



MONSTROUS
A NOVELLA

WYNN

LILY MAYNE

Bonus Short: The Adventures of Danny and Wyn – Part 1

This is a short, 8.6k-word story.

It is technically set just before book five (Moth) of the Monstrous series, but can be read at any point. It features our favourite, original monster-human couple, Danny and Wyn, and includes Danny almost getting a dog, the pair visiting an old, abandoned amusement park, and a very intriguing game of tag in the dark...

Warning: This story contains explicit sexual content (pretty much from the outset) and should be read by those over 18 only.

Wyn

“What was that?” Danny ripped his mouth away from mine with a sharp little inhale, his body tensing beneath me on the bed.

I found his lips again, murmuring, “Nothing,” before kissing him. It successfully distracted him, body relaxing back into the mattress as his arms twined around my neck.

His thighs shifted, parting, letting my hips sink between them. I smoothed a hand down his bare chest, tracing my fingertips over the scar there and feeling his heart thudding fast and hard against my palm.

It made me smirk as I broke the kiss to trail my mouth down his neck. His cock dug into my hip, hard and insistent behind his pants. I burrowed my hands between our bodies to grasp it through the fabric, rubbing my palm against the stiff length and making him gasp. “Wyn,” he whined in a low voice, hips flexing to drag his cock against my hand.

“Yes, sweet?” I trailed my tongue down his chest before curling it round a tiny nipple.

Danny’s hips jerked, cock bucking against my palm. I gave it a firm squeeze in answer, and he let out a strained, breathless laugh.

“I don’t even know. Just... keep going. Maybe speed it up a bit.”

I grunted. “So impatient.”

He huffed and reached down to curl his fingers around my horns, making me shudder. Sneaky little shit. He knew all too well that it drove me wild.

I reached up and pulled his hands free, sitting back as I kept his wrists locked in the cages of my fingers. Then I slowly brought them down to his sides and gently forced them between his back and the mattress.

Danny’s breath caught, but he lifted his hips to help as I transferred both his wrists to one hand, keeping them pinned together at the small of his back. It couldn’t have been particularly comfortable, but I knew he liked it. He squirmed a little, legs shifting restlessly. He lifted his head to look in my direction, but it was pitch black in here, and I knew he couldn’t see anything.

I could, though. I could see the flush on his throat and cheeks. The desperate hunger in his blue eyes. The sweet tip of his pink tongue

as he licked his lips, already breathing fast.

“Wyn,” he rasped again, deeper now.

I smoothed my free hand up and down his tense stomach, then lightly trailed my fingertips lower until they met the waist of his pants.

Danny’s hips shifted again as I tore open his pants with one hand, reaching in to curl my fingers around his pulsing cock.

The tip was already wet, which made me huff in amusement as I pulled his cock free. “Needy tonight.”

“Your fault,” he mumbled, the flush deepening on his throat when I glanced up.

I smirked and shifted back until his thighs were no longer pressing against my hips. He couldn’t see anything, and the anticipation was making a fine tremor run through his lean body, breaths already trembling out of him. His cock throbbed in my fist, so I let go of it and didn’t move for a long moment, just staring down at him.

His dark hair was messy on the pillow behind his head, face flushed and blue eyes heavy with lust-filled impatience. His bare chest and stomach were gloriously displayed, lower back arched with his hands pinned behind him. Long legs splayed out either side of me, encased in black fabric with only his cock jutting out, flushed and hard and glistening at the tip, bobbing over his stomach.

My mouth watered. Moving slowly, I lowered my head, fingers tightening on his pinned wrists. At the first feathery lick over the weeping tip of his cock, Danny choked on a breath and jerked his hips, bumping the head of his cock against my nose.

I huffed and splayed my free hand over the thatch of hair at the root of his cock, holding him still as I licked again, twirling my tongue around the head. Danny let out a low, shaky moan, his cock giving up another tiny pulse of pre-cum. I closed my lips around the head in a wet, sucking kiss, being mindful of my teeth.

I could feel Danny’s hips trying to flex up, but my hand easily kept him pinned. Both hands. He was trapped, his torso stretched, legs shifting restlessly against the mattress. I released his cock from my mouth when I felt my lips stretching into a sharp smile, and I dipped my head to graze my teeth over his hip bone.

Danny twitched, neck arching as his chest heaved. His cock bobbed, as though straining for my mouth. I trailed wet, licking kisses down

the hard length, because I knew he was desperate for me to suck him into my mouth.

He groaned, fingers flexing behind his back. "You're an asshole." "You love me anyway," I murmured, tracing over the vein winding up the underside of his shaft.

Danny shuddered, cock bucking. "I extended my life for, like, four thousand years for you! The least you can do is suck me off. Please."

I paused, then let out a huff as I sat back. "You can't use that for everything."

"Well I'm gonna. Especially when—" He froze when another faint sound came from downstairs. "Okay, I definitely heard something that time."

He'd tensed up again, so I reluctantly released his wrists and slid up the hand pinning him down to give his stomach a soothing stroke.

"It's nothing, my sweet."

I could hear the creature down there. Something from this world, small and non-threatening. It was padding around in the kitchen of the old house, snuffling over the ground.

Danny chewed on his lip, wide eyes trying to find me in the dark.

"Are you sure?"

I let out a long-suffering sigh and eased off the bed. "I'll go and chase it off. Do not move. Keep your cock hard for me."

He choked on an incredulous breath, but I was already striding out of the room. I didn't bother getting fully dressed, making my way downstairs in just my pants and boots.

The house we had stopped in for the night sat alone, surrounded by old farmland. As I started paying more attention, I realised I could sense a lone human a short distance away. Not near enough to be concerned about. Not that a single weak human concerned me, especially now that Danny was far more impervious to injury. My stress levels had lowered considerably since we'd visited the Mabs and tethered our lives.

I stepped into the kitchen and stopped, staring at the furry creature as it gazed back up at me. It was a dog.

A dog wearing... some kind of rucksack. It had a harness on with small pockets all over the back. Its fur was short and yellow, and its

tail wagged lazily at it stared at me from beside the kitchen table, flat pink tongue lolling out of its mouth.

I eyed it back with disinterest, but then I remembered Danny's ridiculous cooing over the fat little nask back in my world. He had mentioned wanting a dog when he was younger, saying he'd never been able to have one.

Well, there was one here. I pointed at the floor in front of my boots. "Dog. Come here."

Over the years, I'd seen humans with their brainless little dog pets, giving them commands that they seemed to always follow. If a human could control these ridiculous creatures, I obviously could. The dog just panted at me, tail wagging faster. Then it turned and darted through the small flap that humans used to cut into their doors for their animal pets.

I clenched my jaw, glad Danny wasn't here to see that, and strode after it. Flinging open the door, I stepped outside and narrowed my eyes at the dog trotting away.

"Dog. You will come here now."

It stopped and looked back at me, head cocking with a clueless expression on its face. Its tail wagged again, slower, and it looked in the direction of the human I could still sense a short distance away. My mouth stretched into a wide, sharp grin when it turned and started trotting back over to me.

I felt the human hurriedly approaching before a clear voice rang through the darkness. "Hey, asshole, that's my—"

The voice cut off when my eyes snapped up toward them, just as the dog reached me and sat at my feet, still panting disgustingly loud.

Plain human eyes locked with mine in the weak moonlight, growing wider and wider as her face went slack.

Then she started screaming. And screaming.

I rolled my eyes. The dog whimpered at my feet, glancing up at me before rising to start running to the human. I snatched it up before it could.

The screaming cut off with a choke, and I saw the human start running toward me even though her narrow, brown face was drawn tight over her bones with terror. Her hand shook wildly as she fumbled to pull free a hunting knife.

“I’ll fucking kill you if you hurt him—”

I gave a careless wave with my free hand. My other arm was wrapped around the dog’s middle as it hung from my side, still panting cheerfully.

“I’m not going to hurt it,” I drawled, and saw the human cringe at the sound of my voice before I turned to walk back inside.

“That’s my dog!” she cried, still running toward me.

I shot her a sharp grin over my shoulder. “Mine now.”

“No—”

I turned back and snarled at her, successfully freezing her in place even as her watering eyes kept darting to the dog.

“It is mine now, human.” I bared my sharp teeth. “Do you know what I am?”

She swallowed and weakly shook her head, hand shaking around her knife.

“You humans call me the Soul Eater,” I sneered. “Do you know why? Do you know what I can do?”

I wasn’t above using the silly rumours about me when it suited me. Besides, I could easily kill her if I wanted to without even putting down the dog.

The human choked on a gasp, eyes darting over my face.

“Y-you—you’re—I th-thought you w-wore a hood.” She took a tiny step back, but then her shoulders stiffened when she looked at the dog again, and she stepped closer. “No one’s ever seen your f-face.”

“Well, congratulations.” I hefted the dog higher under my arm. “Your dog is mine now.”

Her face jerked, brows pinching with desperation. “No—please—”

I strode back into the house and locked the door behind me, because I knew she would—

Pounding started up as the human slammed her fists against the solid wood door. “No! I’ll kill you!”

I snorted. “No you won’t.”

As I started walking to the hall, I heard a rustling sound from the door and glanced back to see the human desperately trying to wriggle through the animal flap.

“Won’t fit through there, human,” I drawled, then made my way upstairs with the dog still dangling from my side.

I wasn't worried about the human. There was nothing out there she could use to smash any of the windows, and if she did manage to get in, I'd just throw her back out. I'd fling her gently, very far away. Danny was pacing the dark bedroom as I stepped back inside, holding his torch and swinging the weak beam back and forth over the dirty floorboards. He stopped dead at the sight of me, and I scowled when I noticed he'd zipped his pants back up.

"I heard screaming. What the fuck is going on out th—" He froze, blue eyes locked on the dog. "Is that a dog?"

My brow rose up as I eyed him, setting the dog on the floor. Was he not sure? Sweet Danny.

"Yes, sweet," I said gently, because he seemed confused. "You said you wanted a dog, yes?"

"I—" He stared at the dog, then me, then back at the dog. His brows pulled into a frown. "Where the fuck did you get a dog? Wearing a backpack?"

He jumped when the human started pounding on the door downstairs again. Wide blue eyes locked with mine. "What's that?" I shrugged one shoulder, eyeing the dog as it started sniffing around the room. "The human whose dog this was."

Danny spluttered. "You stole someone's dog?"

"You said you wanted a dog." I stretched out an arm to gesture at the clueless furry creature. It trotted over and sat at my feet, gazing up at me with its tongue lolling out again. "That's a dog."

But then uncertainty flared. I slowly looked down at the creature again, suddenly unsure. "Isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a dog, but it's someone else's dog!" Danny strode over, but couldn't resist crouching to scratch the creature's head. Its tail thumped against the floor. "You can't steal people's dogs, Wyn!"

I huffed. "What difference does it make? You're going to take care of it. The dog doesn't care who's feeding it and... the other things humans do with them. Throwing things for it."

Danny let out a weak snort and looked up at me, his long fingers still scratching behind the creature's floppy ear. My lip curled as I looked at it. Why did he want one of these? It was just sitting there panting its hot breath everywhere. Its gums were bumpy and kind of disgusting. The only thing it had going for it were the sharp canines,

but they weren't even all that sharp. Not like mine. I bared my teeth down at it, but the dog just let out a bark and started trying to lick Danny's face.

He laughed, fussing over it and talking to it in a stupid voice. I narrowed my eyes at the dog, which was basking in Danny's attention.

Maybe this had been a mistake.

Danny sighed and stood up, gazing down at the dog with big yearning eyes. It stared back up at him, still panting, before twisting its body to scratch ferociously behind its ear. The stupid little backpack bounced with the movement.

"You have to go and give it back, Wyn."

The human was still out there. It sounded like she was slamming her body against the door, trying to get in, yelling something about not being scared of a stupid soul-sucking demon. Threatening to gut me for stealing her dog.

My lips twitched.

"Are you sure?" I asked, pretending to not be pleased that we couldn't keep it, because I wasn't so sure I wanted to share Danny's attention that much. "She'll get over it. Aren't there millions of dogs? She can find another one."

I gestured at the dog again. "And this one comes with a backpack. That's useful, yes?"

Danny choked out a laugh and slid his arm around my bare back, leaning in to kiss my throat.

"That's not how it works, baby. People are... They form emotional attachments to their pets." He looked down at the dog. "She's pretty desperate to get him back. He's hers."

I grunted and pulled away to shove on my shirt and coat, lifting the hood. Might as well give her a show while I returned her dumb dog. I hefted the creature under my arm and walked out of the room, snarling down at it when it tried to lick my hand.

"Stop trying to lick everything," I snapped as I thumped down the stairs.

What was the other wild animal humans liked to keep in their homes? Cats, I was fairly certain. Smaller and angrier, and less

clingy. They seemed preferable. Why didn't Danny want one of them?

"Shut up," I barked at the human as I strode into the kitchen. She was still hammering on the door, shouting so much her voice was hoarse.

She fell silent immediately, and I heard her scramble back as I unlocked the door. I pulled it open and stared at her in silence from within the depths of my hood. Her hand was shaking wildly—her whole body was as she raised her little knife in an attempt to look threatening. She sucked in panicked, gulping breaths, frozen in place as she stared at me.

The dog started wriggling under my arm at the sight of its human owner, making the ambience a touch less threatening, much to my irritation.

I set it on its feet and straightened. "It's defective."

"Wh-what?" She jerked forward then stopped before frantically patting her thigh to get the dog to trot over to her.

Dropping to her knees, she tugged the dog close. Her face tightened with fearful anger as she looked at me, eyes narrowing. "My dog is not defective, y-you asshole."

I let out a low, ominous sound. She scrambled up, gripping the dog's harness and tugging it back, her face slack with terror.

"Go."

She scooped the dog up and turned, almost tripping in her haste to run away. I could still hear her terrified, heaving breaths as she stumbled over the uneven field, not stopping or slowing until she was out of sight.

I cast a final look around the still, quiet fields to make sure no other annoying humans would interrupt us, then went back inside, locking the door behind me.

"Danny." I threw my voice as I slunk back up the stairs, so that it echoed around the house. I heard him let out a surprised squawk.

"Did you do as I asked?"

He laughed in disbelief, staring at me from beside the bed when I stepped into the room. "You mean did I keep my cock hard for you? No, Wyn. Shockingly, I didn't stay hard during all the screaming and pounding on the door and you bringing a fucking dog in here."

I huffed, pulling off my coat. My voice was sulky when I muttered, "You said you wanted a dog."

Danny laughed and approached to slip his hands under my shirt.

"You're real sweet. But no more stealing people's dogs."

"Fine." I tugged him closer and kissed him, but Danny made a muffled sound against my mouth and pulled back.

"We have to go wash our hands. And my face. The dog licked it."

I clenched my jaw, looking over at the bed and thinking wistfully about Danny stretched out on it, hands pinned behind his back and hard cock straining for me.

Fucking dog.

Danny

“Hope the dog’s okay,” I commented again, for the twentieth time, as we set out from the old farmhouse the next morning.

Wyn huffed from beside me. “You said you didn’t want it.”

“I can’t steal someone else’s dog.” I reached over and threaded my fingers through his, shooting him a teasing grin. “I’m not a monster.”
“Hilarious.”

I snorted, swaying closer until he let go of my hand to wrap his arm around me. “But if we did find one out here without an owner...”

“You want us to keep a feral dog,” he said flatly, his tone entirely unimpressed.

“You’re pretty feral and I kept you.”

“Then why do you need a dog? You have me.”

I slowly turned my head to stare at him incredulously. “Did you really just liken yourself to a pet dog?”

“No, obviously not,” he snapped immediately, fingers tightening on my shoulder. “I just meant... dogs are stupid.”

I gave his stomach a weak shove. “They’re not stupid. They’re actually really clever. They can—”

“Yes, very impressive.” Wyn let go of me. “There’s a parasite nearby.”

I froze, then squinted at him. “Is there?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

He waved a hand vaguely toward the forest that edged the big field we were crossing. “Over there.”

I placed my hands on my hips and looked at him. “Just... in the forest? There’s an infected person just wandering through that forest.”

“Yes.”

I looked back over my shoulder at the farmhouse. “Huh. Weird. We’ve been walking for, like, two minutes. You didn’t sense them at all during the night? If they’re this close?”

“They must have just arrived.” He folded his arms over his chest, hood turning away.

My mouth twitched. “Just arrived for a nice jaunt through the forest.”

We were both fully aware that I knew he was bullshitting, but there was no way in hell Wyn was going to back down now.

“Sure you’re not losing your touch, old man?” I said slyly, bursting out laughing when he snarled at me.

“Okay,” I continued with a sweet smile. “Go get them. I’ll wait here. Alone and exposed in the middle of this big field.” I glanced around. “Sure hope nothing else comes out of that forest while you’re gone.” Wyn let out a low, feral growl, then snapped, “Fine. They’re— They’ve gone anyway. Let’s just go.”

He grabbed my hand and yanked me forward, making me laugh as I said, “They’ve just gone, huh? Sprinted out of the forest?”

“Yes,” he said, trying very hard to make his distorted voice carefree. “Or they died, I suppose.”

That made me pause, and I glanced over at him with a worried expression as I chewed on my lip. “You... you were joking, right? There wasn’t really someone in there who just... died?”

He huffed and stopped, turning to cup my cheek.

“No,” he said gruffly. “There wasn’t anyone.”

I shot him a big, shit-eating grin. “Such a liar. So anyway, what I was saying about dogs is that—”

Wyn let out a strangled sound and tugged me forward.

I could feel my eyes getting bigger and bigger as I stared at the tall, winding shape looming in front of us in the distance, the setting sun throwing the many loops and high, curving peaks into sharp relief. “Is that an amusement park?” I asked breathlessly, clutching Wyn’s hand tight.

I’d heard about them. I’d seen them in old TV shows and movies, with their rollercoasters and water slides and haunted houses. I remembered asking my momma if she could take me to one before I was old enough to realise that they’d all been abandoned, left to rot in the monster-infested wasteland that made up most of the country. She’d gently told me that they were all outside the city walls, and we weren’t allowed to go to them. When I’d woken up the next morning, she’d spent the night turning our little apartment into a makeshift funfair.

She’d dressed up as a witch and turned the bathroom into a tiny haunted house. I remembered shrieking with laughter when she’d

popped out from behind the shower curtain, until I'd tripped and skinned my knees and burst into tears. I wasn't clumsy—it had just been dark.

“What's an amusement park?” Wyn asked disdainfully.

“Rides and stuff.” I clutched his hand with both of mine, turning to face him. “Wyn, please can we go in?”

“Rides?” he repeated, his head cocking as he stared at the sprawling, abandoned park in front of us. “Will they still even work?” I laughed. “No, but can we go and look around? I never got to go to one. I just want to see what it was like.”

He sighed and trailed his long, blackened fingers over my face, leaning in to kiss me from the depths of his hood. “Alright.”

I smiled into the kiss, reaching up to cup his face. My thumbs trailed blindly over the raised ridges on his cheekbones, and he made a little growly sound into my mouth as he shuddered.

“I'll play with your horns later as a thank you,” I murmured with a grin, grunting when Wyn dropped his hands to palm my ass and tug me closer.

He squeezed, and I could tell he was preparing to hoist me up and wrap my legs around his waist, so I pecked him on the chin and stepped back before he could.

“Come on, old man.” I grabbed his hand and tugged him forward.

“Park first. Can you sense anything in there?”

Wyn grunted. “No humans. Just a narid living in a body of water in there.”

“What's a narid?” I eyed the front entrance of the park as we approached. It didn't look particularly big, and there was a creepy clown face looming over the old turnstiles to get in. Beyond it, I could see the outline of a rusting Ferris wheel whose carts were swaying softly in the breeze, squealing with even the tiniest movement.

“Nothing you need to worry about,” Wyn replied with a flick of long, blackened fingers. “The worst it will possibly do is try and fuck you, and if it does, I will rip off its cock and choke it to death with it.”

I snorted, then cocked my head as I side-eyed Wyn. “I swear I've heard you threaten someone with that before.”

“Hmm?” His hood tilted as he glanced over. One shoulder lifted in a shrug. “It's a satisfying way to kill someone.”

I grimaced. “Well, if any other monster tries to... fuck me, I’ll just politely tell it no. Then we don’t need to kill anyone. Or rip off anything.”

“We’ll see,” he muttered as we reached the entrance. Reaching out, he pushed on a turnstile until something snapped within and it spun with no resistance. I slipped through, and bit the inside of my cheek to hide my smile when Wyn’s coat got caught on the metal arm as he followed.

He snarled and yanked on the stile until it snapped off completely. Clearing his throat, he dropped it carelessly onto the ground and brushed invisible dust off his coat.

“Okay there, Soul Eater?” I asked, making a big show of tugging my backpack strap up higher so I could hide my smile.

Wyn huffed and grabbed my hand, pulling me away from the entrance and deeper into the park. My amusement fled quickly as I looked around in awe, instantly distracted.

It was creepy and abandoned and overgrown, vines and plants engulfing the public bathrooms to our right. The asphalt was cracked under our feet, and the row of food huts were crumbling and discoloured as we passed them. There was a giant cartoon hotdog sign on the ground, fallen from the front of one of them, and Wyn’s big black boot snapped it in half as he stepped on it.

The metal frame of the park’s biggest rollercoaster loomed ahead, ominous creaks coming from it even though there wasn’t much of a breeze. Beyond it, the carts of the Ferris wheel swayed gently. A low, flat-roofed building advertised bumper cars, and I could see the faded paint jobs of the dodgems within, their rubber bumpers decaying and leaves littering the smooth metal floor.

“So.” I could tell Wyn was curling his lip as he surveyed the silent, depressing park around us. “What is it you want to do here?”

I laughed and swung our linked hands. “Nothin’, just—”

When I saw the big, creepy house ahead of us, I stopped dead. A huge, weathered face stared down at us from above. Big black horns curved up from its sharp red face, and its mouth was open impossibly wide to create a dark, shadowed doorway.

“Fuck yes, a haunted house.” I dragged Wyn in that direction.

He let out a derisive huff as his hood tilted up so he could eye that grinning, gaping face. "Haunted by what."

I laughed and brought us to a stop outside the entrance so I could grab the torch from my backpack. "It's just a spooky house. Like, animatronics and stuff. Not that any of them will be working. It'll probably be scarier now it's been abandoned for twenty years."

"And some humans... enjoy being scared?" There was a touch of curiosity in Wyn's voice as I switched on my torch and pointed it into the dark entrance. Dust motes floated in the beam, which revealed a half-torn down black curtain shielding the attraction within from view. "Oh yeah." I tugged Wyn inside, holding the curtain out of the way. "I loved horror movies as a kid, even though momma would make me turn them off if she caught me watching them."

"Yes, but you're... fairly odd, my sweet."

I froze and slowly turned to face him. "Excuse me?"

Wyn huffed and cupped my chin. "I mean that in the best possible way, Danny."

"I'm not odd!" I huffed, turning back to keep walking forward into the haunted house. "What does that even mean? 'Cause I like horror movies? Millions of people do!"

"I was referring more to the fact that you're in love with me." His voice was dry.

I rolled my eyes, swinging my torch beam toward a half-collapsed skeleton covered in fake cobwebs and rags. It was propped next to a sign stating, 'This way...' and the finger that was supposed to be pointing had fallen off at some point.

"Right, because you're so terrifying," I deadpanned as I pulled Wyn behind me.

"This is what I mean," I heard him mutter, but then I was distracted as I brought us to a stop in the first room of the old haunted house. A big mannequin dressed like the devil loomed down from the ceiling, its spiked tail hanging limply and the head of its plastic pitchfork long gone.

I snorted. "Looks kind of like Edin, if you got rid of the little goatee." Wyn's hood tilted. "Edin's not that scrawny."

"I think the last word anyone would use to describe Edin would be scrawny." I pulled Wyn into the next room, lazily casting the light

from my torch around to reveal a poorly made forest scene.

A small, child-size mannequin in a ragged, faded red cape peeked out from behind a cardboard tree. On the other side of the room, a big werewolf jutted over the walkway, fake red blood painted onto its long, exposed canines. Some of the fur had dropped off over the years of neglect, giving it little bald patches that kind of ruined the effect a bit.

“My sweet.”

I turned back to face Wyn, getting a little weirded out when the beam from my torch shone directly into his hood and still revealed nothing but smoky black shadows.

“Yeah?”

“This is... not scary.”

I snorted. “What a shock. Does anything scare you?”

“The stupidity of mankind.”

“Yeah but anything real? Like... clowns?”

He huffed and strode past me without even bothering to answer. Which... fair enough.

“Hey.” I trailed after him and tangled our fingers together. “Stop hiding your face in your smoke thing.”

He grunted, turning to face me. “My eyes are sensitive when you shine your torch directly in them, Danny.”

“Oh.” I snickered and lowered the beam. “Sorry.”

The shadows dissipated until I could see the pale jut of his chin. When I grinned, he grinned back, revealing sharp white teeth in a wide mouth.

“There you are.” I leaned in and kissed him, one of my hands creeping into his hood so my fingertips could play over the scarred patch of skin on the side of his head. Wyn shuddered and pulled me closer, hands dropping to palm my ass.

My cock was twitching eagerly when he eventually broke to kiss to trail his tongue and sharp teeth down my neck.

“You know, if you want to be scared...”

I paused. “I never said I wanted to be scared.”

Wyn huffed, and I could feel him eyeing me from his hood as he pulled back. “You made us come into a scare house.”

I snorted. “Scare house. It’s a haunted house, baby.”

“That makes no sense. There’s nothing here haunting it.”

“It just—” I shook my head. “What were you saying, anyway?”

I could hear the feral grin in Wyn’s voice when he tugged me closer and rasped, “I can scare you.”

I froze, then snorted. “No you can’t.”

Wyn stiffened. “What—Yes, I can.”

“Wyn, I know what you look like naked on all fours shooting a massive load. I’ve seen you smack your horns on a shower rail and nearly slip over. You cannot scare me.”

He snarled. “Yes I can.”

Before I could react, he’d snatched the torch out of my hands and switched it off, plunging us into darkness. I went still, then let out a wary chuckle.

“Okay, that’s—”

I fell silent, sucking in a breath when Wyn pressed the torch back into my hands and leaned in close. In the complete darkness, I felt him half-dissipate, becoming almost incorporeal, cool black smoke curling around my throat and whispering over my mouth. Tendrils snuck under my shirt, tightening my skin. They slipped down my sensitive inner forearms and tickled my palms, making me shiver.

“Run, Danny.” Wyn’s distorted voice sounded even more inhuman in the total dark, instinctive goosebumps prickling over the back of my neck. “I’ll give you a headstart.”

And then he was gone. I stood there frozen for a few seconds, my heart already starting to pound as nothing but total silence and complete darkness surrounded me.

But my cock gave another eager twitch in my pants, and slowly my lips quirked into a tiny smile.

“Am I supposed to be scared or horny?” I fumbled with the torch, switching it back on and swinging the beam around the room. I couldn’t tell if Wyn was still even in here or not. He could have been hiding. He was a sneaky little fucker when he wanted to be.

He didn’t answer. I narrowed my eyes in suspicion, darting the beam to the corners of the room in case he was lurking as a little smoke thing.

I jumped violently when his ghoulish voice curled round me from every direction at once.

“Run, Danny.”

I let out a slightly nervous laugh but rolled my eyes. “Alright, alright. I’m running.”

I took a slow step forward, swinging the torch back and forth as I shed my bag and left it on the floor with my baseball bat. Then I took another step. The panicked yelp escaped me before I could stop it when an unseen hand gave my ass a firm, solid smack. I spun round, narrowing my eyes suspiciously and swinging the torch back and forth, but Wyn wasn’t there.

My entire body tensed when I felt something rush up behind me—something intangible that made the very human instinct to flee rise in a tingling rush. My shoulders wanted to hunch to my ears; the back of my neck prickled. All the tiny hairs on my arms stood on end.

“Run.”

I yelped and took off, letting out a mildly hysterical laugh as my heart started to pound in my chest. A touch of deep-rooted, instinctive fear thrummed beneath the excitement, but for some reason it only made my belly heat even more. I knew Wyn would never hurt me or do anything I didn’t want him to.

But I also knew he really, really wanted to chase me down and catch me. And I did too.

I tripped over an old rug as I ran into the next room of the haunted house, only because it was dark and I couldn’t really see where I was going, the torch beam swinging wildly. This room was styled like a dungeon or something, and I jumped when a hooded figure holding a scythe in a skeletal hand loomed from the darkness in front of me. If Wyn ever asked, I was not going to tell him that I thought it was him for just a second.

I veered right and stumbled into a fake jail cell, sending the whole flimsy structure falling back and on top of the old figure of a screaming prisoner. I was pretty sure I heard a faint huff of amusement from somewhere behind me in the dark, but I was already running for the next door.

I let out a tiny yelp when something rushed up on me again, the whisper of smoke curling over my nape and throat, sliding down the front of my shirt. The instinct to flee blurred with the hot stab of excitement at the thought of being captured, but I kept running—

even though he could've got me at any second. He was toying with me.

This room had an old figure of a haggard, cloaked witch hunched over a cauldron. My torch beam swung over her face a split-second before I crashed into the display, sending the plastic cauldron tumbling and rolling across the floor. Shit.

When I spotted the staircase, I sprinted toward it, hoping that it was real and I wasn't going to stick my foot through a fake cardboard step and land directly on my face. I didn't let myself slow down because something rushed past me unseen in the dark, making my entire body break out in goosebumps even as I grinned breathlessly. I tripped on the first step, despite it being real. My eyes snagged briefly on a sign stating 'Come and see the séance in our Victorian parlour...' as I ran up the stairs. My foot caught on another step and I went flying, a sharp stab of real fear catching my breath.

The low huff was right in my ear as unseen hands yanked me back at the last second, before my nose could smash into solid wood, and set me on the step.

"So clumsy."

"I am not!" I was already scrambling up the remaining steps, away from Wyn, but I heard his amused huff from behind me. "It's dark!" I burst into a room with ancient, thick red drapes hanging in tatters from the fake windows and four figures placed around a circular table with a ouija board in the centre of the room. Three of the mannequin's faces were tilted up in looks of horror as the fourth hung suspended from the ceiling by thin wires, fake ectoplasm—I was pretty sure it was just sheer white fabric—curling up out of its stretched mouth.

I knocked into one of the mannequins as I ran past, sending it to the floor and making the floating figure swing wildly from its wire suspension. The next room was like a creepy funhouse, and I grimaced as I ran through it as fast as possible. The clowns looked even scarier half-decayed, and I couldn't help but yelp in fear when something rushed ahead of me and make them all rattle like the mannequins were coming to life.

Past the half-fallen red curtain was another staircase, and I clattered down it, my heart pounding in my throat and my palms sweaty. I tried

very hard to ignore the fact that my cock was definitely into this, stiff and pulsing in my pants. Was that weird?

As I reached the bottom step, long fingers slid round my sides and under my shirt, but I tore myself away with a breathless laugh and kept going. I heard Wyn grunt behind me, but it didn't sound irritated. It sounded the opposite.

"Danny..."

Even though I knew he'd been right behind me this whole time, knowing he was right there made the urge to flee mingle confusingly with the very intense desire to turn and jump on him. I let the former guide me, determined to make him catch me and stop me from getting away.

I let out a very manly scream when Wyn appeared from thin air in front of me, his hood down and his grin sharp and wide on his pale face. I veered left and darted through the doorway, getting briefly tangled in cobwebs that I hoped were fake, and immediately tripped over the same fucking rug as before.

The torch slipped from my fingers, rolling until the beam shone on the base of some old, fake torturing device. I stumbled forward, and before I could land on my belly on the rug, long arms wrapped around my middle and tugged me upright.

Then I was being plastered to a cold wall, my cheek smushed against it and my hands flying up to press my palms into the cool surface. My gut lurched with excitement when Wyn tutted in my ear.

"Terrible attempt."

I choked out a laugh, shifting a little, my cock pulsing when long fingers curled around my nape and held my cheek to the wall, while Wyn's other hand slid down and tore open my pants.

Before I could answer, his hand slid round to cup my jaw. My eyes widened when his palm covered my mouth. I stared blindly into total darkness, my heart thudding hard and muffled breaths shallow against Wyn's hand.

"Don't move," he rasped in my ear, before pushing a long, cool finger into my mouth. I jerked with a tiny muffled moan, but immediately began to suck, shivering with pleasure when a forceful hand tugged down my pants and underwear until they sagged at my knees.

My breath caught when a long, slick finger circled my hole before sliding in without any preamble. My brows pinched, and I couldn't help but arch my hips back just a little into his touch, which made Wyn let out a low huff of amusement.

He gave my lower back a gentle shove, pinning my cock to the cold wall and making my eyes fly open wide.

"I told you not to move."

My breaths were shaky around the finger in my mouth. I kept sucking, my eyes sliding shut. The wall was still cool beneath my hot forehead and cheek, and my cock throbbed hungrily against the smooth surface.

The finger in my ass became two, sliding in and out and making me go lightheaded. Wyn thrust them deep and grazed his sharp teeth over the pulse point in my neck, his lips curving into a grin when I whimpered.

A second finger joined the first in my mouth, and I slid my tongue between them, feeling Wyn shudder with pleasure behind me in the dark. He pulled his fingers free from my ass, and I heard the rustle of fabric.

"Do you want my cock, Danny?"

My head immediately bobbed in a frantic nod as I grazed my teeth over the fingers in my mouth. Wyn snarled, long fingers grasping my hip and tilting my ass back and up. His cool fingertips bit into my ass cheek as he spread it wide, and my cock bucked when I felt a smooth, hot head rubbing over my hole.

"F-fuck—" My voice was garbled around Wyn's fingers. I tried to push back, to make him sink inside me, but he snarled and somehow got both my arms pinned behind my back in a blur of movement too fast for me to track.

Long fingers bit into my wrists, pinning them together, as his cock slowly sank inside in a long, smooth glide. I shuddered, biting down on the fingers in my mouth, which made Wyn let out a low moan as his hips pressed against my ass. His length pulsed inside me, and he pulled back just a little before pushing back inside in a tiny thrust. My breath hitched. Wyn's fingers slowly slid from my mouth, and then he was gripping my nape and keeping my face pressed into the wall as he started to thrust. Hard.

“Ah!” My trapped fingers twitched, curling into loose fists. My cock jerked, the head brushing against the wall and spilling pre-cum. I tried to spread my legs wider, but my knees were trapped by my pants.

With a feral snarl, Wyn suddenly pulled free and spun me round. My head reeling, I could barely keep up as he lifted me and pressed me back against the wall, one hand yanking off my right boot. I heard it hit the floor with a thud before he was tearing my pants free of that leg, not bothering to take them off completely before slinging my calves over his shoulders.

I yelped when his cock pushed all the way back inside, his long fingers gripping my ass and easily keeping me suspended. One socked foot bounced behind his head, the other tangled up in my pants as he fucked me with hard, pounding thrusts that made my whole body jerk against the wall.

“Fuck—Wyn—” I was gasping for breath, my cock jerking between us and leaking everywhere. He snarled in response.

I couldn't see a single thing, the room pitch black, but I knew he could see me clearly. I knew my throat and face would be flushed, brows pinched in desperation, hands scrabbling over the wall behind me because I didn't know where to put them. He was holding me up completely, with absolutely no effort. I settled for reaching out and gripping the sides of his coat, holding on for dear life as he fucked me in hard, jarring thrusts that made each moan burst out of me. When his hips shifted and his cock started tagging my prostate with every thrust, my entire body jolted as I let out a frantic shout. “F-f-f-fuck—”

His little snarl of laughter was feral and so inhuman it made me shiver even as my cock swelled and grew agonisingly stiff. Wyn resituated his grip on my ass, wrapping an arm over my lower back so he could slide a hand round and fist my prick. He yanked me closer, burying his cock deep as his lips found mine in the dark. I moaned in desperation into his mouth, hips writhing as he slowly stroked my cock and started moving his hips again in heavy, languid thrusts. I shuddered, bent in half like a pretzel, barely able to keep the kiss going as our tongues thrust together with breathless intensity.

I had to break the kiss when my cock started throbbing in Wyn's fist, my ass tightening up around him. "I'm—g-gonna come—"

I could practically feel his wide, rabid grin in the dark. His hips sped back up, pounding into me until I was bouncing against the wall and struggling to suck in enough air. White hot pleasure pulsed through my prostate, my nuts tightening in a rush and my cock stiffening to the point of agony. Everything was so sensitive, and Wyn wasn't giving me any time to prepare for the rush of pleasure gathering, his hips smacking into my ass with each jarring thrust and hand flying over my cock so fast that—

"Fffffuuuck." My head thudded back into the wall as my limbs jerked, legs almost slipping off Wyn's shoulders. My hips spasmed, cock firing round after round of cum all over my chest and stomach and Wyn's long, slippery fingers as they continued to stroke.

I knew I was making completely nonsensical sounds. White spots burst over the pressing darkness in my vision, my brain emptying out entirely for long seconds. I let out another guttural groan when Wyn snarled and crushed his mouth to mine, his hips jerking forcefully below. His cock flexed inside me, pulsing with each spurt of cum. His sharp teeth grazed the sensitive inner flesh of my bottom lip before his tongue invaded my mouth, just a fraction cooler than mine but still hot and demanding.

I was trembling wildly when the haze began to lift. My legs shook over Wyn's shoulders, and I knew I'd probably fall flat on my ass if he put me down. I heard his huff of amusement as he carefully pulled out, and my face went hot when I heard the drip of his cum hitting the hardwood floor.

Wyn gently lowered my legs, twining them round his middle before he wrapped his arms around me and lifted me from the wall, but didn't put me down. I wrapped my arms around his neck and tightened my grip with my legs, nuzzling blindly against the strip of scarred skin on the side of his head where his hair had never grown back.

When my cheek brushed the rough, bark-like texture of his horn, I turned my head and kissed it. Wyn shuddered and pulled me closer.

"Are you alright?" he asked, his voice a low rasp.

"Yeah." I cleared my throat. "Can we do that again?"

He wheezed out a little chuckle. "Yes. Maybe you'll give me a real chase next time."

"Ass." I gave the back of his head a weak tap as I slumped against him, too boneless to really care about his snarky words. "You have an unfair advantage. Several, in fact. Everything about you is an unfair advantage."

Wyn huffed and carefully set me on my feet. My knees almost buckled, and I glared in his general direction in the dark when I heard him snort.

"Why is it that you always look completely fine and put together after we fuck, and I look like a total mess," I grumbled as I tried to untwist my pants from around my leg.

I couldn't see him, but I knew he'd probably just tucked his cock away and lifted his hood to look the same as always. Meanwhile I was over here bare-assed, cum all over my shirt, hopping on one foot as I tried to tug my pants back up.

"Because I know how to make you a total mess."

I shivered at his low, distorted rasp in the dark. But outwardly I just grumbled, "Yeah, whatever, old man."

Wyn gave me one last spank before I tugged my pants and underwear up over my ass. The beam from my discarded torch suddenly lifted into the air as I buttoned my pants. Wyn pressed the torch into my hand as he kissed my neck.

"I'll go get your bag," he rasped, before turning into black smoke that flew out of the room in a sinuous stream.

By the time he got back, I'd pulled on and laced up my other boot, and had managed to get the worst of the cum stains off my shirt with an old curtain.

"Legs feeling steadier now, sweet?"

I mock-glared at the smugness in his voice as he handed me my stuff. "You are so sure that you're some... ghoulish Casanova from the hell dimension."

He wheezed a little chuckle and helped me shrug all my bags back on, before taking my hand and leading me out of the haunted house. It was fully dark when we emerged into the cool air, which smelled clean after the mustiness of the old building. I switched off my torch, happy for Wyn to guide us.

“Thanks for bringing me.” I wrapped my arm around his waist and tipped my head onto his shoulder as we slowly made our way through the creepy, abandoned amusement park.

Wyn turned his head briefly to press a kiss into my hair. “Of course. We’ll find somewhere for you to sleep in here.”

“And then we’ll keep heading north, yeah? Keep looking for Edin?”

“Yes.”

“And Hunter,” I tacked on, which made him huff.

“Perhaps.”

I lifted my head and grinned over at him. “He will for sure have stayed with Edin. I’m gonna win our bet.”

Wyn’s hood was up, but I could feel his smirk as his head tilted toward me.

“We’ll see.”

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