

Franklyn Thorn cursed as the sudden rapid chiming of his phone blasted from the speakers. The volume had been reasonable as he sang along with *Nirvana*, but the chime of the notification stabbed repeatedly and jarringly through his calm workspace. Fumbling with his tools, he dragged his pudgy body out from under the cart, swung his leg over the guiding rail, and hoisted himself up onto the concrete dock one handed. Even with the Fall breeze blowing, it was remarkably warm for late October. Halloween, he reminded himself. It was Halloween.

He scratched at his short beard stubble and picked up the phone and pressed hard at the volume down button on the side to silence the chimes. It looked like his other plans for the evening had wrapped up before he was done with work and he had missed out on the festivities.

Franklyn loved his job. Really he did. How many people got to say that they worked on roller coasters for a living? Not just on them like an operator, standing to the side and making sure nothing broke - not that Franklyn thought that was an unimportant job! Not at all - but a bonafied roller coaster technician! Someone who got to put their hands directly on the wheels. Who got fingers coated in grease. Who cut himself on the places no one else would touch. Places no one else could touch. Tonight, laying under the car of *Miner 49er* off on the bed of the maintenance track, with the fancy magnetic light strip he bought himself throwing muddy purple and brown shadows across the dock, he was sure there was nowhere else he would rather be.

Except maybe an hour away at this party with his friends. Maybe.

One hundred and seventy nine notifications. Welp. Fuck.

He spared half a glance at the group chat - It appeared that Collie and Mitch were drunk and he'd been directly mentioned at least 30 times in as many seconds - and then checked his DMs. His heart swooped a little at the little red number next to Dan's name. Tapping on the name wasn't even a conscious thought.

- Dan: I was sad you didn't make it tonight.
- Dan: Halloween and they got your ass working?
- Dan: You know everyone else went home like... 3 hours ago?
- Dan: Also. You blew off getting beat by a woman dressed as a Victorian ghost... For work?? You???

Franklyn scoffed aloud.

- Franklyn: Yeah, but I'm almost done and it's a good night for it.

- Dan: Ah, so he lives!
- Dan: But wouldn't it have been a good night for other things?

A notification popped up.

- Mitch: Aww, Franklyn, you ignoring us? Daddy that enticing?
- Collie: Shhhhhhhh no on knowwwwwws
- Mitch: Sure. Same way no one knows he blew off kinky Halloween dungeon time for....

Flushed, Franklyn tapped over to the group chat.

- Mitch: ...work cuz being in the park this late when it's done up all spooky like makes his dick hard and hiss pussy wet :P

When a fourth person started typing, Franklyn pushed the power button until the screen winked out and told him it was shutting down. He tossed himself back under the car and tried to focus on the damage from it's earlier misadventure with a thrown chain rather than thinking about what he probably missed out on and the burning shame crawling from his neck to his ears.

As much as he enjoyed his job and as much as it was a labor of love, he was at least a little sad he hadn't spent the night getting dressed up - or maybe down was more correct - and then seeing if he could find someone in a cool costume to try and find his pain tolerance again. Or let Dan tie him into the box. Or even just sit around with the guys at Jeremy's and play some shitty horror game Collie picked out and taking shots every time they screamed like they did last year. He would have bet he could make cute enough faces at Dan to get the man to pin him to the wall in Jeremy's bathroom again, even if they hadn't really done anything since last year.

That was a good distracting thought. That had been so fun. He'd gone into the room for a leak and Dan had appeared behind him in a ski mask. They'd made enough noise that Franklyn still couldn't look Jeremy's neighbors in the eye, and even Collie would make jokes about it just to watch him turn pink.

He swore again as something snapped into place and his hand slipped. The wrench he was holding flew from his hand and dropped out of reach. He stared up at the underside of the cart as he listened to it clang against the track and walls before landing some fifteen feet below in the dirt with a light "poof" sound. At least the slip had knocked the bearings back in place. The morning operator could get the cart back on the ride proper and do the required safety tests. He could be

nice and do it for them, but if he went home now he may be able to get up early enough to go to a late brunch with the guys and make up for missing the party and their costumes.

He checked his phone as he put tools and parts away. 1:34AM. A VERY late brunch.

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The park post 1am, when even the cleaning crews had packed up and gone home, was glorious in Fall. And Franklyn didn't just think that because the dark made his "pussy wet" thank you Mitch.

The gravel pathways were littered lightly with leaves and the piles the wind blew up against the closed game booths and queue dividers gave the place an almost abandoned vibe. The Halloween decor, tacky and bright in the light of day, became muted and truly haunting as the light that filtered from emergency and standby lighting on the bigger rides cast gloomy shadows that crossed and warped at odd angles and moved with the breeze. Like spirits dogging the steps of those who dared to walk these grounds when no living soul was meant to, following the soft crunching of feet on gravel signaling one who does not belong.

Franklyn shivered and tried to pretend it was because he was cold and spooked and for no other reasons. Fucking Mitch.

The park was laid out like a large spider when seen from above. It curled in the position of death as all its pressure organs seized and drew in its legs. The main gate sat at its head, with a large interior body loop that surrounded the older part of the park, and curled gnarled paths that lead off to the newer attractions like the *Miner 49er*. Franklyn had just moved off the side path and on to the middle loop when he thought he saw something move against the shifting of the shadows making his heart stutter and his feet still.

The thin groan of the wind rattled leaves across the path and the metal guard over the closed game booths groaned as they pressed against their railings.. Little red

safety lights along the fence for *Flying Ace* - a kiddie ride with planes that went gently up and down - flashed, throwing Franklyn's red and blue silhouette up

against the side of some shooter themed for World War Two where kids could shoot Nazi's. It made the painting of the general along the column appear to have glowing red eyes and teeth.

Nothing moved.

Franklyn started walking again.

He made it about four steps when something boomed like a gong struck with a rock behind him. With a yelp in a register he hadn't hit since he started transitioning, Franklyn spun around. His eyes darted frantically to the gaps between attractions, the dark corners that were intermittently black and red. For a moment, the clattering noise echoed back and forth between the low structures, causing Franklyn to flinch at every reverberation. However slowly, the quiet of the night returned, and all Franklyn could hear was the slamming of his own heart in his ears.

"Fuck me," He grumbled, running hands over his face and taking a deep breath. Did something fall? Should he check? He glanced at his phone. 1:56am. No he should not.

Taking a final - he hoped - steadying breath and pointedly not thinking about how he tingled at the adrenalin in his system, he turned back towards the main path.

This time, however, there was something in front of him. Something that had not been there before. About twenty feet ahead, lit almost clearly by the pulsing red lights, posed like a sentry barring his path to the gate, stood a man. Or well, probably a man. Almost defiantly one of the seasonal actors who worked the park based on the top hat that leaned just a little to the side and the cane he held before him.

"Excuse me," The Park Employee in his brain took control before Franklyn could properly process the situation, "The park is closed and all staff should be headed to the gate at this point." He was vaguely aware of his feet moving him towards the man even as some small part of him said that was a bad idea, "If you're lost I'm happy to help guide you out, sir." He was almost to him now.

Closer, the details of the man's outfit became more clear. Franklyn was more sure that this was a seasonal actor. He was tall, by virtue of his natural stature or aided by boots was not entirely clear, but the orange and brown Fleur-de-lis of his suit looked almost bloody in the red glow. His hat matched, with a velveteen band

of copper about it. The staff was a solid looking bar of the metal, topped with a white scull framed by the man's large hands. For a moment, Franklyn's fear addled brain thought they were bone, but he quickly realized they were just gloved.

However, now only steps away, the true horror of the encounter was revealed to Franklyn as he felt a drop of slick slide down his leg. The man wore simple mask with a large scull covering the upper part of his face, revealing lips parted in a knowing grin and eyes that seemed to glow red and pulse. The professional part of Franklyn's brain shorted out as the horny goblin in side him screamed. Hot.

He flushed red and took a deep breath and tried to push a familiar and in this setting terrifying fog away from his mind. This was a stranger in the park when the actors should have gone home hours ago. Under no circumstances should he be falling under any sort of spell here and now.

"Sir, are you lost?" Franklyn tried again as he looked up into those red eyes. The stranger stood unmoving. The wind whipped around them and something clattered in the distance making Franklyn jump and look away momentarily.

"Sir, we really do need to head out," He started to move forward, not meeting the red gaze, "I'm going to lock the gate behind me and you'll be stuck if you don't have... FUCK." Franklyn moved to pass the man as he spoke and almost toppled over as a large gloved hand wrapped around his wrist, holding him in place. He was horrified by the shuddering relief he felt when the grip was warm and not the icy hand of death.

Franklyn stared down at the hand clutching him. Neither moved for a moment.

"Sir," Franklyn started again and was horrified to find his voice was breathy, "We should head for the gate." He made to pull out of the man's hand, gentle but firm. The grip tightened to a painful point and Franklyn gasped as he was yanked forward, falling into the man's arms and feeling the icy press of the cane across his back.

"Chéri," The mans voice was deep, calm, with a lilting New Orleans draw that seemed at least a little fake, and full of mirth, "You can not leave now. We have such grand plans for you." Franklyn opened his mouth to ask who. To ask what the fuck this man was talking about. To demand he release his arm and tell Franklyn who his fucking supervisor was. By god he would be talking to Dan and Mitch about this. Hands grasped at his arms and smothered his mouth and he was

yanked back from the mans embrace.

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Franklyn insisted to himself that he had put up a good fight. No one could win against four people attacking out of nowhere. Even if one of them just stood there and stared with glowing red eyes and that stupid cocky half smile as the rest pulled at his clothes. Even if one of them was significantly smaller, but with deft fingers that popped the buttons on the coverall straps. Even if he was free for one dizzying second as hands roughly ripped the coveralls down his body and he was shoved over the bench, scrambling to keep his balance as the thick fabric of his work uniform tangled his legs. Even if, for a moment, all the hands disappeared and he found his feet under him and tried to stand, but that man in the top hat stepped forward and ran a hand along his cheek, dragging his gaze back into the glaring red of the mask's eyes long enough for hands to return with rope and cuffs.

He had dubbed them Top Hat, Jingles, Dog, and Twink. Because thinking of them as "Assailant 1, 2, 3, 4" was making his stomach turn. The one who had grabbed him was Dog, a man almost as big, maybe bigger, as Top Hat, wearing ratty overalls with a wolf mask straight out of a 1920's horror movie. Jingles had yet to touch him, but he could hear every time the man moved because the stupid green and blue jester's outfit he wore was covered in bells. How he had remained silent as they came upon him, Franklyn was sure involved some sort of magic. He didn't see Twink at first, but caught glimpses of a curly blond wig and a teal and pink hat straight out of a 50's dinner. Only this one Franklyn swore was splattered with blood.

The ropes Twink had bound him with were at least soft, even as his shoulders protested the position they were forced into. And they let him keep the white cotton undershirt he wore. However, Franklyn shuddered as he felt the cool air blow across his exposed backside and freeze his drenched pussy. He opened his mouth to scream - truly, the only thing he could be blamed for not doing more of so far - when the man in the top hat knelt before him again and pressed two fingers into his mouth.

"Silence, Chéri. And don't you dare bite me." Franklyn gaged and called him a fucker around the fingers, "The night may not be so young, but we have some hours yet before anyone comes looking to spoil our fun, eh?" He pulled something from the inside pocket of his coat, and for a hysterical second, Franklyn thought it was a pocket watch. His head was already swimming with the flashing lights and the fog. He was certain he would drop like a stone if the man pushed at all.

Instead, Top Hat yanked out his fingers and pressed a copper colored spider gag between Franklyn's teeth before he could think to shut them. Another set of hands gripped his hair as Top Hat's long fingers buckled it tightly around his head. Franklyn groaned in humiliation.

"There, now you can't use that pretty mouth for bad things, no?" Chuckles sounded from behind him. And Beside him. For a horrified second Franklyn was sure five more people had stepped out of the fog. Suddenly, his heart was attempting to leap from his throat. His palms had gone slick and a low whine escaped him in a sound of real fear. He flexed hard against the ropes and let out a sob as the soft material did nothing but get tighter.

The hands in his hair softened quickly in an almost familiar caress. Franklyn felt himself go boneless and settle so fast it made his stomach flip. It wasn't a conscious thing, merely something learned from so long playing with people he knew well. People he trusted to take care of him. A soft check in that caused an automatic response now being used to tame him.

"Doggy is going to mount you first, pretty one," Top Hat said from somewhere behind him. Tears flowed freely down Franklyn's face as two huge and unknown hands tipped with sharp points grabbed his ass.

And then Dog was pressing in. Sharp grip moving to Franklyn's thighs to pull him back as much as press into him. He made a distressed noise, screaming through the gag forcing his mouth open, as the hands were removed from his hair and he was speared with not a moment of prep. Dog growled and someone else's hands, these smaller and mercifully claw free, slipped inside beside the head of the thing's cock and pressed him open further, causing Franklyn to whine and drip frigid drool from the edge of his mouth as the monster pressed against him, popped inside, and slid home.

For a moment, everyone was still. Top Hat leaned down to stare at his messy face as he was taken. Jester stood aside bouncing from foot to foot, and behind him, Dog breathed deep in what was almost a growl. The claws moved to his shoulders and Franklyn could feel the them so much more clearly now. He howled along with the wolf as it ground against him rather than thrusting and dragged the sharp points in red hot lines down his back.

The beast, guided by those smaller hands, started to thrust. Each press of his cock made Franklyn shout and he was horrified to realize that there was MORE to

the beast's dick. Something attempted to pry him further open with each inward press.

"Are you going to take his knot, Chéri?," Top Hat's hand tangled in his hair and yanked his head back "Will you die on it I wonder?" Red eyes pinned Franklyn like a butterfly on a cork board, "No, I think not. You have not been nearly good enough for that. You certainly looked fucked out and we have only just begun. Like some harlot who still enjoys the thrill of service." His hands released Franklyn's hair and the man's eye's rolled as he tried to find the strength to fight back.

Before him, the sight of the *Flying Ace* grew blurry. Unsurprising considering the mess of tears and spit already on his face. Franklyn shuddered from his toes to the tips of his partly numb fingers as he realized they had only just started. Who were these men? Why the fuck were they in the park at night and why him? Fuck. Why him. Another, larger tear rolled down Franklyn's face and he voiced a broken sob through the gag at a particularly mean thrust.

The hand that turned his head to the side was the first he realized someone had sat beside him. The Twink smiled sweetly at him and he was distantly horrified that the splatters did in fact seem to be blood. Even down to the coppery smell. A face that could have been kind, should have been familiar even if these were seasonal actors, smiled down at him. A face painted in blood.

"I think someone," They started, petting him as Dog continued to grind the bulb the knot against Franklyn's already sore hole, "Should stuff his face. He's making a lot of cute noises, but I bet they'd sound even cuter if he was choking on them." They smiled at someone behind Franklyn. Bells jingled and a hand gloved in some smooth green fabric forced his head forward and out of Twink's grip.

"Hehehe, I can do that," Jester giggled, "Open up, Cherry," Twink snorted and Franklyn shouted his denial through the gag as the Jester pulled out his cock. It was certainly not as big as the Dog, but in the flashing of the light with the red glint of a piercing at the uncut tip, it could have been as big as a battering ram in Franklyn's eyes. A soft kiss pressed to kiss cheek as the tip of the thing was laid at his tongue.

The hand was back in his hair grounding him as the massive thing slid through the gag and into his mouth. The Jester didn't move at first, just gripped the sides of Franklyn's face and let the pounding of the dog - knot forcing him ever wider - move the unwilling body along his cock. Franklyn was forced to move his tongue and swallow around the thing to keep from really choking. He was

certain that none of the noises he was making could possibly be sexy, but then the hand in his hair was batted away as the Jester gripped with both hands and pressed home. Off to his left, Top Hat chuckled. A sound that Franklyn was horrified to realize made him clench and sent pleasurable shivers through his body.

Desperately, Franklyn shut his eyes and tried to focus on not choking to death every time the Jester found the back of his throat. Dog had stopped thrusting, now just grinding the bulb on his knot against Franklyn's already tender pussy. Letting Jester's abuse of his face rock Franklyn's body back on his cock. Fingers - he suspected Twink's - slipped between the knot and his hole again and slowly coaxed him further open. He screamed around Jester's cock as the knot slid further into him, forcing his aching walls open.

"You can take it, baby," Top Hat whispered into his ear, the accent shattering for just a moment. His frayed nerves grabbed onto that slip even as his core clenched around the too big thing inside of him.

"Fuck yes," Jester hissed as Dog howled, covering Franklyn's sob of relief as the knot slipped home. Collapsing forward, he was unable to swallow as Jester came across his tongue and down his throat. Warm spunk dribbled out his mouth and down his chin with his tears. He choked less than he feared, but each spasm caused the cock rapidly softening in his mouth to twitch valiantly until Jester pulled it out.

Even as he tried to get his eyes to focus - fuck that flashing light - the Dog snarled and started to pull the knot from him. Panic roared through him as Franklyn realized they didn't intend to give him a moment of rest. Sobs of real terror and understanding racked his body and he begged incoherently as the bulb forced him wide all over again. Top Hat knelt before him, cupping his face and grinning.

"Look at you, bel homme, anyone could come along and see you like this. Spread open and moaning on that cock." The lulling voice grounded him even as the words horrified him. The pressure of the knot inside Franklyn was overwhelming and the flashing of the light and his bound arms meant there was nothing to ground himself to otherwise. Only the red eye's of Top Hat's mask seemed still in the night, and there was no comfort to be found there.

"But no one will," Top Hat smiled down at him as the knot came free and his whole body seemed to snap shut in response, "Tonight is just for you and the dead." Franklyn didn't scream for once, merely felt the numbness in his arms

spread to his legs as his body went limp. The man stood, grabbing Franklyn's hair as he did. Eye's swimming, Franklyn tried to focus on anything but the pain radiating from his core as this new cock was slid past the gag and into his throat.

Top hat wasn't as mean as Jester was. Or perhaps Frankly had relaxed to much in his daze to be as affected. The thrusting of the mans hips, the occasional glimpse of his red eyes, and the flashing of the lights served to keep him disoriented and disconnected from his body. Apart from the throbbing soreness in his pussy, Franklyn could almost feel himself floating away.

"There you go," That deep and lulling voice spoke, "You can relax for us, Chéri. We will take care of you." Franklyn wasn't sure he liked how automatically his body obeyed the man. How his whole form went limp all over again just because this stranger told it to. Behind him, gloved fingers - Jester's, his brain supplied - pressed inside him and Franklyn clenched weakly against them in some unconscious bid to keep them out or pull them in.

"We know what this whores body can take."

Time faded in and out for Franklyn. Sometimes, he was hyper aware of the almost unpleasant scratch of gloves inside him. Other times his mind caught on the way the light glinted off the fence around *Flying Ace* or the sounds of someone else moaning behind him. It was like being high, or just very tired with all the adrenaline dripping down his thighs leaving him feeling strung out and ragged. Jester seemed content to open him up more and more and Frankly couldn't recall if he had started with one finger or all four. He feared the man intended to put his whole hand inside and claw out his heart.

Top Hat slid his dick from his mouth and Franklyn's head fell forward. Twink lay spread on the bench below him, blue eyes sparkling with mirth and the blood around his mouth smeared.

"Can't let you have all the fun," They joked breathlessly as their soft hand tilted his head down. Even as they kissed - if one could call such a thing a kiss - Top Hat's hand returned to his hair to guide them. The bench creaked in annoyance as Dog placed a knee between Twink's legs, before hoisting the slighter actor up and letting the long thin legs wrap around his waist. From this angle, Franklyn could see the size of the thing that had been inside him earlier. The thing that had been ripped out of him. The person under him moaned, then dragged his face back down and away from the ghastly sight.

Franklyn shut his eyes against the flashing lights and, in the darkness, felt

himself go limp against the grip of Top Hat's hand in his hair.

"Maybe we should fill him up again now," Jester laughed, bells tingling merrily as he shifted and twisted his fingers away from where Franklyn needed them so desperately, "Or I can just keep doing this. See if we can make him cry even harder." Top Hat hummed and hooked a finger in the side of Franklyn's mouth, dragging his head away from Twink's searching tongue.

"Do you want to come for me, Chéri?" He asked, eyes seeming to glow brighter.

"Us - ah! - Usss!" Twink whined under them and Dog snorted in agreement.

Franklyn tried to make any sort of coherent noise, but his "please" came out as nothing more than a moaned huff as Jester dragged his fingers over the mans front wall, sending sparks dancing through his blood. He tried again, really trying to focus on the shape and feel of the word, even as Dog snarled and Twink ran sharp, distracting nails along the exposed line of his belly.

"Oh, that won't do, mon belle," Top Hat's voice dripped with pity, but his eyes were alight and the corner of his mouth pulled up, "Maybe if you were good and blew off work, we'd let you come for us. Make a mess all over those fingers inside you to drip down onto that whore's face."

"Fuck - ahhha -You!" Twink groaned and Franklyn shut his eyes and shuddered as those sharp grasping hands took their revenge on his nipples. He hadn't even said anything!

"But no," Top Hat continued, ignoring the screaming blond on the bench, "You blew us off," Franklyn swore he could see the mean light of those eyes even with his closed, "So we're going to fill you up one more time, Chéri, then plug that dirty hole so you can really think about what actually matters to a desperate little slut like you." The last words were hissed in his ear and he let out a startled moan as a warm tongue traced the shell making his eyes fly open. Top Hat grinned down at him as he slid his cock back into Franklyn's Mouth.

Franklyn realized with a full body shudder what was happening. Who's fingers were inside him. The sudden relief flooded his brain and he would have fallen if not for the hands holding him up.

He didn't lose track of time so much as his tired body and brain started to flag. True to their promise, they did not let him cum. Eventually, Jester - Mitch? - pulled his soaked glove from Franklyn's abused hole and shoved it in his gaped

mouth as Dan removed his cock, only to slide it into his pussy. Mitch grinned at Franklyn, suddenly familiar green eyes laughing as he clasped a hand over his mouth to keep the soaked glove inside.

“Need to be sure you really taste what we’re doing to you.” He snickered before leaning down to plant a long and slow kiss on the person Franklyn was distantly now aware had to be Collie.

Dog - Jeremy then - finished inside Collie before slipping the silicon sheath from his dick and slapping it across Franklyn’s back with a shloping noise. Franklyn swore through his mouthful indignantly. Even Dan chuckled. He came around Franklyn’s front and pulled the spit soaked glove out, before resting his softening cock on the man’s tongue. The glove, to Franklyn’s dismay, was placed in his hair.

Before they finished, even Collie took a turn filling him up, with Dan sliding down behind him and pressing something hard and a little cold to his wrecked hole.

“Almost done, cutie,” Dan’s voice had lost the lilt and the top hat had been abandoned on the bench, “Just gotta make sure you remember this a little longer.” Franklyn choked out a sob and his legs shook with strain. The plug wasn’t large by any means, but the cool of it and the shape sent violent shivers through his overtaxed body. Suddenly, he was very aware of the numb buzzing in his bound arms and how his feet had probably been asleep for longer than he cared to think.

Dan twisted the infernal thing and tapped it with a hum as he came around front, “Lets get this out of your mouth. You’re poor jaw must be so sore,” Slowly, gently, he undid the strap holding the gag in place and Franklyn groaned as his tender muscles stretched.

Other hands started on the binds on his wrists and legs. Someone - Collie, he thought - produced a fresh pair of sweat pants from a duffel bag that had been hidden just beyond one of the attractions. Mitch’s teasing hands helped to pull him to his feet, but suddenly felt like they were everywhere as they dipped between his legs and traced the outline of the plug.

“Ah, messy thing,” He crooned, starting to twist the plug. Franklyn shivered as Collie’s hands appeared on his chest, kneading at what his shirt now hid.

“You assholes,” Franklyn seethed, “Scared the shit out of me,” Dan chuckled and pulled him out of Mitch’s arms. Collie snickered.

“You loved it, *Chéri*~” he teased, letting Franklyn hold his shoulders as he helped the mechanic out of his boots and into softer shoes.

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Jeremy and Collie seemed to be in charge of clean up, making sure to wipe down and mop up the space. Dan seemed more than happy to let them focus on that - and keeping Mitch from deciding to scale the fence around *Flying Ace* - so he could focus on running his hands over Franklyn’s sore limbs and coaxing blood flow back to normal.

“I’m serious,” Franklyn croaked, stopped to clear his throat, then rolled his eyes as Collie materialized beside Dan long enough to force a water bottle in his hand and disappear, “You guys are assholes.” He took a swig of water, “Scared the shit out of me! Also what the fuck are you doing here?” Franklyn glared up at Dan, “You all could have gotten all of us in so much trouble! What if security walked by? Jesus Dan, what if...” Dan shushed him and pressed the water bottle back to his lips.

“Keep drinking,” Frankly glared at the sing-song tone, but did as he was told.

Dan watched as he emptied the bottle. Waved Collie over, and pushed another one into his hand.

“We talked to Chuck at the gate and asked if he could avoid this area for a a prank. We’re lucky he owes you like... Twelve favors at this point.” Franklyn glared at him and took a break from drinking. Dan’s warm, large hand cupped his neck and Franklyn felt himself swoon into the embrace.

“Tired, *Chéri*?” Franklyn shivered as Dan’s voice dipped.

“Incredibly, so stop it with that hypnotic shit.”

Dan chuckled, "You know you like it." Still in that low and melodic tone. Franklyn opened his mouth to argue - and god did that take effort - but Mitch's voice rang out.

"Yoohoo! Love birds! We need to head to an exit! It's like... stupid in the AM!"

"You're 'stupid in the AM'." Jeremy snapped back at him, tossing the large brown duffel over one shoulder. Collie grabbed his arm and they stared after Mitch as he pranced down the path, costume jingling manically with every step. In the fog, they looked like some weird couple out for a stroll in the moonlight. Like something out of a weird movie from the 80's. Minus the Jester bouncing in front of them.

"Cool costumes," Franklyn said, smiling at Dan as the man picked up the top hat and set it back on his head, "Are those your real ones for the scare season?"

Dan grinned, "Yep! Costuming is gonna kill us if we don't get all your cum out by the end of the season."

Franklyn shoved him a little, "Fucker."

As they neared the gate, first Mitch - the man had honestly left the whole group in the dust - then Jeremy and Collie - nice enough to wave good bye - vanished into the mist. Like they had never been and truly were just spirits. Franklyn looked up at Dan. With that outfit he could almost believe his good friends had just been specters Dan had magicked into being for a Halloween romp.

As they stepped through the gates, Franklyn turned and locked them, snapping the padlock into place and turning back to Dan.

"So, is this where we say good bye?" He asked tentatively. He wasn't sure he was awake enough to think about the prospect of going home with Dan and not fall over. Dan snorted and a red hot blush shot up Franklyn's neck.

"Fuck no. I'm driving you home. Mitch and I left my car at yours." Dan threaded their fingers together as he took Franklyn's hand. Franklyn gaped at him even as he was tugged along towards the staff lot.

"Excuse me, I am not letting you drive my truck!"

"Uh-huh." Dan pulled him along anyway, "Sure, *Chéri*, I bet you could totally

handle that monster with the plug in your pussy.” Franklyn’s face went scarlet and he snapped his mouth shut.

“I bet you’d like it,” Dan’s voice dropped back into that softer tone and Franklyn stumbled, “Feel the vibrations of that beast through you as you drive.”

“Shut up,” Franklyn grumbled.

“Besides,” Dan smirked over his shoulder at him, eyes suddenly dark, “You haven’t gotten to cum yet and it’s a long ride home, Chéri.”