

NIKKI NOIR HORRORGASM





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“Look at the teeth on that chainsaw.”

Molly flicked one of the gray silicone protrusions on the vibrator, then looked at the camera, her eyes widening until she achieved manga status.

“And—oh my, look at this—the ‘chain brake’ is a clit stimulator!” Molly conjured up her best Drayton Sawyer voice: “You have one choice, boy: sex or the saw. Sex is, well, nobody knows. But the saw, the saw is family!” She cleared her throat and returned to her sexy Molly Massacre persona. “Lucky for you guys, I provide both sex *and the saw*.”

From the corner of her eye, she saw Selena cover her mouth and walk from the room. If her friend was laughing, it was a good sign Molly’s HorrorGasm subscribers would be loving this unboxing video.

“Once I give it a proper test run, I’ll be back to let you

know if it handles as well as it looks. If you want to be a part of that experience, join my FANdom page and watch me rev this bad boy live at 7 p.m. Link below. Plus, tonight's live stream will end with a special raffle you do not want to miss. It's so huge, I can only take entrants until 7 p.m. Also linked below is Action Toys. No matter what type of horror you're into—or what type you want *in you*—Action Toys has an entire catalog of horror-movie themed vibrators.” She winked into the camera. “See you tonight.”

Molly stopped the recording and shouted, “El Fin!” Then she posted it to her FANdom page first to remind her followers to login. Next, Molly uploaded it to *TheyTV*, adding to the playlist of all her promotional unboxing videos. Those were for everyone to enjoy. They built the brand of HorrorGasm. But her FANdom content was only for the true diehards.

Some days, Molly fantasized about being so rich and famous her fans had nicknames, like Beliebers or Swifties or Little Monsters. Other days though, she prayed for the insanity of her online persona to just end.

Selena's face was still flushed, a wide smile showing her small chiclet teeth.

“How was it?” Molly asked.

“How was what? The cock-shocked face or the hillbilly saw-and-sex talk?” Selena burst out laughing.

“Knowing who that hillbilly is sells memberships tho. But you're probably right about the ‘cock-shock’ face. It is pretty overplayed. I should have gone *ahegao* instead.” Molly

crossed her eyes and stuck out her tongue before laughing along with her friend and website manager. “But seriously. I think an *ahegao*-horror themed porn act would be highly profitable.”

“First, cock-shock will never get old, because guys are so fucking egotistical—”

“True!”

“Second, if all goes as planned, you won’t need to do any more live streams or photoshoots.” Selena pointed at the chainsaw vibrator. “*Or* put weird horror toys in your lady parts.”

“What if I still want to...” Molly purred. “This sexy horror stuff has really grown on me.”

Selena looked her up and down in the retro Texas Chainsaw Massacre baby doll shirt, cut in all the right places, the ridiculous knee-high socks—that emo kids and slutty Halloween costumes toted—and red booty shorts. Somehow, her life had become Halloween every day. For as shitty as things were though, she knew deep down it wasn’t all bad. The last year of business was the stereotypical ‘rollercoaster’. Despite all the lows, there had been some amazing new highs.

Lots of new experiences...

“Yeah. It’s grown on me too. Who would have thought Allendy Garcia would become Molly Massacre?” Selena stepped closer and reached out, gripping her friend’s pinkie finger playfully. “Or that I would be so addicted to her.”

Selena’s phone buzzed and pinged loudly. She scrunched

her face, pulling back from Molly reading the text.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong,” Selena said, typing a response. “We just need to adapt things a bit...”

“Plan B?”

Selena put the phone away and sighed. “Yeah. Plan B... and C. Just in case.”

Molly sat back on the computer chair. “I really don’t like this. Plan A was A for a reason. It was kickass. *Numero uno*. C... I mean, it’s disgusting. Especially for you. And... I just don’t....”

Selena came over and took her hand. “Relax. You’re overthinking all this. Of course, C is the worse. But all the plans get the same result.”

“I know, but... It’s just stressful,” Molly said. “All this role-playing and selling myself...it’s fucking with me hardcore. What happens if all this doesn’t work in the end?”

“Everything will work. I promise.” Selena raised Molly’s head by the chin. “I know this is difficult on you. All you need to focus on is making sure the neanderthal is onboard. He seemed sketchy with the plan last time we talked.”

“He’s cool with it—I should say he’s cool with the money, very cool. Keeps asking me when this new gravy-train idea we promised is pulling in. The recreational weed act totally slammed his business and now he’s relying on HorrorGasm to pay the bills. That’s why he’s acting even shitter than usual.”

“As long as he’s eager to board, we can do this. We knew

it was gonna take work keeping him cool though.”

“Food, weed, and sex,” Molly repeated the mantra they agreed on, as shitty as it was.

“In a few weeks this will all be a distant memory. You’ll have a publicist and we’ll be sipping margaritas on a white sandy beach.” Selena hugged her. “Until then, we take this one step at a time. First, have a great show tonight and get paid! I’m gonna pick up our special ingredient.”

“Will you be back for the show?”

“I could barely handle the unboxing you just recorded. Which means there’s no way I can be in the same house when you *rev* that motor for real. I’ll handle all the analytics from my place, as usual.”

Molly knew there was more to Selena’s decision, but she left it alone. She wasn’t sure how to define or describe what had happened in the relationship between them—relationship, not just friendship—and it was best to finish the plan before they worried about their emotions. There would be plenty of time for that once they were safe on those faraway beaches.

“This is it, huh?” Molly said. “No coming back once we go live tonight.”

“No coming back. But it’s the only way for you to gain freedom.”

“For *us* to gain freedom,” Molly corrected. “I couldn’t do it without you.”

“Ditto. That’s why we’re partners. I could never do what you do. You have a talent.”

“Molly Massacre does not exactly take a Juilliard School degree. You’re the one behind the scenes making everything happen. You’re like the puppet master of this whole operation.”

Selena straightened her posture. “How about Godfather?”

“Godmother.” Molly beamed.

“I’m a badass. Godmother makes me sound too fairylike.”

“Well, you *are* magical.” Molly winked. “A magical badass.”



“Fuck,” Molly muttered, hearing the front door open.

She had just put the finishing touches on the set and pulled the greenscreen down behind the couch but forgot to hang the ‘Do Not Disturb - Recording’ sign up on the bedroom door. She wasn’t recording yet, but it would have avoided the confrontation that was coming.

Before she was Molly Massacre, Allendy Garcia had been dating a guy named Chad Baker who hung out at the cigar bar she waitressed at. He sat in the same spot once a week, which didn’t make him a regular. Those guys who came in every day were the worse.

Comparably, Chad had seemed well put together and financially stable, living in luxury apartments not far from the bar. He wasn’t perpetually drunk like the regulars. Or so she thought. After she stepped behind the curtain, Chad’s

façade started to slip. By the time Allendy realized what kind of man he really was, it was already too late. She'd been living with him in the Grove Luxury apartments for almost a year, dependent on him after quitting her job, and each day becoming more entwined with a lifestyle she no longer wanted.

What she thought were real estate transactions and fun in moderation ended up being low-level drug deals and a constant marijuana high. She wanted to leave him then and there, but it was difficult finding a job after the market crash of 2022—now she regretted foolishly quitting her job at his offer of support. It was easier to get depressed and accept this shitty life with Chad than face the uncertainty of the world alone. She preferred the devil she knew.

Around their sixth month anniversary, Chad must have noticed her growing unease at his lifestyle and boredom of being stuck at home because he pitched her HorrorGasm as a strategy for both of them.

He saw an opportunity in the current sex-fueled, fan-consuming entertainment industry. He believed they could create a celebrity sensation, promising there was serious money to be made by indie porn stars who could present themselves as a niche market's wet dream. Chad said the money generated would supplement his income while he transitioned away from drug dealing to a legitimate job.

Clearly, he didn't realize there was more wrong between them. Stuff that legal income and legitimate businesses could not solve. Molly kept quiet on that subject though. As long as

she got a cut of the money, she didn't want to make waves.

As a horror movie buff of the 80s and 90s, Chad selected that as the niche market and promised to handle everything in terms of providing Molly with all the genre knowledge her "character" needed. All Allendy had to do was be the sexy persona.

That was the birth of Molly Massacre.

In the beginning, she saw the power of his vision. Honestly, it was not much different than being a bartender. You were a man's escape from problems for a few hours; a fantasy girl who sold liquor and an illusion. Instead of slinging pints in spaghetti straps, Molly served hot masturbation scenes in Halloween costumes. But it was basically the same.

It became evident early on that if done correctly, Molly really could supplement Chad's income as he transitioned to a legitimate job. Seeing the money pour in got Allendy in a new mindset. Maybe things would get better once Chad stopped dealing. And if didn't improve, at least she could have some money squirreled away to help her leave. That was her thinking, at least.

Now, six months later, HorrorGasm had become another way for Chad to have power over Molly rather than *empowering* her. There were parts of the job she still loved, but unfortunately, she was even deeper entwined with him now. Meanwhile, Chad never got another job. He just continued to complain of lack of business due to recreational weed legalization and brought home less and less money.

In his personal life, Chad got his fantasy horror girl and the sense of a being an alpha dog knowing that other dudes were beating off to his woman. And what had Molly gotten from his guidance? Well, he was right about Molly Massacre making bank, but the implications of being a slutty cam girl were more than she realized when she agreed. At the time she would have done almost anything to leave the dead-end waitress gig. The service industry sucked. But now that HorrorGasm had a large following and a popular non-porn *TheyTV* channel that drove traffic to the paid FANdom site, it was getting difficult to remain anonymous. What if a potential employer found out about Molly?

She never forgave Chad for not explaining that part of the business better. Although Allendy had felt like an adult when she made the choice to become Molly, Selena had been making her painfully aware that at twenty-four, she was still a child. And at thirty-two, Chad should have known better—meaning he withheld on purpose.

Dating older men was not as great as society claimed it was.

“Hot damn, ’Llendy!”

Chad filled the master bedroom doorway, looking at the slaughterhouse motif Molly had created—*strange, she rarely even thought of herself as Allendy anymore*. Paper links and curved construction paper cutouts hanging from the ceiling simulated chains and meat hooks. A bloody white sheet had been fitted over the couch, her new Action Toy vibrator and

Leatherface mask on the cushions.

“Call me Gunnar Hansen, ’cause I want to sink into your meat.”

Molly forced a smile at his innuendo and pulled his hand away from the paper chain he was fiddling with. “Careful, those took a long time to make.”

“You know I could have just picked up some real chains from the hardware store.”

“I like arts and crafts. Besides, the cheesiness is part of the fun for the fans. I have the green screen with a slaughterhouse background. The contrast is totally B-movie.”

“Looks like I taught you well.” His eyes noted the sex toy on the sheet and he started laughing. “No way! A Texas Chainsaw vibrator?”

Molly rolled her eyes and bit down on a comment about how if Chad bothered to listen to her, he’d know all about the gift package from Action Toys.

“That’s for my big scene. Bidding will go on until I cum.”

“Mmhh,” Chad cooed. He wrapped her in an embrace. “You coming sounds fun. What if we flip the script a bit tonight? Imagine how much your fans would pay to see you fuck a real man.”

“You know we can’t do that.” She glared at him. “You want the bills paid or you wanna get your dick wet?”

“I’m looking for both. How about something off camera for Daddy? I work hard so you can play dress-up, you know.”

“Play dress-up? Is that what I do? You think this is easy?”

Taking a breath and trying to swallow some of the bitchy-ness, she said, “You know how stressed I am on show nights, Chad. This is so not cool of you.”

“Relax. You’re just sticking a toy in and out. Should be fun, not stressful.”

“I asked you to respect three rules.” Molly held up her fingers. “First: No sex on filming nights. Second: No one can know I have a boyfriend. And third: Solo scenes only.”

“Other FANdom girls get it on with their man but whatever.”

“It’s not *whatever*. A sex scene with you would ruin the mystery that *my* fans want to believe about *me*—and being Molly Massacre is a hell of a lot harder than just sticking a toy *in and out*. How would you like it if my blowjobs were just up and down? *Up and down*.”

“I’d take any kind of head I can get right about now.” Chad smirked. “I get it. Okay. I’m sorry. I’m on edge right now too.”

“*You’re* on edge?” Molly examined his eyes. “Did you snort something again?”

He glared back.

“Sorry.” Molly took his hand and sat down on the bed with him, calming her voice. This was going to spiral out of control if she didn’t pump the brakes now. “Please just trust me—us. Selena and I are women. We understand seduction. And mystery. We know what sells for *me*. It’s cool if other sex workers want to go all the way with strangers or their

boyfriends. But that's not my brand. That's not what I want for HorrorGasm. It is my decision. Isn't it?"

"Just don't forget how much I helped *your* business take off. You wouldn't know shit about cult horror if it wasn't for me. I gave you this gimmick. Showed you the ropes."

"I know," Molly said, swallowing her pride. Now was not the time to fight back. "You gave us a great foundation with the idea and—"

"Bought all the cameras and that greenscreen."

"I know that, too. You're in charge of the LLC. Yet you act like Selena and I are going to cut you out. Where's this coming from?"

"I just need to smoke a blunt and relax. Guess I'm not down with this 'date a fan' raffle shit."

"Yes, you are," Molly said, rubbing his thigh. "You know the master plan. You're a part of it... *We're* getting all the money and Selena gets her usual fee. Everything's cool."

"Doesn't mean I'm not bothered by these choads thinking they have a chance with my girl."

"None of these guys have a chance with me. But that's the mystery." Molly placed her hand on his chin and brought him in for a kiss.

"I'm gonna go hit that blunt. I'll see you after the show."

"You have a part to play, remember? Don't get so high you forget."

"I won't." He winked.



'We're launching the new Deadly Omens mission tonight. You're logging in, right?'

Dylan read the text from Tommy. He loved having friends. But sometimes he hated social obligations.

'I can't tonight.' He text back, then sprayed Windex in the Jack and Jill bathroom he shared with his younger sister.

Dylan was so close to completing all his weekend chores and it was only 4 p.m. on Friday. He wanted to finish before dinner if possible so nothing could be left to chance when it came to spoiling his plans for tonight.

'Are you watching that fucking camgirl again?'

'Her name is Molly. And there's a raffle I need to enter.' Dylan sighed, put the phone down, and wiped the mirror clean with a paper towel.

His ringer erupted in a Facetime from Tommy.

Dylan swapped the spray bottle for the phone. "Dude. I can't make it tonight."

"You fucking pussy. Do not be getting played by that Horror Ho—"

"Horror-Gasm," Dylan corrected.

"Horror *phoney*. Twenty-something-year-old girls do not watch those old school horror movies. That's a fantasy world she's selling to stupid horndog simps like you. It's the

same when you see ‘gamer girls’ in porn. There is *no* way supermodel-hot girls lounge around in booty shorts, with pigtails and thick glasses, playing PS4 all day, just waiting for dudes to pound them.”

“Tons of young people like old school horror. Look at us. We just graduated high school and we love tons of retro stuff. You gotta know your roots.”

“We’re dudes. It’s different—wait—is that a cleaning bottle behind you? Are you cleaning the bathroom?”

“You’ve gone to the strip club like ten times since we turned eighteen,” Dylan said, ignoring his question. “How much money have you dropped talking with all the girls there?”

“Not the same as FANdom. The titty bar is face to face. Real world and—”

“It’s a lot easier getting to know someone on FANdom than talking in a loud, crowded titty bar. And I actually want to get to know Molly. Not just grab a nudey dance. If I’m gonna watch naked ladies, I want to like aspects about them beyond just their bodies.”

“Do you know how stupid that sounds?”

“I don’t care,” Dylan said, hoping his sister was not overhearing any of this conversation through the door. “Tonight’s a *surprise* raffle at 7 p.m., but I’m already sure what it’s gonna be. Molly hinted at it long ago. Date a Fan. I’m gonna win it.”

“You’ve lost your fucking mind. Even if you won, this is

not the kind of date you're thinking of—”

“How do you know what it is? Or what I'm thinking?”

“Do you even know where she lives? She's probably in Cali or Miami or some other porn capital.”

“She's in the Southwest, but I don't know where. She'll only tell the winner.”

“Let's just pretend that she lives in Arizona. We live in Strattleford, small town, a hundred miles from the city of Phoenix. How you gonna date her? Drive out in your mom's minivan?”

“Goodbye, Tommy.”

“Don't be a pussy!”

“Don't be a dick just cause I'm missing the game launch.”

“Don't expect us to let you in until the next mission begins. Could take a week.”

“Don't care. I'm gonna be spending my nights with Molly Massacre.”

“*Simp*—!”

Dylan hung up, then poked his head out of the bathroom. The coast was clear of his sister and it was still too early for Mom to be back. Like Tommy, Dylan had recently turned eighteen, but he didn't exactly want his family to hear him talking like that. Or find out he was spending his Burger King paychecks on FANdom. His parents were like Tommy, they wouldn't understand.

Satisfied that he was alone upstairs, Dylan went back to wiping down the rest of the countertops. Ensuring that Mom

and Dad would be pleased and stay out of his hair for the evening.

At 6:50 p.m., Dylan logged into FANdom. A new room had been set up for the purpose of tonight's special show—accessible to monthly members only—for an additional \$20. Dylan was sure a few monthly subscribers would complain, but he felt good about paying despite already having a membership. A higher barrier to entry kept more of the scummy dudes out of events like this, even if it was only twenty bucks. Honestly, Dylan would have been cool with a thirty-dollar increase. Molly Massacre was a wet dream. Dark hair and caramel skin. She embodied every sexy trait of a horror-chick except being the generic pasty white girl. Elvira was hot, but it was refreshing to find a woman who was more reminiscent of Salma Hayek in *From Dusk Till Dawn* than another pale Vampira reboot. And it sure as hell beat the strippers at the club and their fake boobies and flashy ways.

Molly was the girl who watched horror movies and ate pizza with you. Who drank beer and wore John Carpenter shirts and boy shorts. She was a unicorn among women.

Dylan clicked to pay and entered the room, double checking that the lock to his own bedroom was secure. He raised the volume on his TV and stuck an air pod in one ear. He'd screwed up with headphone jacks before—yanking them out of the computer on accident once, and having Molly's moans rip through the house at midnight.

Leaning back in his swivel chair, Dylan got ready for the

show.



“Hi, Guys! It’s your ghoul, Molly Massacre, and this is a very special night for HorrorGasm.”

Molly was sitting cross-legged on the white sheet, naked except for a bloody apron. The bottom of the apron covered her panty-less crotch, and the upper showed plenty of side-boob. Her Leatherface mask was waiting beside the chainsaw vibrator. She wore her blood-print socks. And her bedroom was a fantastic mix of fake chains and a real slaughterhouse background on the greenscreen.

“Not only do you all get to see the pussy chainsaw massacre.” She stuck her tongue out and winked. “You are the only ones who get the chance to enter my very special drawing. In fact...” Molly looked at the clock. “7:01. Entry is officially closed.” She locked the virtual room from any new fans joining. “I only want the best of the best for this.... #DateAFan!”

Molly’s eyes jumped to the chat box, pleased to see the explosion of comments. Everything looked positive:

‘I knew it!’

‘Finally...’

‘Thank the Horror Gods!’

Heart eyes. Drooling tongues. Black hearts. Quivering

emoji faces.

“Thanks, guys!” She giggled. “I’m glad you all like my idea. I mean, I’m not saying whoever wins this will be the future Mr. Massacre. I’m not ready to retire this franchise yet. But the HorrorGasm couch is so big, and it can get lonely from time to time. May be nice to find a fella who gets me. If you’re in this room now, I know you fit that profile.”

If tonight wasn’t the grand finale of Molly Massacre’s porn career, she never would have agreed to this part of the plan. It would totally violate her rules. Molly Massacre would *always* be single. But it also made her feel like shit to lie to her fans by telling them they had a shot to date her. She wouldn’t feel right continuing with the original concept of HorrorGasm after that. Unfortunately, she really needed the money, and further, she felt the content she provided everyone was so good, it was worth a few bogus raffle entries. Besides, once it was all over, she was also going to give the members who entered another year of site access free *and* free access to all her exclusives on her adventure and journey into a new life. A different kind of HorrorGasm... So either way, everyone who bought tickets was going to make out awesome in the deal over time.

And their money was going to set her free. They’d want that for Molly.

“Problem is, there is no way to pick just one of you. It’s gotta be fair and random. So I’m using a digital raffle. Just for being present, I’m giving you a free entry. Everyone. From

there, you can buy as many extra tickets as you want. Winner is responsible for travelling to me. I'm in the Southwest. Official meetup address sent to the winner only." She winked and lay the vibrator against her lips.

"I'm putting the prices and the raffle app on the message board now, but you only have until my first orgasm to purchase your tickets."

Molly licked one of the silicone 'teeth blades' on the chainsaw vibrator, then turned it on.

"Now, the real question: should I wear my Leatherface mask? In the comment box, put a 1 for 'yes' and a 2 for 'no'."



Selena sipped her chai latte and monitored the analytics of the livestream.

She was website manager for HorrorGasm, admin for the FANdom site, and support for the community that Allendy had created. Not to mention her best friend since high school. Chad didn't like Selena because he couldn't walk over her the way he could with Allendy. Yet he needed her. If not for Selena, HorrorGasm would never had gotten off the ground. It was all well and good for Chad to come up with the show ideas and buy them all the equipment so he could collect a check down the road. But he didn't have the business sense to make this work. He had also been getting too high on his own

supply. And recently, now that he was pissed about losing weed business, Chad had been slipping into cocaine. Not a good look on him.

Being a successful camgirl was not an easy business. Allendy wasn't able to handle it on her own. She was a great person, but she was not dominant, despite being on FANdom. Maybe Molly Massacre could tell boys and men what to do, but Allendy Garcia could not get control of her downward spiral, and Allendy needed Selena to help her out of Chad's grasp.

Selena had always experienced a small pang of hurt anytime Allendy got into a new relationship with a man. They weren't a couple, but whenever Allendy didn't have a boyfriend, there was a fiery tension between the two friends. Flirting, teasing, a boob brush up, and ass slap here and there. Selena lived for those moments and tolerated the men that would interrupt that playful innocent flirting every couple months or so. The boys Allendy picked always left. And Selena knew that eventually, if she became a wealthy professional and an emotional rock for Allendy, one day when the boys were away, Allendy would come to her senses—and feelings—about Selena and something more than just friendship would blossom.

Then Chad Baker came along. He was not like any of the other guys. Selena was annoyed by the other men, but she *hated* Chad with a passion. Selena blamed their relationship partly on herself. She'd gotten wrapped up in business

classes at the community college and real estate schooling in the evenings to help her plan come to fruition. It was two years of hard work but well worth it to possibly secure a lifetime with her best friend (even if Allendy didn't know it yet). Unfortunately, in that time, Allendy had managed to hook up with Chad. A white, wanna-be Tony Montana. In reality, Selena knew he was a low-level nobody, but his mental stability had terrified her on a few occasions. He could do something scary if he snapped. Even pussies had claws. Chad only dipped his toes in the pond where the big fish swam, but he was dangerous enough to rip Allendy and Selena to shreds.

Then, the Scooby Doo night happened and everything shifted from Chad's favor to Selena's. The memory of the night excited her yet boiled her blood with rage.

Back on the PC screen, the votes on the Leatherface mask pinged and Selena counted. Molly's fans might have been weirdos, but they didn't want that beautiful face covered by a stitched-up latex mask.

'*NO mask*,' she texted Molly just in case it was difficult to concentrate on counting while preparing to masturbate with a chainsaw-shaped sex toy.

Molly? She strived to use Allendy's real name as much as possible, but the two monikers had become almost interchangeable now.

On the computer screen, Molly waved her phone at the camera, showing Selena's text. "The results are in from

Headquarters. No mask this time. But next week...” Molly kissed the mask’s lips then put it aside.

As much as she hated Chad, HorrorGasm really was a great idea. Probably the only good idea that loser ever had. And Molly was perfect for it. The way she handled that vote was a great example. By being suggestive, she’d allowed everyone to feel like they won and would eventually see the show they most wanted. The admiration turned Selena on. She couldn’t imagine the guts and confidence it took to share intimate body parts and self-passion on the internet.

Molly started her signature music, and the show began. Selena monitored raffle analytics from the desktop and the live stream from her phone. Even though Selena was tense, she had to admit that everything was looking good on her end. The real-time data from Molly’s FANdom dashboard showed \$4,500 in ticket sales. Fifty participants had bought raffles and half of those had bought multiple. The sales continued to tick higher and higher as the page refreshed.

They had discussed how this plan technically ripped off a lot of good guys—and apparently two ladies who entered so far—but they decided once the “Tell-All” book dropped, there were plenty of freebies and personal engagement Molly could give them that would make up for the initial lie, including a year of free membership.

Not that the fans would ever know a lie was involved.

Only three of them would know the truth.

And soon...

Molly began fellating the vibrator the best she could, the rubbery teeth blades making it a bit awkward. Molly made it look sexy still. The more Selena watched, the more she realized that she was open to seeing Molly service a real cock one day—not Chad’s of course. It wasn’t men she disliked. Only Molly’s boyfriends because they got all the romantic attention from her. Selena was never invited to play; not that she’d ever been brave enough to ask on her own. Figures that the one time she made her move, the only willing guy nearby was Chad. And Selena was not okay with that.

She pushed the memory from her head and focused on the show. It was important to enjoy themselves tonight. Once the show ended, things were going to move fast. And there would be all the time in the world after they were safe to reflect on their choices, both good and bad.

On the screen, Molly’s hand slipped beneath the blood-drenched apron. She leaned back, teasing her shaved pussy. Before long, Selena was touching herself at home in time to the music and her friend’s moans of pleasure.



A raffle made sense, and Dylan was pleased his girl made such a great choice. A raffle gave everyone an equal starting chance with one entry. Then, if you were willing to spend more money, you could increase your odds. Some girls did

auctions, and Dylan hated that. There was no way he could spend over \$250 in an auction and other guys would outbid him in a heartbeat.

Dylan clicked the message board to buy tickets but got side-tracked as Molly playfully bit at the rubber blade of her chainsaw vibrator. She pulled her left boob from the apron top and brought the vibrating saw to the pink nipple, feigning a painful scream, then laughing. Very low in the background was her signature Type O Negative playlist.

This was way better than playing *Deadly Omens* with an online sausage party. Dylan was so thankful to be alive now. How horrible had life been when a house was four walls, air conditioning, and one TV if the family was lucky. Now, Dylan could order pizza, scan social media or shop on a phone all while watching a woman masturbate with a vibrator based off a classic horror film on a computer. *And* he paid for everything with digital currency.

FANdom and sites like it were probably the next evolutionary step of strip clubs and sex workers, he thought. Cleaner and safer and even more intimate for everyone involved. It was a beautiful thing Dylan decided. Tommy was just jealous. And scared. Scared that if he became a fan, he'd enjoy himself too much and then could no longer tease and judge Dylan without judging himself too—

The tickets! Dylan broke from the daydreaming and opened the message board. \$50 a pop. *Damn. That was a little pricey,* he thought.

His eyes jumped backed to Molly Massacre. Raised on horror movies and heavy metal, Dylan had unknowingly been cultivated to adore a very certain kind of woman. A young Elvira-Helena Bonham Carter-and-Christina Ricci kind of mash-up.

Molly Massacre was a synthesis of those women but even better.

She moaned as the probing blades of the chainsaw vibrator teased the outside of her vagina and taint. When it finally slipped inside her pink hole, Dylan had to adjust his sweatpants. Yep. It was official. She was the unicorn of porn. He then bought five tickets, knowing he'd never have this kind of chance again.

Once it was done, Dylan put it out of his mind. He'd been working at Burger King for three weeks now. It would be easy to make the \$250 back. That was another plus of not spending nights playing video games. He could afford something fun like this. Things his buddies would not get to have.

Glancing once more over his shoulder to confirm the door was indeed still locked, Dylan began sliding his fingers over the bulge in his sweats. The earpiece kept all Molly's squeals contained and his own music of dark EDM in the room covered up the *faps* as he massacred his meat the way he wished Molly would.



Allendy had lost herself completely in Molly. It was the only way she could make it authentic. It was only her and the music when it got to this point. Forgetting about the camera and potentially thousands of people who were going to see her naked and cumming her brains out, was the only way she could continue to put herself on the internet.

She did her best to engage fans but was thankful Selena had stepped in to handle most of that now. Allendy could do the acting. It was a very bipolar feeling though when fans began talking to her through the website. Part of her felt powerful and sexy. The other part felt confused on what to say to the person who was more than likely beating off to her videos every day.

Before stepping into the role, Allendy never thought anyone would “jerk-off” to her. Not even boyfriends. Allendy had always assumed that guys had girlfriends for real sex and watched porn for wanking. Now she wondered if there were guys who jacked-off to their girlfriends instead of porn actresses. Especially since she was technically a porn star now.

Even though she was caught in the throes of lust, Molly was still cognizant of what most male fans craved. She’d watched a lot of porn, taking notes, and now she could eye-

role with the best of them, knew how to arch her back and exaggerate her climax.

As the chain brake grinded against her clit, Molly felt a strong orgasm growing. She swirled her ring finger around her puckering anus as the vibrator continued its onslaught. Losing total control, Molly came in a shuddering puddle.

Once the spasms subsided, she panted, “I’ll need to compose myself... One sec.”

She tossed a silky wrap over the camera. With only the audio remaining, she cranked the music and headed to the bathroom to wash up and text Selena.

Everything a GO with the app?

Molly put on a bathrobe and freshened her makeup.

Selena text back: *Yep. Big Blunt Daddy, should win.*

Molly didn’t bother texting back what she thought of Chad’s username. In her post-show robe, Molly returned to the camera, took a deep breath, and pulled the silk scarf away.

“That was fun. Now it’s the moment we’ve all been waiting for.” She brought her phone up to the camera lens so everyone could see the RhandoRaff App—the app Selena had specially designed. “Thank you all so much. No matter who wins tonight. We all win. The money that was raised will go to expanding HorrorGasm in ways that will enhance the experience for everyone. I promise.”

She scrolled through the entrant usernames briefly, not to put anyone on blast, but instead to demonstrate that their names were there, and the raffle was legit.

She pressed the ‘Draw #/Name’ button.

“And the winner is 138237_BigBlunt_Daddy!” Molly’s beaming enthusiasm was genuine as she held up the winning name on her phone. She didn’t want to think about the shitstorm she’d been in if a real fan won a date with her. Chad Baker was bad enough.

“Well, Big Blunt Daddy. Sounds like you and I will be catching up real soon. For now though, I’m off to bed. Thank you all for coming out and supporting me. I love you. And I will see you all soon. Hugs and kisses!”

Molly closed her arms in an X across her chest, squeezing her cleavage, then kissed at the screen.

She ended the livestream. “El fin!”



“Seriously? Big Blunt Daddy?” Molly slapped him.

Chad laughed, deflecting the playful hit. “Did it work or what?”

“Yeah. Selena texted. \$7,500 total.”

“Hot damn.” He whistled. “Eight grand would have taken almost three weeks for me to clear. That was only a few hours’ work.”

Molly allowed him to swoop her up in a big embrace and stretched her smile wider to avoid a nasty tone infecting her voice. “Simmer down. This is still only the beginning. The

difficult part is coming.”

“Difficult?” He put her down. “We go ‘missing’ and hang out for a week in bumfuck nowhere, then we sell your ‘Tell-All’ story exclusive to the highest bidder and rollout your cult of personality!”

“Yeah, nothing hard about that,” she said sarcastically, plopping down on the couch.

“It’s definitely not as hard as this part.” Chad smirked, grabbing the fleshy lump in his pants before sitting down next to her.

“I’m tired, baby. That’s why we agreed on rule number two.”

He groaned and rubbed her hand against his now only semi-hard cock. “I thought that was *before* a show. Who cares if we do it afterward?”

“I’m exhausted.”

“You could just lay there. That’s totally a thing.”

“What? *Laying there* is a sex thing?”

“Sleep porn. Go to bed and relax. If you drift off, just leave your lips or legs open for a quick visit.”

“This is porn? Sounds more like rape.”

“It’s not rape.” His voice got that tight twinge, defensive, teetering on the edge of anger.

“Okay,” she eased her voice, remembering she still needed to step on eggshells. “Guess I just didn’t understand, is all.”

“They aren’t strangers sleeping in the house. It’s always wives and girlfriends and they always wake up and like it.

You'd have to watch it to understand.”

Molly didn't need to watch it to understand why a guy like Chad Baker would like sleep porn. What she *needed* was to keep him docile over the next several days.

Then, she would never need to submit to Chad again.

Until that time, food, weed, and sex kept him malleable and pleasant. He had the first two. But if she didn't throw him a bone now, he was liable to get rowdy later. Selena and her did not need those kinds of problems.

Molly needed to play out one more act tonight.

“Maybe you can show me.” She made her voice quiet and wanton, her cleavage peeking out from the robe. “If you're gentle, I'm willing to role play some sleeping beauty with you.”

Chad tried to front as if he wasn't jumping for joy, but he was as shitty an actor as he was a drug dealer. “I mean, since you're so tired... It's a perfect evening to see if you like it.”

Molly stood, thinking that when this was done, Selena might just convince her to swear off men altogether. She had never been so repulsed by Chad as she was in this moment.

“Well, I'm gonna go brush for bed and lay down. I'm sure I'll be asleep in a few minutes if you wanna check on me.” She winked, unsure how these fantasies played out. She never watched sleep porn, just like she didn't watch family porn either. Didn't matter if it was stepparent or stepsibling. It creeped her out.

“Yes, ma'am.” He grabbed her apron string as she walked

by and snapped it. “Sleep tight. Don’t let the bed bugs bite.” He punctuated the statement with a slap on her ass.



Molly took her time getting ready for bed, mentally going over her checklist for the next twenty-four hours. With fresh teeth and a naked face, Molly dressed in a loose sleep shirt and basic white panties. If he was gonna be stretching and pulling at the crotch while she ‘slept,’ Molly didn’t want her expensive lingerie getting ruined.

She lay on the edge of the mattress, eyes closed.

Within minutes, his footsteps came with strong waves of marijuana. For a moment, she wondered if he was really gonna do it or not. Especially since her initial reaction to the kink was offense. Maybe he would see her looking peaceful and suggest they have regular sex.

The click of his belt buckle confirmed his decision. The zipper came next. Warm meaty flesh pushed against her lips and Molly allowed her mouth to open, thankful he didn’t reek of ball sweat.

She kept her eyes closed and her jaw as slack as possible, feeling both impressed and disgusted as he slid his cock in and out of her stationary mouth. Chad was maintaining control amazingly well, gently gripping the base of his cock and helping it fill her mouth, then sliding it back out. Under

most circumstances, Chad could be a damn jackhammer and it was nice to see the change. At the same time, here she was... Rolled over and taking it, even when all she wanted was to sleep. Selena and her both knew that Molly was going to have to put out during this as if she were still Chad's GF, but what would Selena think if she knew it was happening like this?

She'd think that I'm an idiot—

She'd think you were a badass! A stronger voice cut off the other in her head. And it seemed logical. Selena had a way of framing things that always made her feel badass. Selena would tell Molly to look objectively at the situation and see that Chad is a grown man, pathetically humping a sleeping girlfriend because he is so addicted to her, and meanwhile she didn't want to be bothered with a little piss-on like him. Only allowing him to fulfill his needs when she would be unconscious and not have to even see him, all while still reaping the rewards of his money and ideas.

Molly stifled a giggle at the thought as Chad continued to hump her face.

How could a man possibly see this scenario as hot? Sneaking sex like this... No wonder guys these days had no idea how to treat women. A devilish thought entered Molly's head and instinctively, her jaws closed just a bit: How easy would it be to bite his dick off? Sure it was slightly bigger than average, but it was still attached to a douchebag. A pathetic douchebag. Who didn't deserve to have it.

Knock it off with the penis mutilation thoughts.

That kind of anger was not going to get her through this.

Instead, she imagined Chad's saggy ass pumping away and it made her smile around his dick. She couldn't believe he was actually thirty-two. She'd thought it was pushing creepy back when she learned his age. But at twenty-four, at least it didn't break the decade rule. It was kinda hot at first, being with an older man—*there, she admitted it*—a man with money; his own luxury apartment, no roommate; an adult who was still fun to be around.

That ended quick.

Then she saw Chad Baker for what he really was. A toxic man-child. Desperate to dominate in the bed since he'd always be a little man in the real-world. Desperate to control the weaker willed. One sharp bite on his gerkin and his whole life would change.

Chad noticed her grin. "Looks like you woke up and enjoy what you see."

"Sure do," she lied, wrapping her hands around his cock. She wasn't gonna maul him, but she was ready to end this pathetic session. "I want you to cum for me, Big. Blunt. Daddy."

His grip tightened on her hair, pulling her scalp. Molly sucked on his mushroom tip and began stroking and twisting him in the way she knew would make him explode the fastest. If she could swallow it down, she'd avoid a mess and would keep him out of her pussy. The vibrator was fun, but

those damn rubber saw teeth had tenderized her unsuspecting insides. The last thing she wanted after that was Chad trying to hump her dry vagina.

He pushed deeper into her mouth. Molly played with his balls and taint. The pace let him know that he had the greenlight to cum in her mouth. Most men loved that shit and Chad was no exception. As if taking some dude's seed made you blossom into *his* plant forever.

Chad's veiny member began pulsing and cum oozed into the back of her throat. She'd been lucky in terms of no smelly ball sweat, but unlucky that he was dehydrated. Molly did the best she could to look erotic as she swallowed the thick salty fluid. Once she'd cleaned the final drop from his purple head, she licked the shaft up and down as he shuddered with post-orgasm sensitivity.

After that, he kicked off the rest of his clothes and crawled into bed. Light snoring soon became the soundtrack of her thoughts. Thoughts involving white sandy beaches and margaritas. Feminine hands and sweet wine. Gentle and sexy.

Three Weeks Before the Raffle

“Ta-da!” Molly put the magnifying glass up to her eye. “Zoinks, Shaggy. That’s quite a clue you got there.”

Selena had been so giggly after Molly stole some of Chad’s stash for them to smoke while she tried on outfits for the next HorrorGasm show. But her laughter turned to sadness at the

sexy orange halter top, thick glasses, and mini skirt Molly walked out in.

“Oh...that’s cool.”

“What’s wrong?”

“What happened to the Salma Hayek costume I got you?”

“That’s... a special one. I love it. I do. But...”

“But Thelma? Really? She’s so over-done. She’s—”

“Pop culture for my market’s age range. You know that. You’re the numbers girl. I need to connect with as many people as possible with each outfit and Thelma gets clicks.”

“But she’s so...vanilla.”

“I know. But she’s also a fantasy of horror fans who watched Saturday morning cartoons as kids. Daphne too, but nerd porn is way hotter right now.”

“What is wrong with men?”

“Remember Chris? He wanted me to dress as a nurse for him. Every guy has some fetish nowadays. It’s like they want sex to combine with mundane life—there’s real estate agent porn now too. Did you know that?” Molly shrugged. “All I know is: costumes sell shows. And some are more popular than others whether we like it or not.”

Selena knew Molly was right. There were deep-rooted psychological and environmental reasons why sexual fetishes manifested themselves the way they did in individuals. But Selena didn’t care about what was right at the moment. On days like this, HorrorGasm felt like another boyfriend that was trying to steal Molly away. Selena’s work and input was

always taken...except when it came to costumes. It bothered her, but she needed to not be a bitch.

“You’re right...”

Molly strutted over to her on the couch. “And why do you like that Salma costume so much?”

Selena stared up at her eyes behind the thick fake glasses. “It was the only costume I could think of that made you look more like you.”

“I did like the gift. Especially the stuffed snake.” Molly straddled Selena’s legs. Under the skirt, her bare bottom was warm against Selena’s bare legs. Molly gave the coy smile she did when they teased. “Maybe I can give you a private showing one day.”

That was the moment it all changed. Right there. Maybe it was because Chad was being a huge prick recently. Maybe it was because they had smoked weed for some relief from the stress Chad was causing them. Maybe it was because the girls had teased sexually for the last nine years of friendship and they had created some kind of metaphysical bond that drew them closer despite the fear that giving in to temptation could ruin their friendship.

Selena caressed Molly’s inner thigh, raising her fingers slowly underneath the orange skirt hem. Inch by inch, testing the limits. Molly rocked slowly on her lap, swaying and dipping, almost forcing Selena’s hand to graze against her snatch. The heat of her crotch moistened Selena’s fingertips.

Molly leaned into her and they kissed. While Molly’s

tongue explored her mouth, Selena's fingers sunk into Molly's pussy. There was no stopping this time. The long-standing bluff was being called. Selena switched places, putting Molly on the couch, spreading her legs. She knelt before the Thelma disguise, not caring that she was about to eat out Shaggy's friend. Maybe looking like the ridiculous character would help them take it easy and vanilla for their first time together. Selena didn't want to scare Molly off. And there was no reason why vanilla couldn't still taste great and have her friend begging for more. With that gusto, Selena dove into Molly's trimmed muff.

The satisfaction at inducing her friend's moans was short lived. The click of the doorknob was barely audible over the squish of slick body parts. Then a man's voice shattered their sexcapes: "Holy shit! Now this is the type of cheating I like to see!"

It was hard to pinpoint all the emotions at the time. But Molly sat upright, pushing her skirt down, shamed even by the comment, though it hadn't felt like cheating. She and Chad barely felt like a couple.

Selena leapt from the floor, smoothing out her clothes, too, and taking a wide arc from Chad toward the door. "I'm gonna go."

"Whoa, don't leave." Chad put out an arm, blocking her exit. He sized them up. "I always thought you were too close to be just friends. Come on back to the couch."

"No thanks. I'm leaving."

“Relax. I ain’t mad. This is actually perfect.” Chad’s hands went to his belt buckle.

“Uh, uh. No way.”

Chad’s face soured. “You can’t just come into a man’s castle, start eating his girlfriend, and run out just cause you get caught.”

“Chad!” Molly got up and pulled his arm from the door, looking into his eyes. “Relax it’s not like that.”

Chad looked at her outfit. “So you dress up for her and not me?”

“We were preparing for the next show.” She saw how that comment was misinterpreted in the anger rising on his cheeks. “You know how you get when you’re snowblind. Listen to me—”

“How long you been cutting me out on a threesome?”

“Gross,” Selena said. “I’m sorry, Allendy. I gotta go.”

“This was an accident... I mean it happened by accident,” Molly stumbled on the words. “I mean... We didn’t plan it. I’m not cheating.”

Selena went to push past Chad, but he grabbed her by the arm. “I said come back to the couch.”

“You’re hurting me.” Selena tried to pull her arm, but Chad had a large, strong grip.

“You’re on fucking coke again, aren’t you?” Molly reached out and helped pull his grasp from Selena.

Chad turned and pushed Molly to the couch. For a horrified second, Selena locked eyes with her friend, unsure what to

do. She wanted to help but—

“Go, please!”

Selena felt like a guilty piece of shit, but she did. As she fled, Selena heard the sound of a slap. The next time they talked in person though, Molly seemed changed. Vacant. That was when they decided that the only way to break free of Chad Baker was to kill him.

Three Days *After* the Raffle

“This had better be good. You’re interrupting Rick and Morty.”

“I found her,” Dylan said into the phone.

“Found who?” Tommy paused the show.

“Molly Massacre. Her real name is Allendy Garcia.” Dylan waited, but no recognition came over the phone. “It’s the HorrorGasm girl you’re always busting my ass about.”

“The chick who went missing from the date-a-fan thing? The one all social media is talking about? You found out what happened?”

“Not exactly. She came into Burger King last night while I was working. She was disguised with glasses and different makeup, but I’d recognized that body and voice anywhere.”

“Disguised? You gotta prove it’s her before I believe you.”

“She’s with a big dude. I followed them back to a hotel—”

“Whoa. Slow down, Liam Neeson. You followed them? You can’t just go around spying—”

“You saw her last vlog, dude. She was waiting for her fan date. Doorbell rings. She waves the into camera and signs off. Hasn’t been seen since. Last night was her. I’m sure of it. And that guy with her is probably her captor. They did *not* look happy together. I think he kidnapped her and is disguising her, threatening her with who knows what if she tries to escape.”

“You need to slow your roll,” Tommy said. “Real talk now. Okay? You have lost your damn mind on this girl. You need to recognize that. Even if you’re right and you found GoreGasm Girl—”

“HorrorGasm,” Dylan corrected.

“The point is why the fuck are you following a criminal? If you think he kidnapped her, call the police!”

“But if we save her, we’ll be heroes.”

“*We?*”

“I want you to help me.”

“No fucking way! Kidnappers have guns. Call the cops.”

“Fine.” A moment of clarity broke through the passion telling Dylan to rescue her himself like a knight of old. Maybe he *was* blinded by his obsession. “Just...come see her first. If you think it’s her, then I’ll call the cops. I don’t want to look like an idiot if I’m wrong.”

“Come see her? Where? Burger King?”

“No. I told you, I ditched in the middle of my shift when they left the restaurant. Caught up and followed them to the Super 8 Motel on Holbrook and the freeway. They got a

room.”

“No way. I am not spying on a couple in a hotel room just to confirm that you are insane.”

“Or *not* insane.”

“No.”

“I have a room next to theirs. It won’t be weird. We’ll just hang outside the door, pretend we’re smokers and wait to see them leave. In fact, I gonna go do that now. Please join me.”

“Goodbye, Dylan. Call the cops or get yourself some therapy. But do not charge forward like some knight in shining fucking armor.”



“Get that bitch on the phone.” Chad scrolled through Selena’s social profile on *Mirror*, not that she ever posted anything personal about her life. Selena viewed social media as a tool for business, whether that was HorrorGasm or real estate in the future.

“Relax,” Molly said. “She’ll be here. Selena wouldn’t cheat us.”

Chad paced the room. “First time she gets to be in charge of the money account and she’s nowhere to be found. Convenient.”

“It’s also the first time we ever scammed fans. We couldn’t collect the money normally if we wanted you to be the

winner. We knew there could be a few hiccups to iron out when it came to collecting from the bank.”

“I should have never listened to you two.”

“Shut up,” Molly said, finding strength in her voice. Being stuck with him these last three days as he bitched and moaned was maddening. She couldn’t take it anymore. “You’ve smoked yourself into paranoia.”

“And you and Selena are delusional! What makes you think anyone is gonna care enough about you being ‘kidnapped’ that they’ll pay top dollar to publish the exclusives of your story. You’re not a celebrity. You’re a glorified stripper. They wanna see you cum, not invest in your life’s story or struggle. Women are the original sperm bank and a large deposit—”

“Maybe you should lay off the weed, asshole!” Fuck. This was the kind of douchebaggery Molly had been trying to avoid when she’d thrown him a bone a few days earlier with the sleep sex.

Chad grabbed her by the arm. “If the police find out you lied...”

Molly looked at his eyes. Those weren’t weed lines spidering red across the whites. “You are seriously trippin’. Nothing is wrong. Selena got held up and we agreed on *no* text messages or calls. That’s why she can’t tell us what caused the delay. We want to leave no trace of a connection between us.” Molly yanked her arm from his grasp. “She’ll be here soon. Just chill out.”

Chad grabbed her again. “You two better not be fucking

me. I own HorrorGasm. That shit is my brand. I should be the one telling you what to do. I own you.”

“Let me go!”

“I’m gonna—”

The door swung open and a shocked teenager stumbled into the room, wide-eyed.

Chad let go of Molly and turned to face the figure in the door frame. “Who the fuck are you?”



Dylan was not thinking clearly. Too many horror movies had influenced his motives. Too much infatuation driven by teenage hormones. News of Molly Massacre’s disappearance had rocked Dylan’s world, especially when the theory was put forth by the FANdom community that the most likely culprit would be the date winner. Why was fate so cruel? If Dylan had won the raffle, everything would be okay. Molly would be safe and sound with him right now, and Dylan would have the best girlfriend ever.

At least that was the scenario he envisioned. Just like he created a theory for what *had* happened to Molly.

Instead of Dylan winning, Molly had been abducted by Big Blunt Daddy—police still had no idea who that was—and they happened to roll into Burger King for a bite before continuing her transportation across the country. The man

forcing Molly to disguise herself like a movie star hiding out from paparazzi; him looking gentlemanly at first, but really just holding her tight by the arm, directing her where to go.

The man had even ordered food for her at Burger King. Thankfully Molly had manners and piped up at the end, thanking Dylan. That was Molly. Always being kind even when she was in peril. At that moment, Dylan knew he was not going to let her be taken away by this madman. These were the moments that you hear about in the news. The last chance to save someone.

Like the character in the movie who investigates the strange noises, Dylan left his post when Molly and the captor exited the restaurant. Then, the obsession to know pushed him behind the wheel of his used Honda Civic and Dylan followed them all the way to the Motel 8 off exit 74.

Dylan's parents always chided him that life wasn't like the movies. But all his technique in surveillance had come from film, and since Molly and her captor didn't seem to notice him, the silver screen must have taught him decently.

The two had been arguing for a while since Dylan checked into the room next to theirs. Even though the words were too muffled to be intelligible, the tone and force felt frightening. After he hung up with Tommy, he walked to their door to listen. Unless he heard something majorly wrong while he hung out for a few minutes, maybe Tommy was right. Call the cops. Let them handle this. The two choices played tug-of-war with his gut. Now, in view of the morning light, it was

pretty crazy of him to abandon his post—jeopardizing his job—and lie to his parents that he was staying at Tommy’s house overnight.

But as he listened through the door, something major *was* escalating in that room. Molly’s cry had been so bestial and raw. It was the type of yell that threatened to haunt him forever, leaving him with a lifetime to reflect on this decision. Adults always warned him about not acting in the moment and regretting it later. Is this what they meant? Would this morning be the day he regretting not acting?

His mind slipped back into the place it had been last night and Dylan acted by grabbing the doorknob without evaluating any of the risks involved. The door swung open and Dylan froze. Even though he initiated the opening of the door, deep down he was surprised it had been unlocked. He assumed it wouldn’t budge and the clear obstacle would force him to pause and think. But now, his stupidity of assuming put him in danger.

A split second later, the large man standing over Molly looked at him dead in the eyes and Dylan regretted the ‘valiant’ decision of acting.

“Who the fuck are you?”

His voice caught in his throat, heart experiencing a hundred mini explosions a minute. Finally, he managed, “Uh, I’m Dylan.”

The large man was across the tiny room before Dylan realized what was happening, and his shoulders were crushed

in the guy's grip. The slam of the door was overshadowed by Dylan's head slamming into the thin carpet of the floor.

"Who fucking sent you?"

"Chad!" It was Molly. "Let him—"

"Don't use my fucking name!" the man, Chad, said over his shoulder. Then he shook Dylan. "Did Big T send you?"

"I—huh... Big T? No...what?"

"I'm not here to fuck around." Chad's breath reeked of fast-food and smoke.

Molly appeared over Chad's shoulder, an angel in contrast. "He looks like a kid, not some drug dealer."

"You're right. Looks like the type of pretty boy *you* might fuck around with?" He turned back to Dylan. The wild rage in Chad's eyes morphed but didn't diminish. "You fucking my woman?"

"Huh?"

Dylan looked at Molly's concerned eyes and felt sick to his stomach.

"You get off on this guy too?" Chad demanded. "Or is it only the dyke who stole my money that flicks your bean?"

"How high are you right now?" Molly said. "He looks like he's in high school. I've never seen this kid before."

Chad's eyes were like a frightened animal's, but not so frightened that they couldn't fight back. More like they'd fight until death. "I don't know—"

"You're right. You *don't* know." Molly locked the hotel door and applied the chain to demonstrate. "You forgot to

lock the fucking door. That means it's been open all night. Kid's probably high as you are and stumbled in the wrong room. Let him go."

Dylan could tell she was shooting him a message with her eyes now. Even though he couldn't decode it, it felt like a glimmer of hope. A lifeline he could cling to. "M-M-Molly's right," he said. "Total mistake. I'm next door. Eighteen. First time out drinking, but... No harm...no foul..."

The air temperature in the room dropped, reminding him of the meat freezer in Burger King.

Chad's voice was even colder. "How do you know her name?"

Oh shit. Dylan's eyes shifted to Molly. That glimmer of hope fled fast.



Selena tapped a beat on the cooler in the passenger seat with one hand and the steering wheel with the other, trying to occupy her mind with music while waiting in the drive-thru line. She didn't want to think about the lost time or what she was about to put inside her body—and she wasn't talking about the Chicken Crunch Wrap she was buying at Taco Hut. Stopping for food wasn't the best idea—she was already a day behind—but eating helped keep her mind calm and if she didn't eat now, there was no telling when she'd have another

chance. Once they pulled the trigger, the specifics of how the plan would unfold became blurry. Molly and her had to be flexible.

After receiving her food, Selena pulled back onto the freeway, pressing the accelerator as hard as she dared. She could only imagine what it had been like for Molly being stuck with the neanderthal for three days. She could act her way through a sex scene, but three days, lying to a man you've decided to kill. That was not easy.

The whole thing was pretty much Nick's fault for being late with the special condom. In hindsight, Selena should have bought it herself to save time. She could have ordered it in advance. But she hadn't wanted any digital links to her at all. This was not the type of condom you could just walk into Wal-Mart and buy. Although it should be.

Selena let the steam of the chicken and ranch relax the sickness threatening her stomach at how crappy it would be *if* the time came to insert it.

Knock it off! she thought, taking a bite of the wrap. There were two shots at this. Which meant if the first plan worked, there would be no need to escalate the matter to sex. Fingers crossed.



Chad did a line of coke.

“I knew it,” Molly said. “I thought you promised to stop.”

Chad sniffled, dragging his hand across his nostrils. “Times have been tough.”

“Well, that powder is making you nuts!”

He looked at Dylan—then looked back at her. “Where the hell is the money, *Molly*?”

“You know who has it. Can we *not* do this right now!” Molly gestured to Dylan—who was now tied to one of the coffee table chairs with rope.

Chad smiled and turned to Dylan. Then pulled out a chrome pistol.

Piss flushed Dylan’s crotch.

“Start talking, boy.”

His tongue felt like a fat, wet noodle. Dylan made sound because he was afraid not to answer, but it wasn’t words coming from him exactly. More like stutters and ums.

“Put the gun away,” Molly said.

“If you don’t start making sense, I am gonna fuck you up.”

“B-B-Burger King,” Dylan spat out. “A Bacon King and Chicken Fries. I recognized—I thought, I recognized—Molly Massacre. That’s how I knew her name just now, that’s all. Please. Let me go. I don’t know her.”

“You’re just a fan?”

“Just a fan,” Dylan said, still breathing hard with fear.

“How big of a fan are you?” The angle of the gun got dangerously close to pointing at his heart.

Suddenly fearing what the correct answer was, Dylan went numb again, looking down at his wet crotch.

“I need to talk with you.” Molly grabbed Chad’s arm and pulled him back toward the corner by the bathroom. Lowering her voice, she said, “What’s with the fucking gun?”

“Things have really gone downhill with Tristan. Weed just isn’t cutting it anymore. I had an opportunity and since we were bailing town, I took it.”

“Took *what* kind of opportunity?”

“10K worth of cocaine.”

“*Took*? Like you mean to sell? Great. So now you’re selling hard drugs?”

“Not selling yet. And when I do, it won’t be for Tristan. I stole it to flip myself.”

“You stole it! Why the fuck do I go on camera, tits slathered in blood, if you’re just gonna keep getting deeper in the drug business. You were supposed to be transitioning to legit work not ripping off—”

“Shut the fuck up,” Chad hissed. “I figured this would be a last hurrah. Something major to start our new life with. One and done.”

“We were bailing town for a week. That’s all. Not relocating to South America. Shit, Chad! I was coming back

to release my epic kidnapping story to explode my popularity. No wonder you're paranoid right now. Why the fuck did you steal 10K worth of cocaine?"

"I just told you!"

Dylan cleared his throat. Not because he wanted attention. There had been a dry tickle scratching at his throat since they tied him up, and he couldn't let it go any further.

Chad turned to him. "Well, isn't this a cluster fuck?"

"How about we let the kid go? He's just a harmless fan."

"Can't. He knows too much now."

"I don't know anything," Dylan stammered. "Really."

"You know she's missing, don't you?"

"Of course. Everyone—No—Wait... Why does it matter if I know?" Dylan scrambled trying to avoid a possible logic trap.

"If all her fans know she's missing, and you know what's really going on behind the scenes, then you got to go." Chad shrugged and Dylan felt that bladder-loosening warmth again.

He was going to die.

Knock, Knock, Knock.

Chad looked at Molly and raised a finger to his lips. Then back at Dylan, dragging his finger across his throat.

"Relax. It's Selena."

"Could be Tristan's boys," he whispered back.

"I can't believe you stole that shit." She headed to the door and Chad followed. "How the hell would anyone but Selena

know where we are?”

“Stop using names,” he whisper-shouted, standing behind where the door would open.

“Molly. Chad.” A feminine voice said from outside the door. “It’s me.”

“I told you.” Molly slapped Chad. “It’s Selena.” She opened the door, an exaggerated grin on her face and a fake tone. “*Hiiiiii* there.”

“Everything okay?” Selena said, holding an ice chest and balancing two pieces of luggage.

“Yes...and *no*. Please don’t scream when you come inside.”

Selena stepped inside and was thankful for the warning. Some teenager was tied up on a chair.

“I was worried that things could go wrong when I was running late...” Selena set the ice chest and her suitcases next to the dresser. “But this looks like a Tarantino-sized cluster fuck.”

“That’s what I said.” Chad stepped from behind the door and locked it this time.

“Anyone want to cue me in on what’s happening?”

“Chad’s been snorting a lot of coke and is paranoid. Dylan showed up because he’s a fan of HorrorGasm and knew I was reported missing—”

“Where the hell have you been, *Selena*?” Chad grabbed the ice chest. “What is this shit?” Flipping the lid open, he pulled out a tray too quickly and it fell to the floor. The clear plastic lid opened and sushi spilled across the floor. He took

out a bottle of champagne next. “What the fuck is this?”

“Celebratory meal since we’re stuck in a shitty motel.” Selena grabbed the champagne from him, closing the lid of the chest before he ruined anything else.

“Fuck the celebration. Where’s the money?”

Selena looked to Molly and her friend shrugged.

“Uh, guys...” It was Dylan. “I really have no business being here. Maybe I could just go. Let you three sort everything out—”

“You gotta go all right.” Bloody snot leaked from Chad’s nose. He raised the gun.

“Chill out, baby,” Molly soothed. “Selena, you have the money, right?”

“Of course. Yes. Jesus. Put the gun down and I’ll get it.”

Whimpering came from the drooped head of the kid tied to the coffee chair.

“Can we do this in private?” Selena motioned to the bathroom. Then to Molly. “Maybe shut him up a bit? Stuff panties in his mouth or something. Top compartment of my suitcase.”

Molly gently stuffed the boy’s mouth with a clean panty while Chad raised the gun and pointed it to the bathroom door.

“Lead the way,” he told Selena. “No funny stuff.”



The minute the bathroom door closed, Dylan began pleading around the lacy fabric stuffed in his mouth.

“*Shh.*” Molly knelt next to the chair. “I know. This is totally fucked, Dylan. I know. But it’s going to be okay. I promise. You just need to be cool and play along with whatever plan Selena and I come up with.”

Molly considered untying Dylan and telling him to run. While the teenager would live, it did nothing to guarantee her own safety or Selena’s. Chad would be pissed and there was no telling how he would react before help could reach them. Plus, if help *did* come, she hadn’t given Dylan a cover story. At the moment, she probably seemed pretty guilty. Originally, they were going to have Chad take the fall. That plan was fucked now.

So was the poisoned sushi...

If Molly was gonna convince Dylan that she needed his loyalty here, she had to give him some really good incentives.

Fuck, I hope she got the condom.

Taking Dylan by the shoulders, she said, “You have to trust me. Do not do anything sudden or insulting. If you spook Chad or piss him off, there’s no telling what he’ll do. But if you let us handle him. We can all get out of this alive. Just roll with the plan. Got it?”

The kid's eyes searched hers desperate to convince himself. Finally, he nodded.

“Good.” She leaned in and kissed his cheek. “I want all of us to go home tonight.”



Selena opened her purse and removed stacks of hundred-dollar bills.

“Here you go. Did you really think I was gonna cheat you guys?”

“Cheat *me*,” Chad said, counting the bills. “You hate Molly being my woman.”

With the sushi trashed, she had one more chance left. Unfortunately, having the kid tied up in the hotel room wasn't exactly an aphrodisiac. Even if the setting wasn't ideal, she couldn't miss the opportunity to plant the seed of their intent. She might never get another. “You got me all wrong. I'm... uh... I don't hate you... I act this way because... I'm jealous.”

“*Jealous?*” Chad finished counting and put down the stacks. “What do I got to be jealous of?”

Selena's voice dropped about six degrees deeper in seduction. “I'm jealous of what Molly's got.”

Selena placed her hands on his chest, flashing her sex eyes.

“Bullshit. You hated my guts that night. Don't act like you want my dick now.”

“But that’s exactly what I want,” Selena scrambled to talk her way through this. “I just didn’t want it in a threesome... I didn’t want to share. Especially with Molly. She’s my special friend, but I wanted to have *you*. Solo. That’s why I freaked the night when you caught us. That shouldn’t have even happened at all between her and I. But...” She gave a fake sigh. “If a threesome is the only way to get you, then I’m down.”

Selena reached out, putting her hands in his pockets and pulling him in, not for a kiss, but to bite his neck, nibbling up toward his ear.

Chad relaxed against the bathroom wall. “I think we can make a solo adventure work.”

Selena pulled back and put on her most enthusiastic smile. “Really?”

He unbuckled his pants. “Prove to me you’re serious and then I’ll fuck you like you’ve never been fucked before.”

Selena smiled through the lump of bile that gathered in her throat. After all her big plans, now she was going to see if she was as good an actress as Molly. If Selena could fake her way through a blowjob, she could get through the other part. Oral sex always felt so much more intimate to her than sex with a condom.

She pulled a towel from the rack and placed it on the tile floor. Then she knelt before him. Waves of giddiness wafted off Chad as he unzipped his jeans and pulled out his cock. Selena had been with a few guys, but she was way more

aroused by women. Bloodshot eyes stared down at Selena as she peeled Chad's boxer briefs from his skin. The sweaty musk was making her nauseous. A few deep breathes to calm herself, then Selena wet her lips. She was about to learn how to lose herself in a moment. To detach in a way that Molly did in front of the camera.

Selena petted and played with Chad's hanging cock, giving him a show while psyching herself up to putting the smelly organ into her mouth. The cock-teasing sent spasms of life into the short, thick dick. Watching it pulse and grow was amusing.

Selena flicked out a tongue and began licking the underside of his shaft. She continued by mimicking, as best she could, the technique she'd seen porn stars use when researching kinks for HorrorGasm. After some face slapping and gag-inducing deep throat, Selena realized this was probably a fantasy for Chad. His girlfriend's best friend. There were entire sites dedicated to that sneaky kink. Selena had to be careful though. If Chad were too turned on by the fantasy-come-to-life, he could possibly blow his load before they fucked.

Selena pulled her lips from his cock, ropes of saliva stretching from her to him.

"Please fuck me," she whispered.

Chad didn't have to be told twice. He looked like a man possessed, completely forgetting that his girlfriend and a teenage hostage were just outside the bathroom door.

Chad lifted her off her knees and plopped her on the sink countertop. He helped her wiggle from her clothes, and when her ass cheeks touched the cold granite, Selena felt true fear.

Chad gave her pussy a few licks. It reminded Selena of sandpaper.

“Fuck me,” she whispered again, closing her eyes, praying it would just be over with.

Chad thrust and Selena rocked forward. Both of them gasped. The fire within their genitals ignited with that fine line between pain and pleasure. Warm apple pie could still burn an impatient tongue. But it didn't stop Chad. He was an eager beaver and angled himself to penetrate as deeply as he could into her. Then, using his leverage on the counter, began jackhammering away on Selena's pussy. Through her own discomfort, she could see a grimace interplay with Chad's arousal. It didn't take more than a few pumps before he looked down at his point of entry.

While he was still half inside, Selena snatched her panties from the sink handle and stuffed them into Chad's mouth. “Don't scream or I will make sure you're a dead man. Understand?”

Chad pulled from her vagina at the same time he ripped the gag from his mouth. Before he could speak though, the sight of his penis dropped his jaw in shock. “What the fuck is this?”

Selena scrambled to put her pants back on as Chad's hands hovered over the anti-rape condom his penis was trapped

inside.

“Calm down. We don’t want the cops getting called ’cause you woke up the hotel,” Selena said, buttoning her pants.

Chad tried to gently pull it off his penis, then stopped as he winced in pain, blood could be seen seeping into the device.

“Don’t try to take it off. That’s an anti-rape condom. It’s specifically designed to dig into your dick skin with sharp, curved little teeth. The bite deepens and tightens if you try to remove it yourself. You need a doctor.”

“You bitch,” he hissed. “I knew it.”

“You don’t know shit. Now let’s talk business.”

Their eyes both went to the gun on the counter. Selena got there first, but Chad reached out with his long arms and swatted her like a fly. Holding his pants (that were still around his thighs) with one hand, he picked up the gun, wrenched open the door, and penguin-walked out of the bathroom.

Just before he crossed the bathroom threshold back into the hotel room, Selena kicked out her foot and tripped him. His hand got caught in his sagging pants and he had to release the gun to save his cock. Otherwise, he’d have slammed anti-rape-condom-first into the cheap carpet of the room. Even with the protection of his hand, Chad still grunted in pain.

Meanwhile, Selena capitalized on the adrenaline of the minor victory. She pounced on Chad’s back and stuffed the panties deep into his mouth again. Doing her best to subdue him, she looked up at Molly.

“Get the gun and don’t let go of it. Shoot him if he gets

close to you.”

Selena rolled away and Molly picked up the fallen weapon. She looked like a child with a deadly tool, but she was holding her ground.

Whatever pain had accompanied the fall had clearly passed for Chad. He rolled over and removed the gag again. Instead of yelling though, he struggled for air.

His neck looked to be swelling and Selena could see a rash forming on his skin too. She breathed a sigh of relief.

“Eastern brown snake venom. Straight from Australia. Nasty stuff I soaked the teeth of that condom in.”

“You...” But Chad’s words were lost and he sunk back to the ground.

“Paralysis of organs and blood clotting can take a while. But I marinated it in so much venom, I’m sure you got around ten doses pumping into your cock right now. It’s gonna go fast.”

“Selena...” Chad’s hands moved jerkily. Using what little strength he had left, Chad yanked on the anti-rape device tearing it from his cock along with all his skin. His penis peeled like an upside-down banana leaving behind a bloody, veiny rod of tender tissue.

Chad was unable to release the pain vocally due to the venom. His body spasmed and locked. It was too little way too late. His final efforts had only caused him the agonizing pain of mutilating his penis in the moments before he died anyway.

Molly sighed with relief and lowered the pistol.

“It’s over.” Selena scrambled to her feet and leapt over the corpse and into an embrace with Molly.

They remained that way for a few minutes. Molly’s sweaty pheromones were much more enticing than Chad’s and they relaxed her.

“Is he dead?”

“Yes.” Then Selena’s eyes shot open and landed on Dylan.
“Oh, jeez. I think we all need to have a chat.”



“That was the winner of #DateaFan.” Selena pointed at Chad’s form. They had pulled sheets off the bed to cover him.

“Who are you again?” Dylan asked, still tied to the chair.

“I’m Selena. When Molly talks about Headquarters, that’s me.”

“Selena makes all the behind-the-scenes magic happen,” Molly said, and they kissed.

“You’re... But the dating raffle?”

“I still want a man.” Molly pouted. “But I want to enjoy playing with Selena until I find one.”

“Fair enough,” Dylan said.

“But this asshole held Molly ransom for the raffle money. I had to drive up here with it. We were afraid he’d kill both of us still, so I planned ways we could poison him to rescue

Molly and get away.”

“Jesus! That’s nuts...” Dylan looked down at the ropes. “So, can you let me out now. I really want to go home.”

“On one condition,” Selena said. “You can’t tell anyone about this. Ever. What I did was premeditated—”

“But the cops will know you had to,” Dylan said.

“Not all cops are understanding. And most aren’t gonna be on the side of a porn star from FANdom. Please? Just leave and we’ll take care of you on HorrorGasm. For life.”

It was a shitty cover story, but Dylan’s face looked too shocked to put up much more resistance.

“I guess so...” Dylan got a sudden look of courage in his eyes. More confidently he said, “Okay. I’ll never say a word...on one condition.”

“And that would be?”

“I want a private show. If you guys are bi. Let me leave here a happy dude. I just wanna watch. Then I’ll never say a word of what happened.”

Molly bit her lip and looked at Selena. Their eyes roamed each other’s flesh. Finally, Chad was gone. They had \$7,500 in cash, a little less than \$10K in pure cocaine, and a steamy ‘Tell All’ that was going push subscribers and memberships through the roof. As long as Dylan stayed quiet, Chad would still take the fall for everything.

Selena knew she couldn’t kill an innocent person. It was hard enough killing Chad. They were going to let Dylan go. So what was the harm in granting this kid’s fantasy in return

for his silence?

“Deal!” Selena said, then pulled Molly in for a kiss. “It’s gonna be our pleasure. Right?”

“Absolutely...” Molly purred.



Dylan watched his unicorn with another woman and he couldn't have been happier. When he stepped out of the hotel. He kept his word and never told a soul. Maybe Tommy was right about seeing sex in person. Porn was never gonna be as good now that he'd seen it in the flesh.

Thank you, Molly Massacre! And God bless!

That Spooky Beach

Nikki Noir writes erotic thrillers, extreme horror, and bizarre plotlines. Her fiction can be found on Godless.com and Blood Bound Books. Her visual art and love of all things spooky can be found at www.ThatSpookyBeach.com, IG, and TikTok.