it appears on the screen.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31.

It's much longer than the average screen name but fuck it's perfect.

I've spent the last few months talking to *Boogeyman* on Instant Messenger almost daily. We "met" in one of the horror chat rooms I frequent— "Horror Whores", the same one that Ethan was poking fun at me for before I killed him. *Ha, jokes on him.*

Since me and Boogeyman were the only ones who actually knew our ass from our elbow when it comes to all things macabre and gore, we decided to exchange screen names and take our chat outside of the forum.

Conversation now loaded; I scroll back through my missed messages.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Hello my favorite final girl

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: What are you doing?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Oh come on my fellow phobophile...you aren't ignoring me, are you?

My tongue swipes over my lips before I trap my bottom lip beneath my teeth as I think of what to type back.

FinalGirlsRock_666: Hey my favorite boogeyman =)

FinalGirlsRock_666: Miss me?

As soon as my message is sent, the small text bubble in the bottom corner of our conversation box appears saying Boogeyman is typing.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: You know it ;-D

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: What are you doing?

Oh, you know, just trying to figure out how to literally get away with murder, nothing too crazy.

I'm about to respond when something dawns on me. Boogeyman and I have discussed meeting up a few times before but, for some reason or another, we haven't. I bet if I play my cards right, it would be easy to get him to want to meet up tonight...*at the woods by the old mill.*

It shouldn't be difficult; he loves abandoned places like I do. Given the way our conversations usually morph from horror focused to flirty, he'll assume I'm asking him there to fuck, since it's become a random hot spot for people to go and fool around. It'll be perfect. I'll tell him to meet me by that pitchfork tree and while he's waiting for me, I'll have already called the cops telling them he stole my knife and I'm afraid of what he might do next. They will find him with Ethan's blood on the knife and if I'm lucky, he would've already found it so his fingerprints will be on it. Then I will be free from this nightmare.

FinalGirlRocks_666: About to take a shower ;-D

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Ooooh, mind if I join?

FinalGirlRocks_666: I wish you would ;)

FinalGirlRocks_666: I have a better idea...

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Better than seeing you naked????

FinalGirlRocks_666: MUCH BETTER

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: I'm waiting, final girl...

Damn, this may be easier than I anticipated.

FinalGirlRocks_666: How about we finally meet up tonight?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Um does Ghostface like asking what's your favorite scary movie???

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Does Michael Myers ever change out of his jumpsuit?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Fuck yea! Where do you want to meet?

FinalGirlsRock_666: You know the woods by the old mill?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: The abandoned one near the cemetery?

FinalGirlsRock_666: That's the one...meet me there at midnight.

FinalGirlsRock_666: What better way to ring in Samhain than with you at the abandoned mill.

Where *I* will not be.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: I'm so down

FinalGirlsRock_666: I hoped you would be. Meet me by the tall pitchfork looking tree, you can't miss it. There's something I want you to have...

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Umm ok?

FinalGirlsRock_666: What? are you afraid?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Of you? Ha, never.

Fuck, I almost feel bad. In an ideal scenario, Boogeyman, whoever he actually is, would be my fuck buddy. Seriously, from some of our conversations I have a feeling he'd fuck like a sadistic god, rough and kinky. But sadly, all the common ground and flirty tension that lives between us needs to be used to my advantage.

FinalGirlsRock_666: Don't be late. I need you there.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Mmmm, can't wait. I'll be there at midnight...sharp.

FinalGirlsRock_666: I'm counting on it :-P

CHAPTER FIVE



October 30th, 2008

I really need to stop texting, or instant messaging, while driving. How can I meet my final girl if I swerve off the road and end up dead in a ditch before I even had a chance to see her face to face?

That she knows of that is.

I peel my eyes from where they've been glued to my Sidekick and focus back on the road that leads to the quarry. Just as I'm about to park I spot Cam in the distance. Confused as to why she's here, I poke my head out the window as I pull closer.

"I thought you said to call you when it's severed?" I shout through the open window of my Tacoma. The engine roars once more before I put the truck in park, but the silence of the isolated quarry feels clamorous compared to Cam's lack of response.

I remain in the driver's seat, staring at the blackened air, waiting for Cam to approach the truck or, at minimum, respond. Cam remains still, with her phone in hand, dressed in all black from head to toe, looking like the Grim Reaper. All that's missing is the scythe, although Cam is more of a knife and shovel type anyway. Especially if she intends on finishing the job, which I was supposed to do, but judging from this surprise visit, there must've been a change in plan that I wasn't made aware of yet.

I slip out of the truck, closing the door behind me to head to where Cam stands with a mask covering her face and knuckles white against the aged wood handle of the shovel.

It's become a bit of a tradition for Cam to wear a visual representation of the sins of the target when an assignment has come to fruition. Cam's masks always start out the same. Plain white canvases just waiting to have enough written evidence to collect. That way everywhere the target looks, their vision is plagued with written confirmation of why they are about to meet their maker.

It's like snail mail for murder by way of mask art. Except Cam always wears the mask when it's her assignment...not mine. Not to mention Byron is already dead, so his head and how he rots thereafter belongs to *me*. I know it and so does Cam.

"I'll take it from here," Cam says, voice sounding muffled against the plaster of the mask. Judging from the way the newspaper articles shine beneath the moonlight, paired with the funky odor of Mod Podge, it looks like tonight's mask was a last-minute craft. Which explains this abrupt change in the plan we have discussed for months.

"But I already –" my words are halted by Cam's free hand pumping the air between us, motioning for me to stop.

My eyes lower to a small vial on the chain secured in Cam's hand. A harsh lump forms in my throat as I focus on the rivulets of blood that are contained in the small glass chamber. I'm used to seeing blood. Fuck, I even fantasize on how it will look dripping from those I kill, but this is different. This isn't the crimson drippings of someone who deserved it. It's the last remaining piece of what made Cam whole and all she has left of the person she used to be. Before Byron Campbell killed the person Cam loved and, by default, killed her in the process.

But one good thing that has come from both of us being affected by Byron's corruption, is that we have become not only justified in what we do, but we've become good at it. It may not bring the life lost back, but it also doesn't allow the life to be lost in vain.

“I said I’ll take it from here,” Cam repeats, lowering her hand that holds the chain and instead pointing it towards where Byron’s lifeless body is in my truck. “That bastard stole from you, he stole from me, and so many other innocent people. You killed him, but it’s my turn now. I want to bury him. I want his spirit to be haunted by the reminders of his crimes.” Cam pauses, pointing to her mask. “Even if he can’t see them with air in his lungs, his soul will feel it, the way—” Cam’s words are clipped by anger and hurt.

I nod in agreement, swallowing to loosen the knot in my throat because I know what Cam is feeling. That moment when anger competes with sadness hurts like hell but it’s also what fuels us every day to make sure people like Byron Campbell don’t see the light of day any longer.

It’s not an ideal job, but it’s a job that pays in more ways than money that fills our pockets. We kill as a form of prevention, so the pain we live with doesn’t spread like the cancer it is. That’s worth more than money. It’s fucking priceless.

“You want me to help?” I offer, not because Cam can’t handle it but because I want to see this fucker buried...for good. I’m jealous it won’t be me.

“No,” Cam clips, dropping the shovel to the ground and securing the chain in her pocket, moving past me and toward the truck. The passenger door whines as it opens. Hoisting herself up on the running board, she reaches over to where I have Byron buckled. “I have that taken care of,” she says, clicking the buckle of the seat belt, causing his corpse to topple onto the barren ground of the quarry with a thud.

Cam’s breath echoes beneath the mask, sounding like a satisfied huff. Tonight, has been a long time coming and seeing Byron’s dead flesh on the ground feels euphoric.

“I’ll be in touch tomorrow for the next assignment.”

“You got it. Who’s next?” I ask with excitement.

“The son.”

Ah, Ethan Campbell.

Heir to the Campbell legacy and, not to mention, an assignment I've been waiting for. Not only because he would have to be next to ensure the corrupt handling of the Campbell name doesn't continue past Byron's death. Oh no, as crucial as that kill is, the other reason I've been dying to get my hands around that douchebag's neck runs much deeper than the corruption that lays dormant in his bloodline.

The moment he tricked Blair, *my* Blair, into fucking him, he earned himself a top spot on my list of enemies. I was so relieved when she dumped him, but I know how fragile rich fuck boys like him are when they lose something as precious as Blair. They become incessant in their pursuit to patch their ego and, in turn become a nuisance that needs to be eliminated...permanently.

"I can't fucking wait," I clap with glee, already brainstorming how I will kill him.

"Good, now get the tarp out of your truck and bring it over to where I dug his new home," Cam instructs, tilting her head in the direction of the unearthed dirt just past where we stand.

I quickly and efficiently gather the tarp before placing it on the ground where Cam has the shovel in hand. I glance down at where the rusted metal edge of the shovel is resting on Byron's lifeless skin. Cam's booted foot hovering a step above the cutting blade.

"Remember, Maddox," Cam begins as I peel my gaze up to her masked face. My eyes focus on the headline from a newspaper that was cut and placed on the left cheekbone.

"Sleepy Hollow man found beheaded after drug deal gone bad..."

"Maddox," she repeats, breaking my trance.

"Yeah?"

"Clean up," Cam reminds me.

"I know, I know. We don't want a repeat of what happened last time." I wave Cam off, already pivoting my stance to where my truck is parked.

“That’s not what I meant,” she shouts. Even with the mask on, I can feel the stern expression on her face.

“Clean up before you go to see *her*.” Cam motions to where I still have remnants of Byron’s blood splattered on me.

A devious grin spreads past my lips contorting my face to something wicked.

“You don’t know who I am going to see,” I boast, trying to deflect Cam’s accusatory and wildly accurate glare.

“Bullshit. You have been obsessed with that Van Tassel girl since the moment you laid eyes on her,” she scoffs. “Shit, more like from the moment you found out she belonged to Ethan.”

Rage begins to flow through my veins, so much so I wouldn’t be surprised if plumes of it are radiating past my skin, painting my aura red.

“She was never his,” I seethe.

Cam shakes her head, “I know, but I have news for you, Maddox. She isn’t yours either.”

“That’s where you’re wrong.” I grin, slowly loosening my clenched fist, sliding it in my pocket. I take out my phone, eyeing the Instant Messenger conversation I left up from when I was driving Byron’s corpse over here. I wave the phone towards where Cam is now applying all her weight against Byron’s thick neck. The bone and cartilage begin to make a crunching sound with the added pressure. “She wants to see me tonight,” I boast.

Cam laughs, a grating and cruel sounding cackle, “Who does she think she’s going to meet?” she asks, taking a brief break from chopping off Byron’s head. “You or Boogeyman, huh?”

I suck in my bottom lip, ignoring Cam’s rhetorical question because she already knows the answer.

Cam releases a huffed sigh, ripping the mask off her face to expose flushed and dampened skin.

“That’s what I thought,” she deadpans, tossing the mask my way. “Take it, you’ll need it.”

“For what?” I ask, confused.

Mask in hand, I ignore the sticky texture

I watch as Cam presses her weight against Byron’s neck again.

“You know, if you used a chainsaw, it would be a lot more effective,” I say, pointing out the obvious.

“Yeah, but it wouldn’t be as fun. Now remember, you need to lay low for a while. The Campbells are known around this town, so if you insist on being out and about, masked is best. Wear that when you go “see” her,” Cam air quotes.

Cam already knows how I am, even without telling her that Blair initiated seeing me tonight, I can’t help myself. I *have* to see her, in her natural habitat, when she *thinks* she’s alone.

“You know how people in that neighborhood are. They see a six-foot-six man with blood splattered all over him, they won’t hesitate to call the cops. Which will begin a domino effect of revealing tonight’s activities,” she adds.

I don’t doubt it. The Van Tassels reside in a cul-de-sac of busy bodies, but I’m used to blending in to watch her. It’s part of the fun.

“Don’t worry, I’ve spent many a night outside her window with no cops called yet.”

“Yet, being the key word. Good luck.” Cam nods as I waste no time and quicken my pace towards my truck. The smell of stale booze and death still lingers. It doesn’t matter though, not even this displeasing aroma can ruin my night.

With my phone now snug between my grip and the steering wheel, I reread the last message from my final girl on my Instant Messenger app as I begin to drive away from the quarry.

Obsessively my eyes scan the illuminated screen. Taking in every syllable, savoring every letter in the four-word sentence that she wrote, even down to the playful tongue sticking out emoji.

I continue to stare and mouth the last message from her aloud as I drive, my voice muffled by the mask that covers my face. The words feel like music to my gauged ears. Each time I read them or say it aloud, my cock twitches with the anticipation of seeing my little minx.

It feels surreal that Blair Van Tassel, my final girl, the only girl to ever make me feel alive when my life has been surrounded by so much death, is counting on seeing me. The Boogeyman that will do anything to make her scream.

Finally, back in town, the *Welcome to Sleepy Hollow* sign fills my rear-view. My cock begins to throb, pressing against the studs that pierce its length, thinking of how this moment that I've fantasized about, when I wouldn't have to hide behind *Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31*, a virtual alias I designed to grab her attention, will now be over, because *she* wants to meet me in the flesh.

Cam spoke of luck before at the quarry, but I've never believed in it. It always felt like a cop out. Was luck on my side when my father was killed? Or when my mom remarried, and I had to share a home with monsters who were worse than the ones in horror movies? Has luck ever been on my side when I needed to not only kill but hide the crimes that I commit so I could live free another day? The answer to all of that is no.

We have to work for what we want in this life. Just like I have worked tirelessly to learn everything I possibly can about Blair Van Tassel. Luck has nothing to do with the way I forced myself into her life, and it will have even less to do with what I'm willing to do to keep it that way.

CHAPTER SIX



October 30th, 2008

Pulling my hoodie over my head, I emerge from my truck. Erring on the side of caution, I check over each shoulder making sure the coast is clear before I blend in with the night air and saunter my way across the street to the Van Tassel household.

Aside from the porch light that illuminates the front entry, the house is in complete darkness. So dark in fact that if it weren't for my handy tracker, it would be easy to assume she isn't home. But she's here, in her bedroom towards the back of the house, just a couple feet from where I'm walking, and blissfully unaware of the feast my eyes are about to have on her.

Once I make it past the front of the two-story colonial, I flatten my back against the siding, angling my footsteps so my backside rubs against the exterior as I slink toward the back corner of the house.

Excitement grips at my chest the closer I get to my little minx's bedroom window, so much so that I feel a rush of heat travel to my groin in anticipation. I take in a sharp breath working through the pre-emptive arousal I feel as I near the first of the two windows that belong to her bedroom.

A sliver of light shines past the sheer curtains that are hung on both windows as I settle against the siding near her bedroom windows. I crane my neck forward, though with Cam's mask on my face, my periphery is shot to shit. So, I

inch forward more, steadying myself between the shrubs and mulch to get a better look.

I notice that the flickering light I just saw is coming from a TV. Though the more I look through the window, I don't see Blair, all that meets my eye is what fills my soul...emptiness.

I'm about to grab my phone to confirm her location when a plume of steam filters through the bottom of the half open bathroom door attached to her bedroom.

My disappointment quickly fades, and, in its absence, I feel the barbells that line my cock begin to strain against my pants. *There you are.*

It's unreal the effect she has on me. I haven't even seen her yet, but just knowing that, at any moment, she will emerge from the shower, a wet and naked sight to be had, makes my dick so fucking hard, I feel like I'm about to burst.

Forced to wait for her, I try to distract myself by observing the décor spread about her room, which looks like a walking advertisement for Hot Topic. Posters ranging from *Frankenstein* to *Chucky* to *My Chemical Romance*, all of which we have bonded over in our chats, line the walls. Though it's the set of small vintage apothecary jars and vials that rests on her desk that makes my heart begin to thrash because I have a similar set in my room. I've always considered myself a bit of a *connoisseur* with chemicals—I mean, considering the fact that murder is literally my business, I sort of have to be. Knowing which solvents will clean and which will disintegrate pesky substances like human flesh is crucial in my line of work. If only my little minx knew how to put those empty vials to use like I do, she would really feel like the macabre queen she fancies herself to be.

But I'll teach her my mad ways soon. One small step at a time.

Seconds feel like hours as I stand outside her window, waiting. The fresh October air bites against my clammy palms that are clenched at my side, trying so damn hard not to alleviate the aching need that riddles my cock, consuming me. She's edging me and she doesn't even know it.

I sway my posture heel to toe until, like an answer from the depraved gods, my dark goddess emerges through a cloud of wispy steam.

I crouch, low enough so that she won't see me but high enough so that I still have a view of where she stands in the threshold of the doorway.

Through the small slits of my mask, I watch her supple hips sway as she begins to walk into her room. With every step she takes, her dampened curves echo her movement, making her look absolutely delectable. My tongue dances behind my lips as my hungry stare locks onto the ink that spreads from either side of her hips and down her thighs. A vast array of pumpkin themed tattoos cover her skin. Some are shaded in bold orange while others are more subdued in a simple black and gray shading. Everywhere they are placed compliments her already bewitching body.

Moving my gaze from where the lace of her thong ends and the tanned skin of her narrow torso begins, I notice the reaper's scythe dangling from her belly button piercing. My eyes continue to trail past her navel and to her perky tits that are adorned with a barbell through each nipple, both peeking through the thin fabric of her cropped t-shirt.

Blood continues to rush my length, straining against my pierced cock watching her plump ass shake as she makes her way to her bed, moving out of my direct line of sight.

I love seeing her like this. Looking so effortlessly sexy. So adorably *unaware* of the way I am practically salivating at the mere sight of her. All of which makes me want to break through the fucking glass, shattering the barrier that separates us and keeps her safe from my touch.

Desperate for more of her, I crouch down once more, inching my way toward the other window. Rounding the corner, my eyes are quickly reunited with the backside of her hourglass figure as she leans forward, reaching toward the small plasma that rests on a dresser to the side of her bed.

I'm so focused on where she is bent over that I don't notice what she is reaching for. It isn't until she moves to her

back that I see she has the TV remote in her hand. I watch with ripe curiosity as she presses a button or two on the remote before tossing it on the floor.

There's a needy look in her eyes. Like she is in desperate need of a release. My suspicions are confirmed as her thighs begin to part and the hand that was just messing with the remote is now slithering its way to her center. Casting the lace of her panties aside at what feels like a painstakingly slow pace to my eager eyes, she spreads her legs wider. With one hand dipping into her entrance, she glides her free hand up her torso until it lands on one of her pierced nipples, which she begins to caress beneath the fabric of her shirt. As she rubs her thumb, beginning to play with the barbell of her erect nipples, her back arches off the bed from the way her other hand is feverishly dipping in and out of her pussy.

I watch with bated breath as she writhes against her touch, her pace continues to intensify as does the strained ache I feel at my now throbbing cock. The more she thrashes and moans from the way she is fucking herself, the more it makes me wish that it were my tongue at the apex of her thighs. Licking and sucking her clit, with my fingers curled in her tight pussy, eating her like the starving man I am.

Moving the fingers that she's been using to thrust inside her wet walls, she glides them up to her clit. Her eyes fall shut as her hand moves in quick circles. The more she rubs her digits around the sensitive bundle of nerves the more her mouth opens wide as pleasure erupts through her body. I can tell from the way her hips are now bucking upward that she is close to orgasm.

This isn't the first time I've seen her touch herself. It's almost a nightly occurrence with my little minx, as it should be. A little self-love until I can make myself known to her so I can worship and punish every sinful part of her is necessary, but I've never seen her this turned on or feral for her own hand.

Needing to know what is making her extra horny tonight I peel my gaze away from where she is beginning to ride the wave of her orgasm, looking at the tv screen. Expecting to see

one of her in rotation go to's when she fucks herself, which is usually girl on girl or some variation of a threesome, my eyes are met with a different sight. To my surprise, the screen is frozen on an image of the Headless Horseman sitting atop of his horse, with a sword in hand and fury on his face. I definitely was *not* expecting that.

Now, for those who aren't from this town, they probably wouldn't grasp the true symbolism of the Headless Horseman outside of what Hollywood adaptations and retellings allude to. But for those who are familiar with the tale and the rich symbolism that it carries, they will understand that death, whether it comes by hand or nature, is an unstoppable force. Death always collects what it is owed, it resurrects what needs to be exposed, and steals what it desires. It's inescapable and the fact that reminder of death not only gets her off but makes her climax harder than I have ever seen, only solidifies that her darkened heart is not only mine to play with but mine to *keep*.

I thought I would only be her Boogeyman, but I'll be her Horseman. *Fuck*, I'll be her worst nightmare if she wants me to. I'll be whatever, do whatever, *kill* whatever I have to so long as I can feel the way the darkness brings her to orgasm at my hands. And it's that declaration, that peak of my obsession, that makes me do what I do next.

As I watch her settle down, riding the aftermath of her release, I reach for my phone. Sliding the screen up, I sign into Instant Messenger. Clicking on her screen name, my thumbs begin to glide against the keyboard. My body buzzes because I'm dying to see how she looks responding to me, with her body still reeling from the way she brought herself to orgasm, while I watch through the glass.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: I bet you look beautiful when you're scared

A sound pings from the speaker of her computer, and it feels like it's traveling through the walls that separate us and

directly into my soul. Fire begins to fill my veins watching the way her eyes open as she closes her legs. For a fleeting moment, just as she scans her room before making her way to the desk that holds her computer, I could swear she sees me.

She moves from the bed, heading to the computer where my message awaits her. She remains standing, lowering her torso near the keyboard, so her ass pokes out, highlighting the way her waist gets lost by her ample bottom as she types.

FinalGirlsRock_666: What makes you say that, huh?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Lucky guess.

FinalGirlsRock_666: You know some people say fear is an underrated aphrodisiac

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Want to know a secret?

FinalGirlsRock_666:

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: I'm some people

FinalGirlsRock_666: Is that right? So, are you trying to scare me tonight...Boogeyman?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Maybe... among other things ;-D

FinalGirlsRock_666: The only thing that will truly scare me is if you don't show up tonight

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Trust me, there is nowhere I'd rather be. Where you are, I am. Don't forget that.

FinalGirlsRock_666: Good, because I need you.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: I need you too.

More than you know.



Leaves crunch and twigs snap beneath the sole of my boots as I walk deeper into the abandoned woods. I've waited so long for this moment, to be able to touch her, to have her look into my eyes—even though they are concealed beneath my mask—that I didn't prepare myself for how nervous I would feel. It's not every day that you find a soul as equally fucked up as your own. It's why I want our "first" meeting to go perfectly, because seeing my way out of her life isn't a fucking option.

I continue walking through the thicket of unkempt land, using the minimal illumination that my phone's flashlight gives off to guide the way. Anxiety begins to trickle along my spine, spreading to my chest, which feels like it will crush beneath the pressure of nerves with the realization that my little minx should be here any minute.

Now nearing the pitchfork tree, I begin to pace back and forth, trying to think of what I will say to her first. I'm about to stop my anxious pacing when my boot steps on something hard. My brow furrows because, even though there are rocks and debris all over the ground, this feels *different*.

Moving the flashlight of my phone down to the ground, I scan the grass, looking for what my foot hit when my phone suddenly begins vibrating in my hands with Cam's name on the display. Quickly, I open the message.

Cam Moeder: I received an interesting phone call...

Me: Ok??

Cam Moeder: Next time you use one of those fancy apps to redirect calls, make sure it goes to your phone and not mine.

What the fuck is Cam talking about?

Before I'm able to respond, I hear sirens wailing in the distance. My phone buzzes again, though this time as I go to look down at the message, my gaze travels past the phone in my hand and to the ground. A sliver of moonlight catches the distinct gleam of a crimson coated knife. Judging from the way the blood appears to be shiny, I'd say it's fresh. I don't know why but before I read the two new messages from Cam, I bend down reaching for the handle. With the knife now in my grasp the distinct etching on the handle makes my blood begin to boil. I internalize a growl, clenching the knife in my fist, feeling my pulse pound against the handle.

Cam Moeder: I had to improvise a bit, but I think we have another problem on our hands.

Cam Moeder: Be careful. Cops are on their way, I'll explain in a few.

Me: No, you are going to tell me now what the fuck is happening.

Cam Moeder: Ask that girl, Blair, is it? Sounds like she might have done you a favor.

Me: ????

Cam Moeder: Either she killed or knows who killed Ethan Campbell.

With the lingering presence of the law approaching where I now stand, my heart begins to pound, not from nerves, but from anger. I thought I programmed Blair's phone to call my number when she calls the police, but somehow the lines must have gotten crossed, and her call went to Cam instead.

I can't believe it, she was trying to set me up.

The initials on the knife, “*B.V.T.*”. *Blair Van Tassel.*

Anger consumes the more I process her betrayal. I should've known.

She didn't want to meet me.

She wanted to use me by stringing me along, using my eagerness to meet her to her advantage so she could get away with murder.

But in all her scheming she never considered who she was truly talking to all this time. She probably assumed I am some loser that's so smitten with her that I would do anything she says. Which is true, except the thing with obsession that she must not realize is that it's rooted in heightened irrationality. If she truly wants to know what it's like to submit to darkness, I'll do her one better. I'll show her what it feels like to be trapped in my madness with no escape and no way to even breathe without my permission.

A woman scorned doesn't hold a candle to a stalker betrayed because the Boogeyman of Haddonfield, the Horseman—fuck, the devil himself— are no fucking match for the hell that will be unleashed on her.

She betrayed me, betrayed *us* and all that we could've been.

Blair isn't a minx; she is a devious, lying, *hellcat*.

Once I find my way out of this mess that she put me in, I'm going to fucking ruin her.

She better get ready, because all those countless chats she spent going on about wishing she could meet her devilish match, are about to become the rude awakening she needs. Blair Van Tassel's life is now mine to toy with just like she will be mine, dead or alive.

Final girl my fucking ass.

CHAPTER SEVEN

PRESENT DAY - HALLOWEEN EVE



I don't know what's worse. The fact that I'm about to kill the third person who has shown up unannounced to my house this week alone or that I need to use poison to do so. It's not that I'm opposed to death by poison per se. I mean, I have an entire garden filled with deadly herbs and flowering plants just waiting for occasions like the one I find myself in right now. However, I can't help but to feel that it's incredibly anticlimactic. Sure, it gets the job done but it's too...*neat* and lacks that personal touch I crave so much.

My appreciation for how blood sprays haphazardly from a freshly sliced carotid, or the way it gathers and then drips from a deep stab wound to the abdomen, has grown over the years. But blood, much like life, is messy and unpredictable. Not to mention, incredibly time consuming to clean. If I didn't have to leave for my shift at Satan's soon, I'd indulge myself in a little blood play, but I'm expected to be there tonight...*on time*. Hence the triple dose of aconite and deadly nightshade to this fucker's tea to help speed up the process.

Usually, I wouldn't complain about having to go to work. Dancing at Sleepy Hollow's one and only high end gothic strip club, Satan's Stiletto, isn't a bad gig. The pay is good, the atmosphere is dark – *just how I like it*– and the owners Carmine Moretti and his cousin, Alex, are pretty chill to work for. However, since I observe Halloween and Devil's Night like most would a religious holiday, I usually have off for both nights.

Though as fate would have it, the girl who was supposed to be this year's Katrina Van Tassel had to go help at Carmine's main business venture, Marked Inc., at the Halloween gala.

Tonight is the annual charity gala for Marked Inc. While Satan's pre-Halloween festivities involve an annual costume contest known as the Horseman's Hollow's Duel.

Each year, the participating patrons pay a fee to enter. Half the participants dress as the Headless Horseman while the other half dresses as Ichabod Crane. Then they duel, which is a dramatic way of saying the audience votes on whose costume they like out of the two and the winner gets to spend the evening with that year's Katrina Van Tassel in one of the private lounges.

If only Washington Irving knew his famous story was the inspiration for a Halloween costume contest at a strip club, I'm sure he'd be rolling in his grave.

Reaching my gloved hand toward the potted Wolfsbane on the countertop, I pluck a few more leaves to put in the stone mortar, just to ramp up the potency. As I begin to smash the aconite in with the generous amount of deceptively sweet berries that are already in the stone bowl, an irritating sound breaks my concentration.

Mortar and pestle still in hand, I turn my head. My impromptu house guest, Brody, I believe he said his name was, is adjusting his posture in the wooden chair, causing the chair legs to scrape against the tile floor with each obnoxious movement he makes.

Faking a smile, I clear my throat to steal his attention from where he is still messing with the damn chair. "Almost ready," I sing.

Finally settling in the chair, he turns his attention to me. He's a bit older than I would usually go for, but his scruffy beard and bright green eyes suit him. It really is a shame that I have no choice but to kill him. With the random rise in people showing up to my house trying to gain information on my rumored involvement with the Campbell murders, he's a

potential liability to my freedom. So, cute random guy who decided to show up at my house for reasons still unknown, has to go.

“You know, you really don’t need to go through all that trouble for a cup of tea, Ms. Van Tassel. I’m fine with a glass of tap water,” he says. “This will only take a minute of your time.”

He has a point, but water isn’t going to make his throat tighten to the point of suffocation or make him convulse until his heart and lungs give out, now, will it?

I bring my focus back to where I have the nightshade berries smashed in the mortar. With my back now turned to him, I click my tongue, pressing the pestle harder making sure to blend the Wolfsbane leaves into the bowl. “Don’t be silly. It’s just part of being a good hostess,” I say in an unusually poised tone that makes me feel like an alien has overtaken my body. “So, Mister...” my voice drags, because I don’t remember him mentioning a last name.

“Van Brunt,” he answers, suddenly sounding uneasy. “Guess that would have helped if I gave you my full name, huh?” he chuckles.

I return his laughter with my own as I reach for the metal tea ball that rests on the countertop. We remain in awkward silence while I fill the sphere with the fresh leaves and herbs. “So, Mr. Van Brunt, you still haven’t told me why exactly you’re here, other than mentioning you have something that belongs to me.” I remind him. I don’t turn to look at him, but I can feel just how uneasy the truth in my statement makes him feel.

“Umm,” he begins, dragging his tone, clearly not sure of what to say. That’s alright, I’ll get it out of him, one way or another.

Fully submerging the steel ball into the hot water that I had already poured from the kettle; I take a deep inhale. Mentally bracing myself as I’m about to pivot towards him for more forced pleasantries and small talk. “You were saying?” I ask, facing him.

The nerves I detected in his voice just moments before are now written all over his face. The point of his Adam's apple protrudes further from his neck as he swallows hard, keeping his mouth shut.

Swaying my hips, like I do when I first take the stage when I'm dancing, I begin a seductive and arguably cringe worthy walk towards Mr. Van Brunt. His awkward demeanor only intensifies the closer I get to where he sits, still speechless. "Here you go," I say in a breathy whisper. Placing the hot mug on the table, I purposely lean my chest close to where he is sitting so that my cleavage that is already bursting from my leather bodysuit consumes his vision.

Eyes glued to my tits, he grabs hold of the mug, cupping it in both hands as he brings it towards his mouth.

Good boy.

I move to the other side of the table, clicking my heels and exaggerating the way my hips naturally sway so I can sit across from him. "Go ahead, take a sip, don't wait for it to cool. We like our drinks hot in this house," I wink. "So, why are you—" I begin as a slurping sound breaks from where his lips are now pressed against the mug.

Holy fuck, I'm so happy I spiked this man's tea with a blend of untimely death because he is literally insufferable.

Transferring the mug that he was just cupping with both hands to one palm, he waves his free hand in the air, motioning for me to stop talking. He begins to mumble something into the cup, taking another healthy swig before placing the mug down on the wood tabletop. My eyes widen, hoping he is finally going to answer my damn question.

"Sorry. Why I'm here. Right." The inflection in his voice brightens as if a light just went off reminding him why the hell he came to my house in the first place.

He begins patting the inner lining of his jacket, mumbling something under his breath with a strong scowl across his brows. A few more seconds pass until his face lights, moving his hand from where he was just digging in his pocket. "Ah,

here it is!” he exclaims, retrieving a white envelope out from where he was just searching. He glides his now shaky hand in front of him. My gaze falls to where his hand is now flat against the table, with the envelope still in his possession. With his unsteady fingers still hovering over the seemingly nondescript envelope, he moves his other hand back to the mug.

The ceramic mug clatters against the oak table a few times as he tries to steady his grip. Though it doesn't prevent him from lifting the cup to his lips for another giant gulp and steam ripples around his face as his swallowing becomes audible.

An obnoxious and long-winded sigh escapes his lips. He places the mug down, appearing increasingly shaky before he addresses me with an awkward gaze. “Does the name Maddox Crane ring any bells Ms.—” he continues speaking but my hearing begins to wither after hearing *his name*.

I don't know how, after all these years, that god forsaken name is still capable of making my stomach drop. I shift in my seat, switching my crossed legs, my face remains expressionless despite the conflicting rush I feel spread within my veins from the mere mention of his name. “What about him?” I ask, in a matter-of-fact tone, interrupting whatever he was going on about.

His lips begin to part, though all that sounds is a rugged inhale. Judging from the way his upper body is beginning to sway, the blend I served him is starting to kick in.

“Mr. Van Brunt,” I snap. “What about him?”

Sweat begins to bead past his temples at a rapid rate.

“Ugh, sorry, is it hot in here?” he asks, shaking his head appearing increasingly disorientated.

“No,” I deadpan. “Now what about him?” I repeat, this time raising my voice, though it's appearing that the triple potent blend is working its deadly magic. A boisterous gasp leaks from his mouth again, except this time it's followed by a coughing fit that causes him to hunch forward. Sweat continues to drip down his increasingly pale face.

I rise from where I am seated, pretending to look concerned. “Well, since you don’t look too good, I’ll just take this.” My lip pouts matching the condescension that is ripe in my voice. I hinge forward to the center of the table. “Here, let me get that from you,” I breathe, prying his sweaty fingertips from where they begin to stain the envelope with perspiration.

Bringing the flimsy envelope into view, I notice how light it feels. Though before I inspect what’s inside, I really need to have this guy stop hacking so loud and just put him out of his misery. Placing the envelope back on the table, I walk to where Brody is keeled over on the chair.

I wrap my fist around the back of his sports jacket. Yanking the gathered material upward, I continue to pull his weight with my hand until he is sitting somewhat upright. “Here, let me help you.” Keeping one hand on his backside, I extend my other toward the now half empty mug. Bringing it to his lips, I maneuver them open.

“I watched a documentary once about how there are so many herbs that can help improve our health. It’s why, despite my black thumb, I keep some handy in the garden. Open up Mr. Van Brunt, this will help open your airways.” I lie, holding his body upright so I can pour the remainder into his mouth. He begins to gasp though it quickly morphs into a gargling as the liquid begins to splash against his lips. I tilt his head back so as much of the potent blend can get in and seal his airways shut. “That’s it, just a little more to go,” I whisper in his ear and as I let go of him, his body thuds against the wood table.

I avert my gaze to the small clock on the wall across from where I stand. Good, I have enough time to figure out the latest round of incriminating evidence against me and still get to Satan’s on time.

Picking up the envelope once more, I lift the half-sealed flap to discover that there’s a small polaroid placed inside. Retrieving it from the envelope, I’m even more confused because it’s of a log cabin. I continue to stare at the picture, trying to piece together why this man brought it over here in

the first place and what it has to do with Maddox when a bright light flashes in my periphery.

My heart begins to bounce around my chest when an even brighter flash of light, presents itself. This time coming from the front of the house.

Worry creeps up on me for a moment but it quickly dissipates when I'm able to process that the lights are not the typical red and blue associated with the law. Whatever is flashing outside is bright with a yellow cast. Still looking ahead, I tip toe closer to the back sliding door when a pulse begins to vibrate from my thigh harness. Loosening the strap of my harness, I grab my phone and notice two new texts from my mom.

Mom: Call me now.

Mom: !!!!!

Ah, what now?

My eye's roll as I press the green call button, pinching the phone between my shoulder and ear so I can continue to try to see where that flash of light came from. My phone vibrates against my ear, before the grainy ringing is replaced with my mother's voice.

"Blair, where are you?" My mom asks, nagging at my ear drum.

"Hi, Mom. I'm good and you?" I say sarcastically.

"I'm serious, where are you? We need to talk." Her voice sounds more urgent this time.

"I'm home but this isn't really a good time."

A disapproving sigh filters through the phone. "You know, I wish you didn't insist on going there today."

It doesn't come as a surprise that my mom doesn't approve of my decision to drop out of NYU my sophomore year to pursue other avenues. I've tried my hand at an array of different jobs, but nothing has held my interest or felt quite like dancing at Satan's has. It just feels like home. Plus, I make enough money working three nights a week that I have time for my other *hobbies*.

"Tonight, or in general?" I ask.

"Honey," she begins, gearing herself up for a mini lecture. "My feelings about that place aside, it's not safe being out tonight."

"Mom, trust me, I'll be fine."

"Blair, I'm serious. Just the other night one of the..." she pauses. I already know what she's about to say, so I help her finish her sentence.

"Bodies," I offer with a chuckle.

"Jesus Christ, I don't know how you can be so nonchalant about such a thing," she scoffs. "Anyway, I spoke to Glinda, and she informed me that another decapitated body showed up near Satan's this week."

"So? What's your point?"

"My point is that you aren't invincible. One day," she pauses, to catch her breath which echo scratches at my ears through the speaker. "One day, you may not be so lucky. That's all. Just please use your head," she scolds.

"Before I lose it. Got it," I giggle.

"Blair Ellen Van Tassel!" she shouts, unimpressed with my joke.

"Oh, come on, you set yourself up for that one. Don't worry, I can handle myself. Plus, Satan's closes early tonight anyway, remember?"

"Yes, but still," she huffs, clearly not satisfied with my response. "Glinda said—"

“Glinda says a lot of things,” I interrupt her. “Listen, I really need to go. I’ll see you—” I’m about to say later but my words are cut off by the sensation of my stomach dropping to what feels like my feet. Though this time it’s not because of an unannounced intruder or a bright flash of light sneaking into my house.

No, now, where I stand a few feet from my front door, the one with the stupid mail slot that I really need to close, is another envelope that was not there just a moment ago when I walked by.

Every hair on my body raises and a flush of heat that robs my mouth of any moisture erupts everywhere. My mom’s voice continues to nag in my ears as I walk to the new envelope, this one black, with a bright crimson wax seal facing me on the floor of the entryway.

“I don’t know why you...” Her voice continues to filter in my ear, but I am unable to process the rest of what she is saying because all I can focus on is the name *hellcat* in small handwritten red letters.

“Umm, I have to go.” I quickly end the call before she can respond.

Realizing I didn’t lock the door after I let Brody in, I scurry to the door, frantically reaching for the lock and flipping the bar on the latch.

Why is he doing this? I don’t have time for him and his games tonight.

With my hand still flat on the door, I can feel the gust of wind sneak through the small space between the weather stripping and the door itself. My skin prickles in response just as a harsh chill works its way to my spine as my phone begins to vibrate in my hand.

I peer down to see one new notification on the lock screen, from an unknown number.

Fuck, here we go.

Unknown: I trust that you received my surprise.
Sorry it wasn't anything elaborate but the night is
young =P

Me: What surprise?

Unknown: Umm hello, the picture of the cabin
you're going to die at tonight Blair. DUH

Unknown: Didn't Brody...give it to you? Oh no,
did you kill him already?

Unknown: Shame on you, that's no way to treat a
house guest.

Me: Get a life and stop watching me...and no I
didn't.

Unknown: Tsk little hellcat...haven't you learned
not to lie to daddy?

Me: GAG...you're not daddy material...you're a
deranged psycho...there's a difference

Unknown: Ehh, I don't know about that...

Unknown: Something tells me the more
deranged, the more elevated the daddy status

Me: Shut up... what the fuck do you want?

Unknown: I just wanted to tell you that tight
bodysuit you're wearing makes your tits look
great but not as good as that thigh harness
makes your juicy thighs look

Me: Lucky guess. You don't scare me. I'm a
dancer, of course I'm wearing one

Unknown: True...but you don't always pair it with
leather gloves now do you?

Me: You're a creep

Unknown: ...and you're a murderer. Who the
fuck are you to judge?

Unknown: Now, be a good girl and walk over to the other gift that is waiting for you to open on the floor

Unknown: Oh and shake your ass when you walk, nice and slow for daddy.

Me: Where are you? How are you fucking seeing me?

Unknown: Technology. Beautiful isn't it? It's come such a long way since our instant messenger days... final girl.

Unknown: Ok, I have to get back to work but you need to open the next part of your surprise.

Me: Or what? You going to come scare me, Boogeyman?

Unknown: HAHA

Unknown: Scare you? and allow you to be the wet little slut you are when fear invades your body?

Unknown: Nope. I'm going to do something much worse than scaring you.

Me: And that is??

Unknown: Make you keep your word. A promise is a promise, and you owe me.

Unknown: Clock's ticking final girl...

Unknown: It's a beautiful night for a burial

Me: Funny you mention that. I was thinking the same thing

Unknown: May the most depraved win =)

Placing my phone back, I walk over to where the black envelope still rests on the floor. Opening it I read aloud, the latest of the handwritten notes, he still insists on sending me.

"AND HE WOULD HAVE PASSED A PLEASANT LIFE OF IT, IN DESPITE OF THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS..."

THOUGHT I'D SET THE TONE FOR THE EVENING WITH A LITTLE WASHINGTON IRVING QUOTE. I MEAN, AFTER ALL IT IS DEVIL'S NIGHT IN SLEEPY HOLLOW, SO IT'S FITTING. I TRUST YOU SAW THE PICTURE I HAD BRODY DELIVER OF THE CABIN. PRETTY, ISN'T IT? ALTHOUGH I FEEL LIKE IT'S MISSING SOMETHING THAT I AM HOPING YOU CAN HELP ME WITH. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A PLACE TO CALL MY OWN, WITH WINDOWS FROM FLOOR TO CEILING BUT I CAN'T HELP TO FEEL THAT THOSE WINDOWS WILL LOOK EVEN NICER WITH YOUR BLOOD SMEARED ON THE GLASS WHEN I HAVE YOU PINNED AGAINST THEM. JUST THE THOUGHT OF YOUR BLOOD DRIPPING MAKES MY COCK ROCK HARD. I HOPE YOU CAN RUN IN THOSE PRETTY HEELS YOU'RE WEARING BECAUSE AS PROMISED, I'M COMING FOR YOU. FIFTEEN YEARS IN AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS MESS YOU MADE. SEE YOU SOON LITTLE HELLCAT.

ALWAYS YOURS,

MADNESS

Crumpling the letter, I toss it in the garbage as I grab my car keys and purse.

I hope lover boy is ready because Devil's Night is my favorite time to lay old grudges to rest, the old fashion way of course. With a smile on my face and a knife in my hand.

Happy almost Halloween motherfucker, hope you can keep up.

CHAPTER EIGHT



The split muscle of my tongue dances in my mouth as I drag the pad of my thumb up and down my phone screen, rereading mine and Blair's texts. Long gone are the days of our Instant Messenger chats, but she makes it too damn easy for me to communicate with her by foolishly keeping the same phone number for all these years. Sure, she's blocked every number I've texted her from, but as long as *hers* stays the same, it's just a matter of me getting another burner phone to harass her from.

Whoever said time heals all wounds was either in serious denial as to how suffering works or fortunate enough to have never suffered at all. I've had plenty of time to move on from what Blair did to me, but I don't want to. Not until I break her like she deserves. Then, and only then, will the hostility between us be laid to rest, in the ground...*where it belongs*.

Forcing myself to peel my attention from where it is glued to our conversation, I close the text. *I'll see you soon baby*. But first I've got a job to do, since someone can't seem to stop stabbing people to death.

I know I shouldn't keep cleaning up after her. Even though I enjoy the spike of adrenaline that comes with ending lives, I can't help but feel like I've become her permanent clean up crew and it's getting old. Especially because Blair is fucking relentless with her need to kill anyone she feels like, justified or not. If I wasn't so obsessed with having all the collateral that I can possibly have on her, I'd find her inability to execute a thorough murder from death to disposal pitiful. It doesn't

seem to matter how careless she may be, the fact remains that I've never encountered anyone so striking and capable of making me feel lust and anger all in one breath quite like she has – and I likely never will.

The thrill of watching from a distance, of scaring her into submission, that's what truly motivates me to keep finding ways to manipulate our paths crossing by holding her sins at ransom. If she were to get caught, how am I supposed to chase her?

“Women,” I shake my head, breaking the silence that fills the confines of my shed, “can't live with them and can't live without them. Am I right?” My raspy voice drags as I reach for the wooden handle of my trusty steel shovel that is propped on the wall to the side of the bench.

With my shovel in hand, my booted feet move to where a bright blue tarp rests on the floor. The polyethylene crunches beneath my feet until I pause, positioning myself in front of the corpse that rests on top of the tarp, naked and full of *multiple* puncture wounds that range in size.

“What did she do to you?” I click my tongue, observing the countless slits and gashes that cover the upper half of what once was a reporter for the local paper. “Take this as a lesson learned, my friend. It's always better to keep your mouth shut. Don't want to upset a deranged killer.” *Let alone two.* I chuckle at the sarcasm in my own words.

Releasing one of my gloved hands from where it's curled around the handle, I bring a flat palm to the mess of auburn hair that's matted down by dried blood. “Not much for conversation, huh?” I joke, patting the crown of the lifeless head. Judging from the deep hue of reddish purple that has taken over his body, livor mortis has begun to set in. “That's okay, I think you got the message. Now don't worry, you won't feel a thing.” *Sorry buddy. No one punishes my hellcat except for me.*

My words echo against the wood walls of my *new* shed. Since moving I made sure to make a place that I can call my own aside from the main house. A soundproof oasis of sorts.

That way only my ears will be the ones plagued by the shrill sound effects of those who are on my execution list. Bringing work home, even in the secluded lot I purposely chose to relocate to, can be tricky. I've gone this long evading the law, I don't need them sniffing around now.

Removing my gloved hand from the bloodied head, I bring it back to the shovel as I rise to my feet. I love this part. Sure, the killing is fun but it's the post-kill ritual that *really* excites me. From all my years of working with Cam, I've become a bit of a professional decapitator. While unnecessary, it sure is fun. Not to mention, once the skulls are skinned and preserved, they make for unique pieces of décor that give the shit they sell at HomeGoods a run for its money.

Making sure the sharpened edge is just below the protruding larynx, which makes for a cleaner cut, I bring my boot to the step of the shovel. Just as I'm about to strike my weight down onto the dead flesh, my phone vibrates against my pocket, completely pulling me out of the zone.

God damn it, today.

Frustrated, I pin the shovel beneath one arm as I reach for my phone with the other.

Cam Moeder: I hope you aren't where I think you are

Me: That depends, where do you think I am?

Cam Moeder: Don't be an ass.

Cam Moeder: You're cleaning up after her again, aren't you?

Me: Maybe...

Cam Moeder: I warned you years ago to end it.

Me: I will...tonight.

Cam Moeder: I'll believe it when I see it.

Placing my phone back in my pocket, I crack my neck from side to side. "Alright, where were we?" I mumble, securing the handle of the shovel between both eager palms. My foot back in place, I begin to drive the steel tip of the shovel blade just below the larynx. The crunching of cartilage feels like music to my ears. I wriggle the shovel against the web of veins that it's currently cutting through for a few seconds before raising the shovel midair. Since the head is close to being fully severed, I decide to use my upper body strength to finish the job. A few forceful strikes later, the freshly severed head rolls, exposing a broken sea of veins and shattered cartilage.

I had every intention of doing all this earlier, but the disposal of her other kill from this week took longer than I anticipated. If she doesn't realize that this is what true love is, I don't know what will make her see how dedicated to my obsession I am with her.

Now, for the fun part...preserving the skull. Though I'm a little disappointed because this isn't my ideal process. I usually wait a day or two before I begin work on the skull. Typically, I first focus on getting the body over to the incinerator that one of my childhood friends, Carmine, has at his family's warehouse just outside of town. However, when I spoke to him earlier, he told me it's currently occupied so until I can get this dead weight over to the Moretti warehouse, I'll need to make use of the deep freezer I have in the shed.

Grabbing the severed head by the mop of messy hair, I place it on my workbench, reaching for my scalpel. With careful precision, I bring the blade to each of the eyeballs, cutting them out of their sockets. Before I begin to peel the skin, I make sure to cut away any pesky veins that hang from where the neck once anchored the head. Once the eyes are gone and the veins are trimmed back, I can begin removing the dead flesh.

Angling the sharpened tip of the blade so that it dips into the dead tissue, I press a firm and steady hand on the handle as I begin to glide the scalpel through the skin. Starting at the patch of flesh where the hairline and ear flirt with each other, I continue cutting my way to the other side so the skin can peel off the scalp with ease. From there I work my way down the forehead to cheeks and then the chin, until everything is gone. Leaving a skull that's so perfect, so pristine that those plastic ones in the stores around this time of year look like a fucking joke.

Reaching for my respirator mask, I drape it over my head grabbing the small vat of acid that will melt the remaining flesh in a matter of seconds. That way it will help streamline the process and I can put it with the other *gifts* I have collected to give my little hellcat. Speaking of which, I wonder if she received my gift, I had delivered for her this evening at Satan's. Just in time to throw her off for the Horseman's Hollow Duel that I know she is already dreading.

Excitement stirs within me as I set the timer on my phone, so the acid has enough time to eliminate any pesky skin or tissue that still remains on the skull, but not too long that it begins to disintegrate the bone itself. As I watch the flesh begin to melt away, a ghost from my past presents its eerie voice within my head. It's both comforting and unsettling how, at the most random times, I can hear my father's voice within my memory, so crisp and clear, like he's here talking to me.

"Anniversaries are important son," his voice whispers, both haunting and soothing my psyche.

Yes, they are. The good ones and the bad ones.

Which reminds me, as the timer's beep begins to assault my eardrums, that after I place the latest trophy onto the mantle, I need to text Cam's business associate to confirm the burial plot I requested to be dug up will be ready in time.

As I lift the now flesh free skull from the acid, my mind begins to race, fantasizing about how beautiful my little hellcat will soon look below ground as she does above it.



2008

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: You live in Sleepy Hollow right?

FinalGirlRocks_666: Umm yeah, why?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Nothing, I'm just surprised you aren't into the whole Headless Horseman thing. I mean it's paranormal lore and you live in the heart of it, there is a lot of potential there...

FinalGirlRocks_666: Don't get me wrong, the paranormal aspect is hot, but I've always gravitated towards slashers. No frills, no ghosts. Just evil and a knife. There's no better match.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: So that's why you're obsessed with Michael Myers? I mean he's cool and all but there are so many good slashers out there, what is it about him that

FinalGirlRocks_666: Gets me going? =P

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: I mean yea haha.

FinalGirlRocks_666: Ahhh, what a loaded question...where do I start?

FinalGirlRocks_666: Ok, first...the mask...*drool*

FinalGirlRocks_666: Oh and the confident saunter. The fact he knows he can kill whoever his target is. No matter how fast they run. No matter where they hide. Their death belongs to him. It's inescapable.

FinalGirlRocks_666: Oh and let's not forget...he doesn't talk...ever!

FinalGirlRocks_666: Masked, confident, tall, stabby?! AND keeps quiet?!

FinalGirlRocks_666: He's the ultimate stabby daddy

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Hey now!

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: As the Boogeyman of Haddonfield *underscore* 31...I take offense to that

FinalGirlRocks_666: Awww, how cute. You're jealous? What...you want to be my daddy?

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Among other things =P

FinalGirlRocks_666: Sorry facts are facts Boogeyman. Michael is daddy.

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Noted...

CHAPTER NINE



The tall coffin shaped door in front of where I stand, with the large “*Ghouls Dress Here*” etched in the center, has me at a real crossroad. The engraved door of the dressing room is where I should be headed so I can finish getting ready for tonight’s Horseman Hollow Duel. However, what I *should* do and what I *want* to do are two completely different things. I know it’s going to be a long night ahead. If I’m going to dance my ass off as this year’s Katrina Van Tassel *and* live another day as *Blair* Van Tassel, I’m going to need a drink, *or two*, before my shift starts.

Feeling summoned by the fully stocked bar to my left, I pivot my heels against the gleaming marbled floors. It’s always been a rule at Satan’s that the dancers aren’t allowed to drink while working, not like that has ever stopped me from sneaking a shot or two during my shift. I mean if murder being illegal doesn’t stop me from partaking in it, the no drinking rule is meaningless to me, plus I’m not technically on the clock yet so screw it.

Moving closer to the bar, my gaze begins to take in the overwhelming number of liquors to choose from. Much of the ambiance at Satan’s Stiletto is modeled after another bar one of the co-owners has in the city named The Sandy Claws. Except Satan’s vibe leans more early to late 2000s slasher nostalgia with some classic horror sprinkled in.

I continue to scan the shelves, about to settle for the bottle of Dogfish Head Compelling Gin that rests near a Michael Myers mask from Halloween II, when a shade of vibrant

orange flashes in my periphery. Adjusting my gaze, I see a pumpkin headed Horseman calling my name on the far-left beer tap.

Walking to the other side of the bar, I begin to look for a glass but, of course, there are none in sight. This should probably be my sign to give up and finish getting ready, but now that I'm really craving a pumpkin beer, I'm determined. Turning my back to the row of beer taps, I walk over to the small shelf with some pilsner glasses. Transferring my weight to my tip toes I try grabbing the pilsner glass from the middle shelf when I feel a warm, wrinkly hand on my shoulder.

Shit.

Debating if I should still snag the glass, the now persistent tapping at my shoulder blade, answers that question for me. Leaving the glass on the shelf, I plaster a beaming grin on my face as I turn around.

My forced smile falls flat, when a disappointed and *very* irritated Glinda purses her thin lips at me.

Ah, Glinda fucking Campbell. A true Jane of all trades. Not only does she still maintain her status as the suspicious widow of Sleepy Hollow, but she still remains one of my mom's best friends and the manager at Satan's, which makes her my boss and absolutely inescapable. *What a time to be alive.*

"Hey Glinda, you're early," I jokingly try to diffuse her mood, but she remains stoic and seemingly irritated with my attempt at humor.

Pressing her folded arms firmly across her abdomen, she shifts her weight to one hip. "Mhm," she mumbles. "So are you. I can't remember the last time you've arrived here on time, let alone early."

"Ha, I should ask you the same question. Thought you were too busy for this place," I tease.

Her eyes widen before her scowl deepens. She forgets that I know the real Glinda. The one that she tries to keep meticulously hidden. But she has been my mom's friend for as

long as I can remember, so she may fool others, but she can't fool me.

"I still show up when I am supposed to be here, so I don't know what you are getting at, Blair," she snaps. "Now get!" she raises her voice an octave higher, lifting her hand up, shooing me out from behind the bar.

Begrudgingly, I appease her because I know that if anyone, aside from Maddox, is capable of killing me, it's Glinda, so I need to play my cards carefully with her... for now at least.

Clicking my heels to the other side of the bar top, I drag one of the barstools out, purposely letting the legs drag on the floor to grab her attention from where it is now turned to me.

An audible sigh sounds from her lips as she adjusts the glass on the shelf that I wish was full of beer and in my hand. "I hope you are planning on behaving yourself tonight, missy."

"Of course," I lie, turning my head to where the Shipyard Pumpkin Ale is calling my name, taunting me. My gaze darts back to where Glinda is now wiping the counter by the register. Fuck it, if I can't get a glass, I'm just going to get it straight from the tap.

Carefully I rise from the barstool, trying not to let it skid from underneath me, so Glinda doesn't hear. I continue my slow movements, twisting myself upward, allowing my back to press against the counter. Centering my parted lips beneath the beer faucet, my hand hovers over the spigot. Just as I'm about to pour some liquid gold into my mouth, I feel a sting at my hand and yank it away from the beer line. My stare falls from the tap to the damp rag that is in Glinda's clenched palm, swatting at my hand.

Flustered, I scoff before settling back onto the bar stool. "Just one beer before my shift starts, please?" I bat my lashes, removing my hand from where it rests on the counter because, judging by her fiery stare, it looks like she's ready to swat at me again. "Come on, Glinda."

Her stern look is unwavering. "You know the rules," she deadpans, pointing to the minuscule "*Employee Rules*" sign

above the register.

“Ew, who reads those?” I laugh but again, she remains unmoved by my sarcasm.

“Clearly not you...ever.”

“We aren’t even open yet,” I say, pointing out the obvious.

Swaying, she moves onto her tiptoes, leaning forward to get a better look at where my legs are crossed. “I thought I told you that you had to cover as this year’s Katrina.” The judgment in her tone is palpable.

“Umm, I am?” I retort, emphasizing my outfit with my hands. I mean honestly, it’s not much different than what I usually wear to work, but I’m here aren’t I? That should be good enough.

She shakes her head. “Since when does Katrina Van Tassel have a knife stashed in her thigh harness?”

Since she became a stripper and has a relentless psycho stalker, that’s when.

I look down to where her disapproving glare remains on the clasp that secures my pocketknife. “Don’t be a hypocrite Glinda,” I grin. “Now, what do you say to one delicious pumpkin beer, and I will be out of your hair. Pretty please.”

She shakes her head, releasing a defeated sigh. “One and that’s it,” she agrees begrudgingly, lifting her index finger for emphasis.

“That’s a good girl,” I tease with a wink. “Oh, and don’t forget the cinnamon sugar rim!” I add, pushing my luck once again.

“Smart ass,” She mutters, rolling her eyes. “Fuck the rim, you are getting *one* beer, the way I serve it to you. You better chug it as fast as I know you can and get to it. You know, you truly are a piece of work.”

Ha, you have no idea.

“Takes one to know one, Glinny.”

She mumbles something else under her breath as she reluctantly moves over to grab a glass. Continuing to talk to herself, she pulls on the beer tap. Her wrinkled hand tilts the glass at an angle, and as I watch the amber liquid pour into the glass, I notice a ring on her left hand that I've never seen her wear before.

I squint, taking in the strange looking piece of jewelry. It's a simple titanium band, nothing to write home about but it's the diamond, or where the diamond should be that draws my attention. Centered on the band is a pear-shaped piece of glass. Upon first glance it looks to be clear, but the more I stare at it, especially now that she is swirling the glass upward, I notice that the glass holds something red. Shifting to the edge of the barstool, I try to lean forward to get a better look, when she removes the freshly poured beer from beneath the tap.

"Here you go," she says, placing the beer down on a coaster in front of where I sit.

I nod a thank you, bringing the boozy autumn nectar to my lips, taking a big gulp. As the beer begins to coat my throat, I continue to watch Glinda in my periphery, walking to the other side of the bar top, near the phone that's hung on the wall.

Lifting the receiver to her ear, she looks my way for a moment before angling her back so that I can't see the dial pad as she begins to press the buttons.

Typical Glinda, always so damn secretive.

Drinking the last of my beer, I can't help but notice an abrupt softness wash over her, which is *not* typical of her as she turns to face me. She begins noticeably fidgeting with the ring on her free hand before directing her unexpectedly glassy eyes to where mine are already glued on her. Bringing the mouthpiece of the phone inward, so it lays against her shoulder as she parts her lips to speak...*to me*.

"Be careful," she mouths before bringing the mouthpiece back to her lips.

My brows fall to a straightened line that shifts my bangs. I don't say anything back to her, because she is already speaking

to whoever is on the other line. Taking this bizarre interaction as my cue to head to the dressing room, my hand skims my thigh harness as I begin to walk away from the bar, more thankful than ever that I never leave the house without a knife.



Unknown: Tsk tsk little hellcat, don't you know it's rude to throw away gifts

Me: Omg stop texting me from random numbers!

Unknown: I wouldn't have to if you would stop blocking me

Me: The only thing I threw away was that lame note

Unknown: There's nothing lame about the truth

Unknown: I know honesty is a foreign concept to you though

Unknown: If you throw away your next gift I'll make you regret it

Me: I'd love to see you try...

Me: and do yourself a favor...cut the poetic shit. You want my fear? Give me something that will actually make me scream

Unknown: I plan on it...

Fuck, he is so irritating. Why I didn't stab him when I had the chance, like I did with Ethan...and the reporter — reporters, plural—from earlier this week is beyond me.

My jaw tenses as I pace back and forth in the dressing room. The stupid costume contest will be starting soon, and I need to see Delilah. Aside from being my best friend, her and I have hooked up on and off throughout the years of our friendship so her presence and tell it like it is attitude are a total comfort to me, which I need right now...desperately.

Not that Maddox Crane scares me, *please*. The only reason I *let* him live is because I find being watched hot, but the second I'm bored...bye bye. Which might be tonight if he keeps up with these boring letters. However, I feel off my game for some reason ever since my interaction with Glinda before at the bar and tonight, *of all nights*, I need to be sharp as the knife I keep on me at all times.

I continue to pace in front of my vanity when I hear muffled voices from the other side of the door. Moving closer, I recognize one of the voices to be Delilah's. I'm about to curl my hand around the knob to open it when the hinges begin to creak. I step back as waves of cerulean curls fill my vision as Delilah steps into the threshold of the dressing room.

Her head is turned, facing the main room. "D—" I begin but I'm interrupted by her shouting back at Glinda.

"I said I got it, chill!" she shouts before turning to me. "Jesus Christ, Glinda is unbearable tonight," she half laughs but I can tell something's off. Delilah is usually the more poised out of the two of us. Even when Glinda irritates her, which is an almost nightly occurrence, I've never seen her look so tense talking to her. Closing the space between us, she presses her full lips against my cheek for a kiss. "You look hot, Blair Witch," she breathes.

"Thanks D, so do you." I move my hand to the small of her back, rubbing it slightly. "Everything good?" I ask.

"Yep, all good" she shrugs, flashing me a pearly white smile. She's lying. I've known Delilah for a long time, and she rarely smiles like that and when she does, it's usually to cover something.

Still skeptical, I arch my brows. "Right."

“Anyway,” she deflects, walking in front of me toward our neighboring vanities. As her hips sway with her stride, a familiar scent wafts at my nose. I turn my attention to where she now places her tote bag on the floor.

I take a step closer, unintentionally peering into her bag when a black box with a white and *speckled red* bow on it steals my attention.

“Hey D, what’s that?” I ask, tilting my chin down to her bag.

She moves her gaze to where she just placed her bag on the floor. Her vibrant blue curls cascading down her side as she retrieves what appears to be a gift box.

My heart begins to thud what feels like a mile a minute as the red speckled bow comes into view because that’s most definitely blood splattered on the ribbon.

Fuck, what’s in there? But more importantly, why does my best friend have it in her possession. I guess time has made my admirer bolder because he’s never had gift packages like this delivered to my job, he’s usually more subtle.

I don’t wait for Delilah to say anything before I snatch the box from her.

“Ay dios mio!” Delilah exclaims, throwing her hands up in the air. “Blair, what’s gotten into you?”

Ignoring her question, my curiosity is heightened, not only from the bloody ribbon that Delilah somehow has not noticed, but from the *weight* of the box.

My eyes continue to scan the box in my hand, trying to rack my brain as to what the hell is *inside* that’s making it so heavy, when I notice a small envelope with *Blair* is spelled out in what looks to be smeared blood.

“Where did you find this?” I ask.

Confused as to why I’m questioning her, she parts her lips. “Umm, Glinda gave it to me when I came in.”

That makes no sense, why wouldn’t Glinda have given this to me before when I was at the bar?

“How did she get it?” I don’t hide the urgency in my voice.

Her brown irises lock on mine, oblivious to the storm raging inside of me.

“I don’t know, she just told me to give it to you.” She shrugs, “It’s probably from one of the contestants trying to butter you up.”

“Yeah,” I fake a smile. “That must be it.”

I want to open it, but I don’t want Delilah to be present when I do. She is my best friend and knows most of my oddities, but there are things I have done—and *still do*, even though I shouldn’t—that I don’t want her to know about.

“Well, open it!” She nudges.

Squeezing the box against my chest, I swallow hard before answering. “I’d rather not.”

“Oh, come on, you’re being silly,” she says, reaching for the box, but I move it out of her reach.

“Stop!” I shout, my heart now thumping in my chest.

I feel bad being so harsh, but I still don’t know what the hell is in this *gift*. *I don’t* need to involve Delilah in this anymore than she probably already has been.

“Damn B, who cares. Members give us gifts all the time, especially on duel night. It’s not that big of a deal”

Bulging my eyes at her, my hands curl against the box. “D, you know it’s not like that.”

“Whatever Blair, why don’t you collect yourself and I’ll meet you out there okay?” She shakes her head at me when suddenly it looks like a lightbulb has gone off in her head. “Oh my god, it’s *him* isn’t it?”. The enthusiasm in her voice runs dry pretty quick as she begins to shake her head. “Girl, I warned you about this,” she clicks her tongue.

“I know, I know,” I say, trying to shrug her off. “It’s fine.”

“Bullshit,” D quips.

“D, it’s fine,” I repeat myself, bringing a hand to her cheek, gently caressing it.

She rolls her eyes clearly not buying it. “Listen, if there’s anything in there that will hurt you, you fucking tell me, and we’ll handle it. You got it?”

I nod my head, just to help move this along so I can go to a bathroom stall to open it alone. Of course, there will be something inside that will hurt me, in more ways than one, but if I tell her that, she’ll stop me from opening it.

“I’ll be just outside by the bar. See you there in a few?” D asks.

“Yep, you got it,” I grin, curiosity beginning to mount to painful proportions.

Reluctantly, Delilah moves to the doorway and with her hand on the doorknob, she turns to me. “I mean it, if you need help, you tell me. Promise?”

“Promise,” I lie.

As soon as Delilah is out of sight, I scurry over to the bathroom. My heart rattles against my chest, making my pulse feel like it’s drumming at my ears as I mentally prepare myself for the latest round of what’s sure to be a fucked up surprise. Locking myself inside one of the stalls, my curiosity guides my hands first to the bloodied envelope.

The metallic aroma that’s been present ever since I snatched the box from Delilah’s purse is now heightened as I sit down. Notes of iron and copper consume my senses the closer the bloodied envelope comes to my face while I open it.

Coarse card stock, thicker than the one from the note before scratches at my palm. It’s another handwritten note containing more from The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. However, as I skim past the remaining excerpt, I notice another message, this time written in bold, capitalized letters in a distinctly red hue.

**"IF HIS PATH HAD NOT BEEN CROSSED BY A BEING
THAT CAUSES MORE PERPLEXITY TO MORTAL MAN
THAN GHOSTS, GOBLINS, AND THE WHOLE RACE OF
WITCHES PUT TOGETHER, AND THAT WAS - A
WOMAN" - WASHINGTON IRVING**

**THEY SAY REVENGE IS SWEET. I WONDER
JUST HOW SWEET IT TASTES...**

I read the last sentence over, unable to discern what he means by emphasizing the sweet appeal of revenge, I crumple the note in hand. It's then as I sit in the narrow confines of the bathroom stall, forced to stare at the black box in my hands, that the unexpected scent of warm sugar begins to beat at my nostrils.

The word "sweet" echoes in my mind. "Tastes sweet?" I ask myself aloud as my stomach begins to flip, wondering what the fuck I'm holding that can smell both sweet and like copper death at the same time.

Peeling the taped seal open, the sweet and bitter aroma nips at my face. Beneath a bed of crinkled gift paper, lay a dozen Pillsbury Halloween cookies. Just like the ones my mom held hostage from me, ironically, fifteen years ago when this nightmare started. I don't reach for one, I know better. No one receives baked treats from their stalker with a note emphasizing the sweet bliss of revenge without there being a catch.

Appraising the batch of cookies, I notice a patch of red poking through from beneath the first row. Shaking the box gently to shift the top layer out of place, a row of crimson frosted cookies appears with H31 and F666 written on them in what definitely looks like blood ovetop what should be an adorable pumpkin.

What an asshole. Who decorates perfectly good cookies with blood? I can't eat this now, I'm not a fucking vampire. Oh, I swear, this man is maddening. He sure knows a way to ruin everything that's good, including my mood, because as if I wasn't already, I'm fucking over him and his lame games.

I go to stand up so I can toss this shitty gift in the garbage when I'm reminded of the box's weight.

Scooping the cookies up, along with the gift filler, I open the lid to flush them down the toilet, revealing two more gift boxes, each smaller than the one before.

I rip the second box open and an unsettling rush of déjà vu washes over me. The sea of black tissue paper that covers whatever "gift" he has next for me becomes lost in the backdrop. All I can focus on is the small glass cylinder that looks almost identical to Glinda's ring.

My mind begins to race, wondering if Glinda had some involvement in this because what are the chances that I receive a vial of blood damn near identical to the one she was wearing. Or maybe he's gotten to her too and there is more at play here. Either way, I feel compelled to reach for it.

As I remove the vial, I feel something pull against the chain it's attached to. The more I yank the necklace towards me a web of leather straps and buckles begins to unravel until an intricate body harness is unveiled. The chain that drapes down securing the blood-filled vial is centered on a thick black collar that gives way to a leather strap that goes down the sternum. Lace coincides with the leather on the bottom piece of the harness that looks like it's meant to be secured at the crotch. My fingers graze the lace, noticing a piece of paper wrapped around the middle.

Unraveling the paper, another handwritten note awaits me.

**SINCE I WENT OUT OF MY WAY TO BAKE YOUR
FAVORITE COOKIES AND HAVE THIS HARNESS
CUSTOM MADE WITH YOUR EXACT MEASUREMENTS**

**—YES, I HAVE MEMORIZED EVERY INCH OF YOUR 38
- 26.5 - 40 BODY—I EXPECT TO SEE YOU SHAKING
YOUR ASS ON STAGE WEARING WHAT I GIFTED YOU.
AND BECAUSE IT'S ALMOST HALLOWEEN AND I'M
IN A GIVING MOOD, I HAVE ONE MORE SURPRISE
FOR YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT. YOU TRIED TO
STAB ME ONCE WITH IT AND I WOULD LOVE TO SEE
YOU TRY AGAIN...**

Tossing the note on the ground, my fingers skim past the lingering tissue paper until I feel the familiar handle of the knife that's been held hostage by this psycho all these years. Excitement creeps in my veins, increasing by the second, as my fingers curl around the smooth handle.

A smile washes over my face as I lift the steel to my red painted lips, pressing a kiss to the blade. My lips linger on the cool steel, savoring this moment when the last sentence from the note swarms my periphery, cutting this blissful reunion short.

**OH, AND I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...I ADDED A
LITTLE SOMETHING TO THE HANDLE.**

Removing the blade from where it's been pressed against my lips, dread fills me as my eyes slowly scan down from the blade to the handle.

My chest tightens from the anger that begins to burn through my sternum as I stare at the *new* engraving etched just past the small initials I had added when I first got it.

'Til death.

My gaze locked on the stupid idiom, I feel my temples begin to throb, brainstorming all the ways I'm going to cut him with my knife he so graciously returned to me.

I remain lost in my thoughts, until a shiver suddenly erupts, crackling its icy heat down my spine. The theme song to Halloween begins to play, rattling the speakers in the bathroom that are connected to the main stage area, signaling that the Horseman's Hollow Duel is about to begin.

Which means he'll be here any minute ready to torment me... like I deserve.

CHAPTER TEN



With my mask on my face and my tools stowed in the leather compartment I've attached to my harness, I'd say I'm ready for tonight's festivities to begin. I trust by now my little hellcat received my final gift of the evening.

I made sure to have Cam's business associate, William, drop it off at Satan's shortly after she arrived. I hope it helps set the tone for what she's in store for this evening. If she knows what's good for her, she will see my gift as a warning flare and the absolute last opportunity she will have to run far away from me. Because what will transpire tonight isn't a playful game of cat and mouse...*it's revenge.*

As I round the corner by Oogie's Ink, about to cross the street to the entrance of Satan's Stiletto, a flash of red fills my vision. A hungry grin works its way to my concealed lips that bump against my mask when the Excelsior New York license plate, FNL GRL6, comes into view.

It's adorable, how she really believes that she is a final girl. As if every lie that composes her volatile personality isn't owned by me. The life that I have allowed her to live, free from repercussions, hasn't been to spare her, it's been to trick her, like she has done to me...for the last time.

Peering over my shoulder, I make sure no one is around to see where I am now kneeling at the rear of her car. Not that anyone would recognize me with the mask and hood concealing my face, but still. The only way tonight will work as planned is by having no interference, either by the law or

any nosy onlookers stepping in. So, being extra cautious, even if it feels monotonous, is a must.

Grabbing my house keys from where they are strung on the chain I always keep draped at my side, I begin to glide the jagged edge against the metal plate. The scraping sound grates my ears as I etch a wide “X” along the letters, but I don’t care. Keying her license plate is just a warmup for what else I plan on marking this evening. I decide to deepen the keyed gash on her license plate, retracing where I carved the “X” as my back pocket begins to vibrate.

Raising from my kneeled position behind her car, I reach for my phone as I begin to cross the street to where my little hellcat thinks she is safe from me.

Ha, never.

Cam: You have to be fucking kidding me... another one?!

Me: I don't know what you're talking about =)

Cam: Cut the shit. Bill just told me. We discussed this. Stop going rogue.

Me: It needed to be done.

Cam: No it didn't. You need to stop cleaning up after her!

Me: I know, but I can't let history repeat itself. Not tonight.

Cam: Whatever. That girl is going to get you killed.

Cam: Just do me a favor...stay away from Satan's tonight. Too risky.

Me: Ha, funny you say that... I'm actually crossing the street to head there now.

Cam: Maddox, I'm serious!

Me: So am I =)

Three dots flash on the screen, but I close out of our message without waiting to read Cam's last-ditch effort to talk any sense into me. I already know Cam is going to urge me to stay away from her or tell me that I should have killed her when I had the chance so messes like the one I was forced to clean up earlier wouldn't happen again. All of which I know already and all of which mean nothing to me.

Of course, I should stay away from Blair. But where is the fun in that?

Part of what makes the chase so damn exhilarating is that I'm not chasing a meek mouse. I'm competing against a predator as capable of death as I am.

Though, as I pull the elongated handle of Satan's Stiletto towards me, I wonder if what I have planned to punish her for what she started fifteen years ago is taking it too far.

Oh well, it's too late now.

I'm coming for you little hellcat. Masked and ready to make your night a living hell.



Chad Kroeger's rasp blazes through the speakers closest to the center stage as Nickelback's "Next Contestant" fills the main room of Satan's. Humming to the beat, I move past the rich velvet entry curtains, making my way to the bar when a commotion erupts a few feet ahead of me.

From the looks of it the annual Horseman's Hollow Duel appears to be wrapping up, which means that this year's chosen Katrina Van Tassel will be gracing the stage, twirling around in her All Hollow's Eve's best.

I can't fucking wait.

But, before that, a winner must be chosen.

The past few years, whoever has dressed as the Headless Horseman has won, which isn't a surprise because nothing is appealing or scary about someone dressed in their colonial best with their head still attached.

But this year is different, it doesn't matter how good the Ichabod, or the Horseman costumes are, or who is declared the winner because tonight, *Katrina* is mine...just like every other night.

The music fades as I find an empty seat at the center of the bar that faces the DJ standing in the middle of the contestants, separating the Ichabod Cranes from the Headless Horsemen.

The DJ, who is dressed like Frankenstein, is holding a clipboard in his painted green hands.

Grabbing the microphone, an ear-piercing shriek erupts before he speaks into it. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he begins with as much enthusiasm as someone who is filing taxes. "Before our Katrina comes out on stage, we must decide if she will be whisked away by Ichabod or the Horseman."

"Neither," I mumble to myself as the crowd rumbles in applause.

"All those in favor of Ichabod, say 'I'," the DJ mumbles into the microphone.

I stare at a woman who can't be more than five feet tall, dressed in a long navy-blue coat with a ruffled white top beneath it. Her auburn hair is combed back, giving the illusion of a short haircut. She is pretty and definitely Blair's type—Blair has been known to entertain the likes of men and women but judging from the way the woman comes off as meek, she doesn't stand a chance in the storm that is Blair Van Tassel.

In unison, the crowd yells "I" just as the DJ instructed. It's loud, but not loud enough to win.

A few moments later, after the chants have subsided, the DJ repeats the same spiel, this time pointing to an absolute abomination to the Horseman's legacy. There stands a drunken buffoon who can barely stand up straight. He raises his hands

in the air and his equally intoxicated friends roar louder than those who cheered for the other costume.

Confusion takes over the DJ's face as he scans the audience, trying to get a gauge on who the winner should be.

I reach for my phone, checking the time, growing anxious with this dragged-out contest. I just want him to declare the winner so I can mess with Blair a little. Letting her think she's free from me for the evening, even though she knows deep down I'd never allow that to happen.

I watch as the DJ's lips part to speak but my focus is stolen by an aggressive tapping at my shoulder. Shifting in my seat, I see the scowling face of an older woman dressed like Herman Munster's wife.

I raise myself up on my forearms, leaning in close to make sure she hears me through the thick plaster of my mask. "Yes, Lily?" I announce through the barrier of my mask.

I watch her expression teeter between annoyance and horror as her eyes bounce from side to side of my mask. She inches closer to where my elbows are on the bar top and I clear my throat, trying to break her judgmental gaze, but my attention is stolen when I hear the guy dressed as the Horseman cheer like a jock at a frat party, his equally lame friends cheering him on, for winning a private dance with Katrina...*my* Katrina.

I glide my hand across the jawline of my mask, feeling for the button that rests just behind my ear. Tapping the concealed button twice, the bottom half of my mask retracts, exposing my scruff covered mouth, while leaving the top half of my face covered. I added this feature with Blair in mind because it allows me to remain masked while having my tongue exposed and ready at her beck and call, if need be. Though now I figure it will help the bartender hear me better. "Lily Munster, right?" I ask, observing her the intricate bat wing sleeves of her costume.

She stands, with lips pursed and a hesitancy deep on her wrinkled brow. "Yes," she responds, shifting her gaze

sporadically across my mask. “What are you dressed as, a paper mache project gone bad?”

My tongue swipes at my bottom lip just as her face shrivels in disgust at the sight of my forked tongue. An audible gasp leaks from her lips before she brings her wrinkled hand to her mouth.

“Calm down, I don’t bite, and I think you meant what do I want? Usually when a patron has this,” I pause, lifting from my seat to retrieve the wad of cash from my pocket before slamming it down on the counter. “You should ask what they want. What they are shouldn’t matter,” I add with a shit-eating grin.

I push the wad of cash closer to her. “Take it,” I command.

Her gaze moves to the stage with a not so subtle side eye, before looking back at me and taking the cash.

“Good girl,” I tease.

“What-fucking-ever,” she rolls her eyes, her previously coy demeanor now frigid. “What do you want?”

“To drink?” I ask, scanning the options on the shelves. “A beer. Miller Lite.”

I move my palms against the bar top, causing the old woman’s eyes to dart in the direction of the custom-made ring on my index finger. Her eyes widen, as she glares down at the full vial that is centered on the elongated ring. Ha, if only she knew what is on the other side of the band.

“And to eat?” she asks as the beginning of Enter Sandman sounds from the speakers.

Her song.

“Her.” I nod my head in the direction of where the spotlights cross in front of the stage.

And fuck do I ever want to have my split tongue all over that treacherous Van Tassel cunt. I want to kill her, but a man can eat before he kills, right?

“Excuse me?” she moves her gaze from the ring and back to my masked face.

“You heard me, Lily,” I sneer. “You asked me what I wanted to eat. I said *her*.”

She straightens, taking two steps back from the bar top, crossing her hands in front of her body. “Listen here you crass piece of shit, my name is Glinda, first off. Kudos for recognizing my costume, lord knows no one else did. I got so many Elvira’s. Which is absurd, Elvira’s sleeves flare at the wrist, they don’t drape like this.” She stops, moving her hand to emphasize the very distinct Lily Munster sleeves. “I was so close to punching someone earlier because of it and I’ll punch you if need be. Got it?”

I nod.

“Draft or bottle?”

I move closer to the edge of the bar, leaning my tall frame over, watching all that feistiness begin to wither.

She flinches when I extend my hand.

“I come in peace.” *For now*. “Bottle, please. Now hurry, I don’t want to miss a second of watching my prize dance.”

Confusion stirs within her. “Your prize? You didn’t participate in the contest,” she reminds me, placing the amber bottle of Miller in my hand. I push my chin in the direction of the cash I gave her just moments before. As she goes to reach for it, I lean forward, angling the neck of the beer bottle down, and pour its contents into the small drain beneath the tap. The drink foams as I empty the amber bottle of the beer.

With the wad of cash still in hand, she slams her fist down on the counter.

“What the...” she begins.

But I click my tongue, stopping her. “Calm down, the amount of cash in your hand includes the beer also.” I place the empty bottle of Miller near where her hand rests.

“Also?” she asks, confused.

“Yes, that,” I tip the beer bottle so the bottom grazes her hand, “is my bid, and this,” I pause, lifting the bottle upward. “Is in case anyone has a problem with it.”

Her eyes widen. “I won’t have none of that here. I don’t know who you think you are...”

A ghost from Ms. Van Tassel’s past, ready to resurrect all those demons she tries to keep hidden. That’s fucking who.

She continues to go on about something, but I tune her out. I’m too preoccupied with the fact that Blair will be gracing the stage as this year’s Katrina any second now.

“Alright, your call, but I figured a beer bottle upside the head would be preferable to a knife in the gut,” I beam with sarcasm.

She shakes her head in disgust. “Watch it,” she warns. “I’ll have to call Mr. Moretti to confirm—”

My hand lifts to stop her. “Already done. Like I said that cash more than covers the fee for Ms. Van Tassel this evening. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a debt to collect.”

The barbells that line my cock feel like magnets, all being pulled in the direction of where she’s about to take the stage.

Ready or not, daddy’s coming for you little hellcat.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



“I can’t believe you took my knife,” I whisper to Delilah through a tense jaw, though she doesn’t respond. Her gaze is laser focused on the sliver of space at the center of the drawn curtain that separates the crowd from where we stand backstage.

“I needed that, you know,” I add, bringing my hand to her shoulder, tapping it in an effort to wake her from the daze she is in, but it’s useless. “Hello? Earth to Delilah.”

Finally, her torso twists in my direction, breaking the brief hold I had on her. “Blair, you can’t keep doing this,” she reprimands, seemingly dumbfounded as to how I have a knack for running *into* trouble instead of away from it.

“Doing what?” I deflect.

“This!” she exclaims, throwing both hands up in the air for emphasis. “Haven’t you gotten into enough trouble with knives?”

I bat my lashes at her before my lip falls into a pout. Swinging my hips forward, I close the space between us. My index finger brushes against her forearm. Playfully, I drag my finger up and down, stroking her skin. I can tell by the way she is biting her bottom lip that she’s trying her hardest to keep a stern front with me. “D, can I have my knife back? Pretty please,” I plead with a pouted lip.

My hold on her begins to shift as she crosses her arms tight above her abdomen. “Don’t you even try to butter me up,” she clicks her tongue. She sinks deep into one hip before unfolding

her arms and wagging her finger at me. “I’m your best friend—”

“Exactly. So, you out of anyone should know why I need my knife.”

I watch as her cerulean curls bounce against the motion of her head swaying side to side as she scoffs.

“What you *need* is help. Which I offered you, countless times. Even though Alex and I aren’t together anymore, he cares for me and you, just like he does all the girls that work here. His connections in the city, they could help take care of that fucking psycho.”

Except...they won’t.

What Delilah doesn’t know is that shortly after I started working at Satan’s, I discovered that Maddox is friends with Alex. Apparently, they all grew up in the same neighborhood. So, Alex’s connection to the Moretti crime family—mainly his cousin Carmine, who is part owner of Satan’s—doesn’t do me any good. They would only support his need to punish me for what I did to him and, even if they did want to help me, I don’t want the help.

“I can take care of it myself,” I reassure her, but the lingering look of disapproval is still ripe in her expression.

“I’m only looking out for you, Blair Witch.” She pauses, smiling. “You’re as stubborn as they come, but if you change your mind... let me know.”

I move closer to her. “I promise, I got this.”

Delilah moves her hands to the curtain, parting it slightly. She releases a sigh that almost sounds like she’s relieved. She centers her neck at the split of the curtains as she scans the audience. “Well, I don’t see him in the crowd,” she whispers, crossing her fingers. “Maybe he won’t be here.”

The moment I hear “*maybe he won’t be here*” a lump becomes lodged in my throat as disappointment settles in. I need him to be here. I need him to think I’m sorry for what I did so he can lower his guard, allowing me to finally get rid of the upper hand he *thinks* he has on me.

The knot in my throat loosens as the beginning of Enter Sandman begins to play. The music is so loud that it feels like the floor is vibrating.

The crowd begins to cheer. Drunken shouts emerge before a thunderous clap, followed by chants of “*Katrina*” sounds all around me, but all I can think about is him. As always. God I really wish I fucking killed him that night. These games we play, as fun as they can be, have become exhausting and...all consuming.

Delilah is now standing behind me, with her hands on my shoulders, centering me behind the curtain. Her hands fall to my ass where she gives me a good luck tap just as the opening riff begins to build and my adrenaline begins to spike.

With my entrance mark of the song nearing, I look back at Delilah who has moved off to the side of the stage. She mouths at me to be careful, but what should be a warning only makes me more excited for what the night has in store. Chaos and all.

My fingers brush against the smooth curtains just as they begin to part, exposing me to the flashing lights and boisterous applause that competes with the music blaring from the speakers. The energy of the crowd feels contagious, it fuels my inner exhibitionist. I love having all eyes on me, though I’d be lying if I said these strangers’ eyes are enough to really get me going. It’s his eyes I need, whether concealed beneath the strange masks he likes to wear, or bare and brazen, with his light blue-green irises and pierced brow. Those are the eyes I need, watching me, plotting against me, I don’t care, as long as they are on me, that’s when I feel the most alive.

With the curtains cast to the sides of the stage, I emerge as this year’s slutty Katrina Van Tassel. Cheers sound once more, this time several octaves higher, making the floor of the stage feel like its trembling. I blow a playful kiss to the crowd, before waving my hand up, greeting the rowdy patrons as I strut my curves over to the pole in the center of the stage.

Bright spotlights flash, making it difficult to see if he’s here. All my gaze is met with is a sea of rowdy costumed

patrons, half dressed as the Headless Horseman and the other half as Ichabod Crane.

Disappointment rattles my core, feeling like a sting to my heart, but if there's one thing, I've learned from all these years of being the recipient of Maddox's peculiar tastes it's that he thrives off tricks. He'll be here, likely when I'm in the middle of my routine, probably with the hopes of throwing me off.

I give up my search for him and instead lean into the music so I can get in the zone. Pressing my back against the pole, I lift my hands overhead, searing my grip to the pole as I glide down, slowly parting my thighs into a split. My legs bend and widen, causing a boisterous roar to explode. I love the way my body feels as it meshes with the pole. It's similar to the way it feels when I have a knife in my possession. When I'm on the pole I feel as powerful as when I kill—they have become two of my favorite pastimes, with the exception of stringing along Maddox who, much to my surprise, *still* isn't here.

How the fuck am I supposed to stab him *again* if he doesn't show up?

Hands still above my head, I tighten my grip, twisting them on the pole as I begin to slowly roll my stance upward. My back arches as I rise from my split position, extending my hip forward so I can begin my first spinning pirouette.

Wrapping my other ankle around the bottom of the pole, my body suspends into a twirl as I surrender myself to the dance. Or try to, but tonight feels different. The usual calm that I feel when I'm up on stage isn't working its magic right now. I wonder if the damn vial of blood that's slung around my neck has anything to do with it. I can only imagine whose blood is trapped within the glass vial; knowing that Maddox is about as stabby as I am, it could literally be anyone.

As the sinister chant verse of Enter Sandman is about to play, I decide to slow the tempo of my movements. Straightening my spine, I grab hold of the middle of the pole and slowly begin to circle it. I make sure to keep a seductive stare on the crowd and keep my hips swaying to the beat to give the illusion of it being part of my routine. But I'm really

using this part of the song as an opportunity to see where he's hiding.

“Hush little baby don't say a word, and never mind that noise you heard. It's just the beast under your bed, in your closet, in your head...”

I'm about to make another full turn when, through the darkness that lingers over the seating area, I see my favorite possessive fool, making his way through the crowd.

The way he moves is like a god parting the dark sea. Dressed in all black, his annoyingly delicious body is highlighted by a thick leather harness strapped along his chest that works its intricate web down to his thighs. The chains that drape at his sides makes his stoic presence—tall, dark, and sinister—feel like a match to my waiting flame. The pole that I have been twirling around is no longer made of steel, but of every part of him I want to wrap myself around before I drain the life out of him.

A devious grin breaks from my lips when I see the mask covering his face, a veil made from a sinister scrapbook. I have to say, the level of dedication he has for unique and creepy masks really is a turn on, even if I find him to be absolutely infuriating.

Now that he's sitting front and center, I decide to have a little fun. I begin exaggerating my every move, teasing him a bit and judging from the wide set of his legs as he sits watching me, I'd say it's working.

He thinks he has me trapped. That there's nowhere to run. But he forgets, the only reason I allow him to chase me – *and live*– is because I get off on the chase. Role play is one thing, but having a kink that only a depraved devil such as himself can provide day or night, deadly consequences and all? That's the only reason I haven't added him to my roster like I did with Ethan and the, I don't know, two dozen others I've killed over the years.

As I hoist myself to the top of the pole for the song's finish, I notice Glinda walking angrily over to the DJ booth. I'm used to seeing Glinda in a pissy mood but this is different.

Even from up here, I can practically feel her seething. Curious as to what has her so vexed, though taking a wild guess that it probably has to do with the fact Maddox is here, on Satan's biggest night, likely has something to do with it.

Spreading my legs into a suspended split, the blood begins to rush to my head, muffling my hearing as I descend down the pole. With my body contorted in this position, my eyes are now forced to focus on where Maddox's large palm is teasing the leather strap of his thigh harness. Large, ample veins swim on his muraled skin causing a rush of heat to travel to my core. The aroused feeling that begins to wash over me is only exemplified by the unusual stream of boo's that begin to sound from the audience. Which can mean only one thing. He didn't come here just to watch, he came here to make sure that no one gets to me, unless it's him.

My suspicions are confirmed when I hear Glinda's stern voice flow through the speakers.

"I apologize, everyone. It looks like there has been a mix up with who gets the evening with this year's Katrina."

And so, it begins.

CHAPTER TWELVE



I don't know how it's possible that in the five thousand six hundred fifty-seven and a half days (and counting) that my steps have trailed hers, she finds ways not only to be more devious than the day prior, but even more stunning than all her days before.

I'd put money on the fact that no one in this room, aside from myself and maybe her best friend, Delilah, whose harsh glare feels like it's searing its way past my mask, would guess that someone as delicious as Blair Van Tassel could be so deceiving. I also bet no one would guess that her deceit spans further than what most would even fathom. Take this evening for example, here she is practically glowing up on stage mere hours after poisoning an innocent man to death. A man whose death would have, once again, been pinned on me if I didn't intervene. Which I will be reminding her of once I get my hands on that pretty fucking neck of hers.

No one—and I mean absolutely *nobody*—knows her like I do. It's why year after year I'll keep coming back for more until one of us finally snaps and puts the other out of their misery. Judging by the way Blair's fists are now clenched at her sides, I have a feeling tonight just might be that night. *Lucky me.*

I continue to stare at her through the small eye holes of my mask, admiring the way her body shines beneath the overhead lights. Even the bead of sweat that slides down her forehead makes my tongue dance in hunger, wanting to lick every glistening inch of her.

Biting down on my lip, I try to fight the immense urge I have to rush the fucking stage and take her, here and now, whether she likes it or not, with all these people watching but I'll refrain...*for now*.

The things I have in mind for tonight require patience. So, instead, I will take pleasure in knowing that the evening she *thought* she was going to have, with whoever thought they were winning her for the night, is about to go up in flames. Kind of like how my entire life has since her and I have declared this unending war against each other.

I lean back in the chair and the creaks echo against the walls of the now quieted room. Slowly, I turn my attention from my little hellcat, who stands center stage staring at the bartender, Glinda, standing next to an apprehensive looking DJ, as she and everyone else wait for the inevitable to commence.

The microphone in the DJ's hand scuffs against his lips, hesitancy written across his brow. His eyes widen, nudging his neck forward at Glinda like he needs to double check he is allowed to speak what she just whispered to him. I don't miss the way Glinda pauses to meet my masked gaze in the sea of people, shooting me a venomous look, before nodding to the DJ, motioning for him to speak.

"Um, hold on folks," the DJ mutters into the microphone, again looking to Glinda for direction. While they mumble something amongst themselves, with the microphone away from where eager ears can hear what they are saying, I look back to Blair. She huffs an exaggerated sigh causing her onyx bangs to lift upward and shift from her equally dark stare. It's so adorable when she is mad. I can't wait to see how pissed off she will look when she hears that this year's Horseman Duel Costume Contest had a little hiccup.

Gliding my palm up my thigh toward the cool leather strap of my leg harness, I smirk beneath my mask, because wouldn't you look at that. My little hellcat's flustered stare is trailing where my hand is now stationed near my groin. Slipping my thumb in the metal ring of the harness, I twist my wrist upward, so my fingers raise to a subtle wave before I tap them

on my leg. Wishing she would strut off that stage and come sit on daddy's lap so I can spank her for being a bad little psycho killer.

As if she can read my thoughts, her expression grows more enraged, as she bites down on that plump bottom lip of hers trying so damn hard to stay composed. Taking advantage of her gaze on me, I decide to send a subtle greeting her way. Gliding my palm near my crotch, I watch as her eyes widen the closer my hand gets to where my dick is pressing against my pants. I curl my palm, pressing all but my middle finger in.

Her icy stare is so irritated by my snarky little "fuck you" that I swear I can feel each of the barbells that pierce my shaft turn to fucking ice the longer her cold gaze is locked on me. She must sense the way my cock stiffens from her stare because my little hellcat swipes her tongue at her lips, trying to disguise a grin.

That's my bad girl.

Though our moment is interrupted by a screech that echoes from the speakers as the DJ breathes into the microphone. "Ugh," he mumbles again, still unsure of what to say.

An ever-frustrated Glinda, throws her hands up in the air, tossing me another glance that makes Blair's look warm and welcoming. She mumbles something under her breath before stepping toward the DJ and snatching the microphone from him. He looks immediately relieved that he doesn't need to make the announcement Glinda is about to make.

"I apologize everyone, it looks like there's been a mix up with this year's Horseman Hollow Duel," Glinda announces. The moment the words leave her mouth, boos sound from everyone sitting in the crowd. The noise is so loud that it's almost impossible to hear what Glinda is saying next. Not that I'm paying attention anyway, all I can pay attention to is the supple meat of Blair's thighs rippling against the confines of her fishnets with each step she makes toward where Glinda is addressing the rowdy crowd. Seeing her throat held captive by the collar that starts the intricate web of leather that hugs her body tempts me to press the control button I have on my ring

and amp up this evening. But I will be patient, because any second now she will learn she is mine for the evening, to do as I please with.

Glinda brings her fingers to her thin lips for a whistle, which, surprisingly, silences the room. “Now I realize this is very disappointing but there was a clear miscommunication this year on the staff’s end, and for that, I apologize,” her voice is full of agitation.

More audible boos than before, this time reminiscent of angry football fans, erupt before the pathetic excuse of a Headless Horseman rises from his chair, the one whose shitty costume apparently won him a night with my Blair. Vexed by the sheer audacity of this scumbag, I use this as my cue to rise from my chair and follow.

“Bullshit!” the man shouts. “She’s mine. I won her fair and square!”

Did this pea coated, pathetic waste of space, whose mere presence is an insult to The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and all Halloween costumes that ever existed in the history of forever, just fucking say what I think he did?

That she, *my* Blair, is his?

I don’t fucking think so.

My vision tunnels in molten anger as I glide to where this prick has the audacity to be pointing his finger in Glinda’s face. She is merely the begrudging messenger, but I have no problem telling this asshole myself that this year’s Katrina is mine and *not* his. Now standing behind where his back is turned, drunkenly berating Glinda, I lower my hand to his shoulder which stiffens upon contact, tapping it forcefully.

He turns around, immediately forced to look up to where I stand almost a full foot taller than he is. His lips part, but he becomes distracted by the writing all over my mask. His glassy eyes swing back and forth in an attempt to read one of the many messages I have plastered on it. Everything written on my face is only meant for Blair and I to understand and no

one else. Despite our size difference, he puffs his chest outward in a sad attempt to preserve his dignity.

“Can I help you?” he asks, voice trembling.

“Your name?” I ask.

His bushy brows lower in confusion, which only irritates me more. Not only is this prolonging me getting my girl, but how does this asshole not know something as simple as his name?

I motion my hand forward, prompting him to answer.

Instead, he turns to look at Blair, who is now standing with her hands on her hips, looking as bored by this delay as I am annoyed.

Don't worry baby, daddy's bored too. You'll be mine to fuck with soon. Not this asshole's. I think to myself, letting out a scoff as I tilt my head upward, cracking my neck before readdressing the man who insists on being nameless.

I clear my throat. “I asked what your name is. But if you prefer for me to call you dickwad, I could do that. No problem.” I sneer, closing the space between me and this dweeb once more.

His timid eyes scale up my height before he opens his mouth to speak.

“K-k-evin,” he stutters as if he’s asking a question and not telling me his name.

“Are you sure about that buddy? You sound a bit uncertain.” I stop, releasing a cackle.

His spine straightens as he attempts to puff his chest forward, clearing his throat “I think I’d know my fucking name,” he retorts, this time with a more even tone.

“Just making sure since you seem to be confused. What makes you think you could even handle an hour alone with her, let alone an entire evening?”

“What makes you think I couldn’t?” he retorts, trying so damn hard to sound intimidating, but the man is practically

shaking.

Taking another step forward, the tip of my boot is now rubbing against his worn-out sneakers. I inch my neck forward, tilting my head down to look at him. “A woman like this requires a certain *madness* that you simply don’t possess.”

I move my gaze to where Blair’s face begins to light up from watching this pissing match me and Kevy boy have found ourselves in, all because of her.

Moving my hands behind my back, I weave my fingers together as I move forward, circling him. “You know, Kevin. You insulted me.”

“How?” he finally mutters.

Before I can answer, Glinda steps in front of me, moving her hand to my forearm. Clearing her throat, Glinda chimes in, clamping her cold, frail hand on my skin. “Enough,” she warns.

“Let go of me,” I mutter, but Glinda does not falter.

“No,” she deadpans, “You’ve made your point, now get.”

I remain where I am, seething at the sight of Kevin, who is now joined by his drunk frat boy friends.

“You heard the lady,” Kevin chides as his equally douchebaggy friends clap, egging him on. “Go on, get.”

My fist tightens as I force it forward, breaking the hold Glinda has on my arm. I feel my pulse begin to quicken as I’m becoming increasingly tempted to knock this fucker out.

Kevin shakes his head before, “What’s the matter big boy? That shitty mask of yours making it hard for you to hear?” he spits, a literal wad of stringy saliva smacking against my boots.

“Oh shit,” Blair exclaims with a devious giggle, bringing her hand to her mouth because she knows that I’ve reached my fucking limit with this douchebag.

Reaching for the pocketknife I have attached to my thigh harness, I swipe the blade up, exposing the sharpened steel as I stomp over to where Kevin now stands, *alone*.

“Oh fu—” Kevin begins to exclaim as I wrap my free hand around his neck.

The gasps and shrieks that fall from the mouths of everyone looking only fuel me more as I point the tip of the blade at the center of his throat.

“I’m—” he begins.

“Don’t,” I seethe, upping the pressure of the blade against his neck.

“I’m s-s-” he tries again.

I click my tongue. “Unless you want me to *actually* make you the Headless Horseman, I suggest you shut the fuck up.”

He nods his head so enthusiastically that the blade nicks his flesh, drawing a bead of crimson.

I release my hold on him, slapping a palm against his cheek. “That’s a good boy,” I tease.

Knife still in my hand, I move toward where Blair stands with her bottom lip trapped beneath her front teeth. A ravenous expression claims her face as I knew it would. She loves knives, after all. The potential for bloodshed is practically foreplay for her tastes.

Clearing my throat, I address Kevin. “Let me school you on how claiming a woman like this goes,” I stop just in front of Blair, so the tip of my knife hovers over the small glass vial on her necklace. “Winning a contest doesn’t make her yours. It simply makes you an obstacle, one that I have no problem getting rid of if need be. See this Katrina isn’t the one that graced your TV screen and she certainly isn’t the one Washington Irving had in mind. Trust me Kevin, I’m doing you a favor. You wouldn’t last five minutes alone with her. This Van Tassel is mine.”

Always has been, always will be.

I tap the edge of the knife against the necklace I gifted Blair, watching the way her chest rises and falls. I can practically smell the arousal on her and, would you look at that? I think I heard a moan.

Easy baby, it's just the tip.

Another inch forward and the knife makes a clinking sound as it taps the delicate glass.

I need to be careful, I don't want any blood to spill from it yet.

"Isn't that right, Ms. Van Tassel?" I ask.

She licks her lips, her seductive expression is all the response I need before Glinda steps in.

"That's enough of this pissing contest." She directs her statement mostly to me. "And put that knife down, now. You made your point." Glinda says, shooing me away like a pest. "Now get."

Glinda turns her attention to Kevin to console him and his friends, so it's just her and I...and a sea of onlookers, but once the DJ finally starts playing music again the heated stares dissipate.

I move my ringed index finger to her cheek and although her skin prickles in response, I know it's not from fear, or at least the kind that most people experience, because fear turns my little hellcat on. And after the night I have planned for us both, there will be more than blood dripping from her body.

Finger still on her face, my thumb rubs at the button on my ring, but what it will do to that contraption she is wearing isn't meant for anyone's eyes but mine to witness, so that will have to wait.

I inhale, watching the way her body and mind are at war with one another.

"It looks good on you," I say, continuing to stroke her cheekbone.

"Oh, your gift?" She says looking down at the harness.

I lower my head, so the mask brushes against her ear. “No, the blood.”

Her eyes lower to where my finger is drifting down her chin. I begin to trace a delicate line down her neck working my way across her ample cleavage that spills over her bodysuit, I smile even though she can't see it through the mask.

The way her eyes are locked on my mask, makes my cock hard, thinking of the somersaults her stomach must be doing, reading every mistake she made, hiding behind her days of being FinalGirlsRock_666.

“Well, would you look at that. If it isn't the fucker that's been following me around for the better half of, what, fifteen years now?” she sneers, with an arrogant and devilish grin.

I take a step closer, close the space between us.

“Yep, and now I'm the lucky fucker that *owns* you for the night,” I murmur.

“What was that? I can't hear you,” she says, motioning to my mask, just to be a fresh little brat. I know she fucking heard me. Loud and clear.

I lower my palm from her cleavage and down to her hand, squeezing it as I lower my masked face. “Are you scared?”

“Nope. Not even close.” She rolls her eyes, trying to keep the smirk that wants to break free. “What's with the weird writing on your mask? Into arts and crafts?”

I groan, increasing the pressure on her wrist. “No. It's there so when you're forced to look at me, all you can see are your lies and in return, I get to see how turned on you are when you're close to death.” I release her wrist and, of course, instead of running away, she simply moves closer to me. Shifting her weight forward, she glides her palm overtop my pants, cupping her fingers at my trapped bulge. An audible gasp from a random patron in the distance is the only reminder that we aren't alone and that we literally have a room full of people looking at us like we're crazy. They wouldn't be

wrong. I am many things, and crazy...for her, is most definitely up there on that list.

“Sounds like a dream come true to me,” she breathes before, tapping her fresh little hands against where the three ridges of my cock lay beneath my pants.

A laugh breaks through my lips causing a pissed off expression to form on her hauntingly beautiful face.

“Be careful what you wish for, little hellcat.”

Dreams are like masks. Sure, they may look good on the surface, but, often, what’s beneath them is a nightmare in disguise. It’s why psychopaths like myself flock to them. Nothing is hotter than tricking people into thinking you’re something you’re not. Just like nothing is more fun than watching vile little sluts like Blair Van Tassel go weak in the knees thinking that she can handle a monster like me.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



There is something that happens when you are face to face—or in this case, face to mask—with evil. It can do one of two things to you. It will either make your heart drop in a fear that feels so ripe, it makes you want to run far away to cleanse yourself of the dark entity that was just in your presence. Or, in a much rarer case, it fuels your need to be closer to that darkness. So close in fact, your hand just so happens to graze the bulge that is begging to be released from the pants of the tall, inked, and harnessed psycho who smells of woody musk and bad decisions. *My favorite.*

My hand remains hovering over his very hard, very impressive, cock and I swear I feel the ridge of multiple piercings.

“You know, *Katrina*,” his patronizing tone begins, “if you insist on handling my cock like that, we should at least exchange our real names.”

The fucking rumble of his baritone against his mask makes my already slick pussy pulse.

Gliding my hand over his hardened length once more, I rub my flattened palm over his pants just to confirm my suspicions. Yep, there is definitely a row of barbells on it. *Ah fuck. My dream.*

“I don’t need to know your name to make you come,” I breathe moving my lips to where his mouth hides behind his mask. “But how could I forget a psychopath like you? One who just keeps coming back for more, as if I couldn’t steal that

knife you pulled on Kevin and drive it into your heart. Isn't that right, Maddox?" I chide, giving his pierced cock another squeeze before lowering my hand.

He doesn't move. Not even a flinch. Nothing. He just stands there with his eyes locked on mine.

We stand in silence, though our bodies are begging to be unleashed on one another, to make the other one bleed. The tension screams between us, yet neither of us say a word. It's like a game of chess, him and I.

"That's what I thought," I quip, turning around.

My movements are halted when an ink covered forearm, thick with muscle and bulging veins, attaches itself to my arm as the other hand pulls at the leather strap of harness that sits at my back.

He pulls me into his broad chest with such force, I feel whiplash as I lose my balance, the tips of my high heels wobbling as I try to find steady ground. Maintaining his strong hold, he keeps me upright, pressing my chest against his.

The lights lower. Shades of purple, red and orange begin to cast their reflective glow around us making his already dark aura appear even more sinister. He lowers his face to my ear.

"Don't make me spank you in front of all these people," he threatens and, although it's muffled, the deep baritone of his voice sends the message loud and clear.

Challenge accepted.

I lean into his grip just enough to make him think I am consenting to his madness and just as he instinctively begins to melt into my body, I move away, wiggling free from his grip.

A throaty grunt echoes from beneath his mask as I turn so my backside faces him. Lifting my shoulder to my chin, I turn my head, batting my eyelashes as I arch my back, shaking my ass for him to spank.

"Go ahead, spank me daddy," I challenge, continuing to arch my back so my ass pokes out more. "After the scene

you've caused here tonight, a little public reprimanding wouldn't make any of these idiots flinch."

Leaving my ass poked out for him to spank a few more seconds, I wait, but he does nothing. There's no witty response like I had hoped for, nor the spank that I not only deserve, but want. Just a tall, silent, masked man who is now clenching his fist because he is probably fuming that, of all the people he had to develop such an extreme obsession for, it's me. The brattiest, most sarcastic one of the bunch.

I shrug in defeat, turning to face him. Even with his face concealed, I can practically feel the aggravation oozing from his pores.

"Suit yourself. Maybe I should go see if Kevin will spank me since you won't," I scoff, about to turn away when he finally breaks his silence.

"Don't you fucking dare," he warns, his voice bold and brazen, just like him. "Stay."

"Say it," I step to him, tilting my head up, both my hands now resting on my hips.

"Why should I listen to you by staying here and not going to see what old Kevy can offer me, huh?" I ask, purposely egging him on.

He releases a grunt before taking his hand to the collar that wraps around my neck. "Because you're mine, that's why"

A smile spreads across my lips. "That's what I thought." I bring my hand down to his and to my surprise he releases his tight hold, placing his large fingers in my hand. I take hold of his palm, guiding it to the meat of my ass. "If you want me to be yours after all this time, show me what it feels like to be yours. Show me how much it will hurt."

I feel his palm widening, accommodating the plump flesh of my ass. He begins to knead my skin before weaving his ringed finger into one of the small openings of my fishnets. The sharpened edge brings with it a sensation of coolness as he drags it against my skin.

“You really want to die don’t you, little hellcat?” he asks, removing the hand that was just at my ass, bringing it to my cheek, my periphery zoning in on the rivulet of red that stains the edge of his ring.

“No. I want you to spank me for being a bad, fresh little stalkee,” I breathe, tilting my head up until my lips press against his mask. A subtle groan emerges from his mouth which reverberates through the material that separates our faces.

I glide my mouth near his ear. Licking my lips, I make sure to have the tip of my tongue graze his lobe, just to tease him. “Let’s be real, you couldn’t bring yourself to kill me even if I asked you to.” I remind him before sinking back onto my heels.

“You’re wrong,” he groans.

“Prove it to me. You finally have me to yourself. Prove to me that we’ve kept each other alive for this long for a reason. Show me you have what it takes to—”

My words are paused by his ringed finger pressing firmly against my lips.

“To make you a real final girl? Is that what you want Blair? For me to fuck you to death?”

I bring my hand to the loops of the intricate harness that rests over his shirt. “I don’t know what fucking horror movies you are watching but a final girl, by definition, doesn’t die.”

“Oh Blair, silly little Blair,” he clicks his tongue.

“Patronize me again and I’ll stab you,” I warn, squeezing the strap of his harness.

“Like you did before? Who cares, I survived it once and I’ll survive it again. Now, if you’re done, I’d like to get what I paid for.”

My brows shoot up. “Seriously?”

“Dead serious.” His voice trails off as his body turns in the direction of the hallway of private rooms, just past the main stage. He drops his hand from my skin and, as sick as it

sounds, I instantly feel hollow without his touch. It's as though his constant lurking around in my life has become a part of me.

I debate saying something snarky, as I usually opt to do, but he surprises me when he begins to lead me to the hallway, weaving his fingertips with mine.

Aw, what a sweet and considerate psychopath.

He leads the way through the crowd, who seem to have forgotten the little show he put on and is back to drinking and causing the usual ruckus found at Satan's on the daily.

My eyes roam to where Glinda stands near the DJ booth, now done consoling Kevin, the supposed to be winner of the Horseman's Hollow Duel. She bulges her eyes at me as if she is trying to get a SOS signal from me.

"It's ok," I mouth to her, and she stops, watching him whisk me away while she stands there.

Now at the threshold of the hallway, he turns to face me, breaking the hold of his fingers laced through mine and instead tips my chin to look up at him. "If you want to run away, this is your one and only chance."

"Silly Maddox," I patronize. "How am I supposed to kill you if I run away from you?"

"You don't have it in you. Now pick someone," he rasps.

"Huh? What happened to that whole "you are mine" shit?" I pound on my chest, mocking his antics from before.

His shoulders tense from my impression of him.

"Alright," I raise my hands in playful defeat. "I will. But in all seriousness, what do you say I give Kevin a second chance? Maybe get a little DVP action going." I wink, but he isn't amused...whatsoever.

Shaking his head, he reaches for my hand, squeezing it in his large palm. "Let me rephrase, pick one of the *women* in the crowd."

“Suit yourself, but if you are trying to punish me, I warn you, I go both ways.”

“Oh, I know, and I believe I overheard someone say that no one knows how to lick a woman like another woman herself,” he retorts.

Fuck, that was me. I said that. Except I most definitely didn't say that to him, I said that in private to Delilah, on the phone.

Did this fucker tap my phone line...again?

Guess history is bound to repeat itself when it's steeped in bad blood.

“Yep, so it's only going to make it that much more pleasurable for me so, thank you,” I wink.

He laughs and it's every bit the sinister rumble you would expect from a monster like him. “So, you think,” he sneers. “Hurry up, we are on a tight schedule.”

“What's the rush?” I joke, taking my manicured hands to the leather straps of the harness, this time placing them on the portion that spreads over his barreled chest.

“Just do it now,” he commands.

“What happens if I don't come back? You going to spank me?”

He removes my hands, applying just the right amount of pressure as he uses that force to guide my hand to my throbbing center. He flattens my hand to the damp warmth between my thighs.

“I'll find a better punishment for you. One that actually hurts and doesn't make you wet. So just do as I say, little hellcat. I think you know by now that you can't escape me. Not then and certainly not now.”

I hate that he's right, because as fucked up as he is, it's nothing compared to how truly fucked up I am.

CHAPTER 14



With the remaining contestants from the Horseman Dual contest drowning their sorrows in cheap beer and tits, I'd say it's back to business as usual here. Even after Maddox's little hissy fit about Kevin spending the evening with me, everyone appears to be enjoying the extra festive ambiance that is unique to Satan's.

Follow You Home by Nickelback plays through the speakers, vibrating the floor as I scan the room for Delilah. If Maddox insists on sharing me tonight, I'm obviously going to pick her.

Neither one of us are strangers to knowing how to make each other feel good. That and she is one of the only people who knows, for the most part, what I did to deserve a madman like Maddox Crane on my tail. So, if shit goes south, which there is a high probability that it will, she will know what to do.

Even with the rowdy patrons and music blaring, I swear I can feel his eyes on me and, as I move past the stage and turn my head in the direction of the bar, I can see him staring. Just waiting for me to return to him, obliging to his request, like he knows I will.

I walk to where I see Delilah's vibrant blue hair cascading down her backside as she has some guy straddled. I see the familiar polyester pea coat that Kevin wore in the contest. Fuck, of course. She probably felt bad for him, or Glinda convinced her to ease the blow so he and his frat boy friends wouldn't go start something with Maddox. Not like they

could, he'd annihilate them, but either way, it'd be a bloodbath.

Now standing behind Delilah, I tap her shoulder, lowering myself to her ear. "I need you."

"Oh, fuck no, you again," Kevin says, practically throwing D off him. "Where's your boyfriend?" he asks, panicked, his gaze flickering back and forth.

"He is not my boyfriend, first of all, and second, I'll make sure my friend Gwenn makes up for it," I say, motioning to Gwenn up on the stage.

"Forget it, fuck this place." He throws his hands up, signaling for his frat boy minions to follow him.

"Poor guy," D giggles. "Let me guess, this involves the one that shall remain "nameless" or whatever," she air quotes, shooting a glance over to where Maddox waits.

"Yep," I say, reaching for her hand, lacing her fingers in mine so we can head over to where my Boogeyman awaits.

"Are you sure about this?" she asks, yanking my hand closer to her side.

"It'll be fine," I reassure her, taking the lead as I guide us to the threshold of private rooms.

My vision begins to tunnel the closer we get to him. The red lights that line the hallway give off an eerie glow that somehow makes him look even hotter than he already is.

God damn it. Why are all the hot ones so damn crazy?



"This way ladies." Maddox casts himself aside, pretending to be the gentleman I know he's not, allowing Delilah and I to walk ahead of him.

Delilah flicks her eyes at Maddox, a disgusted scowl warping her beautiful face before she tightens her grip on my

hand and leads the way.

The three of us move in silence, the only noise that fills the air is the distant echoes from the music out in the main room and mine and Delilah's heels clicking. Maddox's footsteps are surprisingly soft, not a thud or squeak from the soles of his large boots to be heard.

As we near the end of the hall, a rush of heat begins at my feet before traveling up my legs. By the time the odd sensation works its way to my spine, it's ice cold, much like the ringed hand that has mine trapped.

Maddox squeezes my hand as he moves from behind me to stand in front of Delilah, who looks just as confused as I am.

"This room is off limits, asshole," Delilah says, yanking her hand away from mine.

"Um, yeah, you're not allowed back here." I chime in, stepping in front of both of them to block the door. My hand barely grazes the handle, but to my surprise and much to my dismay, it is unlocked.

As the door creaks open, I feel a prickling sensation on the back of my neck. Instinctively, my hands move from the handle to the collar that traps my throat. I notice the space between the choker and my flesh is significantly smaller. As I glide my thumb beneath the smooth leather, the tip of my finger is pricked by a semi dull spike that was definitely not there before but is now protruding on the interior.

Maddox moves against my backside, the sheer size of his body behind mine feels like I am being swallowed by a dark storm cloud that somehow feels more ominous than my own. He invades my every sense, holding my breath hostage in my chest and making every inch of my skin crawl in heated anticipation.

His masked face lowers to my neck. A guttural groan emerges beneath his mask, which echoes past my eardrum and all the way to my pulsing center.

I've spent so many years wondering what it would be like when he emerges from the shadows long enough to play with

me and I have to admit, I don't like this neediness he brings out in me. I'm all for playing a submissive role, but if I'm not careful, he may trick me into submitting more than what waits between my legs for him, and I can't have that. Submitting means losing and losing means he wins.

Forcing myself to snap out of the trance his presence has put on my body, I turn around and face him.

"You know, you'd come off more threatening if I didn't have a thing for masks," I laugh, bringing my hand to the elastic that holds his mask up. Just as I'm about to lift the band up, he aggressively swats his hand at mine before snatching it in his palm. With my hand trapped by his, he forcefully guides me to the wall just outside the doorway, pressing me against it.

Swinging my other hand up, he now cuffs both my wrists above my head,

"You're hurting me," I seethe.

"Good," he murmurs.

Keeping me pinned against the wall, he turns to a stunned Delilah. "You can go ahead, we will be right there," he says to her, but she doesn't move.

"Go. D," I add.

"Any funny business and you're dead," she warns from the other side of the doorway.

He nods unconvincingly before redirecting his sudden burst of anger my way. "You," he breathes, his voice tight.

"Yes?" I grin, studying the way the lights highlight his mask. I realize it's a walking scrapbook of the highlights from some of our conversations when I was just Final Girl and he, the Boogeyman. Living carefree and oblivious to the maleficence that laid dormant in both of us. When it was just our screen names connected and not our twisted souls.

"You better behave yourself in there, you hear me?" he threatens.

I arch my back, forcing my body to brush against his. "I will," I begin with a pout that makes him tighten his grip on

me. It feels like the rings on his fingers are digging into my skin...and I like it. "I don't want you to shock me with this collar you have around my neck," I wink.

Once more his grip tightens on me just as an unexpected gust of air invades my cheek. My brows bunch, tilting my head where I can see his mask, but I realize that now his lips and chiseled jawline are exposed, but the top half of his face is still concealed. My gaze travels further to where I see the blade style ring on his index is half turned, revealing a small button that the pad of his thumb is resting on.

"You wish this was a shock collar," he hisses. "Say anything about what you just felt and I will make sure those blades around your neck pierce your flesh instead of tease it," he hisses. "Now, get in the room and, for once in your god forsaken life, be a good girl." he commands, dropping my hands.

"You got it, sir." I wink, pivoting in the direction of the doorway. My heel lifts to take a step when an abrupt gust of air nips at my backside. Before I'm able to process where it came from a stinging sensation spreads on my ass.

He fucking spanked me.

Finally.

CHAPTER 15



“Sit with me,” Delilah’s sultry tone fills the candle-lit room as she motions for me to join her on the loveseat.

Watching her flattened palm caressing the fabric, warming it for me, anticipation begins filling my eager core, fantasizing about what the three of us will do in this room. My heel lifts, barely an inch off the ground when my skin is scratched by Maddox’s calloused palm. I shift my gaze to where his large hand tugs at my forearm, locking it in his strong, possessive grip.

“Stay,” he commands. His words are primal yet effective as my foot plants itself on the ground, sinking deeper into his hold.

Delilah’s mouth parts causing Maddox’s curled fingers to dig deeper into my skin. “So…” her voice drags, trying to break this awkward standoff we find ourselves in. “What’s next? Are you just planning on watching or are you going to join in?” Delilah directs her question to Maddox, whose pulse is throbbing through the web of veins that compete with his extensively inked arm.

I like the way his hands feel on me. The longer I’m rendered motionless by his touch, the more I wish he’d maintain the same vigor that he has on my arm and move it to my neck or even better…inside me.

As I expected he doesn’t respond so I decide to take matters into my own hands, mess with him a little. Bobbing my head back in his direction, I tilt my chin, adjusting my

gaze to his towering height. Purposefully angling my body so that I'm pressed against the vacancy of his broad chest, I lean further into him. I swear I can smell the need and anger ricochet from his skin, the closer my mouth hovers his concealed face, only adding to the desire I wish I didn't have for him.

My tongue skims my lips, teasingly rolling back into my mouth to speak. "Yeah, big guy," I breathe slowly, making every word exaggeratedly sultry to match the way my fingers are now tracing his impeccably sculpted body, trapped beneath a harness and all-black ensemble. Trailing my hand just above the zipper of his pants, I let it hover over his growing bulge. He lowers his head, placing his exposed ear to my lips as if he knows I'm about to say something that only he is meant to hear. I lean in closer so that my lips brush against his gauged ear. "You ready to have me finally scream your name when I come?"

A guttural moan vibrates against the plaster of his mask. "Only good girls get to scream my name."

"Ah, what a bummer. I don't like being good." I say, purposely egging him on.

The grip I almost forgot he had on my forearm tightens, sending a searing pain up my arm all while amplifying the pulsing need to be licked, fucked, just about anything right now.

"It is," he lifts his free hand to the button of his mask, exposing, once more, the lower half of his face. My gaze immediately zeros in on the massive split of his tongue that he is twirling like a charmed cobra. "Because I bet I could make you scream with this," he flicks the torn muscle, playing with it below his teeth a few times more before it sadly retracts. "But since you insist on being bad, I'll punish you with something...sharper. Unless of course, you want to beg for it. Maybe then I'll change my mind."

Swaying to my tip toes, so that I can easily trap the plug in his stretched ear between my teeth, I give it a forceful tug. Planting my mouth right at the shell of his ear, I try to stifle a

laugh because I have no plan on whispering like I should be doing this close to his ear. Clearing my throat, I grin. “I don’t beg for anything,” I shout, causing his exposed jaw to tighten, clamping down on his teeth in utter annoyance. “Isn’t that right, D?” I ask, signaling my free hand for her to join me.

Clicking her heels, she saunters over to my side. Draping her delicate arms over my shoulders, she pulls me towards her and away from a very angry Maddox.

“Mhm,” she mumbles against my lips. It’s been a while since D and I have hooked up, and I forgot how soft and attentive her kisses feel. Her pillowy lips mixed with her pierced tongue are ecstasy all on their own. So sorry to the owner of the forked tongue, but you snooze, you lose.

Maintaining our heated kiss, her hands glide down to my ass. Caressing it in her hands she guides us to the loveseat. I follow her lead as she lowers her back onto the smooth velvet, my body falling on top of hers.

The pace of our kiss revs up and even with my lids closed, enjoying every second of Delilah’s familiar lips dancing with mine, I can feel his jealous glare intensifying, which only adds to my arousal.

A breathy moan falls from her lips as her head tips back, exposing her neck to me. Trailing soft kisses down her throat, I move my eager mouth to where her ample cleavage is on full display.

I palm her round breasts, caressing them in my hands and readying to free them from her one piece when I become abruptly aware of Maddox’s hand at the back of my neck.

“What the fuck dude? You’re hurting her!” Delilah shouts, springing up from where she was laying.

I wince because his harsh grip is only making my already wet pussy begin to throb.

“That’s the point,” he mutters, digging his fingers into my neck once more before releasing it. His large boots scuff against the floor as he takes a step forward, bringing his veiny forearm into my view as he kneels to the side of us. “What

hurts her brings me pleasure, just like what hurts her makes her come. Isn't that right, Blair?" he's now directing his sinister tone to me.

My eyebrows shoot up, as a warm flush spreads across my cheeks, just thinking of what he's going to do to hurt me into orgasm.

"That's why I brought this," his voice drifts as he lowers to his knees. His hand digs into his back pocket. It's amazing how even kneeling down he towers over where we sit.

Delilah and I look at each other, puzzled as to what he can be searching for. "Here it is," he exclaims, sounding unexpectedly giddy.

He walks over to Delilah, his tattooed hand grazing her neck as his fingers slither their way to her chin. "Open," he commands.

Confused, she darts her eyes over to me, unsure if she should follow his directive.

"Go ahead," I whisper to her, and only because I said so, she opens her mouth, extending the pad of her tongue outward, revealing her surgical steel barbell with its neon pink cap.

"Good girl," he praises her, darting his eyes over to me, condescendingly. I watch as his hands unscrew the ball of her piercing.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"I'm going to switch the cap of her barbell to something I think you'll enjoy more," he replies, not breaking the concentration he has on her tongue as he screws the new piece on. "All done."

I watch D adjust to the sharpened end of her barbell as Maddox clears his throat in a low growl, grabbing my attention.

"See how easy that was?" Maddox asks, directing his question to me.

I shrug.

“See how fucking simple it is to be a good girl? All you have to do is obey and things would be a lot easier for you. But since you insist on being a stubborn little slut, you’re going to be treated like one.”

His hand grazes Delilah’s chin once more, though his touch is gentler than how it was on me. “Now, put that tongue of yours to good use on our friend over here while I fix myself a drink,” he instructs, already moving across the room to the small and fully stocked bar cart.

D nestles herself closer to where we are sitting next to each other. “Quite the voyeur this one,” she whispers in my ear.

Ha, you have no idea.

I don’t respond with more than a subtle chuckle. I’m too busy watching him pour a generous glass of whiskey into the iceless glass. “You ok with this?” she breathes leaning in closer to my ear.

“Yes,” I consent. “It’s not like we haven’t done this before,” I wink.

Hesitancy robs her expression. “Yes, but not with this,” she pauses, sticking out her tongue. The new addition to her piercing gleams against the candles that line the room. “Or with him,” she nudges her head to where Maddox is finishing pouring his whiskey. “Are you sure?”

“Exactly, show him how good you know how to make me feel. Seriously, D, I’m fine,” I reassure her again.

Swirling his glass, he clears his throat. “I paid a lot of money to have this year’s Katrina and I don’t want our entire evening spent in this suffocating room. Get going. Lick her while I watch.”

Ha. Stalkers and their need to be voyeurs, how predictable.

Her fingers begin to cast the leather and harness to the side as she teases my wet warmth with the tip of her tongue. She’s only a few gentle strokes of her tongue in when Maddox clears his throat again. “Use the piercing. Make her bleed,” he commands.

I peer down at her. She looks nervous.

“It’s okay D,” I whisper, lifting my hips up and closer to her mouth. “I want you to,” I add with a breathy moan.

She expels a warm breath onto my clit before kissing it. My head falls back, allowing myself to surrender to the intoxicating mixture of her warm, skillful tongue and the sharp accessory added to it.

A moan falls from her busy mouth, vibrating against my center causing prickles to invade my skin. I can tell from the way she is alternating between focusing her attention to my clit and dragging her tongue into the center of my pussy, she’s becoming more at ease with the spiked cap of her piercing.

My hips buck forward, grinding against her face when I peel my gaze from her to my masked devil whose eager eyes are glued onto me.

“It feel good, princess?” he mumbles against the glass that’s tipped to his lips.

“Yes,” I pant, writhing my hips more against Delilah’s tongue.

He walks over to where Delilah is ravishing my pussy. Seriously, I forgot how fucking good she makes me feel. So much so that I don’t know how much longer I’m going to last.

I try closing my eyes instead of looking at him watching while she fucks me with her mouth, hoping that I can last a little longer. That hope is quickly shattered when I feel the stinging sensation of something being poured on my pussy.

“Drink it,” he commands Delilah, and I feel like I’m going to come undone watching him pour the amber liquid down my slick entrance and into her mouth.

She moans ravenously as she laps up the poured whiskey that has now mixed with my abundant arousal.

“Good girl,” he claps, straightening his spine to head back for what looks like another glass of whiskey.

“Fuck,” I screech, watching Delilah’s tongue scratch and lick the whiskey from me. “I’m going to come,” I pant. D

picks up the speed, now darting her tongue in and out of my center, fucking me with her jagged tongue piercing.

My eyes clamp shut as I prepare for the waves of my impending orgasm to rush my body. Delilah curls her fingers into my pussy, matching the tempo of her tongue, summoning my release from me. I feel it. I'm so close. The muscles in my stomach tighten and I feel my wet walls about to clamp around her fingers.

"That's it," I hear his voice encourage, just as my body is about to descend into bliss. "She's almost there," he hisses.

My lips part, a gasp of panted air breaks from them just as my heart rate accelerates to an alarming speed. I'm going to come, every part of my body tingling as the crest of my orgasm is about to crash down on my body.

Mouth agape, I release a moan which is quickly stifled by the burning of whiskey being poured down my throat. "Stop," he commands Delilah and, much to my shock and fucking horror, she listens, leaving me in this odd limbo of release and still needing more.

I try to cough, but all it does is gargle the slow and persistent flow of booze that he's pouring down my mouth.

My neck feels like it's on fire from the competing muscle of his tongue flicking at my skin, moving violently to my ear. "Tell me, how long did it take for him to croak from the cocktail you poured down our friend's throat tonight, Blair?" he pauses, prying my mouth open even more with his other hand, drowning me in the reality that he knows yet another one of my secrets.

The alcohol burns down my throat as my mind races.

Was that the flash of light I thought I saw? Did he fucking install a god damn camera in my house?

"That's a good hellcat." He purrs into my ear before, "I know what a fan you are of swallowing. Good thing he was too, otherwise he'd still be alive. Isn't that right?"

I spring upward, trying to catch my breath from where he was whiskey-boarding me, is that even a thing? I really wish I

killed him when I had the chance because now I'm just horny and angry.

“Ah, that was fun.” He claps like the sadistic fuck he is. “You can go now, Delilah,” he instructs. “We are on a tight schedule Delilah, you did a great job in helping me edge our friend, but we're done here,” he sneers.

She rises, huffing in anger. “Fuck you, you sick fuck. Blair, are you okay?” she asks, rubbing her hand at my back.

I dart my angry eyes at him as I answer her. “I'm fine. Just make sure you leave my knife by the bar.”

Her gaze meets where mine is seething in his direction. “You don't have to tell me twice.”

She moves toward the door, the hinges squeal as she opens it, though she remains in the threshold of the doorway.

“Yeah, got it. Just remember the club closes early tonight, if you don't bring her back by midnight, there will be hell to pay. Oh and Blair, don't hold back on this asshole. Stab him where it really hurts.” Not waiting for a response, she leaves, slamming the door behind her.

CHAPTER 16



Witnessing pain and pleasure mesh into one is truly an underrated aphrodisiac. Even though I wish it was my split tongue that her body thrashed against instead of her friend's, the look of her face when I slipped her another harsh dose of reality was well worth the restraint I had to display.

I look to where my little hellcat remains seated and surprisingly not charging for the door I just locked. Now that we are finally alone, the real fun can begin.

“Look at me,” I command, back propped against the wooden door. But of course, my little brat is being extra defiant, turning her head the other way, causing her black as night hair to cover her face.

“No,” she says, in an adorably firm tone. As if her refusal means anything to me.

“You know,” I begin, walking to where she sits with her thighs clenched. “It’s rude of you to be so hostile after I had you come like that.”

She scoffs, causing her darkened locks to shift, wafting her scent to where I’m kneeling before her. I inhale deeply. Even beneath my mask, she smells divine. Like cinnamon and flowers and a needy, *lying* slut in heat.

My favorite combination.

Her raven gaze burning through the small eye holes of my mask, she inches her head closer to mine. “You did nothing to make me come. In fact, you ruined my fucking orgasm with

your sloppy whiskey pour,” she huffs, sticking out her tongue and crossing her arms.

I reach for her and, though I can see the way her inked skin prickles beneath my hand, I take comfort, delusional as it may be, that she doesn't fight off my touch. Grazing my fingers onto her skin, I feel the blood begin to pulse at my dick, nudging it awake. I increase my hold, this time twisting her skin in my grasp and still, she doesn't move.

Years of tension causes the silence between us to thicken, though it's the hatred between us that adds a certain layer of undeniable chemistry.

“Be that as it may, little hellcat, you swallowed every drop, as well as your pride, and you accepted your fate,” I groan.

“My fate?”

“Yes. Your life, just like your pleasure or pain, depending on your behavior, is in my hands.”

Her eyes reduce to angry slits as her chest rises, looking like she is about to give me a mouthful.

I press my ringed finger over top of her lips. “Ssh.” I pause, dragging the tip of my finger down to her chin, nestling her delicate jaw in my palm. “Now tell me. Were you planning on framing me, again, for your most recent kill, or did you suddenly grow a pair and decide to own the blood on your hands?”

“Fuck you,” she spits.

“Maybe later. For now, answer my question.”

“I wasn't!” she shouts.

Becoming frustrated with her continued defiance, I increase the pressure I have on her chin and move toward her cheeks, hollowing and forcing them to pinch together. “Little liar, I know you like to yell, but if you are too loud, someone is going to think I am hurting you,” I seethe, before letting her go.

“Aren't you though?” Her hand grazes where I just had her jaw trapped.

I remain silent. My chest feels like it is going to burst reminiscing on her past and present betrayals. Already preparing for her to deny the undeniable, I reach in my pocket to grab my latest evidence of her endless deceit.

“Face it, Maddox. You have no fucking proof...yet again.” Her words are harsh and feel like a dagger to my gut, just as I predicted they would.

I click my tongue, excitement burrowing itself within my veins, to prove to her just how wrong she is. “If I have no proof of your crime or that you were intending to set me up, then why did you leave this in the cup?” I extend my palm, revealing a rounded piece of titanium ring with the engraving that reads Property of M.Crane. “Explain this,” I add, feeling my heart thrashing at my chest, the anger boiling within my system when she begins to laugh, like an evil fucking witch.

“Something you find amusing?” I ask, breaking the seal of my tense jaw.

“Um yeah, it’s amusing—actually no, hysterical—that you think I’m your property.” She rolls her eyes. This woman, although undeniably sexy both in appearance and her taste in all things deadly, continues to infuriate me. “You don’t own me and no piece of jewelry that you try to force down my throat will change that.”

“See, that’s where you are both wrong and right,” I say and now I’m the one laughing, though it’s more out of sheer anger.

“Wow. Good one, contradicting yourself all in the same breath.” She claps.

“You’re right that a piece of jewelry doesn’t lay claim to you, but you are wrong because I do own you. I owned you from the moment you tried to betray me. I own your secrets. I own the fear that I dangle in front of that perfect body of yours, scars and all. You wouldn’t be where you are today, if it weren’t for me”

“What are you going to do? Punish me? As you pointed out, we don’t have a lot of time left tonight and here you are, wasting it.” She says, waiting for my next move.

“I will give you one more, before I let you fight for your life,” I grin.

“One more what?” she jerks her head forward, emphasizing her confusion at my statement.

“Orgasm,” I deadpan.

“You’re crazy.”

“Well, unlike you, I think that if you’re going to fuck someone over, you at least owe them the courtesy of actually getting fucked.”

“I don’t want you touching me,” she lies.

“There you go again, little liar. Denying that you aren’t craving my tongue, licking up your friends’ sloppy seconds. Or that you don’t want my pierced cock that you keep grabbing above my pants every chance you get fucking you senseless.”

“You’re sick,” she spits, but her saliva doesn’t make it far. In fact, the way that her spit lingers on her neck matched with her attitude makes me want to lick it off her skin.

“For you, I’m deranged,” I murmur.

Centering myself in front of her now clenched thighs, I bring my palms to her knees. As I begin to pry them apart and although she’s stubborn, it’s undeniable the way her body submits to my touch. I can smell her increased arousal and it makes me feel like I’m about to drool. Fuck, I’m starving for a taste of her lying little cunt on my tongue.

“That’s a good little hellcat, spread those legs for daddy.”

A loud, ego bursting yawn sounds from her and it sends a ping of rage to my core.

“You’re so predictable,” she chides. “Look at you, the big, bad, scary, killer,” she insults with a juvenile air quote. “So mad at me, that you’re going to lick me clean. Ha, you’re really showing me.” She pauses looking down at where, I am kneeling, half masked and full of fucking rage from her fresh fucking mouth. “Go ahead, I’m bored.” She yawns again, this time it’s dramatized by her hand tapping at her lips.

Bored? Oh, the fucking nerve of her.

My hands dig into her legs, causing her to wince.

“Ouch,” she chuckles.

“You are a fucking brat, you know that?”

Her tongue swipes at her lips as a devious look washes over her raven eyes. “Punish me or kill me. I win either way, daddy. So, you better make it hurt.”

“You want pain, princess?” I snap, rising from where I was just kneeling before her.

She remains silent, nodding her head.

Ha, she thinks she wants pain, as if she could possibly handle the true pain that I’m capable of making her feel. But if that’s what she wants, then game on.

With an array of flickering candles around me, I take a freshly lit one nestled in an antique holder as I walk back to my arrogant little hellcat.

“You know, Blair. I knew from the moment I first witnessed you come to life by draining the life out of someone that we were meant to cross paths,” I lament, walking the contained flame back to where she sits, foolishly thinking she has an upper hand on me.

“Aww, how precious. It was love at first sight for you, wasn’t it?” she says sarcastic as ever with a pouted lip that I want nothing more than to rip off her face.

Kneeling again by her partially spread thighs, I click my tongue. “I didn’t finish. See I know that our paths were meant to cross but I didn’t know why. But now I realize I was mistaken.”

“Well, I could have told you that, Boogeyman. I was never destined to be your fucking girlfriend if that’s what you thought,” she retorts, and like the good fucking slut she is, without me having to instruct her to, she takes her inked hand and moves the center of her bodysuit to the side, exposing her needy cunt to me.

“Go ahead,” she tilts her chin to the candle in my hand. “Bring another one of my fantasies to life like the well-researched stalker you are. Just be careful, you don’t want to burn her.”

“You’re wrong,” I quip, causing her brows to furrow.

“About what?”

“You were never destined to be my girlfriend. I followed you because you’re my curse. That’s what happens when you wish upon a devil. You’re bound to get burned.”

Her expression morphs to intrigue as she reaches for the candle in my hand. Carefully she brings the exposed flame near her mouth and with her gaze locked on me, she extends her tongue, extinguishing the flame. She hands me the unlit candle and my eyes zone in on the melted wax that pools near the center of the holder.

Bringing my hungry serpent’s tongue to her glistening slit, I press it into her wet pussy, reveling in the way an irrepressible moan breaks free from her. Slowly, I tilt my hand so the warmed wax drips close to where my tongue teases her.

“Go ahead, Boogeyman, burn me like I burned you.”

CHAPTER 17



If he seriously thinks licking me with his modified tongue is a form of punishment, he's crazier than I thought. I just hope for his sake that the warmed wax he is currently pouring near his tongue is non-toxic. Then again, if it's not, maybe the gods or Satan, whoever watches over me, is looking out so he will croak a slow, painful, death centered at the one place he was always pining to be...my pussy.

Talk about poetic.

I close my eyes, settling into the warring sensation he creates at my center. The separated pieces of his tongue heighten my every sense, making me feel like my body is succumbing to the devil himself and in this moment, with his mouth devouring me, I want nothing more.

With each lap of his forked tongue, it feels like there are two of him circling my clit, competing with one another, causing a fucking inferno of pleasure like I've never experienced before to burn through my spine.

Loud, uncontrollable moans slip from my mouth, one after the other, causing my breathing to become erratic. This is a power trip for him, because with each needy and sultry pant that escapes my lips, he picks up the tempo, making my thighs shake.

My knees become tingly and weak, yet I somehow muster enough strength to unintentionally clench my shaking thighs around his head. He appears to enjoy being suffocated by my wet center because the moan he expels, rivals my own as it

vibrates my pussy, sending shock waves through my core. He hasn't been licking me for more than a few minutes and I already feel myself about to come. I maintain the tense hold I have around his head but as I arch my back, a bitter gust of open-air nips at where his fucking tongue should be.

My eyes jolt open to see him now standing before me with a sadistic grin smeared on his face. "What the fuck?" I exclaim. "You better be edging me and not just leaving me high and dry, asshole." Frustration and aching need tangle within me, making my vision feel grainy.

"I'm leaving you the wet and needy little whore you are." His words feel cold, harsh like a whip.

"I'm not a whore, asshole, I'm a dancer, there's a difference."

He points to the door, "to all those people out there you are a dancer but to me, you are a filthy, lying whore. My little *lying* whore. Got it, Final Girl," he sneers.

"What fucking ever, asshole. I'm done being your pet for the night. Thanks for the blue twat and third-degree burns" I huff, curling my fingers around the choker that I'm ready to rip from the stupid harness he gave me.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he reprimands.

I pause, still lingering my hand on the collar. "And why is that?"

He raises his ringed index finger. "Well for one, it's not going to come off that easy, only this has the ability to take it off," he says, swiping his inked thumb at the small and now very noticeable button that's centered on the band.

"Seriously, it's button controlled?" I ask, unimpressed.

"That's not all it does," he replies, cryptically, finger still hovering the button. "This can make you come, like you need to. That is, if you can follow my instructions."

Is this guy serious?

"I don't want to come," I lie, because there is nothing that I want more than to have this swollen ache that lingers at my

center relieved. However, I refuse to give him the satisfaction of my pleasure or an answer. Instead, I rise, planting my heels on the floor, and walk to where he stands with his mouth still exposed.

Straightening my spine, I nod to him, signaling that I'm tired of him and ready to go.

Lifting my heel off the ground I step forward only to be met with his large hand cupping my crotch.

“Ha, that’s what I fucking thought,” he growls, digging his hand deeper against my dripping pussy. Even with the barrier of my minimal clothing, the warmth of his palm, mixed with the lingering arousal he left abandoned from his tongue, sends a heated surge through my body. “You’re so sexy when you’re desperate to come,” he purrs, mouth near my cheek.

My jaw tenses. “When I get out there, I’m going to grab my knife and, if you even think of following me, I will stab you with it,” I warn.

“I was hoping that’s what you’d say,” he groans. His stubble brushes against my face as his teeth descend onto my cheek.

Ew, why does he make cheek biting hot?

I fucking hate him even more now.

“Ew,” I say in protest, stepping away from him to wipe away the trail of saliva he left on my face.

A muffled chuckle sounds as he flicks his wrist upward, bringing his watch into view. “Listen, time’s ticking. If we are going to take this party across the street to the cemetery, we need to speed things up.”

“The cemetery?” I ask, confused.

“Oh yes,” he grins.

Closing the space between us, he tips my chin with his hand, forcing my gaze to his now fully masked face. “Here’s how this is going to go. You’re going to strut that fine ass back out there without making a peep. No signaling for help, no calling the cops. Nothing, do you understand me?”

I roll my eyes. “Yep, whatever you say.”

Unamused with my bratty attitude, his grip tightens on my chin. “I may be crazy, but I’m also fair. I wouldn’t dream of inflicting the pain I have planned for you without a fair fight. Grab your knife and meet me outside the entrance of Satan’s,” he instructs.

“And if I don’t?”

“I’m going to destroy the carefully curated tower of lies you’ve been building all these years, by showing everyone this,” he exchanges my chin for his phone. A few swipes of his phone later, grainy footage of me in the entryway, stabbing the reporter from earlier in the week to death flashes before my eyes.

I can tell by the way his head tilts, studying my face, he’s expecting a grand reaction from me. But I stand there, unmoved. I should feel something as I watch myself drive the knife into the man’s chest, but my emotions towards that traitor feel hollow unlike the beating in my chest that makes me want to pounce at him and choke him for the hell he is still putting me through.

“Why did you do it?” he asks.

“None of your business,” I deflect, about to pivot towards the door but he lowers his hand, trapping my wrist. His palm is so large that there’s room for him to still hold his phone while squeezing me.

“Let go of me,” I grit and surprisingly he lets go.

My heels lift, moving my determined pace towards the door when his cedarwood musk wafts at my nose as he swoops in front of where I’m walking. The chains that drape on his side tap at the wooden door he begins to barricade with his back pressed against it.

“How the fuck am I supposed to get my knife if you won’t get the fuck out of my way?” Exasperated, I pound at his chest but like a wall of bricks, he remains in my way and motionless.

“Relax, can’t I just wanted to look in your eyes one last time like this,” he says cryptically.

“You sound pretty confident. It’s almost as if you think you’re going to kill me,” I quip.

“Something like that.” He steps aside, brushing his calloused palm against my hand. “Remember, you run when I tell you to, not a moment before. If I get out there and don’t see you waiting for me, you’re not going to like what happens next.”

I lift my palm to his mask, giving it a not-so-subtle tap. “I haven’t enjoyed a god damn thing you’ve done so far, so don’t fucking tempt me with a good time.”

“I mean it, Blair,” he says in a reprimanding tone. “Chop chop, hellcat and remember your life depends on it.”

Laying a firm hand on my ass, he sends me off with one more spank that feels so good I almost forget how much I want to drive my knife into him the second that I get it back.



The beginning of Kid Brunswick’s “Heaven Without You” thuds against speakers, rattling the floor I’m standing still on. I try lifting my foot to take a step but for reasons beyond my comprehension, I can’t. It’s like the music is ripping through me, distracting my every sense.

I like this song but fuck, I didn’t realize it was capable of throwing my body into a state of hypnosis.

A rigid lump forms in my throat, only adding to this odd sensation that seems to be pulling me back to the hall of private rooms I just left.

Just walk Blair. I think to myself. Better yet, run. Get your goddamned knife and run far away from this psychopath.

Of all times to be a defiant brat, this isn’t it. Not when he’s still so close to me, angry and willing to do whatever it takes

to make me crack.

The more I try to send signals to my body to move, the more I feel the vibrations of the music sear through me. My foot lifts and like a magnet yanking me back, my head turns in the opposite direction of where I should be heading.

My legs begin to quiver, as my head swivels in the direction of where I can feel his masked gaze appraising every inch of my body. There he is, leaning against the threshold that leads to the private rooms, with his ring finger raised.

The steady beat that feels like it's drumming at my body, isn't from the music. It's from whatever he hid in the center of my harness. My hand roams to my buzzing center, but the added pressure of my palm only intensifies the toy he's controlling.

As bad as I want relief, I need my knife more.

Forcing myself through the torment that waxes and wanes at my center, I shift as the toy presses against me with each step I take, teasing me more.

Finally at the bar, my hands slap against the countertop as I try to steady my breath. I'm close. I can feel it. Suddenly I've forgotten all about my knife. All I care about is coming, even if everyone in the damn place hears me moan. I don't care, I've never felt such aching need before in my life. My head lowers as my body rocks, working with the waves that shake my center when something soft brushes my shoulder.

"Here," Delilah breathes, moving her hand from my shoulder, discreetly tucking my knife under my hand.

I clear the lump in my throat, trying to figure out how I'm going to talk through the orgasm I feel coming on, but as my tongue swipes at my lips, it stops.

Relief and disappointment fill me. I look past where D waits for me to say something to her and back to where my masked devil was just standing, but I don't see him. My gaze roams around the main room, but he's nowhere to be found.

"Blair," Delilah says, forcing my attention back to her.

Shaking my head, I try to play off the conflicted emotions my mind and my body are feeling right now. Securing my knife in my hand, I quickly tuck it beneath the strap of my thigh harness.

“Thanks,” I say with a half grin, already adjusting my stance, so my torso is facing the velvet curtains by the door.

Her hand grazes my shoulder. “You don’t need to do this,” she reminds me.

I know she believes that, but Maddox is relentless. Nothing will stop him from getting what he wants. So, a knife fight in the cemetery is the only way I’ll have some peace.

“I got it,” I grin wide, trying to reassure her. “I’ll see you later?”

Her brows lift. “I better.” Her hand lowers to my ass for a quick, playful tap, much less forceful than stalker boy’s but it still serves as the encouragement I need to get ready to show Boogeyman why final girls rock.

CHAPTER 18



“Maddox, are you sure about this?” Alex’s voice nags in the earpiece of my phone. “There’s no coming back from this once it’s done.”

“I know, but how else will I get my point across?” I ask.

“Alright, well listen, be discreet about this. I don’t need you ending up on America’s Most Wanted.”

“They’d have to catch me for that to happen.”

“You’re not invincible, Maddox.”

I lick my lips, reveling in the way she lingers on my tongue. “And neither is she.”

I hang up, slipping my phone in my pocket before reemerging from where the music isn’t blaring in the back of the hall to take Alex’s call.

As I enter the main room of Satan’s it looks like the commotion from the costume contest has settled. Everyone looks happy and drunk, with lap dances abound. Though more importantly, I don’t see my little hellcat. Fingers crossed she listened to me and is waiting outside but I don’t get my hopes up, defiance is a trait she wears like a badge of honor. Luckily for her I enjoy reprimanding her just as much as I enjoy the chase. Anything that gets me close to her will suffice, even if it results in blood.

Fuck, my cock twitches just thinking about her and blood in the same sentence.

Lost in my thoughts, fantasizing about our evening outside of Satan's, I quicken my pace towards the entrance when the limited periphery my mask gives me is invaded by a flailing set of long, draping sleeves.

Glinda.

“Can I help you?” I ask, feeling my impatience beginning to mount. Every second that passes with me still in here and Blair outside, is another second longer I have to wait to wrap my hands around her pretty fucking neck.

Arms crossed, Glinda rolls her eyes. “Honey,” she begins, condescendingly. “The only help you need is in the form of a fucking straitjacket, and I don't even think that will stop you.” Closing the space between us, she lifts her wrinkled hand, revealing a peculiar ring. I watch the blood shake beneath the glass and huff to myself. I can't be too mad at a fellow blood connoisseur for interrupting my evening, can I?

“I mean it, whatever weird shit you've coerced her into, well-” she stops herself for a moment to laugh. “It's Blair, I shouldn't be surprised,” she mumbles, shaking her head, focusing back on the conversation. She digs her finger once more at my mask. “Still, your sick twisted whatever ends at midnight, got it?”

“Or what? She going to turn into a pumpkin?” I joke.

“No,” she swallows hard, taking a deep inhale that suddenly softens her stern demeanor. “I know you think you have some power over her because of what you hold over her head. No pun intended.” She stops and my gaze flickers to where her hand is gliding across her neck. “Anyway, you and I both know that what you think you have on her is nothing compared to what has been said about you.” The accusation in her tone is strong.

“I don't know what you're talking about,” I lie, as I try to move past her, but I'm stopped by her frail hand over top of mine. “Get off me,” I seethe, but she stubbornly ignores me.

“You can deny your past all you want and pretend that what your mother made you become isn't your truth. But

secrets are like a cancer, if you don't address them, they will kill," she warns, her voice cracking.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing I don't fear death then. Move aside, we're done here," I mutter, my gaze now on the doors that I so desperately need to walk through to get to her.

Don't worry little hellcat, daddy's coming.

My boot scuffs against the floor, as I step forward, not realizing Glinda's hold is still on me.

"I said move aside," I repeat, this time with an increased edge to my voice. "Move before I cut that fucking finger off."

Squeezing my finger, her voice steadies. "I'd love to see you try," she warns before finally letting go of me.

Hand on the door handle, I turn to Glinda's icy glare. "If I were you, I'd be careful talking about things you don't know. With the headless murders on the rise again, you don't want to be next," I warn with a sarcastic wink, she doesn't take well to.

Uninterested in whatever snarky reply she will have, I push the door open. The crisp October air that brushes against my mask is a stark contrast to the untethered rage I feel when I see Blair is no where to be fucking found. Of course she didn't listen. That would be too easy and nothing about Blair is easy for her defiant heart.

Desperate for her to be near me, I scan the sidewalk once more but she is nowhere in sight. Rage trickles in, overshadowing the desperation I feel, morphing me into a predator mode. Unable to contain my anger, I pound my fist into a jack-o-lantern outside the door. Some young kid shrieks as the pumpkin guts explode around my fist and his mom rushes him down the sidewalk, shielding him from me.

Pulling my hand out of the now gutted pumpkin, my ring comes into full view. I debate pressing the button that controls her harness, letting the blades wreak havoc on her flesh, draining the life out of her, but I have waited for this night for too long to not have a front row seat to her end.

CHAPTER 19



Making my way through the throng of people that are gathered on the sidewalk, I blend into the night air as I cross the street and head to the two wrought iron gates of the cemetery. I'm tempted to allow technology to help me like it did when I *first* needed a way into my little hellcat's twisted existence, but given how I plan for tonight to end, I think a more *primal* take on things would be more appropriate.

Looking over my shoulder, I wait until the sidewalk clears before hoisting myself up and over the locked gate. My feet barely hit the ground of the cemetery before I spot Blair's harness on the barren ground.

Kneeling, I reach for it, immediately gravitating to the vibrator hidden in its center. A sly grin creeps across my face when my finger is met with the very *wet* toy. I must have disengaged the harness from my ring when my fist was clenched and smashing that damn pumpkin just moments before. Judging from the amount of arousal that coats the harness and my hand, I'd say she came right before it detached from her body. Sudden jealousy pings at my core as my fingers trace the intricate grooves of fabric. Gathering the remnants of her release onto my finger, my cock twitches to life as I slip my finger beneath my mask, sucking her sweet tang off it.

Fuck even her leftovers taste like every depraved thing I could ever want and it only fuels the predatory surge working through me as I straighten my spine. Relying on the light from the full moon, I begin searching for my final girl.

Moving past the rows of limestone and slate graves, I try to keep my steps as hushed as possible. That way if any sound breaks from the vast landscape that surrounds me, I'll know where to head to find her.

“Oh, little hellcat...where are you?” I call out, trekking through the rows of graves and hilly land that makes this place an endless wonderland of death and despair. Each step I take fuels my adrenaline, making me feel like a true hunter. With the scent of my prey lingering in my nose and the great outdoors as my playground, the possibilities are fucking endless as to what I will do to her once I capture her.

I approach a fork in the pathway that divides the old section of the cemetery with the new, causing me to pause my search when a twig snapping in the distance catches my attention.

Remaining still, I wait for the sound again and sure enough it continues to happen, and with each distinct break of the fallen bark, the noise is getting closer to where I'm standing.

I'm getting warmer.

Heart pounding at my chest, I try to focus my gaze on the ripples of black air that consume my already limited vision beneath my mask.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are,” I mumble, continuing to listen for her footsteps when I spot a sliver of plump ass jiggling as it runs up the hill near the row of mausoleums.

My pulse skyrockets, yet the ripe need that courses through me is what fuels my steps to lock down my prey *once and for all*. I regain my footing, the chains that drape over my thighs rattling with each fervent bounce of my stride. Feral excitement floods my veins when my vision is met with the point of her heel as she turns the corner of the cement structure she's trying to run past.

Oh, no you don't.

Increasing my speed, I approach the mausoleum she's hiding behind. “I know you're here, little hellcat,” I announce,

beginning to round the far corner of the mausoleum. “You’re really making me work for it tonight, huh? Fine by me, I like fighting for what’s mine.” Leading with my knife, I move to the backside of the mausoleum. Notes of her floral perfume invade my senses. “I can practically smell you from here,” I purr against my mask just as the scraping of gravel sounds from behind me.

“Over here, asshole,” she shouts.

I pivot towards the sound of her heaving breaths.

“There you are—” I move toward her but the impact of something hard smacking against my forehead stops me in my tracks. I look down to see one of her heels lying on the ground in front of me.

“What?” she pouts. “No heels means that I can run away from you faster. Hope you can keep up,” she challenges.

A boisterous growl leaks from my lips at the audacity of her thinking that her bare feet are capable of giving her the speed she needs to get away from me.

Reaching for my *special* knife, I secure it in my palm before lifting my masked gaze to where she stands looking delicious and arrogant.

“Run final girl, the Boogeyman’s coming for you,” I groan. “Now!”

Finally, like a good little slut, she listens to me and breaks into a quickened jog. Not quite a run but much faster than walking. How pathetic, it’s like she *wants* to get caught. She’s making this too easy for me and ease is something that’s never appealed to me. Which is probably why I felt such a pull to her all those years ago. Blair is many things, but easy, in any sense of the word, is definitely not it. She’s hostile, erratic, violent, all the things that make her a nightmare and my fucking dream.

I continue my determined saunter, trailing her every step. Her onyx hair swaying at her back side the further she runs, she continues this until we’ve made it to what most would classify as “the rich” part of the cemetery. The side where all

the big wigs and famous people paid a hefty price to be buried under the ground.

Her pace slows as she turns to look at me. Though our locked gaze on one another is cut short by her suddenly crashing to the ground.

Ah, I love historic cemeteries. Those disintegrating graves that wither down over the years to eventually look like rocks on the ground, make for a real safety hazard.

Better luck next time, little hellcat.

Using her fall to my advantage, I charge towards her. Running with such speed that she has no opportunity to escape.

My body topples over her, pinning her to the ground and fuck, does this feeling of overpowering her feel like home.

“You motherfucker,” she shouts, trying to squirm out of my hold. Her arms extend, scratching at the ground, forcing me to press my knife against her hand.

“Ouch,” she cries out, though the pain she’s trying to force isn’t convincing.

I pout, my lips pressing against my mask. “Oops,” I tease, drawing the blade into the top of her hand an inch more. “Miss me?” I tease, straddling her backside.

She scoffs. “You’d have to be dead for me to miss you. But if you insist on pinning me down like this, the least you could do is be a gentleman about it and stick something in me.”

“I’ll do you one better,” I say, loosening my hold on her backside, I take my free hand, rolling her over onto her back, trapping both her wrists overhead. “I’ll give you one shot, one opportunity to do what you’ve always wanted—” I’m cut off by her sudden burst of laughter

“Something amusing you?” I ask,

Her laughter comes to a halt and a breathy sigh emerges in its place before she parts her lips to speak. “Holy shit, sorry, I thought you were about to rap “Lose Yourself” from *8 Mile* the way you started that sentence.”

I roll my eyes. This woman is truly maddening and of course, like the fucking brat she is, she begins bobbing her head and humming to fucking Eminem, completely ruining the fucking mood. My neck snaps side to side, cracking, before I bring the tip of my knife to her chin, lowering my mask to her face. “Thanks for the pop culture references but I’m more of a rock guy, myself. Now shut that pretty little mouth of yours and listen to me. I’m giving you one chance to do what you failed to do fifteen years ago.”

Her brows lift, excitement washing over her face as my offer registers.

“Ooh, you’re going to let me stab you?” she asks, practically beaming.

I chuckle, loosening the cuffed hold I have maintained on her wrists. “I’m giving you one last chance to kill me, but first, there’s something I want you to do for me,” I say, uncurling my hand completely from her wrists as I stand up.

Wasting no time, she quickly rises to her feet, already reaching for her knife.

I click my tongue. “Not so fast, final girl.”

Her shoulders shrug matching her confused stare. “What is it, Maddox? What can I do for you before I drive that knife into your black fucking heart?”

Closing the space between us, I take my knife and tap it against hers. “Drop it.”

“What?” she asks.

“Drop your knife and use mine,” I deadpan.

She stands there, silently trying to piece together what exactly I’m saying before shrugging and tossing her knife to the ground.

Good girl.

“Okay, weird. Hand it over,” she motions to my knife. I pull back from her slightly, clicking my tongue before centering the tip of my knife over her lips.

“Lick it,” I instruct.

Her eyes roll viciously, “Oh my god, you’re such a man. You want a blow job before I kill you?”

“Eh, kind of,” I reply.

“Whatever. It’s the least I could do, I guess,” she says, her tone suddenly sultry. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say it almost sounds like she *wants* my dick shoved down her throat as her hand now grazes my belt buckle.

“Not that,” I murmur. “I want you to lick this.”

“I’m not following. You want me to lick your knife before I stab you?”

“Humor me. It would be a poetic justice of sorts.” I grin, bringing the knife closer to her mouth, I carefully take the edge to her bottom lip. “So, what do you say, huh? Just the tip. Don’t want to get too bloody,” I wink.

“Fine,” she agrees, parting her lips so I can guide the knife’s edge into her mouth.

“Go ahead, stick your tongue out for daddy. Open nice and big.”

Her mouth opens wide as her tongue thrusts outward. Slowly, I bring the edge of the blade to her tongue, watching with a stiff cock as she explores the sharpened steel.

“That’s it,” I encourage her, dragging the tip deeper into her mouth. “You’re taking daddy’s knife so well.”

Her lids fall shut as she glides her ravenous tongue up and down the blade. My cock begins to ache, watching how ravishing she looks *obeying* me.

That’s it baby, lick all the medicine up.

“Good girl,” I praise. “Almost there.”

My gaze shifts from where she is stroking the knife with her tongue and to her half-lidded eyes. Her tongue pauses and a scowl flickers across her brow.

“Ok, ha-hand it, ov—” she stutters, unable to complete her sentence.

“Ssh, little hellcat. Don’t fight it,” I whisper. “You’re doing so good. See how easy things are when you follow my instructions. Now you’ll get to sleep faster, and I’ll get to have my sleeping beauty’s cunt all to myself...*in silence.*”

I can tell by the subtle gasp she makes she wants to say something, to fight me, but she can’t. I made sure of it by lacing the blade she’s been fucking with her mouth with enough sleep aid that she will knock out quickly.

Her weakening body begins to sway and, being the gentleman that I am, I remove the blade from her mouth, so she doesn’t accidentally stab herself in the throat when she falls.

Waiting for the sleep medicine to fully kick in, I bring a quick hand to the button of my mask so my mouth will be free and ready to lick her blissfully unconscious body to orgasm as she naps.

“Ssh,” I whisper in her ear and, even in her semi-conscious state, my heart pings at the sight of the goosebumps that begin to spread on her neck. “Don’t fight it. I’ll make sure to take good care of you while you sleep.”

A stifled whimper travels from her throat when her body collapses into my hold. “Nighty night, hellcat,” I whisper, draping her sleepy body across the ground. Hunger pains at my insides, my cock is so hard it feels like it’s going to shatter my piercings. Before I get to work on her pussy, I can’t help but stare at her unconscious state.

It’s amazing how so much beauty and angst can reside in one body. She looks so serene laying amongst the barren landscape of the cemetery. Breathing but unaware. Alive, yet internally dead. Just how I like her.

Kneeling before my sleeping beauty, I begin to salivate, parting her willing thighs. I tear at the fabric of her bodysuit, casting it aside so I have more room to bury my face at the apex of her thighs.

There is something so sinfully delicious about the way her pussy glistens for me, surrounded by death, unknowingly so close to her own. I only wish that her hatred for me would stop overshadowing her ability to realize that everything I'm doing, as fucked up as it may be, is only out of my willingness to make her happy.

CHAPTER 20



15 years ago...

The digital clock on the stereo of my truck reminds me that I am going to be late to pick up my brother, if I can even call him that. We may live under the same roof, forced to call the same people Mom and Dad, but we are nothing alike.

Something he enjoys reminding me of daily. Mocking my conscience efforts to avoid socializing like most would avoid the plague. I can't help but find in person interactions to be incredibly fake, not to mention dull. When I'm sitting behind my computer, beneath a carefully curated veil is when I feel the most at ease. On the internet I can be whoever I want to be. I can speak my piece and then click off. Too bad I can't do that in real life, something

I am painfully reminded of, as I am now quickly approaching the Horseman's Diner. Already, dreading whatever conversation I will be cornered into the moment brother dearest steps foot in my truck.

The gravel from the partially paved parking lot crunches beneath the tires as I circle the lot, finding a place to park that will give me a view of the front entrance so I can see numb nuts when he gets out. As I park, turning the ignition off, my phone vibrates, rattling against the center console.

Reaching for it, my stomach drops. I have two new messages from Cam. Whenever Cam texts me, it's never good. Nothing about Cam is good.

Cam Moeder: Where are you?

Cam Moeder: We need to talk.

Me: Can't

Cam Moeder: Sorry, it doesn't work like that remember.

Me: I have to pick up the bro...REMEMBER

Cam Moeder: All caps? Real mature

Me: Never claimed to be. I have a minute before he comes outside, what is it?

Cam Moeder: This isn't the type of conversation I want to have on the phone.

Me: Got it...

I'm in the process of typing the second part of my message when a loud bang sounds from the entrance of the diner. I look up from my phone, expecting to see my brother walking out, but to my surprise, standing beneath the tacky fluorescent bulbs that flicker on the Horseman Diner's sign, is the most beautiful, most angry looking girl I've ever seen.

She stops at the top of the cement steps, pinching her phone between her cheek and shoulder. Running a hand through her dark as night hair, she brushes the hair that rests on her brows, moving it to the side, revealing a smoldering set of dark eyes centered upon a defined and striking face. Suddenly unable to blink and risk losing a second of this beautiful creature within my view, I study the way her pouty lips balance an unlit cigarette in her mouth while she carries on what appears to be a contentious conversation with whoever is on the other line.

Bringing the lighter to the tip of her cigarette, she quickly lights it and the plume of smoke that follows from her first

drag momentarily clouds my view of her, instantly making me feel desperate as the seconds it will take for it to dissipate pass.

Curious as to what has her so worked up as her head begins to bob each time she speaks into the phone, I lower the car window. The moment the glass descends, letting in the brisk spring air, my ears are met with what sounds like what will be my newest obsession. A feisty yet delicate feminine voice emerges, echoing amongst the open air of the parking lot. Each syllable and murmur that falls from her lips feels like a sultry beckoning.

She hangs up the phone and continues to smoke her cigarette as she moves from the steps of the diner across the parking lot. As she walks in front of where I'm parked, unaware of the way I'm lurking, my gaze is met with a perfectly perky and round ass that jiggles against the black leggings she is wearing. I've always considered myself to be more of an ass man. That's not to say of course that I will neglect a nice pair of tits, and from what I can see, she has a nice set of them also but a big, juicy ass like hers has me practically foaming at the mouth. My cock is becoming more and more rigid with every step she takes, wishing I could get out of this truck and spank that ass that's just begging for my fucking hand.

God damn it Maddox, chill, you don't even know this girl...yet.

Held captive by her every movement, I become lost in a feral trance watching her stride continue until it stops at the driver side of a shiny red Mitsubishi Eclipse. She stands there a moment more, savoring the last of her smoke before she flicks it onto the pavement. Grinding her Vans on the dwindling cigarette butt, she presses her weight into it before lifting her gaze my way.

Shit. I should probably stop staring but I can't. I don't even think I'm capable of blinking right now. Her face has a devious expression on it, a faint smirk settled on her red painted lips. She looks like everything I have always wanted but never thought existed.

I wonder if she sees me staring at her. I watch as suddenly the hand that was just in possession of the cigarette that she tossed on the ground is now lifted with her middle finger raised.

My brows raise in confusion. Did she see me gawking and she's flipping me off? I mean I don't blame her but fuck if it's not hot as hell seeing her mood shift, yet again, into anger, even if it's directed at me.

Lifting her other hand, with the same distinct "fuck you" in the air, she keeps them upright until she swats both hands down, shaking her head before she slips into her car. Immediately I'm tempted to fucking ditch my brother and follow her home but instead I take mental note of her license plate. That way once I get home, I can gain a little intel on who it's registered to. Though as she backs out of her parking spot, I notice a decal on the bumper. "Horror Whores." Interesting. Not sure exactly what that means but I take note of that as well, because anything I can use to help me learn more about my mystery girl, is welcomed.

I squint, trying to see if there is anything else on the bumper sticker when an irritatingly familiar voice followed by an equally irritating pounding thuds from the passenger window.

"Hey, let me in," my brother shouts. "Now, Maddox!"

"It's unlocked," I bite.

He opens the door, letting in an unpleasant smell of stale booze with him. Piling into the passenger seat, he says something, but I'm not paying attention. I can't stop staring at her car as she drives to the end of the parking lot, blinker flashing, waiting to turn.

"Don't even think about it," my brother says.

"What?" I mumble, shifting the truck into drive.

"She's bad news," he warns.

As if that deters me. If anything, that only makes me want to know her more.

“Who?” I ask.

“Not to mention out of your league” he adds, in his usual condescending tone.

My fingers grip the steering wheel tighter, knuckles beginning to whiten.

“Who is she?” I ask again, louder this time.

“I said forget it. She’s out of your league, bro.”

Ha, hot and out of my league? Don’t tempt me with a good time. First order of business after I drop him off and call Cam is to figure out what this Horror Whores thing is so I can use it as my way to get closer to her.

Slamming my foot on the brake, he slides forward.

“What the fuck, Maddox!” he shouts.

I watch her car drive away as I turn to him. “I asked who she is. Now tell me.” I command, puffing my chest out, reminding him that if it weren’t for mom chiming in my ear daily to “play nice,” I would fucking crush him.

He raises his hands up with flat palms in defeat. “Jesus Christ, you really are mad.”

I grit my jaw, releasing an audible roar.

“Sorry, I’m just joking,” he begins, even though I know he’s not.

“Name,” I mutter, like a possessive caveman.

“Blair Van Tassel.”

Hmm, Van Tassel, how delightfully cliché. Living in Sleepy Hollow with a last name like Van Tassel is just about as cliché as living here with the last name Crane.

I’ve never been one to believe in something so delusional and trivial as fate, but this feeling that lingers in my veins, settling itself into my chest, makes me think that I saw her tonight for a reason. I have a feeling that Blair Van Tassel will not only be my next pursuit, but the last victim of my forced affections.

CHAPTER 21



A blanket of ominous air washes over me, making me feel like I'm drowning as my body is held captive by a vibrating sensation where my legs are being spread apart by a pair of large hands.

I turn my head to the side, dirt scuffing against my face, but my eyes remain shut. I feel like I've succumbed to a vat of quicksand, my whole body feels like it's sinking, falling deeper into the abyss of pleasure his mouth is creating.

I feel his greedy hands knead and squeeze the flesh of my ass with the same intensity that his mouth is humming at my center. I hate how good he makes me feel, even when it shouldn't.

Again, I try to open my eyes so I can watch him drown in my pussy but my lids squeeze shut even tighter when my hips buck forward, causing my back to arch as I ride the wave of an orgasm that I don't even think I'm coherent enough to have.

Squeezing my thighs around his head, I release a moan of both pleasure and pain which makes him hum harder against where I am writhing against his face.

"Fuck," he groans, planting a surprisingly gentle kiss to my clit. "You taste even sweeter when you're asleep. You're so fucking wet for me."

His confession sends a surge of warmth to my core. His mouth lingers on my swollen lips and using the torn muscle of his tongue, he licks the remnants of my orgasm up. Another hum sounds from his lips, this time more sinister as it's

preceded by a drawn out laugh. “Wake up, little hellcat,” he taunts, cracking through the fog I’ve been forced into. I want to open my eyes, though my lids still feel heavy.

Slowly I drag my palms against the dirt, I try lifting myself up when a searing pain begins to burrow itself at my temples. With each shift of my hands, the pain intensifies. I try working through it, but that stinging sensation peaks when a jagged rubber sole kicks at my hand.

Wincing, I part my dry lips. “What the fu—?”

My words are cut off by his hand over my mouth. I hate how I’m still half out of it, yet his harsh, possessive touch feels soothing against my skin even as he’s stifling my ability to speak.

“Shh,” he whispers into my ear, sending an unpleasant chill down my spine. “I just wanted to tell you how seeing you unconscious, surrounded by so much death, makes me realize what a beautiful corpse you would make,” he hisses before sinking his teeth onto my lobe. His mouth feels like fire on my cold skin. “Plus, when you’re dead, you wouldn’t have the ability to run that fresh fucking mouth of yours,” he adds, his words like venom to my system.

I want to shout at him, I want to tell him how pathetic he is for drugging me so he can get his tongue between my legs but I’d be lying. He’s only doing what I’ve always wanted. To be taken, chased, pleased at any cost. Only difference is I told him these things before I tricked him. Now it feels like he’s using all my fantasies against me, all so he can get the last laugh.

I remain on the ground, pinned beneath his touch until his warm breath abandons my ear. Ignoring the dizziness that feels like it’s rattling my head, I somehow muster enough strength to switch from my back to my side. Slowly, I roll over to my stomach and, once I move onto all fours, my nostrils are suddenly met with the oddly familiar scent of freshly carved pumpkins.

Finally, I feel enough energy to open my eyes. Though the moment they open, a cruel sense of déjà vu slaps me across the

face.

Before me, on a patch of dirt, nestled in a pile of leaves, is a pumpkin. Its two lopsided eyes with a small triangular nose giving way to a crooked, jagged smile make it a damn near perfect replica of the carved pumpkin from the opening credits of *Halloween*.

The lit candle that flickers inside the carved pumpkin brings a smile to my face, though it's short lived. The longer I focus my gaze on the jack-o-lantern the more I'm able to see the small red font that reads "*FinalGirlsRock_666*", which makes my stomach churn.

Working through the pounding in my head, I lift my hand, inching it toward the printout that is taped just beneath the jagged mouth of the jack o' lantern. Before I can grasp it, my vision is obstructed by a large black boot, covered in specks of pumpkin guts and leftover seeds.

His throat clears and the raspy echo of his baritone voice lingers in my ears, stealing my attention from the pumpkin.

"Want me to read it to you?" He whispers from above me. His voice is so naturally deep, his attempt at a hushed whisper is heard loud and clear. I swear I can *feel* his words travel through me and straight to my damp center.

My lips part. An inhale disguised as a gasp sounds, making the cool autumn air feel like a wad of cotton balls is being stuffed into my mouth. I clear my throat from the trapped, dry air that has lodged itself in my windpipe when a throaty groan emerges from Maddox. It's faint, but loud enough to come off as effortlessly sultry as it sounds possessive, and it only makes the disorientation I have been feeling worse.

He kneels before me, reaching his palm to the small piece of paper.

"Too bad, I'm going to read it anyway. Maybe this will give you an idea of where tonight is headed." He licks his lips, centering his gaze on the paper.

I swallow hard finally feeling like I can speak. "No," I protest through gritted teeth, chest heaving as I try to get

enough energy to rise from where I'm rocking on hands and knees.

An angry groan rumbles from his throat, and he lifts my chin so I'm forced to look at him. The blueish green of his irises look like a flickering candle in the dead of night. The years old paper crinkles slightly in his hand as his fingers curl against it, crumpling it against where his calloused palms have my chin captured.

"No, is such a dirty word. Don't you think?" He sneers.

I ignore him as I try to break free from his grip, but it only makes his smile only widen. His alluring stare sears into me as he waits for a response, but I don't give him one. It's this very encounter that he truly gets off on, that's his kink. The banter, the push and pull, the hatred. That's what he wants, and I won't fucking give him that satisfaction, not when he has a fucking knife in his other hand, and I'm on the ground, trapped beneath his touch, defenseless.

"Are you ready?" he groans, curling his fingers tighter against my jaw. His thumb swipes against my cheek and, although his touch is rough, his warm, intense hands feel like a flame that is slowly beginning to melt the ice-cold front I've worked so hard to maintain around him.

I try to signal my feet to stand up and release myself from his hold, but I can't. The longer he pinches my cheeks together and looks into me with his hypnotizing gaze I remain still, under his spell just waiting for him to make a move in this never-ending chess match we have found ourselves in the last fifteen years.

He arches his pierced brow before clearing his throat to speak.

FinalGirlsRock_666: You know carving the skin of a pumpkin is much harder than carving actual skin...

Boogeyman_Of_Haddonfield_31: Oh, I know. Human skin is much more delicate, all it takes is the tip of a knife and just the slightest bit of force

“Stop!” I shout, interrupting him. My voice echoing against the gravestones that surround us. My stomach sinks as nausea spreads to my mouth because I already know what’s next. All these theatrics of his, they all serve one purpose and it’s to punish me for what I did to him.

“Come on, I was just about to get to the good part,” he shrugs, letting me go.

Working through the grogginess I still feel, I rise from the ground and lift my hand, swiping it in front of me to reach for his knife, but he inches back before transferring his already towering height to the tips of his toes, gaining another inch and a half on me. “Give it to me!” I groan, jumping up to where he now has his hand raised higher, taunting me.

“Mmmm, you sound so good when you beg,” he licks his lips, releasing a throaty groan that again travels to my center. “Not so fast,” he clicks his tongue, moving higher onto his tiptoes. “If you want this, I’m going to *really* need to see you beg for it. On your hands and knees.” The playful tone in his voice is gone and, in its place, a domineering command.

“Fuck no,” I grit, huffing an angry sigh, trying once more to jump up and get it, but it’s useless. His outstretched hand paired with his height makes it impossible. My gaze travels up to where the knife taunts me, swimming through the sea of veins and ink that define his muscular arms. Fuck, he looks so damn sinister, so damn fuckable. But beg? To him? As fucking if.

Shifting my weight to one hip, I cross my hands in front of my torso.

“Always so fresh,” he scoffs. “Come on, little hellcat, show daddy how bad you want the knife,” he sneers but I don’t budge.

I’m tempted to drive my foot right into his dick. I even scuff my foot backward about to kick rocks his way, but he makes a move instead.

Confusion spreads as he begins to lower to his knees. I inch back trying to get away from him but his hands reach out

for my thighs, pulling me into where he is kneeling in front of me.

My breathing feels sporadic, like my heart is beating so fast it's going to shatter my lungs, and I don't like it. I feel queasy and it's not because of the meds he gave me to knock me out. I feel like there's been a shift, a plea in his movements.

I watch in horror as his scruffy, chiseled, disgustingly handsome, mask face rounds the corner of my hips followed by inked fingers tearing at the seams of my fishnet stockings.

"Wha—" I begin but I can't speak, I can't move as I lower my gaze to where his split tongue now dances at my side. Vicious strokes of forked tongue graze and tickle my flesh causing prickles to form throughout my body sharp as a knife.

"What—" I repeat, but again my words are halted, this time by his index finger that's pressed over top of my lips.

"Ssh," he murmurs. "Don't ruin it by running that mouth of yours," he mutters, sounding as conflicted as I feel. This, *us*. Whatever *this* even is between us is wrong, but his touch on my skin, our bodies so close to each other, it feels right and it's unsettling, horrid even.

His finger moves from my lips, trailing its way down my body until it hovers just above where I can feel my pussy aching for him. I hinge my hips forward but, like the sadist he is, he removes the hand that was just lingering near my entrance. It disappears from where I peer down at him.

"Don't you dare," he begins, squeezing my ass. "Don't you fucking dare mutter a word unless it's my name as you come." His words are followed by two harsh slaps on my ass. The second whip of his hand is harder than the first.

He moves his hand from where he reprimanded my bottom, to his mouth. Gazing up at me, he slowly brings the pad of his thumb to his tongue. I watch, hypnotized, as his tongue swirls around his digit. Moving his dampened finger to one of the half-finished pumpkin tattoos on my thigh, he swipes his thumb back and forth against my inked flesh. A

seductive grin spreads across his face as he marks me with his saliva. The more I feel his spit smear against my flesh, the more I feel the power I try to hold over him wither.

“What I’m about to do to you is going to sting.” He groans, finally stopping his little spit shine on my thigh. “It’s going to hurt,” he continues, now trailing the tip of the knife up my shin with a killer precision. “But it’s going to knock something off that depraved bucket list of yours.” He stops, the tip of the knife now centered on my tattoo.

My pussy pulses as I watch him begin to plant soft kisses around where he just spread his saliva moments before. He continues to kiss my leg slowly until his teeth slip past his lips, sinking into my supple flesh before the long, separated muscles of his tongue begin to flick against my skin until it meets the edge of the blade that teases me. With the promise of bloodshed on the horizon, I sink into this feeling of being wanted, reveling in it, because I finally feel *something*.

He releases a moan that vibrates against my skin as he swipes his devil’s tongue across his lips. “Remember, no matter how good it feels. No matter how hard you come from feeling the knife graze your skin. I still hate what you did to me just like how I’m disgusted by what you *continue* to do to me. But none of it compares to how much I would hate myself if I didn’t take this opportunity to have your blood on my tongue.”

His words feel like a summoning, just like his blade feels like the only heaven I will ever know. Its sharp edge robs me of the numb normality I am forced to live in daily, making me feel alive, making me *his*. The more the steel nicks my flesh, the more I realize that this is true communion. Trading pain for pleasure, annihilating guilt in the form of blood that’s willing to comfort my twisted soul, not condemn it. His hatred brought us here, but the games that we indulge ourselves in, even if fueled by demons, are what keeps us coming back for more, until there is nothing left.

The cool blanket of dark air around us nips at where he pivots the tip of his knife. My gaze falls to where he is carving a jagged mouth on my pumpkin tattoo. My skin stings and as

rivulets of blood follow his blade, I feel arousal nestle itself at my clit all over again. With each careful nick and cut he makes, it's as if he is rubbing the bundle of nerves that lay restless, missing his touch. I've never felt this before. It's like a phantom is consuming me as he works the knife on me.

Again, he hums against my skin, his deep tone ricocheting through my body.

“Hmmm, that's it hellcat. Bleed for me,” he rasps, running his tongue against where my crimson has slid down my leg. Seeing my blood on his tongue as he toes the line of praise and debauchery is one of the hottest things I've ever witnessed.

CHAPTER 22



This is depraved. Here I am, on my fucking knees, branding her with my knife and she's moaning like my tongue is deep in her pussy...again, instead of where it's lapping the crimson that drips onto her thigh.

I may be fucking sick for doing this to her but she's just as fucking sick for liking it.

Judging by the way I can smell her arousal building as the sharpened steel continues to break the delicate barrier of her skin, she more than likes it...she loves it. Just like I knew my good little hellcat would.

I bet if I stop right now— mid carving— she'd be moaning my name, begging me for more. Fuck, just the thought of her panting and needy makes even more blood rush to my cock. She's so sexy when she's angry and flustered, it's why I'll never tire of playing these games with her.

Angling the knife upward, I carefully drag the tip to finish the jagged smile on her tattoo. Droplets of blood gather from each broken seam of her flesh, making her somehow look even more delicious than she already does.

Like a vulture craving its prey, I extend my tongue to where the tip of the knife grazes her thigh. Flicking the forked flesh onto the edge of the smile I just etched into her skin, I peer up at her reveling in the way her body melts under my sadistic touch.

I hear her try to stifle a needy moan as I lick up her wound. Pressing a gentle kiss on her bloodied flesh, I part my lips to

speak. “You liked that, didn’t you little hellcat?” I ask, my gaze glued onto her.

Her lip’s part as her chest heaves from the twisted pleasure that is coursing through her veins, but she doesn’t answer.

Dragging the pad of my torn tongue, I continue licking her blood, its iron tang mixed with the already sweet taste of her skin is intoxicating. “Answer me,” I command, dropping the knife to the ground as my teeth press into her thigh. She yelps, but again, it sounds like it’s more out of pleasure than pain.

Grabbing hold of her ass with both hands, I squeeze at her supple flesh, feeling myself become rock hard with need.

Another moan escapes her lips, this time louder and more primal.

“Oh, little hellcat,” I begin to taunt. “Answer me,” I command as my palm sears itself to her ass, spanking it.

“No,” she whimpers in protest, making me lift my palm again, this time crashing it against her already reddened skin harder.

“Tsk, ts, little liar.” Shifting my hand to her center, I dip my finger to where the fabric is still open above her pussy. “You’re practically dripping,” I breathe, stationing my face just inches from her wet cunt. “Such a needy little whore. Was coming in my mouth while you slept not enough for you?” I taunt causing another breathy moan to sound from her parted lips.

Needing another taste of her, I release the hold my fingers have, slipping them into my mouth. Fuck, she tastes like everything I want but shouldn’t. Like a poisonous apple begging to be bitten. I can’t contain myself any longer. If I don’t have her bent over one of these headstones fast, I’m going to fucking explode.

Popping my fingers out of my mouth, I swipe my tongue across my lips, moving it far enough that the split tips trace against where her arousal drips. Her hips buck forward as her hand presses against the back of my head as she tries to drive my mouth closer to her sex. But I break her hold, altering my

stance from my knees to my feet as my mouth trails her body, pressing messy, needy kisses at her abdomen that's trapped beneath the smooth leather of her bodysuit, until my tongue is centered at her ample cleavage.

My palms move to either side of her tits, squeezing them together, so my tongue becomes lost in her cleavage. Curling my fingers, I begin to lower the leather that rests at the middle of her breasts that barely covers her pierced nipples, freeing them for my mouth to devour.

Apparently, I'm not moving fast enough because her delicate fingers meet my calloused ones as she yanks at it herself, lowering it down so my tongue has free rein on her hardened peaks.

"Boogeyman," she pants. Her voice, raspy and breathless, drives an intense ache through my cock.

My grip shifts from her tits up to the crown of her head, tightening around her thick, onyx hair as I tilt her head back, exposing her neck to my mouth. Trailing kisses up to her ear, I can feel her pulse quickening as she tries to fight this sinister entity that exists between us. "Yes, final girl?"

"What are you doing?" she whispers, my mouth now kneading the tender flesh of her lobe before bringing my lips to the shell of her ear.

"What do you want me to do to you?" I groan, wanting nothing more than for her to tell me how bad she wants my pierced cock deep inside of her. Fucking her senseless.

Her lip becomes trapped beneath her teeth, as she's trying her hardest to suppress the desire that radiates throughout her body.

"Answer me, before I answer for you," I command.

She sucks in a breath. It's adorable how much she's fighting this. My stubborn little hellcat just can't bring herself to admit that she wants this.

"Last chance." My voice drags, dying to hear whatever filthy, vile thing that she's trying to suppress.

“Fine,” she expels a disgusted sigh. “Fuck me like you want to kill me,” she breathes, sounding equal parts guilty as she sounds turned on.

Ha, there's my little needy slut ready to play.

Licking my lips, I trap her in my arms. “Only if you cum like you hate me,” I retort, accepting her challenge by sweeping her up and over my shoulder. “Can you do that for me, pretty girl?”

“Yes,” she whispers. “Just make it rough,” she pleads.

“I wouldn't dream of fucking you any other way,” I grin, excitement rippling through my body because, if we are going to fuck here, there is only one place that would do our debauchery justice and I know just the spot.

As I continue to walk with her body slung over my shoulder, I feel her shaking her head, shifting the hold I have on her.

“Hurry up, before I change my mind,” she scoffs.

Oh no you don't.

My grip on her intensifies, my fingers digging into where I hold her.

“Nice try little hellcat, but your dripping cunt speaks louder than your lying mouth.”

Moving her from my shoulder to where she now stands in front of me, trapped beneath my touch on either arm, I lower my head, so it hovers the side of her face. Moving her with an iron hold towards the grave, I whisper in her ear.

“I told you before. Your days as Katrina Van Tassel are numbered. There is no escaping that. Your death and your life are mine, but right now I just want your body thrashing against me, like it was meant to do,” I groan, continuing to move her willing body to the slate tombstone.

Pressing her torso against the smooth, cold slate, I center my palm at her lower back, so her body is draped and ready for me to fuck.

“Damn, do you look good surrounded by death. Now, show me how bad you want my cock inside of you.”

Fully expecting her to fight me, like she has a tendency of doing, she surprises me by spreading her legs wide. With one elbow on the edge of the tombstone, she brings her other hand to her pussy and begins swirling her fingers at her clit.

“That’s my girl,” I praise her. Loosening the buckle of my pants, I drag the belt through the loops of my pants purposefully slow, admiring the way her hands are rubbing at her slippery entrance.

My fingers glide against the zipper of my pants so I can free my cock that’s begging to be trapped in her tight, warm, walls.

Fisting my length, I take the precum that gathers at the tip and paint her ass cheek with it. She moans before clearing her throat. “Maddox,” she begins, her voice sounding uncharacteristically hesitant.

“Yes, hellcat?” I ask, fisting my cock moving closer to her entrance. My fingers move from my stiff length to where her hand is stationed at her pussy. “My turn,” I groan, swatting her hand away. I dip my fingers into her plump warmth, feeling my cock getting harder by the fucking second. I stretch her cunt with my three large fingers before sliding them out and over to her clit, smacking them down to spank her wet entrance.

“You were saying?” Pressing my body against hers pinning her torso further against the tombstone, her body falls forward as I lean closer to her ear. My hand that’s slick with her arousal travels to my cock, as I fist my length once more, coating her slick warmth between the barbells.

“Make it hurt,” she pleads.

“Oh, it will. Remember this changes nothing. You already know how I feel and that’s not fucking changing,” I breath against her neck, letting the words sink in.

Her back arches as my hardened cock teases her entrance, just waiting for her to respond so I can time when I slam into

her.

“Good,” she begins, cueing me to drive my first thrust into her.

She squeals as the pierced ridges on my cock begin to stretch her tight pussy.

“Let me feel how much I hurt you,” she whimpers. “Make it hurt, Maddox.”

Her breathy plea, like poison and medicine to my system all at once, is all I need to unleash on her. Her body begins to unravel, just as I want it to. Anger and arousal. Trauma and need all begin to consume me as I drive harsh thrust after thrust into her. The tension that exists between us, mixed with her blood that lingers on my tongue becomes too much. I hate how good she feels. I hate how much I fucking need her to feel alive.

Maintaining my pace into her warm, tight cunt, I reach my hand down to the chains that I always have draping at my side and in a swift motion I release them from where they are stationed at the loops of my pants. They begin to jingle, complementing the soundtrack our bodies are making against each other.

“Look at you. Such a good fucking slut, taking my cock like it was made to punish you,” I rasp, securing one end of the chain, leaning forward so it drapes onto her chest. My grip tightens, pulling either side of the chain tight within my grasp so the steel links press against her neck, like the reigns to a dark chariot.

Her moans shift, turning to a muffled gasp as her pussy begins to practically drip down my leg. Of course, she likes the chains.

Fisting the cool links in one hand, feeling her warm walls tighten as they clamp down on my cock. She is close, I can fucking feel it.

Driving aggressive thrusts into her, making sure the cool metal rungs that adorns my cock scratch at her plump walls, I

lean my weight, so the scruff that lines my cheek brushes against hers.

The way our bodies slam and press against the tombstone feels intoxicating, damning even, and when I feel her pussy begin to pulse, it sends vibrations through my cock, making me want to burst with her.

Hand still on the chain, I take my other hand, sneaking it through the small opening between where her thighs bounce against the slate. I can feel her pussy throbbing, so close to release. Fingers anchored at her clit, I begin to circle and massage her bundle of nerves.

“That’s it, lean into your dark side, hellcat.” I murmur. “That’s where you feel at home isn’t it? With your darkness... with me.”

“Yes,” she pants. Orgasm no longer on the horizon but now rippling through her body. Her pussy suffocates my cock, squeezing my orgasm from me. Fuck, it feels so good fucking her the way I’ve always wanted to: raw, with my cum spilling inside of her, so she can wear my release as a form of branding that marks her as mine.

Of course, I had to study up on her routine beforehand to make sure she was on birth control. So, it was all systems go when I discovered that she prefers to take her birth control nightly with a hefty pour of Cabernet. Probably not the wisest combination, but who am I to judge. As long as I get to spill my load into her, I don’t give a fuck how she takes it.

My cock still pulsing in her pussy, I break the silence that now lingers between us. “You know what the best part about fucking you on the grave that started our story is?” I ask, and I can feel her spine stiffen.

“Get off me,” she says, voice quivering.

My hand grazes her ass, squeezing it one more time before I reply. “Not even a please? Sheesh,” I chide before slowly sliding out of her.

Immediately she moves away from me, shimmying up the now useless material of her bodysuit so it partially covers her

curves. “What the fuck are you talking about, Maddox?” she asks, jaw tense.

I don’t respond to her just yet. I like when she has to sweat things out. I feel her heated stare on me as I lift my pants up, slowly zipping them while the silence thickens. My chin tilts in the direction of the grave I just fucked her on. “Take a look for yourself.”

Hesitancy flits across her brow as she moves to the other side of the gleaming slate. Her eyes widen as she mouths the name etched into the tombstone.

Ethan Campbell.

“You have fucking problems,” she spews, sounding a bit too judgmental for my liking especially considering she’s the one who fucking killed him.

“What’s the matter? I thought you didn’t like him.” I taunt her. “But enough about him, he’s old news. Although I hope his rotten corpse got a kick out of how loud you moaned when my dick was buried in you.” A shrill cackle sounds from me, as I look to the tombstone. “No pun intended,” I wink.

“You’re sick, Maddox.”

“Yep,” I deadpan, reaching for my phone. “You know what else is sick?”

“What?” she asks, eyes rolling.

Unlocking my phone, I swipe to one of my new favorite apps. “It’s sick just how far technology has come since we met. The apps we used to have are nothing compared to what we have now. Now you can take just one pre-recorded word someone speaks and suddenly their voice is yours.”

“You wouldn’t,” she seethes.

“Ha, all these years spent at each other’s throats and it’s like you don’t know me at all,” I retort, pressing the red play button on the screen.

Focusing on her expression, I bask in the way the color drains from her skin as she hears her voice inviting her closest friends and family to this exact location deep in the woods by

the pitchfork tree for an impromptu Halloween gathering...at midnight.

A boisterous chuckle starts deep within my throat before flooding the air with my laughter. "I would and I did," I say through the uncontrollable amusement I find in this situation. "Ah," I sigh, my cheeks still sore from my laughing fit. "It's incredible. Now everyone you know and love can meet up where you screwed me over. At the exact location, at the same fucking time, so they can witness firsthand the ripple effect your crimes have had."

Now she laughs. "That's cute and all, Dr. Evil, but you have no proof. Everyone in this town knows the reputation you have; they'd never believe you."

"You're right, but the bones, pictures, and videos I have collected over the years, all the way up until this evening, when you just had to kill again, will say otherwise," I pause watching the pigment drain from her face. "Go ahead, you know where to go. I'll even give you a head start," I sneer.

CHAPTER 23



The adrenaline that spreads through my veins feels like the prick of a thousand knives. It's sharp and unending, just like the blade Maddox used to add his malevolent touch to my skin. The only difference is now I feel like I'm the one about to be stabbed in the back. Like the circle karma travels in is about to round the corner and slap me in the face and I can't allow that to happen. Especially from him.

I've worked too damn hard these past fifteen years, carefully curating a persona that allows me the freedom to indulge my demons while fooling others. I'll be damned if he ruins this for me with something as egregious as the truth.

As I make my way closer to the woods, I'm not only reminded of how much I despise Maddox right now, but how much I loathe running. Seriously, now I know why Michael Myers always did his cryptic walk in the movies. This running shit gets old real fast. I'm exhausted and sweaty and the only time that is acceptable is when I'm being fucked or killing. Currently, I'm doing neither, so this is a no go for me, but since Maddox is so intent on exacting his delayed revenge on me tonight, the asshole has given me no other choice.

With Dutch Melrose's "Runrunrun" playing in the background of my mind, I hum the beat in an effort to make this hellish race a bit more tolerable.

My humming shifts into me full out singing the song. It's a good thing no one is out right now because I currently look like the most accurate depiction of what I truly am...*a bloody, slutty, mess.*

Continuing my sprint, I make sure to look back every few feet, to see if he's there and even though his towering devilish self is nowhere to be found I take no comfort in that. I know better because he and I are one and the same. Part of the thrill of the trick is not only to deceive but to outwit the other with enough premeditation and expertise to win no matter the cost.

Taking limited relief in his absence, I resume running when I feel my thighs beginning to buzz. Ignoring it, assuming it must be the adrenaline doing what it does best, I work through it but it persists.

Confused, I stop running and see my phone somehow hasn't fallen from my thigh harness, even when he was railing me before in the cemetery.

My hand glides down my thigh, past the blood that has now stained my skin, and the chaotic mess of shredded fishnet stockings.

It's Delilah.

Thank fuck, elation travels from my chest to my fingers that are now curled around the snap of my holster, retrieving my phone.

Swiping right to answer the call, I raise my phone to the side of my face.

"Hey, babe. Fuck, do I have a lot to fill you in on," I say.

A throaty groan emerges through the speaker, making my cheeks immediately flush with a surge of heat that contrasts the cold, clammy feeling spreading through my palms like a virus.

The momentary tinge of optimism I had answering her call evaporates as a familiar voice slithers into my ear. The husky and sultry tone feels like a knife driving into my brain.

"I love when you call me babe," Maddox snickers. The arrogance in his voice is the equivalent to what I imagine being serenaded by the devil would feel like.

Cold.

Hostile.

Unrelenting.

The air becomes trapped within my throat, my mind races. I know he has a history of tracking and tapping into things, but now I'm worried he did something to her.

“What the fuck did you do to her?” I demand.

“Calm down, Blair,” he says so nonchalantly it only fuels my anger.

“I swear if you hurt her, I will kill you!” I shout, my chest heaving.

A shrill grunt breaks from my mouth and I stomp my foot into the pavement in pure, suffocating, anger.

“Fuck,” he groans into the phone. “You really know how to make my cock rock hard when you get all pissy. I love an angry woman,” he sneers.

“Fuck off, Maddox.”

“Delilah is fine. She isn't the one I want. I want you.”

I shake my head, I know he's obsessed, hence the whole persistent stalker thing he's got going on, but I don't understand how that obsession, that want he has for me, rooted in such delusional passion, never seems to falter.

“I didn't ask if you *want* her, fuckface. *What did you do to her?*” I repeat myself.

“What was that? You want me to fuck your face?” he jokes and I swear, never have I wanted to murder him more than I do right now.

He releases a long-winded sigh that scratches at my ear. “She's fine.”

“I don't believe you. Put her on the phone so I can make sure.”

“Sorry, can't do that.”

“Why the fuck not?!” I demand.

“I don't know where she is. I just borrowed her number... and the rest of the numbers in your phone.”

Ha, old habits don't die hard.

Déjà vu assaults me, bringing me back to the first time he did this to me. Like the night I tried calling the cops on him. If I would have known then that fucking with him would lead to this, I would have killed him instead of allowing him to feed my dark desires.

“See when you were taking your little nap—” he begins but I cut him off, I’m not going to let him just graze over the fact that he fucking drugged and branded me with his knife. Who does this man think he is?

“Oh no you don’t. I wasn’t napping, you drugged me,” I retort.

“Eh, potato, *potato*. You woke up, didn’t you? It was just sleep meds, Blair. Where is your sense of adventure? Anyway, as I was saying, before you rudely interrupted me. I took the liberty of reprogramming every number in your phone to call me.”

“I’m going to call the cops,” I lie.

A chuckle bursts through the speaker. “That’s rich coming from you. If you remember correctly it was you they were more suspicious of until I got them off your trail.”

Ah, how could I forget. An intervention I’m still paying for.

“Now, enough of your dramatics,” he snaps. “You’re so close.”

“To what?” I ask with ample dread in my tone.

“The big surprise!” Even with the way his voice naturally rasps, I can feel his excitement radiating through the phone. “Now, according to this beautiful red dot that is flashing with your live location, you are getting warmer.”

“You know, it’s pretty pathetic how heavily you rely on technology to keep tabs on me. What would the stalker gods say about that, huh?”

“You’re so cute, Blair. Gods of any kind don’t exist and don’t let anyone tell you any different. The only deity you will

ever know is buried within me.”

“What do you want from me?”

“Your fear. Your loyalty. Your life...beginning and ending with mine. It’s all I have ever wanted,” he confesses and for the first time all night, I believe him. I know what he is saying he truly feels and that’s what fucking scares me because that kind of haunted grip I have on his heart and mind, can’t be broken easily...if ever.

“Anyway, enough of that, you’re getting warmer” he says, deflecting from the previous sentiment of his words. He continues to speak, but I can’t process any of it because the scene before me is so horrifying, so depraved, that my air becomes trapped making me gasp in fear.

What did he do?

CHAPTER 24



“Walk,” I instruct.

I can sense the torment on her face, even though her back is facing me. Dropping her phone to the ground, she begins to walk in silence and like a magnet, I feel the forcefield she forever holds on me begin to pull as my steps trail hers.

Rows of pumpkins line either side of the freshly cemented path we walk on as we continue moving on the once desolate land of the abandoned mill which, *surprise*, is no longer abandoned.

I wish I could hear the thoughts that must be racing through that devious mind of hers, seeing the plot of land that once stood as an obstacle to us having our happy ending, now become the official landmark of our twisted love.

Just like in the picture I attached to the note from earlier this evening, at the end of the pathway, a cabin awaits. It's nothing elaborate but it will do. Building new construction with the kind of materials I prefer to use, to ensure what needs to be concealed is, in fact, concealed gets tricky. So, I opted for a simple design since the real appeal of this place is the land itself. Not only is it a vast canvas for every piece of gaudy Halloween décor my hellcat could ever want, it's sentimental. It just felt right to have a physical representation built to remind her how far she has come and how I will never let her forget our humble beginnings.

Her heels click against the wood steps that lead to the wrap around porch. There are more jack-o-lanterns on the porch,

although they are scattered to make room for the Headless Horseman animatronic by the front door.

“What is this?” she asks, finally breaking the silence, her neck snapping in every direction trying to make sense of where she is now standing. “I don’t understand, I thought this place was still abandoned?”

My boots continue to move until they are rubbing against the front of her heeled foot. I take my hand to her chin, tilting it in the direction of where my gaze is seared on her. I don’t know how she does it. How she can be so unbelievably maddening, so downright malicious yet her beauty, undeniable and so unique to her black cat stare, always has me coming back for more.

I lower my head, my lips hovering over hers, the split of my tongue begging to be released so it can smother her the way her being smothers my entire soul.

“Our secrets are buried here,” I remind her, brushing my lips against hers. “How else can we ensure they are concealed if we leave this place abandoned?”

“I can’t believe you did this,” she exclaims, pressing her lips against where mine hover over hers. Our lips crash together in a fervent kiss. She wraps her arms around my neck and I take that as my opportunity to swoop her up, cupping her ass in my hands as I move us closer to the large window next to the front door.

A playful and nervous giggle breaks from her, slipping through the cracks of our kiss, making my cock hard as I break the seal of where our mouths are meshed together.

“Turn around,” I instruct her.

“Why?” she asks, apprehension now swarming her perfectly arched brows.

“Just trust me,” I pivot her stance for her.

“But I don’t,” she deadpans.

Leaning into her ear, I whisper. “Good, that makes it more fun for me then,” I tease, continuing to move her reluctant

body around until she is facing the glass.

My hands glide from where they are stationed at her forearms until they are at each of her wrists. Cuffing them in my grip, I slowly move her hand up and onto the window, the motion forcing her body forward. With her wrists in my possession, I press my torso against her backside, securing her so she can't run away as I force her to look straight ahead, through the window.

I inhale, her scent invading my every sense. "Would you look at that," I begin, angling my head so that I can take in her physical reaction to what lies before her on the other side of the glass. "A window, just like the one I used to watch you through all those years ago. Dreaming of when I could make you *mine*."

"I can't believe you did this," she whispers, her mouth so close to the glass that a small ring of condensation forms.

My mouth slithers to her neck, working slow, intentional kisses onto her smooth skin. With each press of my lips, I feel her cold exterior melting away. "For you, I would do anything," I murmur, caressing the delicate area of flesh that exists between her neck and ear with my tongue.

Speechless, her head falls back into my kiss, pushing her ass against me. "Maddox," she breathes, "I—" she begins but she pauses, too distracted by the way I'm nibbling at her neck.

"Stop," she playfully squeals. "You're going to give me a hickey!"

A soft chuckle breaks from my lips as I reduce only a little bit the way I'm teasing her sensitive skin. "Baby, after the way I carved a damn jack-o-lantern face into your thigh and tore up that pretty little costume you had on this evening, a hickey is the least of your worries."

"But still."

"Still nothing, little hellcat." Moving my lips to her ear, I expel a teasingly long breath. "So, tell me baby, how did I do?"

Leaning her head deeper into the crevice between my face and neck, she sighs. “When? Before or now?”

“All of it. Tell me how daddy did?” I press her, now snaking my hands to hers, our fingers intertwined.

“I don’t know where to start. It’s perfect,” she exclaims, for once in her life actually sounding like she’s telling the truth.

A satisfied grin crosses my lips. “That’s what I like to hear. I mean what can I say?” I breathe before shifting positions, twisting her so that she is still pressed against the window, but now facing me. “I know how my *wife* likes it.”

Fuck, do I love the way that sounds. *My wife*. My fucking sexy as hell, bat shit crazy, beautiful, stabby *wife*.

“I’m not your wife...yet,” she teasingly points out.

“Semantics.” I shrug. “You’ve been mine since that night you tricked me here and you’ve been mine every day since. The last name is just a formality.”

“Yeah, yeah, Boogeyman. I know, a promise is a promise,” she playfully sighs. “Speaking of which, what time is everyone getting here?”

“Don’t worry, we still have time before the guests arrive,” I say, glancing quickly at my watch. “Now come with me, there’s something I want to show you.”

Weaving her hand in mine, I lead the way to the door of our new home.

“Oh, I like this,” she points her free hand to the “Welcome to Our Nightmare” sign on the door that’s nestled in the center of a black pampas grass wreath.

“I thought you would,” I beam with pride as I reach for the key to the front door in my pocket. Skeleton key in hand, I tease the long, jagged edge of the key near the face I carved earlier on her thigh tattoo.

Her hand swats the key away, as she clicks her tongue. “Don’t even think about touching me with that key,” she snaps.

“Oh please. What are we, animals?” I joke.

She bobs her head, stifling a chuckle as her long black hair ripples with each shake of her head. “I never know with you. I didn’t think the whole carving my leg in the cemetery was on the itinerary for tonight so, who knows, maybe you’d want to fuck me with the key too,” she laughs.

“Ha, funny you should say that. I spoke to Alex earlier on the phone, he said Carmine finally got that girl he’s been pining over to come to the city.”

“And?” Blair juts her head forward, motioning her hand for me to continue.

I finish unlocking the door, its hinges squealing as it opens. “He fucked her with a key, similar to this one,” I say, lifting the skeleton key for emphasis.

Blair looks at me in disbelief. “Jesus Christ, Carmine is fucking nuts. Even with what he’s packing he decides to fuck the girl of his dreams with a key? Ha, and I thought I got stuck with the screwy friend of the bunch,” she teases, her hand brushing a playful smack at my arm.

Cupping her face in my hand, my thumb swipes at her bottom lip. “Don’t think you’re quite off the hook. You still have the craziest one of the group. I just so happen to be your kind of crazy. Now, if you don’t mind, I don’t want to hear my wife talk about any other man’s dick please. Friend or not.”

I step aside, motioning for her to walk into the cabin.

“You aren’t going to get tired of calling me that are you? Your wife?”

“Nope. Never.”

I’ve waited so long for this moment, ever since the night in the woods when she swore to me that she’d always be mine.

CHAPTER 25

15 years ago



October 30th

Using the overgrown grass as a shield, I lay still with my torso flattened against the uneven grounds of the mill. This way I'll have a front row seat to my AIM friend being carried away by the police.

Luckily, the officer that picked up when I called in my anonymous tip seemed to buy the whole damsel in distress spiel, so they didn't ask too many questions about what the man looked like. I just said he's tall and masked. If he's actually either of those things, I'll be lucky. But that's just the vibe I got from our chats. The more I think about it, I'm really going to miss him once he's behind bars, but it's the price that needs to be paid for my freedom. Such is life.

Reaching for my phone, I quickly illuminate the screen to check the time. It's almost midnight, he should be here any minute now. I grit my teeth, growing impatient with the lack of cop cars swarming the area. Though truthfully, I'm even more annoyed with the fact that he isn't here yet. For all he knows, he was meeting me here to fuck like we've been hinting at wanting to do pretty much since we started talking on Instant Messenger.

Was he really planning on standing me up?

If I wasn't so keen on framing him for murder, I would be more offended.

I shake my head, trying to push away my conflicting thoughts when I hear a twig snap behind me.

It's him. *It has to be.*

The noise continues, growing louder until my vision is met with a flash of bright artificial light, searing through my irises. My forehead wrinkles in confusion when a tight yank pulls at the crown of my head.

“Smile for the camera,” a sultry, muffled voice says. The light flashes once more, making my vision spotty as my neck begins to cramp. “Hmmm,” the voice groans. “It's so nice to finally meet in person, final girl. Sorry about the flash. I've just been dying for another picture of you for my spank bank, hope you don't mind.”

Another? What the fuck?

“Fuck you,” I grit. My words cause him to pull my hair tighter before he releases me from his hold, tossing my upper body back onto the ground. Flattening my palms, I try to hoist myself up, but I don't make it very far. Once again, a flashing beam of light bursts in my vision just before a large gloved palm wraps itself over my eyes.

Fuck, this is giving me déjà vu back to when Ethan attempted this earlier –which didn't get him too far. But this? This is different. It's aggressive, primal, and it's taking everything in me not to give this man a standing ovation for knowing how to get this whole ordeal correct. Except I can tell by the way his large body hangs over mine, this isn't a role he's playing or taking lightly. This is real and he is really fucking angry.

“Not so fast there, final girl,” he taunts. The fucking rasp of his voice when he says my screen name causes a sick ache to form at my center.

His other hand slithers its way to my face, this one covering my mouth. I try bucking my hips back to gain momentum on him, but his hold is like cement. Harsh and strong and stuck on me.

“Easy there, little hellcat. I just want to talk.”

I murmur against his gloved hand, trying to alter the hold he has on me, but my attempt only angers him, making him

pin me harder against the ground. The breath in my lungs suddenly feels as though it's going dry. My heart begins to race again as my palms grow clammy and it feels like there is wool caught in my windpipe. I usually love feeling scared when it's in a controlled setting, but this is different because my mind knows I'm afraid, but my body doesn't. With every second that his body is on me, I feel my center dampen.

His voice emerges again, breaking the thoughts that are racing through my head at warp speed. "You know, I have dreamed about what this moment would feel like for so long. Ever since I saw you in the parking lot of the Horseman's Diner."

The Horseman's Diner? How the fuck did he know I worked there?

"I'm going to remove my hand now. If you make a single yelp I will drive this knife," he stops, bringing the knife, *my knife*, against the side of my neck. The tip flirts with my throat as he applies enough pressure to exemplify the sharp edge but not enough to cut me. "Into your throat, just like you did to Ethan," he threatens, removing his hand from my mouth but keeping his body weight on me.

Fuck, how does he know? Shit, has he been following me?

"I mean it, no bullshit. Just stand up, quietly, once I let you go," he instructs, his voice angry yet smooth like whiskey.

I nod my head and true to his word he lets me go and true to mine—for once—I don't make a sound. Not because I'm afraid of what he might do, but because my curiosity is too ripe. I want to see who I've been talking to all this time, even if I intended for him to be jailed.

My chest rises and falls, as I take a step forward. I should run, I should be fucking terrified at how he just attacked me, at the scene of the crime that still needs to be concealed no less. But that twisted part of me that came to life years ago when I saw my first slasher, is beaming right now at the sight before me. Dressed in all black from head to toe and from what I can see even with his hoodie he has draped over his head, he's built like a chiseled god. He's easily over six foot five and as

my gaze trails up his tall stature, I feel a ping of excitement when I see how fucking hot he looks with a knife in hand and a mask on his face.

“How—” I begin, wanting to ask him so many questions, but he charges towards me, eliminating the space between us. Lifting his gloved finger to his mouth, he presses it against my lips.

“Ssh. We will get to that in a second.” He brings his other hand to my lower back, pulling me in closer to his barreled chest, while the hand that was just on my lips points to the symphony of sirens in the distance.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” He groans.

My body tenses as swarms of red and blue flashing lights gain on us. I’m going to jail. I’m going to fucking jail, in the arms of this lunatic on my favorite holiday. This is a fucking travesty.

I begin to wrack my brain on how I am going to get out of this but suddenly the lights that filled the street are gone, as is the deafening sound of the sirens blaring. They are zooming past where he and I stand.

“Oh, the irony. The motherfucking beautiful irony of this moment. All this time you never saw me coming. You spent so much time wishing monsters like me existed, not realizing that I’ve been here all along, waiting for the moment you can see me, like I have seen you.”

Knife still near my neck, he lowers his mask to my cheek. “Look at me, final girl,” he instructs. Stubborn as I am, I remain still, my gaze still ahead on the now dark, cop free road.

“Look at me,” he repeats.

I scoff, turning my head carefully, so the knife he insists on keeping there doesn’t cut through my skin. “All I see is a deranged monster,” I deadpan. Although he’s a hot deranged monster, I’ll give him that. Lord knows Ethan could never have had the same effect on me with a mask like this guy does.

“Very well, but I’m *your* deranged monster. Who’s very upset with how you tried to frame him.” His words are so matter of fact, it’s almost scary.

“Speaking of which, I called the police, yet here you are. Why?”

“You mean *how*, Blair. Simple, A little app I designed. You see, once I have a person’s phone number, I’m able to gain access to their incoming and outgoing calls and, when I turn the feature on, any and all calls that you make, no matter what your Caller ID reads, go to me. Emergency services included.”

“I’m impressed,” I say, even though I shouldn’t be. It’s sick, not to mention illegal, the lengths he has gone just to be near me. “Why are you doing this?”

He shrugs, “Well, how else do you expect to get away with murder? Which by the way, I should thank you for because Ethan was next on my list.”

List?

“And...” his voice drags just as he begins to curl his fingers around his mask. My mouth falls open when I see his chiseled cheekbones come into view, followed by the most hauntingly beautiful eyes with shades of teal and green that somehow can be seen even in the dark woods we are standing in. “I want you to be mine.”

“What makes you think I want to be yours?”

“You are many things, Blair Van Tassel. Erratic. *Sexy*. Devious. Horror obsessed but your killing skills are amateur at best and your post-kill skills need improvement. I mean you killed your ex, who you were known to hate, with a knife that has your initials on the handle and you left it at the scene of the crime. And don’t get me started on how you think pushing him over that little cliff, half wrapped in a tarp with your DNA all over it will eliminate you from being tied to his murder. Oh, and let’s not forget the connections Mr. Campbell has?”

“Ok, point proven asshole.”

“Just consider today your lucky day, Blair.”

“And why is that weirdo?”

“Ha, weirdo? Good one, what’s next, a classic nan-nan-ah-boo-boo?”

I grit my teeth, how can someone so fucking sexy be so fucking maddening?!

“I’ll do you this favor, of eliminating your name to the crime if you accept your fate.”

“And what might that be?”

“I’ll play whatever games your heart desires. Build you a nightmare you can’t escape from and follow you like the incubus you crave. I’ll be your cover if you will be my curse. Now pick your favorite number?”

My mouth falls open in confusion. “Number?”

“Yes,” he motions his hand for me to hurry up. “Choose a number, Blair, we don’t have all night. There’s a body to hide.”

“Fine. How about fifteen?”

“Eh, of course it’s fifteen,” he mumbles something else under his breath, clearly, he’s not a fan of the number. I’m about to change the number when he begins to speak again at a more audible volume. “It’s a little higher than I wanted, but fifteen it is” he shrugs.

“What do you mean?” I ask, my mind racing with what a fucking number has to do in a time like this.

He clears his throat, looking both haunting and comforting all in the same breath. “In fifteen years, if neither of us has killed the other, I will take what is mine.”

“And what is that?”

“You,” he deadpans.

“And what if I refuse?”

“You won’t. Face it, I’m every twisted thing you’ve ever wanted and you,” he pauses, trailing his large finger at my jaw, before taking my chin, hollowing my cheeks in his grasp.

“You are everything worth killing for. Mark my words, in fifteen years you will kiss the Van Tassel name goodbye and become mine. Mrs. Crane.”

My eyes bulge. I know that last name. “Crane, as in...”

“Yep, Maddox Crane,” he winks.

Holy Shit. He’s Glinda Campbell’s son, which makes him *Ethan’s stepbrother*.

CHAPTER 26



“Maddox,” Blair’s voice breaks into a surprised gasp as she releases her hand from where it is intertwined with mine. “Is that what I think it is?” she asks, already moving her legs across the open space of the cabin. Her enthusiastic stride continues toward the mantle that’s nestled between a wall of floor to ceiling built in bookcases, all filled with mementos from our years together. Every inch of this cabin has been meticulously curated with her in mind. From printouts of our old AIM conversations, to very candid and very revealing pictures I took of my little hellcat when I was her *actual* stalker, all line the shelves, with the most recent addition being the preserved skull that I worked on this evening before heading to Satan’s.

It’s become a tradition of mine to keep a memento from each of our kills just to memorialize the chaos that bonds us. One that I have kept a secret from her until this very moment when we could finally be together, in our new home, built on the same ground where our twisted story began. Every kill ranging from Ethan to Byron Campbell, to the prick at the grocery store who had the audacity to slap Blair’s ass as she walked past are scattered about on the shelves. I still have to add the poor delivery man I paid to surprise her with my anniversary letter that I wasn’t planning on her killing. But I’ll deal with that tomorrow. Tonight, is dedicated to doing everything in my power to make my little hellcat scream.

I want this to be a haven for our nightmares and a place to grow the dark desires that lurk within us. Until Blair, I’ve never met anyone who not only approves of killing but enjoys

it as much as I do. Sure, it's fucked up, but when you meet someone who makes your darkness feel celebrated and not condemned, you do whatever you can to maintain that.

As she continues to take in the morbid display of our love, I flick my wrist upward to confirm the time. It's almost midnight. I told our guests to arrive at one a.m. instead of midnight, that way I have time for one more trick I have up my sleeve. Though I need to speed this up because I have a feeling this final *surprise* may take us a while to get through.

A mischievous flutter attacks my heart, which begins to pick up tempo as I reach for the wrought iron handle behind where I stand, in front of the half-opened door. Thinking of what I still have planned for her, my pulse begins to ricochet throughout my body. Adrenaline pounds at my chest and floods my veins. It continues to mount as the hinges of the solid wood door grate at my ears, sealing us inside...alone.

With my back pressed against the door, I run my fingers up the three rows of locks I had installed. Each more intricate than the last and all of which will make it very difficult for her to escape. I've waited too long to bring her back here; I'm not leaving it to chance that she may change her mind. Whatever chase will inevitably ensue once she realizes what I've done will happen within these walls, where I can prove to her once and for all that there's no way out.

The wide floorboards creak and groan with each step my booted feet take closer to where she stands admiring the preserved cranium of the reporter, she killed earlier this week.

"Madness," she breathes in a sultry tone that sends blood rushing to my cock. I will never tire of hearing her call me that, because that's exactly what I am, *her madness*. "I can't believe you did all this." Her voice faintly cracks and if I didn't know any better, it almost sounds like my final girl is about to shed a tear.

My body now behind hers, I press my torso against her back, moving our connected stride to the mantle, pressing her body against it. Forcing the glass cloche with the newly preserved skull into our view, I run my hands down her sides,

stopping at where the natural curvature of her hips widens. A soft sigh sounds from her full lips as my large palms squeeze her hips, savoring the delicate ecstasy of her skin trapped in my grip.

“Mad—” she begins to say my name but stops the moment my mouth lowers to her ear.

“Ssh,” I breathe, extending the torn muscle of my tongue so its split tips begin to tease the shell of her ear. Trailing hungry licks around her lobe, my tongue travels down the begging flesh of her neck. A throaty groan echoes my own, the more I tease her skin. “Tell me, whose head did I have to sever and preserve this time?” I murmur against her skin, still teasing it with my tongue.

Her lips part, a subtle moan spills from them before she tries to collect herself to answer. “Is it the guy from earlier?” she asks.

My tongue curls back into my mouth and in its place my teeth begin to teasingly caress the delicate skin of her neck. “Baby, I’m good, but I’m no miracle worker. I’ll get to him tomorrow. Now think,” I say, as I sink my teeth into her neck, kneading her prickled skin in my mouth, reveling in the way her neck rolling back inadvertently intensifies the hold my bite has on her.

“Fuck,” she whimpers.

Moving the hand that’s been stationed at her side, my fingers slither towards her center. My fingers barely graze her pussy, and her wet warmth already radiates to my hand, making me want her even more than I always do. Leaning closer to her ear, I extend my tongue, teasing her with gentle strokes before I retract it to speak. “You want to come again, don’t you?”

She nods but this time she arches her back, pushing her plump ass against where my cock is dying to unleash on her.

“Of course, you do.” My hand that hovers over her pussy raises. A whimper breaks from her lips the moment my hand lowers, spanking her aroused center.

“That’s right, I know how much you like it when it hurts,” I groan. “Pain and death, my little hellcat’s two biggest turn ons. Lucky for you, I can give you both,” I purr into her ear.

My words are met with another moan in place of a response but the pleasure that begins to seep through her body, stealing her ability to run that fresh fucking mouth of hers is all I need.

I smack my hand at her entrance once more, this time making sure that my ring is in line with her dampened slit. “You like it when daddy makes you a trophy to display on your death wall, don’t you?”

A throaty groan works its way to her lips but her ability to speak is robbed the moment my hand slips past the confines of her bodysuit. I can feel the aching need the moment my fingers curl themselves in her pussy.

“Mmm, that’s my good little morbid whore,” I groan, trailing my fingers to her clit. Beginning to rub my digits in slow intentional circles around her wet, aching bundle of nerves, I lick my lips to speak. “Answer the question, whose skull did I have to add to our collection now?”

A shattered gasp breaks as I pick up the tempo I am playing with her clit. “A-a re-porter,” she answers through a moan.

“Ooh, what a bad girl, killing a reporter. Why would you do that? What did he want from my final girl?” I ask, picking up the tempo, just enough to help her climb the slope of her impending release, but not so much that she can’t answer me. Of course, I already know the answer. In fact, I was the fucking prick who put in the anonymous tip that sent him her way but, she doesn’t know that. Which makes this all the more fun for me.

Her hips buck forward as my hand continues to press and rub her aching center. “The truth,” she squeals, my hand quickly dips into her pussy, gathering some of her arousal with my digits, I slide them upward, coating her clit with it as I now work her at a harsh pace.

I click my tongue at her ear, “Oh fuck, we don’t like the truth, do we baby?”

No,” she pants.

“That’s right, because the truth gets us in trouble, doesn’t it?” I press my hand harder against her clit for another swirl around before I retract my hand. Centering my middle finger to the pad of my thumb I release a harsh flick of my fingers to where I was just rubbing. “You did good, little hellcat. Fucking reporters and their big fucking mouths,” I say through a half grin, bracing myself for the anger that is about to be splashed all over her face when I remove my hand from her throbbing pussy. “You passed the first test,” I add.

“God damn it, Maddox!” a desperate throaty cry sounds from where I have now moved myself from her backside. “I’m all for a little edging, but I’m dying here,” she adds, frustration ripe on her beautiful face. Her chest rises and falls, I almost feel bad. I know she loves the games we play, but maybe I’m being a little much.

“Wait a second,” she begins, “you sent the reporter?” Anger overshadows the lingering need she just had to ride my hand to orgasm.

“Reporters,” I correct her. “If you remember correctly there were two reporters that magically received info the week leading up to the fifteenth anniversary of the Campbell murders,” I wink.

If looks could kill, the stare Blair has on me right now would be the equivalent to a grenade being dropped.

“I can’t fucking believe you. A test! Are you fucking serious? I’ve given you the last fifteen years of my life—”

I step to her, eliminating the space between us, pressing her against the bookcase. Slipping my tongue into her mouth, her bitter words become muffled. Her fiery demeanor melts as I trap her tongue between the split muscles of my own.

Breaking the seal of our kiss, though keeping my mouth on hers, my tongue slithers outward, tracing her top lip before I speak. “Hands up,” I instruct.

Her brows fall to a scowl. “What, are you a fucking narc now?” she laughs as my hands move, grabbing one wrist and then the other before I lock them in my large palm, cuffing them overhead.

“Always so fucking defiant. You know what happens when you defy me,” I rasp, already feeling the effects of the impending chase stir within my system.

Her lips press against mine, her kiss like poison and the antidote to my decaying soul all at once. “You punish me,” she grins before sealing her fresh words with another kiss.

My lips part to meet hers, but instead I capture her bottom lip in mine, yanking it downward, moaning like a ravenous hunter tired of being teased by my prey.

“Tell me what you want, little hellcat. Say it and daddy will give it to you.”

“You,” she moans into my mouth. “I want you, Maddox Crane.”

I pull away from her kiss, as painful as it is. But having her desperate and angry is the only way that will make what I have planned next work. I can’t recreate her true slasher fantasy without giving her some ammo to work with.

“Please,” she whimpers with ripe need.

“Fuck, I love how pathetic you sound when you’re begging for me, but I know you. You’re lying. You don’t want me. Who you really want is the Boogeyman and I’ll fucking give him to you, live and in the flesh but only if you show me how a final girl comes after she’s chased. Now...*run*.”

CHAPTER 27



One. The deep baritone of his voice echoes to my core. The look in his eyes, cold and capable of destruction, makes me want to defy his command to run. Wanting instead for the fist that's clenched at his side to wrap its way around my airway so I can feel his heated touch melt my skin.

Two. He raises his foot, decreasing the space between us by one, long step, followed by another slow but intentional sauntering step my way.

Three. An electrical current ripples through my body as each number sounds angrier than the last. I know if I don't move my legs at this very second, I will succumb to the deep baritone of his voice that feels like it's slicing my spine in half.

My chest heaves watching his serpent style tongue swipe at his lip as his mouth parts to continue counting, this time a sinister and amused expression takes hold of his chiseled face.

Four. Be daddy's good little whore.

His words are now melodic as they are taunting. Heart rate accelerating to a dizzying speed, I inch back, breaking the frozen, still state my body has been trapped in.

Five. There's nowhere to hide.

The sinister grin on his face widens. His neck tilts to the side at an eerie ninety-degree angle as he takes another step forward and I scoot several steps back.

Six.

Seven.

The evil sing song now dissipated; a sinister chuckle erupts as the speed of his counting revs up. He's growing impatient. I can tell by the way the veins that entrap his inked forearms look like ropes, pulsing and thick.

Now, that he is good and angry, locked into hunter mode, ravenous for his prey is when I decide it's a good fucking time to run.

Eight.

My pulse swishes at my ears as I start to run in what feels like circles. The adrenaline both fueling my body while also making me feel like I'm trapped in quicksand. Scanning the area by the mantle, looking for a route to go that will ensure him having to work to find me.

Nine.

Finally, a long-darkened hallway that looks like it leads to a steep flight of stairs, beckons my attention. My feet feel as if they're taking flight, my body glides across the creaky floorboards, the faster I move. Dark, ominous air engulfs me as my eyes try to adjust to the ill lit space.

Ten.

He roars as I lift my foot onto the staircase. Immediately I alternate my quickened pace onto the next wooden step. As I move up the stairs, my pulse accelerates, making my blood sound like a muffled symphony in my ears. Fear toying with me, I try to maintain a fragment of reality so I can hear what number he's counting behind me. Though as I'm approaching the halfway point of the long, steep staircase, the only sound I hear is my own heart beating.

I make it up to the landing when I notice the counting has stopped. I flip around, peering down at the empty flight of stairs, but he's not there. Confusion hits me, but I take this as an opportunity to keep it moving and hide. Just as I'm about to walk, a blanket of even darker air wraps itself around me, taking my already limited vision with it as well as my equilibrium.

It's then, as I try to steady myself, I hear a piercing screech break through the muffled barrier at my ears. The scratchy sound is reminiscent of a stuck vinyl, except this isn't any song I've ever heard. It's not a song at all. It's a recording and, as a familiar throaty groan emerges from the speakers, my every sense is transported back in time.

"Are you touching yourself?"

"Yes."

"Fuck, you're a filthy fucking slut aren't you?"

"Mmm."

"Tell me, final girl. What's your favorite scene in Halloween?"

"Hmm, the one at the end of the first movie when Michael chases Lorrie to the bedroom."

"The one where he stabs at the closet?"

"Mmm yea, that's the one."

"Huh, interesting."

"You're not kink shaming me are you?"

"Baby, let's not forget how we began. I stalked you and, once you found out, you begged me to continue even once we got together. There's no shame in what makes you wet. I just want to learn how I can keep you satisfied."

"Follow me like Michael. Chase me. Scare me. Make me think my life is in your hands."

"And when I catch you?"

"Never let me go."

My own words from years prior bring every sense I have to life, making my heart and pussy throb in a twisted dance together. *Never let me go.*

The recording of our phone conversation fades, and in its place, the familiar synthesizer of the Halloween theme song fills the cabin. A thud sounds from the bottom of the staircase, and there he stands.

Beneath the Michael Myers mask he now wears, I hear him growl, like a hungry, deranged man before he takes to the stairs. I begin to backtrack, when a sliver of light from the window at the top of the steps reflects down to the knife clenched in his fist, signaling me to run.

From what I can see, there are only two rooms on the second level. I make my way to the furthest part of the hall, reaching for the doorknob, I quickly turn it and pile into the room, locking the door behind me.

With my back flat against the door, my heart races hearing the heavy thud of his booted footsteps in the hall. Though the accelerated beating of my heart comes to an abrupt halt when I see, across from where I stand, with my heart pounding, is a closet with the identical white accordion doors from *Halloween*.

I scurry over to the closet, which is barren with the exception of two garments hanging in the corner, though with the light from the candles, the fabric looks like a shadow. With his steps nearing the outside of the room, I move to all fours. Crawling inside the closet, I take my hand to the edge of the door and slide it closed before hiding in the far corner.

I'm seated for not even a few seconds before I hear him kicking down the bedroom door. The broken wood scatters across the floor and, even with the music still playing, I can hear every piece break.

His shoes scuff against the floor as he slowly moves one step at a time around the room.

I wait with bated breath for him to approach the closet door. Through the slats of wood, I can see his silhouette. As I tilt my chin up, bracing myself for him to open the door, a gasp falls from my lips as the gleaming steel of his knife pierces the center of the door.

Fast, aggressive strikes of his knife wielding hand tear the wood barrier to shreds. The slats fall like dominoes, one by one, scattering around the floor of the closet. Like an animal, he rips away what's left of the door, eliminating the minimal

barrier between us, a ravenous grunt sounding from under his mask.

I flatten my back against the wall, drawing my already bent knees deeper into my chest.

He remains silent, but his body is screaming just as loud as mine is as he takes his free hand to my ankle and, in one swift motion, he drags me out of the closet. Playing along I let out a scream, but it only seems to make him more aggressive. His touch sears itself to my ankle as he finishes pulling me closer to him.

Knife still in one hand, he spreads my thighs apart, forcing me to fall back on the floor. The cool steel begins to gently prick at my skin, not deep enough to cut me but enough that I can feel him gliding it across the seam of my bodysuit, removing it like he does the flesh on a freshly severed head.

A needy groan rumbles from his throat as he teases my inner thigh with the tip of the knife, slowly, carefully tracing my skin. He continues this until the tip of the blade is centered with the apex of my thighs.

I trap my bottom lip beneath my teeth, waiting for his next move.

Settling into the floor, I tilt my chin upward, watching as he raises his hand above where I lay, deadly steel hanging over my body like a storm about to rain on me. He keeps it there for a moment, teasing me until it descends near my center. He pierces the floorboard with a violent and forceful thrust of his hand and all that can be seen from the floor is the handle.

Tossing his mask to the floor, his hands scoop my ass, and once more I'm being dragged towards him, closer to where his mouth waits for me. A lustful shriek falls from my mouth as the separated muscles of his long tongue press into my center, fucking me with wet, messy kisses.

His mouth acts like a vibrator as he hums against me. My back arches, writhing against his face as he continues to consume me. With every swipe of his torn tongue that devours me, he continues to moan against my pussy, sending a surge of

fire through my body. Working through the addictive feeling of being captured by his tongue, my head falls to the side, bringing the knife on the ground into view. Extending my arm, I flatten my palm trying to reach for the handle, but I can't get it.

Painfully, I break the seal he has on my center, scooting away from his glistening mouth. "Take your pants off," I pant.

Confused, he rises to his knees with his head cocked to the side. "You were so close. Haven't we edged each other enough today?" he says practically begging.

Ignoring him, I sit up, reaching for the knife. "Just take off your pants," I repeat.

I don't wait for him to undo his zipper, with the knife in my hand, I pinch it in my grip and begin to shimmy his pants down for him until they fall to his ankles.

"You want daddy's dick don't you?" he groans.

I shake my head, tilting my chin up so that all I see past his erect, barbell lined cock in my face is him peering down at me. Just the sight of his tall, inked stature hovering over me fills me with sick pride. I love being his filthy little whore. The power he has over me, just like I have over him, is like a fucking drug with a high so strong, it's unmatched.

Fisting the base of his shaft, a drop of precum drips from the tip of his hardened length. Not willing to waste a fucking drop of him, I swirl my tongue around his opening, coating it in his salty taste.

"That's my good little slut," he groans. "Now open wide," he instructs.

My lips part as he drives his pierced cock to the back of my throat, making my eyes water.

"Fuck yourself with it," he moans. "I want to hear how wet you get with my cock filling your mouth while that handle fills your needy cunt."

Spreading my legs wider, I bring the handle to my wet pussy, driving it into my center as I work my mouth up and down his cock.

“That’s my morbid whore,” he groans as his hands shift to the top of my head as he controls the pace at which he fucks my mouth.

I continue slow, forceful drives of the knife in and out of my pussy while he thrusts his shaft in my mouth until I feel his cock stiffen more. I can tell he is close. He squeezes my head tighter, driving his impressive length deeper into my throat, making me gag but I work through it, because I like when he comes in my mouth.

“Fuck, baby, I’m going to come,” he announces through a throaty groan.

I nod my head, humming around his cock, ready for my prize. Just as I feel the beginning of his orgasm pulsing, he pushes me off him. The knife falls from my grip and skids across the floor. I don’t have enough time to process what is happening when I feel my body being lifted and place onto the floor.

Landing on all fours, I feel the head of his dick rub against my wet slit, teasing it before he rams into me. Forceful, intoxicating thrusts make my already limited vision from the darkened air around us, become grainy, making me feel like I’m being swallowed into a sea of darkness.

The fullness of his dick, paired with the steel that adorns it, is exactly how would imagine fucking the devil would feel. Hot and wrong, possessive and *addicting*. I will never, ever tire of being railed by him.

My ass claps against his thrusts. I feel my pussy begin to suffocate him. “That’s right little hellcat. Cranes come together. Isn’t that right, wife?”

Cranes. Fuck, I don’t know why I resisted wanting to take his last name for so long. But the sound of him calling me a Crane and more importantly being his wife, makes me feel like I’m about to lose control. My orgasm ripples through me,

causing me to shriek in pleasure as I feel his warm cum mixing with mine.

He stays in me for a few seconds more, allowing every drop of his release to fill me before he pulls out. Still on all fours, I move to face him when his large forceful palm sears itself into my skin, pressing my upper body onto the floor.

“Where do you think you’re going, final girl?” Maddox’s ominous tone washes over me, spreading a wave of hypersensitivity to my every nerve. Anticipation burrows itself within me until a low groan vibrates from his chest, spreading its sultry intent to his throat. “Now arch that pretty little back of yours and keep that ass up high. I’m not done with you yet.”

CHAPTER 28



Nothing and I mean *nothing*, is hotter than seeing the way my cum drips from her glistening pussy. Watching the way our combined arousal leaks out of her and onto her inked thighs is a fucking holy experience and this heathen is still hungry for another taste of the only communion that will satiate his soul.

I raise my palm, flattening my fingers as I drive a harsh smack to her supple bottom. I don't care that she's exhausted or that her body is still reeling from the high we just rode together. I need more and like a determined huntsman I will indulge in one more taste of my prey on my ready tongue.

"Maddox," she whimpers. "I don't think I can come again," she pleads.

Lifting my hand up once more I unleash another strong smack to her bottom, taking in every beautiful moment of the plump flesh of her ass rippling and reddening from my reprimand.

"Yes, you can, and yes, you will," I groan, immediately lowering myself onto my back. "Now, hold still so I can lick my cum off your cunt. You know how much daddy likes to indulge in the taste of us."

Angling my head upward to where she remains on all fours, I extend my tongue, gathering some of the salty release that is smeared on the lips of her pussy. Her hips buck forward as my tongue dips inside her. Flicking the split muscle of my tongue, I begin to crisscross around her center. She squeals the moment my tongue reaches her sensitive clit.

Working with the strokes of my tongue that swirl around her bundle of nerves, she circles her hips, grinding against my face with subtle pressure, but it's not enough. The more our combined arousal dances on my tongue, the more I feel the need to not only taste it but drown myself in it.

I nudge my head back slightly, breaking the seal of my mouth on her pussy, already missing its wet softness.

"All of it," I demand, unintentionally groaning like a caveman.

"What?" she says confused through a breathy pant.

"All of it. I want all your weight on me. You know how I like when you sit on my face," I command and like the good, needy slut she is, *my good and needy slut*, she obeys, lowering the full weight of her delectable body onto my face, suffocating me.

Writhing against my face, I moan against her pussy, and I can tell she enjoys the way my mouth vibrates against her center by the way she is thrashing at my mouth. A desperate lust filled cry falls from her lips as she rides my face to yet another delicious and wet orgasm.

An abundant and warm stream of arousal pours down on my face.

That's a good little hellcat, I like when you squirt on my face.

"Fuck," she whimpers, ass slowly grinding on my face as she comes down from her back-to-back release.

I station my hands on either side of her hips, savoring every last remnant of her orgasm with her before trailing soft, tender kisses at the apex of her thighs.

"Madness," she swallows hard trying to collect herself to speak. "I'm so wet."

"Oh, I know," I grin, planting one last kiss to her pussy before she rises from where she was just smothering my face.

Like a love-struck puppy I immediately rise to my feet, trailing her as she moves closer to the torn closet door.

“It’s beautiful,” she breathes, moving past the broken wood planks, to the dress that hangs waiting for her.

I move behind her, trailing my hand down the curve of her spine as she pulls the dress from the hanger.

“What, this mess is beautiful to you?” I teasingly ask but before she can say her usual feisty remark, she turns to me, dress draped over her bent forearm and her glassy stare searing into me.

“This,” her voice cracks as her gaze focuses on the delicate, all-black lace now in her possession.

My hand glides to her cheek, before cupping her face in my palm. “I’m glad you like it,” I say in an unexpectedly monotone voice. It’s not that I’m not excited. Fuck, I mean I’ve wanted this moment, for her to officially be mine, since I saw her fifteen years ago. I was and am willing to do fucking anything to make sure that every route life takes her in, involved me at her side or behind her, as I’ve grown accustomed to being. But now staring at the dress that my mother wore the day we buried my dad in the ground, it opens wounds that I so desperately wish time would fucking heal already.

Her weight transfers to her tiptoes, breaking my hold on her. The emotion that just riddled her stare is now intensified by a stream of tears now falling down her cheek. “This is hers, isn’t it?” she asks.

My jaw tenses. “Yes, it was. But she wants you to have it now.”

It sounds fucked up and to most people, if not all, to have your wife wear the dress your mother wore to grieve on your wedding day. But my mom wore that dress because it was my dad’s favorite, he bought it for her when they barely had two nickels to rub together. There’s sentiment woven into every thread. Blair wearing it today is like having a piece of my dad with us.

“I’m honored,” she replies with a genuine look of peace on her face that makes me want to take her again, on the fucking

floor because that look that she's giving me. One that is happy, truthful, calm. It's not a side of her that she lets anyone see, except for me.

Trailing her hand down my chest, her lips part to speak. "What mask are you wearing tonight?"

I grab her hand, guiding it to my cheek. "This one, the one I wear daily, tricking people into thinking I'm something that I'm not."

Her fingers trace the upside-down cross tattoo, an ode to the emblem of the Horror Whores forum, that was the catalyst to Boogeyman luring his Final Girl into his web.

A sly grin spreads on her lips. "Baby, you have such a handsome face, but you know how much I love masks," she pouts her lips.

Oh, I know. Hence the absurd collection that occupies the wall adjacent to where we currently stand. *Gotta love Spirit Halloween, it's the equivalent to a sex shop for us.*

Lowering my head, I take hold of her bottom lip, nibbling it with my teeth, causing her to chuckle. "Don't worry, your monster isn't going anywhere, and neither is that."

She casts her gaze down to meet where mine is nudged in the direction of the lingering cum that drips from her center.

A grunt rumbles from my throat, drawing her attention back to me. "There will be hell to pay if you clean up. I want to make sure I can still smell the cum dripping down my wife's legs when we say I do."

CHAPTER 29



“So, what do you think?” Delilah weaves her fingers in mine as we stand in front of the sliding glass door.

A jagged breath becomes trapped in my throat as my vision locks on the long pitch-fork shaped tree on the other side of the glass. It still looks as ominous as it did that night, when its strange branches caught my attention, making it a landmark to return to so my crime could be concealed. Though now, it stands, surrounded by the flickering glow of the dozens of carved pumpkins spread about its exposed roots.

“It’s perfect,” I breathe.

Squeezing my hand, Delilah grabs my attention. “He’s been working like a mad man to make this happen,” she pauses, giggling. “Pun intended.”

I turn to her, bringing my hand to her cheek. “Thank you, D for everything,” I wink.

She shrugs, “What can I say, it’s not every day that you get to eat your best friend’s pussy *and* officiate her wedding all in the same day.”

The moment she finishes her sentence, the two of us burst out into laughter because I don’t think there are many people, if any at all, who can say such a thing.

“We’re crazy, aren’t we?” I ask, my cheeks still sore from laughing.

“Yes. Extremely, but,” she lifts her finger, tapping it against the glass. “So is love. It’s probably one of the craziest

things anyone can feel. It's scary, it's vulnerable, and has the very real capability of crushing you," she pauses, shaking her head. "And I can't believe what I'm about to say but, he," she pauses once more, tapping her finger in the direction of where Maddox is standing on the other side of the window, "loves you. I'll admit, maybe a little too much. No offense, Blair, I'm your girl, but you're a lot to handle and, given the unconventional start you two had, it's a fucking wonder the two of you are alive and free to share this moment. But either way, I'm not here to judge your love. I'm here because I love you and I love that he loves you for who you are, nothing more and nothing less."

"Aww thanks, D, that was beautiful," I laugh, even though the sentiment of her words traveled straight to my heart.

"I mean it, hopefully now that you two are about to be officially married, you two can retire from the, you know," she tilts her head to side, gliding her hand across her neck, with her tongue sticking out.

"Stick to your day job, D, acting ain't it," I grin. "I can't make any promises," I add.

"Why am I not surprised," she teases.

I look ahead at Maddox, who is standing beneath the pergola in front of the pitch-fork tree. He really is crazy, like Delilah pointed out, but he's my kind of crazy and I'm never letting him go.

My hand moves to the handle of the door, about to slide it open when I feel Delilah press her phone against my cheek.

"Earth to Blair," her voice drags. "Jesus girl, you'll be stuck with him for the rest of your life. Snap out of it," she jokes.

I turn my head to see where she has her phone grazing my ear.

"It's your parents. Take it," she lets go, transferring the phone into my grip. "I'll meet you out there."

I nod as she walks through the door.

“Hello?”

“There’s my Blair Bear,” my dad exclaims though his voice sounds like it’s being swallowed by the lively background noise of wherever he is. “Can you hear me?” he asks, shouting.

“Yeah, kind of,” I respond just as my mom interjects.

“Blair, honey, it’s me and dad” she announces as if I don’t already know. “Listen, we are so sorry that we aren’t able to make it tonight. With the Halloween Gala in the city and needing to make sure everything runs smoothly for Carmine, I’m afraid we won’t be able to make it back to Sleepy Hollow in time.”

“Lorraine, I think she can gather that since we are telling her this when their ceremony is about to begin,” my dad quips.

“William Roy Van Tassel,” my mom begins to reprimand, before they both break out into laughter.

“Since when do you call me William?” my dad laughs.

“Ok, then Bill, whatever,” my mom playfully scoffs.

I look up to where Delilah is standing next to Maddox, who looks insanely hot, dressed in all black, as usual, with a new harness draped around his broad shoulders that tapers down to each of his thighs. Delilah motions her hand for me to join them.

“Guys, I have to go,” I interrupt their banter.

“Of course, honey, we love you” my dad says.

“And Blair, please, try to not do your usual,” Mom interjects.

“What might that be, mother,” I chide.

“Oh, I don’t know, kill someone? Behead them? Break the law?”

The three of us all begin to laugh. “Rich coming from you mom, don’t act like you haven’t gotten into some trouble on Halloween. Need I remind you of when you helped Glinda with her ex?”

“Yeah, yeah. That was then, I’m a changed woman now,” she says, still laughing.

“Totally, that’s why you’re at the Moretti’s Gala,” I tease.

“Listen, Blair Bear, we’ll let you go, but we will see you guys tomorrow. Oh! Be sure to leave the stairs where I left them,” dad says.

“Huh?” I ask, obviously confused.

“To the grave plot silly, Maddox called me earlier this week and wanted help digging it.”

No wonder, I’m so screwed up. Here I am about to marry my killer husband, all puns intended, and my dad is telling me to be careful in a dug out grave plot? Fucking Christ.

“Got it,” I nod about to say goodbye, when I see a sliver of gray hair sneak in front of my vision. *Shit.*

“Uhhh, I really have to go,” I say, my eyes locked on Maddox who looks increasingly agitated with the guest who just strolled in.

“Ok, honey. I can’t wait to see the ring. Maddox made sure that Cam—” My mother is cut off by a painfully intentional cough from my dad.

“No, not Cam. Remember what Glinda said,” my dad cryptically says.

“Ok guys I have to go,” I say, hanging up the phone so I can head to where Maddox looks like he’s about to kill someone.

CHAPTER 30



“Nice of you to join us, Cam.”

“I don’t know why you still insist on calling me that,” Cam sneers, irritatingly surprised by the venom in my tone. It’s not that I don’t want Cam here, it’s just that her expectation of calling her anything other than the name I’ve referred to her as for well over a decade is out of the question.

My hand remains outstretched, my fingers curling in and out, “I don’t have time for this right now,” I grit through my teeth. “Just hand it over. We’ll discuss this later.”

Cam closes the tense space between us, while I keep my hand outstretched, refusing to give in.

“No, I will not. Not until we discuss this,” Cam says, holding on tighter to the small coffin shaped box. “Of all days, Maddox.” The emotion is ripe within her voice, which startles me. Usually, Cam is as cold as ice, but this raw vulnerability is not something I’m used to, and I don’t like it. “Please.”

“Whatever. We’ve gone this long without rings, I guess we can make this official without them,” I say, swatting my hand in the air.

Cam remains stoic, standing in front of me. “You know Maddox, there’s a lot that we’ve gone without for a long time,” she begins and, somehow, such a simple statement, makes my stomach turn. “But I hope you remember what he used to say—”

“Stop,” I seethe, with an iron tight jaw. “You have a lot of fucking nerve bringing this up today, *of all days*, as you put

it.”

“That’s what I’m trying to get to, Maddox. I did something today that’s been a long time coming.” Cam reaches in her pocket for a folded piece of paper, but my attention moves to where Blair is walking down the pumpkin lined aisle, dressed in black lace that looks like it’s painted on her hauntingly beautiful curves.

With each sway of her hips, I’m transported back to the first time I ever saw her. There I sat, miserable and angry, because I had to pick up my stepbrother who I hated with every fiber of my fucking being. Yet if I didn’t oblige my mother’s request by picking him up, I would have never seen her. And that moment when I first witnessed the dark storm cloud of her aura walk in front of me has remained one of the most pivotal moments in my life.

I never thought I was capable of loving anyone the way my dad loved my mom, mostly because I never thought someone would invite my demons in to play with their own. No one ever wanted to, not until Blair Van Tassel let my depravity mingle with hers.

Now as I stare at her inked skin and peer into her raven color eyes that stare back at mine, I realize that every curse in my life that made me the brute I am, is what also made me the person she needed me to be. We are unconventional at best, delusional and immoral at worst, but we are meant to be. It may have taken well over a decade—fifteen grueling fucking years in fact—to get here, but fuck if I wouldn’t wait decades more to have this moment.

“Are you even listening to me?” Cam chimes as Delilah swoops in.

“Um, I’m going to say no,” she laughs, sounding super uncomfortable. Cam’s lips part, an audible breath leaking from them, though whatever she was going to say is halted by where her and Delilah’s attentions look to where mine is glued to my little hellcat.

“Is everything ok?” Blair asks. She takes a deep breath which accentuates her cleavage spilling over the neckline of

her dress.

I take a step forward, my hands reaching for her hips, pulling her into me. “It is now,” I say, pressing her lips to mine though I can feel the hesitancy in her kiss.

Thanks a lot, Cam.

Cam clears her throat, which Blair uses as her cue to break our kiss.

“You look beautiful, Blair. It’s a nice change seeing you fully clothed,” Cam laughs.

“Don’t get used to it, *Glinda*. I think *and* work best scantily clothed,” she winks.

My fists tighten at my side. I become lost in my head, anger wreaking havoc on my body. I know Blair has not subscribed to my insistence on calling Glinda, *Cam*, nor do I expect her to. It’s my issue with her, not Blair’s.

“It’s ok,” Cam says to Blair before turning to me.

“Mijn zoon,” *my son*. My heart feels like it’s being stabbed hearing her call me that because I haven’t been a good son to her in a long time. Ever since I started working with her, it’s become more of a distant business relationship instead of the mother son one it used to be.

“Please,” she pleads. “Listen to me. I remember the day your father gave me my vial ring. I looked at him like he was crazy. But he explained to me how, although he loved me and wanted to spend his life with me,” she pauses, clearing what sounds like a tight throat. “Sorry,” she sighs, as I move closer to her, reaching for her hand, nodding for her to continue.

“Go ahead, mijn moeder,” *My mother*.

“Thank you, baby,” she smiles, taking in another deep inhale before continuing. “Your father always said that marriage was just a word. A piece of paper exchanged between two people, paired with overpriced rings. He always said he wanted more than marriage. He wanted a true commitment. So, on our wedding day we exchanged rings with empty vials that we filled with a drop of each other’s

blood. Each anniversary we would add a few drops more. The goal was to keep filling vials to replace with a new one, but life had other plans.”

“No, Byron did,” I interject before she can say anything else.

A saddened expression smears across her face as she nods.

“Yes. You’re right and that’s why I did what I did.” She swallows hard, trying to fight back tears.

“Please, you married him!” I shout.

“Yes, Maddox! To get close to your father’s killer, so that he wouldn’t have a clue in the fucking world what was coming to him, when we killed him!” Her words end in a gasp, tears falling from her face. Blair walks to her side, as does Delilah, leaving me to stand across from the three on them, with such raw anger in my fucking veins, that it’s over shadowing what should be, me and Blair’s day.

“Well, this was—” I begin, but I’m interrupted by Blair’s hand that is raised with a piece of folded paper in it.

“Maddox, I love you, I do but if you don’t shut the fuck up and let your mother talk, I’m going to strangle you. Now read this.”

She hands me the folded paper, and my eyes shoot over to where my mom’s chest is heaving. “Please, just read it,” she whispers.

Reluctantly, I begin to unfold the card stock.

My heart skips a beat, when I see a signed certificate confirming that she finally changed her name back to what it should have always remained. No longer Glinda Campbell, my stubborn mother is once again Glinda *Crane*.

My mother’s wrinkled hand invades my periphery as I keep reading the line that reads her married name, the one she had to my father, over and over again.

“If you remember, your father always said that—”

“Anniversaries are important,” I interrupt her, completing her sentence.

“Yes,” she nods her head. “The good and the bad ones. I know this day has always been difficult for you, with the anniversary of your father’s passing and,” she pauses to look at Blair before lowering her lips to my ear, “and the anniversary of this one,” she nudges her head over to Blair’s direction, “almost framing you,” she chuckles. “But now you can see it as a fresh start and an opportunity to make an unbelievably fucked up situation better. I don’t know why I waited so long to change my name back but please, for the love of God, or Satan, whomever, can you please stop referring to me as Cam Moeder? I *am* your Moeder, but please, mom or Glinda will suffice.”

I’ll happily retire calling her Cam Moeder, which I only started calling her once she married Byron Campbell. The Cam part being short for Campbell and Moeder, as a less personal way to still refer to her as mom. “You got it, Mom,” I mutter, the words feeling oddly comforting and bizarre all at once.

“Yay,” Delilah claps. The three of us startle, having almost forgotten she was standing there. “Come on, I didn’t get my online officiant certification for nothing.”

Mom laughs before settling into an amused sigh. “Ah, yes. What a treat, it’s not every day that the woman who you had a threesome with a few hours ago is here to officiate your wedding.”

Horror paints Blair’s face as Delilah steps in.

“Oh Glinda, you’re such a fucking gem,” Delilah says, still laughing. “We didn’t have a threesome. No offense, but your son is too fucking crazy for me. But I did get a little time in between Blair’s legs, just like old times,” she winks.

“Jesus fucking Christ, D, really,” Blair says, blushing which is a rare occurrence for her.

“Oh please, it’s not like I didn’t hear what was going on from the hallway,” mom teases.

“What the fuck, Mom?” Maddox chimes in.

“What? We’re all adults here, who cares?” she teases. “Oh, and before I forget. I heard someone had a little mishap this evening,” her eyes zoning in on Blair.

Blair shrugs, “Oops.”

“Well, I can take care of that for you both, consider it part of your wedding gift,” Mom says.

“Sorry Glinda, your son has waited a long time to convince me to be his wife and if I know him as well as I think I do. It’s only fitting for us to add to our skull display, together, as husband and wife.”

Delilah chimes in again, looking as if a lightbulb went off in her head. “I knew it! There was no way those skulls on the mantle came from HomeGoods. Hell, not even Spirit sells them like that!”

“Well, I’d hope not. That means our art has gone mainstream and we don’t want that,” I deadpan.

“Damn, you two are crazier than I thought,” Delilah shakes her head, “Okay, you two crazy ass love birds ready?”

As I reach for Blair’s hand a flutter works through my system, excitement coursing through every part of my body. Bringing her inked hand to my lips, I shoot her a devilish grin before kissing her prickled skin. “I’m ready,” I murmur, keeping my gaze on her onyx eyes.

Playfully she kneads on her bottom lip with her teeth before swiping her tongue across her mouth. “Well Boogeyman, it looks like I’m about to be your *final girl*.”

CHAPTER 31



“That’s it? Are you fucking serious, Maddox?!” I blurt, feeling my blood begin to boil as he smirks back at me.

I’m going to strangle him. I’m literally going to wrap my fucking hands around that thick, tattooed neck, and crush his fucking airways, mere seconds into saying “I do.”

“Umm,” Delilah stammers, clearly uncomfortable with the way my stare is practically throwing daggers his way.

I can’t believe that we waited all this time to have this moment between us to have it go down like this. To have Delilah literally just stand between us, asking if we take each other’s hand in marriage and then some spiel about the state of New York giving her permission to pronounce us whatever. Blah, blah, blah. All this build up, for two minutes of robotic bullshit. This seriously can’t be all that I mean to him. A rushed wedding with no guests other than my best friend and his mother.

His light eyes locked on mine, a grin spreads across his lips. “D, it’s ok, her anger is mine to deal with now. Isn’t it, *wife?*” He is beaming, and it takes everything in my power not to pummel him.

I narrow my gaze into a stern squint. “Don’t pull that “my wife” shit with me, Maddox. Remember I’m just as capable of killing as you are. Do you really want to get on my bad side?”

He sighs, looking even more amused by the goddamned second. “Hating me has never stopped you from fucking me before. Nice try though,” he retorts.

My legs stiffen as my knees lock in place as if I'm going to have a damn hissy fit.

He steps forward, placing his outstretched finger to my lips. "Ssh. Save that anger for when we consummate the marriage, little hellcat."

His finger remains on my lips. "I'll take it from here," he announces to Delilah and Glinda, though his gaze remains on me.

"Very good, I'll see you both later," Glinda says, sounding relieved to be excused from where her crazy son is playing yet another game.

"Yeah, me too," Delilah chimes in, sounding relieved.

They both mumble amongst themselves as they leave us alone.

Without saying a word, Maddox lowers his finger from my lips, dragging it down my chin, and gliding it to my neck until it stops at my sternum.

"Do you trust me?" he says, monotone and not at all trustworthy.

My tongue swipes at my lips. "No."

"Good." His finger that rests at my sternum crawls down my abdomen, crossing my hips to where it then slithers its way to my hand, as he guides me to the huge hole in the ground.

With his tall stature blocking the way, it's difficult to see past him. However, from what I can see, it looks like there is a sea of flickering lights ahead.

"Watch your step," he says, pausing our connected stride to where we now stand in front of a tall wooden ladder that leads to a deep hole in the ground.

"What is this?"

"Follow me," he says, leading the way to the ladder. Pivoting, he lowers himself into the ground.

Eager to see what the hell he has up his sleeve now, I follow him.

As I move down the ladder, I feel his large hand against my bottom as he helps guide me to the flattened ground.

“Maddox, was this your plan all along? To marry me and then bury me alive?” I say like I’m joking, but with us, *anything is possible.*

Placing the remote back in his pocket, he pats the small leather compartment that rests on his thigh harness. His large fingers struggle to navigate inside the confined space as he wriggles them around for a few seconds before slipping them out with two rings now in his possession.

“I didn’t wait all this time. Play all our games. Stalk you. Kill for you, to have our moment for other eyes to see. I wanted this moment to be just us and what better place to seal our love for each other than with just you and I in the ground that someday we will be buried in...together.”

I should have known.

“This is the most fucked up wedding I’ve ever attended.” I purposely pause, watching the arrogance in his face fall to dust. His pierced brow falls into a sullen bout of disappointment. I move closer to him until my hand rests on his cheek. Shifting to my tip toes, I bring my lips close enough to his that my breath teases his skin, but not close enough for a kiss. “Thank you,” I breathe. “I’ve always hated how weddings are these big productions, when all that it should be about are the people crazy enough to want to share their lives together.”

His split tongue breaks the barrier of his lips, slithering its way into my mouth. Teasingly, I press my teeth onto his tongue, causing him to moan and pull me closer.

“We are bat shit crazy, so why wouldn’t we add this to the list,” he says playfully.

Bringing the rings into focus he reaches for the smallest of all the pocketknives he usually keeps on him. Though in all our time together, I’ve never seen him use this one.

“My dad gifted this to me, on the last birthday I had with him alive. I never felt that anything was worthy of using it.

But now, to have your blood drawn with my favorite knife, I couldn't think of any better way to seal our bond to each other."

I move my palm upward, flattening it so he can make his cut.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to say my vows," his voice cracks and if I didn't know better, I'd think he's nervous.

"Aw, you have vows prepared?"

"It's our wedding, Blair, why wouldn't I?" he asks, dumbfounded.

He presses the button of the pocketknife, and just as the sharpened steel springs forward, he looks to me, lowering the blade to my palm. The crisp October air stings against the small cut. It's not deep, but it's enough to draw blood to fill the ring. He continues with careful precision as he recites his VOWS.

"Nothing in this world scares me more than you. I'm afraid of what you are capable of, what you bring out in me and I'm also afraid of living without you. Nothing confuses me more or makes me angrier than you can. Sure, I could have had a pleasant life if it wasn't for you, but I would have been bored, unfilled, and more of a monster than I already am. With you, my darkness has a home and I'm glad that in my shadows, you are able to be who you truly are, sinfully perfect." He seals his unexpected words with a kiss at my lips and for the first time, in all the years I've known him, I experience a tenderness I've never felt in his presence. It makes me feel honored. People like Maddox, people like us, we don't often show people the real us. It's too vulnerable, it feels like a loss of power but the fact that he can be the monster I crave while baring his heart to me, it's more than words can describe.

He closes the top of the vial, sealing my blood into his ring. This is so romantic. I'm no stranger to the whole blood ritual thing. We've been doing this for years, every anniversary, though it's usually in a locket, like the one he attached to my harness, but never on a ring.

Opening his palm, he readies his hand for me to cut into so I can repeat the same process for my ring.

I feel bad. Here I was, pissed at him for this rushed wedding, but I didn't even think of vows. Though as I lower the tip of the blade to his hand, I begin to recite his favorite line from *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Admittedly, I don't understand the appeal. What about that specific quote makes him love it so much, but that's love. It's loving someone that you may not fully understand, but having enough room in your heart, no matter how cold or small it may be, to indulge their demons and humor their passions. It's what he has always done for me.

“And he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.”

As I finish reciting the quote, I tip his large palm to the side. “Thank you,” I breathe, watching the blood drip into the small vial attached to my ring.

“For what?”

“For loving my brokenness,” I say, and it feels freeing because that's what he's always done. Sure, it started with sinister intentions on both our accounts, but what transpired between us, as unconventional as it is, is really what love should be. Accepting the other for who they are and indulging each other's desires, no matter how depraved.

He brings his uncut hand to my chin, tipping it up so my eyes lock on his.

“You're not broken. You're just wired differently and I'm fucking glad you are because there's no one I rather raise hell with. You hear me?”

I lean into his hold on my face, my eyes fighting back tears.

“Good, because there's no one I'd rather burn with.” I grin as he releases his hold on me, moving his hands to where my

vial needs to be sealed. “But I hope you know that this doesn’t mean you’re off the hook,” I add as he helps close the latch on my ring.

“What do you mean, little hellcat?”

“Just because I’m your wife doesn’t mean our fun ends,” I tease.

“Don’t you worry. You’re mine to stalk, to fuck, to punish, in life and in death. Always. However, right now all I want to do is dance with my wife to our song in our future grave plot.”

Swoon.

Reaching for his phone, he swipes to his music app and my heart skips a beat hearing the instrumentals of our song vibrate against the speaker of his phone.

Sleep Tokens “Blood Sport” fills the air around us as he pulls me into him. My chest pressed against his, my hands drift around his neck.

“I love this song,” I say.

“I would hope so, it’s our song, silly hellcat.”

“Ha, of course, the blood part, yeah, yeah,” I laugh but the expression on his face is stoic.

“No, because it is us. Everything we are and everything we pretend to be. It’s bloody. Messy. Impossible to contain. Loving you is war. But it’s the only battle that I’d come out a winner even if I lost. Because loving you, even if it ends in blood, is more than I deserve and everything I could have ever wanted. When everyone sees a monster, you see an equal. I know I’m broken. Fuck, I’m shattered, but with you, all my fucked up pieces feel whole, because they’re whole enough for you and that’s all I fucking need. So yeah, loving you is a blood sport and that’s something I’m fucking honored to experience with you.”

“Maddox, I didn’t know you felt that way,” I blurt, still stunned by his words, by all of this. I’m not used to seeing him with his horns retracted, so raw and honest. Seeing him like this, knowing that at any moment my Devil’s flame can ignite

and yet, he willingly tapers his flame, allowing me to see a side of him that no one else sees. It's everything.

"If you don't know by now that I fucking love you, Blair Crane, you're crazier than I thought." He laughs, reaching for my hand and bringing it to his lips. "Now, I don't know about you, but I've been craving those damn cookies I had Glinda bake."

"Ha, no wedding cake huh?" I tease.

"Baby you hate cake. What kind of stalker would I be if I didn't know that. I had Glinda bake enough of those damn Pillsbury Halloween cookies you like so much so I could stack them high enough to look like a cake. Figured it would only be fitting since you were trying to eat the ones your mom baked for my mom when they were burying Byron all those years ago," he chuckles. "Disposing of bodies takes a lot out of a person. It's important to have a snack and hydrate in between," he adds with sarcasm.

"Hold up, how did you know I wanted those cookies that night?"

He shakes his head, pulling me in closer to him. "I love how that's what is the most concerning to you in that whole sentence. Remember little hellcat, there isn't a phone, a camera, a device, I can't hack into. Then or now," he says with pride. "You can never hide from me. I'm your curse."

"Just like you're my cover. 'Til death, Boogeyman."

"That's right. 'Til death, Final Girl."

And they lived happily ever after.

Yeah fucking right...

EPILOGUE



The next day...

“Congratulations man. I’m happy for you two,” Carmine’s voice crackles through the speaker of my cell.

I try to clear my throat to speak, hoping that will signal to Blair to let up on the pressure she has on my windpipe, but judging by the fiery stare that’s ripe in her raven eyes and the knife handle pressed against my throat... she either doesn’t notice or doesn’t care. Knowing my wife, it’s the latter.

“You there?” Carmine asks.

Exasperated, Blair removes her forearm from my throat and settles into a straddle on my lap.

I don’t know how she can possibly think I can take her seriously when she’s in nothing but a g-string, looking like my next fucking meal, which I plan on eating as soon as I get off the phone.

“Thank you,” I mouth to her through a grin before resuming my phone call with Carmine.

Cocking her head up, she tightens the crossed position of her arms which highlights her full tits that are already on display for me. Rolling her eyes, she flicks her irises back in my direction. “This isn’t over,” she mouths.

Oh, do I fucking know it.

“Maddox,” Carmine drones.

“Yeah man, sorry,” I finally respond, unable to contain a laugh.

Carmine clicks his tongue before drawing out an amused sigh. “I should have known. Hello, Blair.”

A playful scoff slips from her lips as her demeanor softens. “Hey, Carmine. How are you?”

“Honestly, it’s been a fucking whirlwind of a night but me and Sienna are good. She’s waiting for me inside, but I just wanted to say my congrats to the happy couple.”

“Thanks man, miss you,” I say.

“You too, I’ll try to get back to New York when I can. I’m sad I missed your big day,”

“Dude it’s fine, you kind of hand your hands full,” I laugh and his own laugh echoes mine, as does Blair.

“True, but hey, it looks like we both finally got our girls, right? That’s all that matters,” he beams. I can tell how happy he is. All he’s ever wanted is Sienna, just like all I’ve ever wanted is Blair.

I look to Blair, fuck is she is nuts, but oh so fucking beautiful. I’ll never tire of the hoops she makes me go through. Pursing my lips, I blow a kiss to her. Expecting her to roll her eyes or say something smart, but she smiles, reaching for the phone out of my hand.

Bringing the mouthpiece to her lips, a devilish expression spreads across her face as she begins to talk to Carmine.

“Okay, Mr. Moretti,” she begins, purposely sounding sarcastic.

“Oh god, I can only imagine what you have to say,” Carmine retorts, stifling an uncomfortable laugh.

“We were kind of in the middle of something,” she breathes into the phone, winking at me.

“Oh damn, my bad. Already trying for some babies, huh?”

“Ha, fuck no! Although I am straddling him now and—”

Jesus Christ, this woman is fucking relentless.

Snatching the phone from her, I switch it off speaker phone and bring it to my ear.

“Sorry man,” I laugh, looking at her with a reprimanding stare.

“No need to be sorry. I’m her boss, I know she’s wild, kind of like you. Which arguably makes you two a match made in hell, but truthfully, you guys couldn’t be a better match.”

A grin spreads across my face at the honesty in his words. It’s true, we both are wild, borderline insane, but I couldn’t imagine spending this overrated life with anyone else.

“Anyway,” he continues. “I’ll let you go, I don’t want to hear how mad Blair gets if I get in the way of her getting some dick,” he teases.

“I heard that,” she chimes in. Clearly, I didn’t lower the volume enough, ha.

“Listen I gotta go, but stop over at Oogie’s later today, Eddie’s still in town and he’d like to see you guys. Get whatever you two want, ink’s on me as a wedding gift.”

“Fuck, thanks man. Appreciate you,” I murmur into the phone.

“You too,” Carmine replies before we both hang up.

Tossing my phone to the ground, I take my hands to her hips. “So, you still mad at me?” I grin, trying my hardest to distract her with my pearly white smile.

“Yes,” she deadpans, but I can tell by the way she’s biting her lip that she’s trying her fucking hardest not to stay mad.

Pulling her in closer to me, her back arches before her chest falls to mine. Her hardened peaks brush against the thin fabric of my shirt, making me ache for her.

“That’s alright, the sex is always off the charts when you’re pissed at me,” I wink, trailing one hand up her torso. Squeezing her nipple in my hand, I flick at her piercing,

causing her to moan before my hand travels to her face, capturing it in my grip.

My tongue slithers into her ready mouth, but I should have known, because like the brat she is, she chomps down at it, causing the split muscle to spread more. “Baby,” I groan against her mouth. “How many times do I have to tell you I’m sorry.”

She pulls back, straightening her spine, looking me in the eyes. “I told you before that I wanted to learn the family business,” she pouts, looking genuinely disappointed.

My palm moves to the crown of her head, pulling her into me, immediately diving into her neck. Pressing gentle kisses on her neck, I murmur against her skin. “Blair, the family business is murder. You are a murderer already. What am I missing here?” I ask.

“Ah, Maddox,” she pounds her fists at my chest. “No, I told you I want to learn all the after killing stuff. Like the chopping. Oh, and the preserving of things.” Her voice literally goes up two octaves as she talks about the preserving of body parts. Damn she really is meant for me.

“Ok, well we have our whole lives for that. Next time, okay?” I try to reassure her, but my stubborn little hellcat isn’t satisfied.

“Can we try preserving the hand before you take the body to the incinerator at least?” she asks, batting her eyelashes.

“Seriously? The guy is fucking frozen, I threw him in there before heading to Satan’s last night. It’s going to take a while and—hold up, what the fuck do you want the hand for?”

“To fuck myself with,” she grins and a sea of jealousy washes over me.

“Blair,” I begin, tone heavy with reprimand.

“Oh, calm the fuck down. I’m kidding. Well, not about wanting the hand part, but the fucking myself part. I just thought it’d be cool to preserve them and add to our décor. I saw this cute candle holder I want to try and DIY.”

I shake my head, letting out a defeated sigh. “Holy shit, we really are fucked up, aren’t we?” I laugh.

She leans in closer, her forearms now draping over my shoulders as she leans in for a kiss.

“Yep, and I wouldn’t have it any other way, Mr. Crane,” she murmurs against my lips.

Fuck, I love when she calls me that.

“Good,” I groan, moving my arm to look at the time on my watch. “Ok, we have some time before we have to go, what do you say to letting me eat that pussy of yours.”

“Maddox, you literally went down on me right before Carmine called,” she blushes, trapping her lip beneath her teeth.

“So? I’m a hungry man. You aren’t going to deprive me are you, little hellcat?”

Lifting herself from my lap, she moves her hand to her lips. “Ssh,” she breathes, searching for my phone that I tossed on the ground.

“What are you doing?” I ask, feeling the desperate hunger I have for her grow by the second. Ignoring me, as she has a tendency of doing, I watch as she swipes through my phone. I can’t help but admire that grin she has on her face, as she swipes away.

“There we go,” she exclaims, placing the phone back on the ground.

The speakers connected throughout the house begin to play Metallica’s “Enter Sandman” as she places a hand on my shoulder and begins circling around where I sit with my legs spread, wanting her on my fucking lap now.

The beat begins to pick up, now burning through the speakers as her delicate fingers travel to my chin, tilting it upward before her hand glides down my neck, to my chest, and right to my hardened length.

Using both her hands she spreads my legs further apart as she begins to sway her hips with the music before throwing

her head back, arching her back and beginning to grind on me.

She continues swirling her torso and ass on me, the way her body moves is fucking hypnotizing. Desperate for more of her, I knead my palms at her waist, pulling her into me. Her ass begins to rub on my cock, my piercings feel like iron rods from the amount of blood that is coursing through my length.

Gathering her hair in my fist, I pull her head back.

Her lips travel to my ear. “You like owning me?” she breathes sounding like the fucking vixen she is.

My cock stiffens from her words and my tongue begins to graze her ear.

“You fucking know it. I own every depraved part of you and now you’re stuck with me,” I groan, biting down on her lobe.

“Good, now shut up so I can give you a proper lap dance, Boogeyman.”

“Yes, ma’am.” I nod, letting her work her fucking dark magic on my body and, lucky me, I get to be under her spell until my very last breath.

Fingers crossed she isn’t the cause of it.

THE END

THANK YOU FOR READING



It would mean so much to me if after reading you would leave a review. It helps authors (especially indie authors) so much!

[Amazon](#)

[Goodreads](#)

AFTERWORD

If you made it this far...THANK YOU!

This book was a fun one to write. And truthfully, at times challenging. The Trick was supposed to be a novella but daddy Maddox was like NOPE, I need more time stalking my little hellcat...so I listened and here we are, 31 chapters later.

The idea came to me in the middle of the night while I was sleep deprived with a sick household. Maddox and Blair entered my mind and wouldn't leave and I'm glad they didn't.

The Trick is definitely an ode to my love for Halloween, Michael Myers and masked men (oh and Nickelback! Ha! In the front of the book is a Nickelback Playlist that truly captures Maddox and Blair chaos perfectly)

I hope you had fun reading this one. Thank you for giving this indie author a chance. I can't wait to share more of what lives in my cluttered head with you!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As always, I have to thank my husband. Thank you for being so damn supportive of me always. For encouraging my dreams and being my favorite masked daddy. I love you.

A HUGE thank you to my editor, Alexis. I can't thank you enough for stepping in and all the long days/nights you spent working on this book with me. Your unhinged honesty is unmatched. And I promise, I'll work on less sandwich making in my writing. Don't want too many Italian subs filling these pages, ha! You really are such a talented editor/writer and I can't wait to work on my future chaos with you!

To Pia, my cover designer and friend. Love you as always and your talent with making my covers exactly what I want and never know how to express. There is no one else I trust with my book covers so as always, you're stuck with me!

Alex, my lovely beta reader and friend. Thank you for putting up with the barest of bones initial read. I hope you enjoy the bulked up version of Maddox and Blair's story. Love and appreciate you so much!

To my ARC readers, thank you for wanting to read my work and all the shares and enthusiasm! You all are the best! Appreciate you endlessly!

And of course, a huge thank you to my readers! Without you, I wouldn't have anyone to read the stories that are trapped in my head. Thank you for giving me a chance, I appreciate you all so damn much!

ALSO BY N.J. WEEKS



[Skulls and Stitches](#)

[Cuervo's Carnival](#)

Follow Me On:

[Instagram](#)

[Tik Tok](#)

[Facebook](#)

Sign Up For My Newsletter:

[N.J. Weeks Newsletter](#)